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XL 36

THE
WORKS
OF
HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

WITH
The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

V O L. VIII
THE THIRD EDITION.



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Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand.
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THE
OFFICE OF THE
SECRETARY OF THE
NAVY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1914

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THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
T O M J O N E S,
A
F O U N D L I N G.

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THE
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F O U N D L I N G.

A 2

CONTENTS

EIGHTH WORD

CHAPTER I

CHAPTER II

CHAPTER III

CHAPTER IV

CHAPTER V

CHAPTER VI

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VIII

CHAPTER IX

CHAPTER X

CHAPTER XI

CHAPTER XII

CHAPTER XIII

CHAPTER XIV

CHAPTER XV

CHAPTER XVI

CHAPTER XVII

CHAPTER XVIII

CHAPTER XIX

CHAPTER XX

CHAPTER XXI

CHAPTER XXII

CHAPTER XXIII

CHAPTER XXIV

CHAPTER XXV

CHAPTER XXVI

CHAPTER XXVII

CHAPTER XXVIII

CHAPTER XXIX

CHAPTER XXX

CHAPTER XXXI

CHAPTER XXXII

CHAPTER XXXIII

CHAPTER XXXIV

CHAPTER XXXV

CHAPTER XXXVI

CHAPTER XXXVII

CHAPTER XXXVIII

CHAPTER XXXIX

CHAPTER XL

CHAPTER XLI

CHAPTER XLII

CHAPTER XLIII

CHAPTER XLIV

CHAPTER XLV

CHAPTER XLVI

CHAPTER XLVII

CHAPTER XLVIII

CHAPTER XLIX

CHAPTER L

CHAPTER LI

CHAPTER LII

CHAPTER LIII

CHAPTER LIV

CHAPTER LV

CHAPTER LVI

CHAPTER LVII

CHAPTER LVIII

CHAPTER LIX

CHAPTER LX

CHAPTER LXI

CHAPTER LXII

CHAPTER LXIII

CHAPTER LXIV

CHAPTER LXV

CHAPTER LXVI

CHAPTER LXVII

CHAPTER LXVIII

CHAPTER LXIX

CHAPTER LXX

CHAPTER LXXI

CHAPTER LXXII

CHAPTER LXXIII

CHAPTER LXXIV

CHAPTER LXXV

CHAPTER LXXVI

CHAPTER LXXVII

CHAPTER LXXVIII

CHAPTER LXXIX

CHAPTER LXXX

CHAPTER LXXXI

CHAPTER LXXXII

CHAPTER LXXXIII

CHAPTER LXXXIV

CHAPTER LXXXV

CHAPTER LXXXVI

CHAPTER LXXXVII

CHAPTER LXXXVIII

CHAPTER LXXXIX

CHAPTER LXXXX

CHAPTER LXXXXI

CHAPTER LXXXXII

CHAPTER LXXXXIII

CHAPTER LXXXXIV

CHAPTER LXXXXV

CHAPTER LXXXXVI

CHAPTER LXXXXVII

CHAPTER LXXXXVIII

CHAPTER LXXXXIX

CHAPTER LXXXXX

CHAPTER LXXXXXI

CHAPTER LXXXXXII

CHAPTER LXXXXXIII

CHAPTER LXXXXXIV

CHAPTER LXXXXXV

CHAPTER LXXXXXVI

CHAPTER LXXXXXVII

CHAPTER LXXXXXVIII

CHAPTER LXXXXXIX

CHAPTER LXXXXXX

CHAPTER LXXXXXXI

CHAPTER LXXXXXXII

CHAPTER LXXXXXXIII

CHAPTER LXXXXXXIV

CHAPTER LXXXXXXV

CHAPTER LXXXXXXVI

CHAPTER LXXXXXXVII

CHAPTER LXXXXXXVIII

CHAPTER LXXXXXXIX

CHAPTER LXXXXXXX

CHAPTER LXXXXXXXI

CHAPTER LXXXXXXXII

CHAPTER LXXXXXXXIII

CHAPTER LXXXXXXXIV

CHAPTER LXXXXXXXV

CHAPTER LXXXXXXXVI

CHAPTER LXXXXXXXVII

CHAPTER LXXXXXXXVIII

CHAPTER LXXXXXXXIX

CHAPTER LXXXXXXX

C O N T E N T S

O F T H E

E I G H T H V O L U M E.

B O O K V I I I.

Containing about two days.

C H A P. I.

A wonderful long chapter concerning the marvellous; being much the longest of all our introductory chapters. Page 1

C H A P. II.

In which the landlady pays a visit to Mr. Jones. 9

C H A P. III.

In which the surgeon makes his second appearance. 13

C H A P. IV.

In which is introduced one of the pleasantest barbers that was ever recorded in history, the barber of Bagdad, or he in Don Quixote, not excepted. 15

C H A P. V.

A dialogue between Mr. Jones and the barber. 20

C H A P. VI.

In which more of the talents of Mr. Benjamin will appear, as well as who this extraordinary person was. 24

C H A P. VII.

Containing better reasons than any which have yet appeared for the conduct of Partridge; an apology for the weakness of Jones; and some farther anecdotes concerning my landlady. 29

xi CONTENTS OF VOL. VIII.

CHAP. VIII.

Jones arrives at Gloucester, and goes to the Bell; the character of that house, and of a pettyfogger, which he there meets with. Page 33

CHAP. IX.

Containing several dialogues between Jones and Partridge, concerning love, cold, hunger, and other matters; with the lucky and narrow escape of Partridge, as he was on the very brink of making a fatal discovery to his friend. 38

CHAP. X.

In which our travellers meet with a very extraordinary adventure. 44

CHAP. XI.

In which the Man of the Hill begins to relate this history. 53

CHAP. XII.

In which the Man of the Hill continues his history. 63

CHAP. XIII.

In which the foregoing story is farther continued. 69

CHAP. XIV.

In which the Man of the Hill concludes his history. 77

CHAP. XV.

A brief history of Europe. And a curious discourse between Mr. Jones and the Man of the Hill. 84

BOOK IX.

Containing twelve hours.

CHAP. I.

Of those who lawfully may, and of those who may not write such histories as this. 91

CHAP.

CONTENTS OF VOL. VIII. vii

CHAP. II.

Containing a very surprizing adventure indeed, which Mr. Jones met with in his walk with the Man of the Hill.

Page 97

CHAP. III.

The arrival of Mr. Jones, with his lady at the inn, with a very full description of the battle of Upton.

101

CHAP. IV.

In which the arrival of a man of war puts a final end to hostilities, and causes the conclusion of a firm and lasting peace between all parties.

107

CHAP. V.

An apology for all heroes who have good stomachs, with a description of a battle of the amorous kind.

112

CHAP. VI.

A friendly conversation in the kitchen, which had a very common, though not a very friendly conclusion.

117

CHAP. VII.

Containing a fuller account of Mrs. Waters, and by what means she came into that distressful situation from which she was rescued by Jones.

122

BOOK X.

In which the history goes forward about twelve hours.

CHAP. I.

Containing instructions very necessary to be perused by modern critics.

128

CHAP. II.

Containing the arrival of an Irish gentleman, with very extraordinary adventures which ensued at the inn.

131

CHAP.

viii CONTENTS OF VOL. VIII.

C H A P. III.

A dialogue between the landlady, and Susan the chambermaid, proper to be read by all innkeepers and their servants; with the arrival, and affable behaviour of a beautiful young lady; which may teach persons of condition how they may acquire the love of the whole world.

Page 137

C H A P. IV.

Containing infallible nostrums for procuring universal disesteem and hatred.

143

C H A P. V.

Shewing who the amiable lady, and her unamiable maid, were.

146

C H A P. VI.

Containing, among other things, the ingenuity of Partridge, the madness of Jones, and the folly of Fitzpatrick.

151

C H A P. VII.

In which are concluded the adventures that happened at the inn at Upton.

156

C H A P. VIII.

In which the history goes backward.

160

C H A P. IX.

The escape of Sophia.

165

B O O K XI.

Containing about three days.

C H A P. I.

A crust for the critics.

173

C H A P. II.

The adventures which Sophia met with after her leaving Upton.

178

C H A P. III.

A very short chapter, in which however is a sun, moon, a star, and an angel.

186

C H A P. IV.

The history of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

188

C H A P. V.

In which the history of Mrs. Fitzpatrick is continued.

194

CONTENTS OF VOL. VIII. ix

CHAP. VI.

In which the mistake of the landlord throws Sophia into a dreadful consternation. Page 199

CHAP. VII.

In which Mrs. Fitzpatrick concludes her history. 203

CHAP. VIII.

A dreadful alarm in the inn, with the arrival of an unexpected friend of Mrs. Fitzpatrick. 212

CHAP. IX.

The morning introduced in some pretty writing. A stage-coach. The civility of chamber-maids. The heroic temper of Sophia. Her generosity. The return to it. The departure of the company, and their arrival at London; with some remarks for the use of travellers. 219

CHAP. X.

Containing a hint or two concerning virtue, and a few more concerning suspicion. 223

BOOK XII.

Containing the same individual time with the former.

CHAP. I.

Shewing what is to be deemed plagiarism in a modern Author, and what is to be considered as a lawful prize. 229

CHAP. II.

In which, though the 'squire doth not find his daughter, something is found, which puts an end to his pursuit. 232

CHAP. III.

The departure of Jones from Upton, with what pass between him and Partridge on the road. 236

CHAP.

x CONTENTS of Vol. VIII.

CHAP. IV.

The adventure of a beggar-man. 241

CHAP. V.

Containing more adventures which Mr. Jones and his companion met on the road. 245

CHAP. VI.

From which it may be inferred, that the best things are liable to be misunderstood and misinterpreted. 250

CHAP. VII.

Containing a remark or two of our own, and many more of the good company assembled in the kitchen. 253

CHAP. VIII.

In which fortune seems to have been in a better humour with Jones than we have hitherto seen her. 259

CHAP. IX.

Containing little more than a few odd observations. 263

CHAP. X.

In which Mr. Jones and Mr. Dowling drink a bottle together. 267

CHAP. XI.

The disasters which beset Jones on his departure for Coventry; with the sage remarks of Partridge. 273

CHAP. XII.

Relates that Mr. Jones continued his journey contrary to the advice of Partridge, with what happened on that occasion. 275

CHAP. XIII.

A dialogue between Jones and Partridge. 284

CHAP. XIV.

What happened to Mr. Jones in his journey from St. Albans. 290

CONTENTS OF VOL. VIII. 25

BOOK XIII.

Containing the space of twelve days.

CHAP. I.

An invocation. 294

CHAP. II.

What befel Mr. Jones on his arrival in London. 297

CHAP. III.

*A project of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and her visit to lady Bel-
laſton.* 303

CHAP. IV.

Which conſiſts of viſiting. 306

CHAP. V.

*An adventure which happened to Mr. Jones at his lodg-
ings, with ſome account of a young gentleman who
lodged there, and of the miſtreſs of the houſe, and her
two daughters.* 309

CHAP. VI.

*What arrived while the company were at breakfast, with
ſome hints concerning the government of daughters.* 315

CHAP. VII.

Containing the whole humours of a maſquerade. 322

CHAP. VIII.

*Containing a ſcene of diſtreſs, which will appear very ex-
traordinary to moſt of our readers.* 328

CHAP. IX.

*Which treats of matters of a very different kind from thoſe
in the preceding chapter.* 333

CHAP. X.

A chapter which though ſhort may draw tears from ſome

xii CONTENTS OF VOL. VIII.

C H A P. XI.

In which the reader will be surprized. 340

C H A P. XII.

In which the thirteenth Book is concluded. 347

B O O K XIV.

Containing two days.

C H A P. I.

An Essay to prove that an Author will write the better, for having some knowledge of the subject on which he writes. 350

C H A P. II.

Containing letters and other matters which attend amours. 354

C H A P. III.

Containing various matters. 359

C H A P. IV.

Which we hope will be very attentively perused by young people of both sexes. 364

C H A P. V.

A short account of the history of Mrs. Miller. 368

C H A P. VI.

Containing a scene which we doubt not will affect all our readers. 373

C H A P. VII.

The interview between Mr. Jones and Mr. Nightingale. 378

C H A P. VIII.

What passed between Jones and old Mr. Nightingale; with the arrival of a person not yet mentioned in this history. 384

C H A P. IX.

Containing strange matters. 391

C H A P. X.

A short chapter, which concludes the book. 394



THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

BOOK VIII.

Containing above two days.

CHAP. I.

A wonderful long chapter concerning the marvellous; being much the longest of all our introductory chapters.

AS we are now entering upon a book, in which the course of our history will oblige us to relate some matters of a more strange and surprising kind than any which have hitherto occurred, it may not be amiss in the prolegomenous, or introductory chapter, to say something of that species of writing which is called the marvellous. To this we shall, as well for the sake of ourselves, as of others, endeavour to set some certain bounds; and indeed nothing can be more necessary, as critics* of different complexions are here apt to run into very different extremes; for while some are, with M. Dacier, ready to allow, that the same thing which is impossible may be yet probable†, others have so little historic or poetic faith, that they believe nothing

* By this word here, and in most other parts of our work, we mean every reader in the world.

† It was happy for Mr. Dacier that he was not an Irishman.

to be either possible or probable, the like to which hath not occurred to their own observation.

First then, I think, it may very reasonably be required of every writer, that he keeps within the bounds of possibility; and still remembers that what it is not possible for man to perform, it is scarce possible for man to believe he did perform. This conviction perhaps, gave birth to many stories of the ancient Heathen deities (for most of them are of poetical original.) The poet, being desirous to indulge a wanton and extravagant imagination, took refuge in that power, of the extent of which his readers were no judges, or rather which they imagined to be infinite, and consequently they could not be shocked at any prodigies related of it. This hath been strongly urged in defence of Homer's miracles; and it is, perhaps, a defence; not, as Mr. Pope would have it, because Ulysses told a set of foolish lies to the Phæacians, who were a very dull nation; but because the poet himself wrote to heathens, to whom poetical fables were articles of faith. For my own part, I must confess, so compassionate is my temper, I wish Polypheme had confined himself to his milk diet, and preserved his eye; nor could Ulysses be much more concerned than myself, when his companions were turned into swine by Circe, who shewed, I think, afterwards, too much regard for man's flesh to be supposed capable of converting it into bacon. I wish, likewise, with all my heart, that Homer could have known the rule prescribed by Horace, to introduce supernatural agents as seldom as possible. We should not then have seen his gods coming on trivial errands, and often behaving themselves so as not only to forfeit all title to respect, but to become the object of scorn and derision. A conduct which must have shocked the credulity of a pious and sagacious heathen; and which could never have been defended, unless by agreeing with a supposition to which I have been sometimes almost inclined, that this most glorious poet, as he certainly was, had an intent to burlesque the superstitious faith of his own age and country.

But

But I have rested too long on a doctrine which can be of no use to a christian writer; for as he cannot introduce into his works any of that heavenly host which make a part of his creed; so is it horrid puerility to search the heathen theology for any of those deities who have been long since dethroned from their immortality. Lord Shaftesbury observes, that nothing is more cold than the invocation of a muse by a modern; he might have added that nothing can be more absurd. A modern may with much more elegance invoke a ballad, as some have thought Homer did, or a mug of ale with the author of Hudibras; which latter may perhaps have inspired much more poetry as well as prose, than all the liquors of Hippocrene or Helicon.

The only supernatural agents which can in any manner be allowed to us moderns, are ghosts; but of these I would advise an author to be extremely sparing. These are indeed like arsenic, and other dangerous drugs in physic, to be used with the utmost caution; nor would I advise the introduction of them at all in those works, or by those authors to which, or to whom a horse-laugh in the reader would be any great prejudice or mortification.

As for elves and fairies, and other such mummery, I purposely omit the mention of them, as I should be very unwilling to confine within any bounds those surprising imaginations, for whose vast capacity the limits of human nature are too narrow; whose works are to be considered as a new creation; and who have consequently just right to do what they will with their own.

Man therefore is the highest subject (unless on very extraordinary occasions indeed) which presents itself to the pen of our historian, or of our poet; and in relating his actions, great care is to be taken, that we do not exceed the capacity of the agent we describe.

Nor is possibility alone sufficient to justify us, we must keep likewise within the rules of probability. It is, I think, the opinion of Aristotle; or if not, it is the opinion of some wise man, whose authority will be as weighty, when it is as old; 'That it is no ex-

case for a poet who relates what is incredible, that the thing related is really matter of fact.' This may perhaps be allowed true with regard to poetry, but it may be thought impracticable to extend it to the historian: for he is obliged to record matters as he finds them; though they may be of so extraordinary a nature, as will require no small degree of historical faith to swallow them. Such was the successful armament of Xerxes, described by Herodotus, or the successful expedition of Alexander related by Arrian. Such of later years was the victory of Agincourt obtained by Harry the Fifth, or that of Narva won by Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. All which instances, the more we reflect on them, appear still the more astonishing.

Such facts, however, as they occur in the thread of the story; nay, indeed, as they constitute the essential parts of it, the historian is not only justifiable in recording as they really happened; but indeed would be unpardonable, should he omit or alter them. But there are other facts not of such consequence nor so necessary, which though ever so well attested, may nevertheless be sacrificed to oblivion in complaisance to the scepticism of a reader. Such is that memorable story of the ghost of George Villiers, which might with more propriety have been made a present of to Dr. Drelincourt, to have kept the ghost of Mrs. Veale company, at the head of his discourse upon death, than have been introduced into so solemn a work as the history of the rebellion.

To say the truth, if the historian will confine himself to what really happened, and utterly reject any circumstance, which, though never so well attested, he must be well assured is false, he will sometimes fall into the marvellous, but never into the incredible. He will often raise the wonder and surprize of his reader, but never that incredulous hatred mentioned by Horace. It is by falling into fiction therefore, that we generally offend against this rule, of deserting probability, which the historian seldom if ever quits, till he forsakes his character, and commences a writer of romance. In this, however, those historians who relate public transactions have the advantage of us who confine

fine ourselves to scenes of private life. The credit of the former is by common notoriety supported for a long time; and public records, with the concurrent testimony of many authors, bear evidence to their truth in future ages. Thus a Trajan and an Antoninus, a Nero and a Caligula, have all met with the belief of posterity; and no one doubts but that men so very good, and so very bad, were once the masters of mankind.

But we who deal in private character, who search into the most retired recesses, and draw forth examples of virtue and vice, from holes and corners of the world, are in a more dangerous situation. As we have no public notoriety, no concurrent testimony, no records to support and corroborate what we deliver, it becomes us to keep within the limits not only of possibility, but of probability too; and this more especially in painting what is greatly good and amiable. Knavery and folly, though never so exorbitant, will more easily meet with assent; for ill-nature adds great support and strength to faith.

Thus we may, perhaps, with little danger, relate the history of Fisher; who having long owed his bread to the generosity of Mr. Derby, and having one morning received a considerable bounty from his hands, yet in order to possess himself of what remained in his friend's scrupore, concealed himself in a public office of the temple, through which there was a passage into Mr. Derby's chambers. Here he overheard Mr. Derby for many hours solacing himself at an entertainment which he that evening gave his friends, and to which Fisher had been invited. During all this time, no tender, no grateful reflections arose to restrain his purpose; but when the poor gentleman had let his company out through the office, Fisher came suddenly from his lurking place, and walking softly behind his friend into his chamber, discharged a pistol-ball into his head. This may be believed, when the bones of Fisher are as rotten as his heart. Nay, perhaps, it will be credited that the villain went two days afterwards with some young ladies to the play of Hamlet; and with an unaltered countenance heard one of the ladies,

who little suspected how near she was to the person, cry out, ' Good God ! if the man that murdered Mr. Derby was now present ! ' Manifesting in this a more feared and callous conscience than even Nero himself ; of whom we are told by Suetonius, ' that the consciousness of his guilt, after the death of his mother, became immediately intolerable, and so continued ; nor could all the congratulations of the soldiers, of the senate, and the people, allay the horrors of his conscience. '

But now, on the other hand, should I tell my reader, that I had known a man whose penetrating genius had enabled him to raise a large fortune in a way where no beginning was chaulked out to him : that he had done this with the most perfect preservation of his integrity, and not only without the least injustice or injury to any one individual person, but with the highest advantage to trade, and a vast increase of the public revenue : that he had expended one part of the income of this fortune in discovering a taste superior to most, by works where the highest dignity was united with the purest simplicity, and another part in displaying a degree of goodness superior to all men, by acts of charity to objects whose only recommendations were their merits, or their wants : that he was most industrious in searching after merit in distress, most eager to relieve it, and then as careful (perhaps too careful) to conceal what he had done : that his house, his furniture, his gardens, his table, his private hospitality, and his public beneficence, all denoted the mind from which they flowed, and were all intrinsically rich and noble, without tinsel, or external ostentation : that he filled every relation in life with the most adequate virtue : that he was most piously religious to his creator, most zealously loyal to his sovereign ; a most tender husband to his wife, a kind relation, a munificent patron, a warm and firm friend, a knowing and a cheerful companion, indulgent to his servants, hospitable to his neighbours, charitable to the poor, and benevolent to all mankind. Should I add to these the epithets of wise, brave, elegant, and indeed every other amiable epithet in our language, I might surely say,

—*Quis*

*Quis credit? nemo Hercule! nemo;
Vel Nauro, vel nemo.*

And yet I know a man who is all I have here described. But a single instance (and I really know not such another) is not sufficient to justify us, while we are writing to thousands who never heard of the person, nor of any thing like him. Such *Rara Avis* should be remitted to the epitaph writer, or to some poet, who may condescend to hitch him in a distich, or to slide him into rhyme with an air of carelessness and neglect, without giving any offence to the reader.

In the last place, the actions should be such as may not only be within the compass of human agency, and which human agents may probably be supposed to do; but they should be likely for the very actors and characters themselves to have performed: for what may be only wonderful and surprising in one man, may become improbable, or indeed impossible, when related of another.

This last requisite is what the dramatic critics call conversation of character; and it requires a very extraordinary degree of judgment, and a most exact knowledge of human nature.

It is admirably remarked by a most excellent writer, that zeal can no more hurry a man to act in direct opposition to itself, than a rapid stream can carry a boat against its own current. I will venture to say, that for a man to act in direct contradiction to the dictates of his nature, is, if not impossible, as improbable and as miraculous as any thing which can well be conceived. Should the best parts of the story of M. Antoninus be ascribed to Nero, or should the worst incidents of Nero's life be imputed to Antoninus, what would be more shocking to belief than either instance; whereas both these being related of their proper agent, constitute the truly marvellous.

Our modern authors of comedy have fallen almost universally into the error here hinted at; their heroes generally are notorious rogues, and their heroines abandoned jades, during the first four acts; but in the fifth, the former become very worthy gentlemen, and the

the latter, women of virtue and discretion ; nor is the writer often so kind as to give himself the least trouble, to reconcile or account for this monstrous change and incongruity. There is, indeed, no other reason to be assigned for it, than because the play is drawing to a conclusion ; as if it was no less natural in a rogue to repent in the last act of a play, than in the last of his life ; which we perceive to be generally the case at Tyburn, a place which might, indeed close the scene of some comedies with much propriety, as the heroes in these are most commonly eminent for those very talents which not only bring men to the gallows, but enable them to make an heroic figure when they are there.

Within these few restrictions, I think, every writer may be permitted to deal as much in the wonderful as he pleases ; nay, if he thus keeps within the rules of credibility, the more he can surprize the reader, the more he will engage his attention, and the more he will charm him. As a genius of the highest rank observes in his 5th chapter of the Bathos, 'The great art of all poetry is to mix truth with fiction ; in order to join the credible with the surprizing.'

For though every good author will confine himself within the bounds of probability, it is by no means necessary that his characters, or his incidents, should be trite, common, or vulgar ; such as happen in every street, or in every house, or which may be met with in the home articles of a news-paper. Nor must he be inhibited from shewing many persons and things, which may possibly have never fallen within the knowledge of great part of his readers. If the writer strictly observes the rules above mentioned, he hath discharged his part ; and is then intitled to some faith from his reader, who is indeed guilty of critical infidelity if he disbelieves him. For want of a portion of such faith, I remember the character of a young lady of quality, which was condemned on the stage for being unnatural, by the unanimous voice of a very large assembly of clerks and apprentices ; though it had the previous suffrages of many ladies of the first rank ; one of whom,
very

very eminent for her understanding, declared it was the picture of half the young people of her acquaintance.

SO. OF FOUNTAIN

& OF SHREWBURY

G. BERTON & CO.

C H A P. II.

In which the landlady pays a visit to Mr. Jones.

WHEN Jones had taken leave of his friend the lieutenant, he endeavoured to close his eyes, but all in vain; his spirits were too lively and wakeful to be lulled to sleep. So having amused, or rather tormented himself, with the thoughts of his Sophia, till it was open day-light, he called for some tea; upon which occasion my landlady herself vouchsafed to pay him a visit.

This was indeed the first time she had seen him, or at least had taken any notice of him; but, as the lieutenant had assured her that he was certainly some young gentleman of fashion, she now determined to shew him all the respect in her power; for, to speak truly, this was one of those houses where gentlemen, to use the language of advertisements, meet with civil treatment for their money.

She had no sooner begun to make his tea, than she likewise began to discourse, ‘La! Sir,’ said she, ‘I think it is great pity that such a pretty young gentleman should undervalue himself so, as to go about with these soldier fellows. They call themselves gentlemen, I warrant you; but, as my first husband used to say, they should remember it is we that pay them. And to be sure it is very hard upon us to be obliged to pay them, and to keep ’em too, as we publicans are. I had twenty of ’em last night besides officers; nay, for matter o’that, I had rather have the soldiers than officers: for nothing is ever good enough for those sparks; and I am sure, if you was to see the bills; la, Sir, it is nothing. I have had less trouble, I warrant you, with a good squire’s family, where we take forty or fifty shillings of a night, besides horses. And yet I war-

' rants me, there is narrow a one of all those officer
' fellows, but looks upon himself to be as good as
' arrow a squire of 500 l. a year. To be sure it doth
' me good to hear their men run about after 'um,
' crying your honour, and your honour. Marry come
' up with such honour, and an ordinary at a shilling
' a head. Then there's such swearing among 'um,
' to be sure, it frightens me out o' my wits; I thinks
' nothing can ever prosper with such wicked people.
' And here one of 'um has used you in so barbarous a
' manner. I thought indeed how well the rest would
' secure him; they all hang together; for if you had
' been in danger of death, which I am glad to see
' you are not, it would have been all as one to such
' wicked people. They would have let the murderer
' go. Laud have mercy upon 'um; I would not have
' such a sin to answer for, for the whole world. But
' though you are likely, with the blessing, to recover,
' there is laa for him yet; and if you will employ law-
' yer Small, I darest be sworn he'll make the fellow
' fly the country for him; though perhaps he'll have
' fled the country before; for it is here to-day and
' gone to-morrow with such chaps. I hope, however,
' you will learn more wit for the future, and return
' back to your friends: I warrant they are all miserable
' for your loss; and if they was but to know what
' had happened. La, my seeming! I would not for
' the world they should. Come, come, we know
' very well what all the matter is; but if one won'ts
' another will; so pretty a gentleman need never
' want a lady. I am sure, if I was as you, I would
' see the finest she that ever wore a head hanged, be-
' fore I would go for a soldier for her. — Nay, don't
' blush so (for indeed he did to a violent degree;)
' why, you thought, Sir, I knew nothing of the
' matter, I warrant you, about Madam Sophia.'
' How,' says Jones, starting up, ' do you know my
' Sophia?' ' Do I! ay marry,' cries the landlady,
' many's the time hath she lain in this house.' ' With
' her aunt, I suppose,' says Jones. — ' Why there it
' is now,' cries the landlady. ' Ay, ay, ay, I know
' the old lady very well. And a sweet young creature

' is

' is Madam Sophia, that's the truth on't.' ' A sweet creature!' cries Jones, ' O heavens!

' Angels are painted fair to look like her.

' There's in her all that we believe of heaven,

' Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,

' Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

' And could I ever have imagined that you had known my Sophia!' ' I wish,' says the landlady,

' you knew half so much of her. What would you

' have given to have sat by her bed-side? What a

' delicious neck she hath! Her lovely limbs have

' stretched themselves in that very bed you now lie

' in.' ' Here!' cries Jones, ' hath Sophia ever laid

' here?'—' Ay, ay, here: there; in that very bed,'

' says the landlady, ' where I wish you had her this

' moment; and she may wish so too for any thing I

' know to the contrary: for she hath mentioned your

' name to me.'—' Ha,' cries he, ' did she ever men-

' tion her poor Jones?—You flatter me now; I can

' never believe so much.' ' Why then,' answered she,

' as I hope to be sav'd, and may the devil fetch me,

' if I speak a syllable more than the truth. I have

' heard her mention Mr. Jones; but in a civil and

' modest way, I confess; yet I could perceive she

' thought a great deal more than she said.' ' O my

' dear woman,' cries Jones, ' her thoughts of me I

' shall never be worthy of. O she is all gentleness,

' kindness, goodness. Why was such a rascal as I

' born, ever to give her soft bosom a moment's un-

' easiness? why am I curst? I, who would undergo

' all the plagues and miseries which any Dæmon ever

' invented for mankind, to procure her any good;

' nay, torture itself could not be misery to me, did

' I but know that she was happy.' ' Why, look you

' there now,' says the landlady, ' I told her you

' was a constant lovier.' ' But pray, Madam, tell me

' when or where you knew any thing of me; for

' I never was here before, nor do I remember ever

' to have seen you.' ' Nor is it possible you should,'

answered she; 'for you was a little thing when I had you in my lap at the 'squire's.' — 'How the 'squire's,' says Jones, 'what do you know that great and good Mr. Allworthy then?' 'Yes, marry do I,' says she; 'who in the country doth not?' — 'The fame of his goodness indeed,' answered Jones, 'must have extended farther than this; but heaven only can know him, can know that benevolence which it copied from itself, and sent upon earth as its own pattern. Mankind are as ignorant of such divine goodness, as they are unworthy of it; but none so unworthy of it as myself. I who was raised by him to such a height; taken in, as you must well know, a poor base-born child, adopted by him, and treated as his own son, to dare by my follies to disoblige him, to draw his vengeance upon me. Yes, I deserve it all: for I will never be so ungrateful as ever to think he hath done an act of injustice by me. No, I deserve to be turned out of doors, as I am. And now, Madam, says he, I believe you will not blame me for turning soldier, especially with such a fortune as this in my pocket.' At which words he shook a purse, which had but very little in it, and which still appeared to the landlady to have less.

My good landlady was (according to vulgar phrase) struck all of a heap by this relation. She answered coldly, 'That to be sure people were the best judges what was most proper for their circumstances. — But hark,' says she, 'I think I hear somebody call. Coming! Coming! the devil's in all our volk, nobody hath any ears. I must go down stairs; if you want any more breakfast, the maid will come up. Coming!' At which words, without taking any leave, she flung out of the room: for the lower sort of people are very tenacious of respect; and though they are contented to give this gratis to persons of quality, yet they never confer it on those of their own order, without taking care to be well paid for their pains.

How you find this thing when
How ————

C H A P. III.

In which the surgeon makes his second appearance.

BEFORE we proceed any farther, that the reader may not be mistaken in imagining the landlady knew more than she did, nor surprised that she knew so much, it may be necessary to inform him, that the lieutenant had acquainted her that the name of Sophia had been the occasion of the quarrel; and as for the rest of her knowledge, the sagacious reader will observe how she came by it in the preceding scene. Great curiosity was indeed mixed with her virtues; and she never willingly suffered any one to depart from her house without enquiring as much as possible into their names, families, and fortunes.

She was no sooner gone than Jones, instead of animadverting on her behaviour, reflected that he was in the same bed, which he was informed had held his dear Sophia. This occasioned a thousand fond and tender thoughts, which we would dwell longer upon did we not consider that such kind of lovers will make a very inconsiderable part of our readers. In this situation the surgeon found him, when he came to dress his wound. The doctor, perceiving, upon examination, that his pulse was disordered, and hearing that he had not slept, declared that he was in great danger: for he apprehended a fever was coming on; which he would have prevented by bleeding, but Jones would not submit, declaring he would lose no more blood; and ‘doctor,’ says he, ‘if you will be so kind only to dress my head, I have no doubt of being well in a day or two.’

‘I wish,’ answered the surgeon, ‘I could assure your being well in a month or two. Well indeed! No, no, people are not soon well of such contusions; but, Sir, I am not at this time of day to be instructed in my operations by a patient, and I insist on making a revulsion before I dress you.’

Jones persisted obstinately in his refusal, and the doctor at last yielded; telling him at the same time, that

that he would not be answerable for the ill consequence, and hoped he would do him the justice to acknowledge that he had given him a contrary advice; which the patient promised he would.

The doctor retired into the kitchen, where, addressing himself to the landlady, he complained bitterly of the undutiful behaviour of his patient, who would not be bled, though he was in a fever.

‘It is an eating fever then,’ says the landlady; ‘for he hath devoured two swinging buttered toasts this morning for breakfast.’

‘Very likely,’ says the doctor; ‘I have known people eat in a fever; and it is very easily accounted for; because the acidity occasioned by the febrile matter, may stimulate the nerves of the diaphragm, and thereby occasion a craving, which will not be easily distinguishable from a natural appetite; but the aliment will not be concreted, nor assimilated into chyle, and so will corrode the vascular orifices, and thus will aggravate the febrile symptoms. Indeed I think the gentleman in a very dangerous way, and if he is not bled, I am afraid will die.’

‘Every man must die some time or other,’ answered the good woman; ‘it is no business of mine. I hope, doctor, you would not have me hold him while you bleed him. — But, harkee, a word in your ear; I would advise you before you proceed too far, to take care who is to be your paymaster.’

‘Paymaster!’ said the doctor, staring, ‘why, I’ve a gentleman under my hands, have I not?’

‘I imagined so as well as you,’ said the landlady; ‘but as my first husband used to say, ‘every thing is not what it looks to be. He is an arrant scrub, I assure you. However, take no notice that I mentioned any thing to you of the matter; but I think people in business oft always to let one another know such things.’

‘And have I suffered such a fellow as this,’ cries the doctor, in a passion, ‘to instruct me? Shall I hear my practice insulted by one who will not pay me! I am glad I have made this discovery in time.’

‘I will see now whether he will be blooded or no.’ He then immediately went up stairs, and flinging open the door of the chamber with much violence, awaked poor Jones from a very sound nap, into which he was fallen, and what was still worse, from a delicious dream concerning Sophia.

‘Will you be blooded or no?’ cries the doctor, in a rage. ‘I have told you my resolution already,’ answered Jones, ‘and I wish with all my heart you had taken my answer: for you have awaked me out of the sweetest sleep which I ever had in my life.’

‘Ay, ay,’ cries the doctor, ‘many a man hath dosed away his life. Sleep is not always good, no more than food; but remember I demand of you for the last time, will you be blooded?’ ‘I answer you for the last time,’ said Jones, ‘I will not.’ Then I wash my hands of you,’ said the doctor; ‘and I desire you to pay me for the trouble I have had already. Two journies at 5 s. each, two dressings at 5 s. more, and half a crown for phlebotomy.’ ‘I hope,’ said Jones, ‘you don’t intend to leave me in this condition.’ ‘Indeed but I shall,’ said the other. ‘Then,’ said Jones, ‘you have used me rascally, and I will not pay you a farthing.’ ‘Very well,’ cries the doctor, ‘the first loss is the best. What a pox did my landlady mean by sending for me to such vagabonds?’ At which words he flung out of the room, and his patient turning himself about soon recovered his sleep; but his dream was unfortunately gone.

C H A P. IV.

In which is introduced one of the pleasanteſt barbers that was ever recorded in hiſtory, the barber of Bagdad, ſince he is Don Quixote not excepted.

THE clock had now struck five, when Jones awaked from a nap of seven hours, so much refreshed, and in such perfect health and spirits, that he resolved to get up and dress himself: for which purpose he unlocked his portmanteau, and took out clean

clean linen, and a suit of cloaths; but first he slipt on a frock, and went down into the kitchen to bespeak something that might pacify certain tumults he found rising within his stomach.

Meeting the landlady, he accosted her with great civility, and asked 'what he could have for dinner.' 'For dinner!' says she, 'it is an odd time of day to think about dinner. There is nothing drest in the house, and the fire is almost out.' 'Well but,' says he, 'I must have something to eat, and it is almost indifferent to me what: for to tell you the truth, I was never more hungry in my life.' 'Then,' says she, 'I believe there is a piece of cold buttock and carrot, which will fit you.' — 'Nothing better,' answered Jones, but I should be obliged to you, if you would let it be fryed.' To which the landlady consented, and said smiling, 'she was glad to see him so well recovered:' for the sweetness of our hero's temper was almost irresistible; besides, she was really no ill-humoured woman at the bottom; but she loved money so much, that she hated every thing which had the semblance of poverty.

Jones now returned in order to dress himself, while his dinner was preparing, and was, according to his orders, attended by the barber.

This barber, who went by the name of Little Benjamin, was a fellow of great oddity and humour, which had frequently led him into small inconveniencies, such as slaps in the face, kicks in the breech, broken bones, &c. For every one doth not understand a jest; and those who do, are often displeas'd with being themselves the subjects of it. This vice was, however, incurable in him; and though he had often smarted for it, yet if ever he conceived a joke, he was certain to be deliver'd of it, without the least respect of persons, time, or place.

He had a great many other particularities in his character, which I shall not mention, as the reader will himself very easily perceive them, on his farther acquaintance with this extraordinary person.

Jones.

Jones being impatient to be drest, for a reason which may easily be imagined, thought the shaver was very tedious in preparing his suds, and begged him to make haste; to which the other answered, with much gravity: for he never discomposed his muscles on any account. ‘*Festina lentè* is a proverb which I learnt long before I ever touched a razor.’ ‘I find, friend, you are a scholar,’ replied Jones. ‘A poor one,’ said the barber, ‘*nun omnia possumus omnes.*’ ‘Again!’ said Jones; ‘I fancy you are good at capping verses.’ ‘Excuse me, Sir,’ said the barber, ‘*non tanto me dignor honore.*’ And then proceeding to his operation, ‘Sir,’ said he, ‘since I have dealt in suds, I could never discover more than two reasons for shaving, the one is to get a beard, and the other to get rid of one. I conjecture, Sir, it may not be long since you shaved, from the former of these motives. Upon my word you have had good success; for one may say of your beard, that it is *tendenti gravior.*’ ‘I conjecture,’ says Jones, ‘that thou art a very comical fellow.’ ‘You mistake me widely, Sir,’ said the barber, ‘I am too much addicted to the study of philosophy, *hinc illæ lacrymæ*, Sir, that’s my misfortune, Too much learning hath been my ruin.’ ‘Indeed,’ says Jones, ‘I confess, friend, you have more learning than generally belongs to your trade; but I can’t see how it can have injured you.’ ‘Alas, Sir,’ answered the shaver, ‘my father disinherited me for it. He was a dancing master; and because I could read, before I could dance, he took an aversion to me, and left every farthing among his other children. — Will you please to have your temples — O la! I ask your pardon, I fancy there is *hiatus in manuscriptis.* I heard you was going to the wars: but I find it was a mistake.’ ‘Why do you conclude so?’ says Jones. ‘Sure, Sir,’ answered the barber, ‘you are too wise a man to carry a broken head thither; for that would be carrying coals to Newcastle.’

‘Upon my word,’ cries Jones, ‘thou art a very odd fellow, and I like thy humour extremely; I shall

shall be very glad if thou wilt come to me after dinner, and drink a glass with me; I long to be better acquainted with thee.

‘O dear Sir,’ said the barber, ‘I can do you twenty times as great a favour if you will accept of it. What is that, my friend?’ cries Jones. ‘Why, I will drink a bottle with you, if you please; for I dearly love good-nature; and as you have found me out to be a comical fellow, so I have no skill in physiognomy, if you are not one of the best-natured gentlemen in the universe.’ Jones now walked down stairs neatly dressed, and perhaps the fair Adonis was not a lovelier figure; and yet he had no charms for my landlady: for as that good woman did not resemble Venus at all in her person, so neither did she in her taste. Happy had it been for Nanny the chambermaid, if she had seen with the eyes of her mistress; for that poor girl fell so violently in love with Jones in five minutes, that her passion afterwards cost her many a sigh. This Nancy was extremely pretty, and altogether as coy; for she had refused a drawer, and one or two young farmers in the neighbourhood, but the bright eyes of our hero thawed all her ice in a moment.

When Jones returned to the kitchen, his cloth was not yet laid; nor indeed was there any occasion it should, his dinner remaining in *statu quo*, as did the fire which was to dress it. This disappointment might have put many a philosophical temper into a passion; but it had no such effect on Jones. He only gave the landlady a gentle rebuke, saying, ‘since it was so difficult to get it heated, he would eat the beef cold.’ But now the good woman, whether moved by compassion, or by shame, or by whatever other motive, I cannot tell, first gave her servants a round scold for disobeying the orders which she had never given, and then bidding the drawer lay a napkin in the Sun, she set about the matter in good earnest, and soon accomplished it.

This Sun, into which Jones was now conducted, was truly named, as *lucis a non lucendo*; for it was an apartment into which the sun had scarce ever looked.

It

It was indeed the worst room in the house; and happy was it for Jones that it was so. However, he was now too hungry to find any fault; but having once satisfied his appetite, he ordered the drawer to carry a bottle of wine into a better room, and expressed some resentment at having been shewn into a dungeon.

The drawer having obeyed his commands, he was, after some time, attended by the barber; who would not indeed have suffered him to wait so long for his company, had he not been listening in the kitchen to the landlady, who was entertaining a circle that she had gathered round her with the history of poor Jones, part of which she had extracted from his own lips, and the other part was her own ingenious composition; 'for she said he was a poor parish boy, taken into the house of 'squire Allworthy, where he was bred up as an apprentice, and now turned out of doors for his misdeeds, particularly for making love to his young mistress, and probably for robbing the house; for how else should he come by the little money he hath; and this,' says she, 'is your gentleman, forsooth.' 'A servant of 'squire Allworthy!' says the barber, 'what's his name?' 'Why he told me his name was Jones,' says she, 'perhaps he goes by a wrong name. Nay, and he told me too, that the 'squire had maintained him as his own son, thof he had quarrelled with him now.' 'And if his name be Jones, he told you the truth,' said the barber; 'for I have relations who live in that country, nay, and some people say he is his son.' 'Why doth he not go by the name of his father?' 'I can't tell that,' said the barber, 'many people's sons don't go by the name of their father.' 'Nay,' said the landlady, 'if I thought he was a gentleman's son, thof he was a bye-blow, I should behave to him in another guess manner; for many of these bye-blows come to be great men, and, as my poor first husband used to say, never affront any customer that's a gentleman.'

C H A P. V.

A dialogue between Mr. Jones and the barber.

THIS conversation passed partly while Jones was at dinner in his dungeon, and partly while he was expecting the barber in the parlour. And, as soon as it was ended, Mr. Benjamin, as we have said, attended him, and was very kindly desired to sit down. Jones then filling out a glass of wine, drank his health by the appellation of *dottissime tonsorum*. *Ago tibi gratias, domine*, said the barber; and then looking very stedfastly at Jones, he said, with great gravity, and with a seeming surprize, as if he had recollected a face he had seen before, ‘Sir, may I crave the favour to know if your name is not Jones?’ To which the other answered, that it was. ‘*Prob deum atque hominum fidem*,’ says the barber, ‘how strangely things come to pass! Mr. Jones, I am your most obedient servant. I find you do not know me, which indeed is no wonder, since you never saw me but once, and then you was very young. Pray, Sir, how doth the good squire AN-worthy? how doth *ille optimus omnium patronus*?’ ‘I find,’ said Jones, ‘you do indeed know me; but I have not the like happiness of recollecting you.’— ‘I do not wonder at that,’ cries Benjamin; ‘but I am surprized I did not know you sooner, for you are not in the least altered. And pray, Sir, may I without offence enquire whither you are travelling this way? Fill the glass, Mr. Barber,’ said Jones, ‘and ask no more questions.’ ‘Nay, Sir,’ answered Benjamin, ‘I would not be troublesome; and I hope you don’t think me to be a man of an impertinent curiosity, for that is a vice which no-body can lay to my charge; but I ask pardon, for when a gentleman of your figure travels without his servants, we may suppose him to be, as we say, in *casu incognito*, and perhaps I ought not to have mentioned your name.’ ‘I own,’ says Jones, ‘I did not expect to have been so well known in this country’

' country as I find I am, yet for particular reasons,
 ' I shall be obliged to you if you will not mention
 ' my name to any other person, till I am gone from
 ' hence.' '*Pauca verba,*' answered the barber; ' and
 ' I wish no other here knew you but myself; for
 ' some people have tongues; but I promise you I can
 ' keep a secret. My enemies will allow me that vir-
 ' tue.' ' And yet that is not the characteristic of
 ' your profession, Mr. Barber,' answered Jones. ' Alas,
 ' Sir,' replied Benjamin, '*Non si male nunc & olim*
 '*sic erit.* I was not born nor bred a barber, I assure
 ' you. I have spent most of my time among gentle-
 ' men, and though I say it, I understand something
 ' of gentility. And if you had thought me as worthy
 ' of your confidence as you have some other people,
 ' I should have shewn you I could have kept a secret
 ' better. I should not have degraded your name in
 ' a public kitchen; for indeed, Sir, some people have
 ' not used you well; for besides making a public
 ' proclamation of what you told them of a quarrel
 ' between yourself and 'squire Allworthy, they added
 ' lies of their own, things which I knew to be lies.'
 ' You surprize me greatly,' cries Jones. ' Upon
 ' my word, Sir,' answered Benjamin, ' I tell the
 ' truth, and I need not tell you my landlady was
 ' the person. I am sure it moved me to hear the
 ' story, and I hope it is all false; for I have a great
 ' respect for you, I do assure you I have, and have
 ' had, ever since the good-nature you shewed to
 ' Black George, which was talked of all over the
 ' country, and I received more than one letter about
 ' it. Indeed it made you beloved by every body.
 ' You will pardon me, therefore; for it was real
 ' concern at what I heard made me ask many ques-
 ' tions; for I have no impertinent curiosity about me;
 ' but I love good-nature, and thence became *amoris*
 ' *abundantia erga te.*'

Every profession of friendship easily gains credit
 with the miserable; it is no wonder, therefore, if
 Jones, who, besides his being miserable, was ex-
 tremely open-hearted, very readily believed all the
 professions of Benjamin, and received him into his

bosom. The scraps of Latin, some of which Benjamin applied properly enough, though it did not favour of profound literature, seemed yet to indicate something superior to a common barber, and so indeed did his whole behaviour. Jones therefore believed the truth of what he had said, as to his original and education, and at length, after much entreaty, he said, 'Since you have heard, my friend, so much of my affairs, and seem so desirous to know the truth, if you will have patience to hear it, I will inform you of the whole.' 'Patience,' cries Benjamin, 'that I will, if the chapter was never so long, and I am very much obliged to you for the honour you do me.'

Jones now began, and related the whole history, forgetting only a circumstance or two, namely, every thing which passed on that day in which he had fought with Thwackum, and ended with his resolution to go to sea, till the rebellion in the North had made him change his purpose, and had brought him to the place where he then was.

Little Benjamin, who had been all attention, never once interrupted the narrative; but when it was ended, he could not help observing, that there must be surely something more invented by his enemies, and told Mr. Allworthy against him, or so good a man would never have dismissed one he had loved so tenderly, in such a manner. To which Jones answered, 'He doubted not but such villainous arts had been made use of to destroy him.'

And surely it was scarce possible for any one to have avoided making the same remark with the barber; who had not, indeed, heard from Jones, one single circumstance upon which he was condemned; for his actions were not now placed in those injurious lights, in which they had been misrepresented to Allworthy: nor could he mention those many false accusations which had been from time to time preferred against him to Allworthy; for with none of these he was himself acquainted. He had likewise, as we have observed, omitted many material facts in his present relation. Upon the whole, indeed, every thing now appeared

appeared in such favourable colours to Jones, that malice itself would have found it no easy matter to fix any blame upon him.

Not that Jones desired to conceal or to disguise the truth; nay, he would have been more unwilling to have suffered any censure to fall on Mr. Allworthy for punishing him, than on his own actions for deserving it, but, in reality, so it happened, and so it always will happen: for let a man be never so honest, the account of his own conduct will, in spite of himself, be so very favourable, that his vices will come purified through his lips, and, like foul liquors well strained, will leave all their foulness behind. For though the facts themselves may appear, yet so different will be the motives, circumstances, and consequences, when a man tells his own story, and when his enemy tells it, that we scarce can recognize the facts to be one and the same.

Though the barber had drank down this story with greedy ears, he was not yet satisfied. There was a circumstance behind, which his curiosity, cold as it was, most eagerly longed for. Jones had mentioned the fact of his amour, and of his being the rival of Blifil, but had cautiously concealed the name of the young lady. The barber therefore, after some hesitation, and many hums and ha's, at last begged leave to crave the name of the lady, who appeared to be the principal cause of all this mischief. Jones paused a moment, and then said, 'Since I have trusted you with so much, and since, I am afraid, her name is become too publick already on this occasion, I will not conceal it from you. Her name is Sophia Western.'

'*Proh Deum atque Hominum Fidem!*' squire Western hath a daughter grown a woman? 'Ay, and such a woman,' cries Jones, 'that the world cannot match. No eye ever saw any thing so beautiful; but that is her least excellence. Such sense! such goodness! O I could praise her for ever, and yet should omit half her virtues.' 'Mr. Western a daughter grown up!' cries the barber, 'I remember'

‘ member the father a boy : well, *Tempus edax rerum.*’

The wine being now at an end, the barber pressed very eagerly to be his bottle ; but Jones absolutely refused, saying, ‘ He had already drank more than he ought ; and that he now chose to retire to his room, where he wished he could procure himself a book.’ ‘ A book!’ cries Benjamin, ‘ what book would you have ? Latin or English ? I have some curious books in both languages. Such as *Erasmi Colloquia, Ovid de Tristibus, Gradus ad Parnassum* ; and in English I have several of the best books, though some of them are a little torn ; but I have a great part of Stowe’s Chronicle ; the sixth volume of Pope’s Homer ; the third volume of the Spectator ; the second volume of Echard’s Roman History ; the Craftsman ; Robinson Crusoe ; Thomas a Kempis, and two volumes of Tom Brown’s works.’

‘ Those last,’ cries Jones, ‘ are books I never saw, so if you please to lend me one of those volumes.’ The barber assured him he would be highly entertained ; for he looked upon the Author to have been one of the greatest wits that ever the nation produced. He then stepped to his house, which was hard by, and immediately returned ; after which, the barber having received very strict injunctions of secrecy from Jones, and having sworn inviolably to maintain it, they separated ; the barber went home, and Jones retired to his chamber.

C H A P. VI.

In which more of the talents of Mr. Benjamin will appear, as well as who this extraordinary person was.

IN the morning Jones grew a little uneasy at the desertion of his surgeon, as he apprehended some inconvenience, or even danger, might attend the not dressing his wound : he enquired therefore of the drawer what other surgeons were to be met with in that neighbourhood. The drawer told him there was one
not

not far off; but he had known him often refuse to be concerned after another had been sent for before him, 'but, Sir,' says he, 'if you will take my advice; there is not a man in the kingdom can do your business better than the barber who was with you last night. We look upon him to be one of the ablest men at a cut in all this neighbourhood. For though he hath not been here above three months, he hath done several great cures.'

The drawer was presently dispatched for Little Benjamin, who being acquainted in what capacity he was wanted, prepared himself accordingly, and attended; but with so different an air and aspect from that which he wore when his bason was under his arm, that he could scarce be known to be the same person.

'So, tonsor,' says Jones, 'I find you have more trades than one; how came you not to inform me of this last night?' 'A surgeon,' answered Benjamin, with great gravity, 'is a profession, not a trade. The reason why I did not acquaint you last night that I professed this art, was that I then concluded you was under the hands of another gentleman, and I never love to interfere with my brethren in their business. *Ars omnibus communis.* But now, Sir, if you please, I will inspect your head, and when I see into your skull, I will give my opinion of your case.'

Jones had no great faith in this new professor; however, he suffered him to open the bandage, and to look at his wound, which as soon as he had done, Benjamin began to groan and shake his head violently. Upon which Jones, in a peevish manner, bid him not play the fool, but tell him in what condition he found him. 'Shall I answer you as a surgeon, or a friend?' said Benjamin. 'As a friend, and seriously,' said Jones, 'Why then upon my soul,' cries Benjamin, 'it would require a great deal of art to keep you from being well after a very few dressings; and if you will suffer me to apply some salve of mine, I will answer for the success.' Jones gave his consent, and the plaister was applied accordingly.

'There, Sir,' cries Benjamin, 'now I will, if you please, resume my former self; but a man is obliged

' to keep up some dignity in his countenance whilst he
 ' is performing these operations, or the world will not
 ' submit to be handled by him. You can't imagine,
 ' Sir, of how much consequence a grave aspect is to a
 ' grave character. A barber may make you laugh,
 ' but a surgeon ought rather to make you cry.'
 ' Mr. Barber, or Mr. Surgeon, or Mr. Barber-sur-
 ' geon,' said Jones.—' O dear Sir,' answered Benjamin,
 ' interrupting him, *Infandum, Regina, jubes re-*
 ' *novare Dolorem.* You recal to my mind that cruel
 ' separation of the united fraternities, so much to the
 ' prejudice of both bodies, as all separations must be,
 ' according to the old adage, *Vis unita fortior*; which
 ' to be sure there are not wanting some of one or of
 ' the other fraternity who are able to construe. What
 ' a blow was this to me who unite both in my own per-
 ' son.'—' Well, by whatever name you please to be
 ' called,' continued Jones, ' you certainly are one of
 ' the oddest, most comical fellows I ever met with, and
 ' must have something very surprising in your story,
 ' which you must confess I have a right to hear.' ' I
 ' do confess it,' answered Benjamin, ' and will very
 ' readily acquaint you with it, when you have suffi-
 ' cient leisure; for I promise you it will require a
 ' good deal of time.' Jones told him, he could never
 ' be more at leisure than at present. ' Well then,' said
 ' Benjamin, ' I will obey you; but first I will fasten the
 ' door, that none may interrupt us.' He did so, and
 ' then advancing with a solemn air to Jones, said; ' I
 ' must begin by telling you, Sir, that you yourself
 ' have been the greatest enemy I ever had.' Jones was
 ' a little startled at this sudden declaration. ' I your
 ' enemy, Sir!' says he, with much amazement, and
 ' some sternness in his look: ' Nay, be not angry,' said
 ' Benjamin, ' for I promise you I am not. You are per-
 ' fectly innocent of having intended me any wrong;
 ' for you was then an infant; but I shall, I believe,
 ' unriddle all this the moment I mention my name.
 ' Did you never hear, Sir, of one Partridge, who had
 ' the honour of being reputed your father, and the mis-
 ' fortune of being ruined by that honour?' ' I have
 ' indeed heard of that Partridge,' says Jones, ' and
 ' have

‘ have always believed myself to be his son.’ ‘ Well, Sir,’ answered Benjamin, ‘ I am that Partridge ; but I here absolve you from all filial duty ; for I do assure you, you are no son of mine.’ ‘ How !’ replied Jones, ‘ and is it possible that a false suspicion should have drawn all the ill consequences upon you, with which I am too well acquainted ?’ ‘ It is possible,’ cries Benjamin, ‘ for it is so ; but though it is natural enough for men to hate even the innocent causes of their sufferings, yet I am of a different temper. I have loved you ever since I heard of your behaviour to Black George, as I told you ; and I am convinced, from this extraordinary meeting, that you are born to make me amends for all I have suffered on that account. Besides, I dreamt, the night before I saw you, that I stumbled over a stool without hurting myself ; which plainly shewed me something good was towards me ; and last night I dreamt again, that I rode behind you on a milk-white mare, which is a very excellent dream, and betokens much good fortune, which I am resolved to pursue, unless you have the cruelty to deny me.’

‘ I should be very glad, Mr. Partridge,’ answered Jones, ‘ to have it in my power to make you amends for your sufferings on my account, though at present I see no likelihood of it ; however, I assure you I will deny you nothing which is in my power to grant.’

‘ It is in your power sure enough,’ replied Benjamin ; ‘ for I desire nothing more than leave to attend you in this expedition. Nay, I have so entirely set my heart upon it, that if you should refuse me, you will kill both a barber and a surgeon in one breath.’

Jones answered smiling, That he should be very sorry to be the occasion of so much mischief to the public. He then advanced many prudential reasons, in order to dissuade Benjamin (whom we shall hereafter call Partridge) from his purpose ; but all were in vain. Partridge relied strongly on his dream of the milk-white mare. ‘ Besides, Sir,’ says he, ‘ I promise you, I have as good an inclination to the cause as any man

‘ can possibly have; and go I will, whether you admit me to go in your company or not.’

Jones, who was as much pleased with Partridge, as Partridge could be with him, and who had not consulted his own inclination, but the good of the other in desiring him to stay behind, when he found his friend so resolute, at last gave his consent; but then recollecting himself, he said, ‘ Perhaps, Mr. Partridge, you think I shall be able to support you, but I really am not;’ and then taking out his purse, he told out nine guineas, which he declared were his whole fortune.

Partridge answered, ‘ That his dependance was only on his future favour: for he was thoroughly convinced he would shortly have enough in his power. At present, Sir,’ said he, ‘ I believe I am rather the richer man of the two; but all I have is at your service, and at your disposal. I insist upon your taking the whole, and I beg only to attend you in the quality of your servant, *Nil desperandum est Teucro duce*, & *auspice Teucro;*’ but to this generous proposal concerning the money, Jones would by no means submit.

It was resolved to set out the next morning, when a difficulty arose concerning the baggage; for the portmanteau of Mr. Jones was too large to be carried without a horse.

‘ If I may presume to give my advice,’ says Partridge, ‘ this portmanteau, with every thing in it, except a few shirts, should be left behind. Those I shall be easily able to carry for you, and the rest of your cloaths will remain very safely locked up in my house.’

This method was no sooner proposed than agreed to, and then the barber departed, in order to prepare every thing for his intended expedition.

C H A P. VII.

Containing better reasons than any which have yet appeared for the conduct of Partridge; an apology for the weakness of Jones; and some farther anecdotes concerning my landlady.

THOUGH Partridge was one of the most superstitious of men, he would hardly perhaps have desired to accompany Jones on his expedition merely from the omens of the joint-stool, and white mare, if his prospect had been no better than to have shared the plunder gained in the field of battle. In fact, when Partridge came to ruminate on the relation he had heard from Jones, he could not reconcile to himself, that Mr. Allworthy should turn his son (for so he most firmly believed him to be) out of doors, for any reason which he had heard assigned. He concluded therefore, that the whole was a fiction, and that Jones, of whom he had often from his correspondents heard the wildest character, had in reality run away from his father. It came into his head, therefore, that if he could prevail with the young gentleman to return back to his father, he should by that means render a service to Allworthy, which would obliterate all his former anger; nay, indeed, he conceived that very anger was counterfeited, and that Allworthy had sacrificed him to his own reputation. And this suspicion, indeed, he well accounted for from the tender behaviour of that excellent man to the fondling child; from his great severity to Partridge, who knowing himself to be innocent, could not conceive that any other should think him guilty; lastly, from the allowance which he had privately received long after the annuity had been publicly taken from him; and which he looked upon as a kind of smart-money, or rather by way of atonement for injustice: for it is very uncommon, I believe, for men to ascribe the benefactions they receive to pure charity, when they can possibly impute them to any other motive. If he could by any means, therefore, persuade

suade the young gentleman to return home, he doubted not but that he should again be received into the favour of Allworthy, and well rewarded for his pains; nay, and should be again restored to his native country; a restoration which Ulysses himself never wished more heartily than poor Partridge.

As for Jones he was well satisfied with the truth of what the other had asserted, and believed that Partridge had no other inducements but love to him, and zeal for the cause. A blameable want of caution and diffidence in the veracity of others, in which he was highly worthy of censure. To say the truth, there are but two ways by which men become possessed of this excellent quality. The one is from long experience, and the other is from nature; which last, I presume is often meant by genius, or great natural parts; and it is infinitely the better of the two, not only as we are masters of it much earlier in life, but as it is much more infallible and conclusive: for a man who hath been imposed on by ever so many, may still hope to find others more honest; whereas he who receives certain necessary admonitions from within, that this is impossible, must have very little understanding indeed, if he ever renders himself liable to be once deceived. As Jones had not this gift from nature, he was too young to have gained it by experience; for at the diffident wisdom which is to be acquired this way we seldom arrive till very late in life; which is perhaps the reason why some old men are apt to despise the understandings of all those who are a little younger than themselves.

Jones spent most part of the day in the company of a new acquaintance. This was no other than the landlord of the house, or rather the husband of the landlady. He had but lately made his descent down stairs, after a long fit of the gout, in which distemper he was generally confined to his room during one half of the year; and during the rest he walked about the house, smoaked his pipe, and drank his bottle with his friends, without concerning himself in the least with any kind of business. He had been bred, as they call it, a gentleman, that is, bred up to do nothing,

thing, and had spent a very small fortune, which he inherited from an industrious farmer his uncle, in hunting, horse-racing, and cock-fighting, and had been married by my landlady for certain purposes, which he had long since desisted from answering: for which she hated him heartily. But as he was a surly kind of fellow, so she contented herself with frequently upbraiding him by disadvantageous comparisons with her first husband, whose praise she had eternally in her mouth; and as she was for the most part mistress of the profit, so she was satisfied to take upon herself the care and government of the family, and after a long successful struggle, to suffer her husband to be master of himself.

In the evening, when Jones retired to his room, a small dispute arose between this fond couple concerning him. 'What,' says the wife, 'you have been tipling with the gentleman! I see.' 'Yes,' answered the husband, 'we have cracked a bottle together, and a very gentleman-like man he is, and hath a very pretty notion of horse-flesh. Indeed he is young and hath not seen much of the world: for I believe he hath been at very few horse races.' 'O ho! he is one of your order, is he?' replies the landlady; 'he must be a gentleman to be sure, if he is a horse-racer. The devil fetch such gentry; I am sure I wish I had never seen any of them. I have reason to love horse racers truly.' 'That you have,' says the husband; 'for I was one you know.' 'Yes,' answered she, 'you are a pure one indeed. As my first husband used to say, I may put all the good I have ever got by you in my eyes, and see never the worse.' 'D—n your first husband,' cries he.—'Don't d—n a better man than yourself,' answered the wife; 'if he had been alive, you durst not have done it.' 'Then you think,' says he, 'I have not so much courage as yourself: for you have d—n'd him often in my hearing.' 'If I did,' says she, 'I have repented of it, many's the good time and oft. And if he was so good to forgive me a word spoken in haste, or so, it doth not become such a one as you to twitter me. He was

‘ a husband to me, he was ; and if ever I did make
 ‘ use of an ill word or so in a passion, I never called
 ‘ him rascal ; I should have told a lie, if I had called
 ‘ him rascal.’ Much more she said, but not in his
 hearing : for having lighted his pipe, he staggered off
 as fast as he could. We shall therefore transcribe no
 more of her speech, as it approached still nearer and
 nearer to a subject too indelicate to find any place in
 this history.

Early in the morning Partridge appeared at the bed-
 side of Jones, ready equipped for the journey, with
 his knapsack at his back. This was his own work-
 manship ; for besides his other trades, he was no in-
 different taylor. He had already put up his whole
 stock of linnen in it, consisting of four shirts, to which
 he now added eight for Mr. Jones ; and then packing
 up the portmanteau, he was departing with it towards
 his own house, but was stopt in his way by the land-
 lady, who refused to suffer any removals till after the
 payment of the reckoning.

The landlady was, as we have said, absolute gover-
 ness in these regions ; it was therefore necessary to
 comply with her rules ; so the bill was presently writ-
 out, which amounted to a much larger sum than
 might have been expected, from the entertainment
 which Jones had met with. But here we are obliged
 to disclose some maxims which publicans hold to be
 the grand mysteries of their trade. The first is, if
 they have any thing good in their house (which indeed
 very seldom happens) to produce it only to persons
 who travel with great equipages. 2dly, To charge
 the same for the very worst provisions, as if they were
 the best. And, lastly, if any of their guests call but
 for little, to make them pay a double price for every
 thing they have, so that the amount by the head may
 be much the same.

The bill being made and discharged, Jones set for-
 ward with Partridge, carrying his knapsack ; nor did
 the landlady condescend to wish him a good journey :
 for this was it seems, an inn frequented by people of
 fashion ; and I know not whence it is, but all those
 who get their livelihood by people of fashion, contract

as much insolence to the rest of mankind as if they really belonged to that rank themselves.

C H A P. VIII.

Jones arrives at Gloucester, and goes to the Bell; the character of that house, and of a petty-fogger, which he there meets with.

MR. Jones, and Partridge, or Little Benjamin, (which epithet of Little was perhaps given him ironically, he being in reality near six feet high) having left their last quarters in the manner before described, travelled on to Gloucester, without meeting any adventure worth relating.

Being arrived here, they chose for their house of entertainment the sign of the Bell, an excellent house indeed, and which I do most seriously recommend to every reader who shall visit this ancient city. The master of it is brother to the great preacher Whitefield; but is absolutely untainted with the pernicious principles of methodism, or of any other heretical sect. He is indeed a very honest plain man, and, in my opinion, not likely to create any disturbance either in church or state. His wife hath, I believe, had much pretension to beauty, and is still a very fine woman. Her person and deportment might have made a shining figure in the politest assemblies; but though she must be conscious of this, and many other perfections, she seems perfectly contented with, and resigned to that state of life to which she is called; and this resignation is entirely owing to the prudence and wisdom of her temper: for she is at present as free from any methodistical notions as her husband. I say at present: for she freely confesses that her brother's documents made at first some impression upon her, and that she had put herself to the expence of a long hood, in order to attend the extraordinary emotions of the spirit; but having found, during an experiment of three weeks, no emotions, she says, worth a farthing, she very wisely laid by her hood, and abandoned the sect. To be concise, she is a very friendly,

good-natured woman; and so industrious to oblige, that the guest must be of a very morose disposition who are not extremely well satisfied in her house.

Mrs. Whitefield happened to be in the yard when Jones and his attendant marched in. Her sagacity soon discovered in the air of our hero something which distinguished him from the vulgar. She ordered her servants, therefore, immediately to shew him into a room, and presently afterwards invited him to dinner with herself; which invitation he very thankfully accepted: for indeed much less agreeable company than that of Mrs. Whitefield, and a much worse entertainment than she had provided, would have been welcome, after so long fasting, and so long a walk.

Besides Mr. Jones and the good governess of the mansion, there sat down at table an attorney of Salisbury, indeed the very same who had brought the news of Mrs. Blifil's death to Mr. Allworthy, and whose name, which I think we did not before mention, was Dowling: there was likewise present another person, who stiled himself a lawyer, and who lived some where near Linlinch, in Somersetshire. This fellow, I say, stiled himself a lawyer, but was indeed a most vile petty-fogger, without sense or knowledge of any kind; one of those who may be termed train-bearers to the law; a sort of supernumeraries in the profession, who are the hackneys of attornies, and will ride more miles for half a crown than a post-boy.

During the time of dinner, the Somersetshire lawyer recollected the face of Jones, which he had seen at Mr. Allworthy's: for he had often visited in that gentleman's kitchen. He therefore took occasion to enquire after the good family there, with that familiarity which would have become an intimate friend or acquaintance of Mr. Allworthy; and indeed he did all in his power to insinuate himself to be such, though he had never had the honour of speaking to any person in that family higher than the butler. Jones answered all his questions with much civility, though he never remembered to have seen the petty-fogger before, and though he concluded from the outward appearance and behaviour of the man, that he

he usurped a freedom with his betters, to which he was by no means intitled.

As the conversation of fellows of this kind, is of all others the most detestable to men of any sense, the cloth was no sooner removed than Mr. Jones withdrew, and a little barbarously left poor Mrs. Whitefield to do a penance, which I have often heard Mr. Timothy Harris, and other publicans of good taste, lament, as the severest lot annexed to their calling, namely, that of being obliged to keep company with their guests.

Jones had no sooner quitted the room, than the petty-fogger in a whispering tone, asked Mrs. Whitefield, 'if she knew who that fine spark was?' She answered, 'she had never seen the gentleman before.' 'The gentleman, indeed!' replied the petty-fogger; 'a pretty gentleman truly! Why, he's the bastard of a fellow who was hanged for horse stealing. He was dropt at 'squire Allworthy's door, where one of the servants found him in a box so full of rain-water, that he would certainly have been drowned, had he not been reserved for another fate.' 'Ay, ay, you need not mention it, I protest; we understand what that fate is very well,' cries Dowling, with a most facetious grin. 'Well,' continued the other, 'the 'squire ordered him to be taken in: for he is a timber-some man every body knows, and was afraid of drawing himself into a scrape; and there the bastard was bred up, and fed and cloathied all to the world like any gentleman; and there he got one of the servant maids with child, and persuaded her to swear it to the 'squire himself; and afterwards he broke the arm of one Mr. Thwackum, a clergyman, only because he reprimanded him for following whores; and afterwards he snapt a pistol at Mr. Blifil behind his back; and once when 'squire Allworthy was sick, he got a drum, and beat it all over the house, to prevent him from sleeping: and twenty other pranks he hath played; for all which, about four or five days ago, just before I left the country, the 'squire stripp'd him stark naked, and turned him out of doors.'

‘ And very justly too, I protest,’ cries Dowling ;
 ‘ I would turn my own son out of doors, if he was
 ‘ guilty of half as much. And pray what is the
 ‘ name of this pretty gentleman?’

‘ The name o’ un!’ answered the petty-fogger, ‘ why,
 ‘ he is called Thomas Jones.’

‘ Jones!’ answered Dowling, a little eagerly,
 ‘ what, Mr. Jones that lived at Mr. Allworthy’s!
 ‘ was that the gentleman that dined with us?’ ‘ The
 ‘ very same,’ said the other, ‘ I have heard of the
 ‘ gentleman,’ cries Dowling, ‘ often; but I never
 ‘ heard any ill character of him.’ ‘ And I am sure,’
 says Mrs. Whitefield, ‘ if half what this gentleman
 ‘ hath said be true, Mr. Jones hath the most deceitful
 ‘ countenance I ever saw; for sure his looks promise
 ‘ something very different; and I must say, for the
 ‘ little I have seen of him, he is as civil a well-bred
 ‘ man as you would wish to converse with.’

The petty-fogger calling to mind that he had not been
 sworn, as he usually was, before he gave his evidence,
 now bound what he had declared with so many oaths
 and imprecations, that the landlady’s ears were shock-
 ed, and she put a stop to his swearing, by assuring
 him of her belief. Upon which he said, ‘ I hope,
 ‘ Madam, you imagine I would scorn to tell such
 ‘ things of any man, unless I knew them to be true.
 ‘ What interest have I in taking away the reputation
 ‘ of a man who never injured me? I promise you
 ‘ every syllable of what I have said is fact, and the
 ‘ whole country knows it.’

As Mrs. Whitefield had no reason to suspect that
 the petty-fogger had any motive or temptation to abuse
 Jones, the reader cannot blame her for believing what
 he so confidently affirmed with many oaths. She ac-
 cordingly gave up her skill in physiognomy, and hence
 forwards conceived so ill an opinion of her guest, that
 she heartily wished him out of her house.

This dislike was now farther increased by a report
 which Mr. Whitefield made from the kitchen, where
 Partridge had informed the company, ‘ That though
 ‘ he carried the knapsack, and contented himself with
 ‘ staying among servants, while Tom Jones (as he cal-
 led

led him) was regaling in the parlour, he was not his servant, but only a friend and companion, and as good a gentleman as Mr. Jones himself.

Dowling sat all this while silent, biting his fingers, making faces, grinning, and looking wonderfully arch; at last he opened his lips, and protested that the gentleman looked like another sort of man. He then called for his bill with the utmost haste, declared he must be at Hereford that evening, lamented his great hurry of business, and wished he could divide himself into twenty pieces, in order to be at once in twenty places.

The petty-fogger now likewise departed, and then Jones desired the favour of Mrs. Whitefield's company to drink tea with him; but she refused, and with a manner so different from that with which she had received him at dinner, that it a little surprized him. And now he soon perceived her behaviour totally changed; for instead of that natural affability which we have before celebrated, she wore a constrained severity on her countenance, which was so disagreeable to Mr. Jones, that he resolved however late to quit the house that evening.

He did indeed account somewhat unfairly for this sudden change; for besides some hard and unjust surmises concerning female fickleness and mutability, he began to suspect that he owed this want of civility to his want of horses; a sort of animals which, as they dirty no sheets, are thought, in inns, to pay better for their beds than their riders, and are therefore considered as the more desirable company; but Mrs. Whitefield, to do her justice, had a much more liberal way of thinking. She was perfectly well-bred, and could be very civil to a gentleman, though he walked on foot. In reality, she looked on our hero as a sorry scoundrel, and therefore treated him as such, for which not even Jones himself, had he known as much as the reader, could have blamed her; nay, on the contrary, he must have approved her conduct, and have esteemed her the more for the disrespect shewn towards himself. This is indeed a most aggravating circumstance which attends depriving men unjustly

of

of their reputation ; for a man who is conscious of having an ill character, cannot justly be angry with those who neglect and slight him : but ought rather to despise such as affect his conversation, unless where a perfect intimacy must have convinced them that their friend's character hath been falsely and injuriously asperfed.

This was not, however, the case of Jones ; for as he was a perfect stranger to the truth, so he was with good reason offended at the treatment he received. He therefore paid his reckoning and departed, highly against the will of Mr. Partridge, who having remonstrated much against it to no purpose, at last condescended to take up his knapsack, and to attend his friend.

C H A P. IX.

Containing several dialogues between Jones and Partridge concerning love, cold, hunger, and other matters ; with the lucky and narrow escape of Partridge, as he was on the very brink of making a fatal discovery to his friend.

THE shadows began now to descend larger from the high mountains: the feathered creation had betaken themselves to their rest. Now the highest order of mortals were sitting down to their dinners, and the lowest order to their suppers. In a word, the clock struck five just as Mr. Jones took his leave of Gloucester ; an hour at which (as it was now mid-winter) the dirty fingers of night would have drawn her sable curtain over the universe, had not the moon forbid her, who now, with a face as broad and as red as those of some jolly mortals, who, like her, turn night into day, began to rise from her bed, where she had slumbered away the day, in order to sit up all night. Jones had not travelled far before he paid his compliments to that beautiful planet, and turning to his companion, asked him, if he had ever beheld so delicious an evening. Partridge making no ready answer to his question, he proceeded

ed to comment on the beauty of the moon, and repeated some passages from Milton, who hath certainly excelled all other poets in his description of the heavenly luminaries. He then told Partridge the story from the Spectator, of two lovers who had agreed to entertain themselves when they were at a great distance from each other, by repairing, at a certain fixed hour, to look at the moon; thus pleasing themselves with the thought that they were both employed in contemplating the same object at the same time. 'Those lovers,' added he, 'must have had souls truly capable of feeling all the tenderness of the sublimest of all human passions.' 'Very probably,' cries Partridge: 'but I envy them more, if they had bodies incapable of feeling cold; for I am almost frozen to death, and am very much afraid I shall lose a piece of my nose before we get to another house of entertainment. Nay, truly, we may well expect some judgment should happen to us for our folly in running away so by night from one of the most excellent inns I ever set my foot into. I am sure I never saw more good things in my life, and the greatest lord in the land cannot live better in his own house than he may there. And to forsake such a house, and go a rambling about the country, the Lord knows whether, *per devia rura viarum*, I say nothing for my part; but some people might not have charity enough to conclude we were in our sober senses.' 'Fie upon it, Mr. Partridge,' says Jones, 'have a better heart: consider you are going to face an enemy; and are you afraid of facing a little cold? I wish, indeed, we had a guide to advise which of these roads we should take.' 'May I be so bold,' says Partridge, 'to offer my advice: *Interdum stultus opportuna lequitur*.' 'Why, which of them,' cries Jones, 'would you recommend?' 'Truly neither of them,' answered Partridge. 'The only road we can be certain of finding, is the road we came. A good hearty pace will bring us back to Gloucester in an hour; but if we go forward, the Lord Harry knows when we shall arrive at any place; for

‘ for I see at least fifty miles before me, and no house
 ‘ in all the way.’ ‘ You see, indeed, a very fair
 ‘ prospect,’ says Jones, ‘ which receives great ad-
 ‘ ditional beauty from the extreme lustre of the
 ‘ moon. However, I will keep the left-hand track,
 ‘ as that seems to lead directly to those hills, which
 ‘ we were informed lie not far from Worcester. And
 ‘ here, if you are inclined to quit me, you may, and
 ‘ return back again; but, for my part, I am resolved
 ‘ to go forward.’

‘ It is unkind in you, Sir,’ says Partridge, ‘ to
 ‘ suspect me of any such intention. What I have
 ‘ advised hath been as much on your account as on
 ‘ my own; but since you are determined to go on,
 ‘ I am as much determined to follow. *I præ, se-
 ‘ quar te.*’

They now travelled some miles without speaking
 to each other, during which suspense of discourse
 Jones often sighed, and Benjamin groaned as bitterly,
 though from a very different reason. At length Jones
 made a full stop, and turning about, cries, ‘ Who
 ‘ knows, Partridge, but the loveliest creature in the
 ‘ universe may have her eyes now fixed on that very
 ‘ moon which I behold at this instant?’ ‘ Very
 ‘ likely, Sir,’ answered Partridge; ‘ and if my eyes
 ‘ were fixed on a good surloin of roast beef, the de-
 ‘ vil might take the moon and her horns into the
 ‘ bargain.’ ‘ Did ever Framontane make such an
 ‘ answer?’ cries Jones. ‘ Prithee, Partridge, wast
 ‘ thou ever susceptible of love in thy life, or hath
 ‘ time worn away all the traces of it from thy me-
 ‘ mory?’ ‘ Alack-a-day,’ cries Partridge, ‘ so well
 ‘ would it have been for me if I had never known
 ‘ what love was. *Infandum Regina jubet renovare
 ‘ Dolorem.* I am sure I have tasted all the tendernefs
 ‘ and sublimities, and bitternefses of the passion.’
 ‘ Was your mistress unkind then?’ says Jones.
 ‘ Very unkind indeed, Sir,’ answered Partridge;
 ‘ for she married me, and made one of the most con-
 ‘ founded wives in the world. However, heaven be
 ‘ praised, she’s gone; and if I believed she was in the
 ‘ moon, according to the book I once read, which
 ‘ teaches

teaches that to be the receptacle of departed spirits, but I would never look at it for fear of seeing her: but I wish, Sir, that the moon was a looking glass for your sake, and that Miss Sophia Western was now placed before it.' 'My dear Partridge,' cries Jones, 'what a thought was there! A thought which I am certain could never have entered into any mind but that of a lover. O Partridge, could I hope once again to see that face; but, alas! all those golden dreams are vanished for ever, and my only refuge from future misery is to forget the object of all my former happiness.' 'And do you really despair of ever seeing Miss Western again?' answered Partridge: 'If you will follow my advice, I will engage you shall not only see her, but have her in your arms.' 'Ha! do not awaken a thought of that nature,' cries Jones. 'I have struggled sufficiently to conquer all such wishes already.' 'Nay,' answered Partridge, 'if you do not wish to have your mistress in your arms, you are a most extraordinary lover indeed.' 'Well, well,' says Jones, 'let us avoid this subject; but pray what is your advice?' 'To give it you in the military phrase then,' says Partridge, 'as we are soldiers; To the right about.' 'Let us return the way we came; we may yet reach Gloucester to-night, though late; whereas if we proceed, we are likely, for ought I see, to ramble about for ever without coming either to house or home.' 'I have already told you my resolution is to go on,' answered Jones; 'but I would have you go back. I am obliged to you for your company hither; and I beg you to accept a guinea as a small instance of my gratitude. Nay, it would be cruel in me to suffer you to go any farther; for, to deal plainly with you, my chief end and desire is a glorious death in the service of my king and country.' 'As for your money,' replied Partridge, 'I beg, Sir, you will put it up; I will receive none of you at this time; for at present I am, I believe, the richer man of the two. And as your resolution is to go on, so mine is to follow you if you do. Nay, now my

‘ my presence appears absolutely necessary to take
‘ care of you, since your intentions are so desperate ;
‘ for I promise you my views are much more pru-
‘ dent ; as you are resolved to fall in battle if you
‘ can, so I am resolved as firmly to come to no hurt,
‘ if I can help it. And indeed I have the comfort to
‘ think there will be but little danger ; for a popish
‘ priest told me the other day, the business would
‘ soon be over, and he believed without a battle.’
‘ A popish priest,’ cries Jones, ‘ I have heard is
‘ not always to be believed when he speaks in behalf
‘ of his religion.’ ‘ Yes, but so far,’ answered the
‘ other, ‘ from speaking in behalf of his religion, he
‘ assured me, the catholicks did not expect to be
‘ any gainers by the change ; for that Prince Charles
‘ was as good a protestant as any in England ; and
‘ that nothing but regard to right made him and the
‘ rest of the popish party to be Jacobites.’ ‘ I believe
‘ him to be as much a protestant as I believe he hath
‘ any right,’ says Jones, ‘ and I make no doubt of
‘ our success, but not without a battle. So that I
‘ am not so sanguine as your friend the popish priest.’
‘ Nay, to be sure, Sir,’ answered Partridge, ‘ all
‘ the prophecies I have ever read, speak of a great
‘ deal of blood to be spilt in the quarrel, and the
‘ miller with three thumbs, who is now alive, is to
‘ hold the horses of three kings, up to his knees in
‘ blood. Lord have mercy upon us all, and send
‘ better times!’ ‘ With what stuff and nonsense
‘ hast thou filled thy head,’ answered Jones? ‘ This
‘ too, I suppose, comes from the popish priest.
‘ Monsters and prodigies are the proper arguments
‘ to support monstrous and absurd doctrines. The
‘ cause of King George is the cause of liberty and
‘ true religion. In other words, it is the cause of
‘ common sense, my boy, and I warrant you will
‘ succeed, though Briareus himself was to rise again
‘ with his hundred thumbs, and to turn miller.’
Partridge made no reply to this. He was indeed cast
into the utmost confusion by this declaration of Jones.
For to inform the reader of a secret, which we had
no proper opportunity of revealing before, Partridge
was

was in truth a Jacobite, and had concluded that Jones was of the same party, and was now proceeding to join the rebels. An opinion which was not without foundation. For the tall long-sided dame, mentioned by Hudibras; that many-eyed, many-tongued, many-mouthed, many-eared monster of Virgil, had related the story of the quarrel between Jones and the officer, with her usual regard to truth. She had indeed changed the name of Sophia into that of the pretender, and had reported, that drinking his health was the cause for which Jones was knocked down. This Partridge had heard, and most firmly believed. 'Tis no wonder, therefore, that he had thence entertained the above mentioned opinion of Jones; and which he had almost discovered to him before he found out his own mistake. And at this the reader will be the less inclined to wonder, if he pleases to recollect the doubtful phrase in which Jones first communicated his resolution to Mr. Partridge; and, indeed had the words been less ambiguous, Partridge might very well have construed them as he did; being persuaded, as he was, that the whole nation were of the same inclination in their hearts: nor did it stagger him that Jones had travelled in the company of soldiers; for he had the same opinion of the army which he had of the rest of the people.

But however well affected he might be to James or Charles, he was still much more attached to Little Benjamin than to either; for which reason he no sooner discovered the principles of his fellow-traveller, than he thought proper to conceal, and outwardly to give up his own to the man on whom he depended for the making his fortune, since he by no means believed the affairs of Jones to be so desperate as they really were with Mr. Allworthy; for as he had kept a constant correspondence with some of his neighbours since he left that country, he had heard much, indeed more than was true, of the great affection Mr. Allworthy bore this young man; who, as Partridge had been instructed, was to be that gentleman's heir, and whom, as we have said, he did not in the least doubt to be his son.

He

He imagined, therefore, that whatever quarrel was between them, it would be certainly made up at the return of Mr. Jones; an event from which he promised great advantages, if he could take this opportunity of ingratiating himself with that young gentleman; and if he could by any means be instrumental in procuring his return, he doubted not, as we have before said, but it would as highly advance him in the favour of Mr. Allworthy.

We have already observed, that he was a very good-natured fellow, and he hath himself declared the violent attachment he had to the person and character of Jones; but possibly the views which I have just before mentioned, might likewise have some little share in prompting him to undertake this expedition, at least in urging him to continue it, after he had discovered, that his master and himself, like some prudent fathers and sons, though they travelled together in great friendship, had embraced opposite parties. I am led into this conjecture, by having remarked, that though love, friendship, esteem, and such like, have very powerful operations in the human mind; interest, however, is an ingredient seldom omitted by wise men, when they would work others to their own purposes. This is indeed a most excellent medicine, and like Ward's pill, flies at once to the particular part of the body on which you desire to operate, whether it be the tongue, the hand, or any other member, where it scarce ever fails of immediately producing the desired effect.

C H A P. X.

In which our travellers meet with a very extraordinary adventure.

JUST as Jones and his friend came to the end of their dialogue in the preceding chapter, they arrived at the bottom of a very steep hill. Here Jones stopt short, and directing his eyes upwards, stood for a while silent. At length he called to his companion, and said, 'Partridge, I wish I was at the top of this hill;

' hill ; it must certainly afford a most charming prof-
 ' spect, especially by this light : for the solemn gloom
 ' which the moon casts on all objects, is beyond ex-
 ' pression beautiful, especially to an imagination which
 ' is desirous of cultivating melancholy ideas.' ' Very
 ' probably,' answered Partridge ; ' but if the top of
 ' the hill be properest to produce melancholy thoughts,
 ' I suppose the bottom is the likeliest to produce merry
 ' ones, and these I take to be much the better of the two.
 ' I protest you have made my blood run cold with the
 ' very mentioning the top of that mountain ; which
 ' seems to me to be one of the highest in the world,
 ' No, no, if we look for any thing, let it be for a
 ' place under-ground, to screen ourselves from the
 ' frost.'—' Do so,' said Jones, ' let it be but within
 ' hearing of this place, and I will hallow to you at my
 ' return back.' ' Surely, Sir, you are not mad,' said
 Partridge. ' Indeed, I am,' answered Jones, ' if ascend-
 ' ing this hill be madness : but as you complain so
 ' much of the cold already, I would have you stay be-
 ' low, I will certainly return to you within an hour.'
 ' Pardon me, Sir,' cries Partridge, ' I have deter-
 ' mined to follow you where-ever you go.' Indeed he
 was now afraid to stay behind ; for though he was
 coward enough in all respects, yet his chief fear was
 that of ghosts, with which the present time of night,
 and the wildness of the place, extremely well suited.

At this instant Partridge espied a glimmering light
 through some trees, which seemed very near to them.
 He immediately cried out in a rapture, ' Oh, Sir !
 ' Heaven hath at last heard my prayers, and hath
 ' brought us to a house ; perhaps it may be an inn.
 ' Let me beseech you, Sir, if you have any compassion
 ' either for me or yourself, do not despise the good-
 ' nefs of Providence, but let us go directly to yon
 ' light. Whether it be a public-house or no, I am
 ' sure if they be christians that dwell there, they will
 ' not refuse a little house-room to persons in our miser-
 ' able condition.' Jones at length yielded to the
 earnest supplications of Partridge, and both together
 made directly towards the place whence the light
 issued.

They

They soon arrived at the door of this house or cottage : for it might be called either, without much impropriety. Here Jones knocked several times, without receiving any answer from within ; at which Partridge, whose head was full of nothing but of ghosts, devils, witches, and such like, began to tremble, crying, ‘ Lord have mercy upon us, sure the people must be all dead. I can see no light neither now, and yet I am certain I saw a candle burning but a moment before.—Well ! I have heard of such things.’—‘ What hast thou heard of,’ said Jones. ‘ The people are either fast asleep, or probably, as this is a lonely place, are afraid to open their door.’ He then began to vociferate pretty loudly, and at last an old woman opening an upper casement, asked, ‘ who they were, and what they wanted ?’ Jones answered, ‘ they were travellers who had lost their way, and having seen a light in the window, had been led thither, in hopes of finding some fire to warm themselves.’ ‘ Whoever you are,’ cries the woman, ‘ you have no business here ; nor shall I open the door to any body at this time of night.’ Partridge, whom the sound of a human voice had recovered from his fright, fell to the most earnest supplications to be admitted for a few minutes to the fire, saying, ‘ he was almost dead with the cold,’ to which fear had indeed contributed equally with the frost. He assured her, that the gentleman who spoke to her, was one of the greatest ‘squires in the country, and made use of every argument save one, which Jones afterwards effectually added, and this was the promise of half a crown. A bribe too great to be resisted by such a person, especially as the genteel appearance of Jones, which the light of the moon plainly discovered to her, together with his affable behaviour, had entirely subdued those apprehensions of thieves which she had at first conceived. She agreed, therefore, at last to let them in, where Partridge, to his infinite joy, found a good fire ready for his reception.

The poor fellow, however, had no sooner warmed himself, than those thoughts which were always uppermost in his mind, began a little to disturb his brain.

There

There was no article of his creed in which he had a stronger faith, than he had in witchcraft, nor can the reader conceive a figure more adapted to inspire this idea, than the old woman who now stood before him. She answered exactly to that picture drawn by Otway in his Orphan. Indeed, if this woman had lived in the reign of James the First, her appearance alone would have hanged her, almost without any evidence.

Many circumstances likewise conspired to confirm Partridge in his opinion. Her living, as he then imagined, by herself in so lonely a place; and in a house, the outside of which seemed much too good for her; but its inside was furnished in the most neat and elegant manner. To say the truth, Jones himself was not a little surprized at what he saw: for, besides the extraordinary neatness of the room, it was adorned with a great number of nicknacks, and curiosities, which might have engaged the attention of a virtuoso.

While Jones was admiring these things, and Partridge sat trembling with the firm belief that he was in the house of a witch, the old woman said, ‘I hope, gentlemen, you will make what haste you can; for I expect my master presently, and I would not for double the money he should find you here.’ ‘Then you have a master,’ cried Jones; ‘indeed you will excuse me, good woman, but I was surprized to see all those fine things in your house.’ ‘Ah, Sir!’ said she, ‘if the twentieth part of these things were mine, I should think myself a rich woman; but pray, Sir, do not stay much longer: for I look for him in every minute.’—‘Why sure he would not be angry with you,’ said Jones, ‘for doing a common act of charity.’ ‘Alack-a-day, Sir,’ said she, ‘he is a strange man, not at all like other people. He keeps no company with any body, and seldom walks out but by night, for he doth not care to be seen; and all the country people are as much afraid of meeting him; for his dress is enough to frighten those who are not used to it. They call him, the Man of the Hill (for there he walks by night) and the country people are not, I believe, more afraid of the devil himself. He would be terribly angry if he found
‘ you

' you here.' ' Pray, Sir,' says Partridge, ' don't let
 ' us offend the gentleman, I am ready to walk, and
 ' was never warmer in my life.—Do, pray Sir, let us
 ' go—here are pistols over the chimney; who knows
 ' whether they be charged or no, or what he may do
 ' with them?' ' Fear nothing, Partridge,' cries Jones,
 ' I will secure thee from danger.'—' Nay, for matter o'
 ' that, he never doth any mischief,' said the woman;
 ' but to be sure it is necessary he should keep some
 ' arms for his own safety; for his house hath been be-
 ' set more than once, and it is not many nights ago,
 ' that we thought we heard thieves about it: for my
 ' own part, I have often wondered that he is not mur-
 ' dered by some villain or other, as he walks out by
 ' himself at such hours; but then, as I said, the peo-
 ' ple are afraid of him, and besides they think, I sup-
 ' pose, he hath nothing about him worth taking.' ' I
 ' should imagine, by this collection of rarities,' cries
 Jones, ' that your master had been a traveller.' ' Yes,
 ' Sir,' answered she, ' he hath been a very great one;
 ' there be few gentlemen that know more of all mat-
 ' ters than he; I fancy he hath been cross in love, or
 ' whatever it is, I know not, but I have lived with
 ' him above these thirty years, and in all that time he
 ' hath hardly spoke to six living people.' She then
 again solicited their departure, in which she was back-
 ed by Partridge; but Jones purposely protracted the
 time: for his curiosity was greatly raised to see this
 extraordinary person. Though the old woman, there-
 fore, concluded every one of her answers with desiring
 him to be gone, and Partridge proceeded so far as to
 pull him by the sleeve, he still continued to invent new
 questions, till the old woman with an affrighted coun-
 tenance, declared she heard her master's signal: and
 at the same instant more than one voice was heard with-
 out the door, crying, ' D—n your blood, shew us
 ' your money this instant. Your money, you villain,
 ' or we will blow your brains about your ears.'
 ' O, good heaven!' cries the old woman, ' some
 ' villains, to be sure, have attacked my master. O la!
 ' what shall I do? what shall I do?' ' How,' cries
 Jones, ' how—Are these pistols loaded?' ' O, good
 ' Sir,

‘ Sir, there is nothing in them, indeed—O, pray don’t murder us, gentlemen,’ (for in reality she now had the same opinion of those within, as she had of those without.) Jones made her no answer; but snatching an old broad-sword which hung in the room, he instantly sallied out, where he found the old gentleman struggling with two ruffians, and begging for mercy. Jones asked no questions, but fell so briskly to work with his broad-sword, that the fellows immediately quitted their hold; and, without offering to attack our hero, betook themselves to their heels, and made their escape; for he did not attempt to pursue them, being contented with having delivered the old gentleman; and indeed he concluded he had pretty well done their business: for both of them, as they ran off, cried out with bitter oaths, that they were dead men.

Jones presently ran to lift up the old gentleman, who had been thrown down in the scuffle, expressing at the same time great concern, lest he should have received any harm from the villains. The old man stared a moment at Jones, and then cried,—‘ No, Sir, no, I have very little harm, I thank you. Lord have mercy upon me.’ ‘ I see, Sir,’ said Jones, ‘ you are not free from apprehensions even of those who have had the happiness to be your deliverers; nor can I blame any suspicions which you may have; but indeed, you have no real occasion for any; here are none but your friends present. Having mist our way this cold night, we took the liberty of warming ourselves at your fire, whence we were just departing when we heard you call for assistance, which I must say, Providence alone seems to have sent you.’ ‘ Providence indeed,’ cries the old gentleman, ‘ if it be so.’—‘ So it is, I assure you,’ cries Jones, ‘ here is your own sword, Sir. I have used it in your defence, and I now return it into your own hand.’ The old man having received the sword, which was stained with the blood of his enemies, looked steadfastly at Jones during some moments, and then with a sigh, cried out, ‘ You will pardon me, young gentleman, I was not always of a suspicious temper, nor am I a friend to ingratitude.’ ‘ Be thankful then,’ cries

Jones, 'to that Providence to which you owe your deliverance ; as to my part, I have only discharged the common duties of humanity, and what I would have done for any fellow creature in your situation. Let me look at you a little longer,' cries the old gentleman—' You are a human creature then ?— Well, perhaps you are. Come, pray walk into my little hutt. You have been my deliverer indeed.'

The old woman was distracted between the fears which she had of her master, and for him ; and Partridge was, if possible, in a greater fright. The former of these, however, when she heard her master speak kindly to Jones, and perceived what had happened, came again to herself ; but Partridge no sooner saw the gentleman, than the strangeness of his dress infused greater terrors into that poor fellow, than he had before felt either from the strange description which he had heard, or from the uproar which had happened at the door.

To say the truth, it was an appearance which might have affected a more constant mind than that of Mr. Partridge. This person was of the tallest size, with a long beard as white as snow. His body was cloathed with the skin of an ass, made something into the form of a coat. He wore likewise boots on his legs, and a cap on his head, both composed of the skin of some other animals.

As soon as the old gentleman came into his house, the old woman began her congratulations on his happy escape from the ruffians. ' Yes,' cried he, ' I have escaped indeed, thanks to my preserver.' ' O the blessing on him,' answered she, ' he is a good gentleman, I warrant him. I was afraid your worship would have been angry with me for letting him in ; and to be certain I should not have done it, had not I seen by the moon-light, that he was a gentleman, and almost frozen to death. And to be certain it must have been some good angel that sent him hither, and tempted me to do it.'

' I am afraid Sir,' said the old gentleman to Jones, ' that I have nothing in this house which you can either eat or drink, unless you will accept a dram of brandy ;

‘ dy; of which I can give you some most excellent,
 ‘ and which I have had by me these thirty years.’
 Jones declined this offer in a very civil and proper
 speech, and then the other asked him, ‘ Whither he
 ‘ was travelling when he mist his way; saying, I must
 ‘ own myself surprized to see such a person as you ap-
 ‘ pear to be journeying on foot at this time of night.
 ‘ I suppose, Sir, you are a gentleman of these parts:
 ‘ for you do not look like one who is used to travel far
 ‘ without horses.’

‘ Appearances,’ cried Jones, ‘ are often deceitful;
 ‘ men sometimes look like what they are not. I as-
 ‘ sure you, I am not of this country, and whither I
 ‘ am travelling, in reality I scarce know myself.’

‘ Whoever you are, or whithersoever you are go-
 ‘ ing,’ answered the old man, ‘ I have obligations to
 ‘ you which I can never return.’

‘ I once more,’ replied Jones, ‘ affirm, that you
 ‘ have none: for there can be no merit in having
 ‘ hazarded that in your service on which I set no va-
 ‘ lue. And nothing is so contemptible in my eyes as
 ‘ life.’

‘ I am sorry, young gentleman,’ answered the
 Stranger, ‘ that you have any reason to be so unhappy
 ‘ at your years.’

‘ Indeed I am, Sir,’ answered Jones, ‘ the most un-
 ‘ happy of mankind.’—‘ Perhaps you have had a
 ‘ friend, or a mistress,’ replied the other. ‘ How
 ‘ could you,’ cries Jones, ‘ mention two words suffi-
 ‘ cient to drive me to distraction.’ ‘ Either of them
 ‘ are enough to drive any man to distraction,’ answered
 the old man. ‘ I enquire no farther, Sir. Perhaps my
 ‘ curiosity hath led me too far already.’

‘ Indeed, Sir,’ cries Jones, ‘ I cannot censure a pas-
 ‘ sion, which I feel at this instant in the highest de-
 ‘ gree. You will pardon me, when I assure you, that
 ‘ every thing which I have seen or heard since I first
 ‘ entered this house, hath conspired to raise the greatest
 ‘ curiosity in me. Something very extraordinary must
 ‘ have determined you to this course of life, and I have
 ‘ reason to fear your own history is not without mis-
 ‘ fortunes.’

Here the old gentleman again sighed, and remained silent for some minutes; at last, looking earnestly on Jones, he said, 'I have read that a good countenance is a letter of recommendation; if so, none ever can be more strongly recommended than yourself. If I did not feel some yearnings towards you from another consideration, I must be the most ungrateful monster upon earth; and I am really concerned it is no otherwise in my power, than by words, to convince you of my gratitude.'

Jones after a moment's hesitation, answered, 'That it was in his power by words to gratify him extremely. I have confessed a curiosity, said he, Sir; need I say how much obliged I should be to you, if you would condescend to gratify it? Will you suffer me therefore to beg, unless any consideration restrains you, that you would be pleased to acquaint me what motives have induced you thus to withdraw from the society of mankind, and to betake yourself to a course of life to which it sufficiently appears you were not born?'

'I scarce think myself at liberty to refuse you any thing, after what hath happened,' replied the old man, 'If you desire therefore to hear the story of an unhappy man, I will relate it to you. Indeed you judge rightly, in thinking there is commonly something extraordinary in the fortunes of those who fly from society: for however it may seem a paradox, or even a contradiction, certain it is that great philanthropy chiefly inclines us to avoid and detest mankind; not on account so much of their private and selfish vices, but for those of a relative kind; such as envy, malice, treachery, cruelty, with every other species of malevolence. These are the vices which true philanthropy abhors, and which rather than see and converse with, she avoids society itself. However, without a compliment to you, you do not appear to me one of those whom I should shun or detest; nay, I must say, in what little hath dropt from you, there appears some parity in our fortunes; I hope however yours will conclude more successfully.'

Here

Here some compliments passed between our hero and his host, and then the latter was going to begin his history, when Partridge interrupted him. His apprehensions had now pretty well left him; but some effects of his terrors remained; he therefore reminded the gentleman of that excellent brandy which he had mentioned. This was presently brought, and Partridge swallowed a large bumper.

The gentleman then, without any farther preface, began as you may read in the next chapter.

- C H A P. XI.

In which the Man of the Hill begins to relate his history.

I Was born in a village of Somersetshire, called Mark, in the year 1657; my father was one of those whom they call gentlemen farmers. He had a little estate of about 300l. a year of his own, and rented another estate of near the same value. He was prudent and industrious, and so good a husbandman, that he might have led a very easy and comfortable life, had not an arrant vixen of a wife soured his domestic quiet. But though this circumstance perhaps made him miserable, it did not make him poor: for he confined her almost entirely at home, and rather chose to bear eternal upbraidings in his own house, than to injure his fortune by indulging her in the extravagancies she desired abroad.

By this Xanthippe (so was the wife of Socrates called, said Partridge) By this Xanthippe he had two sons, of which I was the younger. He designed to give us both good education; but my elder brother, who, unhappily for him, was the favourite of my mother, utterly neglected his learning; infomuch that after having been five or six years at school with little or no improvement, my father being told by his master, that it would be to no purpose to keep him longer there, at last complied with my mother in taking him home from the hands of that tyrant, as she called his master;

though indeed he gave the lad much less correction than his idleness deserved, but much more it seems, than the young gentleman liked, who constantly complained to his mother of his severe treatment, and she as constantly gave him a hearing.

“Yes, yes,” cries Partridge, “I have seen such mothers; I have been abused myself by them, and very unjustly; such parents deserve correction as much as their children.”

Jones chid the pedagogue for his interruption, and then the Stranger proceeded. “My brother now, at the age of fifteen, bid adieu to all learning, and to every thing else but to his dog and gun, with which latter he became so expert, that, though perhaps you may think it incredible, he could not only hit a standing mark with great certainty, but hath actually shot a crow as it was flying in the air. He was likewise excellent at finding a hare sitting, and was soon reputed one of the best sportsmen in the country. A reputation which both he and his mother enjoyed as much as if he had been thought the finest scholar.

The situation of my brother made me at first think my lot the harder, in being continued at school; but I soon changed my opinion; for as I advanced pretty fast in learning, my labours became easy, and my exercise so delightful, that holidays were my most unpleasant time: for my mother, who never loved me, now apprehending that I had the greater share of my father’s affection, and finding, or at least thinking, that I was more taken notice of by some gentlemen of learning, and particularly by the parson of the parish, than my brother, she now hated my sight, and made home so disagreeable to me, that what is called by school-boys Black Monday, was to me the whitest in the whole year.

Having, at length gone through the school at Taunton, I was thence removed to Exeter college in Oxford, where I remained four years; at the end of which an accident took me off entirely from my studies;

‘ studies; and hence I may truly date the rise of all
‘ which happened to me afterwards in life.

‘ There was at the same college with myself one
‘ Sir George Gresham, a young fellow who was in-
‘ titled to a very considerable fortune; which he was
‘ not, by the will of his father, to come into full pos-
‘ session of, till he arrived at the age of twenty-five.
‘ However, the liberality of his guardians gave him
‘ little cause to regret the abundant caution of his
‘ father: for they allowed him five hundred pound
‘ a year while he remained at the university, where he
‘ kept his horses and his whore, and lived as wicked
‘ and as profligate a life, as he could have done, had
‘ he been never so entirely master of his fortune; for be-
‘ sides the five hundred a year which he received from
‘ his guardians, he found means to spend a thousand
‘ more. He was above the age of twenty-one, and
‘ had no difficulty in gaining what credit he pleased.

‘ This young fellow, among many other tolerable
‘ bad qualities, had one very diabolical. He had a
‘ great delight in destroying and ruining the youth
‘ of inferior fortune, by drawing them into expences
‘ which they could not afford so well as himself; and
‘ the better, and worthier, and soberer, any young
‘ man was, the greater pleasure and triumph had he
‘ in his destruction. Thus acting the character which
‘ is recorded of the devil, and going about seeking
‘ whom he might devour.

‘ It was my misfortune to fall into an acquaintance
‘ and intimacy with this gentleman. My reputation of
‘ diligence in my studies made me a desirable object
‘ of his mischievous intention; and my own inclina-
‘ tion made it sufficiently easy for him to effect his
‘ purpose; for though I had applied myself with
‘ much industry to books, in which I took great de-
‘ light, there were other pleasures in which I was ca-
‘ pable of taking much greater; for I was high-
‘ mettled, had a violent flow of animal spirits, was a
‘ little ambitious, and extremely amorous.

‘ I had not long contracted an intimacy with Sir
‘ George, before I became a partaker of all his plea-
‘ sures; and when I was once entered on that scene,

neither my inclination, nor my spirit, would suffer me to play an under-part. I was second to none of the company in any acts of debauchery; nay, I soon distinguished myself so notably in all riots and disorders, that my name generally stood first in the roll of delinquents; and instead of being lamented as the unfortunate pupil of Sir George, I was now accused as the person who had misled and debauched that hopeful young gentleman; for though he was the ring-leader and promoter of all the mischief, he was never so considered. I fell at last under the censure of the vice-chancellor, and very narrowly escaped expulsion.

You will easily believe, Sir, that such a life as I am now describing must be incompatible with my further progress in learning; and that in proportion as I addicted myself more and more to loose pleasure, I must grow more and more remiss in application to my studies. This was truly the consequence; but this was not all. My expences now greatly exceeded not only my former income, but those additions which I extorted from my poor generous father, on pretences of sums being necessary for preparing for my approaching degree of batchelor of arts. These demands, however, grew at last so frequent and exorbitant, that my father, by slow degrees, opened his ears to the accounts which he received from many quarters of my present behaviour, and which my mother failed not to echo very faithfully and loudly; adding, "Ay, this is the fine gentleman, the scholar who doth so much honour to his family, and is to be the making of it. I thought what all this learning would come to. He is to be the ruin of us all, I find, after his elder brother hath been denied necessaries for his sake, to perfect his education forsooth, for which he was to pay us such interest: I thought what the interest would come to;" "with much more of the same kind; but I have, I believe satisfied you with this taste.

My father therefore began now to return remonstrances, instead of money, to my demands, which brought

‘ brought my affairs perhaps a little sooner to a crisis ;
 ‘ but had he remitted me his whole income, you will
 ‘ imagine it could have sufficed a very short time to
 ‘ support one who kept pace with the expences of
 ‘ Sir George Gresham.

‘ It is more than possible, that the distress I was
 ‘ now in for money, and the impracticability of going
 ‘ on in this manner, might have restored me at once
 ‘ to my senses and to my studies, had I opened my
 ‘ eyes, before I became involved in debts, from
 ‘ which I saw no hopes of ever extricating myself.
 ‘ This was indeed the great art of Sir George, and
 ‘ by which he accomplished the ruin of many, whom
 ‘ he afterwards laughed at as fools and coxcombs,
 ‘ for vying, as he called it, with a man of his for-
 ‘ tune. To bring this about he would now and then
 ‘ advance a little money himself, in order to support
 ‘ the credit of the unfortunate youth with other peo-
 ‘ ple ; till, by means of that very credit, he was ir-
 ‘ retrievably undone.

‘ My mind being, by these means, grown as def-
 ‘perate as my fortune, there was scarce a wickedness
 ‘ which I did not meditate, in order for my relief.
 ‘ Self-murder itself became the subject of my serious
 ‘ deliberation ; and I had certainly resolved on it,
 ‘ had not a more shameful, though perhaps less sinful
 ‘ thought expelled it from my head.’ Here he hesi-
 ‘tated a moment, and then cried out, ‘ I protest, so
 ‘ many years have not washed away the shame of
 ‘ this act, and I shall blush while I relate it.’ Jones
 desired him to pass over any thing that might give
 him pain in the relation ; but Partridge eagerly cried
 out, ‘ O pray, Sir, let us hear this ; I had rather
 ‘ hear this than all the rest ; as I hope to be saved, I
 ‘ will never mention a word of it.’ Jones was going
 to rebuke him, but the Stranger prevented it, by pro-
 ceeding thus. ‘ I had a chum, a very prudent, fru-
 ‘gal young lad, who, though he had no very large
 ‘ allowance, had by his parsimony heaped up upwards
 ‘ of forty guineas, which I knew he kept in his escru-
 ‘tore. I took therefore an opportunity of purloin-
 ‘ing his key from his brechees pocket while he was
 ‘ asleep,

asleep, and thus made myself master of all his riches. After which I again conveyed his key into his pocket and counterfeiting sleep, though I never once closed my eyes, lay in bed till after he arose and went to prayers, an exercise to which I had long been unaccustomed.

Timorous thieves, by extreme caution, often subject themselves to discoveries, which those of a bolder kind escape. Thus it happened to me; for had I boldly broke open his escrutore, I had, perhaps, escaped even his suspicion; but as it was plain that the person who robbed him had possessed himself of his key, he had no doubt, when he first missed his money, but that his chum was certainly the thief. Now as he was of a fearful disposition, and much my inferior in strength, and, I believe, in courage, he did not dare to confront me with my guilt, for fear of worse bodily consequences, which might happen to him. He repaired therefore immediately to the vice-chancellor, and, upon swearing to the robbery, and to the circumstances of it, very easily obtained a warrant against one who had now so bad a character through the whole university.

Luckily for me I lay out of the college the next evening; for that day I attended a young lady in a chaise to Whitney, where we staid all night; and in our return the next morning to Oxford, I met one of my cronies, who acquainted me with sufficient news concerning myself to make me turn my horse another way.

Pray, Sir, did he mention any thing of the warrant? said Partridge. But Jones begged the gentleman to proceed, without regarding any impertinent questions; which he did as follows.

Having now abandoned all thoughts of returning to Oxford, the next thing which offered itself was a journey to London. I imparted this intention to my female companion, who at first remonstrated against it; but upon producing my wealth, she immediately consented. We then struck across the country into the great Cirencester road, and
made

‘ made such haste, that we spent the next evening
 ‘ (save one) in London.

‘ When you consider the place where I now was,
 ‘ and the company with whom I was, you will, I
 ‘ fancy, conceive that a very short time brought me
 ‘ to an end of that sum of which I had so iniquitously
 ‘ possessed myself.

‘ I was now reduced to a much higher degree of
 ‘ distress than before; the necessaries of life began to
 ‘ be numbered among my wants; and what made
 ‘ my case still the more grievous, was, that my
 ‘ paramour, of whom I was now grown immoderately
 ‘ fond, shared the same distresses with myself.
 ‘ To see a woman you love in distress; to be unable
 ‘ to relieve her, and at the same time to reflect that
 ‘ you have brought her into this situation, is, per-
 ‘ haps, a curse of which no imagination can repre-
 ‘ sent the horrors to those who have not felt it.’
 ‘ I believe it from my soul,’ cries Jones; ‘ and I
 ‘ pity you from the bottom of my heart.’ He then
 took two or three disorderly turns about the room,
 and at last begged pardon, and flung himself into
 his chair, crying, ‘ I thank heaven I have escaped
 ‘ that.’

‘ This circumstance,’ continued the gentleman,
 ‘ so severely aggravated the horrors of my present
 ‘ situation, that they become absolutely intolerable.
 ‘ I could with less pain endure the raging of my own
 ‘ natural unsatisfied appetites, even hunger or thirst,
 ‘ than I could submit to leave ungratified the most
 ‘ whimsical desires of a woman, on whom I so ex-
 ‘ travagantly doated, that though I knew she had
 ‘ been the mistress of half my acquaintance, I firmly
 ‘ intended to marry her. But the good creature was
 ‘ unwilling to consent to an action which the world
 ‘ might think so much to my disadvantage. And
 ‘ as, possibly she compassionated the daily anxieties
 ‘ which she must have perceived me suffer on her
 ‘ account, she resolved to put an end to my distress.
 ‘ She soon indeed found means to relieve me from
 ‘ my troublesome and perplexed situation: for while
 ‘ I was distracted with various inventions to supply

her with pleasures, she very kindly—betrayed me to one of her former lovers at Oxford, by whose care and diligence I was immediately apprehended and committed to gaol.

Here I first began seriously to reflect on the miscarriages of my former life; on the errors I had been guilty of; on the misfortunes which I had brought on myself; and on the grief which I must have occasioned to one of the best of fathers. When I added to all these the perfidy of my mistress, such was the horror of my mind, that life, instead of being longer desirable, grew the object of my abhorrence; and I could have gladly embraced death, as my dearest friend, if it had offered itself to my choice unattended by shame.

The time of the assizes soon came, and I was removed by Habeas Corpus to Oxford, where I expected certain conviction and condemnation; but, to my great surprize, none appeared against me, and I was, at the end of the sessions, discharged for want of prosecution. In short, my chum had left Oxford, and whether from indolence, or from what other motive, I am ignorant, had declined concerning himself any farther in the affair.

Perhaps,' cries Partridge, 'he did not care to have your blood upon his hands, and he was in the right on't. If any person was to be hanged upon my evidence, I should never be able to lie alone afterwards, for fear of seeing his ghost.'

I shall shortly doubt, Partridge,' says Jones, 'whether thou art more brave or wise.' 'You may laugh at me, Sir, if you please,' answered Partridge; 'but if you will hear a very short story which I can tell, and which is most certainly true, perhaps you may change your opinion. In the parish where I was born——' Here Jones would have silenced him; but the Stranger interceded that he might be permitted to tell his story, and in the mean time promised to recollect the remainder of his own.

Partridge then proceeded thus. 'In the parish where I was born, there lived a farmer whose name was Bridle, and he had a son named Francis, a good
' hopeful

' hopeful young fellow : I was at the grammar-school
 ' with him, where I remember he was got into Ovid's
 ' Epistles, and he could construe you three lines to-
 ' gether sometimes without looking into a dictionary.
 ' Besides all this, he was a very good lad, never mis-
 ' sed church o' Sundays, and was reckoned one of
 ' the best Psalm-singers in the whole parish. He
 ' would indeed now and then take a cup too much,
 ' and that was the only fault he had.' — ' Well,
 ' but come to the ghost,' cries Jones. ' Never fear,
 ' Sir, I shall come to him soon enough,' answered
 Partridge. ' You must know then, that farmer
 ' Bridle lost a mare, a forrel one to the best of my
 ' remembrance ; and so it fell out, that this young
 ' Francis shortly afterward being at a fair at Hindon,
 ' and as I think it was on — I can't remember the
 ' day ; and being as he was, what should he happen
 ' to meet, but a man upon his father's mare. Frank
 ' called out presently, stop thief ; and it being in the
 ' middle of the fair, it was impossible, you know,
 ' for the man to make his escape. So they appre-
 ' hended him, and carried him before the justice ; I
 ' remember it was justice Willoughby of Noyle, a
 ' very worthy good gentleman, and he committed
 ' him to prison, and bound Frank in a recognizance,
 ' I think they call it, a hard word compounded of
 ' *re* and *cognosco* ; but it differs in its meaning from
 ' the use of the simple, as many other compounds do.
 ' Well, at last, down came my lord justice Page to
 ' hold the assizes, and so the fellow was had up,
 ' and Frank was had up as a witness. To be sure I
 ' shall never forget the face of the judge, when he
 ' began to ask him what he had to say against the
 ' prisoner. He made poor Frank tremble and shake
 ' in his shoes. Well, you fellow, says my lord,
 ' what have you to say ? Don't stand humming and
 ' hawing, but speak out ; but however he soon turn-
 ' ed altogether as civil to Frank, and began to thun-
 ' der at the fellow ; and when he asked him, if he
 ' had any thing to say for himself, the fellow said he
 ' had found the horse. Ay ! answered the judge,
 ' thou art a lucky fellow ; I have travelled the circuit
 ' these

' these forty years, and never found a horse in my
 ' life; but I'll tell thee what, friend, thou wast
 ' more lucky than thou didst know of: for thou didst
 ' not only find a horse, but a halter too, I promise
 ' thee. To be sure I shall never forget the word.
 ' Upon which every body fell a laughing, as how
 ' could they help it? Nay, and twenty other jests
 ' he made, which I can't remember now. There
 ' was something about his skill in horse-flesh, which
 ' made all the folks laugh. To be certain the judge
 ' must have been a very brave man, as well as a man
 ' of much learning. It is indeed charming sport to
 ' hear trials upon life and death. One thing I own
 ' I thought a little hard, that the prisoner's counsel
 ' was not suffered to speak for him, though he desired
 ' only to be heard one very short word; but my lord
 ' would not hearken to him, though he suffered a
 ' counsellor to talk against him for above half an hour.
 ' I thought it hard, I own, that there should be so
 ' many of them; my lord, and the court, and the
 ' jury, and the counsellors, and the witnesses, all up-
 ' on one poor man, and he too in chains. Well,
 ' the fellow was hanged, as to be sure it could be no
 ' otherwise, and poor Frank could never be easy
 ' about it. He never was in the dark alone, but he
 ' fancied he saw the fellow's spirit.' ' Well, and is
 ' this thy story?' cries Jones. No, no,' answered
 Partridge; ' O Lord have mercy upon me. — I am
 ' just now coming to the matter; for one night, com-
 ' ing from the alehouse in a long narrow dark lane;
 ' there he ran directly up against him, and the spirit
 ' was all in white, and fell upon Frank; and Frank,
 ' who is a sturdy lad, fell upon the spirit again, and
 ' there they had a tussel together, and poor Frank
 ' was dreadfully beat: indeed he made a shift at last
 ' to crawl home; but what with the beating, and
 ' what with the fright, he lay ill above a fortnight;
 ' and all this is most certainly true, and the whole
 ' parish will bear witness to it.'

The Stranger smiled at this story, and Jones burst
 into a loud fit of laughter, upon which Partridge cried,
 ' Ay, you may laugh, Sir, and so did some others,
 ' parti-

‘ particularly a ’squire, who is thought to be no better than an atheist; who forsooth, because there was a calf with a white face found dead in the same lane the next morning, would fain have it, that the battle was between Frank and that, as if a calf would set upon a man. Besides, Frank told me he knew it to be a spirit, and could swear to him in any court in Christendom, and he had not drank above a quart or two, or such a matter of liquor at the time. Lud have mercy upon us, and keep us all from dipping our hands in blood, I say.’

‘ Well, Sir,’ said Jones to the stranger, ‘ Mr. Partidge hath finished his story, and I hope will give you no future interruption, if you will be so kind to proceed.’ He then resumed his narration; but as he hath taken breath for a while, we think it proper to give it to our reader, and shall therefore put an end to this chapter.

C H A P. XII.

In which the Man of the Hill continues his history.

‘ I H A D now regained my liberty,’ said the stranger, ‘ but I had lost my reputation; for there is a wide difference between the case of a man who is barely acquitted of a crime in a court of justice, and of him who is acquitted in his own heart, and in the opinion of the people. I was conscious of my guilt, and ashamed to look any one in the face, so resolved to leave Oxford the next morning, before the day-light discovered me to the eyes of any beholders.’

‘ When I had got clear of the city, it first entered into my head to return home to my father, and endeavour to obtain his forgiveness; but as I had no reason to doubt his knowledge of all which had past, and as I was well assured of his great aversion to all acts of dishonesty, I could entertain no hopes of being received by him, especially since I was too certain of all the good offices in the power of my mother: nay, had my father’s pardon been as sure,

‘ as

‘ as I conceived his resentment to be, I yet question
 ‘ whether I could have had the assurance to behold
 ‘ him, or whether I could, upon any terms, have sub-
 ‘ mitted to live and converse with those, who, I was
 ‘ convinced, knew me to have been guilty of so base an
 ‘ action.

‘ I hastened therefore back to London, the best re-
 ‘ tirement of either grief or shame, unless for persons
 ‘ of a very public character; for here you have the ad-
 ‘ vantage of solitude without its disadvantage, since
 ‘ you may be alone and in company at the same time;
 ‘ and while you walk or sit unobserved, noise, hurry,
 ‘ and a constant succession of objects, entertain the
 ‘ mind, and prevent the spirits from preying on them-
 ‘ selves, or rather on grief or shame, which are the
 ‘ most unwholesome diet in the world; and on which
 ‘ (though there are many who never taste either but
 ‘ in public) there are some who can feed very plenti-
 ‘ fully, and very fatally when alone.

‘ But as there is scarce any human good without its
 ‘ concomitant evil, so there are people who find an
 ‘ inconvenience in this unobserving temper of man-
 ‘ kind; I mean persons who have no money; for as
 ‘ you are not put out of countenance, so neither are
 ‘ you clothed or fed by those who do not know you.
 ‘ And a man may be as easily starved in Leadenhall-
 ‘ market as in the deserts of Arabia.

‘ It was at present my fortune to be destitute of that
 ‘ great evil, as it is apprehended to be by several
 ‘ writers, who I suppose were over-burthened with it,
 ‘ namely, Money.’ “ With submission, Sir,” said
 Partridge, “ I do not remember any writers who have
 “ called it *Malorum*; but *irritamenta Malorum. Ef-*
 “ *fodiuntur opes irritamenta Malorum.*” ‘ Well, Sir,’
 ‘ continued the Stranger, whether it be an evil, or
 ‘ only the cause of evil, I was entirely void of it,
 ‘ and at the same time of friends, and as I thought
 ‘ of acquaintance; when one evening as I was passing
 ‘ through the Inner Temple, very hungry, and very
 ‘ miserable, I heard a voice on a sudden haling me
 ‘ with great familiarity by my christian name; and
 ‘ upon my turning about, I presently recollected the
 ‘ person who so saluted me, to have been my fellow
 ‘ collegiate;

‘ collegiate ; one who had left the university above a
‘ year, and long before any of my misfortunes had
‘ befallen me. This gentleman, whose name was
‘ Watson, shook me heartily by the hand, and ex-
‘ pressing great joy at meeting me, proposed our im-
‘ mediately drinking a bottle together. I first de-
‘ clined the proposal, and pretended business ; but as
‘ he was very earnest and pressing, hunger at last over-
‘ came my pride, and I fairly confessed to him I had
‘ no money in my pocket ; yet not without framing
‘ a lie for an excuse, and imputing it to my having
‘ changed my breeches that morning. Mr. Watson
answered, “ I thought Jack, you and I had been too
“ old acquaintance for you to mention such a matter.”
‘ He then took me by the arm, and was pulling me
‘ along ; but I gave him very little trouble, for my
‘ own inclinations pulled me much stronger than he
‘ could do.

‘ We then went into the Friars, which you know
‘ is the scene of all mirth and jollity. Here when we
‘ arrived at the tavern, Mr. Watson applied himself
‘ to the drawer only, without taking the least notice
‘ of the cook ; for he had no suspicion but that I had
‘ dined long since. However, as the case was really
‘ otherwise, I forged another falsehood, and told my
‘ companion, I had been at the further end of the city
‘ on business of consequence, and had snapt up a mut-
‘ ton chop in haste ; so that I was again hungry and
‘ wished he would add a beef steak to his bottle’
‘ Some people,’ cries Partridge, ‘ ought to have
‘ good memories, or did you find just money enough
‘ in your breeches to pay for the mutton chop?’
‘ Your observation is right,’ answered the Stranger,
‘ and I believe such blunders are inseparable from all
‘ dealing in untruth. — But to proceed — I began
‘ now to feel myself extremely happy. The meat and
‘ wine soon revived my spirits to a high pitch, and I
‘ enjoyed much pleasure in the conversation of my old
‘ acquaintance, the rather as I thought him entirely
‘ ignorant of what had happened at the university
‘ since his leaving it.

‘ But he did not suffer me to remain long in this
‘ agreeable

‘agreeable delusion; for taking a bumper in one
 ‘hand, and holding me by the other, “Here, my
 ‘boy,” cries he, “here’s wishing you joy of your
 ‘being so honourably acquitted of that affair laid to
 ‘your charge.” ‘I was thunder-struck with confu-
 ‘sion at those words, which Watson observing, pro-
 ‘ceeded thus ——— “Nay, never be ashamed,
 ‘man; thou hast been acquitted, and no one now
 ‘dares call thee guilty; but prithee do tell me, who
 ‘am thy friend, I hope thou didst really rob him;
 ‘for rat me if it was not a meritorious action to strip
 ‘such a sneaking pitiful rascal, and instead of the
 ‘two hundred guineas, I wish you had taken as
 ‘many thousands. Come, come, my boy, don’t
 ‘be shy of confessing to me, you are not now brought
 ‘before one of the pimps. D—n me, if I don’t
 ‘honour you for it; for, as I hope for salvation, I
 ‘would have made no manner of scruple of doing
 ‘the same thing.”

‘This declaration a little relieved my abashment,
 ‘and as wine had now some what opened my heart,
 ‘I very freely acknowledged the robbery, but ac-
 ‘quainted him that he had been misinformed as to
 ‘the sum taken, which was little more than a fifth
 ‘part of what he had mentioned.’

“I am sorry for it with all my heart,” quoth he,
 “and I wish thee better success another time. Though
 “if you will take my advice, you shall have no oc-
 “casion to run any such risque. Here,” said he,
 (taking some dice out of his pocket) “here’s the
 “stuff. Here are the implements; here are the lit-
 “tle doctors which cure the distempers of the purse.
 “Follow but my counsel, and I will shew you a way
 “to empty the pocket of a queer cull, without any
 “danger of the nubbing cheat.”

‘Nubbing cheat,’ cries Partridge, ‘Pray, Sir,
 ‘what is that?’

‘Why that, Sir,’ says the Stranger, ‘is a cant
 ‘phrase for the gallows; for as gamesters differ little
 ‘from highwaymen in their morals, so do they very
 ‘much resemble them in their language.

‘We had now each drank our bottle, when Mr.
 ‘Watson

' Watson said, the board was fitting, and that he
 ' must attend, earnestly pressing me, at the same time,
 ' to go with him and try my fortune. I answered, he
 ' knew that was at present out of my power, as I
 ' had informed him of the emptiness of my pocket.
 ' To say the truth, I doubted not, from his many
 ' strong expressions of friendship, but that he would
 ' offer to lend me a small sum for that purpose; but
 ' he answered, "Never mind that, man, e'en boldly
 ' run a levant;" (Partridge was going to enquire
 the meaning of that word; but Jones stopped his
 mouth;) "but be circumspect as to the man. I will
 "tip you the proper person, which may be necessary,
 "as you do not know the town, nor can distinguish
 "a rum cull from a queer one."

' The bill was now brought, when Watson paid
 ' his share, and was departing. I reminded him,
 ' not without blushing, of my having no money.
 He answered, "That signifies nothing, score it be-
 "hind the door, or make a bold brush, and take no
 "notice — Or — stay, says he, I will go down stairs
 "first, and then do you take up my money, and score
 "the whole reckoning at the bar, and I will wait for
 "you at the corner." ' I expressed some dislike at
 ' this, and hinted my expectation that he would have
 ' deposited the whole; but he swore he had not ano-
 ' ther six-pence in his pocket.

' He then went down, and I was prevailed on to
 ' take up the money and follow him, which I did
 ' close enough to hear him tell the drawer the reckon-
 ' ing was upon the table. The drawer passed by me up
 ' stairs; but I made such haste into the street, that I
 ' heard nothing of his disappointment, nor did I men-
 ' tion a syllable at the bar, according to my instruc-
 ' tions.

' We now went directly to the gaming-table, where
 ' Mr. Watson to my surprize, pulled out a large sum
 ' of money, and placed it before him, as did many
 ' others; all of them, no doubt, considering their
 ' own heaps as so many decoy birds, which were to
 ' intice and draw over the heaps of their neighbours.

' Here

' Here it would be tedious to relate all the freaks
 ' which fortune, or rather the dice, played in this
 ' her temple. Mountains of gold were in a few mo-
 ' ments reduced to nothing at one part of the table,
 ' and rose as suddenly in another. The rich grew in
 ' a moment poor, and the poor as suddenly became
 ' rich; so that it seemed a philosopher could no where
 ' have so well instructed his pupils in the contempt of
 ' riches, at least he could no where have better incul-
 ' cated the uncertainty of their duration.

' For my own part, after having considerably im-
 ' proved my small estate, I at last entirely demolished
 ' it. Mr. Watson too, after much variety of luck,
 ' rose from the table in some heat, and declared he
 ' had lost a cool hundred, and would play no longer.
 ' Then coming up to me, he asked me to return with
 ' him to the tavern; but I positively refused, saying,
 ' I would not bring myself a second time into such a
 ' dilemma, and especially as he had lost all his mo-
 ' ney, and was now in my own condition.' "Pooh,"
 ' says he, "I have just borrowed a couple of guineas
 ' of a friend; and one of them is at your service."
 ' He immediately put one of them into my hand, and
 ' I no longer resisted his inclination.

' I was at first a little shocked at returning to the
 ' same house whence we had departed in so unhandsome
 ' a manner; but when the drawer with very civil
 ' address, told us, "he believed we had forgot to
 ' pay our reckoning," I became perfectly easy,
 ' and very readily gave him a guinea, b'd him pay
 ' himself, and acquiesced in the unjust charge which
 ' had been laid on my memory.

' Mr. Watson now bespoke the most extravagant
 ' supper he could well think of, and though he had
 ' contented himself with simple claret before, nothing
 ' now but the most precious Burgundy would serve
 ' his purpose.

' Our company was soon increased by the addition
 ' of several gentlemen from the gaming-table; most
 ' of whom, as I afterwards found, came not to the
 ' tavern to drink, but in the way of business; for the
 ' true gamesters pretended to be ill, and refused their
 ' glass,

‘ glafs, while they plied heartily two young fellows, who
 ‘ were to be afterwards pillaged, as indeed they were
 ‘ without mercy. Of this plunder I had the good
 ‘ fortune to be a sharer, though I was not yet let into
 ‘ the fecret.

‘ There was one remarkable accident attended this
 ‘ tavern play; for the money, by degrees, totally dif-
 ‘ appeared, fo that though at the beginning the table
 ‘ was half covered with gold, yet before the play
 ‘ ended, which it did not till the next day, being Sun-
 ‘ day, at noon, there was fcarce a fingle guinea to be
 ‘ feen on the table; and this was the ftranger, as every
 ‘ perfon prefent except myfelf declared he had loft;
 ‘ and what was become of the money, unlefs the de-
 ‘ vil himfelf carried it away, is difficult to determine.’

‘ Moft certainly he did,’ fays Partridge, ‘ for
 ‘ evil fpirits can carry away any thing without being
 ‘ feen, though there were never fo many folk in the
 ‘ room; and I fhould not have been furprifed if he
 ‘ had carried away all the company of a fet of wicked
 ‘ wretches, who were at play in fermon-time. And
 ‘ I could tell you a true ftory, if I would, where the
 ‘ devil took a man out of bed from another man’s
 ‘ wife, and carried him away through the key-hole
 ‘ of the door. I’ve feen the very houfe where it was
 ‘ done, and no body hath lived in it thefe thirty
 ‘ years.’

Though Jones was a little offended by the imperti-
 nence of Partridge, he could not however avoid fmil-
 ing at his fimplicity. The ftranger did the fame, and
 then proceeded with his ftory, as will be feen in the
 next chapter.

C H A P. XIII.

In which the foregoing ftory is farther continued.

‘ **M**Y fellow collegiate had now entered me in a
 ‘ new fcene of life. I foon became acquainted
 ‘ with the whole fraternity of fharpers, and was let
 ‘ into their fecrets. I mean into the knowledge of
 ‘ thofe grofs cheats which are proper to impofe upon
 ‘ the
 ‘ the

‘ the raw and unexperienced : for there are some tricks
 ‘ of a finer kind, which are known only to a few of
 ‘ the gang, who are at the head of their profession ;
 ‘ a degree of honour beyond my expectation : for
 ‘ drink, to which I was immoderately addicted, and
 ‘ the natural warmth of my passions, prevented me
 ‘ from arriving at any great success in an art, which
 ‘ requires as much coolness as the most austere school
 ‘ of philosophy.

‘ Mr. Watson, with whom I now lived in the closest
 ‘ amity, had unluckily the former failing to a very
 ‘ great excess ; so that instead of making a fortune by
 ‘ his profession, as some others did, he was alternately
 ‘ rich and poor, and was often obliged to surrender to
 ‘ his cooler friends over a bottle which they never
 ‘ tasted, that plunder that he had taken from culls at
 ‘ the public table.

‘ However, we both made a shift to pick up an un-
 ‘ comfortable livelihood, and for two years I con-
 ‘ tinued of the calling, during which time I tasted all
 ‘ the varieties of fortune ; sometimes flourishing in
 ‘ affluence, and at others been obliged to struggle with
 ‘ almost incredible difficulties. To-day wallowing in
 ‘ luxury, and to-morrow reduced to the coarsest and
 ‘ most homely fare. My fine clothes being often on
 ‘ my back in the evening, and at the pawnshop the
 ‘ next morning.

‘ One night as I was returning penniless from the
 ‘ gaming-table, I observed a very great disturbance,
 ‘ and a large mob gathered together in the street. As
 ‘ I was in no danger from pick pockets, I ventured
 ‘ into the croud, where, upon enquiry, I found that
 ‘ a man had been robbed and very ill used by some ruf-
 ‘ fians. The wounded man appeared very bloody,
 ‘ and seemed scarce able to support himself on his
 ‘ legs. As I had not therefore been deprived of my
 ‘ humanity by my present life and conversation, though
 ‘ they had left me very little of either honesty or
 ‘ shame, I immediately offered my assistance to the un-
 ‘ happy person, who thankfully accepted it, and put-
 ‘ ting himself under my conduct, begged me to con-
 ‘ vey him to some tavern, where he might send for a
 ‘ sur-

‘ surgeon, being, as he said, faint with loss of blood.
‘ He seemed indeed highly pleased at finding one who
‘ appeared in the dress of a gentleman: for as to all
‘ the rest of the company present, their outside was
‘ such that he could not wisely place any confidence in
‘ them.

‘ I took the poor man by the arm, and led him to
‘ the tavern where we kept our rendezvous, as it hap-
‘ pened to be the nearest at hand. A surgeon happen-
‘ ing luckily to be in the house, immediately attend-
‘ ed, and applied himself to dressing his wounds,
‘ which I had the pleasure to hear were not likely to
‘ be mortal.

‘ The surgeon having very expeditiously and dex-
‘ trously finished his business, began to enquire in
‘ what part of the town the wounded man lodged;’
who answered, “ That he was come to town that very
“ morning; that his horse was at an inn in Piccadilly,
“ and that he had no other lodging, and very little or
“ no acquaintance in town.”

‘ This surgeon, whose name I have forgot, though
‘ I remember it began with an R, had the first cha-
‘ racter in his profession, and was serjeant-surgeon to
‘ the king. He had moreover many good qualities,
‘ and was a very generous, good-natured man, and
‘ ready to do any service to his fellow-creatures. He
‘ offered his patient the use of his chariot to carry him
‘ to his inn, and at the same time whispered in his
‘ ear, “ That if he wanted any mony, he would fur-
“ nish him.”

‘ The poor man was not now capable of returning
‘ thanks for this generous offer: for having had his
‘ eyes for some time stedfastly on me, he threw him-
‘ self back in his chair, crying, O, my son! my son!
‘ and then fainted away.

‘ Many of the people present imagined this accident
‘ had happened through his loss of blood; but I, who
‘ at the same time began to recollect the features of
‘ my father, was now confirmed in my suspicion,
‘ and satisfied that it was he himself who appeared be-
‘ fore me. I presently ran to him, raised him in my
‘ arms, and kissed his cold lips with the utmost eager-
‘ nefs.

' nefs. Here I muſt draw a curtain over a ſcene
 ' which I cannot deſcribe: for though I did not loſe
 ' my being, as my father for a while did, my ſenſes
 ' were however ſo overpowered with affright and ſur-
 ' prize, that I am a ſtranger to what paſſed during
 ' ſome minutes, and indeed till my father had again
 ' recovered from his ſwoon; and I found myſelf in
 ' his arms, both tenderly embracing each other, while
 ' the tears trickled a-pace down the cheeks of each
 ' of us.

' Moſt of thoſe preſent ſeemed affected by this ſcene,
 ' which we, who might be conſidered as the actors in
 ' it, were deſirous of removing from the eyes of all
 ' ſpectators, as faſt as we could; my father therefore
 ' accepted the kind offer of the ſurgeon's chariot, and
 ' I attended him in it to his inn.

' When we were alone together, he gently up-
 ' braided me with having neglected to write to him
 ' during ſo long a time, but entirely omitted the
 ' mention of that crime which had occaſioned it. He
 ' then informed me of my mother's death, and inſiſted
 ' on my returning home with him, ſaying, "That
 ' he had long ſuffered the greateſt anxiety on my ac-
 ' count; that he knew not whether he had moſt fear-
 ' ed my death or wiſhed it; ſince he had ſo many
 ' more dreadful apprehenſions for me. At laſt he
 ' ſaid, a neighbouring gentleman, who had juſt
 ' recovered a ſon from the ſame place, informed him
 ' where I was, and that to reclaim me from this
 ' courſe of life, was the ſole cauſe of his journey to
 ' London." He thanked heaven he had ſucceeded
 ' ſo far as to find me out by means of an accident
 ' which had like to have proved fatal to him; and
 ' had the pleaſure to think he partly owed his prefer-
 ' vation to my humanity, with which he profeſt him-
 ' ſelf to be more delighted than he ſhould have been
 ' with my filial piety, if I had known that the object
 ' of all my care was my own father.

' Vice had not ſo depraved my heart, as to excite
 ' in it an inſenſibility of ſo much paternal affection,
 ' though ſo unworthily beſtowed. I preſently pro-
 ' miſed to obey his commands in my return home.

‘ with him, as soon as he was able to travel, which
‘ indeed he was in a very few days, by the assistance
‘ of that excellent surgeon who had undertaken his
‘ cure.

‘ The day preceding my father’s journey (before
‘ which time I scarce ever left him) I went to take my
‘ leave of some of my most intimate acquaintance, par-
‘ ticularly of Mr. Watson, who dissuaded me from
‘ burying myself, as he called it, out of a simple com-
‘ pliance with the fond desires of a foolish old fellow.
‘ Such solicitations, however, had no effect, and I
‘ once more saw my own home. My father now great-
‘ ly solicited me to think of marriage; but my incli-
‘ nations were utterly averse to any such thoughts. I
‘ had tasted of love already, and perhaps you know
‘ the extravagant excesses of that most tender and most
‘ violent passion.’ Here the old gentleman paused,
and looked earnestly at Jones; whose countenance
within a minute’s space displayed the extremities of
both red and white. Upon which the old man,
without making any observations, renewed his narra-
tive.

‘ Being now provided with all the necessaries of
‘ life, I betook myself once again to study, and that
‘ with a more inordinate application than I had ever
‘ done formerly. The books which now employed
‘ my time solely were those, as well ancient as modern,
‘ which treat of true philosophy, a word which is by
‘ many thought to be the subject only of farce and ri-
‘ dicule. I now read over the works of Aristotle and
‘ Plato, with the rest of those inestimable treasures
‘ which antient Greece had bequeathed to the world.

‘ These authors, though they instructed me in no
‘ science by which men may promise to themselves to
‘ acquire the least riches, or worldly power, taught
‘ me, however, the art of despising the highest acqui-
‘ sitions of both. They elevate the mind, and steel
‘ and harden it against the capricious invasions of for-
‘ tune. They not only instruct in the knowledge of
‘ wisdom, but confirm men in her habits, and demon-
‘ strate plainly, that this must be our guide, if we pro-
‘ pose ever to arrive at the greatest worldly happiness;

‘ or to defend ourselves with any tolerable security
 ‘ against the misery which every where surrounds and
 ‘ invests us.

‘ To this I added another study, compared to
 ‘ which all the philosophy taught by the wisest hea-
 ‘ thens is little better than a dream, and is indeed as
 ‘ full of vanity as the silliest jester ever pleased to re-
 ‘ present it. This is that divine wisdom which is
 ‘ alone to be found in the holy scriptures: for they
 ‘ impart to us the knowledge and assurance of things
 ‘ much more worthy our attention, than all which
 ‘ this world can offer to our acceptance; of things
 ‘ which heaven itself hath condescended to reveal to
 ‘ us, and to the smallest knowledge of which the
 ‘ highest human wit unassisted could never ascend. I
 ‘ began now to think all the time I had spent with the
 ‘ best heathen writers, was little more than labour
 ‘ lost: for however pleasant and delightful their les-
 ‘ sons may be, or however adequate to the right re-
 ‘ gulation of our conduct with respect to this world
 ‘ only: yet when compared with the glory revealed in
 ‘ scripture, their highest documents will appear as
 ‘ trifling, and of as little consequence as the rules by
 ‘ which children regulate their childish little games
 ‘ and pastime. True it is, that philosophy makes us
 ‘ wiser, but christianity makes us better men. Phi-
 ‘ losophy elevates and steels the mind, christianity
 ‘ softens and sweetens it. The former makes us the
 ‘ objects of human admiration, the latter of divine
 ‘ love. That insures us a temporal, but this an eter-
 ‘ nal happiness.—But I am afraid I tire you with my
 ‘ rhapsody.’

‘ Not at all,’ cries Partridge; ‘ Lud forbid we
 ‘ should be tired with good things.’

‘ I had spent,’ continued the Stranger, ‘ about
 ‘ four years in the most delightful manner to myself,
 ‘ totally given up to contemplation, and entirely
 ‘ unembarrassed with the affairs of the world, when
 ‘ I lost the best of fathers, and one whom I so en-
 ‘ tirely loved, that my grief at his loss exceeds all
 ‘ description. I now abandoned my books, and
 ‘ gave myself up for a whole month to to the efforts

of melancholy and despair. Time, however, the best physician of the mind, at length brought me relief.' 'Ay, ay, *Tempus edax rerum,*' said Partridge. 'I then,' continued the Stranger, 'betook myself again to my former studies, which I may say perfected my cure: for philosophy and religion may be called the exercises of the mind, and when this is disordered they are as wholesome as exercise can be to a distempered body. They do indeed produce similar effects with exercise: for they strengthen and confirm the mind; till man becomes, in the noble strain of Horace,

*Fortis, & in seipso totus teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari:
In quem manca ruit semper Fortuna.—**

Here Jones smiled at some conceit which intruded itself into his imagination; but the Stranger, I believe, perceived it not, and proceeded thus.

'My circumstances were now greatly altered by the death of that best of men: for my brother, who was now become master of the house, differed so widely from me in his inclinations, and our pursuits in life had been so very various, that we were the worst of company to each other; but what made our living together still more disagreeable, was the little harmony which could subsist between the few who resorted to me, and the numerous train of sportsmen who often attended my brother from the field to the table: for such fellows, besides the noise and nonsense with which they persecute the ears of sober men, endeavour always to attack them with affront and contempt. This was so much the case, that neither I myself, nor my friends, could ever sit down to a meal with them, without being treated with derision, because we were unacquainted with the phrases of sportsmen. For men of true learning, and almost universal knowledge, always compassionate the igno-

* Firm in himself, who on himself relies,
Polished and round, who runs his proper course,
And breaks misfortunes with superior force, MR. FRANCIS.

‘ rance of others ; but fellows who excel in some
 ‘ little, low, contemptible art, are always certain to
 ‘ despise those who are unacquainted with that art.

‘ In short, we soon separated, and I went by the
 ‘ advice of a physician to drink the Bath waters :
 ‘ for my violent affliction, added to a sedentary life,
 ‘ had thrown me into a kind of paralytic disorder,
 ‘ for which those waters are accounted an almost
 ‘ certain cure. The second day after my arrival, as
 ‘ I was walking by the river, the sun shone so in-
 ‘ tensely hot (though it was early in the year) that
 ‘ I retired to the shelter of some willows, and sat
 ‘ down by the river-side. Here I had not been seated
 ‘ long before I heard a person on the other side the
 ‘ willows, sighing and bemoaning himself bitterly.
 ‘ On a sudden, having uttered a most impious oath,
 ‘ he cried, “ I am resolved to bear it no longer,”
 ‘ and directly threw himself into the water. I im-
 ‘ mediately started, and ran towards the place, cal-
 ‘ ling at the same time as loudly as I could for assist-
 ‘ ance. An angler happened luckily to be a fishing
 ‘ a little below me, though some very high sedge had
 ‘ hid him from my sight. He immediately came up,
 ‘ and both of us together, not without some hazard
 ‘ of our lives, drew the body to the shore. At first
 ‘ we perceived no sign of life remaining ; but having
 ‘ held the body up by the heels (for we soon had as-
 ‘ sistance enough) it discharged a vast quantity of wa-
 ‘ ter at the mouth, and at length began to discover
 ‘ some symptoms of breathing, and a little afterwards
 ‘ to move both its hands and its legs.

‘ An apothecary, who happened to be present
 ‘ among others, advised that the body which seemed
 ‘ now to have pretty well emptied itself of water,
 ‘ and which began to have many convulsive motions,
 ‘ should be directly taken up, and carried into a
 ‘ warm bed. This was accordingly performed, the
 ‘ apothecary and myself attending.

‘ As we were going towards an inn, for we knew
 ‘ not the man’s lodgings, luckily a woman met us,
 ‘ who after some violent screaming, told us, that
 ‘ the gentleman lodged at her house.

‘ When

‘ When I had seen the man safely deposited there, I left him to the care of the apothecary, who, I suppose, used all the right methods with him; for the next morning I heard he had perfectly recovered his senses.

‘ I then went to visit him, intending to search out, as well as I could, the cause of his having attempted so desperate an act, and to prevent, as far as I was able, his pursuing such wicked intentions for the future. I was no sooner admitted into his chamber, than we both instantly knew each other; for who should this person be but my good friend Mr. Watson! here I will not trouble you with what past at our first interview: for I would avoid prolixity as much as possible.’ ‘ Pray let us hear all’, cries Partridge, ‘ I want mightily to know what brought him to Bath.’

‘ You shall hear every thing material,’ answered the Stranger; and then proceeded to relate what we shall proceed to write, after we have given a short breathing time to both ourselves and the reader.

C H A P. XIV.

In which the Man of the Hill concludes his history.

‘ MR. Watson,’ continued the Stranger, ‘ very freely acquainted me, that the unhappy situation of his circumstances, occasioned by a tide of ill-luck, had in a manner forced him to a resolution of destroying himself.

‘ I now began to argue very seriously with him, in opposition to this heathenish, or indeed diabolical principle of the lawfulness of self-murder; and said every thing which occurred to me on the subject; but, to my great concern, it seemed to have very little effect on him. He seemed not at all to repent of what he had done, and gave me reason to fear, he would soon make a second attempt of the like horrible kind.

‘ When I had finished my discourse, instead of endeavouring to answer my arguments, he looked

‘ me stedfastly in the face, and with a smile said,
 ‘ You are strangely altered, my good friend, since
 ‘ I remember you. I question whether any of our
 ‘ bishops could make a better argument against
 ‘ suicide than you have entertained me with; but
 ‘ unless you can find somebody who will lend me a
 ‘ cool hundred, I must either hang, or drown, or
 ‘ starve; and in my opinion the last death is the most
 ‘ terrible of the three.”

‘ I answered him very gravely, that I was indeed
 ‘ altered since I had seen him last. That I had found
 ‘ leisure to look into my follies, and to repent of
 ‘ them. I then advised him to pursue the same steps;
 ‘ and at last concluded with an assurance, that I my-
 ‘ self would lend him a hundred pound, if it would
 ‘ be of any service to his affairs, and he would not
 ‘ put it into the power of a die to deprive him of it.

‘ Mr. Watson, who seemed almost composed in
 ‘ slumber by the former part of my discourse, was
 ‘ roused by the latter. He seized my hand eagerly,
 ‘ gave me a thousand thanks, and declared I was a
 ‘ friend indeed; adding that he hoped I had a better
 ‘ opinion of him, than to imagine he had profited so
 ‘ little by experience, as to put any confidence in
 ‘ those damned dice, which had so often deceived
 ‘ him.’ “No, no,” cries he, “let me but once
 ‘ handsomely be set up again, and if ever fortune
 ‘ makes a broken merchant of me afterwards, I will
 ‘ forgive her.”

‘ I very well understood the language of setting
 ‘ up, and broken merchant. I therefore said to him
 ‘ with a very grave face, Mr. Watson, you must
 ‘ endeavour to find out some business, or employ-
 ‘ ment, by which you may procure yourself a liveli-
 ‘ hood; and I promise you, could I see any proba-
 ‘ bility of being repaid hereafter, I would advance
 ‘ a much larger sum than what you have mentioned,
 ‘ to equip you in any fair and honourable calling;
 ‘ but as to gaming, besides the baseness and wicked-
 ‘ ness of making it a profession, you are really to my
 ‘ own knowledge, unfit for it, and will end in your
 ‘ certain ruin.’

“ Why

“ Why now, that’s strange,” answered he, “ neither you, nor any of my friends, would ever allow me to know any thing of the matter, and yet, I believe, I am as good a hand at every game as any of you all; and I heartily wish I was to play with you only for your whole fortune; I should desire no better sport, and I would let you name your game into the bargain: but come, my dear boy, have you the hundred in your pocket?”

‘ I answered, I had only a bill for 50 l. which I delivered him, and promised to bring him the rest next morning; and after giving him a little more advice, took my leave.

‘ I was indeed better than my word: for I returned to him that very afternoon. When I entered the room, I found him sitting up in his bed at cards with a notorious gamester. This sight, you will imagine, shocked me not a little! to which I may add the mortification of seeing my bill delivered by him to his antagonist, and thirty guineas only given in exchange for it.

‘ The other gamester presently quitted the room, and then Watson declared he was ashamed to see me; “ but,” says he, “ I find luck runs so damnably against me, that I will resolve to leave off play for ever. I have thought of the kind proposal you made me ever since, and I promise you there shall be no fault in me, if I do not put it in execution.”

‘ Though I had no great faith in his promises, I produced him the remainder of the hundred in consequence of my own; for which he gave me a note, which was all I ever expected to see in return for my money.

‘ We were prevented from any further discourse at present, by the arrival of the apothecary; who with much joy in his countenance, and without even asking his patient how he did, proclaimed there was great news arrived in a letter to himself, which he said would shortly be public, “ That the duke of Monmouth was landed in the west with a vast army of Dutch; and that another vast fleet

“ hovered over the coast of Norfolk, and was to make
 “ a descent there, in order to favour the duke’s en-
 “ terprize with a diversion on that side.”

“ This apothecary was one of the greatest politi-
 “ cians of his time. He was more delighted with the
 “ most paultry packet, than with the best patient;
 “ and the highest joy he was capable of, he received
 “ from having a piece of news in his possession an
 “ hour or two sooner than any other person in the
 “ town. His advices, however, were seldom authen-
 “ tic; for he would swallow almost any thing as a
 “ truth, a humour which many made use of to impose
 “ upon him.

“ Thus it happened with what he at present com-
 “ municated; for it was known within a short time
 “ afterwards, that the duke was really landed; but
 “ that his army consisted only of a few attendants;
 “ and as to the diversion in Norfolk, it was entirely
 “ false.

“ The apothecary staid no longer in the room than
 “ while he acquainted us with his news; and then,
 “ without saying a syllable to his patient on any other
 “ subject, departed to spread his advices all over the
 “ town.

“ Events of this nature in the public are generally
 “ apt to eclipse all private concerns. Our discourse,
 “ therefore, now became entirely political. For my
 “ own part, I had been for some time very seriously
 “ affected with the danger to which the Protestant
 “ Religion was so visibly exposed, under a Popish
 “ prince; and thought the apprehension of it alone
 “ insufficient to justify that insurrection: for no real se-
 “ curity can ever be found against the persecuting
 “ spirit of popery, when armed with power, except
 “ the depriving it of that power, as woeful expe-
 “ rience presently shewed. You know how king
 “ James behaved after getting the better of his at-
 “ tempt; how little he valued either his royal word,
 “ or coronation oath, or the liberties and rights of his
 “ people. But all had not the sense to foresee this at
 “ first; and therefore the duke of Monmouth was
 “ weakly supported; yet all could feel when the evil
 “ came

‘ came upon them ; and therefore all united, at last, to drive out that king, against whose exclusion a great party among us had so warmly contended, during the reign of his brother, and for whom they now fought with such zeal and affection.’

‘ What you say,’ interrupted Jones, ‘ is very true ; and it has often struck me, as the most wonderful thing I ever read of in history, that so soon after this convincing experience, which brought our whole nation to join so unanimously in expelling king James, for the preservation of our religion and liberties, there should be a party among us mad enough to desire the placing his family again on the throne.’ ‘ You are not in earnest !’ answered the old man ; ‘ there can be no such party. As bad an opinion as I have of mankind, I cannot believe them infatuated to such a degree ! There may be some hot-headed Papists led by their priests to engage in this desperate cause, and think it a holy war : but that Protestants, that are members of the Church of England, should be such apostates, such *Felos de se*, I cannot believe it ; no, no, young man, unacquainted as I am with what has past in the world for these last thirty years, I cannot be so imposed upon as to credit so foolish a tale : but I see you have a mind to sport with my ignorance.’ ‘ Can it be possible,’ replied Jones, ‘ that you have lived so much out of the world as not to know that during that time there have been two rebellions in favour of the son of king James, one of which is now actually raging in the very heart of the kingdom ?’ At these words the old Gentleman started up, and, in a most solemn tone of voice, conjured Jones by his Maker to tell him, if what he said was really true : which the other as solemnly affirming, he walked several turns about the room, in a profound silence, then cried, then laughed, and, at last, fell down on his knees, and blessed God, in a loud thanksgiving prayer, for having delivered him from all society with human nature, which could be capable of such monstrous extravagances. After which, being reminded by Jones that he had broke off his story, he resumed it again in this manner.

' As mankind, in the days I was speaking of, was
 ' not yet arrived to that pitch of madness which I find
 ' they are capable of now, and which to be sure,
 ' I have only escaped by living alone, and at a distance
 ' from the contagion, there was a considerable rising
 ' in favour of Monmouth; and my principles strongly
 ' inclining me to take the same part, I determined
 ' to join him; and Mr. Watson, from different mo-
 ' tives concurring in the same resolution (for the spi-
 ' rit of a gamester will carry a man as far upon such
 ' an occasion as the spirit of patriotism,) we soon pro-
 ' vided ourselves with all necessaries, and went to the
 ' duke at Bridgewater.

' The unfortunate event of this enterprize you are,
 ' I conclude, as well acquainted with as myself. I
 ' escaped, together with Mr. Watson, from the bat-
 ' tle at Sedgemore, in which action I received a slight
 ' wound. We rode near forty miles together on the
 ' Exeterroad, and then abandoning our horses, scrambled
 ' as well as we could through the fields and bye-roads,
 ' till we arrived at a little wild hut on a common,
 ' where a poor old woman took all the care of us she
 ' could, and dressed my wound with salve, which
 ' quickly healed it.'

' Pray, Sir, where was the wound,' says Partridge.
 The Stranger satisfied him it was in his arm, and then
 continued his narrative. ' Here, Sir,' said he, ' Mr.
 ' Watson left me the next morning, in order, as he
 ' pretended, to get us some provision from the town of
 ' Cullumpton; but — can I relate it? or can you be-
 ' lieve it?—This Mr. Watson, this friend, this base,
 ' barbarous, treacherous villain, betrayed me to a party
 ' of horse belonging to king James, and, at his return,
 ' delivered me into their hands.

' The soldiers, being six in number, had now seized
 ' me, and were conducting me to Taunton goal;
 ' but neither my present situation, nor the apprehen-
 ' sions of what might happen to me, were half so
 ' irksome to my mind, as the company of my false
 ' friend, who, having surrendered himself, was like-
 ' wise considered as a prisoner, though he was better
 ' treated, as being to make his peace at my expence.
 ' He

‘ He at first endeavoured to excuse his treachery ; but
 ‘ when he received nothing but scorn and upbraiding
 ‘ from me, he soon changed his note, abused me as
 ‘ the most atrocious and malicious rebel, and laid all
 ‘ his own guilt to my charge, who, as he declared,
 ‘ had solicited, and even threatened him, to make
 ‘ him take up arms against his gracious, as well as
 ‘ lawful sovereign.

‘ This false evidence, (for in reality, he had been
 ‘ much the forwarder of the two) stung me to the
 ‘ quick, and raised an indignation scarce conceivable
 ‘ by those who have not felt it. However, fortune
 ‘ at length took pity on me ; for as we were got a
 ‘ little beyond Wellington, in a narrow lane, my
 ‘ guards received a false alarm, that near fifty of the
 ‘ enemy were at hand, upon which they shifted for
 ‘ themselves, and left me and my betrayer to do the
 ‘ same. That villain immediately ran from me, and
 ‘ I am glad he did, or I should have certainly endea-
 ‘ voured, though I had no arms, to have executed
 ‘ vengeance on his baseness.

‘ I was now once more at liberty, and immediately
 ‘ withdrawing from the highway into the fields, I
 ‘ travelled on, scarce knowing which way I went,
 ‘ and making it my chief care to avoid all public roads,
 ‘ and all towns, nay, even the most homely houses ;
 ‘ for I imagined every human creature whom I saw,
 ‘ desirous of betraying me.

‘ At last, after rambling several days about the
 ‘ country, during which the fields afforded me the
 ‘ same bed, and the same food, which nature bestows
 ‘ on our savage brothers of the creation, I at length ar-
 ‘ rived at this place, where the solitude and wildness of
 ‘ the country invited me to fix my abode. The first
 ‘ person with whom I took up my habitation was the
 ‘ mother of this old woman, with whom I remained
 ‘ concealed, till the news of the glorious revolution put
 ‘ an end to all my apprehensions of danger, and gave
 ‘ me an opportunity of once more visiting my own
 ‘ home, and of enquiring a little into my affairs,
 ‘ which I soon settled as agreeably to my brother as
 ‘ to myself ; having resigned every thing to him, for

‘ which he paid me the sum of a thousand pounds, and
 ‘ settled on me an annuity for life.

‘ His behaviour in this last instance, as in all others,
 ‘ was selfish and ungenerous. I could not look on
 ‘ him as my friend, nor indeed did he desire that I
 ‘ should; so I presently took my leave of him, as well
 ‘ as of my other acquaintance; and from that day to
 ‘ this, my history is little better than a blank.’

‘ And is it possible, Sir,’ said Jones, ‘ that you can
 ‘ have resided here, from that day to this?’ ‘ O no,
 ‘ Sir, answered the Gentleman, ‘ I have been a great
 ‘ traveller, and there are few parts of Europe with
 ‘ which I am not acquainted.’ ‘ I have not, Sir,’ cried
 Jones, ‘ the assurance to ask it of you now. Indeed it
 ‘ would be cruel, after so much breath as you have al-
 ‘ ready spent. But you will give me leave to wish for
 ‘ some further opportunity of hearing the excellent ob-
 ‘ servations, which a man of your sense and know-
 ‘ ledge of the world must have made in so long a course
 ‘ of travels.’ ‘ Indeed, young gentleman,’ answered
 the Stranger, ‘ I will endeavour to satisfy your curio-
 ‘ sity on this head likewise, as far as I am able.’ Jones
 attempted fresh apologies, but was prevented; and
 while he and Partridge sat with greedy and impatient
 ears, the Stranger proceeded as in the next chapter.

C H A P. XV.

*A brief history of Europe. And a curious discourse between
 Mr. Jones and the Man of the Hill.*

‘ **I**N Italy the landlords are very silent. In France
 ‘ they are more talkative, but yet civil. In Ger-
 ‘ many and Holland they are generally very imperti-
 ‘ nent. And as for their honesty, I believe it is pretty
 ‘ equal in all those countries. The *Laquais à Louange*
 ‘ are sure to lose no opportunity of cheating you: and
 ‘ as for the postilions, I think they are pretty much
 ‘ alike all the world over. These, Sir, are the ob-
 ‘ servations on men which I made in my travels; for
 ‘ these were the only men I ever conversed with. My
 ‘ design, when I went abroad, was to divert myself
 ‘ by

‘ by seeing the wondrous variety of prospects, beasts,
 ‘ birds, fishes, insects, and vegetables, with which
 ‘ God has been pleased to enrich the several parts of
 ‘ this globe. A variety, which as it must give great
 ‘ pleasure to a contemplative beholder, so doth it ad-
 ‘ mirably display the power and wisdom, and good-
 ‘ ness of the Creator. Indeed, to say the truth, there
 ‘ is but one work in his whole creation that doth him
 ‘ any dishonour, and with that I have long since
 ‘ avoided holding any conversation.’

‘ You will pardon me,’ cries Jones, ‘ but I have
 ‘ always imagined, that there is in this very work
 ‘ you mention, as great variety as in all the rest; for
 ‘ besides the difference of inclinations, customs and
 ‘ climates have, I am told, introduced the utmost di-
 ‘ versity into human nature.’ ‘ Very little indeed,’
 answered the other; ‘ those who travel in order to ac-
 ‘ quaint themselves with the different manners of men,
 ‘ might spare themselves much pains, by going to a
 ‘ Carnival at Venice; for there they will see at once
 ‘ all which they can discover in the several courts of
 ‘ Europe. The same hypocrisy, the same fraud; in
 ‘ short, the same follies and vices, dressed in different
 ‘ habits. In Spain these are equipped with much
 ‘ gravity; and in Italy, with vast splendor. In
 ‘ France, a knave is dressed like a fop; and in the
 ‘ northern countries, like a sloven. But human na-
 ‘ ture is every where the same, every where the object
 ‘ of detestation and scorn.

‘ As for my own part, I pass through all these na-
 ‘ tions, as you perhaps may have done through a
 ‘ croud at a shew, jostling to get by them, holding
 ‘ my nose with one hand, and defending my pockets
 ‘ with the other, without speaking a word to any of
 ‘ them, while I was pressing on to see what I wanted
 ‘ to see; which, however entertaining it might be in
 ‘ itself, scarce made me amends for the trouble the
 ‘ company gave me.’

‘ Did not you find some of the nations among which
 ‘ you travelled, less troublesome to you than others?’
 said Jones. ‘ O yes,’ replied the old man; ‘ the
 ‘ Turks were much more tolerable to me than the

‘ Chris-

Christians. For they are men of profound taciturnity, and never disturb a stranger with questions. Now and then indeed they bestow a short curse upon him, or spit in his face as he walks the streets, but then they have done with him; and a man may live an age in their country without hearing a dozen words from them. But of all the people I ever saw, heaven defend me from the French. With their damned prate and civilities, and doing the honour of their nation to strangers, (as they are pleased to call it) but indeed setting forth their own vanity; they are so troublesome, that I had infinitely rather pass my life with the Hottentots, than set my foot in Paris again. They are a nasty people, but their nastiness is mostly without; whereas in France, and some other nations I won't name, it is all within, and makes them stink much more to my reason than that of Hottentots does to my nose.

Thus, Sir, I have ended the history of my life; for as to all that series of years, during which I have lived retired here, it affords no variety to entertain you, and may be almost considered as one day. The retirement has been so complete, that I could hardly have enjoyed a more absolute solitude in the deserts of the Thebais, than here in the midst of this populous kingdom. As I have no estate, I am plagued with no tenants or stewards; my annuity is paid me pretty regularly, as indeed it ought to be; for it is much less than what I might have expected, in return for what I gave up. Visits I admit none; and the old woman who keeps my house knows, that her place entirely depends upon her saving me all the trouble of buying the things that I want, keeping off all sollicitation or business from me, and holding her tongue whenever I am within hearing. As my walks are all by night, I am pretty secure in this wild, unfrequented place from meeting any company. Some few persons I have met by chance, and sent them home heartily frightened, as from the oddness of my dress and figure they took me for a ghost or a hobgoblin. But what has happened to-night shews, that even here I cannot be safe from the villainy

‘lainy of men; for without your assistance I had not only been robbed, but very probably murdered.’

Jones thanked the Stranger for the trouble he had taken in relating his story, and then expressed some wonder how he could possibly endure a life of such solitude; ‘in which,’ says he, ‘you may well complain of the want of variety. Indeed, I am astonished how you have filled up, or rather killed, so much of your time.’

‘I am not at all surprized,’ answered the other, ‘that to one whose affections and thoughts are fixed on the world, my hours should appear to have wanted employment in this place; but there is one single act, for which the whole life of man is infinitely too short. What time can suffice for the contemplation and worship of that glorious, immortal, and eternal Being, among the works of whose stupendous creation, not only this globe, but even those numberless luminaries which we may here behold spangling all the sky, though they should many of them be suns lighting different systems of worlds, may possibly appear but as a few atoms, opposed to the whole earth which we inhabit? Can a man who, by divine meditations, is admitted, as it were, into the conversation of this ineffable, incomprehensible Majesty, think days, or years, or ages, too long for the continuance of so ravishing an honour? Shall the trifling amusements, the palling pleasures, the silly business of the world, roll away our hours too swiftly from us; and shall the pace of time seem sluggish to a mind exercised in studies so high, so important, and so glorious! As no time is sufficient, so no place is improper for this great concern. On what object can we cast our eyes, which may not inspire us with ideas of his power, of his wisdom, and of his goodness? It is not necessary, that the rising sun should dart his fiery glories over the eastern horizon; nor that the boisterous winds should rush from their caverns, and shake the lofty forest; nor that the opening clouds should pour their deluges on the plains: it is not necessary, I say, that any of these should proclaim his Majesty; there is not an insect, not a
‘ve-

' vegetable, of so low an order in the creation, as not
 ' to be honoured with bearing marks of the attributes
 ' of its great Creator; marks not only of his power,
 ' but of his wisdom and goodness. Man alone, the
 ' king of this globe, the last and greatest work of the
 ' supreme Being, below the sun; man alone hath
 ' basely dishonoured his own nature, and by dishonesty,
 ' cruelty, ingratitude, and treachery, hath called his
 ' Maker's goodness in question, by puzzling us to ac-
 ' count how a benevolent Being should form so foolish,
 ' and so vile an animal. Yet this is the Being from
 ' whose conversation you think, I suppose, that I have
 ' been unfortunately restrained; and without whose
 ' blessed society, life, in your opinion, must be tedious
 ' and insipid.'

' In the former part of what you said,' replied
 Jones, ' I most heartily and readily concur; but I be-
 ' lieve, as well as hope, that the abhorrence which
 ' you express for mankind, in the conclusion, is much
 ' too general. Indeed, you here fall into an error,
 ' which, in my little experience, I have observed to
 ' be a very common one, by taking the character of
 ' mankind from the worst and basest among them;
 ' whereas indeed, as an excellent writer observes, no-
 ' thing should be esteemed as characteristical of a spe-
 ' cies, but what is to be found among the best and
 ' most perfect individuals of that species. This error,
 ' I believe, is generally committed by those who,
 ' from want of proper caution in the choice of their
 ' friends and acquaintance, have suffered injuries from
 ' bad and worthless men; two or three instances of
 ' which are very unjustly charged on all human na-
 ' ture.'

' I think I had experience enough of it,' answered
 the other. ' My first mistress, and my first friend be-
 ' trayed me in the basest manner, and in matters which
 ' threatened to be of the worst of consequences, even
 ' to bring me to a shameful death.'

' But you will pardon me,' cries Jones, ' if I desire
 ' you to reflect who that mistress, and who that friend
 ' were. What better, my good Sir, could be expected
 ' in love derived from the stews, or in friendship first
 ' pro-

‘ produced and nourished at the gaming-table! To
‘ take the characters of women from the former in-
‘ stance, or of men from the latter, would be as unjust
‘ as to assert, that air is a nauseous and unwholesome
‘ element, because we find it so in a jakes. I have
‘ lived but a short time in the world, and yet have
‘ known men worthy of the highest friendship, and
‘ women of the highest love.’

‘ Alas! young man,’ answered the Stranger, ‘ you
‘ have lived, you confess, but a very short time in the
‘ world; I was somewhat older than you when I was
‘ of the same opinion.’

‘ You might have remained so still,’ replies Jones,
‘ if you had not been unfortunate, I will venture to
‘ say incautious, in the placing your affections. If
‘ there was indeed much more wickedness in the world
‘ than there is, it would not prove such general as-
‘ sertions against human nature, since much of this
‘ arrives by mere accident, and many a man who com-
‘ mits evil, is not totally bad and corrupt in his heart.
‘ In truth, none seem to have any title to assert human
‘ nature to be necessarily and universally evil, but those
‘ whose own minds afford them one instance of this
‘ natural depravity; which is not, I am convinced,
‘ your case.’

‘ And such,’ said the Stranger, ‘ will be always the
‘ most backward to assert any such thing. Knaves will
‘ no more endeavour to persuade us of the baseness of
‘ mankind, than a highwayman will inform you that
‘ there are thieves on the road. This would indeed be
‘ a method to put you on your guard, and to defeat
‘ their own purposes. For which reason though
‘ knaves, as I remember, are very apt to abuse par-
‘ ticular persons; yet they never cast any reflection on
‘ human nature in general.’ The old Gentleman
spoke this so warmly, that as Jones despaired of ma-
king a convert, and was unwilling to offend, he re-
turned no answer.

The day now began to send forth its first streams of
light, when Jones made an apology to the Stranger
for having staid so long, and perhaps detained him
from his rest. The Stranger answered, ‘ he never
‘ wanted

‘ wanted rest less than at present ; for that day and
‘ night were indifferent seasons to him, and that he
‘ commonly made use of the former for the time of his
‘ repose, and of the latter for his walks and lucubra-
‘ tions. However,’ said he, ‘ it is now a most lovely
‘ morning, and if you can bear any longer to be with-
‘ out your own rest or food, I will gladly entertain you
‘ with the sight of some very fine prospects, which I
‘ believe you have not yet seen.’

Jones very readily embraced this offer, and they im-
mediately set forward together from the cottage. As
for Partridge, he had fallen into a profound repose,
just as the Stranger had finished his story ; for his curi-
osity was satisfied, and the subsequent discourse was
not forcible enough in its operation to conjure down
the charms of sleep. Jones therefore left him to enjoy
his nap ; and as the reader may perhaps be, at this
season, glad of the same favour, we will here put an
end to the eighth book of our history.

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

BOOK IX.

Containing twelve hours.

CHAP. I.

*Of those who lawfully may, and of those who may not
write such histories as this.*

AMONG other good uses for which I have thought proper to institute these several introductory chapters, I have considered them as a kind of mark or stamp, which may hereafter enable a very indifferent reader to distinguish what is true and genuine in this historic kind of writing, from what is false and counterfeit. Indeed it seems likely that some such mark may shortly become necessary, since the favourable reception which two or three authors have lately procured for their works of this nature from the public, will probably serve as an encouragement to many others to undertake the like. Thus a swarm of foolish novels, and monstrous romances will be produced, either to the great impoverishing of booksellers, or to the great loss of time, and depravation of morals in the reader; nay, often to the spreading of scandal

scandal and calumny, and to the prejudice of the characters of many worthy and honest people.

I question not but the ingenious author of the Spectator was principally induced to prefix Greek and Latin mottos to every paper from the same consideration of guarding against the pursuit of those scribblers, who, having no talents of a writer but what is taught by the writing master, and yet no wise afraid nor ashamed to assume the same titles with the greatest genius, than their good brother in the fable was of braying in the lion's skin.

By the device therefore of his motto, it became impracticable for any man to presume to imitate the Spectators, without understanding at least one sentence in the learned languages. In the same manner I have now secured myself from the imitation of those who are utterly incapable of any degree of reflection, and whose learning is not equal to an essay.

I would not be here understood to insinuate, that the greatest merit of such historical productions can ever lie in these introductory chapters; but, in fact, those parts which contain mere narrative only, afford much more encouragement to the pen of an imitator, than those which are composed of observation and reflection. Here I mean such imitators as Rowe was of Shakespear, or as Horace hints some of the Romans were of Cato, by bare feet and four faces.

To invent good stories, and to tell them well, are possibly very rare talents, and yet I have observed few persons who have scrupled to aim at both; and if we examine the romances and novels with which the world abounds, I think we may fairly conclude, that most of the authors would not have attempted to shew their teeth (if the expression may be allowed me) in any other way of writing; nor could indeed have strung together a dozen sentences on any other subject whatever. *Scribimus indocti doctique passim**, may be more truly said of the historian and biographer, than of any other species of writing: for all the arts and sciences (even

* ——— Each desperate blockhead dares to write,
Verse is the trade of every living wight.

criticism itself) require some little degree of learning and knowledge. Poetry indeed may perhaps be thought an exception; but then it demands numbers, or something like numbers; whereas to the composition of novels and romances, nothing is necessary but paper, pens, and ink, with the manual capacity of using them. This, I conceive, their productions shew to be the opinion of the authors themselves; and this must be the opinion of their readers, if indeed there be any such.

Hence we are to derive that universal contempt, which the world, who always denominate the whole from the majority, have cast on all historical writers, who do not draw their materials from records. And it is the apprehension of this contempt, that hath made us so cautiously avoid the term romance, a name with which we might otherwise have been well enough contented. Though as we have good authority for all our characters, no less indeed than the vast authentic doomslay-book of nature, as is elsewhere hinted, our labours have sufficient title to the name of history. Certainly they deserve some distinction from those works, which one of the wittiest of men regarded only as proceeding from a Pruritus, or indeed rather from a looseness of the brain.

But besides the dishonour which is thus cast on one of the most useful as well as entertaining of all kinds of writing, there is just reason to apprehend, that by encouraging such authors, we shall propagate much dishonour of another kind; I mean to the characters of many good and valuable members of society: for the dullest writers, no more than the dullest companions, are always inoffensive. They have both enough of language to be indecent and abusive. And surely, if the opinion just above cited be true, we cannot wonder, that works so nastily derived should be nasty themselves, or have a tendency to make others so.

To prevent therefore for the future, such intemperate abuses of leisure, of letters, and of the liberty of the press, especially as the world seems at present to be more than usually threatened with them, I shall here venture to mention some qualifications, every one of which

which are in a pretty high degree necessary to this order of historians.

The first is genius, without a full vein of which, no study, says Horace, can avail us. By genius I would understand that power, or rather those powers of the mind, which are capable of penetrating into all things within our reach and knowledge, and of distinguishing their essential differences. These are no other than invention and judgment; and they are both called by the collective name of genius, as they are of those gifts of nature which we bring with us into the world. Concerning each of which many seem to have fallen into very great errors: for by invention, I believe, is generally understood a creative faculty; which would indeed prove most romance-writers to have the highest pretensions to it; whereas by invention is really meant no more, (and so the word signifies) than discovery, or finding out; or to explain it at large, a quick and sagacious penetration into the true essence of all the objects of our contemplation. This, I think, can rarely exist, without the concomitancy of judgment: for how we can be said to have discovered the true essence of two things, without discerning their difference, seems to me hard to conceive. Now this last is the undisputed province of judgment, and yet some few men of wit have agreed with all the dull fellows in the world, in representing these two to have been seldom or never the property of one and the same person.

But though they should be so, they are not sufficient for our purpose, without a good share of learning; for which I could again cite the authority of Horace, and of many others, if any was necessary to prove that tools are of no service to a workman, when they are not sharpened by art, or when he wants rules to direct him in his work, or hath no matter to work upon. All these uses are supplied by learning: for nature can only furnish us with capacity, or, as I have chose to illustrate it, with the tools of our profession; learning must fit them for use, must direct them in it; and lastly, must contribute, part at least, of the materials. A competent knowledge of history and of the Belles

Lettres, is here absolutely necessary ; and without this share of knowlege at least, to affect the character of an historian, is as vain as to endeavour at building a house without timber or mortar, or brick or stone. Homer and Milton, who, though they added the ornament of numbers to their works, were both historians of our order, and masters of all the learning of their times.

Again, there is another sort of knowledge beyond the power of learning to bestow, and this is to be had by conversation. So necessary is this to the understanding the characters of men, that none are more ignorant of them than those learned pedants, whose lives have been entirely consumed in colleges, and among books ; for however exquisitely human nature may have been described by writers, the true practical system can be learnt only in the world. Indeed the like happens in every other kind of knowledge. Neither physic, nor law, are to be practically known from books. Nay, the farmer, the planter, the gardener, must perfect by experience what he hath acquired the rudiments of by reading. How accurately soever the ingenious Mr. Miller may have described the plant, he himself would advise his disciple to see it in the garden. As we must perceive, that after the nicest strokes of a Shakespear, or a Johnson, of a Wycherly, or an Otway, some touches of nature will escape the reader, which the judicious action of a Garrick, of a Cibber, or a Clive*, can convey to him ; so on the real stage, the character shews himself in a stronger and bolder light, than he can be described. And if this be the case in those fine and nervous descriptions, which great authors themselves have taken from life, how much more strongly will it hold when the writer himself takes his lines not from nature, but from books ! Such cha-

* There is a peculiar propriety in mentioning this great actor, and these two most justly celebrated actresses in this place ; as they have all formed themselves on the study of nature only ; and not on the imitation of their predecessors. Hence they have been able to excel all who have gone before them ; a degree of merit which the servile herd of imitators can never possibly arrive at.

acters are only the faint copy of a copy, and can have neither the justness nor the spirit of an original.

Now this conversation in our historian must be universal, that is, with all ranks and degrees of men: for the knowledge of what is called high-life, will not instruct him in low, nor *e converso*, will his being acquainted with the inferior part of mankind, teach him the manners of the superior. And though it may be thought that the knowledge of either may sufficiently enable him to describe at least that in which he hath been conversant; yet he will even here fall greatly short of perfection: for the follies of either rank do in reality illustrate each other. For instance, the affectation of high-life appears more glaring and ridiculous from the simplicity of the low; and again, the rudeness and barbarity of this latter, strikes with much stronger ideas of absurdity, when contrasted with, and opposed to the politeness which controuls the former. Besides, to say the truth, the manners of our historian will be improved by both these conversations: for in the one he will easily find examples of plainness, honesty, and sincerity; in the other of refinement, elegance, and a liberality of spirit; which last quality I myself have scarce ever seen in men of low birth and education.

Nor will all the qualities I have hitherto given my historian avail him, unless he have what is generally meant by a good heart, and be capable of feeling. The author who will make me weep, says Horace, must first weep himself. In reality, no man can paint a distress well, which he doth not feel while he is painting it; nor do I doubt, but that the most pathetic and affecting scenes have been writ with tears. In the same manner it is with the ridiculous. I am convinced I never make my reader laugh heartily, but where I have laughed before him; unless it should happen at any time, that instead of laughing with me, he should be inclined to laugh at me. Perhaps this may have been the case at some passages in this chapter, from which apprehension I will here put an end to it.

C H A P. II.

Containing a very surprising adventure indeed, which Mr. Jones met with in his walk with the Man of the Hill.

AURORA now first opened her casement, *Anglicé*, the day began to break, when Jones walked forth in company with the Stranger, and mounted Mazard Hill; of which they had no sooner gained the summit, than one of the most noble prospects in the world presented itself to their view, and which we would likewise present to the reader; but for two reasons. First, We despair of making those who have seen this prospect, admire our description. Secondly, We very much doubt whether those, who have not seen it, would understand it.

Jones stood for some minutes fixed in one posture, and directing his eyes towards the south; upon which the old gentleman asked, what he was looking at with so much attention? 'Alas, Sir,' answered he with a sigh, 'I was endeavouring to trace out my own journey hither. Good Heavens! what a distance is Gloucester from us! What a vast track of land must be between me and my own home.' 'Ay, ay, young Gentleman,' cries the other, 'and, by your sighing, from what you love better than your own home, or I am mistaken. I perceive now the object of your contemplation is not within your sight, and yet I fancy you have a pleasure in looking that way.' Jones answered with a smile, 'I find, old friend, you have not yet forgot the sensations of your youth. — I own my thoughts were employed as you have guessed.'

They now walked to that part of the hill which looks to the north-west, and which hangs over a vast and extensive wood. Here they were no sooner arrived, than they heard at a distance the most violent screams of a woman, proceeding from the wood below them. Jones listened a moment, and then, without saying a word to his companion (for indeed the occasion seemed sufficiently pressing) ran, or rather slid, down the hill, and without the least apprehension or concern for

his own safety, made directly to the thicket whence the sound had issued.

He had not entered far into the wood before he beheld a most shocking sight indeed, a woman stript half naked, under the hands of a ruffian, who had put his garter round her neck, and was endeavouring to draw her up to a tree. Jones asked no questions at this interval; but fell instantly upon the villain, and made such good use of his trusty oaken stick, that he laid him sprawling on the ground, before he could defend himself, indeed almost before he knew he was attacked; nor did he cease the prosecution of his blows, till the woman herself begged him to forbear, saying, she believed he had sufficiently done his business.

The poor wretch then fell upon her knees to Jones, and gave him a thousand thanks for her deliverance: he presently lifted her up, and told her he was highly pleased with the extraordinary accident which had sent him thither for her relief, where it was so improbable she should find any; adding, that heaven seemed to have designed him as the happy instrument of her protection. 'Nay,' answered she, 'I could almost conceive you to be some good angel; and to say the truth, you look more like an angel than a man, in my eye.' Indeed he was a charming figure, and if a very fine person, and a most comely set of features, adorned with youth, health, strength, freshness, spirit, and good-nature, can make a man resemble an angel, he certainly had that resemblance.

The redeemed captive had not altogether so much of the human-angelic species: she seemed to be, at least, of the middle age, nor had her face much appearance of beauty; but her cloaths being torn from all the upper part of her body, her breasts, which were well formed, and extremely white, attracted the eyes of her deliverer, and for a few moments they stood silent, and gazing at each other; till the ruffian on the ground beginning to move, Jones took the garter which had been intended for another purpose, and bound both his hands behind him. And now, on contemplating his face, he discovered, greatly to his surprize, and perhaps not a little to his satisfaction, this

this very person to be no other than ensign Northerton. Nor had the ensign forgotten his former antagonist, whom he knew the moment he came to himself. His surprize was equal to that of Jones; but I conceive his pleasure was rather less on this occasion.

Jones helped Northerton upon his legs, and then looking him stedfastly in the face, 'I fancy, Sir,' said he, 'you did not expect to meet me any more in this world, and I confess I had as little expectation to find you here. However, fortune, I see, hath brought us once more together, and hath given me satisfaction for the injury I have received, even without my own knowledge.'

'It is very much like a man of honour indeed,' answered Northerton, 'to take satisfaction by knocking a man down behind his back. Neither am I capable of giving you satisfaction here, as I have no sword; but if you dare behave like a gentleman, let us go where I can furnish myself with one, and I will do by you as a man of honour ought.'

'Doth it become such a villain as you are,' cries Jones, 'to contaminate the name of honour by assuming it? But I shall waste no time in discourse with you.— Justice requires satisfaction of you now, and shall have it.' Then turning to the woman, he asked her, if she was near her home; or if not, whether she was acquainted with any house in the neighbourhood, where she might procure herself some decent cloaths, in order to proceed to a justice of the peace.

She answered, she was an entire stranger in that part of the world. Jones then recollecting himself, said he had a friend near, who would direct them; indeed he wondered at his not following; but, in fact, the good Man of the Hill, when our hero departed, sat himself down on the brow, where, though he had a gun in his hand, he with great patience and unconcern, had attended the issue.

Jones then stepping without the wood, perceived the old man sitting as we have just described him: he presently exerted his utmost agility, and with surprizing expedition ascended the hill.

The old man advised him to carry the woman to Upton, which he said was the nearest town, and there he would be sure of furnishing her with all manner of conveniencies. Jones having received his direction to the place, took his leave of the man of the Hill, and desiring him to direct Partridge the same way, returned hastily to the wood.

Our hero, at his departure to make this enquiry of his friend, had considered, that as the ruffian's hands were tied behind him, he was incapable of executing any wicked purposes on the poor woman. Besides, he knew he should not be beyond the reach of her voice, and could return soon enough to prevent any mischief. He had moreover declared to the villain, that if he attempted the least insult, he would be himself immediately the executioner of vengeance on him. But Jones unluckily forgot that though the hands of Northerton were tied, his legs were at liberty; nor did he lay the least injunction on the prisoner, that he should not make what use of these he pleased. Northerton therefore having given no parole of that kind, thought he might without any breach of honour, depart, not being obliged as he imagined, by any rules, to wait for a formal discharge. He therefore took up his legs, which were at liberty, and walked off through the wood, which favoured his retreat; nor did the woman, whose eyes were perhaps rather turned towards her deliverer, once think of his escape, or give herself any concern or trouble to prevent it.

Jones therefore at his return, found the woman alone. He would have spent some time in searching for Northerton; but she would not permit him; earnestly entreating that he would accompany her to the town whither they had been directed. 'As to the fellow's escape,' said she, 'it gives me no uneasiness: for philosophy and christianity both preach up forgiveness of injuries. But for you, Sir, I am concerned at the trouble I give you; nay indeed my nakedness may well make me ashamed to look you in the face; and if it was not for the sake of your protection, I should wish to go alone.'

Jones

Jones offered her his coat ; but, I know not for what reason, she absolutely refused the most earnest solicitations to accept it. He then begged her to forget both the causes of her confusion. ‘ With regard to the former,’ says he, ‘ I have done no more than my duty in protecting you ; and as for the latter, I will entirely remove it, by walking before you all the way ; for I would not have my eyes offend you, and I could not answer for my power of resisting the attractive charms of so much beauty.’

Thus our hero and the redeemed lady walked in the same manner as Orpheus and Eurydice marched heretofore : but though I cannot believe that Jones was designedly tempted by his fair one to look behind him, yet as she frequently wanted his assistance to help her over stiles, and had besides many trips and other accidents, he was often obliged to turn about. However, he had better fortune than what attended poor Orpheus ; for he brought his companion, or rather follower, safe into the famous town of Upton.

C H A P. III.

The arrival of Mr. Jones, with his lady, at the inn ; with a very full description of the battle of Upton.

THOUGH the reader we doubt not, is very eager to know who this lady was, and how she fell into the hands of Mr. Northerton ; we must beg him to suspend his curiosity for a short time, as we are obliged, for some very good reasons, which hereafter perhaps he may guess, to delay his satisfaction a little longer.

Mr. Jones and his fair companion no sooner entered the town, than they went directly to that inn which, in their eyes, presented the fairest appearance to the street. Here Jones, having ordered a servant to shew a room above stairs, was ascending, when the dishevelled fair hastily following, was laid hold on by the master of the house, who cried, ‘ Hey day, where is that beggar wench going ? Stay below stairs, I desire you ;’ but Jones at that instant thundered from

above, 'Let the lady come up,' in so authoritative a voice, that the good man instantly withdrew his hands, and the lady made the best of her way to the chamber.

Here Jones wished her joy of her safe arrival, and then departed, in order, as he promised, to send the landlady up with some cloaths. The poor woman thanked him heartily for all his kindness, and said, she hoped she should see him again soon, to thank him a thousand times more. During this short conversation, she covered her white bosom as well as she could possibly with her arms: for Jones could not avoid stealing a sly peep or two, though he took all imaginable care to avoid giving any offence.

Our travellers had happened to take up their residence at a house of exceeding good repute, whither Irish ladies of strict virtue, and many northern lasses of the same predicament, were accustomed to resort in their way to Bath. The landlady therefore would by no means have admitted any conversation of a disreputable kind to pass under her roof. Indeed so foul and contagious are all such proceedings, that they contaminate the very innocent scenes where they are committed, and give the name of a bad house, or of a house of ill repute, to all those where they are suffered to be carried on.

Not that I would intimate, that such strict chastity as was preserved in the temple of Vesta can possibly be maintained at a public inn. My good landlady did not hope for such a blessing, nor would any of the ladies I have spoken of, or indeed any others of the most rigid note, have expected or insisted on any such thing. But to exclude all vulgar concubinage, and to drive all whores in rags from within the walls, is within the power of every one. This my landlady very strictly adhered to; and this her virtuous guests, who did not travel in rags, would very reasonably have expected of her.

Now it required no very blameable degree of suspicion, to imagine that Mr. Jones and his ragged companion had certain purposes in their intention, which, though tolerated in some Christian countries,

con-

connived at in others, and practised in all, are however as expressly forbidden as murder, or any other horrid vice, by that religion which is universally believed in those countries. The landlady therefore had no sooner received an intimation of the entrance of the above said persons, than she began to meditate the most expeditious means for their expulsion. In order to this, she had provided herself with a long and deadly instrument, with which in times of peace, the chambermaid was wont to demolish the labours of the industrious spider. In vulgar phrase she had taken up the broom-stick, and was just about to fall from the kitchen, when Jones accosted her with a demand of a gown, and other vestments to cover the half-naked woman above stairs.

Nothing can be more provoking to the human temper, nor more dangerous to that Cardinal virtue, patience, than solicitations of extraordinary offices of kindness, on behalf of those very persons with whom we are highly incensed. For this reason Shakespear hath artfully introduced his Desdemona soliciting favours for Cassio of her husband, as the means of enflaming not only his jealousy, but his rage, to the highest pitch of madness; and we find the unfortunate Moor less able to command his passion on this occasion, than even when he beheld his valued present to his wife in the hands of his supposed rival. In fact, we regard these efforts as insults on our understanding; and to such the pride of man is very difficultly brought to submit.

My landlady, though a very good-tempered woman, had, I suppose, some of this pride in her composition; for Jones had scarce ended his request, when she fell upon him with a certain weapon, which though it be neither long, nor sharp, nor hard, nor indeed threatens from its appearance with either death or wound, hath been however held in great dread and abhorrence by many wise men; nay, by many brave ones; inasmuch that some who have dared to look into the mouth of a loaded cannon, have not dared to look into a mouth were this weapon was brandished; and rather than run the hazard of its execution, have contented

themselves with making a most pitiful and sneaking figure in the eyes of all their acquaintance.

To confess the truth, I am afraid Mr. Jones was one of these; for though he was attacked and violently belaboured with the aforesaid weapon, he could not be provoked to make any resistance; but in a most cowardly manner applied, with many entreaties, to his antagonist to desist from pursuing her blows: in plain English, he only begged her with the utmost earnestness to hear him; but before he could obtain his request, my landlord himself entered into the fray, and embraced that side of the cause which seemed to stand very little in need of assistance.

There are a sort of heroes who are supposed to be determined in their chusing or avoiding a conflict, by the character and behaviour of the person whom they are to engage. These are said to know their men, and Jones, I believe knew his woman; for though he had been so submissive to her, he was no sooner attacked by her husband, than he demonstrated an immediate spirit of resentment, and enjoined him silence, under a very severe penalty; no less than that, I think, of being converted into fuel for his own fire.

The husband, with great indignation, but with a mixture of pity, answered, 'You must pray first to be made able; I believe I am a better man than yourself; ay, every way, that I am;' and presently proceeded to discharge half a dozen whores at the lady above stairs, the last of which had scarce issued from his lips, when a swinging blow from the cudgel that Jones carried in his hand, assaulted him over the shoulders.

It is a question whether the landlord or the landlady was the most expeditious in returning this blow, My landlord, whose hands were empty, fell to with his fist, and the good wife, uplifting her broom, and aiming at the head of Jones, had probably put an immediate end to the fray, and to Jones likewise, had not the descent of this broom been prevented,—not by the miraculous intervention of any heathen deity,

erty, but by a very natural, though fortunate accident; viz. by the arrival of Partridge; who entered the house at that instant (for fear had caused him to run every step from the hill) and who seeing the danger which threatened his master, or companion, (which you chuse to call him) prevented so sad a catastrophe, by catching hold of the landlady's arm, as it was brandished aloft in the air.

The landlady soon perceived the impediment which prevented her blow; and being unable to rescue her arm from the hands of Partridge, she let fall the broom; and then leaving Jones to the discipline of her husband, she fell with the utmost fury on that poor fellow, who had already given some intimation of himself, by crying, 'Zounds! do you intend to kill my friend?'

Partridge, though not much addicted to battle, would not however stand still when his friend was attacked; nor was he much displeas'd with that part of the combat which fell to his share: he therefore returned my landlady's blows as soon as he received them; and now the fight was obstinately maintained on all parts, and it seem'd doubtful to which side fortune would incline, when the naked lady, who had listened at the top of the stairs to the dialogue which preceded the engagement, descended suddenly from above, and without weighing the unfair inequality of two to one, fell upon the poor woman who was boxing with Partridge; nor did that great champion desist, but rather redoubled his fury, when he found fresh succours were arriv'd to his assistance.

Victory must now have fallen to the side of the travellers (for the bravest troops must yield to numbers) had not Susan the chambermaid come luckily to support her mistress. This Susan was as two handed a wench (according to the phrase) as any in the country, and would, I believe, have beat the famed Thalestris herself, or any of her subject Amazons; for her form was robust and manlike, and every way made for such encounters. As her hands and arms were formed to give blows with great mischief to an enemy,

so was her face as well contrived to receive blows without any great injury to herself: her nose being already flat to her face; her lips were so large, that no swelling could be perceived in them, and moreover they were so hard that a fist could hardly make any impression on them. Lastly, her cheek-bones stood out, as if nature had intended them for two bastions to defend her eyes in those encounters for which she seemed so well calculated, and to which she was most wonderfully well inclined.

This fair creature entering the field of battle, immediately fled to that wing where her mistress maintained so unequal a fight with one of either sex. Here she presently challenged Partridge to single combat. He accepted the challenge, and a most desperate fight began between them.

Now the dogs of war being let loose, began to lick their bloody lips; now victory with golden wings hung hovering in the air. Now fortune, taking her scales from her shelf, began to weigh the fates of Tom Jones, his female companion, and Partridge, against the landlord, his wife, and maid; all which hung in exact balance before her; when a good-natured accident put suddenly an end to the bloody fray, with which half of the combatants had already sufficiently feasted. This accident was the arrival of a coach and four; upon which my landlord and landlady immediately desisted from fighting, and at their entreaty obtained the same favour of their antagonists; but Susan was not so kind to Partridge; for that Amazonian fair having overthrown and bestrid her enemy, was now cuffing him lustily with both her hands, without any regard to his request of a cessation of arms, or to those loud exclamations of murder which he roared forth.

No sooner, however, had Jones quitted the landlord, than he flew to the rescue of his defeated companion, from whom he with much difficulty drew off the enraged chambermaid; but Partridge was not immediately sensible of his deliverance; for he still lay flat on the floor, guarding his face with his hands, nor did he cease roaring, till Jones had forced him

him to look up, and to perceive that the battle was at an end.

The landlord who had no visible hurt, and the landlady hiding her well scratched face with her handkerchief, ran both hastily to the door to attend the coach, from which a young lady and her maid now alighted. These the landlady presently ushered into that room where Mr. Jones had at first deposited his fair prize, as it was the best apartment in the house. Hither they were obliged to pass through the field of battle, which they did with the utmost haste, covering their faces with their handkerchiefs, as desirous to avoid the notice of any one. Indeed their caution was quite unnecessary: for the poor unfortunate Helen, the fatal cause of all the bloodshed, was entirely taken up in endeavouring to conceal her own face, and Jones was no less occupied in rescuing Partridge from the fury of Susan; which being happily effected, the poor fellow immediately departed to the pump to wash his face, and to stop that bloody torrent which Susan had plentifully set a flowing from his nostrils.

C H A P. IV.

In which the arrival of a man of war puts a final end to hostilities, and causes the conclusion of a firm and lasting peace between all parties.

A Serjeant and a file of musqueteers, with a deserter in their custody, arrived about this time. The serjeant presently enquired for the principal magistrate of the town, and was informed by my landlord, that he himself was vested in that office. He then demanded his billers, together with a mug of beer, and complaining it was cold, spread himself before the kitchen fire.

Mr. Jones was at this time comforting the poor distressed lady, who sat down at a table in the kitchen, and leaning her head upon her arm, was bemoaning her misfortunes; but lest my fair readers should be in pain concerning a particular circumstance, I think proper here to acquaint them, that before she had quitted the room above stairs, she had so well covered

herself with a pillowbeer which she there found, that her regard to decency was not in the least violated by the presence of so many men as were now in the room.

One of the soldiers now went up to the serjeant, and whispered something in his ear; upon which he red-fastly fixed his eyes on the lady, and having looked at her for near a minute, he came up to her, saying, 'I ask pardon, Madam, but I am certain I am not deceived, you can be no other person than captain Waters's lady.'

The poor woman, who in her present distress had very little regarded the face of any person present, no sooner looked at the serjeant, than she presently recollected him, and calling him by his name, answered, 'that she was indeed the unhappy person he imagined her to be; but added, I wonder any one should know me in this disguise.' To which the serjeant replied, 'he was very much surprized to see her ladyship in such a dress, and was afraid some accident had happened to her.' 'An accident hath happened to me, indeed,' says she, 'and I am highly obliged to this gentleman (pointing to Jones) that it was not a fatal one, or that I am now living to mention it.' 'Whatever the gentleman hath done,' cries the serjeant, 'I am sure the captain will make him amends for it; and if I can be of any service, your ladyship may command me, and I shall think myself very happy to have it my power to serve your ladyship; and so indeed may any one, for I know the captain will well reward them for it.'

The landlady who heard from the stairs all that past between the serjeant and Mrs. Waters, came hastily down, and running directly up to her, began to ask pardon for the offences she had committed, begging that all might be imputed to ignorance of her quality: for, 'Lud! Madam,' says she, 'how should I have imagined that a lady of your fashion would appear in such a dress? I am sure, Madam, if I had once suspected that your ladyship was your ladyship, I would sooner have burnt my tongue out, than have said what

‘ I have said : and I hope your ladyship will accept of a gown, till you can get your own cloaths.’

‘ Prithee woman,’ says Mrs. Waters, ‘ cease your impertinence : how can you imagine I should concern myself about any thing which comes from the lips of such low creatures as yourself. But I am surprized at your assurance in thinking, after what is past, that I will condescend to put on any of your dirty things. I would have you know, creature, I have a spirit above that.’

Here Jones interfered, and begged Mrs. Waters to forgive the landlady, and to accept her gown : ‘ For I must confess,’ cries he, ‘ our appearance was a little suspicious when first we came in ; and I am well assured, all this good woman did, was, as she professed, out of regard to the reputation of her house.’

‘ Yes, upon my truly was it,’ says she, ‘ the gentleman speaks very much like a gentleman, and I see very plainly is so ; and to be certain the house is well known to be a house of as good reputation as any on the road, and though I say it, is frequented by gentry of the best quality, both Irish and English. I defy any body to say black is my eye, for that matter. And, as I was saying, if I had known your ladyship to be your ladyship, I would as soon have burnt my fingers as have affronted your ladyship ; but truly where gentry come and spend their money, I am not willing that they should be scandalized by a set of poor shabby vermin, that wherever they go, leave more lice than money behind them ; such folks never raise my compassion : for to be certain, it is foolish to have any for them, and if our justices did as they ought, they would be all whipt out of the kingdom ; for to be certain it is what is most fitting for them. But as for your ladyship, I am heartily sorry your ladyship hath had a misfortune, and if your ladyship will do me the honour to wear my cloaths till you can get some of your ladyship’s own, to be certain the best I have is at your ladyship’s service.’

Whether cold, shame, or the persuasions of Mr. Jones

Jones prevailed most on Mrs. Waters, I will not determine; but she suffered herself to be pacified by this speech of my landlady, and retired with that good woman, in order to apparel herself in a decent manner.

My landlord was likewise beginning his oration to Jones, but was presently interrupted by that generous youth, who shook him heartily by the hand; and assured him of entire forgiveness, saying, 'If you are satisfied, my worthy friend, I promise you I am;' and indeed in one sense the landlord had the better reason to be satisfied; for he had received a belly-full of drubbing, whereas Jones had scarce felt a single blow.

Partridge, who had been all this time washing his bloody nose at the pump, returned into the kitchen at the instant when his master and the landlord were shaking hands with each other. As he was of a peaceable disposition, he was pleased with those symptoms of reconciliation; and though his face bore some marks of Susan's fist, and many more of her nails, he rather chose to be contented with his fortune in the last battle, than to endeavour at bettering it in another.

The heroic Susan was likewise well contented with her victory, though it had cost her a black-eye, which Partridge had given her at the first onset. Between these two, therefore, a league was struck, and those hands which had been the instruments of war, became now the mediators of peace.

Matters were thus restored to a perfect calm, at which the serjeant, though it may seem so contrary to the principles of his profession, testified his approbation. 'Why now, that's friendly,' said he; 'd—n me, I hate to see two people bear ill-will to one another, after they have had a tussel. The only way when friends quarrel, is to see it out fairly in a friendly manner, as a man may call it, either with a fist, or sword, or pistol, according as they like, and then let it be all over: for my own part, d—n me if ever I love my friend better than when I am fighting with him. To bear malice is more like a Frenchman than an Englishman.'

He

He then proposed a libation as a necessary part of the ceremony at all treaties of this kind. Perhaps the reader may here conclude that he was well versed in antient history; but this, though highly probable, as he cited no authority to support the custom, I will not affirm with any confidence. Most likely indeed it is, that he founded his opinion on very good authority, since he confirmed it with many violent oaths.

Jones no sooner heard the proposal, than immediately agreeing with the learned serjeant, he ordered a bowl, or rather a large mug, filled with the liquor used on these occasions to be brought in, and then began the ceremony himself. He placed his right hand in that of the landlord, and seizing the bowl with his left, uttered the usual words, and then made his libation. After which the same was observed by all present. Indeed there is very little need of being particular in describing the whole form, as it differed so little from those libations of which so much is recorded in ancient authors, and their modern transcribers. The principal difference lay in two instances: for first, the present company poured the liquor only down their throats; and, 2dly, the serjeant, who officiated as priest, drank the last; but he preserved, I believe, the antient form in swallowing much the largest draught of the whole company, and in being the only person present who contributed nothing towards the libation, besides his good offices in assisting at the performance.

The good people now ranged themselves round the kitchen fire, where good humour seemed to maintain an absolute dominion, and Partridge not only forgot his shameful defeat, but converted hunger into thirst, and soon became extremely facetious. We must, however, quit this agreeable assembly for a while, and attend Mr. Jones to Mrs. Waters's apartment, where the dinner which he had now bespoke was on the table. Indeed it took no long time in preparing, having been all dressed three days before, and required nothing more from the cook than to warm it over again.

C H A P. V.

An apology for all heroes who have good stomachs, with a description of a battle of the amorous kind.

HEROES, notwithstanding the high ideas, which by the means of flatterers they may entertain of themselves, or the world may conceive of them, have certainly more of mortal than divine about them. However elevated their minds may be, their bodies at least (which is much the major part of most) are liable to the worst infirmities, and subject to the vilest offices of human nature. Among these latter the act of eating, which hath by several wise men been considered as extremely mean and derogatory from the philosophic dignity, must be in some measure performed by the greatest prince, hero, or philosopher upon earth; nay, sometimes nature hath been so frolicksome as to exact of these dignified characters a much more exorbitant share of this office, than she hath obliged those of the lowest order to perform.

To say the truth, as no known inhabitant of this globe is really more than man, so none need be ashamed of submitting to what the necessities of man demand; but when those great personages I have just mentioned, condescend to aim at confining such low offices to themselves; as when by hoarding or destroying, they seem desirous to prevent any others from eating, they then surely become very low and despicable.

Now after this short preface, we think it no disparagement to our hero to mention the immoderate ardour with which he laid about him at this season. Indeed it may be doubted, whether Ulysses, who by the way seems to have had the best stomach of all the heroes in that eating poem of the *Odyssey*, ever made a better meal. Three pounds at least of that flesh which formerly had contributed to the composition of an ox, was now honoured with becoming part of the individual Mr. Jones.

This particular we thought ourselves obliged to mention, as it may account for our hero's temporary neglect

neglect of his fair companion ; who eat but very little, and was indeed employed in considerations of a very different nature, which passed unobserved by Jones, till he had entirely satisfied that appetite which a fast of twenty-four hours had procured him ; but his dinner was no sooner ended, than his attention to other matters revived ; with these matters, therefore, we shall now proceed to acquaint the reader.

Mr. Jones, of whose personal accomplishments we have hitherto said very little, was in reality, one of the handsomest young fellows in the world. His face, besides being the picture of health, had in it the most apparent marks of sweetness and good-nature. These qualities were indeed so characteristical in his countenance, that while the spirit and sensibility in his eyes, though they must have been perceived by an accurate observer, might have escaped the notice of the less discerning, so strongly was this good-nature painted in his look, that it was remarked by almost every one who saw him.

It was, perhaps, as much owing to this, as to a very fine complexion, that his face had a delicacy in it almost inexpressible, and which might have given him an air rather too effeminate, had it not been joined to a most masculine person and mien ; which latter had as much in them of the Hercules, as the former had of the Adonis. He was besides active, genteel, gay, and good-humoured, and had a flow of animal spirits, which enlivened every conversation where he was present.

When the reader hath duly reflected on these many charms which all centered in our hero, and considers at the same time the fresh obligations which Mrs. Waters had to him, it will be a mark more of prudery than candour to entertain a bad opinion of her, because she conceived a very good opinion of him.

But whatever censures may be passed upon her, it is my business to relate matters of fact with veracity. Mrs. Waters had, in truth, not only a good opinion of our hero, but a very great affection for him. To speak out boldly at once, she was in love, according to the present universally received sense of that phrase,
by

by which love is applied indiscriminately to the desirable objects of all our passions, appetites, and senses, and is understood to be that preference which we give to one kind of food rather than to another.

But though the love to these several objects may possibly be one and the same in all cases, its operations however must be allowed to be different; for how much soever we may be in love with an excellent surloin of beef, or bottle of Burgundy; with a damask rose, or Cremona fiddle; yet do we never smile, nor ogle, nor dress, nor flatter, nor endeavour by any other arts or tricks to gain the affection of the said beef, &c. Sigh indeed we sometimes may; but it is generally in the absence, not in the presence of the beloved object. For otherwise we might possibly complain of their ingratitude and deafness, with the same reason as Pasiphae doth of her bull, whom she endeavoured to engage by all the coquetry practised with good success in the drawing room, on the much more sensible, as well as tender hearts, of the fine gentlemen there.

The contrary happens, in that love which operates between persons of the same species, but of different sexes. Here we are no sooner in love, than it becomes our principal care to engage the affection of the object beloved. For what other purpose indeed are our youth instructed in all the arts of rendering themselves agreeable? If it was not with a view to this love, I question whether any of those trades which deal in setting off and adorning the human person would procure a livelihood. Nay, those great polishers of our manners, who are by some thought to teach what principally distinguishes us from the brute creation, even dancing-masters themselves, might possibly find no place in society. In short, all the graces which young ladies and young gentlemen too learn from others; and the many improvements which, by the help of a looking-glass, they add of their own, are in reality those very *Spicula & Faces Amoris*, so often mentioned by Ovid; or, as they are sometimes called in our own language, The whole artillery of love.

Now

Now Mrs. Waters and our hero had no sooner sat down together, than the former began to play this artillery upon the latter. But here, as we are about to attempt a description hitherto unessay'd either in prose or verse, we think proper to invoke the assistance of certain aerial beings, who will, we doubt not, come kindly to our aid on this occasion.

‘Say then, ye graces, you that inhabit the heavenly mansions of Seraphina’s countenance; for you are truly divine, are always in her presence, and well know all the arts of charming; say, what were the weapons now used to captivate the heart of Mr. Jones.’

‘First, from two lovely blue eyes, whose bright orbs flash’d lightning at their discharge, flew forth two pointed ogles. But happily for our hero, hit only a vast piece of beef which he was then conveying into his plate, and harmless spent their force. The fair warrior perceived their miscarriage, and immediately from her fair bosom drew forth a deadly sigh. A sigh, which none could have heard unmoved, and which was sufficient at once to have swept off a dozen beaus; so soft, so sweet, so tender, that the insinuating air must have found its subtle way to the heart of our hero, had it not luckily been driven from his ears by the coarse bubbling of some bottled ale, which at that time he was pouring forth. Many other weapons did she assay; but the god of eating (if there be any such deity; for I do not confidently assert it) preserved his votary; or perhaps it may not be *Dignus vindice nodus*, and the present security of Jones may be accounted for by natural means: for as love frequently preserves from the attacks of hunger, so may hunger possibly, in some cases, defend us against love.

‘The fair one, enraged at her frequent disappointments, determin’d on a short cessation of arms. Which interval she employ’d in making ready every engine of amorous warfare for the renewing of the attack, when dinner should be over.

‘No sooner then was the cloth removed, than she again began her operations. First, having planted
her

her right eye side ways against Mr. Jones, she shot from its corner a most penetrating glance; which, though great part of its force was spent before it reached our hero, did not vent itself absolutely without effect. This the fair one perceiving, hastily withdrew her eyes, and levelled them downwards, as if she was concerned for what she had done: though by this means she designed only to draw him from his guard, and indeed to open his eyes, through which she intended to surprize his heart. And now, gently lifting up those two bright orbs which had already begun to make an impression on poor Jones, she discharged a volley of small charms at once from her whole countenance in a smile. Not a smile of mirth, nor of joy; but a smile of affection, which most ladies have always ready at their command, and which serves them to show at once their good-humour, their pretty dimples, and their white teeth.

This smile our hero received full in his eyes, and was immediately staggered with its force. He then began to see the designs of the enemy, and indeed to feel their success. A parley now was set on foot between the parties; during which the artful fair so slyly and imperceptibly carried on her attack, that she had almost subdued the heart of our hero, before she again repaired to acts of hostility. To confess the truth, I am afraid Mr. Jones maintained a kind of Dutch defence, and treacherously delivered up the garrison, without duly weighing his allegiance to the fair Sophia. In short, no sooner had the amorous parley ended, and the lady had unmasked the royal battery, by carelessly letting her handkerchief drop from her neck, than the heart of Mr. Jones was entirely taken, and the fair conqueror enjoyed the usual fruits of her victory.'

Here the graces think proper to end their description, and here we think proper to end the chapter.

C H A P. VI.

A friendly conversation in the kitchen which had a very common, though not very friendly conclusion.

WHILE our lovers were entertaining themselves in the manner which is partly described in the foregoing chapter; they were likewise furnishing out an entertainment for their good friends in the kitchen. And this in a double sense, by affording them matter for their conversation, and at the same time, drink to enliven their spirits.

There were now assembled round the kitchen fire, besides my landlord and landlady, who occasionally went backward and forward, Mr. Partridge, the serjeant, and the coachman who drove the young lady and her maid.

Partridge having acquainted the company with what he had learnt from the Man of the Hill, concerning the situation in which Mrs. Waters had been found by Jones, the serjeant proceeded to that part of her history which was known to him. He said, she was the wife of Mr. Waters, who was a captain in their regiment, and had often been with him at quarters. ‘Some folks,’ says he, ‘used indeed to doubt whether they were lawfully married in a church or no. But, for my part, that’s no business of mine; I must own if I was put to my corporal oath, I believe she is little better than one of us; and I fancy the captain may go to heaven when the sun shines upon a rainy day. But if he does, that is neither here nor there; for he won’t want company. And the lady, to give the devil his due, is a very good sort of lady, and loves the cloth, and is always desirous to do strict justice to it; for she hath begged off many a poor soldier, and, by her good-will, would never have any of them punished. But yet, to be sure, ensign Northerton and she were very well acquainted together, at our last quarters, that is the very right and truth of the matter. But the captain he knows nothing
1 about

' about it ; and as long as there is enough for him too,
 ' what does it signify ? He loves her not a bit the
 ' worse, and I am certain would run any man through
 ' the body that was to abuse her, therefore I won't
 ' abuse her, for my part. I only repeat what other
 ' folks say ; and to be certain, what every body says,
 ' there must be some truth in.' ' Ay, ay, a great
 ' deal of truth, I warrant you, cries Partridge ; '*Ve-*
 '*ritas odium parit.*' ' All a parcel of scandalous
 ' stuff,' answered the mistress of the house. ' I am
 ' sure, now she is dress'd, she looks like a very good
 ' sort of lady, and she behaves herself like one ; for
 ' she gave me a guinea for the use of my cloaths.'
 ' A very good lady indeed,' cries the landlord ; ' and
 ' if you had not been a little too hasty, you would
 ' not have quarrell'd with her as you did at first.'
 ' You need mention that with my truly,' answered
 ' she ; ' if it had not been for your nonsense, nothing had
 ' happened. You must be meddling with what did
 ' not belong to you, and throw in your fool's dis-
 ' course.' ' Well, well,' answered he, ' what's past
 ' cannot be mended, so there's an end of the matter.'
 ' Yes,' cries she, ' for this once ; but will it be mend-
 ' ed ever the more hereafter ? This is not the first
 ' time I have suffered for your numscull's pate. I wish
 ' you would always hold your tongue in the house,
 ' and meddle only in matters without doors which con-
 ' cern you. Don't you remember what happened about
 ' seven years ago?'—' Nay, my dear,' returned he, ' don't
 ' rip up old stories. Come, come, all's well, and I
 ' am sorry for what I have done.' The landlady was
 going to reply, but was prevented by the peace-mak-
 ing serjeant, sorely to the displeasure of Partridge,
 who was a great lover of what is called fun, and a
 great promoter of those harmless quarrels which tend
 rather to the production of comical than tragical in-
 cidents.

The serjeant asked Partridge whether he and his
 master were travelling ? ' None of your magisters,'
 answered Partridge ; ' I am no man's servant, I as-
 ' sure you ; for though I have had misfortunes in
 ' the world, I write gentleman after my name ; and

‘ as poor and simple as I may appear now, I have
‘ taught grammar-school in my time. *Sed hei mihi!*
‘ *non suam quod sui.*’ ‘ No offence I hope, Sir,’ said
the serjeant; ‘ where then, if I may venture to be
‘ so bold, may you and your friend be travelling?’
— ‘ You have now denominated us right,’ says Par-
tridge. ‘ *Amici sumus.* And I promise you my friend
‘ is one of the greatest gentlemen in the kingdom.’
‘ (at which words both landlord and landlady prick-
ed up their ears.) ‘ He is the heir of ’squire All-
‘ worthy.’ ‘ What, the ’squire who doth so much
‘ good all over the country?’ cries my landlady.
‘ Even he,’ answered Partridge. ‘ Then I warrant,’
‘ says she, ‘ he’ll have a swinging great estate here-
‘ after.’ Most certainly,’ answered Partridge. ‘ Well,’
replied the landlady, ‘ I thought the first moment I
‘ saw him he looked like a good sort of gentleman;
‘ but my husband here, to be sure, is wiser than any
‘ body.’ ‘ I own, my dear,’ cries he, it was a mis-
‘ take.’ ‘ A mistake indeed!’ answered she; ‘ but
‘ when did you ever know me to make such mis-
‘ takes?’— ‘ But how comes it, Sir,’ cries the land-
lord, ‘ that such a great gentleman walks about the
‘ country afoot?’ ‘ I don’t know,’ returned Partridge;
‘ great gentlemen have humours sometimes. He hath
‘ now a dozen horses and servants at Gloucester; and
‘ nothing would serve him, but last night, it being
‘ very hot weather, he must cool himself with a walk to
‘ yon high hill, whither I likewise walked with him to
‘ bear him company; but if ever you catch me there
‘ again; for I was never so frightened in all my life.
‘ We met with the strangest man there.’ ‘ I’ll be
‘ hanged,’ cries the landlord, ‘ If it was not the Man
‘ of the Hill, as they call him; if indeed he be a
‘ man; but I know several people who believe it is the
‘ devil that lives there.’ ‘ Nay, nay, like enough,’
says Partridge; ‘ and now you put me in the head
‘ of it, I verily and sincerely believe it was the devil;
‘ though I could not perceive his cloven foot, but per-
‘ haps he might have the power given him to hide that,
‘ since evil spirits can appear in what shapes they
‘ please.’ ‘ And pray Sir,’ says the serjeant, ‘ no of-
‘ fence

' fence I hope; but pray what fort of a gentleman is
 ' the devil? For I have heard some of our officers
 ' say, there is no such person; and that it is only a
 ' trick of the parsons, to prevent their being broke;
 ' for if it was publickly known that there was no dev-
 ' il, the parsons would be of no more use than we are
 ' in time of peace.' ' Those officers,' says Partridge,
 ' are very great scholars, I suppose.' ' Not much
 ' of schollards neither,' answered the serjeant; ' they
 ' have not half your learning, Sir, I believe; and
 ' to be sure, I thought there must be a devil, not-
 ' withstanding what they said, though one of them
 ' was a captain; for methought, thinks I to myself,
 ' if there be no devil, how can wicked people be sent
 ' to him, and I have read all that upon a book.'
 ' Some of your officers, quoth the landlord, ' will
 ' find there is a devil, to their shame, I believe. I
 ' don't question but he'll pay off some old scores,
 ' upon my account. Here was one quartered upon
 ' me half a year, who had the conscience to take
 ' up one of my best beds, though he hardly spent
 ' a shilling a day in the house, and suffered his men
 ' to roast cabbages at the kitchen fire, because I
 ' would not give them a dinner on a Sunday. Every
 ' good christian must desire there should be a devil
 ' for the punishment of such wretches.' ' Harkee,
 ' landlord,' said the serjeant, ' don't abuse the cloth;
 ' for I won't take it.' ' D—n the cloth answered
 ' the landlord, ' I have suffered enough by them.'
 ' Bear witness, gentlemen, says the serjeant, he curses
 ' the king and that's high treason.' ' I curse the
 ' king! you villain,' said the landlord. ' Yes, you
 ' did,' cries the serjeant, ' you cursed the cloth, and
 ' that's cursing the king. Its all one and the same;
 ' for every man who curses the cloth, would curse
 ' the king if he durst; so for matter o'that it's all one
 ' and the same thing.' ' Excuse me there, Mr. ser-
 ' jeant,' quoth Partridge, ' that's a *non sequitur*.'
 ' None of your outlandish linguo,' answered the ser-
 ' jeant, leaping from his seat; ' I will not set still and
 ' hear the cloth abused.'—' You mistake me friend,'
 ' cries Partridge, ' I did not mean to abuse the cloth;
 ' I

“ I only said your conclusion was a *non sequitur* *.”
 “ You are another,” cries the serjeant, “ an you come
 to that. No more a *sequitur* than yourself. You
 are a pack of rascals, and I’ll prove it; for I will
 fight the best man of you all for twenty pound.”
 This challenge effectually silenced Partridge, whose
 stomach for drubbing did not so soon return after the
 hearty meal which he had lately been treated with;
 but the coachman, whose bones were less sore, and
 appetite for fighting was somewhat sharper, did not
 so easily brook the affront, of which he conceived
 some part at least fell to his share. He started there-
 fore from his seat, and advancing to the serjeant, swore
 he looked on himself to be as good a man as any in
 the army, and offered to box for a guinea. The mili-
 tary man accepted the combat, but refused the wager;
 upon which both immediately stript and engaged, till
 the driver of horses was so well mauled by the leader
 of men, that he was obliged to exhaust his small re-
 mainder of breath in begging for quarter.

The young lady was now desirous to depart, and
 had given orders for her coach to be prepared; but
 all in vain, for the coachman was disabled from per-
 forming his office for that evening. An antient hea-
 then would perhaps have imputed this disability to
 the god of drink, no less than to the god of war;
 for, in reality, both the combatants had sacrificed as
 well to the former deity as to the latter. To speak
 plainly, they were both dead drunk, nor was Par-
 tridge in a much better situation. As for my land-
 lord, drinking was his trade; and the liquor had no
 more effect on him, than it had on any other vessel in
 his house.

The mistress of the inn being summoned to at-
 tend Mr. Jones and his companion, at their tea,
 gave a full relation of the latter part of the fore-
 going scene; and at the same time expressed great
 concern for the young lady, “ who,” she said, “ was
 under the utmost uneasiness at being prevented

* This word, which the serjeant unhappily mistook for an
 affront, is a term in logic, and means that the conclusion doth
 not follow from the premises.

‘ from pursuing her journey. She is a sweet pretty creature,’ added she, ‘ and I am certain I have seen her face before. I fancy she is in love, and running away from her friends. Who knows but some young gentleman or other may be expecting her, with a heart as heavy as her own.’

Jones fetched a hearty sigh at these words; of which, though Mrs. Waters observed it, she took no notice while the landlady continued in the room; but after the departure of that good woman, she could not forbear giving our hero certain hints of her suspecting some very dangerous rival in his affections. The awkward behaviour of Mr. Jones on this occasion convinced her of the truth, without his giving her a direct answer to any of her questions; but she was not nice enough in her amours to be greatly concerned at the discovery. The beauty of Jones highly charmed her eye; but, as she could not see his heart, she gave herself no concern about it. She could feast heartily at the table of love, without reflecting that some other already had been, or hereafter might be, feasted with the same repast. A sentiment which, if it deals but little in refinement, deals however much in substance; and is less capricious, and perhaps less ill-natured and selfish than the desires of those females who can be contented enough to abstain from the possession of their lovers, provided they are sufficiently satisfied that no one else possesses them.

C H A P. VII.

Containing a fuller account of Mrs. Waters, and by what means she came into that distressful situation from which she was rescued by Jones.

THOUGH nature hath by no means mixed up an equal share either of curiosity or vanity in every human composition, there is perhaps no individual to whom she hath not allotted such a proportion of both, as requires much arts and pains too, to subdue and keep under. A conquest, however,

ever, absolutely necessary to every one who would in any degree deserve the characters of wisdom or good-breeding.

As Jones therefore might very justly be called a well-bred man, he had stifled all that curiosity which the extraordinary manner in which he had found Mrs. Waters, must be supposed to have occasioned. He had indeed at first thrown out some few hints to the lady; but when he perceived her industriously avoiding any explanation, he was contented to remain in ignorance, the rather as he was not without suspicion, that there were some circumstances which must have raised her blushes, had she related the whole truth.

Now, since it is possible that some of our readers may not so easily acquiesce under the same ignorance, and as we are very desirous to satisfy them all, we have taken uncommon pains to inform ourselves of the real fact, with the relation of which we shall conclude this book.

This lady then had lived some years with one captain Waters, who was a captain in the same regiment to which Mr. Northerton belonged. She passed for that gentleman's wife, and went by his name; and yet, as the serjeant said, there were some doubts concerning the reality of their marriage, which we shall not at present take upon us to resolve.

Mrs. Waters, I am sorry to say it, had for some time contracted an intimacy with the above-mentioned ensign, which did no great credit to her reputation. That she had a remarkable fondness for that young fellow is most certain; but whether she indulged this to any very criminal lengths, is not so extremely clear, unless we will suppose that women never grant every favour to a man but one, without granting him that one also.

The division of the regiment to which captain Waters belonged, had two days preceded the march of that company to which Mr. Northerton was the ensign; so that the former had reached Worcester, the very day after the unfortunate re-encounter be-

tween Jones and Northerton, which we have before recorded.

Now it had been agreed between Mrs. Waters and the captain, that she would accompany him in his march as far as Worcester, where they were to take their leave of each other, and she was thence to return to Bath, where she was to stay till the end of the winter's campaign against the rebels.

With this agreement Mr. Northerton was made acquainted. To say the truth, the lady had made him an assignation at this very place, and promised to stay at Worcester till his division came thither; with what view, and for what purpose must be left to the reader's divination: for though we are obliged to relate facts, we are not obliged to do a violence to our nature by any comments to the disadvantage of the loveliest part of the creation.

Northerton no sooner obtained a release from his captivity, as we have seen, than he hastened away to overtake Mrs. Waters; which as he was a very active nimble fellow, he did at the last mentioned city, some few hours after captain Waters had left her: at his first arrival he made no scruple of acquainting her with the unfortunate accident, which he made appear very unfortunate indeed: for he totally extracted every particle of what could be called fault, at least in a court of honour, though he left some circumstances which might be questionable in a court of law.

Women, to their glory be it spoken, are more generally capable of that violent and apparently disinterested passion of love, which seeks only the good of its object, than men. Mrs. Waters, therefore, was no sooner apprized of the danger to which her lover was exposed, than she lost every consideration besides that of his safety; and this being a matter equally agreeable to the gentleman, it became the immediate subject of debate between them.

After much consultation on this matter, it was at length agreed, that the ensign should go a-cross the country to Hereford, whence he might find some conveyance to one of the sea-ports in Wales, and thence
might

might make his escape abroad. In all which expedition Mrs. Waters declared she would bear him company; and for which she was able to furnish him with money, a very material article to Mr. Northerton, she having then in her pocket three Bank notes to the amount of 90l. besides some cash, and a diamond ring of pretty considerable value on her finger. All which she with the utmost confidence revealed to this wicked man, little suspecting she should by these means inspire him with a design of robbing her. Now as they must, by taking horses from Worcester, have furnished any pursuers with the means of hereafter discovering their rout, the ensign proposed, and the lady presently agreed, to make their first stage on foot; for which purpose the hardness of the frost was very seasonable.

The main part of the lady's baggage was already at Bath, and she had nothing with her at present besides a very small quantity of linen, which the gallant undertook to carry in his own pockets. All things therefore, being settled in the evening, they arose early the next morning, and at five o'clock departed from Worcester, it being then above two hours before day. But the moon, which was then at full, gave them all the light she was capable of affording.

Mrs. Waters was not of that delicate race of women who are obliged to the invention of vehicles for the capacity of removing themselves from one place to another, and with whom consequently a coach is reckoned among the necessaries of life. Her limbs were indeed full of strength and agility, and as her mind was no less animated with spirit, she was perfectly able to keep pace with her nimble lover.

Having travelled on for some miles in a high road, which Northerton said he was informed led to Hereford, they came at the break of day to the side of a large wood, where he suddenly stopped, and affecting to meditate a moment with himself, expressed some apprehensions from travelling any longer in so public a way. Upon which he easily persuaded his fair companion to strike with him into a path which seemed to lead directly through the wood, and

which at length brought them both to the bottom of Mazard-hill.

Whether the execrable scheme which he now attempted to execute, was the effect of previous deliberation, or whether it now first came into his head, I cannot determine. But being arrived in this lonely place, where it was very improbable he should meet with any interruption; he suddenly slipped his garter from his leg, and laying violent hands on the poor woman, endeavoured to perpetrate that dreadful and detestable fact, which we have before commemorated, and which the providential appearance of Jones did so fortunately prevent.

Happy was it for Mrs. Waters that she was not of the weakest order of females; for no sooner did she perceive by his tying a knot in his garter, and by his declarations, what his hellish intentions were, than she stood stoutly to her defence, and so strongly struggled with her enemy, screaming all the while for assistance, that she delayed the execution of the villain's purpose several minutes, by which means Mr. Jones came to her relief, at that very instant when her strength failed, and she was totally overpowered, and delivered her from the ruffian's hands, with no other loss than that of her cloaths, which were torn from her back, and of the diamond ring, which during the contention either dropped from her finger, or was wrenched from it by Northerton.

Thus, reader, we have given thee the fruits of a very painful enquiry, which, for thy satisfaction, we have made into this matter. And here we have opened to thee a scene of folly, as well as villainy, which we could scarce have believed a human creature capable of being guilty of; had we not remembered that this fellow was at that time firmly persuaded, that he had already committed a murder, and had forfeited his life to the law. As he concluded therefore that his only safety lay in flight, he thought the possessing himself of this poor woman's money and ring, would make him amends for the additional burthen he was to lay on his conscience.

And

with any of its parts, without knowing the manner in which the whole is connected, and before he comes to the final catastrophe is a most presumptuous audacity. The allusion and metaphor we have here made use of, we must acknowledge to be infinitely too great for our education; but there is no other, which is at all adequate to express the difference between an author of the first rate, and a second rate.

FOUNDLING.

know, friend, that there is a great difference, in which most individuals of the human species are distinguished. To that of the first rate, we have here a second rate, and at the same time a third rate.

BOOK X.

In which the History goes forward about twelve hours.

CHAP. I.

Containing instructions very necessary to be perused by modern critics.

READER, it is impossible we should know what sort of person thou wilt be: for perhaps, thou may'st be as learned in human nature as Shakespear himself was, and perhaps, thou may'st be no wiser than some of his editors. Now lest this latter should be the case, we think proper, before we go any farther together, to give thee a few wholesome admonitions; that thou may'st not as grossly misunderstand and misrepresent us, as some of the said editors have misunderstood and misrepresented their author.

First, then, we warn thee not too hastily to condemn any of the incidents in this our history, as impertinent and foreign to our main design, because thou dost not immediately conceive in what manner such incident may conduce to that design. This work may, indeed, be considered as a great creation of our own; and for a little reptile of a critic to presume to find fault with

with any of its parts, without knowing the manner in which the whole is connected, and before he comes to the final catastrophe, is a most presumptuous absurdity. The allusion and metaphor we have here made use of, we must acknowledge to be infinitely too great for our occasion; but there is, indeed, no other, which is at all adequate to express the difference between an author of the first rate, and a critic of the lowest.

Another caution we would give thee, my good reptile, is, that thou dost not find out too near a resemblance between certain characters here introduced; as for instance, between the landlady who appears in the seventh book, and her in the ninth. Thou art to know, friend, that there are certain characteristics, in which most individuals of every profession and occupation agree. To be able to preserve these characteristics, and at the same time to diversify their operations, is one talent of a good writer. Again, to mark the nice distinction between two persons actuated by the same vice or folly is another; and as this last talent is found in very few writers, so is the true discernment of it found in as few readers; though, I believe, the observation of this forms a very principal pleasure in those who are capable of the discovery: every person, for instance, can distinguish between Sir Epicure Mammon, and Sir Fopling Flutter; but to note the difference between Sir Fopling Flutter and Sir Courtly Nice, requires a more exquisite judgment: for want of which, vulgar spectators of plays very often do great injustice in the theatre; where I have sometimes known a poet in danger of being convicted as a thief, upon much worse evidence than the resemblance of hands hath been held to be in the law. In reality, I apprehend every amorous widow on the stage would run the hazard of being condemned as a servile imitation of Dido, but that happily very few of our play-house critics understand enough of Latin to read Virgil.

In the next place, we must admonish thee, my worthy friend, (for, perhaps, thy heart may be better than thy head) not to condemn a character as a bad one, because it is not perfectly a good one. If thou dost delight in these models of perfection, there are

books enow written to gratify thy taste; but as we have not, in the course of our conversation, ever happened to meet with any such person, we have not chosen to introduce any such here. To say the truth, I a little questioned whether mere man ever arrived at this consummate degree of excellence, as well as whether there hath ever existed a monster bad enough to verify that

————— *Nulla virtute redemptum*
A vitis ————— *

in Juvenal: nor do I, indeed, conceive the good purposes served by inserting characters of such angelic perfection, or such diabolical depravity, in any works of invention: since from contemplating either, the mind of man is more likely to be overwhelmed with sorrow and shame, than to draw any good uses from such patterns; for in the former instance he may be both concerned and ashamed to see a pattern of excellence, in his nature, which he may reasonably despair of ever arriving at; and in contemplating the latter, he may be no less affected with those uneasy sensations, at seeing the nature, of which he is a partaker, degraded into so odious and detestable a creature.

In fact, if there be enough of goodness in a character to engage the admiration and affection of a well-disposed mind, though there should appear some of those little blemishes, *quas humana parum cavit natura*, they will raise our compassion rather than our abhorrence. Indeed, nothing can be of more moral use than the imperfections which are seen in examples of this kind; since such form a kind of surprize, more apt to affect and dwell upon our minds, than the faults of very vicious and wicked persons. The foibles and vices of men in whom there is great mixture of good, become more glaring objects, from the virtues which contrast them, and shew their deformity; and when we find such vices attended with their evil consequence to our favourite characters, we are not only taught

* Whose vices are not allayed with a single virtue,

to shun them for our own sake, but to hate them for the mischiefs they have already brought on those we love.

And now, my friend, having given you these few admonitions, we will, if you please, once more set forward with our history.

CHAP. II.

Containing the arrival of an Irish gentleman, with very extraordinary adventures which ensued at the Inn.

NOW the little trembling hare, which the dread of all her numerous enemies, and chiefly of that cunning, cruel, carnivorous animal man, had confined all the day to her lurking-place, sports wantonly o'er the lawns: now on some hollow tree the owl, shrill chorister of the night, hoots forth notes which might charm the ears of some modern connoisseurs in music: now in the imagination of the half-drunk clown, as he staggers through the church-yard, or rather charnel-yard, to his home, fear paints the bloody hobgoblin: now thieves and ruffians are awake, and honest watchmen fast asleep: in plain English, it was now mid-night; and the company at the inn, as well those who have been already mentioned in this history, as some others who arrived in the evening, were all in bed. Only Susan chambermaid was now stirring, she being obliged to wash the kitchen, before she retired to the arms of the fond, expecting hostler.

In this posture were affairs at the inn, when a gentleman arrived there post. He immediately alighted from his horse, and coming up to Susan, enquired of her, in a very abrupt and confused manner, being almost out of breath with eagerness, whether there was any lady in the house. The hour of night, and the behaviour of the man, who stared very wildly all the time, a little surpris'd Susan, so that she hesitated before she made any answer: upon which the gentleman, with redoubled eagerness, begged her to give him a true information, saying, he had lost his wife, and was come in pursuit of her. 'Upon my shoul,' cries

he, 'I have been near catching her already in two or three places, if I had not found her gone just as I came up with her. If she be in the house, do carry me up in the dark and shew her to me; and if she be gone away before me, do tell me which way I shall go after her to meet her, and upon my shoul, I will make you the richest poor woman in the nation.' He then pulled out a handful of guineas, a sight which would have bribed persons of much greater consequence than this poor wench, to much worse purposes.

Susan, from the account she had received of Mrs. Waters, made not the least doubt but that she was the very identical stray whom the right owner pursued. As she concluded, therefore, with great appearance of reason, that she never could get money in an honest way than by restoring a wife to her husband, she made no scruple of assuring the gentleman, that the lady he wanted was then in the house; and was presently afterwards prevailed upon (by very liberal promises, and some earnest paid into her hands) to conduct him to the bed-chamber of Mrs. Waters.

It hath been a custom long established in the polite world, and that upon very solid and substantial reasons, that a husband shall never enter his wife's apartment without first knocking at the door. The many excellent uses of this custom need scarce be hinted to a reader who hath any knowledge of the world: for by this means the lady hath time to adjust herself, or to remove any disagreeable object out of the way; for there are some situations, in which nice and delicate women would not be discovered by their husbands.

To say the truth, there are several ceremonies instituted among the polished part of mankind, which, though they may, to coarser judgments, appear as matters of mere form, are found to have much of substance in them, by the more discerning; and lucky would it have been, had the custom above-mentioned been observed by our gentleman in the present instance. Knock, indeed, he did at the door, but not with one of those gentle raps which is usual on such occasions. On the contrary, when he found the door locked,

locked, he flew at it with such violence, that the lock immediately gave way, the door burst open, and he fell headlong into the room.

He had no sooner recovered his legs, than forth from the bed, upon his legs likewise appeared — with shame and sorrow are we obliged to proceed — our hero himself, who, with a menacing voice, demanded of the gentleman who he was, and what he meant by daring to burst open his chamber in that outrageous manner.

The gentleman at first thought he had committed a mistake, and was going to ask pardon and retreat; when, on a sudden, as the moon shone very bright, he cast his eyes on stays, gowns, petticoats, caps, ribbons, stockings, garters, shoes, clogs, &c. all which lay in a disordered manner on the floor. All these operating on the natural jealousy of his temper, so enraged him, that he lost all power of speech; and without returning any answer to Jones, he endeavoured to approach the bed.

Jones immediately interposing, a fierce contention arose, which soon proceeded to blows on both sides. And now Mrs. Waters (for we must confess she was in the same bed) being, I suppose, awakened from her sleep, and seeing two men fighting in her bed-chamber, began to scream in the most violent manner, crying out murder! robbery! and more frequently rape! which last, some, perhaps, may wonder she should mention, who do not consider that these words of exclamation are used by ladies in a fright, as fa, la, la, ma, da, &c. are in music, only as the vehicles of sound, and without any fixed ideas.

Next to the lady's chamber was deposited the body of an Irish gentleman, who arrived too late at the inn to have been mentioned before. This gentleman was one of those whom the Irish call a calaballaro, or cavalier. He was a younger brother of a good family, and having no fortune at home, was obliged to look abroad in order to get one: for which purpose he was proceeding to Bath to try his luck with cards and the women.

This young fellow lay in bed reading one of Mrs. Behn's novels; for he had been instructed by a friend,

that he would find no more effectual method of recommending himself to the ladies than the improving his understanding, and filling his mind with good literature. He no sooner, therefore, heard the violent uproar in the next room, than he leapt from his bolster, and taking his sword in one hand, and the candle which burnt by him in the other, he went directly to Mrs. Waters's chamber.

If the sight of another man in his shirt at first added some shock to the decency of the lady, it made her presently amends by considerably abating her fears; for no sooner had the calabaro entered the room, than he cried out: 'Mr. Fitzpatrick, what the devil is the meaning of this?' Upon which the other immediately answered, 'O, Mr. Macklachlan, I am rejoiced you are here.—This villain hath debauched my wife, and is got into bed with her.'—'What wife?' cries Macklachlan, 'do not I know Mrs. Fitzpatrick very well, and don't I see that the lady, whom the gentleman who stands here in his shirt is lying in bed with, is none of her?'

Fitzpatrick now perceiving, as well by the glimpse he had of the lady, as by her voice, which might have been distinguished at a greater distance than he now stood from her, that he had made a very unfortunate mistake, began to ask many pardons of the lady; and then turning to Jones he said, 'I would have you take notice I do not ask your pardon, for you have bate me; for which I am resolved to have your blood in the morning.'

Jones treated this menace with much contempt; and Mr. Macklachlan answered, 'Indeed, Mr. Fitzpatrick, you may be ashamed of your ownself, to disturb people at this time of night: if all the people in the inn were not asleep, you would have awakened them as you have me. The gentleman has served you very rightly. Upon my conscience, though I have no wife, if you had treated her so, I would have cut your throat.'

Jones was so confounded with his fears for his lady's reputation, that he knew neither what to say or do;

but the invention of women is, as hath been observed, much readier than that of men. She recollected that there was a communication between her chamber and that of Mr. Jones; relying, therefore, on his honour and her own assurance, she answered, 'I know not what you mean, villains! I am wife to none of you. Help! Rape! Murder! Rape!' — And now the landlady coming into the room, Mrs. Waters fell upon her with the utmost virulence, saying, 'She thought herself in a sober inn, and not in a bawdy-house; but that a set of villains had broke into her room, with an intent upon her honour, if not upon her life; and both, she said, were equally dear to her.'

The landlady now began to roar as loudly as the poor woman in bed had done before. She cried, 'She was undone, and that the reputation of her house, which was never blown upon before, was utterly destroyed.' Then turning to the men, she cried, 'What, in the devil's name, is the reason of all this disturbance in the lady's room?' Fitzpatrick, hanging down his head, repeated, 'that he had committed a mistake, for which he heartily asked pardon,' and then retired with his countryman. Jones, who was too ingenious to have missed the hint given him by his fair one, boldly asserted, 'That he had run to her assistance upon hearing the door broke open; with what design he could not conceive, unless of robbing the lady; which if they intended, he said, he had the good fortune to prevent.' 'I never had a robbery committed in my house since I have kept it,' cries the landlady: 'I would have you to know, Sir, I harbour no highwaymen here; I scorn the word, thof I say it. None but honest, good gentlefolks, are welcome to my house; and, I thank good luck, I have always had enow of such customers; indeed as many as I could entertain. Here hath been my lord——,' and then she repeated over a catalogue of names and titles, many of which we might, perhaps, be guilty of a breach of privilege by inserting.

Jones, after much patience, at length interrupted her, by making an apology to Mrs. Waters, for having appeared

appeared before her in his shirt, assuring her, 'That
' nothing but a concern for her safety could have pre-
' vailed on him to do it.' The reader may inform
himself of her answer, and, indeed, of her whole be-
haviour to the end of the scene, by considering the si-
tuation which she affected, it being that of a modest
lady, who was awakened out of her sleep by three
strange men in her chamber. This was the part which
she undertook to perform; and, indeed, she executed
it so well, that none of our theatrical actresses could
exceed her, in any of their performances, either on or
off the stage.

And hence, I think, we may very fairly draw an
argument, to prove how extremely natural virtue is to
the fair sex: for though there is not, perhaps, one in
ten thousand who is capable of making a good actress;
and even among these we rarely see two who are equally
able to personate the same character; yet this of virtue
they can all admirably well put on; and as well those
individuals who have it not, as those who possess it,
can all act it to the utmost degree of perfection.

When the men were all departed, Mrs. Waters re-
covering from her fear, recovered likewise from her
anger, and spoke in much gentler accents to the land-
lady, who did not so readily quit her concern for the
reputation of the house, in favour of which she began
again to number the many great persons who had slept
under her roof; but the lady stopt her short; and hav-
ing absolutely acquitted her of having had any share in
the past disturbance, begged to be left to her repose,
which, she said, she hoped to enjoy unmolested during
the remainder of the night. Upon which the land-
lady, after much civility, and many court'sies, took
her leave.

CHAPTER III.

A dialogue between the landlady, and Susan the chamber-maid, proper to be read by all inn-keepers and their servants; with the arrival, and affable behaviour of a beautiful young lady; which may teach persons of condition how they may acquire the love of the whole world.

THE landlady remembering that Susan had been the only person out of bed when the door was burst open, resorted presently to her, to enquire into the first occasion of the disturbance, as well as who the strange gentleman was, and when and how he arrived.

Susan related the whole story, which the reader knows already, varying the truth only in some circumstances, as she saw convenient, and totally concealing the money which she had received. But whereas her mistress had in the preface to her enquiry spoken much in compassion for the fright which the lady had been in, concerning any intended depredations on her virtue, Susan could not help endeavouring to quiet the concern which her mistress seemed to be under on that account, by swearing heartily she saw Jones leap out from her bed.

The landlady fell into a violent rage at these words. 'A likely story truly,' cried she, 'that a woman should cry out, and endeavour to expose herself, if that was the case! I desire to know what better proof any lady can give of her virtue than her crying out, which, I believe, twenty people can witness for her she did? I beg, Madam, you would spread no such scandal of any of my guests: for it will not only reflect on them, but upon the house; and I am sure no vagabonds, nor wicked beggarly people come here.'

'Well,' says Susan, 'then I must not believe my own eyes.' 'No, indeed must you not always,' answered her mistress, 'I would not have believed my own eyes against such good gentlefolks. I have not
' had

‘ had a better supper ordered this half year than the
 ‘ ordered last night; and so easy and good humoured
 ‘ were they, that they found no fault with my Wor-
 ‘ cestershire perry, which I sold them for Champagne;
 ‘ and to be sure it is as well tasted, and as wholesome
 ‘ as the best Champagne in the kingdom, otherwise I
 ‘ would scorn to give it ’em, and they drank me two
 ‘ bottles. No, no, I will never believe any harm of
 ‘ such sober good sort of people.’

Susan being thus silenced, her mistress proceeded to
 other matters. ‘ And so you tell me,’ continued
 she, ‘ that the strange gentleman came post, and there
 ‘ is a footman without with the horses; why then, he
 ‘ is certainly some of your great gentlefolks too. Why
 ‘ did not you ask him whether he’d have any supper?
 ‘ I think, he is in the other gentleman’s room; go up
 ‘ and ask whether he called. Perhaps he’ll order some-
 ‘ thing when he finds any body stirring in the house to
 ‘ dress it. Now don’t commit any of your usual blun-
 ‘ ders, by telling him the fire’s out, and the fowls
 ‘ alive. And if he should order mutton, don’t blab
 ‘ out, that we have none. The butcher, I know,
 ‘ killed a sheep just before I went to bed, and he never
 ‘ refuses to cut it up warm when I desire it. Go, re-
 ‘ member there’s all sorts of mutton and fowls; go,
 ‘ open the door, with, Gentlemen d’ye call; and if
 ‘ they say nothing, ask what his honour will be pleased
 ‘ to have for supper. Don’t forget his honour. Go;
 ‘ if you don’t mind all these matters better, you’ll ne-
 ‘ ver come to any thing.’

Susan departed, and soon returned with an account,
 that the two gentlemen were got both into the same
 bed. ‘ Two gentlemen,’ says the landlady, ‘ in
 ‘ the same bed! that’s impossible; they are two errant
 ‘ scrubs, I warrant them; and, I believe, young
 ‘ squire Allworthy guessed right, that the fellow in-
 ‘ tended to rob her ladyship: for if he had broke open
 ‘ the lady’s door with any of the wicked designs of a
 ‘ gentleman, he would never have sneaked away to
 ‘ another room to save the expence of a supper and a
 ‘ bed to himself. They are certainly thieves, and
 ‘ their

“their searching after a wife is nothing but a pretence.”

In these censures, my landlady did Mr. Fitzpatrick great injustice; for he was really born a gentleman, though not worth a groat; and though, perhaps, he had some few blemishes in his heart as well as in his head, yet being a sneaking, or a niggardly fellow, was not one of them. In reality, he was so generous a man, that whereas he had received a very handsome fortune with his wife, he had now spent every penny of it, except some little pittance which was settled upon her; and in order to possess himself of this, he had used her with such cruelty, that together with his jealousy, which was of the bitterest kind, it had forced the poor woman to run away from him.

This gentleman then being well tired with his long journey from Chester in one day, with which, and some good dry blows he had received in the scuffle, his bones were so sore, that added to the foreness of his mind, it had quite deprived him of any appetite for eating. And being now so violently disappointed in the woman, whom at the maid's instance, he had mistaken for his wife, it never once entered into his head, that she might nevertheless be in the house, though he had erred in the first person he had attacked. He therefore yielded to the dissuasions of his friend from searching any farther after her that night, and accepted the kind offer of part of his bed.

The footman and post-boy were in a different disposition. They were more ready to order than the landlady was to provide; however, after being pretty well satisfied by them of the real truth of the case, and that Mr. Fitzpatrick was no thief, she was at length prevailed on to set some cold meat before them, which they were devouring with great greediness, when Partridge came into the kitchen. He had been first awakened by the hurry which we have before seen; and while he was endeavouring to compose himself again on his pillow, a foreech-owl had given him such a serenade at his window, that he leapt in a most horrible affright from his bed, and huddling on his cloaths with great
expe-

expedition, ran down to the protection of the company, whom he heard talking below in the kitchen.

His arrival detained my landlady from returning to her rest: for she was just about to leave the other two guests to the care of Susan; but the friend of young Squire Allworthy was not to be so neglected, especially as he called for a pint of wine to be mull'd. She immediately obeyed, by putting the same quantity of perry to the fire: for this readily answered to the name of every kind of wine.

The Irish footman was retired to bed, and the post-boy was going to follow; but Partridge invited him to stay, and partake of his wine, which the lad very thankfully accepted. The schoolmaster was indeed afraid to return to bed by himself; and as he did not know how soon he might lose the company of my landlady, he was resolv'd to secure that of the boy, in whose presence he apprehended no danger from the devil, or any of his adherents.

And now arriv'd another post-boy at the gate; upon which Susan being order'd out, return'd, introducing two young women in riding-habits, one of which was so very richly laced, that Partridge and the post-boy instantly started from their chairs, and my landlady fell to her court'sies, and her ladyships, with great eagerness.

The lady in the rich habit said, with a smile of great condescension, 'If you will give me leave, Madam, I will warm myself a few minutes at your kitchen fire; for it is really very cold; but I must insist on disturbing no one from his seat.' This was spoken on account of Partridge, who had retreated to the other end of the room, struck with the utmost awe and astonishment at the splendor of the lady's dress. Indeed, she had a much better title to respect than this: for she was one of the most beautiful creatures in the world.

The lady earnestly desired Partridge to return to his seat, but could not prevail. She then pulled off her gloves, and display'd to the fire two hands, which had every property of snow in them, except that of melting. Her companion, who was indeed her maid, like-
wife

wife pulled off her gloves, and discovered what bore an exact resemblance, in cold and colour, to a piece of frozen beef.

'I wish, Madam,' quoth the latter, 'your ladyship would not think of going any farther to-night; I am terribly afraid your ladyship will not be able to bear the fatigue.'

'Why sure,' cries the landlady, 'her ladyship's honour can never intend it. O bless me, farther to-night indeed! let me beseech your ladyship not to think on't — But to be sure, your ladyship can't. What will your honour be pleased to have for supper? I have mutton of all kinds, and some nice chicken.'

'I think, Madam,' said the lady, 'it would be rather breakfast than supper; but I can't eat any thing; and if I stay, shall only lie down for an hour or two. However, if you please, Madam, you may get me a little sack-whey made very small and thin.'

'Yes, Madam,' cries the mistress of the house, 'I have some excellent white-wine.' 'You have no sack then,' says the lady. 'Yes, an't please your honour, I have; I may challenge the country for that — but let me beg your ladyship to eat something.'

'Upon my word, I can't eat a morsel,' answered the lady; 'and I shall be much obliged to you, if you will please to get my apartment ready as soon as possible: for I am resolved to be on horseback again in three hours.'

'Why Susan,' cries the landlady, 'is there a fire lit yet in the Wild-goose? — I am sorry, Madam, all my best rooms are full. Several people of the first quality are now in bed. Here's a great young squire, and many other great gentlefolks of quality.'

Susan answered, 'That the Irish gentlemen were got into the Wild-goose.'

'Was ever any thing like it!' says the mistress; 'why the devil would you not keep some of the best rooms for the quality, when you know scarce a day passes without some calling here? — If they be gen-

tlemen,

' tlemen, I am certain, when they know it is for her
 ' ladyship, they will get up again.'
 ' Not upon my account,' says the lady; ' I will
 ' have no person disturbed for me. If you have a
 ' a room that is commonly decent, it will serve me
 ' very well, though it be never so plain. I beg, Ma-
 ' dam, you will not give yourself so much trouble
 ' on my account.' ' O, Madam, ' cries the other,
 ' I have several very good rooms for that matter, but
 ' none good enough for your honour's ladyship. How-
 ' ever, as you are so condescending to take up with
 ' the best I have, do, Susan, get a fire in the Rose
 ' this minute. Will your ladyship be pleased to go
 ' up now, or stay till the fire is lighted?' ' I think,
 ' I have sufficiently warmed myself,' answered the
 lady; ' so if you please I will go now: I am
 ' afraid I have kept people, and particularly that
 ' gentleman (meaning Partridge) too long in the
 ' cold already. Indeed I cannot bear to think of
 ' keeping any person from the fire this dreadful
 ' weather.' She then departed with her maid, the
 landlady marching with two lighted candles before
 her.

When that good woman returned, the conversation
 in the kitchen was all upon the charms of the young
 lady. There is indeed in perfect beauty a power
 which none almost can withstand: for my landlady,
 though she was not pleased at the negative given to
 the supper, declared she had never seen so lovely a
 creature. Partridge ran out into the most extravagant
 encomiums on her face, though he could not refrain
 from paying some compliments to the gold lace on
 her habit: the post-boy sung forth the praises of her
 goodness, which were likewise echoed by the other
 post-boy, who was now come in. ' She's a true
 ' good lady, I warrant her,' says he; ' she hath mercy
 ' upon dumb creatures; for she asked me every now
 ' and tan upon the journey, if I did not think she
 ' should hurt the horses by riding too fast; and when
 ' she came in, she charged me to give them as much
 ' corn as ever they would eat.'

Such charms are there in affability, and so sure is it to attract the praises of all kinds of people. It may indeed be compared to the celebrated Mrs. Hufsey*. Its equally sure to set off every female perfection to the highest advantage, and to palliate and conceal every defect. A short reflection which we could not forbear making in this place, where my reader hath seen the loveliness of an affable deportment; and truth will now oblige us to contrast it, by shewing the reverse.

C H A P. IV.

Containing infallible nostrums for procuring universal disesteem and hatred.

THE lady had no sooner laid herself on her pillow, than the waiting-woman returned to the kitchen to regale with some of those dainties which her mistress had refused.

The company, at her entrance, shewed her the same respect which they had before paid to her mistress, by rising, but she forgot to imitate her, by desiring them to set down again. Indeed it was scarce possible they should have done so: for she placed her chair in such a posture, as to occupy almost the whole fire. She then ordered a chicken to be broiled that instant, declaring if it was not ready in a quarter of an hour, she would not stay for it. Now though the said chicken was then at roost in the stable, and required the several ceremonies of catching, killing, and picking, before it was brought to the grid-iron, my landlady would nevertheless have undertaken to do all within the time; but the guest being unfortunately admitted behind the scenes, must have been witness to the Fourberie; the poor woman was therefore obliged to confess that she had none in the house; 'but, Madam,' said she, 'I can get any kind of mutton in an instant from the butcher's.'

* A celebrated mantua-maker in the Strand, famous for setting off the shapes of women.

' Do you think then,' answered the waiting-gentlewoman, ' that I have the stomach of a horse to eat mutton at this time of night? Sure you people that keep inns imagine your betters are like yourselves. Indeed I expected to get nothing at this wretched place. I wonder my lady would stop at it. I suppose none but tradesmen and graziers ever call here.' Theland lady fired at this indignity offered to her house; however she suppressed her temper, and contented herself with saying, ' Very good quality frequented it, she thanked heaven!' ' Don't tell me,' cries the other, ' of quality! I believe I know more of people of quality than such as you.—But, prithee, without troubling me with any of your impertinence, do tell me what I can have for supper; for though I cannot eat horse-flesh, I am really hungry.' ' Why truly, Madam,' answered the landlady, ' you could not take me again at such a disadvantage: for I must confess I have nothing in the house, unless a cold piece of beef, which indeed a gentleman's footman and the post-boy have almost cleared to the bone.' ' Woman,' said Mrs. Abigail, (so for shortness we will call her) ' I intreat you not to make me sick. If I had fasted a month, I could not eat what had been touched by the fingers of such fellows: is their nothing neat or decent to be had in this horrid place?' ' What think you of some eggs and bacon, Madam,' said the landlady, ' are your eggs new laid? are you certain they were laid to-day? and let me have the bacon cut very nice and thin; for I can't endure any thing that's gross.—Prithee, try if you can do a little tolerably for once, and don't think you have a farmer's wife, or some of those creatures in the house.'—The landlady began to handle her knife; but the other stopt her, saying, ' Good woman, I must insist upon your first washing your hands; for I am extremely nice, and have been always used from my cradle to have every thing in the most elegant manner.'

The landlady, who governed herself with much difficulty, began now the necessary preparations; for

as to Susan, she was utterly rejected, and with such disdain that the poor wench was as hard put to it, to restrain her hands from violence, as her mistress had been to hold her tongue. This indeed Susan did not intirely : for though she literally kept it within her teeth, yet there it muttered many ‘merry-come-ups, as good flesh and blood as yourself,’ with other such indignant phrases.

While the supper was preparing, Mrs. Abigail began to lament she had not ordered a fire in the parlour ; but she said, that was now too late. ‘How-ever,’ said she, ‘I have novelty to recommend a kitchen ; for I do not believe I ever eat in one before.’ Then turning to the post-boys, she asked them, ‘why they were not in the stable with their horses ? If I must eat my hard fare here, Madam,’ cries she to the landlady, ‘I beg the kitchen may be kept clear, that I may not be surrounded with all the black-guards in town : as for you, Sir,’ says she to Partridge, ‘you look somewhat like a gentleman, and may sit still if you please ; I don’t desire to disturb any body but mob.’

‘Yes, yes, Madam,’ cries Partridge, ‘I am a gentleman, I do assure you, and I am not so easily to be disturbed. *Non semper vox casualis est verbo nominativus.*’ This Latin she took to be some affront, and answered, ‘You may be a gentleman, Sir ; but you don’t shew yourself as one, to talk Latin to a woman.’ Partridge made a gentle reply, and concluded with more Latin ; upon which she tossed up her nose, and contented herself by abusing him with the name of a great scholar.

The supper being now on the table, Mrs. Abigail eat very heartily, for so delicate a person ; and while a second course of the same was by her order preparing, she said, ‘And so, madam, you tell me your house is frequented by people of great quality ?’

The landlady answered in the affirmative, saying, ‘there were a great many very good quality and gentlefolks in it now. There’s young squire Allworthy, as that gentleman there knows.’

‘ And pray who is this young gentleman of quality, this young ’squire Allworthy?’ said Abigail.
 ‘ Who should he be,’ answered Partridge, ‘ but the son and heir of the great ’squire Allworthy of Somersetshire.’

‘ Upon my word,’ said she, ‘ you tell me strange news: for I know Mr. Allworthy of Somersetshire very well, and I know he hath no son alive.’

The landlady pricked up her ears at this, and Partridge looked a little confounded. However, after a short hesitation, he answered, ‘ Indeed, Madam, it is true every body doth not know him to be ’squire Allworthy’s son; for he was never married to his mother; but his son he certainly is, and will be his heir too, as certainly as his name is Jones.’ At that word Abigail let drop the bacon, which she was conveying to her mouth, and cried out, ‘ You surprize me, Sir. Is it possible Mr. Jones should be now in the house?’ ‘ *Quare non?*’ answered Partridge, ‘ it is possible, and it is certain.’

Abigail now made haste to finish the remainder of her meal, and then repaired back to her mistress, when the conversation passed, which may read in the next chapter.

CHAP. V.

Shewing who the amiable lady, and her unamiable maid were.

AS in the month of June, the damask rose, which chance hath planted among the lilies with their candid hue mixes his vermillion: or some playfome heifer in the pleasant month of May diffuses her odoriferous breath over the flowery meadows: or as, in the blooming month of April, the gentle, constant dove, perched on some fair bough, sits meditating on her mate; so looking a hundred charms and breathing as many sweets, her thoughts being fixed on her Tommy, with a heart as good and as innocent, as her face was beautiful: Sophia (for it was she herself) lay reclining her lovely head on her hand, when her

her maid entered the room, and running directly to the bed, cried, 'Madam—Madam—who doth your ladyship think is in the house?' Sophia starting up cried, 'I hope my father hath not overtaken us.' 'No, Madam, it is one worth a hundred fathers; Mr. Jones himself is here at this very instant.' 'Mr. Jones,' says Sophia, 'it is impossible; I cannot be so fortunate.' Her maid averred the fact, and was presently detached by her mistress to order him to be called; for she said she was resolved to see him immediately.

Mrs. Honour had no sooner left the kitchen in the manner we have before seen, than the landlady fell severely upon her. The poor woman had indeed been loading her heart with foul language for some time, and now it scoured out of her mouth, as filth doth from a mud-cart, when the board which confines it is removed. Partridge likewise shovelled in his share of calumny; (and what may surprize the reader) not only bespattered the maid, but attempted to sully the lily-white character of Sophia herself. 'Never a barrel the better herring,' cries he. '*Noscitur a socio*, is a true saying. It must be confessed indeed that the lady in the fine garments is the civiller of the two; but I warrant neither of them are a bit better than they should be. A couple of Bath trulls, I'll answer for them; your quality don't ride about at this time o'night without servants.' 'Sbodlikins, and that's true,' cries the landlady, 'you have certainly hit upon the very matter; for quality don't come into a house without bespeaking a supper, whether they eat or no.'

While they were thus discoursing, Mrs. Honour returned, and discharged her commission by bidding the landlady immediately wake Mr. Jones, and tell him a lady wanted to speak with him. The landlady referred her to Partridge, saying, he was the 'squire's friend; but for her part she never called men-folks, especially gentlemen,' and then walked sullenly out of the kitchen. Honour applied herself to Partridge; but he refused; 'for my friend,' cries he, 'went to bed very late, and he would be very

‘angry to be disturbed so soon.’ Mrs. Honour insisted still to have him called, saying, ‘she was sure, instead of being angry, that he would be to the highest degree delighted when he knew the occasion.’ ‘Another time perhaps he might,’ cries Partridge; ‘but *non omnia possumus omnes*.’ ‘One woman is enough at once for a reasonable man.’ ‘What do you mean by one woman, fellow?’ cries Honour. ‘None of your fellow?’ answered Partridge. He then proceeded to inform her plainly, that Jones was in bed with a wench, and made use of an expression too indelicate to be here inserted; which so enraged Mrs. Honour, that she called him jackanapes, and returned in a violent hurry to her mistress, whom she acquainted with the success of her errand, and with the account she had received; which, if possible, she exaggerated, being as angry with Jones as if he had pronounced all the words that came from the mouth of Partridge. She discharged a torrent of abuse on the master, and advised her mistress to quit all thoughts of a man who had never shewn himself deserving of her. She then ripped up the story of Molly Seagrim, and gave the most malicious turn to his formerly quitting Sophia herself; which, I must confess, the present incident not a little countenanced.

The spirits of Sophia were too much dissipated by concern to enable her to stop the torrent of her maid. At last, however, she interrupted her, saying, ‘I never can believe this; some villain hath belied him. You say you had it from his friend; but surely it is not the office of a friend to betray such secrets.’ ‘I suppose,’ cries Honour, ‘the fellow is his pimp; for I never saw so ill-looking a villain. Besides, such profligate rakes as Mr. Jones are never ashamed of these matters.’

To say the truth, this behaviour of Partridge was a little inexcusable; but he had not slept off the effect of the dose which he swallowed the evening before; which had, in the morning, received the addition of above a pint of wine, or indeed rather of malt spirits; for the perry was by no means pure. Now

Now that part of his head which nature designed for the reservoir of drink, being very shallow, a small quantity of liquor overflowed it, and opened the sluices of his heart; so that all the secrets there deposited ran out. These sluices were indeed naturally very ill secured. To give the best natured turn we can to his disposition, he was a very honest man; for as he was the most inquisitive of mortals, and eternally prying into the secrets of others; so he very faithfully paid them by communicating, in return, every thing within his knowledge.

While Sophia, tormented with anxiety, knew not what to believe, nor what resolution to take, Susan arrived with the sack-whey. Mrs. Honour immediately advised her mistress, in a whisper, to pump this wench, who probably could inform her of the truth. Sophia approved it, and began as follows: 'Come hither, child, now answer me truly what I am going to ask you, and I promise you I will very well reward you. Is there a young gentleman in this house, a handsome young gentleman that—' Here Sophia blushed and was confounded— 'A young gentleman,' cries Honour, 'that came hither in company with that saucy rascal who is now in the kitchen?' Susan answered, 'there was.'— 'Do you know any thing of any lady?' continues Sophia, 'any lady? I don't ask you whether she is handsome or no; perhaps she is not, that's nothing to the purpose; but do you know of any lady?' 'La, Madam,' cries Honour, 'you will make a very bad examiner. Harkee, child,' says she, 'is not that very young gentleman now in bed with some nasty trull or other?' Here Susan smiled, and was silent. 'Answer the question, child,' says Sophia, 'and here's a guinea for you.' 'A guinea! Madam,' cries Susan; 'La, what's a guinea? If my mistress should know it, I shall certainly lose my place that very instant.' 'Here's another for you,' says Sophia, 'and I promise you faithfully your mistress shall never know it.' Susan, after a very short hesitation, took the money, and told the whole story, concluding with saying, 'If you have any

great curiosity, Madam, I can steal softly into his room, and see whether he be in his own bed or no.' She accordingly did this by Sophia's desire, and returned with an answer in the negative.

Sophia now trembled and turned pale. Mrs. Honour begged her to be comforted, and not to think any more of so worthless a fellow. 'Why there,' says Susan, 'I hope, Madam, your ladyship won't be offended; but pray, Madam, is not your ladyship's name Madam Sophia Western?' 'How is it possible you should know me?' answered Sophia. 'Why that man that the gentlewoman spoke of, who is in the kitchen, told about you last night. But I hope your ladyship is not angry with me.' 'Indeed, child,' said she, 'I am not; pray tell me all, and I promise you I'll reward you.' 'Why, Madam,' continued Susan, 'that man told us all in the kitchen, that Madam Sophia Western—Indeed I don't know how to bring it out.'—Here she stopped, till having received encouragement from Sophia, and being vehemently pressed by Mrs. Honour, she proceeded thus:—'He told us, Madam, though to be sure it is all a lie, that your ladyship was dying for love of the young squire, and that he was going to the wars to get rid of you. I thought to myself then he was a false-hearted wretch; but now to see such a fine, rich, beautiful lady as you be forsaken for such an ordinary woman; for to be sure so she is, and another man's wife into the bargain. It is such a strange unnatural thing, in a manner.'

Sophia gave her a third guinea, and telling her she would certainly be her friend, if she mentioned nothing of what had passed, nor informed any one who she was, dismissed the girl with orders to the post-boy to get the horses ready immediately.

Being now left alone with her maid, she told her trusty waiting-woman, 'That she never was more easy than at present. I am now convinced,' said she, 'he is not only a villain, but a low despicable wretch. I can forgive all rather than his exposing my name in so barbarous a manner. That renders him

him the object of my contempt. Yes, Honour, I am now easy. I am indeed. I am very easy; and then she burst into a violent flood of tears.

After a short interval, spent by Sophia, chiefly in crying, and assuring her maid that she was perfectly easy, Susan arrived with an account that the horses were ready, when a very extraordinary thought suggested itself to our young heroine, by which Mr. Jones would be acquainted with her having been at the inn, in a way, which, if any sparks of affection for her remained in him, would be at least some punishment for his faults.

The reader will be pleased to remember a little muff, which hath had the honour of being more than once remembered already in this history. This muff, ever since the departure of Mr. Jones, had been the constant companion of Sophia by day, and her bed-fellow by night; and this muff she had at this very instant upon her arm; whence she took it off with great indignation, and having writ her name with her pencil upon a piece of paper which she pinned to it, she bribed the maid to convey it into the empty bed of Mr. Jones, in which if he did not find it, she charged her to take some method of conveying it before his eyes in the morning.

Then having paid for what Mrs. Honour had eaten, in which bill was included an account for what she herself might have eaten, she mounted her horse, and once more assuring her companion that she was perfectly easy, continued her journey.

CHAP. VI.

Containing, among other things, the ingenuity of Partridge, the madness of Jones, and the folly of Fitzpatrick.

IT was now past five in the morning, and other company began to rise and come to the kitchen, among whom were the serjeant and the coachman, who being thoroughly reconciled, made a libation, or, in the English phrase, drank a hearty cup together.

In this drinking nothing more remarkable happened than the behaviour of Partridge, who, when the serjeant drank a health to king George, repeated only the word king: nor could he be brought to utter more; for though he was going to fight against his own cause, yet he could not be prevailed upon to drink against it.

Mr. Jones being now returned to his own bed, (but from whence he returned we must beg to be excused from relating) summoned Partridge from this agreeable company, who after a ceremonious preface, having obtained leave to offer his advice, delivered himself as follows:

‘ It is, Sir, an old saying, and a true one, that a
 ‘ wise man may sometimes learn counsel from a fool;
 ‘ I wish therefore I might be so bold as to offer you
 ‘ my advice, which is to return home again, and
 ‘ leave these *horrida bella*, these bloody wars, to fel-
 ‘ lows who are contented to swallow gunpowder, be-
 ‘ cause they have nothing else to eat. Now every
 ‘ body knows your honour wants for nothing at home;
 ‘ when that’s the case, why should any man travel
 ‘ abroad.

‘ Partridge,’ cries Jones, ‘ thou art certainly a cow-
 ‘ ard; I wish therefore thou would’st return home
 ‘ thyself, and trouble me no more.’

‘ I ask your honour’s pardon,’ cries Partridge, ‘ I
 ‘ spoke on your account more than my own; for as
 ‘ to me, heavens knows my circumstances are bad
 ‘ enough, and I am so far from being afraid, that I
 ‘ value a pistol, or a blunderbuss, or any such thing,
 ‘ no more than a pop-gun. Every man must die once,
 ‘ and what signifies the manner how; besides, per-
 ‘ haps, I may come off with the loss only of an arm
 ‘ or a leg. I assure you, Sir, I was never less afraid
 ‘ in my life; and so if your honour is resolved to go
 ‘ on, I am resolved to follow you. But, in that case,
 ‘ I wish I might give my opinion. To be sure it is a
 ‘ scandalous way of travelling, for a great gentleman
 ‘ like you to walk a-foot. Now here are two or three
 ‘ good horses in the stable, which the landlord will
 ‘ certainly make no scruple of trusting you with; but

if

‘if he should, I can easily contrive to take them; and
 ‘let the worst come to the worst, the king would cer-
 ‘tainly pardon you, as you are going to fight in his
 ‘cause.’

Now as the honesty of Partridge was equal to his understanding, and both dealt only in small matters, he would never have attempted a roguery of this kind, had he not imagined it altogether safe; for he was one of those who have more consideration of the gallows than of the fitness of things; but, in reality, he thought he might have committed this felony without any danger: for, besides that he doubted not but the name of Mr. Allworthy would sufficiently quiet the landlord, he conceived they should be altogether safe, whatever turn affairs might take; as Jones, he imagined, would have friends enough on one side, and as his friends would as well secure him on the other.

When Mr. Jones found that Partridge was in earnest in this proposal, he very severely rebuked him, and that in such bitter terms, that the other attempted to laugh it off, and presently turned the discourse to other matters, saying he believed they were then in a bawdy house, and that he had with much ado prevented two wenches from disturbing his honour in the middle of the night. ‘Heyday!’ says he, ‘I believe they got into your chamber whether I would or no; for here lies the muff of one of them on the ground.’ Indeed, as Jones returned to his bed in the dark, he had never perceived the muff on the quilt, and in leaping into his bed he had tumbled it on the floor. This Partridge now took up, and was going to put into his pocket, when Jones desired to see it. The muff was so very remarkable, that our hero might possibly have recollected it without the information annexed. But his memory was not put to that hard office; for at the same instant he saw and read the words *Sophia Western* upon the paper which was pinned to it. His looks now grew frantic in a moment, and he eagerly cried out, ‘Oh heavens, how came this muff here?’ ‘I know no more than your honour,’ cried Partridge; ‘but I saw it upon the arm of one of the women who would have disturbed

you, if I would have suffered them. Where are they?" cries Jones, jumping out of bed, and laying hold of his clothes. "Many miles off, I believe, by this time," said Partridge. And now Jones, upon further enquiry, was sufficiently assured that the bearer of this muff was no other than the lovely Sophia herself.

The behaviour of Jones on this occasion, his thoughts, his looks, his words, his actions, were such as beggar all description. After many bitter execrations on Partridge, and not fewer on himself, he ordered the poor fellow, who was frightened out of his wits, to run down and hire him horses at any rate; and a very few minutes afterwards, having shuffled on his clothes, he hastened down stairs to execute the orders himself, which he had just before given.

But before we proceed to what passed on his arrival in the kitchen, it will be necessary to recur to what had there happened since Partridge had first left it on his master's summons.

The serjeant was just marched off with his party, when the two Irish gentlemen arose, and came down stairs; both complaining, that they had been so often waked by the noises in the inn, that they had never once been able to close their eyes all night.

The coach, which had brought the young lady and her maid, and which, perhaps, the reader may have hitherto concluded was her own, was indeed a returned coach belonging to Mr. King of Bath, one of the worthiest and honestest men that ever dealt in horse-flesh, and whose coaches we heartily recommend to all our readers who travel that road. By which means they may, perhaps, have the pleasure of riding in the very coach, and being driven by the very coachman, that is recorded in this history.

The coachman, having but two passengers, and hearing Mr. Maclachlan was going to Bath, offered to carry him thither at a very moderate price. He was induced to this by the report of the hostler, who said, that the horse which Mr. Maclachlan had hired from Worcester, would be much more pleased with returning to his friends there, than to prosecute a long journey;

ney; for that the said horse was rather a two-legged than a four-legged animal.

Mr. Maclachlan immediately closed with the proposal of the coachman, and, at the same time, persuaded his friend Fitzpatrick to accept of the fourth place in the coach. This conveyance the foreness of his bones made more agreeable to him than a horse; and being well assured of meeting with his wife at Bath, he thought a little delay would be of no consequence.

Maclachlan, who was much the sharper man of the two, no sooner heard that this lady came from Chester, with the other circumstances which he learned from the hostler, than it came into his head that she might possibly be his friend's wife; and presently acquainted him with this suspicion, which had never once occurred to Fitzpatrick himself. To say the truth, he was one of those compositions which nature makes up in too great a hurry, and forgets to put any brains into their head.

Now it happens to this sort of men, as to bad hounds, who never hit off a fault themselves; but no sooner doth a dog of sagacity open his mouth, than they immediately do the same, and without the guidance of any scent, run directly forwards as fast as they are able. In the same manner, the very moment Mr. Maclachlan had mentioned his apprehension, Mr. Fitzpatrick instantly concurred, and flew directly up stairs to surprize his wife before he knew where she was; and unluckily (as fortune loves to play tricks with those gentlemen who put themselves entirely under her conduct) ran his head against several doors and posts to no purpose. Much kinder was she to me, when she suggested that simile of the hounds, just before inserted; since the poor wife may, on these occasions, be so justly compared to a hunted hare. Like that little wretched animal she pricks up her ears to listen after the voice of her pursuer; like her, flies away trembling when she hears it; and like her, is generally overtaken and destroyed in the end.

This was not however the case at present; for after a long fruitless search, Mr. Fitzpatrick returned to

the kitchen, where, as if this had been a real chase, entered a gentleman hallowing as hunters do when the hounds are at a fault. He was just alighted from his horse, and many attendants at his heels.

Here, reader, it may be necessary to acquaint thee with some matters, which, if thou dost know already, thou art wiser than I take thee to be. And this information thou shalt receive in the next chapter.

C H A P. VII.

In which are concluded the adventures that happened at the inn at Upton.

IN the first place then, this gentleman just arrived was no other person than 'squire Western himself, who was come hither in pursuit of his daughter; and had he fortunately been two hours earlier, he had not only found her, but his niece into the bargain; for such was the wife of Mr. Fitzpatrick, who had run away with her five years before, out of the custody of that sage lady Madam Western.

Now this lady had departed from the inn much about the same time with Sophia: for having been waked by the voice of her husband, she had sent up for the landlady, and being by her apprized of the matter, had bribed the good woman, at an extravagant price, to furnish her with horses for her escape. Such prevalence had money in this family; and though the mistress would have turned away her maid for a corrupt hussy, if she had known as much as the reader, yet she was no more proof against corruption herself than poor Susan had been.

Mr. Western and his nephew were not known to one another; nor indeed would the former have taken any notice of the latter, if he had known him; for this being a stolen match, and consequently an unnatural one in the opinion of the good 'squire, he had, from the time of her committing it, abandoned the poor young creature, who was then no more than eighteen, as a monster, and had never since suffered her to be named in his presence.

The kitchen was now a scene of universal confusion,

Western enquiring after his daughter, and Fitzpatrick as eagerly after his wife, when Jones entered the room, unfortunately having Sophia's muff in his hand.

As soon as Western saw Jones, he set up the same holla as is used by sportsmen when their game is in view. He then immediately run up, and laid hold of Jones, crying, 'We have got the dog fox, I warrant the bitch is not far off.' The jargon which followed for some minutes, where many spoke different things at the same time, as it would be very difficult to describe, so would it be no less unpleasant to read.

Jones having, at length, shaken Mr. Western off, and some of the company having interfered between them, our hero protested his innocence as to knowing any thing of the lady; when parson Supple stepped up, and said, 'It is folly to deny it; for why, the marks of guilt are in thy hands. I will myself asseverate and bind it by an oath, that the muff thou bearest in thy hand belongeth unto Madam Sophia; for I have frequently observed her, of later days, to bear it about her.' 'My daughter's muff,' cries the squire, in a rage. 'Hath he got my daughter's muff? bear witness the goods are found upon him. I'll have him before a justice of the peace this instant. Where is my daughter, villain?' 'Sir,' said Jones, 'I beg you would be pacified. The muff, I acknowledge, is the young lady's; but upon my honour, I have never seen her.' At these words Western lost all patience, and grew inarticulate with rage.

Some of the servants had acquainted Fitzpatrick who Mr. Western was. The good Irishman therefore thinking he had now an opportunity to do an act of service to his uncle, and by that means might possibly obtain his favour, stepped up to Jones, and cried out, 'Upon my conscience, Sir, you may be ashamed of denying your having seen the gentleman's daughter before my face, when you know I found you there upon the bed together.' Then turning to Western, he offered to conduct him immediately to the room where his daughter was; which offer being accepted, he, the squire, the parson, and some others, ascended directly to Mrs. Waters's chamber, which they entered

with

with no less violence than Mr. Fitzpatrick had done before.

The poor lady started from her sleep with as much amazement as terror, and beheld at her bed-side a figure which might very well be supposed to have escaped out of Bedlam. Such wildness and confusion were in the looks of Mr. Western; who no sooner saw the lady, than he started back, shewing sufficiently by his manner, before he spoke, that this was not the person sought after.

So much more tenderly do women value their reputation than their persons, that though the latter seemed now in more danger than before; yet as the former was secure, the lady screamed not with such violence as she had done on the other occasion. However, she no sooner found herself alone, than she abandoned all thoughts of further repose; and as she had sufficient reason to be dissatisfied with her present lodging, she dressed herself with all possible expedition.

Mr. Western now proceeded to search the whole house, but to as little purpose as he had disturbed poor Mrs. Waters. He then returned disconsolate into the kitchen, where he found Jones in the custody of his servants.

This violent uproar had raised all the people in the house, though it was yet scarcely day-light. Among these was a grave gentleman, who had the honour to be in the commission of the peace for the county of Worcester. Of which Mr. Western was no sooner informed, than he offered to lay his complaint before him. The justice declined executing his office, as he said he had no clerk present, nor no book about justice business; and that he could not carry all the law in his head about stealing away daughters, and such sort of things.

Here Mr. Fitzpatrick offered to lend him his assistance; informing the company that he had been himself bred to the law. (And indeed he had served three years as clerk to an attorney in the north of Ireland, when chusing a genteeler walk in life, he quitted his master, came over to England, and set up that business which

which requires no apprenticeship, namely, that of a gentleman, in which he had succeeded as hath been already partly mentioned.)

Mr. Fitzpatrick declared that the law concerning daughters was out of the present case; that stealing a muff was undoubtedly felony, and the goods being found upon the person, were sufficient evidence of the fact.

The magistrate, upon the encouragement of so learned a coadjutor, and upon the violent intercession of the squire, was at length prevailed upon to seat himself in the chair of justice, where being placed, upon viewing the muff which Jones still held in his hand, and upon the parson's swearing it to be the property of Mr. Western, he desired Mr. Fitzpatrick to draw up a commitment, which he said he would sign.

Jones now desired to be heard, which was at last, with difficulty, granted him. He then produced the evidence of Mr. Partridge, as to the finding it; but what was still more, Susan deposed that Sophia herself had delivered the muff to her, and had ordered her to convey it into the chamber where Mr. Jones had found it.

Whether a natural love of justice, or the extraordinary comeliness of Jones, had wrought on Susan to make the discovery, I will not determine; but such were the effects of her evidence, that the magistrate, throwing himself back in his chair, declared that the matter was now altogether as clear on the side of the prisoner, as it had been before against him; with which the parson concurred, saying, The lord forbid he should be instrumental in committing an innocent person to durance. The justice then arose, acquitted the prisoner, and broke up the court.

Mr. Western now gave every one present a hearty curse, and immediately ordering his horses, departed in pursuit of his daughter, without taking the least notice of his nephew Fitzpatrick, or returning any answer to his claim of kindred, notwithstanding all the obligations he had just received from that gentleman. In the violence, moreover, of his hurry, and of his passion, he luckily forgot to demand the muff of

Jones :

Jones: I say luckily; for he would have died on the spot rather than have parted with it.

Jones likewise, with his friend Partridge, set forward the moment he had paid his reckoning, in quest of his lovely Sophia, whom he now resolved never more to abandon the pursuit of. Nor could he bring himself even to take leave of Mrs. Waters; of whom he detested the very thoughts, as she had been, though not designedly, the occasion of his missing the happiest interview with Sophia, to whom he now vowed eternal constancy.

As for Mrs. Waters, she took the opportunity of the coach which was going to Bath; for which place she set out in company with the two Irish gentlemen, the landlady kindly lending her her cloaths; in return for which she was contented only to receive about double their value, as a recompence for the loan. Upon the road she was perfectly reconciled to Mr. Fitzpatrick, who was a very handsome fellow, and indeed did all she could to console him in the absence of his wife.

Thus ended the many odd adventures which Mr. Jones encountered at his inn at Upton, where they talk, to this day, of the beauty and lovely behaviour of the charming Sophia, by the name of the Somersetshire angel.

C H A P. VIII.

In which the history goes backward.

BEFORE we proceed any farther in our history, it may be proper to look a little back, in order to account for the extraordinary appearance of Sophia and her father at the inn at Upton.

The reader may be pleased to remember, that in the ninth chapter of the seventh book of our history, we left Sophia, after a long debate between love and duty, deciding the cause, as it usually, I believe, happens, in favour of the former.

This debate had arisen, as we have there shewn, from a visit which her father had just before made her,

in order to force her consent to a marriage with Blifil, and which he had understood to be fully implied in her acknowledgment, "that she neither must, nor could refuse any absolute command of his."

Now from this visit the squire retired to his evening potation, overjoyed at the success he had gained with his daughter; and as he was of a social disposition, and willing to have partakers in his happiness, the beer was ordered to flow very liberally into the kitchen; so that before eleven in the evening, there was not a single person sober in the house, except only Mrs. Western herself, and the charming Sophia.

Early in the morning a messenger was dispatched to summon Mr. Blifil: for though the squire imagined that young gentleman had been much less acquainted than he really was, with the former aversion of his daughter; as he had not, however, yet received her consent, he longed impatiently to communicate it to him, not doubting but that the intended bride herself would confirm it with her lips. As to the wedding, it had the evening before been fixed, by the male parties, to be celebrated on the next morning save one.

Breakfast was now set forth in the parlour, where Mr. Blifil attended, and where the squire and his sister likewise were assembled; and now Sophia was ordered to be called.

O, Shakespear, had I thy pen! O, Hogarth, had I thy pencil! then would I draw the picture of the poor serving-man, who, with pale countenance, staring eyes, chattering teeth, faltering tongue, and trembling limbs,

(E'en such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-be-gone,
Drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was
burn'd)

entered the room, and declared, — That Madam Sophia was not to be found.

‘Not to be found!’ cries the ‘squire, starting from his chair: ‘Zounds and d—nation! Blood and fury! ‘Where, when, how, what, — Not to be found! ‘Where?’

‘La! Brother,’ said Mrs. Western, with true political coldness, ‘you are always throwing yourself into such violent passions for nothing. My niece, I suppose, is only walked out into the garden. I protest you are grown so unreasonable, that it is impossible to live in the house with you.’

‘Nay, nay,’ answered the ‘squire, returning as suddenly to himself, as he had gone from himself; ‘if that be all the matter, it signifies not much; but, upon my soul, my mind misgave me, when the fellow said she was not to be found.’ He then gave orders for the bell to be rung in the garden, and sat himself contentedly down.

No two things could be more the reverse of each other than were the brother and sister, in most instances, particularly in this. That as the brother never foresaw any thing at a distance, but was most sagacious in immediately seeing every thing the moment it had happened; so the sister eternally foresaw at a distance, but was not so quick-sighted to objects before her eyes. Of both these the reader may have observed examples: and, indeed, both their several talents were excessive: for as the sister often foresaw what never came to pass, so the brother often saw much more than was actually the truth.

This was not however the case at present. The same report was brought from the garden, as before had been brought from the chamber, that Madam Sophia was not to be found.

The ‘squire himself now sallied forth, and began to roar forth the name of Sophia as loudly, and in as hoarse a voice as whilome did Hercules that of Hylas: and as the poet tells us, that the whole shore echoed back the name of that beautiful youth; so did the house, the garden, and all the neighbouring fields, resound nothing but the name of Sophia, in the hoarse voices of the men, and in the shrill pipes of the women; while echo seemed so pleased to repeat the beloved

loved found, that if there is really such a person, I believe Quid hath belied her sex.

Nothing reigned for a long time but confusion; till at last the 'squire having sufficiently spent his breath, returned to the parlour, where he found Mrs. Western and Mr. Blifil, and threw himself with the utmost dejection in his countenance, into a great chair.

Here Mrs. Western began to apply the following consolation:

"Brother, I am sorry for what hath happened; and that my niece should have behaved herself in a manner so unbecoming her family; but it is all your own doings, and you have no body to thank but yourself. You know she hath been educated always in a manner directly contrary to my advice, and now you see the consequence. Have I not a thousand times argued with you about giving my niece her own will? But you know I never could prevail upon you; and when I had taken so much pains to eradicate her head-strong opinions, and to rectify your errors in policy, you know she was taken out of my hands; so that I have nothing to answer for. Had I been trusted intirely with the care of her education, no such accident as this had ever befallen you: so that you must comfort yourself by thinking it was all your own doing; and indeed what else could be expected from such indulgence?"—

"Zounds! Sister," answered he, "you are enough to make one mad. Have I indulged her? Have I given her her will?—It was no longer ago than last night that I threatened, if she disobeyed me, to confine her to her chamber, upon bread and water, as long as she lived.—You would provoke the patience of Job."

"Did ever mortal hear the like?" replied she. "Brother, if I had not the patience of fifty Jobs, you would make me forget all decency and decorum. Why would you interfere? Did I not beg of you, did I not intreat you, to leave the whole conduct to me? You have defeated all the operations
" of

“ of the campaign by one false step. Would any
 “ man in his senses have provoked a daughter by
 “ such threats as these? How often have I told you,
 “ that English women are not to be treated like Cir-
 “ cassian * slaves. We have the protection of the
 “ world: we are to be won by gentle means only,
 “ and not to be hector'd, and bullied, and beat into
 “ compliance. I thank heaven, no Salique law go-
 “ verns here. Brother, you have a roughness in your
 “ manner which no woman but myself would bear.
 “ I do not wonder my niece was frightened and ter-
 “ rified into taking this measure; and to speak ho-
 “ nestly, I think my niece will be justified to the
 “ world for what she hath done. I repeat it to you
 “ again, brother, you must comfort yourself, by re-
 “ membering that it is all your own fault. How often
 “ have I advised—” Here Western rose hastily from
 his chair, and, venting two or three horrid impreca-
 tions, ran out of the room.

When he was departed, his sister expressed more
 bitterness (if possible) against him, than she had done
 while he was present; for the truth of which she ap-
 pealed to Mr. Blifil, who with great complacence, ac-
 quiesced intirely in all she said; but excused all the
 faults of Mr. Western, ‘ as they must be considered,’
 he said, ‘ to have proceeded from the too inordinate
 ‘ fondness of a father, which must be allowed the name
 ‘ of an amiable weakness.’ ‘ So much the more in-
 ‘ excusable,’ answered the lady; ‘ for whom doth he
 ‘ ruin by his fondness, but his own child?’ To which
 Blifil immediately agreed.

Mrs. Western then began to express great confusion
 on the account of Mr. Blifil, and of the usage which
 he had received from a family to which he intended
 so much honour. On this subject she treated the folly
 of her niece with great severity; but concluded with
 throwing the whole on her brother, who, she said, was
 inexcusable to have proceeded so far without better
 assurances of his daughter’s consent: ‘ But he was
 ‘ (says she, always of a violent, headstrong temper; and

* Possibly Circassian.

'I can scarce forgive myself for all the advice I have thrown away upon him.'

After much of this kind of conversation, which, perhaps, would not greatly entertain the reader, was it here particularly related, Mr. Blifil took his leave, and returned home, not highly pleased with his disappointment; which however the philosophy which he had acquired from Square, and the religion infused into him by Thwackum, together with somewhat else, taught him to bear rather better than more passionate lovers bear these kinds of evils.

C H A P. IX.

The escape of Sophia.

IT is now time to look after Sophia; whom the reader if he loves her half so well as I do, will rejoice to find escaped from the clutches of her passionate father, and from those of her dispassionate lover.

Twelve times did the iron register of time beat on the sonorous bell-metal, summoning the ghosts to rise, and walk their nightly round.—In plainer language, it was twelve o'clock, and all the family as we have said, lay buried in drink and sleep, except only Mrs. Western, who was deeply engaged in reading a political pamphlet; and except our heroine, who now softly stole down stairs, and having unbarred and unlocked one of the house-doors, sallied forth, and hastened to the place of appointment.

Notwithstanding the many pretty arts, which ladies sometimes practise to display their fears on every little occasion, (almost as many as the other sex uses to conceal theirs) certainly there is a degree of courage, which not only becomes a woman, but is often necessary to enable her to discharge her duty. It is indeed, the idea of fierceness, and not of bravery, which destroys the female character: for who can read the story of the justly celebrated Arria, without conceiving as high an opinion of her gentleness and tenderness, as of her fortitude? At the same time, perhaps many a woman
who

who shrieks at a mouse or a rat, may be capable of poisoning a husband ; or, what is worse, of driving him to poison himself.

Sophia, with all the gentleness which a woman can have, had all the spirit which she ought to have. When, therefore she came to the place of appointment, and, instead of meeting her maid, as was agreed, saw a man ride directly up to her, she neither screamed out nor fainted away : not that her pulse then beat with its usual regularity ; for she was at first under some surprize and apprehension ; but these were relieved almost as soon as raised, when the man pulling off his hat, asked her in a very submissive manner, ' If her ladyship did not expect to meet another lady ? ' And then proceeded to inform her, that he was sent to conduct her to that lady.

Sophia could have no possible suspicion of any falshood in this account : she therefore mounted resolutely behind the fellow, who conveyed her safe to a town about five miles distant, where she had the satisfaction of finding the good Mrs. Honour : for as the soul of the waiting-woman was wrapt up in those very habiliments which used to enwrap her body, she could by no means bring herself to trust them out of her sight. Upon these, therefore, she kept guard in person, while she detached the aforesaid fellow after her mistress, having given him all proper instructions.

They now debated what course to take, in order to avoid the pursuit of Mr. Western, who, they knew, would send after them in a few hours. The London road had such charms for Honour, that she was desirous of going on directly ; alledging, that as Sophia could not be missed till eight or nine the next morning, her pursuers would not be able to overtake her, even though they knew which way she had gone. But Sophia had too much at stake to venture any thing to chance ; nor did she dare trust too much to her tender limbs, in a contest which was to be decided only by swiftness. She resolved, therefore, to travel across the country, for at least twenty or thirty miles, and then to take the direct road to London. So, hav-

ing

ing hired horses to go twenty miles one way, when she intended to go twenty miles the other, she set forward with the same guide, behind whom she had ridden from her father's house; the guide having now taken up behind him, in the room of Sophia, a much heavier, as well as much less lovely burthen; being, indeed a huge portmanteau, well stuffed with those outside ornaments, by means of which the fair Honour hoped to gain many conquests, and finally to make her fortune in London city.

When they had gone about two hundred paces from the inn, on the London road, Sophia rode up to the guide, and with a voice much fuller of honey than was ever that of Plato, though his mouth is supposed to have been a bee hive, begged him to take the first turning which led towards Bristol.

Reader, I am not superstitious, nor any great believer of modern miracles. I do not, therefore, deliver the following as a certain truth; for, indeed, I can scarce credit it myself: but the fidelity of an historian obliges me to relate what hath been confidently asserted. The horse then on which the guide rode, is reported to have been so charmed by Sophia's voice, that he made a full stop, and expressed an unwillingness to proceed any farther.

Perhaps, however, the fact may be true, and less miraculous than it hath been represented; since the natural cause seems adequate to the effect: for as the guide at that moment desisted from a constant application of his armed right heel, (for, like Hudibras, he wore but one spur) it is more than possible that this omission alone might occasion the beast to stop, especially as this was very frequent with him at other times.

But if the voice of Sophia had really an effect on the horse, it had very little on the rider. He answered somewhat surlily, 'That master had ordered him to go a different way, and that he should lose his place, if he went any other way than that he ordered.'

Sophia finding all her persuasions had no effect, began now to add irresistible charms to her voice; charms,

charms, which, according to the proverb, makes the old mare trot, instead of standing still; charms! to which modern ages have attributed all that irresistible force, which the ancients imputed to perfect oratory. In a word, she promised she would reward him to his utmost expectation.

The lad was not totally deaf to these promises; but he disliked their being indefinite: for though perhaps he had never heard that word; yet that in fact was his objection. He said, ‘Gentlevolks did not consider the case of poor volks; that he had like to have been turned away the other day, for riding about the country with a gentleman from ’squire Allworthy’s, who did not reward him as he should have done’.

‘With whom?’ says Sophia eagerly — ‘With a gentleman from ’squire Allworthy’s,’ repeated the lad; ‘the ’squire’s son, I think, they call ’un.’ — ‘Whither, which way did he go?’ says Sophia. ‘Why a little o’one side o’Bristol, about twenty miles off,’ answered the lad. — ‘Guide me,’ says Sophia, ‘to the same place, and I’ll give thee a guinea, or two, if one is not sufficient.’ ‘To be certain,’ said the boy, ‘it is honestly worth two, when your ladyship considers what a risk I run; but however if your ladyship will promise me the two guineas, I’ll e’en venture: to be certain it is a sinful thing to ride about my master’s horses; but one comfort is, I can only be turned away, and two guineas will partly make me amends.’

The bargain being thus struck, the lad turned aside into the Bristol road, and Sophia set forward in pursuit of Jones, highly contrary to the remonstrances of Mrs. Honour, who had much more desire to see London, than to see Mr. Jones: for indeed she was not his friend with her mistress, as he had been guilty of some neglect in certain pecuniary civilities, which are by custom due to the waiting-gentlewoman in all love affairs, and more especially in those of a clandestine kind. This we impute rather to the carelessness of his temper, than to any want of generosity; but perhaps she derived it from the latter motive: certain it is, that

that she hated him very bitterly on that account, and resolved to take every opportunity of injuring him with her mistress. It was therefore highly unlucky for her, that she had gone to the very same town and inn whence Jones had started, and still more unlucky was she in having stumbled on the same guide, and on this accidental discovery which Sophia had made.

Our travellers arrived at Hambrook* at the break of day, where Honour was against her will charged to enquire the route which Mr. Jones had taken. Of this, indeed, the guide himself could have informed them; but Sophia, I know not for what reason, never asked him the question.

When Mrs. Honour had made her report from the landlord, Sophia, with much difficulty, procured some indifferent horses, which brought her to the inn, where Jones had been confined rather by the misfortune of meeting with a surgeon, than by having met with a broken head.

Here Honour being again charged with a commission of enquiry, had no sooner applied herself to the landlady, and had described the person of Mr. Jones, than that sagacious woman began, in the vulgar phrase, to smell a rat. When Sophia therefore entered the room, instead of answering the maid, the landlady addressing herself to the mistress, began the following speech. 'Good-lack a-day! why there now, who would have thought it? I protest the loveliest couple that ever eye beheld. I-fackins, Madam, it is no wonder the 'squire run on so about your ladyship. He told me indeed you was the finest lady in the world, and to be sure so you be. Mercy on him, poor heart, I bepited him, so I did, when he used to hug his pillow, and call it his dear madam Sophia.—I did all I could to dissuade him from going to the wars: I told him there were men enow that were good for nothing else but to be killed, that had not the love of such fine ladies.' 'Sure,' says Sophia, 'the good woman is distracted.' 'No, no,' cries the landlady, 'I am not distracted.

* This was the village where Jones met the quaker.

‘What, doth you ladyship think I don’t know then?’ ‘I assure you he told me all.’ ‘What saucy fellow,’ cries Honour, ‘told you any thing of my lady?’ ‘No,’ saucy fellow,’ answered the landlady, ‘but the young gentleman you inquired after, and a very pretty young gentleman he is, and he loves Madam Sophia Western to the bottom of his soul.’ ‘He love my lady! I’d have you to know, woman, she is meat for his master.’—‘Nay, Honour,’ said Sophia, interrupting her, ‘don’t be angry with the good woman; she intends no harm.’ ‘No, marry don’t I,’ answered the landlady, emboldened by the soft accents of Sophia, and then launched into a long narrative too tedious to be here set down, in which some passages dropt, that gave a little offence to Sophia, and much more to her waiting-woman, who hence took occasion to abuse poor Jones to her mistress the moment they were alone together, saying, ‘that he must be a very pitiful fellow, and could have no love for a lady, whose name he would thus prostitute in an alehouse.’

Sophia did not see his behaviour in so very disadvantageous a light, and was perhaps more pleased with the violent raptures of his love (which the landlady exaggerated as much as she had done every other circumstance) than she was offended with the rest; and indeed she imputed the whole to the extravagance, or rather ebullience of his passion, and to the openness of his heart.

This incident, however, being afterwards revived in her mind, and placed in the most odious colours by Honour, served to heighten and give credit to those unlucky occurrences at Upton, and assisted the waiting-woman in her endeavours to make her mistress depart from that inn, without seeing Jones.

The landlady finding Sophia intended to stay no longer than till her horses were ready, and that without either eating or drinking, soon withdrew; when Honour began to take her mistress to task, (for indeed she used great freedom) and after a long harangue, in which she reminded her of her intention to go to London, and gave frequent hints of the impropriety
of

purfuing a young fellow, ſhe at laſt concluded with this ſerious exhortation: 'For heaven's ſake, Madam, conſider what you are about, and whither you are going.'

This advice to a lady who had already rode near forty miles, and in no very agreeable ſeaſon, may ſeem fooliſh enough. It may be ſuppoſed ſhe had well conſidered and reſolved this already; nay, Mrs. Honour, by the hints ſhe threw out, ſeemed to think ſo; and this I doubt not, is the opinion of many readers, who have, I make no doubt, been long ſince well convinced of the purpoſe of our heroine, and have heartily condemned her for it as a wanton baggage.

But in reality this was not the caſe. Sophia had been lately ſo diſtracted between hope and fear, her duty and love to her father, her hatred to Blifil, her compaſſion, and (why ſhould we not confeſs the truth?) her love for Jones; which laſt the behaviour of her father, of her aunt, of every one elſe, and more particularly of Jones himſelf, had blown into a flame, that her mind was in that confuſed ſtate, which may be truly ſaid to make us ignorant of what we do, or whither we go, or rather indeed indifferent as to the conſequence of either.

The prudent and ſage advice of her maid, produced, however, ſome cool reflection; and ſhe at length determined to go to Glouceſter, and thence to proceed directly to London.

But unluckily a few miles before ſhe entered that town, ſhe met the hack-attorney, who as is before mentioned, had dined there with Mr. Jones. This fellow being well known to Mrs. Honour, ſtopt and ſpoke to her; of which Sophia at that time took little notice, more than to enquire who he was.

But having had a more particular account from Honour of this man afterwards at Glouceſter, and hearing of the great expedition he uſually made in travelling, for which (as hath been before obſerved) he was particularly famous; recollecting likewiſe, that ſhe had overheard Mrs. Honour inform him, that they were going to Glouceſter, ſhe began to fear leſt her father might, by this fellow's means, be able

trace her to that city; wherefore if she should there strike into the London road, she apprehended he would certainly be able to overtake her. She therefore altered her resolution; and having hired horses to go a week's journey, a way which she did not intend to travel, she again set forward after a light refreshment, contrary to the desires and earnest entreaties of her maid, and to the no less vehement remonstrances of Mrs. Whitefield, who from good breeding, or perhaps from good nature (for the poor young lady appeared much fatigued) pressed her very heartily to stay that evening at Gloucester.

Having refreshed herself only with some tea, and with lying about two hours on the bed, while her horses were getting ready, she resolutely left Mrs. Whitefield's about eleven at night, and striking directly into the Worcester road, within less than four hours arrived at that very inn where we last saw her.

Having thus traced our heroine very particularly back from her departure, till her arrival at Upton, we shall in a very few words bring her father to the same place; who having received the first scent from the post-boy, who conducted his daughter to Hambrook, very easily traced her afterwards to Gloucester; whence he pursued her to Upton, as he had learned Mr. Jones had taken that route, (for Partridge, to use the squire's expression, left every where a strong scent behind him) and he doubted not in the least but Sophia travelled, or, as he phrased it, ran the same way. He used indeed a very coarse expression, which need not be here inserted; as fox-hunters, who alone would understand it, will easily suggest it to themselves.

THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

BOOK XI.

Containing about three days.

CHAP. I.

A crust for the critics.

IN our last initial chapter, we may be supposed to have treated that formidable set of men, who are called critics, with more freedom than becomes us; since they exact, and indeed generally receive, great condescension from Authors. We shall in this, therefore, give the reasons of our conduct to this august body; and here we shall perhaps place them in a light, in which they have not hitherto been seen.

This word critic is of Greek derivation, and signifies judgment. Hence I presume some persons who have not understood the original, and have seen the English translation of the primitive, have concluded, that it meant judgment in the legal sense, in which it is frequently used as equivalent to condemnation.

I am the rather inclined to be of that opinion, as the greatest number of critics hath of late years been found amongst the lawyers. Many of these gentlemen, from despair, perhaps, of ever rising to the bench in

Westminster-hall, have placed themselves on the benches at the play-house, where they have exerted their judicial capacity, and have given judgment, *i. e.* condemned without mercy.

The gentlemen would perhaps be well enough pleased, if we were to leave them thus compared to one of the most important and honourable offices in the commonwealth, and, if we intended to apply to their favour, we would do so; but as we design to deal very sincerely and plainly too with them, we must remind them of another officer of justice of a much lower rank; to whom, as they not only pronounce, but execute their own judgment, they bear likewise some remote resemblance.

But in reality there is another light, in which these modern critics may with great justice and propriety be seen; and this is that of a common slanderer. If a person who pries into the characters of others, with no other design but to discover their faults, and to publish them to the world, deserves the title of a slanderer of the reputations of men; why should not a critic, who reads with the same malevolent view, be as properly stiled the slanderer of the reputation of books?

Vice hath not, I believe, a more abject slave; society produces not a more odious vermin; nor can the devil receive a guest more worthy of him, nor possibly more welcome to him, than a slanderer. The world, I am afraid, regards not this monster with half the abhorrence which he deserves; and I am more afraid to assign the reason of this criminal lenity shewn towards him; yet it is certain, that the thief looks innocent in the comparison; nay, the murderer himself can seldom stand in competition with his guilt: for slander is a more cruel weapon than a sword, as the wounds which the former gives are always incurable. One method, indeed, there is of killing, and that the basest and most execrable of all, which bears an exact analogy to the vice here disclaimed against, and that is poison. A means of revenge so base, and yet so horrible, that it was once wisely distinguished by our laws from all other murders, in the peculiar severity of the punishment.

Besides

Besides the dreadful mischiefs done by slander, and the baseness of the means by which they are effected, there are other circumstances that highly aggravate its atrocious quality: for it often proceeds from no provocation, and seldom promises itself any reward, unless some black and infernal mind may propose a reward in the thoughts of having procured the ruin and misery of another.

Shakespear hath nobly touched this vice, when he says,

Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something,
nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and hath been slave to thou-
sands:

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

With all this my good reader will doubtless agree; but much of it will probably seem too severe, when applied to the slanderer of books. But let it here be considered, that both proceed from the same wicked disposition of mind, and are alike void of the excuse of temptation. Nor shall we conclude the injury done this way to be very slight, when we consider a book as the Author's offspring, and indeed as the child of his brain.

The reader who hath suffered his muse to continue hitherto in a virgin state, can have but a very inadequate idea of this kind of paternal fondness. To such we may parody the tender exclamation of Macduff. "Alas! Thou hast written no book." But the Author whose muse hath brought forth, will feel the pathetic strain, perhaps will accompany me with tears (especially if his darling be already no more) while I mention the uneasiness with which the big muse bears about her burden, the painful labour with which she produces it, and lastly, the care, the fondness, with which the tender father nourishes his favourite, till it be brought to maturity, and produced into the world.

Nor is there any paternal fondness which seems less

to favour of absolute instinct, and which may so well be reconciled to worldly wisdom, as this. These children may most truly be called the riches of their father; and many of them have with true filial piety fed their parent in his old age: so that not only the affection, but the interest of the Author, may be highly injured by these slanderers, whose poisonous breath brings his book to an untimely end.

Lastly, the slander of a book is, in truth, the slander of the Author: for as no one can call another bastard, without calling the mother a whore; so neither can any one give the names of sad stuff, horrid nonsense, &c. to a book, without calling the Author a blockhead; which though in a moral sense, it is a preferable appellation to that of villain, is perhaps rather more injurious to his worldly interest.

Now however ludicrous all this may appear to some, others, I doubt not, will feel and acknowledge the truth of it; nay, may, perhaps, think I have not treated the subject with decent solemnity; but surely a man may speak truth with a smiling countenance. In reality, to depreciate a book maliciously, or even wantonly, is at least a very ill-natured office; and a morose snarling critic may, I believe, be suspected to be a bad man.

I will therefore endeavour in the remaining part of this chapter, to explain the marks of this character, and to shew what criticism I here intend to obviate: for I can never be understood, unless by the very persons here meant, to insinuate, that there are no proper judges of writing, or to endeavour to exclude from the commonwealth of literature any of those noble critics, to whose labours the learned world are so greatly indebted. Such were Aristotle, Horace, and Longinus among the antients, Dacier and Bossu among the French, and some perhaps among us; who have certainly been duly authorized to execute at least a judicial authority in *Foro Literario*.

But without ascertaining all the proper qualifications of a critic, which I have touched on elsewhere, I think I may very boldly object to the censures of any one past upon works which he hath not himself read.

read. Such censurers as these, whether they speak from their own guess or suspicion, or from the report and opinion of others, may properly be said to slander the reputation of the book they condemn.

Such may likewise be suspected of deserving this character, who without assigning any particular faults, condemn the whole in general defamatory terms; such as vile, dull, da—d stuff, &c. and particularly by the use of the monosyllable Low; a word which becomes the mouth of no critic who is not RIGHT HONOURABLE.

Again, though there may be some faults justly assigned in the work; yet if those are not in the most essential parts, or, if they are compensated by greater beauties, it will favour rather of the malice of a slanderer, than of the judgment of a true critic, to pass a severe sentence upon the whole, merely on account of some vicious part. This is directly contrary to the sentiments of Horace.

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

But where the beauties, more in number, shine,
I am not angry, when a casual line
(That with some trivial faults unequal flows)
A careless hand, or human frailty shows.

Mr. FRANCIS.

For as Martial says, *Aliter non fit, Avite, Liber.*
No book can be otherwise composed. All beauty of character, as well as of countenance, and indeed of every thing human, is to be tried in this manner. Cruel indeed would it be, if such a work as this history, which hath employed some thousands of hours in the composing, should be liable to be condemned, because some particular chapter, or perhaps chapters, may be obnoxious to very just and sensible objections. And yet nothing is more common than the most rigorous sentence upon books supported by such objections, which, if they were rightly taken (and that they are

not always) do by no means go to the merit of the whole. In the theatre especially, a single expression which doth not coincide with the taste of the audience, or with any individual critic of that audience, is sure to be hissed; and one scene which should be disapproved, would hazard the whole piece. To write within such severe rules as these, is as impossible as to live up to some splenetic opinions; and if we judge according to the sentiments of some critics, and of some christians, no Author will be saved in this world, and no man in the next.

CH A P. II.

The adventures which Sophia met with after her leaving Upton.

OUR history, just before it was obliged to turn about, and travel backwards, had mentioned the departure of Sophia and her maid from the inn; we shall now therefore pursue the steps of that lovely creature, and leave her unworthy lover a little longer to bemoan his ill-luck, or rather his ill conduct.

Sophia having directed her guide to travel through bye-roads across the country, they now passed the Severn, and had scarce got a mile from the inn, when the young lady, looking behind her, saw several horses coming after on full speed. This greatly alarmed her fears, and she called to the guide to put on as fast as possible.

He immediately obeyed her, and away they rode a full gallop. But the faster they went, the faster were they followed; and as the horses behind were somewhat swifter than those before, so the former were at length overtaken. A happy circumstance for poor Sophia; whose fears, joined to her fatigue, had almost overpowered her spirits; but she was now instantly relieved by a female voice, that greeted her in the softest manner, and with the utmost civility. This greeting, Sophia, as soon as she could recover her breath, with like civility, and with the highest satisfaction to herself, returned.

The

The travellers who joined Sophia, and who had given her such terror, consisted, like her own company, of two females and a guide. The two parties proceeded three full miles together before any one offered again to open their mouths; when our heroine, having pretty well got the better of her fear, (but yet being somewhat surprized that the other still continued to attend her, as she pursued no great road, and had already passed through several turnings) accosted the strange lady in a most obliging tone; and said, 'She was very happy to find they were both travelling the same way.' The other, who, like a ghost, only wanted to be spoke to, readily answered, 'That the happiness was entirely hers; that she was a perfect stranger in that country, and was so overjoyed at meeting a companion of her own sex, that she had perhaps been guilty of an impertinence which required great apology, in keeping pace with her.' More civilities passed between these two ladies; for Mrs. Honour had now given place to the fine habit of the stranger, and had fallen into the rear. But though Sophia had great curiosity to know why the other lady continued to travel on through the same bye-roads with herself, nay, though this gave her some uneasiness; yet fear, or modesty, or some other consideration, restrained her from asking the question.

The strange lady now laboured under a difficulty which appears almost below the dignity of history to mention. Her bonnet had been blown from her head not less than five times within the last mile; nor could she come at any ribbon or handkerchief to tye it under her chin. When Sophia was informed of this, she immediately supplied her with a handkerchief for this purpose; which while she was pulling from her pocket, she perhaps too much neglected the management of her horse, for the beast now unluckily making a false step, fell upon his fore-legs, and threw his fair rider from his back.

Though Sophia came head-foremost to the ground, she happily received not the least damage; and the same circumstances which had perhaps contributed to her fall, now preserved her from confusion; for the

lane which they were then passing, was narrow and very much over-grown with trees, so that the moon could here afford very little light, and was moreover, at present, so obscured in a cloud, that it was almost perfectly dark. By these means the young lady's modesty, which was extremely delicate, escaped as free from injury as her limbs, and she was once more reinstated in her saddle, having received no other harm than a little fright by her fall.

Day-light at length appeared in its full lustre; and now the two ladies, who were riding over a common side by side, looking stedfastly at each other, at the same moment both their eyes became fixed; both their horses stopt, and both speaking together, with equal joy pronounced, the one the name of Sophia, the other that of Harriet.

This unexpected encounter surprized the ladies much more than I believe it will the sagacious reader, who must have imagined that the strange lady could be no other than Mrs. Fitzpatrick, the cousin of Miss Western, whom we before-mentioned to have fallied from the inn a few minutes after her.

So great was the surprize and joy which these two cousins conceived at this meeting (for they had formerly been most intimate acquaintance and friends, and had long lived together with their aunt Western) that it is impossible to recount half the congratulations which passed between them, before either asked a very natural question of the other, namely, whither she was going.

This at last, however, came first from Mrs. Fitzpatrick; but easy and natural as the question may seem, Sophia found it difficult to give it a very ready and certain answer. She begged her cousin therefore to suspend all curiosity till they arrived at some inn, 'which I suppose,' says she, 'can hardly be far distant; and believe me, Harriet, I suspend as much curiosity on my side; for indeed I believe our astonishment is pretty equal.'

The conversation which passed between these ladies on the road, was, I apprehend, little worth relating; and less certainly was that between the two waiting-

women :

women; for they likewise began to pay their compliments to each other. As for the guides, they were debarred from the pleasure of discourse, the one being placed in the van, and the other obliged to bring up the rear.

In this posture they travelled many hours, till they came into a wide and well-beaten road, which, as they turned to the right, soon brought them to a very fair promising inn; where they all alighted: but so fatigued was Sophia, that, as she had sat her horse during the last five or six miles with great difficulty, so was she now incapable of dismounting from him without assistance. This the landlord, who had hold of her horse, presently perceiving, offered to lift her in his arms from her saddle; and she too readily accepted the tender of his service. Indeed fortune seems to have resolved to put Sophia to the blush that day, and the second malicious attempt succeeded better than the first; for my landlord had no sooner received the young lady in his arms, than his feet, which the gout had lately very severely handled, gave way, and down he tumbled; but at the same time, with no less dexterity than gallantry, contrived to throw himself under his charming burthen, so that he alone received any bruise from the fall; for the great injury which happened to Sophia, was a violent shock given to her modesty, by an immoderate grin, which, at her rising from the ground, she observed in the countenances of most of the bye-standers. This made her suspect what had really happened, and what we shall not here relate, for the indulgence of those readers who are capable of laughing at the offence given to a young lady's delicacy. Accidents of this kind we have never regarded in a comical light; nor will we scruple to say, that he must have a very inadequate idea of the modesty of a beautiful young woman, who would wish to sacrifice it to so paltry a satisfaction as can arise from laughter.

This fright and shock, joined to the violent fatigue which both her mind and body had undergone, almost overcame the excellent constitution of Sophia, and she had scarce strength sufficient to totter into the inn, leaning on the arm of her maid. Here she was no sooner

fooner seated than she called for a glass of water ; but Mrs. Honour, very judiciously, in my opinion, changed it into a glass of wine.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick hearing from Mrs. Honour, that Sophia had not been in bed during the two last nights, and observing her to look very pale and wan with fatigue, earnestly entreated her to refresh herself with some sleep. She was yet a stranger to her history, or her apprehensions ; but had she known both, she would have given the same advice ; for rest was visibly necessary for her ; and their long journey through bye roads so entirely removed all danger of pursuit that she was herself perfectly easy on that account.

Sophia was easily prevailed on to follow the counsel of her friend, which was heartily seconded by her maid. Mrs. Fitzpatrick likewise offered to bear her cousin company, which Sophia, with much complaisance, accepted.

The mistress was no sooner in bed, than the maid prepared to follow her example. She began to make many apologies to her sister Abigail for leaving her alone in so horrid a place as an inn ; but the other stopped her short, being as well inclined to a nap as herself, and desired the honour of being her bedfellow. Sophia's maid agreed to give her a share of her bed, but put in her claim to all the honour. So after many court'sies and compliments, to bed together went the waiting-women, as their mistresses had done before them.

It was usual with my landlord (as indeed it is with the whole fraternity) to enquire particularly of all coachmen, footmen, postboys, and others, into the names of all his guests ; what their estate was, and where it lay. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the many particular circumstances which attended our travellers, and especially their retiring all to sleep at so extraordinary and unusual an hour as ten in the morning, should excite his curiosity. As soon therefore as the guides entered the kitchen, he began to examine who the ladies were, and whence they came ; but the guides, though they faithfully related all they knew, gave him very little satisfaction. On the contrary,

trary, they rather enflamed his curiosity than extinguished it.

This landlord had the character, among all his neighbours, of being a very sagacious fellow. He was thought to see farther and deeper into things than any man in the parish, the parson himself not excepted. Perhaps his look had contributed not a little to procure him this reputation; for there was in this something wonderfully wise and significant, especially when he had a pipe in his mouth; which, indeed, he seldom was without. His behaviour, likewise, greatly assisted in promoting the opinion of his wisdom. In his deportment he was solemn, if not sullen; and when he spoke, which was seldom, he always delivered himself in a slow voice; and though his sentences were short, they were still interrupted with many hum's and ha's, ay, ays, and other expletives, so that though he accompanied his words with certain explanatory gestures, such as shaking or nodding the head, or pointing with his fore finger, he generally left his hearers to understand more than he expressed; nay, he commonly gave them a hint, that he knew much more than he thought proper to disclose. This last circumstance alone, may, indeed, very well account for his character of wisdom; since men are strangely inclined to worship what they do not understand. A grand secret, upon which several impose on mankind have totally relied for the success of their frauds.

This polite person now taking his wife aside, asked her, 'what she thought of the ladies lately arrived?' 'Think of them?' said the wife, 'why what should I think of them?' 'I know,' answered he, 'what I think. The guides tell strange stories. One pretends to be come from Gloucester, and the other from Upton; and neither of them, for what I can find, can tell whither they are going. But what people ever travel across the country from Upton hither, especially to London? And one of the maid-servants, before she alighted from her horse, asked, if this was not the London road? Now I have put all these circumstances together, and whom do you think I have found them out to be?' 'Nay,' answered

answered she, ' you know I never pretend to guess
' at your discoveries.' — ' It is a good girl,' replied
he, chucking her under the chin; ' I must own you
' have always submitted to my knowledge of these
' matters. Why, then depend upon it; mind what
' I say, — depend upon it, they are certainly some of
' the rebel ladies, who, they say, travel with the
' young Chevalier; and have taken a round-about way
' to escape the duke's army.'

' Husband,' quoth the wife, ' you have certainly
' hit it; for one of them is dress'd as fine as any prin-
' cefs; and, to be sure, she looks for all the world
' like one. — But yet, when I consider one thing.
— ' When you consider,' cries the landlord contemp-
tuously — ' Come, pray let's hear what you con-
' sider.' — ' Why it is,' answered the wife, ' that
' she is too humble to be any very great lady; for
' while our Betty was warming the bed, she called her
' nothing but child, and my dear, and sweetheart;
' and when Betty offered to pull off her shoes and
' stockings, she would not suffer her, saying, she would
' not give her the trouble.'

' Pugh!' answered the husband, ' that is nothing.
' Dost think, because you have seen some great ladies
' rude and uncivil to persons below them, that none
' of them know how to behave themselves when they
' come before their inferiors? I think I know people
' of fashion when I see them. I think I do. Did not
' she call for a glass of water when she came in?
' Another sort of woman would have called for a
' dram; you know they would. If she be not a wo-
' man of very great quality, sell me for a fool; and,
' I believe, those who buy me will have a bad bargain.
' Now, would a woman of her quality travel without
' a footman, unless upon some such extraordinary oc-
' casion?' ' Nay, to be sure, husband,' cries she,
' you know these matters better than I, or most folk.'
' I think I do know something,' said he. ' To be
' sure,' answered the wife, ' the poor little heart
' looked so piteous, when she sat down in the chair,
' I protest I could not help having a compassion for
' her, almost as much as if she had been a poor body.

' But

‘But what’s to be done, husband? If an she be a rebel, I suppose you intend to betray her up to the court. Well, she’s a sweet-tempered, good-humoured lady, be she what she will, and I shall hardly refrain from crying, when I hear she is hanged or beheaded.’ ‘Pooh,’ answered the husband! —

‘But as to what’s to be done it is not so easy a matter to determine. I hope, before she goes away, we shall have the news of a battle: for if the Chevalier should get the better, she may gain us interest at court, and make our fortunes without betraying her.’ ‘Why that’s true,’ replied the wife; ‘and I heartily hope she will have it in her power. Certainly she’s a sweet good lady; it would go horribly against me to have her come to any harm.’ ‘Pooh,’ cries the landlord, ‘women are always so tender-hearted. Why you would not harbour rebels, would you?’ ‘No certainly,’ answered the wife; ‘and as for betraying her, come what will on’t, nobody can blame us. It is what any body would do in our case.’

While our politic landlord, who had not, we see, undeservedly the reputation of great wisdom among his neighbours, was engaged in debating this matter with himself, (for he paid little attention to the opinion of his wife) news arrived that the rebels had given the duke the slip, and had got a day’s march towards London; and soon after arrived a famous Jacobite squire, who, with great joy in his countenance, shook the landlord by the hand, saying, ‘All’s our own, boy, ten thousand honest Frenchmen are landed in Suffolk. Old England for ever! ten thousand French, my brave lad! I am going to tap away directly.’

This news determined the opinion of the wise man, and he resolved to make his court to the young lady, when she arose; for he had now (he said) discovered that she was no other than Madam Jenny Cameron herself.

And in the chair
 for a companion for
 who had a poor bed
 and

C H A P. III.

A very short chapter, in which however is a sun, a moon, a star, and an angel.

TH E sun (for he keeps very good hours at this time of the year) had been some time retired to rest, when Sophia arose greatly refreshed by her sleep; which, short as it was, nothing but her extreme fatigue could have occasioned; for though she had told her maid, and perhaps herself too, that she was perfectly easy when she left Upton; yet it is certain her mind was a little affected with that malady which is attended with all the restless symptoms of a fever, and is perhaps the very distemper which physicians mean (if they mean any thing) by the fever on the spirits.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick likewise left her bed at the same time; and having summoned her maid, immediately dressed herself. She was really a very pretty woman, and had she been in any other company but that of Sophia, might have been thought beautiful; but when Mrs. Honour of her own accord attended (for her mistress would not suffer her to be waked) and had equipped our heroine, the charms of Mrs. Fitzpatrick who had performed the office of the morning-star, and had preceded greater glories, shared the fate of that star, and were totally eclipsed the moment those glories shone forth.

Perhaps Sophia never looked more beautiful than she did at this instant. We ought not therefore to condemn the maid of the inn for her hyperbole, who when she descended, after having lighted the fire, declared, and ratified it with an oath, that if ever there was an angel upon earth, she was now above stairs.

Sophia had acquainted her cousin with her design to go to London; and Mrs. Fitzpatrick had agreed to accompany her; for the arrival of her husband at Upton had put an end to her design of going to Bath, nor to her aunt Western. They had therefore no sooner finished their tea, than Sophia proposed to set out, the moon then shining extremely bright, and as for the
frost

frost she defied it; nor had she any of those apprehensions which many young ladies would have felt at travelling by night; for she had, as we have before observed, some little degree of natural courage; and this her present sensations, which bordered somewhat on despair, greatly encreased. Besides, as she had already travelled twice with safety, by the light of the moon, she was the better emboldened to trust to it a third time.

The disposition of Mrs. Fitzpatrick was more timorous; for though the greater terrors had conquered the less, and the presence of her husband had driven her away at so unseasonable an hour from Upton; yet being now arrived at a place where she thought herself safe from his pursuit, these lesser terrors of I know not what, operated so strongly, that she earnestly entreated her cousin to stay till the next morning, and not expose herself to the dangers of travelling by night.

Sophia, who was yielding to an excess, when she could neither laugh nor reason her cousin out of these apprehensions, at last gave way to them. Perhaps indeed, had she known of her father's arrival at Upton, it might have been more difficult to have persuaded her; for as to Jones, she had, I am afraid, no great horror at the thoughts of being overtaken by him; nay, to confess the truth, I believe she rather wished than feared it; though I might honestly enough have concealed this wish from the reader, as it was one of those secret spontaneous emotions of the soul, to which the reason is often a stranger.

When our young ladies had determined to remain all that evening in their inn, they were attended by the landlady, who desired to know what their ladyships would be pleased to eat. Such charms were there in the voice, in the manner, and in the affable deportment of Sophia, that she ravished the landlady to the highest degree; and that good woman concluding that she had attended Jenny Cameron, became in a moment a staunch Jacobite, and wished heartily well to the young Pretender's cause, from the great sweetness and affability with which she had been treated by his supposed mistress.

The

The two cousins began now to impart to each other their reciprocal curiosity, to know what extraordinary accidents on both sides occasioned this so strange and unexpected meeting. At last Mrs. Fitzpatrick, having obtained of Sophia a promise of communicating likewise in her turn, began to relate what the reader, if he is desirous to know her history, may read in the ensuing chapter.

C H A P. IV.

The history of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

MR S. Fitzpatrick, after a silence of a few moments, fetching a deep sigh, thus began:

It is natural to the unhappy to feel a secret concern in recollecting those periods of their lives which have been most delightful to them. The remembrance of past pleasures affects us with a kind of tender grief, like what we suffer for departed friends; and the ideas of both may be said to haunt our imaginations.

For this reason, I never reflect without sorrow on those days (the happiest far of my life) which we spent together, when both were under the care of my aunt Wettern. Alas! why are Miss Graveairs, and Miss Giddy no more? You remember, I am sure, when we knew each other by no other names. Indeed you gave the latter appellation with too much cause. I have since experienced how much I deserved it. You, my Sophia, was always my superior in every thing, and I heartily hope you will be so in your fortune. I shall never forget the wise and matronly advice you once gave me, when I lamented being disappointed of a ball, though you could not be then fourteen years old. — O my Sophy, how blest must have been my situation, when I could think such a disappointment a misfortune; and when indeed it was the greatest I had ever known!

And yet my dear Harriet,' answered Sophia, 'it was then a serious matter with you. Comfort yourself therefore with thinking, that whatever you now lament

‘lament may hereafter appear as trifling and contemptible as a ball would at this time.’

‘Alas, my Sophia,’ replied the other lady, ‘you yourself will think otherwise of my present situation; for greatly must that tender heart be altered, if my misfortunes do not draw many a sigh, nay, many a tear, from you. The knowledge of this should perhaps deter me from relating what I am convinced will so much affect you.’ — Here Mrs. Fitzpatrick stopt, till at the repeated entreaties of Sophia, she thus proceeded.

‘Though you must have heard much of my marriage; yet as matters may probably have been misrepresented, I will set out from the very commencement of my unfortunate acquaintance with my present husband; which was at Bath, soon after you left my aunt, and returned home to your father.

‘Among the gay young fellows, who were at this season at Bath, Mr. Fitzpatrick was one. He was handsome, degagé, extremely gallant, and in his dress exceeded most others. In short, my dear, if you was unluckily to see him now, I could describe him no better than by telling you he was the very reverse of every thing which he is: for he hath rusticated himself so long, that he is become an absolute wild Irishman. But to proceed in my story; the qualifications which he then possessed, so well recommended him, that though the people of quality at that time lived separate from the rest of the company, and excluded them from all their parties, Mr. Fitzpatrick found means to gain admittance. It was perhaps no easy matter to avoid him; for he required very little or no invitation; and as being handsome and genteel, he found it no very difficult matter to ingratiate himself with the ladies; so, he having frequently drawn his sword, the men did not care publickly to affront him. Had it not been for some such reason, I believe he would have been soon expelled by his own sex; for surely he had no strict title to be preferred to the English gentry; nor did they seem inclined to shew him any extraordinary favour. They all abused him behind his

back,

back; which might probably proceed from envy; for by the women he was well received, and very particularly distinguished by them.

My aunt, though no person of quality herself, as she had always lived about the court, was enrolled in that party: for by whatever means you get into the polite circle, when you are once there, it is sufficient merit for you that you are there. This observation, young as you was, you could scarce avoid making from my aunt, who was free, or reserved, with all people, just as they had more or less of this merit.

And this merit, I believe, it was, which principally recommended Mr. Fitzpatrick to her favour. In which he so well succeeded, that he was always one of her private parties. Nor was he backward in returning such distinction; for he soon grew so very particular in his behaviour to her, that the scandal club first began to take notice of it, and the better disposed persons made a match between them. For my own part, I confess, I made no doubt but that his designs were strictly honourable, as the phrase is; that is, to rob a lady of her fortune by way of marriage. My aunt was, I conceive, neither young enough nor handsome enough, to attract much wicked inclination; but she had matrimonial charms in great abundance.

I was the more confirmed in this opinion from the extraordinary respect which he shewed to myself, from the first moment of our acquaintance. This I understood as an attempt to lessen, if possible, that disinclination which my interest might be supposed to give me towards the match; and I know not but in some measure it had that effect: for as I was well contented with my own fortune, and of all people the least a slave to interested views; so I could not be violently the enemy of a man with whose behaviour to me I was greatly pleased; and the more so, as I was the only object of such respect; for he behaved at the same time to many women of quality without any respect at all.

Agreeable as this was to me, he soon changed it into

' into another kind of behaviour, which was perhaps
 ' more so. He now put on much softness and tender-
 ' ness, and languished and sighed abundantly. At
 ' times indeed, whether from art or nature I will not
 ' determine, he gave his usual loose to gaiety and
 ' mirth; but this was always in general company,
 ' and with other women; for even in a country-
 ' dance, when he was not my partner, he became
 ' grave; and put on the softest look imaginable, the
 ' moment he approached me. Indeed he was in all
 ' things so very particular towards me, that I must
 ' have been blind not to have discovered it. And,
 ' and, and—' ' And you was more pleased still, my
 ' dear Harriet,' cries Sophia; ' you need not be
 ' ashamed,' added she sighing; ' for sure there are
 ' irresistible charms in tenderness, which too many
 ' men are able to affect.' ' True,' answered her cou-
 ' sin, ' men, who in all other instances want common
 ' sense, are very Machiavals in the art of loving. I
 ' wish I did not know an instance.—Well, scandal
 ' now began to be as busy with me as it had before
 ' been with my aunt; and some good ladies did not
 ' scruple to affirm, that Mr. Fitzpatrick had an in-
 ' trigue with us both.

' But what may seem astonishing; my aunt never
 ' saw, nor in the least seemed to suspect that which
 ' was visible enough, I believe, from both our beha-
 ' viours. One would indeed think, that love quite
 ' puts out the eyes of an old woman. In fact, they
 ' so greedily swallow the addresses which are made to
 ' them, that like an outrageous glutton, they are not
 ' at leisure to observe what passes amongst others at the
 ' same table. This I have observed in more cases
 ' than my own; and this was so strongly verified by
 ' my aunt, that, though she often found us together
 ' at her return from the pump, the least canting word
 ' of his, pretending impatience at her absence, effec-
 ' tually smothered all suspicion. One artifice suc-
 ' ceeded with her to admiration. This was his treat-
 ' ing me like a little child, and never calling me by
 ' any other name in her presence, but that of pretty
 ' miss. This indeed did him some disservice with your
 ' humble

' humble servant ; but I soon saw through it, especi-
 ' ally as in her absence he behaved to me, as I have
 ' said, in a different manner. However, if I was
 ' not greatly disobliged by a conduct of which I had
 ' discovered the design, I smarted very severely for it ;
 ' for my aunt really conceived me to be what her lover
 ' (as she thought him) called me, and treated me, in
 ' all respects, as a perfect infant. To say the truth,
 ' I wonder she had not insisted on my again wearing
 ' leading-strings.

' At last, my lover (for so he was) thought proper
 ' in a most solemn manner, to disclose a secret which
 ' I had known long before. He now placed all the
 ' love which he had pretended to my aunt to my ac-
 ' count. He lamented, in very pathetic terms, the
 ' encouragement she had given him, and made a high
 ' merit of the tedious hours, in which he had under-
 ' gone her conversation.—What shall I tell you, my
 ' dear Sophia ?—Then I will confess the truth, I was
 ' pleased with my man. I was pleased with my con-
 ' quest. To rival my aunt delighted me ; to rival so
 ' many other women charmed me. In short, I am
 ' afraid, I did not behave as I should do, even upon
 ' the very first declaration——I wish I did not almost
 ' give him positive encouragement before we parted.

' The Bath now talked loudly, I might almost say,
 ' roared against me. Several young women affected to
 ' shun my acquaintance, not so much perhaps from
 ' any real suspicion, as from a desire of banishing me
 ' from a company, in which I too much engrossed their
 ' favourite man. And here I cannot omit expressing
 ' my gratitude to the kindness intended me by Mr.
 ' Nash ; who took me one day aside, and gave me ad-
 ' vice, which if I had followed, I had been a happy
 ' woman. " Child," says he, " I am sorry to see
 ' the familiarity which subsists between you and a
 ' fellow who is altogether unworthy of you, and I
 ' am afraid will prove your ruin. As for your old
 ' stinking aunt, if it was to be no injury to you, and
 ' my pretty Sophy Western, (I assure you I repeat his
 ' words) I should be heartily glad that the fellow was
 ' in possession of all that belongs to her. I never ad-
 ' vise

“ wise old women : for if they take it into their heads
 “ to go to the devil, it is no more possible, than worth
 “ while, to keep them from him. Innocence, and
 “ youth and beauty, are worthy a better fate, and I
 “ would save them from his clutches. Let me advise
 “ you therefore, dear child, never suffer this fellow
 “ to be particular with you again.”—“ Many more
 “ things he said to me, which I have now forgotten,
 “ and indeed I attended very little to them at that time :
 “ for inclination contradicted all he said ; and besides,
 “ I could not be persuaded, that women of quality
 “ would condescend to familiarity with such a person
 “ as he described.

“ But I am afraid, my dear, I shall tire you with a
 “ detail of so many minute circumstances. To be con-
 “ cise therefore, imagine me married ; imagine me
 “ with my husband, at the feet of my aunt ; and then
 “ imagine the maddest woman in Bedlam in a raving
 “ fit, and your imagination will suggest to you no
 “ more than what really happened.

“ The very next day my aunt left the place, partly
 “ to avoid seeing Mr. Fitzpatrick or myself, and as
 “ much perhaps to avoid seeing any one else ; for,
 “ though I am told she hath since denied every thing
 “ stoutly, I believe she was then a little confounded at
 “ her disappointment. Since that time I have written
 “ to her many letters ; but never could obtain an an-
 “ swer, which I must own fits somewhat the heavier,
 “ as she herself was, though undesignedly, the occa-
 “ sion of all my sufferings : for had it not been under
 “ the colour of paying his addresses to her, Mr. Fitz-
 “ patrick would never have found sufficient opportu-
 “ nities to have engaged my heart, which, in other
 “ circumstances, I still flatter myself would not have
 “ been an easy conquest to such a person. Indeed, I
 “ believe, I should not have erred so grossly in my
 “ choice, if I had relied on my own judgment ; but I
 “ trusted totally to the opinion of others, and very
 “ foolishly took the merit of a man for granted, whom
 “ I saw so universally well received by the women.
 “ What is the reason, my dear, that we who have un-
 “ derstandings, equal to the wisest and greatest of the
 “ other

other sex, so often make choice of the silliest fellows for companions and favourites? It raises my indignation to the highest pitch, to reflect on the numbers of women of sense who have been undone by fools.' Here she paused a moment; but Sophia making no answer, she proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAP. V.

In which the history of Mrs. Fitzpatrick is continued.

WE remained at Bath no longer than a fortnight after our wedding: for as to any reconciliation with my aunt, there were no hopes; and of my fortune, not one farthing could be touched till I was of age, of which I now wanted more than two years. My husband, therefore, was resolved to set out for Ireland; against which I remonstrated very earnestly, and insisted on a promise which he had made me before our marriage, that I should never take this journey against my consent; and indeed I never intended to consent to it; nor will any body, I believe, blame me for that resolution: but this, however, I never mentioned to my husband, and petitioned only for the reprieve of a month; but he had fixed the day, and to that day he obstinately adhered.

The evening before our departure, as we were disputing this point with great eagerness on both sides, he started suddenly from his chair, and left me abruptly, saying, he was going to the rooms. He was hardly out of the house, when I saw a paper lying on the floor, which, I suppose, he had carelessly pulled from his pocket, together with his handkerchief. This paper I took up, and finding it to be a letter, I made no scruple to open and read it; and indeed I read it so often, that I can repeat it to you almost word for word. This then was the letter.

To Mr. Brian Fitzpatrick.

SIR,
 YOURS received, and am surprized you should
 use me in this manner, as have never seen any
 of your cash, unless for one linsley-woolsley coat,
 and your bill now is upwards of 150*l*. Consider,
 Sir, how often you have fobbed me off with your
 being shortly to be married to this lady, an t'other
 lady; but I can neither live on hopes or promises,
 nor will my woollen-draper take any such in pay-
 ment. You tell me you are secure of having either
 the aunt or the niece, and that you might have mar-
 ried the aunt before this, whose jointure you say is
 immense, but that you prefer the niece on account
 of her ready money. Pray, Sir, take a fool's advice
 for once, and marry the first you can get. You will
 pardon my offering my advice, as you know I sin-
 cerely wish you well. Shall draw on you *per* next
 post, in favour of messieurs John Drugget and com-
 pany, at fourteen days, which doubt not your ho-
 nouring, and am,

Sir,
 Your humble servant,
 SAM. COSGRAVE.

This was the letter word for word. Guess, my
 dear girl, guess how this letter affected me. You
 prefer the niece on account of her ready money! If
 every one of these words had been a dagger, I could
 with pleasure have stabbed them into his heart; but
 I will not recount my frantic behaviour on the occa-
 sion. I had pretty well spent my tears before his re-
 turn home; but sufficient remains of them appeared
 in my swollen eyes. He threw himself suddenly into
 his chair, and for a long time we were both silent.
 At length in a haughty tone he said, "I hope,
 Madam, your servants have packed up all your
 things; for the coach will be ready by six in the
 morning." My patience was totally subdued by

‘ this provocation, and I answered, no, Sir, there is
‘ a letter still remains unpacked; and then throwing
‘ it on the table, I fell to upbraiding him with the
‘ most bitter language I could invent.

‘ Whether guilt, or shame, or prudence, restrained
‘ him, I cannot say; but though he is the most pas-
‘ sionate of men, he exerted no rage on this occasion.
‘ He endeavoured on the contrary to pacify me by the
‘ most gentle means. He swore the phrase in the let-
‘ ter to which I principally objected was not his, nor
‘ had he ever written any such. He owned indeed
‘ the having mentioned his marriage, and that prefe-
‘ rence which he had given to myself, but denied with
‘ many oaths the having assigned any such reason.
‘ And he excused the having mentioned any such mat-
‘ ter at all, on account of the straits he was in for
‘ money, arising, he said, from his having too long
‘ neglected his estate in Ireland. And this, he said,
‘ which he could not bear to discover to me, was the
‘ only reason of his having so strenuously insisted on
‘ our journey. He then used several very endearing
‘ expressions, and concluded by a very fond caress,
‘ and many violent protestations of love.

‘ There was one circumstance, which, though he
‘ did not appeal to it, had much weight with me in
‘ his favour, and that was the word jointure in the
‘ taylor’s letter, whereas my aunt never had been mar-
‘ ried, and this Mr. Fitzpatrick well knew.—As I
‘ imagined therefore that the fellow must have inserted
‘ this of his own head, or from hearsay, I persuaded
‘ myself he might have ventured likewise on that od-
‘ ious line on no better authority. What reasoning was
‘ this, my dear? was I not an advocate rather than a
‘ judge?—But why do I mention such a circum-
‘ stance as this, or appeal to it for the justification of
‘ my forgiveness?—In short, had he been guilty of
‘ twenty times as much, half the tenderness and fond-
‘ ness which he used, would have prevailed on me to
‘ have forgiven him. I now made no farther objec-
‘ tions to our setting out, which we did the next
‘ morning, and in a little more than a week, arrived
‘ at the seat of Mr. Fitzpatrick.

‘ Your

Chap. 5. A FOUNDLING. 197

Your curiosity will excuse me from relating any occurrences which past during our journey: for it would indeed be highly disagreeable to travel it over again, and no less so to you to travel it over with me.

This seat then, is an ancient mansion-house: if I was in one of those merry humours, in which you have so often seen me, I could describe it to you ridiculously enough. It looked as if it had been formerly inhabited by a gentleman. Here was room enough, and not the less room on account of the furniture: for indeed there was very little in it. An old woman, who seemed cocval with the building, and greatly resembled her whom Chamont mentions in the Orphan, received us at the gate, and in a howl scarce human, and to me unintelligible, welcomed her master home. In short, the whole scene was so gloomy and melancholy, that it threw my spirits into the lowest dejection; which my husband discerning, instead of relieving, encreased by two or three malicious observations. "There are good houses, Madam," says he, "as you find, in other places besides England; but perhaps you had rather be in a dirty lodgings at Bath."

Happy, my dear, is the woman, who in any state of life, hath a cheerful good-natured companion to support and comfort her; but why do I reflect on happy situations only to aggravate my own misery! my companion, far from clearing up the gloom of solitude, soon convinced me, that I must have been wretched with him in any place, and in any condition. In a word, he was a surly fellow, a character perhaps you have never seen: for indeed no woman ever sees it exemplified, but in a father, a brother, or a husband; and though you have a father, he is not of that character. This surly fellow had formerly appeared to me the very reverse, and so he did still to every other person. Good heaven! how is it possible for a man to maintain a constant lie in his appearance abroad and in company, and to content himself with shewing disagreeable truth only at home? Here, my dear, they make themselves

• amends for the uneasy restraint which they put on
 • their tempers in the world ; for I have observed the
 • more merry and gay and good-humoured my husband
 • hath at any time been in company, the more sullen
 • and morose he was sure to become at our next pri-
 • vate meeting. How shall I describe his barbarity?
 • To my fondness he was cold and insensible. My
 • little comical ways, which you, my Sophy, and
 • which others have called so agreeable, he treated
 • with contempt. In my most serious moments he
 • sung and whistled ; and whenever I was thoroughly
 • dejected and miserable, he was angry and abused
 • me : for though he was never pleased with my good
 • humour, nor ascribed it to my satisfaction in him ;
 • yet my low spirits always offended him, and those
 • he imputed to my repentance of having (as he said)
 • married an Irishman.

• You will easily conceive, my dear Graveairs ; (I
 • ask your pardon, I really forgot myself) that when
 • a woman makes an imprudent match in the sense
 • of the world ; that is, when she is not an arrant
 • prostitute to pecuniary interest, she must necessarily
 • have some inclination and affection for her man.
 • You will as easily believe that this affection may
 • possibly be lessened ; nay, I do assure you, contempt
 • will wholly eradicate it. This contempt I now
 • began to entertain for my husband, whom I now
 • discovered to be—I must use the expression—an
 • arrant blockhead. Perhaps you will wonder I did
 • not make this discovery long before ; but women
 • will suggest a thousand excuses to themselves for
 • the folly of those they like : besides, give me leave
 • to tell you, it requires a most penetrating eye to dis-
 • cern a fool through the disguises of gaiety and
 • good-breeding.

• It will be easily imagined, that when I once de-
 • spised my husband, as I confess to you I soon did,
 • I must consequently dislike his company ; and in-
 • deed I had the happiness of being very little trou-
 • bled with it ; for our house was now most elegantly
 • furnished, our cellars well stocked, and dogs and
 • horses provided in great abundance. As my gen-
 • tleman

He therefore entertained his neighbours with great hospitality; so his neighbours resorted to him with great alacrity; and sports and drinking consumed so much of his time, that a small part of his conversation, that is to say, of his ill-humours, fell to my share.

Happy would it have been for me, if I could as easily have avoided all other disagreeable company; but alas! I was confined to some which constantly tormented me; and the more, as I saw no prospect of being relieved from them. These companions were my own racking thoughts, which plagued, and in a manner haunted me night and day. In this situation I pass through a scene, the horrors of which can neither be painted nor imagined. Think, my dear, figure, if you can, to yourself what I must have undergone. I became a mother by the man I scorned, hated, and detested. I went through all the agonies and miseries of a lying-in, (ten times more painful in such a circumstance, than the worst labour can be, when one endures it for a man one loves,) in a desert, or rather indeed a scene of riot and revel, without a friend, without a companion, or without any of those agreeable circumstances which often alleviate, and, perhaps, sometimes more than compensate the sufferings of our sex at that season.

C H A P. VI.

In which the mistake of the landlord throws Sophia into a dreadful consternation.

MRS. Fitzpatrick was proceeding in her narrative, when she was interrupted by the entrance of dinner, greatly to the concern of Sophia: for the misfortunes of her friend had raised her anxiety, and left her no appetite, but what Mrs. Fitzpatrick was to satisfy by her relation.

The landlord now attended with a plate under his arm, and with the same respect in his countenance

and address which he would have put on, had the ladies arrived in a coach and six.

The married lady seemed less affected with her own misfortunes than was her cousin: for the former eat very heartily, whereas the latter could hardly swallow a morsel. Sophia likewise shewed more concern and sorrow in her countenance than appeared in the other lady; who having observed these symptoms in her friend, begged her to be comforted, saying, 'perhaps all may yet end better than either you or I expect.'

Our landlord thought he had now an opportunity to open his mouth, and was resolved not to omit it. 'I am sorry, Madam,' cries he, 'that your ladyship can't eat; for to be sure you must be hungry after so long fasting. I hope your ladyship is not uneasy at any thing, for, as madam there says, all may end better than any body expects. A gentleman who was here just now brought excellent news; and perhaps some folks who have given other folks the slip, may get to London before they are overtaken; and if they do, I make no doubt, but they will find people who will be very ready to receive them.'

All persons under the apprehension of danger convert whatever they see and hear into the objects of that apprehension. Sophia therefore immediately concluded from the foregoing speech, that she was known and pursued by her father. She was now struck with the utmost consternation, and for a few minutes deprived of the power of speech; which she no sooner recovered, than she desired the landlord to send his servants out of the room, and then addressing herself to him, said; 'I perceive, Sir, you know who we are; but I beseech you;—nay, I am convinced, if you have any compassion or goodness, you will not betray us.'

'I betray your ladyship!' quoth the landlord; 'no; (and then he swore several very hearty oaths) I would sooner be cut into ten thousand piccies. I hate all treachery. I! I never betrayed any one in my life yet, and I am sure I shall not begin with

‘so sweet a lady as your ladyship. All the world
 ‘would very much blame me if I should; since it
 ‘will be in your ladyship’s power so shortly to reward
 ‘me. My wife can witness for me, I knew your
 ‘ladyship the moment you came into the house: I
 ‘said it was your honour, before I lifted you from
 ‘your horse, and I shall carry the bruises I got in
 ‘your Ladyship’s service to the grave; but what sig-
 ‘nified that, as long as I saved your Ladyship. To
 ‘be sure some people this morning would have
 ‘thought of getting a reward; but no such thought
 ‘ever entered into my head. I would sooner starve
 ‘than take any reward for betraying your ladyship.’

‘I promise you, Sir,’ says Sophia, ‘if it be ever
 ‘in my power to reward you, you shall not lose by
 ‘your generosity.’

‘Alack-a-day, Mandam!’ answered the landlord,
 ‘in your ladyship’s power! heaven put it as much
 ‘into your will. I am only afraid your honour will
 ‘forget such a poor man as an inkeeper; but if
 ‘your ladyship should not, I hope you will remem-
 ‘ber what reward I refused—refused! that is, I
 ‘would have refused, and to be sure it may be called
 ‘refusing; for I might have had it certainly; and to
 ‘be sure you might have been in some houses;—but
 ‘for my part, would not methinks for the world have
 ‘your ladyship wrong me so much, as to imagine I
 ‘ever thought of betraying you, even before I heard
 ‘the good news.’

‘What news pray?’ says Sophia, something ea-
 ‘gerly.

‘Hath not your ladyship heard it then?’ cries the
 ‘landlord, ‘nay, like enough: for I heard it only
 ‘a few minutes ago; and if I had never heard it,
 ‘may the devil fly away with me this instant, if I
 ‘would have betrayed your honour; no, if I would,
 ‘may I!—Here he subjoined several dreadful im-
 ‘precations, which Sophia at last interrupted, and
 ‘begged to know what he meant by the news.—He
 ‘was going to answer, when Mrs. Honour came run-
 ‘ning into the room, all pale and breathless, and
 ‘cried out, ‘Madam, we are all undone, all ruined,

‘they are come, they are come!’ these words almost froze up the blood of Sophia; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick asked Honour who were come?—‘Who?’ answered she, ‘why the French; several hundred thousands of them are landed, and we shall be all murdered and ravished.’

As a miser, who hath in some well-built city a cottage value twenty shillings, when at a distance he is alarmed with the news of a fire, turns pale and trembles at his loss; but when he finds the beautiful palaces only are burnt, and his own cottage remains safe, he comes instantly to himself and smiles at his good fortunes: or as (for we dislike something in the former simile) the tender mother, when terrified with the apprehension that her darling boy is drowned, is struck senseless and almost dead with consternation; but when she is told that little master is safe, and the Victory only with twelve hundred brave men gone to the bottom, life and sense again return, maternal fondness enjoys the sudden relief from all its fears, and the general benevolence which at another time would have deeply felt the dreadful catastrophe, lies fast asleep in her mind.

So Sophia, than whom none was more capable of tenderly feeling the general calamity of her country, found such immediate satisfaction from the relief of those terrors she had of being overtaken by her father, that the arrival of the French scarce made any impression on her. She gently chid her maid for the fright into which she had thrown her; and said, ‘she was glad it was no worse; for that she had feared somebody else was come.’

‘Ay, ay,’ quoth the landlord smiling, ‘her ladyship knows better things; she knows the French are our very best friends, and come over hither only for our good. They are the people who are to make old England flourish again. I warrant her honour thought the duke was coming; and that was enough to put her into a fright. I was going to tell your ladyship the news.—His honour’s majesty, heaven bless him, hath given the duke the slip; and is marching as fast as he can to London, and

and ten thousand French are landed to join him on the road.'

Sophia was not greatly pleased with this news, nor with the gentleman who related it; but as she still imagined he knew her (for she could not possibly have any suspicion of the real truth) she durst not shew any dislike. And now the landlord, having removed the cloth from the table, withdrew; but at his departure frequently repeated his hopes of being remembered hereafter.

The mind of Sophia was not at all easy under the supposition of being known at this house; for she still applied to herself many things which the landlord had addressed to Jenny Cameron; she therefore ordered her maid to pump out of him by what means he had become acquainted with her person, and who had offered him the reward for betraying her; she likewise ordered the horses to be in readiness by four in the morning, at which hour Mrs. Fitzpatrick promised to bear her company; and then composing herself as well as she could, she desired that lady to continue her story.

CHAP. VII.

In which Mrs. Fitzpatrick concludes her history.

WHILE Mrs. Honour, in pursuance of the commands of her mistress, ordered a bowl of punch, and invited my landlord and landlady to partake of it; Mrs. Fitzpatrick thus went on with her relation.

Most of the officers who were quartered at a town in our neighbourhood were of my husband's acquaintance. Among these was a lieutenant, a very pretty sort of a man, and who was married to a woman so agreeable both in her temper and conversation, that from our first knowing each other which was soon after my lying-in, we were almost inseparable companions; for I had the good fortune to make myself equally agreeable to her.

The lieutenant, who was neither a fool nor a sportsman, was frequently of our parties; indeed he was very little with my husband, and no more than good breeding constrained him to be, as he lived almost constantly at our house. My husband often expressed much dissatisfaction at the lieutenant's preferring my company to his; he was very angry with me on that account, and gave me many a hearty curse for drawing away his companions; saying, "I ought to be d—ned for having spoiled one of the prettiest fellows in the world, by making a milk-sop of him."

"You will be mistaken, my dear Sophia, if you imagine that the anger of my husband arose from my depriving him of a companion; for the lieutenant was not a person with whose society a fool could be pleased; and if I should admit the possibility of this, so little right had my husband to place the loss of his companion to me, that I am convinced it was my conversation alone which induced him ever to come to the house. No, child, it was envy, the worst and most rancorous kind of envy, the envy of superiority of understanding. The wretch could not bear to see my conversation preferred to his, by a man of whom he could not entertain the least jealousy. O my dear Sophy, you are a woman of sense; if you marry a man, as is most probable you will, of less capacity than yourself, make frequent trials of his temper before marriage, and see whether he can bear to submit to such a superiority. — Promise me, Sophy, you will take this advice; for you will hereafter find its importance." "It is very likely I shall never marry at all," answered Sophia; "I think, at least, I shall never marry a man in whose understanding I see any defects before marriage; and I promise you I would rather give up my own, than see any such afterwards." — "Give up your understanding!" replied Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "Oh fie, child, I will not believe so meanly of you. Every thing else I might myself be brought to give up; but never this. Nature would not have allotted this superiority to the wife in so many instances, if

she

if she had intended we should all of us have surrendered it to the husband. This indeed men of sense never expect of us; of which the lieutenant I have just mentioned was one notable example; for though he had a very good understanding, he always acknowledged (as was really true) that his wife had a better. And this, perhaps, was one reason of the hatred my tyrant bore her.

Before he would be so governed by a wife, he said, especially such an ugly b— (for indeed she was not a regular beauty, but very agreeable and extremely genteel) he would see all the women upon earth at the devil, which was a very usual phrase with him. He said, he wondered what I could see in her to be so charmed with her company; since this woman, says he, hath come among us, there is an end of your beloved reading, which you pretended to like so much; that you could not afford time to return the visits of the ladies, in this country; and I must confess I had been guilty of a little rudeness this way; for the ladies there are at least no better than the mere country ladies here; and I think I need make no other excuse to you for declining any intimacy with them.

This correspondence however continued a whole year, even all the while the lieutenant was quartered in that town; for which I was contented to pay the tax of being constantly abused in the manner above-mentioned by my husband; I mean when he was at home; for he was frequently absent a month at a time at Dublin, and once made a journey of two months to London; in all which journies I thought it a very singular happiness that he never once desired my company; nay, by his frequent censures on men who could not travel, as he phrased it, without a wife tied up to their tail, he sufficiently intimated, that had I been never so desirous of accompanying him, my wishes would have been in vain; but heaven knows, such wishes were very far from my thoughts.

At length my friend was removed from me, and I was again left to my solitude, to the tormenting

menting conversation with my own reflections, and to apply to books for my only comfort. I now read almost all day long.—How many books do you think I read in three months? ‘I can’t guess indeed cousin,’ answered Sophia.—‘Perhaps half a score!’ ‘Half a score! half a thousand,’ child, answered the other. ‘I read a good deal in Daniel’s English History of France; a great deal in Plutarch’s Lives; the Atalantas; Pope’s Homer, Dryden’s Plays, Chillingworth, the countess D’Anois; and Locke’s Human Understanding.’

‘During this interval I wrote three very supplicating, and, I thought, moving letters to my aunt; but as I received no answer to any of them, my disdain would not suffer me to continue my application.’—Here she stopt, and looking earnestly at Sophia, said, ‘Methinks, my dear, I read something in your eyes which reproaches me of a neglect in another place, where I should have met with a kinder return.’ ‘Indeed, dear Harriet,’ answered Sophia, ‘your story is an apology for any neglect; but indeed I feel that I have been guilty of a remissness, without so good an excuse.—Yet, pray proceed; for I long, though I tremble, to hear the end.’

Thus then Mrs. Fitzpatrick resumed her narrative. ‘My husband now took a second journey to England; where he continued upwards of three months; during the greater part of this time, I led a life which nothing but having led a worse, could make me think tolerable; for perfect solitude can never be reconciled to a social mind, like mine, but when it relieves you from the company of those you hate.’ ‘What added to my wretchedness, was the loss of my little infant: not that I pretend to have had for it that extravagant tenderness of which I believe I might have been capable under other circumstances; but I resolved in every instance, to discharge the duty of the tenderest mother; and this care prevented me from feeling the weight of that, heaviest of all things, when it can be at all said to lie heavy on our hands;

I had

I had spent full ten weeks almost entirely by myself, having seen no body all that time, except my servants and a very few visitors, when a young lady, a relation to my husband, came from a distant part of Ireland to visit me. She had staid once before a week at my house, and then I gave her a pressing invitation to return; for she was a very agreeable woman, and had improved good natural parts by a proper education. Indeed she was to me a most welcome guest.

A few days after her arrival, perceiving me in very low spirits, without enquiring the cause, which indeed she very well knew, the young lady fell to compassionating my case. She said, "Though politeness had prevented me from complaining to my husband's relations of his behaviour; yet they all were very sensible of it, and felt great concern upon that account; but none more than herself." And after some more general discourse on this head, which I own I could not forbear countenancing; at last, after much previous precaution, and enjoined concealment, she communicated to me, as a profound secret—that my husband kept a mistress.

You will certainly imagine, I heard this news with the utmost insensibility.— Upon my word, if you do, your imagination will mislead you. Contempt had not so kept down my anger to my husband; but that hatred rose again on this occasion. What can be the reason of this? Are we so abominably selfish, that we can be concerned at others having possession even of what we despise? or are we not rather abominably vain, and is not this the greatest injury done to our vanity? What think you Sophia?

"I don't know, indeed," answered Sophia, "I have never troubled myself with any of these deep contemplations; but I think the lady did very ill in communicating to you such a secret."

"And yet, my dear, this conduct is natural," replied Mrs. Fitzpatrick; "and when you have seen and read as much as myself, you will acknowledge it to be so."

"I am sorry to hear it is natural," returned Sophia;

' for I want neither reading nor experience to convince
 ' me, that it is very dishonourable and very ill-natured :
 ' nay, it is surely as ill-bred to tell a husband or wife
 ' of the faults of each other, as to tell them of their
 ' own.'

' Well,' continued Mrs. Fitzpatrick, ' my husband
 ' at last returned ; and if I am thoroughly acquainted
 ' with my own thoughts, I hated him now more than
 ' ever ; but I despised him rather less : for certainly
 ' nothing so much weakens our contempt, as an injury
 ' done to our pride or our vanity.

' He now assumed a carriage to me, so very diffe-
 ' rent from what he had lately worn, and so nearly
 ' resembling his behaviour the first week of our mar-
 ' riage, that had I now any spark of love remaining,
 ' he might, possibly, have rekindled my fondness for
 ' him. But though hatred may succeed to contempt,
 ' and may, perhaps, get the better of it, love, I be-
 ' lieve, cannot. The truth is, the passion of love is
 ' too restless to remain contented, without the grati-
 ' fication which it receives from its object : and one
 ' can no more be inclined to love without loving, than
 ' we can have eyes without seeing. When a husband,
 ' therefore, ceases to be the object of this passion, it is
 ' most probable some other man — I say, my dear,
 ' if your husband grows indifferent to you — if you
 ' once come to despise him — I say, — that is, — if
 ' you have the passion of love in you — Lud ! I have
 ' bewildered myself so, — but one is apt, in these ab-
 ' stracted considerations, to lose the concatenation of
 ' ideas, as Mr. Locke says. — In short, the truth
 ' is, — in short, I scarce know what it is ; but as I
 ' was saying, my husband returned, and his behavi-
 ' our, at first, greatly surprized me ; but he soon ac-
 ' quainted me with the motive, and taught me to ac-
 ' count for it. In a word, then, he had spent and
 ' lost all the ready money of my fortune ; and as he
 ' could mortgage his own estate no deeper, he was
 ' now desirous to supply himself with cash for his ex-
 ' travagance, by selling a little estate of mine, which
 ' he could not do without my assistance ; and to ob-
 ' tain

tain this favour was the whole and sole motive of all the fondness which he now put on.

With this I peremptorily refused to comply. I told him, and I told him truly, that had I been possessed of the Indies at our first marriage, he might have commanded it all: for it had been a constant maxim with me, that where a woman disposes of her heart, she should always deposit her fortune; but as he had been so kind, long ago, to restore the former into my possession, I was resolved likewise to retain what little remained of the latter.

I will not describe to you the passion into which these words, and the resolute air in which they were spoken, threw him: nor will I trouble you with the whole scene which succeeded between us. Out came, you may be well assured, the story of the mistress; and out it did come, with all the embellishments which anger and disdain could bestow upon it.

Mr. Fitzpatrick seemed a little thunder-struck with this, and more confused than I had seen him; though his ideas are always confused enough, heaven knows. He did not, however, endeavour to exculpate himself; but took a method which almost equally confounded me. What was this but recrimination! He affected to be jealous; — he may, for ought I know, be inclined enough to jealousy in his natural temper: nay, he must have had it from nature, or the devil must have put it into his head; for I defy all the world to cast a just aspersions on my character: nay, the most scandalous tongues have never dared censure my reputation. My fame, I thank heaven, hath been always as spotless as my life; and let falsehood itself accuse that, if it dare. No, my dear Graveairs, however provoked, however ill-treated, however injured in my love, I have firmly resolved never to give the least room for censure on this account. — And yet, my dear, there are some people so malicious, some tongues so venomous, that no innocence can escape them. The most undesigned word, the most accidental look, the least familiarity, the most innocent freedom, will be misconstrued, and magnified into I know not what, by some people.

ple. But I despise, my dear Graveairs, I despise all such slander. No such malice, I assure you, ever gave me an uneasy moment. No, no, I promise you I am above all that. — But where was I? O let me see, I told you my husband was jealous — And of whom pray? — Why of whom but the lieutenant I mentioned to you before? He was obliged to resort above a year and more back, to find any object for this unaccountable passion, if indeed he really felt any such, and was not an arrant counterfeit, in order to abuse me.

But I have tired you already with too many particulars, I will now bring my story to a very speedy conclusion. In short, then, after many scenes very unworthy to be repeated, in which my cousin engaged so heartily on my side, that Mr. Fitzpatrick at last turned her out of doors; when he found I was neither to be soothed nor bullied into compliance, he took a very violent method indeed. Perhaps you will conclude he beat me; but this, though he hath approached very near to it, he never actually did. He confined me to my room, without suffering me to have either pen, ink, paper, or book; and a servant every day made my bed, and brought me my food.

When I had remained a week under this imprisonment, he made me a visit, and, with the voice of a schoolmaster, or, what is often much the same, of a tyrant, asked me, “If I would yet comply?” I answered very stoutly, “That I would die first.” “Then so you shall, and be d—ned,” cries he: “for you shall never go alive out of this room.”

Here I remained a fortnight longer; and, to say the truth, my constancy was almost subdued, and I began to think of submission; when one day, in the absence of my husband, who was gone abroad for some short time, by the greatest good fortune in the world, an accident happened. — I — at a time when I began to give way to the utmost despair — every thing would be excusable at such a time — at that very time I received — But it would take up an hour to tell you all particulars. — In one

word

‘ word, then, (for I will not tire you with circum-
 ‘ stances) gold, the common key to all padlocks,
 ‘ opened my door, and set me at liberty.

‘ I now made haste to Dublin, where I immediately
 ‘ procured a passage to England; and was proceeding
 ‘ to Bath, in order to throw myself into the protec-
 ‘ tion of my aunt, or of your father, or of any rela-
 ‘ tion who would afford it me. My husband overtook
 ‘ me last night, at the inn where I lay, and which
 ‘ you left a few minutes before me; but I had the
 ‘ good luck to escape him, and to follow you.

‘ And thus, my dear, ends my history: a tragical
 ‘ one, I am sure, it is to myself; but, perhaps, I
 ‘ ought rather to apologize to you for its dulness.’

Sophia heaved a deep sigh, and answered, ‘ Indeed,
 ‘ Harriet, I pity you from my soul! — But what could
 ‘ you expect? Why, why, would you marry an Irish-
 ‘ man?’

‘ Upon my word,’ replied her cousin, ‘ your cen-
 ‘ sure is unjust. There are, among the Irish, men of
 ‘ as much worth and honour, as any among the En-
 ‘ glish: nay, to speak the truth, generosity of spirit is
 ‘ rather more common among them. I have known
 ‘ some examples there too of good husbands; and, I
 ‘ believe, these are not very plenty in England. Ask
 ‘ me, rather, what I could expect when I married a
 ‘ fool; and I will tell you a solemn truth; I did not
 ‘ know him to be so.’ — ‘ Can no man,’ said Sophia,
 in a very low and altered voice, ‘ do you think, make
 ‘ a bad husband, who is not a fool?’ ‘ That,’ answer-
 ed the other, ‘ is too general a negative; but none, I
 ‘ believe, so likely as a fool to prove so. Among my
 ‘ acquaintance, the silliest fellows are the worst hus-
 ‘ bands; and I will venture to assert, as a fact, that a
 ‘ man of sense rarely behaves very ill to a wife, who
 ‘ deserves very well.’

C H A P. VIII.

A dreadful alarm in the inn, with the arrival of an unexpected friend of Mrs. Fitzpatrick,

SOPHIA now, at the desire of her cousin, related — not what follows, but what hath gone before in this history: for which reason the reader will, I suppose, excuse me, for not repeating it over again.

One remark, however, I cannot forbear making on her narrative, namely, that she made no more mention of Jones, from the beginning to the end, than if there had been no such person alive. This I will neither endeavour to account for, nor to excuse. Indeed, if this may be called a kind of dishonesty, it seems the more inexcusable, from the apparent openness and explicit sincerity of the other lady. — But so it was.

Just as Sophia arrived at the conclusion of her story, there arrived in the room where the two ladies were sitting, a noise, not unlike, in loudness, to that of a pack of hounds just let out from their kennel; nor, in shrillness, to cats, when caterwauling; or, to screech-owls; or, indeed, more like (for what animal can resemble a human voice?) to those sounds, which, in the pleasant mansions of that gate, which seems to derive its name from a duplicity of tongues, issue from the mouths, and sometimes from the nostrils of those fair river nymphs, ycleped of old the Naiades; in the vulgar tongue translated oyster-wenches: for when, instead of the antient libations of milk and honey and oil, the rich distillation from the juniper-berry, or perhaps, from malt, hath, by the early devotion of their votaries, been poured forth in great abundance, should any daring tongue with unhallowed license prophane; i. e. depreciate the delicate fat Milton oyster, the plaice sound and firm, the flounder as much alive as when in the water, the shrimp as big as a prawn, the fine cod alive but a few hours ago, or any other of the various treasures, which those water-deities, who fish the sea and rivers, have committed to the care of the nymphs, the angry Naiades lift up their immortal voices,

voices, and the prophane wretch is struck deaf for his impiety.

Such was the noise, which now burst from one of the rooms below; and soon the thunder, which long had rattled at a distance, began to approach nearer and nearer, 'till having ascended by degrees up stairs, it at last entered the apartment where the ladies were. In short, to drop all metaphor and figure, Mrs. Honour having scolded violently below stairs, and continued the same all the way up, came in to her mistress in a most outrageous passion, crying out, 'What doth your ladyship think? Would you imagine, that this impudent villain, the master of this house, hath had the impudence to tell me, nay, to stand it out to my face, that your ladyship is that nasty, stinking wh—re, (Jenny Cameron they call her) that runs about the country with the pretender? Nay, the lying, saucy villain, had the assurance to tell me, that your ladyship had owned yourself to be so: but I have clawed the rascal; I have left the marks of my nails in his impudent face. My lady! says I, you saucy scoundrel: my lady is meat for no pretenders. She is a young lady of as good fashion, and family, and fortune, as any in Somersetshire. Did you never hear of the great 'squire Western, squire? She is his only daughter; she is, — and heiress to all his great estate. My lady to be called a nasty Scotch wh—re by such a varlet—To be sure, I wish I had knocked his brains out with the punch bowl.'

The principal uneasiness with which Sophia was affected on this occasion, Honour had herself caused, by having in her passion discovered who she was. However, as this mistake of the landlord sufficiently accounted for those passages which Sophia had before mistaken, she acquired some ease on that account; nor could she, upon the whole, forbear smiling. This enraged Honour, and she cried, 'Indeed, Madam, I did not think your ladyship would have made a laughing matter of it. To be called whore by such an impudent low rascal. Your ladyship may be angry with me, for ought I know, for taking your part, since

‘ since proffered service, they say, stinks; but to be sure I could never bear to hear a lady of mine called whore. — Nor will I bear it. I am sure your ladyship is as virtuous a lady as ever set foot on English ground, and I will claw any villain’s eyes out who dares for to offer to presume for to say the least word to the contrary. No body ever could say the least ill of the character of any lady that ever I waited upon.’

Hinc illæ lachrymæ; in plain truth, Honour had as much love for her mistress as most servants have, that is to say — But besides this, her pride obliged her to support the character of the lady she waited on; for she thought her own was in a very close manner connected with it. In proportion as the character of her mistress was raised, hers likewise, as she conceived, was raised with it; and, on the contrary, she thought the one could not be lowered without the other.

On this subject, reader, I must stop a moment to tell thee a story. ‘ The famous Nell Gwynn, stepping one day from a house where she had made a short visit into her coach, saw a great mob assembled, and her footman all bloody and dirty; the fellow being asked by his mistress, the reason of his being in that condition,’ answered, ‘ I have been fighting, Madam, with an impudent rascal who called your ladyship a wh—re.’ ‘ You blockhead,’ replied Mrs. Gwynn, ‘ at this rate you must fight every day of your life; why, you fool, all the world knows it.’ ‘ Do they?’ cries the fellow, in a muttering voice, after she had shut the coach door, ‘ they shan’t call me a whore’s footman for all that.’

Thus the passion of Mrs. Honour appears natural enough, even if it were to be no otherwise accounted for; but, in reality, there was another cause of her anger; for which we must beg leave to remind our reader of a circumstance mentioned in the above simile. There are indeed certain liquors, which being applied to our passions, or to fire, produce effects the very reverse of those produced by water, as they serve to kindle and inflame, rather than to extinguish. Among these, the generous liquor called punch is one. It

was

was not therefore without reason, that the learned Dr. Cheney used to call drinking punch, pouring liquid fire down your throat.

Now Mrs. Honour had unluckily poured so much of this liquid fire down her throat, that the smoke of it began to ascend into her pericranium, and blinded the eyes of reason, which is there supposed to keep her residence, while the fire itself from the stomach easily reached the heart, and there inflamed the noble passion of pride. So that upon the whole, we shall cease to wonder at the violent rage of the waiting-woman; though at first sight we must confess the cause seems inadequate to the effect.

Sophia, and her cousin both, did all in their power to extinguish these flames, which had roared so loudly all over the house. They at length prevailed; or, to carry the metaphor one step farther, the fire having consumed all the fuel which the language affords, to wit, every reproachful term in it, at last went out of its own accord.

But though tranquility was restored above stairs, it was not so below; where my landlady highly resenting the injury done to the beauty of her husband, by the flesh-spades of Mrs. Honour, called aloud for revenge and justice. As to the poor man who had principally suffered in the engagement, he was perfectly quiet. Perhaps the blood which he lost, might have cooled his anger: for the enemy had not only applied her nails to his cheeks, but likewise her fist to his nostrils, which lamented the blow with tears of blood in great abundance. To this we may add reflections on his mistake; but indeed nothing so effectually silenced his resentment, as the manner in which he now discovered his error; for as to the behaviour of Mrs. Honour, it had the more confirmed him in his opinion; but he was now assured by a person of great figure, and who was attended by a great equipage, that one of the ladies was a woman of fashion and his intimate acquaintance.

By the orders of this person, the landlord now ascended, and acquainted our fair travellers, that a great gentleman below desired to do them the honour
of

of waiting on them. Sophia turned pale, and trembled at this message, though the reader will conclude it was too civil, notwithstanding the landlord's blunder, to have come from her father; but fear hath the common fault of a justice of peace, and is apt to conclude hastily from every slight circumstance, without examining the evidence on both sides.

To ease the reader's curiosity, therefore, rather than his apprehensions, we proceed to inform him, that an Irish peer had arrived very late that evening at the inn in his way to London. This nobleman having sallied from his supper at the hurricane before commemorated, had seen the attendant of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and upon a short enquiry, was informed, that her lady, with whom he was very particularly acquainted, was above. This information he had no sooner received, than he addressed himself to the landlord, pacified him, and sent him up stairs with compliments rather civiler than those which were delivered.

It may perhaps be wondered at, that the waiting-woman herself was not the messenger employed on this occasion; but we are sorry to say, she was not at present qualified for that, or indeed for any other office. The rum (for so the landlord chose to call the distillation from malt) had basely taken the advantage of the fatigue which the poor woman had undergone, and had made terrible depredations on her noble faculties, at a time when they were very unable to resist the attack.

We shall not describe this tragical scene too fully; but we thought ourselves obliged by that historic integrity which we profess, shortly to hint a matter which we would otherwise have been glad to have spared. Many historians indeed, for want of this integrity, or of diligence, to say no worse, often leave the reader to find out these little circumstances in the dark, and sometimes to his great confusion and perplexity.

Sophia was very soon eased of her causeless fright by the entry of the noble peer, who was not only an intimate acquaintance of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but in reality a very particular friend of that lady. To say truth, it was

was by his assistance, that she had been enabled to escape from her husband; for this nobleman had the same gallant disposition with those renowned knights, of whom we read in heroic story, and had delivered many an imprisoned nymph from durance. He was indeed as bitter an enemy to the savage authority too often exercised by husbands and fathers, over the young and lovely of the other sex, as ever knight-errant was to the barbarous power of enchanters: nay, to say truth, I have often suspected that those very enchanters with which romance every where abounds, were in reality no other than the husbands of those days; and matrimony itself was perhaps the enchanted castle in which the nymphs were said to be confined.

This nobleman had an estate in the neighbourhood of Fitzpatrick, and had been for some time acquainted with the lady. No sooner therefore did he hear of her confinement, than he earnestly applied himself to procure her liberty; which he presently effected, not by storming the castle, according to the example of ancient heroes; but by corrupting the governor, in conformity with the modern art of war; in which craft is held to be preferable to valour, and gold is found to be more irresistible than either lead or steel.

This circumstance, however, as the lady did not think it material enough to relate to her friend, we would not at that time impart it to the reader. We rather chose to leave him a while under a supposition, that she had found, or coined, or by some very extraordinary, perhaps supernatural means, had possessed herself of the money with which she had bribed her keeper, than to interrupt her narrative by giving a hint of what seemed to her of too little importance to be mentioned.

The peer, after a short conversation, could not forbear expressing some surprize at meeting the lady in that place; nor could he refrain from telling her, he imagined she had been gone to Bath. Mrs. Fitzpatrick very freely answered, 'That she had been prevented in her purpose by the arrival of a person she need not mention. In short,' says she, 'I was overtaken by my husband (for I need not affect to conceal what

‘ the world knows too well already.) I had the good
 ‘ fortune to escape in a most surprizing manner, and
 ‘ am now going to London with this young lady,
 ‘ who is a near relation of mine, and who hath es-
 ‘ caped from as great a tyrant as my own.’

His lordship concluding that this tyrant was like-
 wise a husband, made a speech full of compliments to
 both the ladies, and as full of investives against his
 own sex; nor indeed did he avoid some oblique glan-
 ces at the matrimonial institution itself, and at the un-
 just powers given by it to man over the more sensible,
 and more meritorious part of the species. He ended
 his oration with an offer of his protection, and of his
 coach and six, which was instantly accepted by Mrs.
 Fitzpatrick, and at last, upon her persuasions, by
 Sophia.

Matters being thus adjusted, his lordship took his
 leave, and the ladies retired to rest, where Mrs. Fitz-
 patrick entertained her cousin with many high enco-
 miums on the character of the noble peer, and en-
 larged very particularly on his great fondness for his
 wife; saying, she believed he was almost the only per-
 son of high rank, who was entirely constant to the
 marriage-bed. ‘ Indeed,’ added she, ‘ my dear So-
 ‘ phy, that is a very rare virtue amongst men of con-
 ‘ dition. Never expect it when you marry; for, be-
 ‘ lieve me, if you do, you will certainly be deceived.’

A gentle sigh stole from Sophia at these words,
 which perhaps contributed to form a dream of no very
 pleasant kind; but as she never revealed this dream
 to any one, so the reader cannot expect to see it re-
 lated here.

CHAP. IX.

The morning introduced in some pretty writing. A stage-coach. The civility of chamber-maids. The heroic temper of Sophia. Her generosity. The return to it. The departure of the company, and their arrival at London; with some remarks for the use of travellers.

THOSE members of the society, who are born to furnish the blessings of life, now began to light their candles, in order to pursue their daily labours, for the use of those who are born to enjoy these blessings. The sturdy hind now attends the levee of his fellow labourer the ox; the cunning artificer, the diligent mechanic, spring from their hard mattresses; and now the bonny house-maid begins to repair the disordered drum-room, while the riotous authors of that disorder, in broken interrupted slumbers tumble and toss, as if the hardness of down disquieted their repose.

In simple phrase, the clock had no sooner struck seven, than the ladies were ready for their journey; and at their desire, his lordship and his equipage were prepared to attend them.

And now a matter of some difficulty arose; and this was how his lordship himself should be conveyed: for though in stage-coaches, where passengers are properly considered as so much luggage, the ingenious coachman stows half a dozen with perfect ease into the place of four: for well he contrives that the fat hostess, or well-fed alderman, may take up no more room than the slim miss, or taper master; it being the nature of guts, when well squeezed, to give way, and to lie in a narrow compass; yet in these vehicles which are called, for distinction-sake, gentlemen's coaches, though they are often larger than the others; this method of packing is never attempted.

His lordship would have put a short end to the difficulty, by very gallantly desiring to mount his horse; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick would by no means consent to it. It was therefore concluded that the Abigails should by turns relieve each other on one of his lordship's horses,

which was presently equipped with a side-saddle for that purpose.

Every thing being settled at the inn, the ladies discharged their former guides, and Sophia made a present to the landlord, partly to repair the bruise which he had received under herself, and partly on account of what he had suffered under the hands of her enraged waiting-woman. And now Sophia first discovered a loss which gave her some uneasiness; and this was of the hundred pound Bank-bill which her father had given her at their last meeting; and which, within a very inconsiderable trifle, was all the treasure she was at present worth. She searched every where, and shook and tumbled all her things to no purpose, the bill was not to be found: and she was at last fully persuaded that she had lost it from her pocket, when she had the misfortune of tumbling from her horse in the dark lane, as before recorded. A fact that seemed the more probable, as she now recollected some discomposure in her pockets which had happened at that time, and the great difficulty with which she had drawn forth her handkerchief the very instant before her fall, in order to relieve the distress of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

Misfortunes of this kind, whatever inconveniences they may be attended with, are incapable of subduing a mind in which there is any strength, without the assistance of avarice. Sophia therefore, though nothing could be worse timed than this accident, at such a season, immediately got the better of her concern, and with her wonted serenity and cheerfulness of countenance, returned to her company. His lordship conducted the ladies into the vehicle, as he did likewise Mrs. Honour, who, after many civilities, and more dear Madams, at last yielded to the well-bred importunities of her sister Abigail, and submitted to be complimented with the first ride in the coach; in which indeed she would afterwards have been contented to have pursued her whole journey, had not her mistress, after several fruitless intimations, at length forced her to take her turn on horseback.

The coach now having received its company, began to move forwards, attended by many servants, and by

two led captains, who had before rode with his lordship, and who would have been dismissed from the vehicle upon a much less worthy occasion, than was this of accommodating two ladies. In this they acted only as gentlemen; but they were ready at any time to have performed the office of a footman, or indeed would have condescended lower, for the honour of his lordship's company, and for the convenience of his table.

My landlord was so pleased with the present he had received from Sophia, that he rather rejoiced in than regretted his bruise, or his scratches. The reader will perhaps be curious to know the *Quantum* of this present; but we cannot satisfy his curiosity. Whatever it was, it satisfied the landlord for his bodily hurt; but he lamented he had not known before how little the lady valued her money; 'For to be sure,' says he, 'one might have charged every article double, and she would have made no cavil at the reckoning.'

His wife however was far from drawing this conclusion; whether she really felt any injury done to her husband more than he did himself, I will not say; certain it is, she was much less satisfied with the generosity of Sophia. 'Indeed,' cries she, 'my dear, the lady knows better how to dispose of her money than you imagine. She might very well think we should not put up such a business without some satisfaction, and the law would have cost her an infinite deal more than this poor little matter, which I wonder you would take.' 'You are always so bloodily wife,' quoth the husband: 'It would have cost her more, would it? dost fancy I don't know that as well as thee? but would any of that more, or so much, have come into our pockets? Indeed, if son Tom the lawyer had been alive, I could have been glad to have put such a pretty business into his hands. He would have got a good picking out of it; but I have no relation now who is a lawyer, and why should I go to law for the benefit of strangers!' 'Nay, to be sure,' answered she, 'you must know best.' 'I believe I do,' replied he. 'I fancy when money is to be got, I can smell it out as well

‘ as another. Every body, let me tell you, would not have talked people out of this. Mind that, I say ; every body would not have rajoled this out of her, mind that.’ The wife then joined in the applause of her husband’s sagacity ; and thus ended the short dialogue between them on this occasion.

We will therefore take our leave of these good people, and attend his lordship and his fair companions, who made such good expedition, that they performed a journey of ninety miles in two days, and on the second evening arrived in London, without having encountered any one adventure on the road worthy the dignity of this history to relate. Our pen, therefore, shall imitate the expedition which it describes, and our history shall keep pace with the travellers who are its subject. Good writers will indeed do well to imitate the ingenious traveller in this instance, who always proportions his stay at any place, to the beauties, elegancies, and curiosities which it affords. At Esher, at Stowe, at Wilton, at Eshbury, and at Prior’s Park, days are too short for the ravished imagination ; while we admire the wonderous power of art in improving nature. In some of these, art chiefly engages our admiration ; in others, nature and art contend for our applause ; but in the last, the former seems to triumph. Here nature appears in her richest attire, and art dressed with the modestest simplicity, attends her benignant mistress. Here nature indeed pours forth the choicest treasures which she hath lavished on this world ; and here human nature presents you with an object which can be exceeded only in the other.

The same taste, the same imagination, which luxuriously riots in these elegant scenes, can be amused with objects of far inferior note. The woods, the rivers, the lawns of Devon and of Dorset, attract the eye of the ingenious traveller, and retard his pace, which delay he afterwards compensates by swiftly scouring over the gloomy heath of Bagshot, or that pleasant plain which extends itself westward from Stockbridge, where no other object than one single tree only in sixteen miles presents itself to the view, unless the clouds, in compassion to our tired spirits, kindly

kindly open their variegated mansions to our prospect.

Not so travels the money-meditating tradesman, the sagacious justice, the dignified doctor, the warm-clad grazier, with all the numerous offspring of wealth and dulness. On they jog, with equal pace, through the verdant meadows, or over the barren heath, their horses measuring four miles and a half *per* hour with the utmost exactness; the eyes of the beast and of his master being alike directed forwards, and employed in contemplating the same objects in the same manner. With equal rapture the good rider surveys the proudest boasts of the architect, and those fair buildings with which some unknown name hath adorned the rich cloathing-town; where heaps of bricks are piled up as a kind of monument, to shew that heaps of money have been piled there before.

And now, reader, as we are in haste to attend our heroine, we will leave to thy sagacity to apply all this to the Bœotian writers, and to those Authors who are their opposites. This thou wilt be abundantly able to perform without our aid. Bestir thyself therefore on this occasion; for though we will always lend thee proper assistance in difficult places, as we do not, like some others, expect thee to use the arts of divination to discover our meaning; yet we shall not indulge thy laziness where nothing but thy own attention is required; for thou art highly mistaken if thou dost imagine that we intended, when we began this great work, to leave thy sagacity nothing to do; or that without sometimes exercising this talent, thou wilt be able to travel through our pages with any pleasure or profit to thyself.

CHAP. X.

Containing a hint or two concerning virtue, and a few more concerning suspicion.

OUR company being arrived at London, were set down at his lordship's house, where, while they refreshed themselves after the fatigue of their journey,

journey, servants were dispatched to provide a lodging for the two ladies; for as her ladyship was not then in town, Mrs. Fitzpatrick would by no means consent to accept a bed in the mansion of the peer.

Some readers will perhaps condemn this extraordinary delicacy, as I may call it, of virtue, as too nice and scrupulous; but we must make allowances for her situation, which must be owned to have been very ticklish; and when we consider the malice of censorious tongues, we must allow, if it was a fault, the fault was an excess on the right side, and which every woman who is in the self-same situation will do well to imitate. The most formal appearance of virtue, when it is only an appearance, may perhaps in very abstracted considerations, seem to be rather less commendable than virtue itself without this formality; but it will however be always more commended; and this, I believe, will be granted by all, that it is necessary, unless in some very particular cases, for every woman to support either the one or the other.

A lodging being prepared, Sophia accompanied her cousin for that evening; but resolved early in the morning to enquire after the lady, into whose protection, as we have formerly mentioned, she had determined to throw herself, when she quitted her father's house. And this she was the more eager in doing; from some observations she had made during her journey in the coach.

Now as we would by no means fix the odious character of suspicion on Sophia, we are almost afraid to open to our reader the conceits which filled her mind concerning Mrs. Fitzpatrick; of whom she certainly entertained at present some doubts; which as they are very apt to enter into the bosoms of the worst of people, we think proper not to mention more plainly, till we have first suggested a word or two to our reader touching suspicion in general.

Of this there have always appeared to me to be two degrees. The first of these I chuse to derive from the heart, as the extreme velocity of its discernment seems to denote some previous inward impulse, and the rather,

ther, as this superlative degree often forms its own subjects; sees what is not, and always more than really exists. This is that quick-sighted penetration, whose hawk's eyes no symptom of evil can escape; which observes not only upon the actions, but upon the words and looks of men; and as it proceeds from the heart of the observer, so it dives into the heart of the observed, and there espies evil, as it were in the first embryo; nay sometimes before it can be said to be conceived. An admirable faculty, if it were infallible; but as this degree of perfection is not even claimed by more than one mortal being; so from the fallibility of such acute discernment have arisen many sad mischiefs and most grievous heart-akes to innocence and virtue. I cannot help therefore regarding this vast quick-sightedness into evil, as a vicious excess, and as a very pernicious evil in itself. And I am the more inclined to this opinion, as I am afraid it always proceeds from a bad heart, for the reasons I have above mentioned, and for one more, namely, because I never knew it the property of a good one. Now from this degree of suspicion I entirely and absolutely acquit Sophia.

A second degree of this quality seems to arise from the head. This is indeed no other than the faculty of seeing what is before your eyes, and of drawing conclusions from what you see. The former of these is unavoidable by those who have any eyes, and the latter is perhaps no less certain and necessary a consequence of our having any brains. This is altogether as bitter an enemy to guilt, as the former is to innocence; nor can I see it in an unamiable light, even though, through human fallibility, it should be sometimes mistaken. For instance, if a husband should accidentally surprize his wife in the lap or in the embraces of some of those pretty young gentlemen who profess the art of cuckold-making, I should not highly, I think, blame him for concluding something more than what he saw, from the familiarities which he really had seen, and which we are at least favourable enough to, when we call them innocent freedoms. The reader will easily suggest great plenty of instances to himself.

I shall add but one more, which however unchristian it may be thought by some, I cannot help esteeming to be strictly justifiable; and this is a suspicion that a man is capable of doing what he hath done already, and that it is possible for one who hath been a villain once, to act the same part again. And to confess the truth of this degree of suspicion, I believe Sophia was guilty. From this degree of suspicion she had, in fact, conceived an opinion, that her cousin was really not better than she should be.

The case it seems, was this: Mrs. Fitzpatrick wisely considered, that the virtue of a young lady is, in the world, in the same situation with a poor hare, which is certain, whenever it ventures abroad, to meet its enemies: for it can hardly meet any other. No sooner therefore was she determined to take the first opportunity of quitting the protection of her husband, than she resolved to cast herself under the protection of some other man; and whom could she so properly chuse to be her guardian as a person of quality, of fortune, of honour: and who, besides a gallant disposition, which inclines men to knight-errantry, that is, to be the champions of ladies in distress, had often declared a violent attachment to herself, and had already given her all the instances of it in his power?

But as the law hath foolishly omitted this office of vice-husband, or guardian to an eloped lady; and as malice is apt to denominate him by a more disagreeable appellation; it was concluded that his lordship should perform all such kind offices to the lady in secret, and without publickly assuming the character of her protector. Nay, to prevent any other person from seeing him in this light, it was agreed that the lady should proceed directly to Bath, and that his lordship should first go to London, and thence should go down to that place, by the advice of his physicians.

Now all this Sophia very plainly understood, not from the lips or behaviour of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but from the peer, who was infinitely less expert at retaining a secret, than was the good lady; and perhaps the exact secrecy which Mrs. Fitzpatrick had observed on this head in her narrative, served not a little to heighten those

those suspicions which were now risen in the mind of her cousin.

Sophia very easily found out the lady she sought; for indeed there was not a chairman in town to whom her house was not perfectly well known; and as she received, in return of her first message, a most pressing invitation, she immediately accepted it. Mrs. Fitzpatrick indeed did not desire her cousin to stay with her with more earnestness than civility required. Whether she had discerned and resented the suspicion above-mentioned, or from what other motive it arose, I cannot say; but certain it is, she was full as desirous of parting with Sophia, as Sophia herself could be of going.

The young lady when she came to take leave of her cousin, could not avoid giving her a short hint of advice. She begged her, for heaven's sake, to take care of herself, and to consider in how dangerous a situation she stood; adding, she hoped some method would be found of reconciling her to her husband. 'You must remember, my dear,' says she, 'the maxim which my aunt Western hath so often repeated to us both; That whenever the matrimonial alliance is broke, and war declared between husband and wife, she can hardly make a disadvantageous peace for herself on any conditions. These are my aunt's very words, and she hath had a great deal of experience in the world.' Mrs. Fitzpatrick answered with a contemptuous smile, 'Never fear me, child, take care of yourself; for you are younger than I. I will come and visit you in a few days; but, dear Sophy, let me give you one piece of advice: leave the character of Graveairs in the country; for, believe me, it will set very awkwardly upon you in this town.'

Thus the two cousins parted, and Sophia repaired directly to lady Bellaston, where she found a most hearty, as well as a most polite welcome. The lady had taken a great fancy to her when she had seen her formerly with her aunt Western. She was indeed extremely glad to see her, and was no sooner acquainted with the reasons which induced her to leave the squire and fly to London, than she highly applauded her sense and resolution; and after expressing the highest satisfaction

in the opinion which Sophia had declared she entertained of her ladyship, by chusing her house for an asylum, she promised her all the protection which it was in her power to give.

As we have now brought Sophia into safe hands, the reader will, I apprehend, be contented to deposit her there a while, and to look a little after other personages, and particularly poor Jones, whom we have left long enough to do penance for his past offences, which, as is the nature of vice, brought sufficient punishment upon him themselves.

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THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

BOOK XII.

Containing the same individual time with the former.

CHAP. I.

Shewing what is to be deemed plagiarism in a modern Author, and what is to be considered as a lawful prize.

THE learned reader must have observed, that in the course of this mighty work, I have often translated passages out of the best antient Authors, without quoting the original, or without taking the least notice of the book from whence they were borrowed.

This conduct in writing is placed in a very proper light by the ingenious Abbé Bannier, in his preface to his Mythology, a work of great erudition, and of equal judgment. "It will be easy," says he, "for the reader to observe, that I have frequently had greater regard to him, than to my own reputation: for an Author certainly pays him a considerable compliment, when for his sake he suppresses learned quotations that come in his way, and which would have cost him but the bare trouble of transcribing."

To

To fill up a work with these scraps may indeed be considered as a downright cheat on the learned world, who are by such means imposed upon to buy a second time in fragments and by retail what they have already in gross, if not in their memories, upon their shelves; and it is still more cruel upon the illiterate, who are drawn in to pay for what is of no manner of use to them. A writer who intermixes great quantity of Greek and Latin with his works, deals by the ladies and fine gentlemen in the same paultry manner with which they are treated by the auctioneers, who often endeavour so to confound and mix up their lots, that, in order to purchase the commodity you want, you are obliged at the same time to purchase that which will do you no service.

And yet as there is no conduct so fair and disinterested, but that it may be misunderstood by ignorance, and misrepresented by malice, I have been sometimes tempted to preserve my own reputation, at the expence of my reader, and to transcribe the original, or at least to quote chapter and verse, whenever I have made use either of the thought or expression of another. I am indeed in some doubt that I have often suffered by the contrary method; and that by suppressing the original Author's name, I have been rather suspected of plagiarism, than reputed to act from the amiable motive above assigned by that justly celebrated Frenchman.

Now to obviate all such imputations for the future, I do here confess and justify the fact. The ancients may be considered as a rich common, where every person who hath the smallest tenement in Parnassus, hath a free right to fatten his muse. Or, to place it in a clearer light, we moderns are to the ancients what the poor are to the rich. By the poor here I mean, that large and venerable body which, in English, we call the mob. Now, whoever hath had the honour to be admitted to any degree of intimacy with this mob, must well know that it is one of their established maxims to plunder and pillage their rich neighbours without any reluctance; and that this is held to be neither sin nor shame among them. And so
constantly

constantly do they abide and act by this maxim, that in every parish almost in the kingdom, there is a kind of confederacy ever carrying on against a certain person of opulence called the 'squire, whose property is considered as free-booty by all his poor neighbours; who, as they conclude that there is no manner of guilt in such depredations, look upon it as a point of honour and moral obligation to conceal and to preserve each other from punishment on all such occasions.

In like manner are the ancients, such as Homer, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, and the rest, to be esteemed among us writers, as so many wealthy 'squires, from whom we the poor of Parnassus, claim an immemorial custom of taking whatever we can come at. This liberty I demand, and this I am as ready to allow again to my poor neighbours in their turn. All I profess, and all I require of my brethren, is to maintain the same strict honesty among ourselves, which the mob shew to one another. To steal from one another, is indeed highly criminal and indecent; for this may be strictly stiled defrauding the poor (sometimes perhaps those who are poorer than ourselves) or, to see it under the most opprobrious colours, robbing the spital.

Since, therefore, upon the strictest examination, my own conscience cannot lay any such pitiful theft to my charge, I am contented to plead guilty to the former accusation; nor shall I ever scruple to take to myself any passage which I shall find in an ancient Author to my purpose, without setting down the name of the Author from whence it was taken. Nay, I absolutely claim a property in all such sentiments the moment they are transcribed into my writings, and I expect all readers henceforwards to regard them as purely and entirely my own. This claim however I desire to be allowed me only on condition that I preserve strict honesty towards my poor brethren, from whom, if ever I borrow any of that little of which they are possessed, I shall never fail to put their mark upon it, that it may be at all times ready to be restored to the right owner.

The

The omission of this was highly blameable in one Mr. Moore, who having formerly borrowed some lines of Pope and company, took the liberty to transcribe six of them into his play of the Rival Modes. Mr. Pope however very luckily found them in the said play, and laying violent hands on his own property, transferred it back again into his own works; and for a further punishment, imprisoned the said Moore in the loathsome dungeon of the Dunciad, where his unhappy memory now remains, and eternally will remain, as a proper punishment for such his unjust dealings in the poetical trade.

C H A P. II.

In which, though the 'squire doth not find his daughter, something is found, which puts an end to his pursuit.

THE history now returns to the inn at Upton, whence we shall first trace the footsteps of 'squire Western; for as he will soon arrive at an end of his journey, we shall have then full leisure to attend our hero.

The reader may be pleased to remember, that the said 'squire departed from the inn in great fury, and in that fury he pursued his daughter. The hostler having informed him that she had crossed the Severn, he likewise past that river with his equipage, and rode full speed, vowing the utmost vengeance against poor Sophia, if he should but overtake her.

He had not gone far before he arrived at a cross way. Here he called a short council of war, in which, after hearing different opinions, he at last gave the direction of his pursuit to fortune, and struck directly into the Worcester road.

In this road he proceeded about two miles, when he began to bemoan himself most bitterly, frequently crying out, 'What pity is it! Sure never was so unlucky a dog as myself?' and then burst forth a volley of oaths and execrations.

The parson attempted to administer comfort to him on this occasion. 'Sorrow not, Sir,' says he, 'like those

those without hope. Howbeit we have not yet been able to overtake young madam, we may account it some good fortune, that we have hitherto traced her course aright. Peradventure she will soon be fatigated with her journey, and will tarry in some inn, in order to renovate her corporeal functions; and in that case in all moral certainty, you will very briefly be *compos voti*?

‘Pogh! D—n the slut,’ answered the squire, ‘I am lamenting the loss of so fine a morning for hunting. It is confounded hard to lose one of the best scenting days in all appearance, which hath been this season, and especially after so long a frost.’

Whether fortune, who now and then shews some compassion in her wantonest tricks, might not take pity of the squire; and as she had determined not to let him overtake his daughter, might not resolve to make him amends some other way, I will not assert; but he had hardly uttered the words just before commemorated, and two or three oaths at their heels, when a pack of hounds began to open their melodious throats at a small distance from them, which the squire’s horse and his rider both perceiving, both immediately pricked up their ears, and the squire crying, ‘She’s gone, she’s gone! Damn me if she is not gone!’ instantly clapped spurs to the beast, who little needed it, having indeed the same inclination with his master; and now the whole company crossing into a corn-field, rode directly towards the hounds, with much hallowing and hooping, while the poor parson, blessing himself, brought up the rear.

Thus fable reports that the fair Grimalkin, whom Venus, at the desire of a passionate lover, converted from a cat into a fine woman, no sooner perceived a mouse, than mindful of her former sport, and still retaining her pristine nature, she leapt from the bed of her husband to pursue the little animal.

What are we to understand by this? Not that the bride was displeas’d with the embraces of her amorous bridgroom; for though some have remarked that cats are subject to ingratitude; yet women and cats too will be pleas’d and purr on certain occasions. The truth

truth is, as the sagacious Sir Roger L'Estrange observes, in his deep reflections, that, 'if we shut nature out at the door, she will come in at the window; and that puss, though a madam, will be a mouser still.' In the same manner we are not to arraign the 'squire of any want of love for his daughter: for in reality he had a great deal; we are only to consider that he was a 'squire and a sportsman, and then we may apply the fable to him, and the judicious reflections likewise.

The hounds ran very hard, as it is called, and the 'squire pursued over hedge and ditch, with all his usual vociferation and alacrity, and with all his usual pleasure; nor did the thoughts of Sophia ever once intrude themselves to allay the satisfaction he enjoyed in the chase, which he said was one of the finest he ever saw, and which he swore was very well worth going fifty miles for. As the 'squire forgot his daughter, the servants, we may easily believe forgot their mistress; and the parson after having expressed much astonishment in Latin to himself, at length likewise abandoned all farther thoughts of the young lady, and jogging on at a distance behind, began to meditate a portion of doctrine for the ensuing Sunday.

The 'squire who owned the hounds was highly pleased with the arrival of his brother 'squire and sportsman: for all men approve merit in their own way, and no man was more expert in the field than Mr. Western, nor did any other better know how to encourage the dogs with his voice, and to animate the hunt with his holla.

Sportsmen, in the warmth of a chase, are too much engaged to attend to any manner of ceremony; nay, even to the offices of humanity: for if any of them meet with an accident by tumbling into a ditch, or into a river, the rest pass on regardless, and generally leave him to his fate; during this time, therefore, the two 'squires, though often close to each other, interchanged not a single word. The master of the hunt, however, often saw and approved the great judgment of the stranger in drawing the dogs when they were at a fault, and hence conceived a very high
opinion

opinion of his understanding, as the number of his attendants inspired no small reverence to his quality. As soon therefore as the sport was ended by the death of the little animal which had occasioned it, the two 'squires met, and in all 'squire-like greeting, saluted each other.

The conversation was entertaining enough, and what we may perhaps relate in an appendix, or on some other occasion; but as it no wise concerns this history, we cannot prevail on ourselves to give it a place here. It concluded with a second chace, and that with an invitation to dinner. This being accepted, was followed by a hearty bout of drinking, which ended in as hearty a nap on the part of 'squire Western.

Our 'squire was by no means a match either for his host, or for parson Supple, at his cups that evening; for which the violent fatigue of mind as well as body that he had undergone, may very well account, without the least derogation from his honour. He was, indeed, according to the vulgar phrase, whistled-drunk; for before he had swallowed the third bottle, he became so entirely over-powered, that though he was not carried off to bed till long after, the parson considered him as absent, and having acquainted the other 'squire with all relating to Sophia, he obtained his promise of seconding those arguments which he intended to urge the next morning for Mr. Western's return.

No sooner therefore had the good 'squire shaken off his evening, and began to call for his morning draught, and to summon his horses in order to renew his pursuit, than Mr. Supple began his dissuatives, which the host so strongly seconded, that they, at length, prevailed, and Mr. Western agreed to return home; being principally moved by one argument, viz. That he knew not which way to go, and might probably be riding farther from his daughter instead of towards her. He then took leave of his brother sportsman, and expressing great joy that the frost was broken (which might perhaps be no small motive to his hastening home) set forward, or rather backwards, for Somersetshire;

shire; but not before he had first dispatched part of his retinue in quest of his daughter, after whom he likewise sent a volley of the most bitter execrations which he could invent.

CHAP. III.

The departure of Jones from Upton, with what past between him and Partridge on the road.

AT length we are once more come to our hero; and to say truth, we have been obliged to part with him so long, that considering the condition in which we left him, I apprehend many of our readers have concluded we intended to abandon him for ever; he being at present in that situation in which prudent people usually desist from enquiring any farther after their friends, lest they should be shocked by hearing such friends had hanged themselves.

But, in reality, if we have not all the virtues, I will boldly say, neither have we all the vices of a prudent character; and though it is not easy to conceive circumstances much more miserable than those of poor Jones at present, we shall return to him, and attend upon him with the same diligence as if he was wantoning in the brightest beams of fortune.

Mr. Jones then, and his companion Partridge, left the inn a few minutes after the departure of 'quire Western, and pursued the same road on foot; for the hostler told them that no horses were by any means to be at that time procured at Upton. On they marched with heavy hearts; for though their disquiet proceeded from very different reasons, yet displeased they were both; and if Jones sighed bitterly, Partridge grunted altogether as sadly at every step.

When they came to the cross-roads where the 'squire had stopt to take counsel, Jones stopt likewise, and turning to Partridge asked his opinion which track they should pursue. 'Ah, Sir, answered Partridge, 'I wish your honour would follow my advice.' 'Why should I not?' replied Jones, 'for it is now indifferent to me whither I go or what becomes of me.'

My

‘My advice then,’ said Partridge, ‘is that you immediately face about and return home: for who that hath such a home to return to, as your honour, would travel thus about the country like a vagabond? I ask pardon, *sed vox ea sola reperta est.*’

‘Alas!’ cries Jones, ‘I have no home to return to; — but if my friend, my father, would receive me, could I bear the country from which Sophia is flown—Cruel Sophia! Cruel! No. Let me blame myself — No, let me blame thee. D—nation seize thee, fool, blockhead! thou hast undone me, and I will tear thy soul from thy body.’ — At which words he laid violent hands on the collar of poor Partridge, and shook him more heartily than an ague fit, or his own fears had ever done before.

Partridge fell trembling on his knees, and begged for mercy, vowing he had meant no harm — when Jones, after staring wildly on him for a moment, quitted his hold; and discharged a rage on himself, that had it fallen on the other, would certainly have put an end to his being, which indeed the very apprehension of it had almost effected.

We would bestow some pains here in minutely describing all the mad pranks which Jones played on this occasion, could we be well assured that the reader would take the same pains in perusing them; but as we are apprehensive that after all the labour which we should employ in painting this scene, the said reader would be very apt to skip it entirely over, we have saved ourselves that trouble. To say the truth, we have, from this reason alone, often done great violence to the luxuriance of our genius, and have left many excellent descriptions out of our work, which would otherwise have been in it. And this suspicion, to be honest, arises, as is generally the case, from our own wicked heart; for we have, ourselves, been very often most horridly given to jumping, as we have run through the pages of voluminous historians.

Suffice it then simply to say, that Jones, after having played the part of a madman for many minutes, came, by degrees, to himself; which no sooner happened, than turning to Partridge, he very earnestly
begged

begged his pardon for the attack he had made on him in the violence of his passion; but concluded, by desiring him never to mention his return again; for he was resolved never to see that country any more.

Partridge easily forgave, and faithfully promised to obey the injunction now laid upon him. And then Jones very briskly cried out: 'Since it is absolutely impossible for me to pursue any farther the steps of my angel—I will pursue those of glory. Come on, my brave lad, now for the army:—It is a glorious cause, and I would willingly sacrifice my life in it, even though it was worth my preserving.' And so saying, he immediately struck into the different road from that which the squire had taken, and, by mere chance, pursued the very same through which Sophia had before passed.

Our travellers now marched a full mile, without speaking a syllable to each other, though Jones, indeed, muttered many things to himself. As to Partridge, he was profoundly silent: for he was not, perhaps, perfectly recovered from his former fright; besides, he had apprehensions of provoking his friend to a second fit of wrath; especially as he now began to entertain a conceit, which may not, perhaps, create any great wonder in the reader. In short, he began now to suspect that Jones was absolutely out of his senses.

At length, Jones being weary of soliloquy, addressed himself to his companion, and blamed him for his taciturnity: for which the poor man very honestly accounted, from his fear of giving offence. And now this fear being pretty well removed, by the most absolute promises of indemnity, Partridge again took the bridle from his tongue; which, perhaps, rejoiced no less at regaining its liberty, than a young colt, when the bridle is slip't from his neck, and he is turned loose into the pastures.

As Partridge was inhibited from that topic which would at first have suggested itself, he fell upon that which was next uppermost in his mind, namely, the *Mae of the Hill*. 'Certainly, Sir,' says he, 'that
' could

‘ could never be a man, who dresses himself, and
 ‘ lives after such a strange manner, and so unlike
 ‘ other folks. Besides, his diet, as the old woman
 ‘ told me, is chiefly upon herbs, which is a fitter food
 ‘ for a horse than a christian: nay, landlord at Upton
 ‘ says, that the neighbours thereabouts have very fear-
 ‘ ful notions about him. It runs strangely in my head,
 ‘ that it must have been some spirit, who, perhaps,
 ‘ might be sent to forewarn us: and who knows, but
 ‘ all that matter which he told us, of his going to
 ‘ fight, and of his being taken prisoner, and of the
 ‘ great danger he was in of being hanged, might be
 ‘ intended as a warning to us, considering what we are
 ‘ going about: besides, I dreamt of nothing all last
 ‘ night, but of fighting; and methought the blood ran
 ‘ out of my nose, as liquor out of a tap. Indeed, Sir,
 ‘ *infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*’

‘ Thy story, Partridge,’ answered Jones, ‘ is almost
 ‘ as ill applied as thy Latin. Nothing can be more
 ‘ likely to happen than death to men who go into bat-
 ‘ tle. Perhaps we shall both fall in it, — and what
 ‘ then?’ ‘ What then!’ replied Partridge; ‘ Why
 ‘ then there is an end of us, is there not? when I am
 ‘ gone, all is over with me. What matters the cause
 ‘ to me, or who gets the victory, if I am killed? I
 ‘ shall never enjoy any advantage from it. What are
 ‘ all the ringing of bells, and bonfires, to one that is
 ‘ six foot under ground? there will be an end of poor
 ‘ Partridge.’ ‘ And an end of poor Partridge,’ cries
 ‘ Jones, ‘ there must be one time or other. If you love
 ‘ Latin, I will repeat you some fine lines out of Ho-
 ‘ race, which would inspire courage into a coward.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

Mors & fugacem persequitur virum

Nec parcat imbellis juventæ

Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.

‘ I wish you would construe them,’ cries Partridge;
 ‘ for Horace is a hard Author, and I cannot under-
 ‘ stand as you repeat them.’

‘ I will repeat you a bad imitation, or rather para-
 ‘ phrase

‘ phrase of my own,’ said Jones; ‘ for I am but an indifferent poet.

‘ Who would not die in his dear country’s cause?
 ‘ Since, if base fear his dastard step withdraws,
 ‘ From death he cannot fly: — One common grave
 ‘ Receives, at last, the coward and the brave.’

‘ That’s very certain,’ cries Partridge. ‘ Ay, sure,
 ‘ *Mors omnibus communis*: but there is a great difference
 ‘ between dying in one’s bed a great many years
 ‘ hence, like a good christian, with all our friends
 ‘ crying about us, and being shot to-day or to-mor-
 ‘ row, like a mad dog; or, perhaps, hacked in twenty
 ‘ pieces with a sword, and that too before we have re-
 ‘ pented of all our sins. O Lord, have mercy upon us!
 ‘ to be sure, the soldiers are a wicked kind of people.
 ‘ I never loved to have any thing to do with them. I
 ‘ could hardly bring myself ever to look upon them
 ‘ as christians. There is nothing but cursing and
 ‘ swearing among them. I wish your honour would
 ‘ repent: I heartily wish you would repent, before it
 ‘ is too late; and not think of going among them. —
 ‘ Evil communication corrupts good manners. That
 ‘ is my principal reason. For as for that matter, I
 ‘ am no more afraid than another man, not I; as to
 ‘ matter of that. I know all human flesh must die;
 ‘ but yet a man may live many years for all that. Why
 ‘ I am a middle-aged man now, and yet I may live a
 ‘ great number of years. I have read of several who
 ‘ have lived to be above a hundred, and some a great
 ‘ deal above a hundred. Not that I hope, I mean that
 ‘ I promise myself, to live to any such age as that
 ‘ neither. — But if it be only to eighty or ninety: hea-
 ‘ ven be praised, that is a great ways off yet; and I
 ‘ am not afraid of dying then, no more than another
 ‘ man: but surely, to tempt death before a man’s
 ‘ time is come, seems to me downright wickedness and
 ‘ presumption. Besides, if it was to do any good in-
 ‘ deed; but let the cause be what it will, what mighty
 ‘ matter of good can two people do? and, for my
 ‘ part, I understand nothing of it. I never fired off a

‘ gun

‘gun above ten times in my life; and then it was not
 ‘charged with bullets. And for the sword, I never
 ‘learned to fence, and know nothing of the matter.
 ‘And then there are those cannons, which certainly
 ‘it must be thought the highest presumption to go in
 ‘the way of: and no-body but a madman—I ask par-
 ‘don; upon my soul, I meant no harm; I beg I
 ‘may not throw your honour into another passion.’

‘Be under no apprehension, Partridge,’ cries Jones;
 ‘I am now so well convinced of thy cowardice, that
 ‘thou couldst not provoke me on any account.’
 ‘Your honour,’ answered he, ‘may call me a coward,
 ‘or any thing else you please. If loving to sleep in
 ‘a whole skin makes a man a coward, *non immunes ab*
 ‘*illis malis sumus*. I never read in my grammar, that
 ‘a man can’t be a good man without fighting. *Vir*
 ‘*bonus est quis? Qui consulta patrum, qui leges juraque*
 ‘*servat*. Not a word of fighting; and I am sure the
 ‘scripture is so much against it, that a man shall never
 ‘persuade me he is a good christian, while he sheds
 ‘christian blood.’

C H A P. IV.

The adventure of a beggar-man.

J U S T as Partridge had uttered that good and pious
 doctrine, with which the last chapter concluded,
 they arrived at another cross-way, when a lame fellow
 in rags asked them for alms; upon which Partridge
 gave him a severe rebuke, saying, ‘Every parish
 ought to keep their own poor. Jones then fell a laugh-
 ing, and asked Partridge, ‘if he was not ashamed,
 ‘with so much charity in his mouth, to have no cha-
 ‘rity in his heart. Your religion,’ says he, ‘serves
 ‘you only for an excuse for your faults, but is no in-
 ‘centive to your virtue. Can any man who is really
 ‘a christian abstain from relieving one of his brethren
 ‘in such a miserable condition?’ And at the same
 time putting his hand in his pocket, he gave the poor
 object a shilling.

‘ Master,’ cries the fellow, after thanking him, ‘ I have a curious thing here in my pocket, which I found about two miles off, if your worship will please to buy it. I should not venture to pull it out to every one ; but as you are so good a gentleman, and so kind to the poor, you won’t suspect a man of being a thief only because he is a poor.’ He then pulled out a little gilt pocket book, and delivered it into the hand of Jones.

Jones presently opened it, and (guess, reader, what he felt) saw in the first page the words Sophia Western, written by her own fair hand. He no sooner read the name, than he prest it close to his lips : nor could he avoid falling into some very frantic raptures, notwithstanding his company ; but, perhaps, these very raptures made him forget he was not alone.

While Jones was kissing and mumbling the book, as if he had an excellent brown buttered crust in his mouth, or as if he had really been a bookworm, or an Author, who had nothing to eat but his own works, a piece of paper fell from its leaves to the ground, which Partridge took up, and delivered to Jones, who presently perceived it to be a Bank-bill. It was, indeed, the very bill which Western had given his daughter the night before her departure ; and a Jew would have jumped to purchase it at five shillings less than 100 l.

The eyes of Partridge sparkled at this news, which Jones now proclaimed aloud ; and so did (though with somewhat a different aspect) those of the poor fellow who had found the book ; and who, (I hope from a principle of honesty) had never opened it : but we should not deal honestly by the reader, if we omitted to inform him of a circumstance, which may be here a little material, viz. that the fellow could not read.

Jones, who had felt nothing but pure joy and transport from the finding the book, was affected with a mixture of concern at this new discovery : for his imagination instantly suggested to him, that the owner of the bill might possibly want it, before he should be able to convey it to her. He then acquainted the finder,

der, that he knew the lady to whom the book belonged, and would endeavour to find her out as soon as possible, and return it to her.

The pocket book was a late present from Mrs. Western to her niece: it had cost five and twenty shillings, having been bought of a celebrated toyman; but the real value of the silver, which it contained in its clasp, was about 18 d. and that price the said toyman, as it was altogether as good as when it first issued from his shop, would now have given for it. A prudent person would, however, have taken proper advantage of the ignorance of this fellow, and would not have offered more than a shilling, or perhaps six-pence for it; nay, some perhaps would have given nothing, and left the fellow to his action of trover, which some learned serjeants may doubt whether he could, under these circumstances, have maintained.

Jones, on the contrary, whose character was on the outside of generosity, and may perhaps not very unjustly have been suspected of extravagance, without any hesitation, gave a guinea in exchange for the book. The poor man, who had not for a long time before been possessed of so much treasure, gave Mr. Jones a thousand thanks, and discovered little less of transport in his muscles, than Jones had before shewn, when he had first read the name of Sophia Western.

The fellow very readily agreed to attend our travellers to the place where he had found the pocket-book. Together, therefore, they proceeded directly thither; but not so fast as Mr. Jones desired; for his guide unfortunately happened to be lame, and could not possibly travel faster than a mile an hour. As this place, therefore, was at above three miles distance, though the fellow had said otherwise, the reader need not be acquainted how long they were in walking it.

Jones opened the book a hundred times during their walk, kissed it, as often, talked much to himself, and very little to his companions. At all which the guide express some signs of astonishment to Partridge; who more than once shook his head, and cry'd, poor gentleman! *orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.*

At length they arrived at the very spot where Sophia unhappily dropt the pocket-book, and where the fellow had as happily found it. Here Jones offered to take leave of his guide, and to improve his pace; but the fellow, in whom that violent surprize and joy, which the first receipt of the guinea had occasioned, was now considerably abated, and who had now had sufficient time to recollect himself, put on a discontented look, and scratching his head, said, 'He hoped his worship would give him something more. Your worship,' said he, 'will, I hope, take it into your consideration, that if I had not been honest I might have kept the whole.' And, indeed, this the reader must confess to have been true. 'If the paper there,' said he, 'be worth 100*l*. I am sure the finding it deserves more than a guinea. Besides, suppose your worship should never see the lady, nor give it her—and though your worship looks and talks very much like a gentleman, yet I have only your worship's bare word: and, certainly, if the right owner ben't to be found, it all belongs to the first finder. I hope your worship will consider all these matters, I am but a poor man, and therefore don't desire to have all; but it is but reasonable I should have my share. Your worship looks like a good man, and, I hope, will consider my honesty: for I might have kept every farthing, and no-body ever the wiser.' 'I promise thee, upon my honour,' cries Jones, 'that I know the right owner, and will restore it to her.' 'Nay, your worship,' answered the fellow, 'may do as you please as to that: if you will but give me my share, that is one half of the money; your honour may keep the rest yourself if you please;' and concluded with swearing by a very vehement oath, 'that he would never mention a syllable of it to any man living.'

'Looke, friend,' cries Jones, 'the right owner shall certainly have again all that she lost; and as for any further gratuity, I really cannot give it you at present; but let me know your name, and where you live, and it is more than possible, you may here-
after

‘after have further reason to rejoice at this morning’s adventure.’

‘I don’t know what you mean by venture,’ cries the fellow; ‘it seems, I must venture whether you will return the lady her money or no: but I hope your worship will consider —’ ‘Come, come,’ said Partridge, ‘tell his honour your name, and where you may be found; I warrant you will never repent having put the money into his hands.’ The fellow seeing no hopes of recovering the possession of the pocket-book, at last complied in giving in his name and place of abode, which Jones writ upon a piece of paper with the pencil of Sophia; and then placing the paper in the same page where she had writ her name, he cried out, ‘There, friend, you are the happiest man alive; I have joined your name to that of an angel.’ ‘I don’t know any thing about angels,’ answered the fellow; ‘but I wish you would give me a little more money, or else return me the pocket-book.’ Partridge now waxed wroth: he called the poor cripple by several vile and opprobrious names, and was absolutely proceeding to beat him, but Jones would not suffer any such thing; and now telling the fellow he would certainly find some opportunity of serving him, Mr. Jones departed as fast as his heels would carry him; and Partridge, into whom the thoughts of the hundred pound had infused new spirits, followed his leader; while the man, who was obliged to stay behind, fell to cursing them both, as well as his parents; ‘for had they, says he, sent me to charity-school to learn to write and read and cast account, I should have known the value of these matters as well as other people.’

C H A P. V.

Containing more adventures which Mr. Jones and his companion met on the road.

OUR travellers now walked so fast, that they had very little time or breath for conversation; Jones meditating all the way on Sophia, and Partridge on the Bank-bill, which, though it gave him some pleasure, caused him at the same time to repine at fortune, which,

in all his walks, had never given him such an opportunity of shewing his honesty. They had proceeded above three miles, when Partridge, being unable any longer to keep up with Jones, called to him, and begged him a little to slacken his pace; with this he was the more ready to comply, as he had for some time lost the footsteps of the horses, which the thaw had enabled him to trace for several miles, and he was now upon a wide common where were several roads.

He here therefore stopt to consider which of these roads he should pursue, when on a sudden they heard the noise of a drum that seemed at no great distance. This sound presently alarmed the fears of Partridge, and he cried out, 'Lord have mercy upon us all; they are certainly a coming!' 'Who is coming?' cries Jones; for fear had long since given place to softer ideas in his mind; and since his adventure with the lame man, he had been totally intent on pursuing Sophia, without entertaining one thought of an enemy. 'Who?' cries Partridge, 'why the rebels: but why should I call them rebels? they may be very honest gentlemen, for any thing I know to the contrary. The devil take him that affronts them, I say, I am sure, if they have nothing to say to me, I will have nothing to say to them, but in a civil way. For heaven's sake, Sir, don't affront them if they should come, and perhaps they may do us no harm; but would it not be the wiser way to creep into some of yonder bushes till they are gone by? What can two unarmed men do perhaps against fifty thousand? Certainly nobody but a madman; I hope your honour is not offended; but certainly no man who hath *Mens sana in Corpore sano.*'

—Here Jones interrupted this torrent of eloquence, which fear had inspired, saying, 'That by the drum he perceived they were near some town.' He then made directly towards the place whence the noise proceeded, bidding Partridge 'take courage, for that he would lead him into no danger;' and adding, 'it was impossible the rebels should be so near.'

Partridge was a little comforted with this last assurance; and though he would more gladly have gone the contrary way, he followed his leader, his heart beating

beating time, but not after the manner of heroes, to the music of the drum, which ceased not till they had traversed the common, and were come into a narrow lane.

And now Partridge, who kept even pace with Jones, discovered something painted flying in the air, a very few yards before him, which fancying to be the colours of the enemy, he fell a bellowing, 'O lord, Sir, here they are; there is the crown and coffin. Oh lord! I never saw any thing so terrible; and we are within gun-shot of them already.'

Jones no sooner looked up than he plainly perceived what it was which Partridge had thus mistaken. 'Partridge,' says he, 'I fancy you will be able to engage this whole army yourself; for by the colours I guess what the drum was which we heard before, and which beats up for recruits to a puppet-show.'

'A puppet-show,' answered Partridge, with most eager transport. 'And is it really no more than that? I love a puppet-show of all the pastimes upon earth. Do, good Sir, let us tarry and see it. Besides I am quite famished to death; for it is now almost dark, and I have not eat a morsel since three o'clock in the morning.'

They now arrived at an inn, or indeed an alehouse, where Jones was prevailed upon to stop, the rather as he had no longer any assurance of being in the road he desired. They walked both directly into the kitchen, where Jones began to enquire if no ladies had passed that way in the morning, and Partridge as eagerly examined into the state of their provisions; and indeed his enquiry met with the better success; for Jones could not hear news of Sophia; but Partridge, to his great satisfaction, found good reason to expect very shortly the agreeable sight of an excellent smoaking dish of eggs and bacon.

In strong and healthy constitutions love hath a very different effect from what it causes in the puny part of the species. In the latter it generally destroys all that appetite which tends towards the conservation of the individual; but in the former, though it often induces forgetfulness, and a neglect of food, as well as of every

thing else; yet place a good piece of well-powdered buttock before a hungry lover, and he seldom fails very handsomely to play his part. Thus it happened in the present case; for though Jones perhaps wanted a prompter, and might have travelled much farther, had he been alone, with an empty stomach; yet no sooner did he sit down to the bacon and eggs, than he fell to as heartily and voraciously as Partridge himself.

Before our travellers had finished their dinner, night came on, and as the moon was now past the full, it was extremely dark. Partridge therefore prevailed on Jones to stay and see the puppet-show, which was just going to begin, and to which they were very eagerly invited by the master of the said show, who declared that his figures were the finest which the world had ever produced, and that they had given great satisfaction to all the quality in every town in England.

The puppet-show was performed with great regularity and decency. It was called the fine and serious part of the Provoked Husband; and it was indeed a very grave and solemn entertainment, without any low wit or humour, or jests; or, to do it no more than justice, without any thing which could provoke a laugh. The audience were all highly pleased. A grave matron told the master she would bring her two daughters the next night, as he did not shew any stuff; and an attorney's clerk, and an exciseman, both declared, that the characters of lord and lady Townley were well preserved, and highly in nature. Partridge likewise concurred with this opinion.

The master was so highly elated with these encomiums, that he could not refrain from adding some more of his own. He said, 'The present age was not improved in any thing so much as in their puppet-shows; which, by throwing out Punch and his wife Joan, and such idle trumpery, were at last brought to be a rational entertainment. I remember,' said he, 'when I first took to the business, there was a great deal of low stuff that did very well to make folks laugh; but was never calculated to improve the morals of young people; which certainly ought to be principally aimed at in every puppet-show: for why may not good
' and

‘and instructive lessons be conveyed this way, as well as any other? My figures are as big as the life, and they represent the life in every particular; and I question not but people rise from my little Drama as much improved as they do from the great.’ ‘I would by no means degrade the ingenuity of your profession,’ answered Jones, ‘but I should have been glad to have seen my old acquaintance master Punch, for all that; and so far from improving, I think, by leaving out him and his merry wife Joan, you have spoiled your puppet-show.’

The dancer of wires conceived an immediate and high contempt for Jones, from these words. And with much disdain in his countenance, he replied, ‘Very probably, Sir, that may be your opinion; but I have the satisfaction to know the best judges differ from you, and it is impossible to please every taste. I confess, indeed, some of the quality at Bath, two or three years ago, wanted mightily to bring Punch again upon the stage. I believe I lost some money for not agreeing to it; but let others do as they will; a little matter shall never bribe me to degrade my own profession, nor will I ever willingly consent to the spoiling the decency and regularity of my stage, by introducing any such low stuff upon it.’

‘Right, friend,’ cries the clerk, ‘you are very right. Always avoid what is low. There are several of my acquaintance in London, who are resolved to drive every thing which is low from the stage.’ ‘Nothing can be more proper,’ cries the exciseman, pulling his pipe from his mouth. ‘I remember,’ added he, (for then I lived with my lord) ‘I was in the footman’s gallery, the night when this play of the Provoked Husband was acted first. There was a great deal of low stuff in it about a country gentleman come up to town to stand for parliament-man; and there they brought a parcel of his servants upon the stage, his coachman I remember particularly; but the gentlemen in our gallery could not bear any thing so low, and they damned it. I observe, friend, you have left all that matter out, and you are to be commended for it.’

‘ Nay, gentlemen,’ cries Jones, ‘ I can never maintain my opinion against so many ; indeed if the generality of his audience dislike him, the learned gentleman who conducts the show, may have done very right in dismissing Punch from his service.’

The master of the show then began a second harangue, and said much of the great force of example, and how much the inferior part of mankind would be deterred from vice, by observing how odious it was in their superiors ; when he was unluckily interrupted by an incident, which, though perhaps we might have omitted it at another time, we cannot help relating at present, but not in this chapter.

C H A P. VI.

From which it may be inferred, that the best things are liable to be misunderstood and misinterpreted.

A Violent uproar now arose in the entry, where my landlady was well cuffing her maid both with her fist and tongue. She had indeed missed the wench from her employment, and, after a little search, had found her on the puppet-show stage in company with the Merry Andrew, and in a situation not very proper to be described.

Though Grace (for that was her name) had forfeited all title to modesty ; yet had she not impudence enough to deny a fact in which she was actually surprized ; she therefore took another turn, and attempted to mitigate the offence. ‘ Why do you beat me in this manner, mistress ?’ cries the wench. ‘ If you don’t like my doings, you may turn me away. If I am a w—e, (for the other had liberally bestowed that appellation on her) my betters are so as well as I ! What was the fine lady in the puppet-show just now ? I suppose she did not lie all night out from her husband for nothing.’

‘ The landlady now burst into the kitchen, and fell foul on both her husband and the poor puppet-mover. ‘ Here husband,’ says she, ‘ you see the consequence of harbouring these people in your house. If one doth

doth draw a little drink the more for them, one is hardly made amends for the litter they make; and then to have one's house made a bawdy-house of by such lousy vermin. In short, I desire you would be gone to-morrow morning; for I will tolerate no more such doings. It is only the way to teach our servants idleness and nonsense; for to be sure nothing better can be learned by such idle shows as these. I remember when puppet-shows were made of good scripture stories, as Jephthah's Rash Vow, and such good things, and when wicked people were carried away by the devil. There was some sense in those matters; but as the parson told us last Sunday, nobody believes in the devil now a-days; and here you bring about a parcel of puppets drest up like lords and ladies, only to turn the heads of poor country wenches; and when their heads are once turned topsy-turvy, no wonder every thing else is so.'

Virgil, I think, tells us, that when the mob are assembled in a riotous and tumultuous manner, and all sorts of missile weapons fly about, if a man of gravity and authority appears amongst them, the tumult is presently appeased, and the mob, which when collected into one body, may be well compared to an ass, erect their long ears at the grave man's discourse.

On the contrary, when a set of grave men and philosophers are disputing; when wisdom herself may in a manner be considered as present, and administering arguments to the disputants; should a tumult arise among the mob, or should one scold, who is herself equal in noise to a mighty mob, appear among the said philosophers; their disputes cease in a moment, wisdom no longer performs her ministerial office, and the attention of every one is immediately attracted by the scold alone.

Thus the uproar aforesaid, and the arrival of the landlady, silenced the master of the puppet-show, and put a speedy and final end to that grave and solemn harangue, of which we have given the reader a sufficient taste already. Nothing indeed could have happened so very inopportune as this accident; the most wanton malice of fortune could not have contrived such another

stratagem to confound the poor fellow, while he was triumphantly descanting on the good morals inculcated by his exhibitions. His mouth was now as effectually stopt, as that of a quack must be, if in the midst of a declamation on the great virtues of his pills and powders, the corpse of one of his martyrs should be brought forth, and deposited before the stage, as a testimony of his skill.

Instead, therefore, of answering my landlady, the puppet-show man ran out to punish his Merry-Andrew; and now the moon beginning to put forth her silver light, as the poets call it, (though she looked at that time more like a piece of copper) Jones called for his reckoning, and ordered Partridge, whom my landlady had just awaked from a profound nap, to prepare for his journey; but Partridge having lately carried two points, as my reader hath seen before, was emboldened to attempt a third, which was to prevail with Jones to take up a lodging that evening in the house where he then was. He introduced this with an affected surprize at the intention which Mr. Jones declared of removing; and after urging many excellent arguments against it, he at last insisted strongly, that it could be to no manner of purpose whatever: for that unless Jones knew which way the lady was gone, every step he took might very possibly lead him the farther from her; ‘for you find, Sir,’ said he, ‘by all the people in the house, that she is not gone this way. How much better therefore, would it be to stay till the morning, when we may expect to meet with some-body to enquire of?’

This last argument had indeed some effect on Jones, and while he was weighing it, the landlord threw all the rhetoric of which he was master, into the same scale. ‘Sure, Sir,’ said he, ‘your servant gives you most excellent advice: for who would travel by night at this time of the year?’ He then began in the usual stile to trumpet forth the excellent accommodation which his house afforded; and my landlady likewise opened on the occasion——But not to detain the reader with what is common to every host and hostess, it is sufficient to tell him, Jones was at last prevailed on

to stay and refresh himself with a few hours rest, which indeed he very much wanted; for he had hardly shut his eyes since he had left the inn where the accident of the broken head had happened.

As soon as Jones had taken a resolution to proceed no farther that night, he presently retired to rest, with his two bed-fellows, the pocket-book, and the muff; but Partridge, who at several times had refreshed himself with several naps, was more inclined to eating than to sleeping, and more to drinking than to either.

And now the storm which Grace had raised being at an end, and my landlady being again reconciled to the puppet-man, who on his side forgave the indecent reflections which the good woman in her passion had cast on his performances, a face of perfect peace and tranquility reigned in the kitchen; where sat assembled round the fire, the landlord and landlady of the house, the master of the puppet-show, the attorney's clerk, the exciseman, and the ingenious Mr. Partridge; in which company past the agreeable conversation which will be found in the next chapter.

C H A P. VII.

Containing a remark or two of our own, and many more of the good company assembled in the kitchen.

THOUGH the pride of Partridge did not submit to acknowledge himself a servant; yet he condescended in most particulars to imitate the manners of that rank. One instance of this was, his greatly magnifying the fortune of his companion, as he called Jones: such is a general custom with all servants among strangers, as none of them would willingly be thought the attendant on a beggar: for the higher the situation of the master is, the higher consequently is that of the man in his own opinion; the truth of which observation appears from the behaviour of all the footmen of the nobility.

But though title and fortune communicate a splendor all around them, and the footmen of men of quality and of estate think themselves entitled to a part
of

of that respect which is paid to the quality and estates of their masters ; it is clearly otherwise with regard to virtue and understanding. These advantages are strictly personal, and swallow themselves all the respect which is paid to them. To say the truth, this is so very little, that they cannot well afford to let any others partake with them. As these therefore reflect no honour on the domestic, so neither is he at all dishonoured by the most deplorable want of both in his master. Indeed it is otherwise in the want of what is called virtue in a mistress, the consequence of which we have before seen : for in this dishonour there is a kind of contagion, which, like that of poverty, communicates itself to all who approach it.

Now for these reasons we are not to wonder that servants (I mean among the men only) should have so great regard for the reputation of the wealth of their masters, and little or none at all for their character in other points, and that though they would be ashamed to be the footman of a beggar, they are not so to attend upon a rogue, or a blockhead ; and do consequently make no scruple to spread the fame of the iniquities and follies of their said masters as far as possible, and this often with great humour and merriment. In reality, a footman is often a wit, as well as a beau, at the expence of the gentleman whose livery he wears.

After Partridge, therefore, had enlarged greatly on the vast fortune to which Mr. Jones was heir, he very freely communicated an apprehension which he had begun to conceive the day before, and for which, as we hinted at that very time, the behaviour of Jones seemed to have furnished a sufficient foundation. In short, he was now pretty well confirmed in an opinion, that his master was out of his wits, with which opinion he very bluntly acquainted the good company round the fire.

With this sentiment the puppet-show man immediately coincided. ‘ I own,’ said he, ‘ the gentleman surprised me very much, when he talked so absurdly about puppet-shows. It is indeed hardly to be conceived that any man in his senses should be so much

‘ much mistaken ; what you say now, accounts very well for all his monstrous notions. Poor gentleman ! I am heartily concerned for him ; indeed he hath a strange wildness about his eyes, which I took notice of before, though I did not mention it.’

The landlord agreed with this last assertion, and likewise claimed the sagacity of having observed it. ‘ And certainly,’ added he, ‘ it must be so : for no one but a madman would have thought of leaving so good a house, to ramble about the country at that time of night.’

The exciseman pulling his pipe from his mouth, said, ‘ He thought the gentleman looked and talked a little wildly ;’ and then turning to Partridge, ‘ If he be a madman,’ says he, ‘ he should not be suffered to travel thus about the country ; for possibly he may do some mischief. It is pity he was not secured and sent home to his relations.’

Now some conceits of this kind were likewise lurking in the mind of Partridge : for as he was now persuaded that Jones had run away from Mr. Allworthy, he promised himself the highest rewards, if he could by any means convey him back. But fear of Jones, of whose fierceness and strength he had seen, and indeed felt some instances, had however represented any such scheme as impossible to be executed, and had discouraged him from applying himself to form any regular plan for the purpose. But no sooner did he hear the sentiments of the exciseman, than he embraced that opportunity of declaring his own, and expressed a hearty wish that such a matter could be brought about.

‘ Could be brought about ;’ says the exciseman ; ‘ why there is nothing easier.’

‘ Ah ! Sir,’ answered Partridge ; ‘ you don’t know what a devil of a fellow he is. He can take me up with one hand, and throw me out at window ; and he would to ; if he did but imagine——’

‘ Pogh !’ says the exciseman, ‘ I believe I am as good a man as he. Besides, here are five of us.’

‘ I don’t know what five,’ cries the landlady, ‘ my husband shall have nothing to do in it. Nor shall
‘ any

' any violent hands be laid upon any body in my
 ' house. The young gentleman is as pretty a young
 ' gentleman as ever I saw in my life, and I believe he
 ' is no more mad than any of us. What do you tell
 ' of his having a wild look with his eyes? they are
 ' the prettiest eyes I ever saw, and he hath the pret-
 ' tiest look with them; and a very modest civil young
 ' man he is. I am sure I have bepitied him heartily
 ' ever since the gentleman there in the corner told us
 ' he was crost in love. Certainly that is enough to
 ' make any man, especially such a sweet young gen-
 ' tleman at he is, to look a little otherwise than he
 ' did before. Lady, indeed! what the devil would
 ' the lady have better than such a handsome man with
 ' a great estate? I suppose she is one of your quality
 ' folks, one of your townly ladies that we saw last
 ' night in the puppet-show, who don't know what
 ' they would be at.'

The attorney's clerk likewise declared he would
 have no concern in the business, without the advice of
 council. ' Suppose,' says he, ' an action of false
 ' imprisonment should be brought against us, what
 ' defence could we make? Who knows what may be
 ' sufficient evidence of madness to a jury? But I only
 ' speak upon my own account; for it don't look well
 ' for a lawyer to be concerned in these matters, unless
 ' it be as a lawyer. Juries are always less favourable
 ' to us than to other people. I don't therefore dissuade
 ' you, Mr. Thompson (to the exciseman) nor the
 ' gentleman, nor any body else.'

The exciseman shook his head at this speech, and
 the puppet-show man said, ' madness was sometimes
 ' a difficult matter for a jury to decide: for I remem-
 ' ber,' says he, ' I was once present at a trial of mad-
 ' ness, where twenty witnesses swore that the person
 ' was as mad as a March hare; and twenty others, that
 ' he was as much in his senses as any man in England—
 ' And indeed it was the opinion of most people, that
 ' it was only a trick of his relations to rob the poor
 ' man of his right.'

' Very likely!' cries the landlady, ' I myself knew
 ' a poor gentleman who was kept in a mad-house all
 ' his

‘ his life by his family, and they enjoyed his estate,
 ‘ but it did them no good : for though the law gave it
 ‘ them, it was the right of another.’

‘ Pogh !’ cries the clerk, with great contempt,
 ‘ who hath any right but what the law gives them ?
 ‘ If the law gave me the best estate in the country,
 ‘ I should never trouble myself much who had the
 ‘ right.’

‘ If it be so,’ says Partridge, ‘ *Felix quem faciunt
 ‘ aliena pericula cautum.*’

My landlord, who had been called out by the ar-
 rival of a horseman at the gate, now returned into the
 kitchen, and with an affrighted countenance cried out,
 ‘ What do you think, gentlemen ? The rebels have
 ‘ given the duke the slip, and are got almost to Lon-
 ‘ don—It is certainly true, for a man on horseback just
 ‘ now told me so.’

‘ I am glad of it with all my heart,’ cries Par-
 ‘ tridge, ‘ then there will be no fighting in these
 ‘ parts.’

‘ I am glad,’ cries the clerk, ‘ for a better reason ;
 ‘ for I would always have right take place.’

‘ Ay but,’ answered the landlord, ‘ I have heard
 ‘ some people say this man hath no right.’

‘ I will prove the contrary in a moment,’ cries the
 clerk ; ‘ If my father dies seized of a right ; do you
 ‘ mind me, seized of a right, I say ; doth not that
 ‘ right descend to his son ? and doth not one right de-
 ‘ scend as well as another ?’

‘ But how can he have any right to make us pa-
 ‘ pishes ?’ says the landlord.

‘ Never fear that,’ cries Partridge. ‘ As to the
 ‘ matter of right, the gentleman there hath proved it
 ‘ as clear as the sun ; and as to the matter of religion,
 ‘ it is quite out of the case. The papists themselves
 ‘ don’t expect any such thing. A popish priest, whom
 ‘ I knew very well, and who is a very honest man,
 ‘ told me upon his word and honour they had no such
 ‘ design.’

‘ And another priest of my acquaintance,’ said the
 landlady, ‘ hath told me the same thing—But my hus-
 ‘ band is always so afraid of papishes. I know a
 ‘ great

‘ great many papishes that are very honest sort of people, and spend their money very freely; and it is always a maxim with me, that one man’s money is as good as another’s.’

‘ Very true, Mistress,’ said the puppet-show man, ‘ I don’t care what religion comes, provided the Presbyterians are not uppermost; for they are enemies to puppet-shows.’

‘ And so you would sacrifice your religion to your interest,’ cries the exciseman; ‘ and are desirous to see popery brought in, are you?’

‘ Not I truly,’ answered the other, ‘ I hate popery as much as any man? but yet it is a comfort to one, that one should be able to live under it, which I could not do among Presbyterians. To be sure every man values his livelihood first; that must be granted; and I warrant, if you would confess the truth, you are more afraid of losing your place than any thing else; but never fear, friend, there will be an excise under another government as well as under this.’

‘ Why certainly,’ replied the exciseman, ‘ I should be a very ill man, if I did not honour the king, whose bread I eat. That is no more than natural, as a man may say: for what signifies it to me that there would be an excise-office under another government, since my friends would be out, and I could expect no better than to follow them? No, no, friend, I shall never be bubbled out of my religion, in hopes only of keeping my place under another government; for I should certainly be no better, and very probably might be worse.’

‘ Why, that is what I say,’ cries the landlord, ‘ whenever folks say who knows what may happen? Odfooks should not I be a blockhead to lend my money to I know not who, because mayhap he may return it again; I am sure it is safe in my own bureau, and there I will keep it.’

The attorney’s clerk had taken a great fancy to the sagacity of Partridge. Whether this proceeded from the great discernment which the former had into men, as well as things, or whether it arose from the sympathy between
between

between their minds ; for they were both truly Jacobites in principle ; they now shook hands heartily, and drank bumpers of strong beer to healths which we think proper to bury in oblivion.

These healths were afterwards pledged by all present, and even by my landlord himself, though reluctantly ; but he could not withstand the menaces of the clerk, who swore he would never set his foot within his house again, if he refused. The bumpers which were swallowed on this occasion soon put an end to the conversation. Here, therefore, we will put an end to the chapter.

C H A P. VIII.

In which fortune seems to have been in a better humour with Jones than we have hitherto seen her.

AS there is no wholesomer, so perhaps there are few stronger sleeping potions than fatigue. Of this Jones might be said to have taken a very large dose, and it operated very forcibly upon him. He had already slept nine hours, and might perhaps have slept longer, had he not been awakened by a most violent noise at his chamber-door, where the sound of many heavy blows was accompanied with many exclamations of murder. Jones presently leapt from his bed, where he found the master of the puppet-show belabouring the back and ribs of his poor Merry Andrew, without either mercy or moderation.

Jones instantly interposed on behalf of the suffering party, and pinned the insulting conqueror up to the wall : for the puppet-show man was no more able to contend with Jones, than the poor party-coloured jester had been to contend with this puppet-man.

But though the Merry-Andrew was a little fellow, and not very strong, he had nevertheless some choler about him. He therefore no sooner found himself delivered from the enemy, than he began to attack him with the only weapon at which he was his equal. From this he first discharged a volley of general abusive words, and thence proceeded to some particular ac-
cusations

cusations—‘ D—n your bl—d, you rascal,’ says he,
 ‘ I have not only supported you, (for to me you owe
 ‘ all the money you get) but I have saved you from
 ‘ the gallows. Did you not want to rob the lady of
 ‘ her fine riding-habit, no longer ago than yesterday,
 ‘ in the back lane here? Can you deny that you wished
 ‘ to have her alone in a wood to strip her, to strip one
 ‘ of the prettiest ladies that ever was seen in the world?
 ‘ and here you have fallen upon me, and have al-
 ‘ most murdered me for doing no harm to a girl as
 ‘ willing as myself, only because she likes me better
 ‘ than you.’

Jones no sooner heard this, than he quitted the
 master, laying on him at the same time the most vio-
 lent injunctions of forbearance from any further in-
 sult on the Merry-Andrew; and then taking the poor
 wretch with him into his own apartment, he soon learnt
 tidings of his Sophia, whom the fellow, as he was at-
 tending his master with his drum the day before, had
 seen pass by. He easily prevailed with the lad to
 shew him the exact place, and then having summoned
 Partridge, he departed with the utmost expedition.

It was almost eight of the clock before all matters
 could be got ready for his departure; for Partridge
 was not in any haste, nor could the reckoning be pre-
 sently adjusted; and when both these were settled and
 over, Jones would not quit the place, before he had
 perfectly reconciled all differences between the master
 and the man.

When this was happily accomplished, he set for-
 wards, and was by the trusty Merry-Andrew con-
 ducted to the spot by which Sophia had past; and
 then having handsomely rewarded his conductor, he
 again pushed on with the utmost eagerness, being
 highly delighted with the extraordinary manner in
 which he received his intelligence. Of this Partridge
 was no sooner acquainted, than he with great earnest-
 ness began to prophesy, and assured Jones, that he
 would certainly have good success in the end; for, he
 said, ‘ two such accidents could never have happened,
 ‘ to direct him after his mistress, if Providence had not
 ‘ designed to bring them together at last.’ And this
 was

was the first time that Jones lent any attention to the superstitious doctrines of his companion.

They had not gone above two miles, when a violent storm of rain overtook them; and as they happened to be at the same time in sight of an alehouse, Partridge with much earnest entreaty, prevailed with Jones to enter and weather the storm. Hunger is an enemy (if indeed it may be called one) which partakes more of the English than of the French disposition; for though you subdue this never so often, it will always rally again in time; and so it did with Partridge, who was no sooner arrived within the kitchen, than he began to ask the same questions which he had asked the night before. The consequence of this was an excellent cold chine being produced upon the table, upon which not only Partridge, but Jones himself, made a very hearty breakfast, though the latter began to grow again uneasy, as the people of the house could give him no fresh information concerning Sophia.

Their meal being over, Jones was again preparing to rally, notwithstanding the violence of the storm still continued; but Partridge begged heartily for another mug; and at last casting his eyes on a lad at the fire, who had entered into the kitchen, and who at that instant was looking as earnestly at him, he turned suddenly to Jones, and cried, 'Master give me your hand, a single mug shan't serve the turn this bout. Why here's more news of madam Sophia come to town. The boy there standing by the fire is the very lad that rode before her. I can swear to my own plaister on his face.' 'Heavens bless you, Sir,' cries the boy, 'it is your own plaister sure enough; I shall have always reason to remember your goodness; for it hath almost cured me.'

At these words Jones started from his chair, and bidding the boy follow him, immediately departed from the kitchen into a private apartment; for so delicate was he with regard to Sophia, that he never willingly mentioned her name in the presence of many people; and though he had as it were, from the overflowings of his heart, given Sophia as a toast among

the officers, where he thought it was impossible she should be known; yet even there the reader may remember how difficultly he was prevailed upon to mention her fir-name.

Hard therefore was it, and perhaps, in the opinion of many sagacious readers, very absurd and monstrous, that he should principally owe his present misfortune to the supposed want of that delicacy with which he so abounded; for, in reality, Sophia was much more offended at the freedoms which she thought (and not without good reason) he had taken with her name and character, than at any freedoms, in which, under his present circumstances, he had indulged himself with the person of another woman; and to say truth, I believe Honour could never have prevailed on her to leave Upton without her seeing Jones, had it not been for those two strong instances of a levity in his behaviour, so void of respect, and indeed so highly inconsistent with any degree of love and tenderness in great and delicate minds.

But so matters fell out, and so I must relate them; and if any reader is shocked at their appearing unnatural, I cannot help it. I must remind such persons, that I am not writing a system, but a history, and I am not obliged to reconcile every matter to the received notions concerning truth and nature. But if this was never so easy to do, perhaps it might be more prudent in me to avoid it. For instance, as the fact at present before us now stands, without any comment of mine upon it, though it may at first sight offend some readers, yet upon more mature consideration, it must please all; for wise and good men may consider, what happened to Jones at Upton as a just punishment for his wickedness, with regard to women, of which it was indeed the immediate consequence; and silly and bad persons may comfort themselves, in their vices, by flattering their own hearts that the characters of men are rather owing to accident than to virtue. Now perhaps the reflections which we should be here inclined to draw, would alike contradict both these conclusions, and would shew that these incidents contribute only to confirm the great, useful, and uncommon doctrine,

which it is the purpose of this whole work to inculcate, and which we must not fill up our pages by frequently repeating, as an ordinary parson fills his sermon by repeating his text at the end of every paragraph.

We are contented that it must appear, however unhappily Sophia had erred in her opinion of Jones, she had sufficient reason for her opinion; since, I believe, every other young lady would, in her situation, have erred in the same manner. Nay, had she followed her lover at this very time, and had entered this very alehouse the moment he was departed from it, she would have found the landlord as well acquainted with her name and person as the wench at Upton had appeared to be. For while Jones was examining his boy in whispers in an inner room, Partridge, who had no such delicacy in his disposition, was in the kitchen very openly catechising the other guide who had attended Mrs. Fitzpatrick; by which means the landlord, whose ears were open on all such occasions, became perfectly well acquainted with the tumble of Sophia from her horse, &c. with the mistake concerning Jenny Cameron, with the many consequences of the punch, and, in short, with almost every thing which had happened at the inn, whence we dispatched our ladies in a coach and six, when we last took our leaves of them.

C H A P. IX.

Containing little more than a few odd observations.

JONES had been absent a full half hour, when he returned into the kitchen in a hurry, desiring the landlord to let him know that instant what was to pay. And now the concern which Partridge felt at being obliged to quit the warm chimney-corner, and a cup of excellent liquor, was somewhat compensated by hearing that he was to proceed no farther on foot, for Jones, by golden arguments, had prevailed with the boy to attend him back to the inn whither he had before conducted Sophia; but to this however the lad consented,
upon

upon condition that the other guide would wait for him at the alehouse; because, as the landlord at Upton was an intimate acquaintance of the landlord at Gloucester, it might some time or other come to the ears of the latter, that his horses had been let to more than one person; and so the boy might be brought to account for money which he wisely intended to put in his own pocket.

We were obliged to mention this circumstance, trifling as it may seem, since it retarded Mr. Jones a considerable time in his setting out; for the honesty of this latter boy was somewhat high—that is, somewhat high priced, and would indeed have cost Jones very dear, had not Partridge, who, as we have said, was a very cunning fellow, artfully thrown in half a crown to be spent at that very alehouse, while the boy was waiting for his companion. This half crown the landlord no sooner got scent of, than he opened after it with such vehement and persuasive outcry, that the boy was soon overcome, and consented to take half a crown more for his stay. Here we cannot help observing, that as there is so much of policy in the lowest life, great men often over-value themselves on those refinements in imposture, in which they are frequently excelled by some of the lowest of the human species.

The horses being now produced, Jones directly leapt into the side-saddle, on which his dear Sophia had rid. The lad indeed very civilly offered him the use of his; but he chose the side-saddle, probably because it was softer. Partridge, however, though full as effeminate as Jones, could not bear the thoughts of degrading his manhood; he therefore accepted the boy's offer; and now Jones, being mounted on the side-saddle of his Sophia, the boy on that of Mrs. Honour, and Partridge bestriding the third horse, they set forwards on their journey, and within four hours arrived at the inn where the reader hath already spent so much time. Partridge was in very high spirits during the whole way, and often mentioned to Jones the many good omens of his future success, which had lately befriended him; and which the reader, without being the least

least superstitious, must allow to have been peculiarly fortunate. Partridge was moreover better pleased with the present pursuit of his companion, than he had been with his pursuit of glory; and from these very omens, which assured the pedagogue of success, he likewise first acquired a clear idea of the amour between Jones and Sophia; to which he had before given very little attention, as he had originally taken a wrong scent concerning the reasons of Jones's departure; and as to what happened at Upton, he was too much frightened just before and after his leaving that place, to draw any other conclusions from thence, than that poor Jones was a downright madman: a conceit which was not at all disagreeable to the opinion he before had of his extraordinary wildness, of which he thought, his behaviour on their quitting Gloucester so well justified all the accounts he had formerly received. He was now however pretty well satisfied with his present expedition, and henceforth began to conceive much worthier sentiments of his friend's understanding.

The clock had just struck three when they arrived, and Jones immediately bespoke post-horses; but unluckily there was not a horse to be procured in the whole place; which the reader will not wonder at, when he considers the hurry in which the whole nation, and especially this part of it, was at this time engaged, when expresses were passing and repassing every hour of the day and night.

Jones endeavoured all he could to prevail with his former guide to escorte him to Coventry; but he was inexorable. While he was arguing with the boy in the inn yard, a person came up to him, and saluting him by his name, enquired how all the good family did in Somersetshire; and now Jones, casting his eyes upon this person, presently discovered him to be Mr. Dowling the lawyer, with whom he had dined at Gloucester, and with much courtesy returned his salutation.

Dowling very earnestly pressed Mr. Jones to go no further that night; and backed his solicitations with many unanswerable arguments, such as that it was almost dark, that the roads were very dirty, and that he would be able to travel much better by day-light, with

many others equally good, some of which Jones had probably suggested to himself before; but as they were then ineffectual, so they were still; and he continued resolute in his design, even though he should be obliged to set out on foot.

When the good attorney found he could not prevail on Jones to stay, he as strenuously applied himself to persuade the guide to accompany him. He urged many motives to induce him to undertake this short journey, and at last concluded with saying, 'Do you think the gentleman won't very well reward you for your trouble?'

Two to one are odds at every other thing, as well as at foot-ball. But the advantage which this united force hath in persuasion or entreaty, must have been visible to a curious observer; for he must have often seen, that when a father, a master, a wife, or any other person in authority, have stoutly adhered to a denial against all the reasons which a single man could produce, they have afterwards yielded to the repetition of the same sentiments by a second or third person, who hath undertaken the cause, without attempting to advance any thing new in its behalf. And hence perhaps proceeds the phrase of seconding an argument or a motion, and the great consequence this is of in all assemblies of public debate. Hence likewise probably it is, that in our courts of law we often hear a learned gentleman (generally a serjeant) repeating for an hour together what another learned gentleman who spoke just before him, had been saying.

Instead of accounting for this, we shall proceed in our usual manner to exemplify it in the conduct of the lad above-mentioned, who submitted to the persuasions of Mr. Dowling, and promised once more to admit Jones into his side-saddle; but insisted on first giving the poor creatures a good bait, saying they had travelled a great way, and been rid very hard. Indeed this caution of the boy was needless; for Jones, notwithstanding his hurry and impatience, would have ordered this of himself; for he by no means agreed with the opinion of those who consider animals as mere machines, and when they bury their spurs in the belly of their

their horse, imagine the spur and the horse to have an equal capacity of feeling pain.

While the beasts were eating their corn, or rather were supposed to eat it; (for as the boy was taking care of himself in the kitchen, the hostler took great care that his corn should not be consumed in the stable) Mr. Jones, at the earnest desire of Mr. Dowling, accompanied that gentleman into his room, where they sat down together over a bottle of wine.

C H A P. X.

In which Mr. Jones and Mr. Dowling drink a bottle together.

MR. Dowling, pouring out a glass of wine, named the health of the good squire Allworthy; adding, 'If you please, Sir, we will likewise remember his nephew and heir, the young squire; come, Sir, here's Mr. Blifil to you, a very pretty young gentleman; and who, I dare swear will hereafter make a very considerable figure in his country. I have a borough for him myself in my eye.'

'Sir,' answered Jones, 'I am convinced you don't intend to affront me, so I shall not resent it; but, I promise you, you have joined two persons very improperly together; for one is the glory of the human species, and the other is a rascal, who dishonours the name of man.'

Dowling stared at this. He said, 'He thought both the gentlemen had a very unexceptionable character. As for squire Allworthy himself,' says he, 'I never had the happiness to see him; but all the world talks of his goodness. And, indeed, as to the young gentleman, I never saw him but once, when I carried him the news of the loss of his mother; and then I was so hurried, and drove and tore with the multiplicity of business, that I had hardly time to converse with him; but he looked so like a very honest gentleman, and behaved himself so prettily, that I protest I never was more delighted with any gentleman since I was born.'

‘ I don’t wonder,’ answered Jones, ‘ that he should
 ‘ impose upon you in so short an acquaintance ; for
 ‘ he hath the cunning of the devil himself, and you
 ‘ may live with him many years, without discovering
 ‘ him. I was bred up with him from my infancy, and
 ‘ we were hardly ever asunder ; but it is very lately
 ‘ only, that I have discovered half the villainy which
 ‘ is in him. I own I never greatly liked him. I
 ‘ thought he wanted that generosity of spirit, which is
 ‘ the sure foundation of all that is great and noble in
 ‘ human nature. I saw a selfishness in him long ago,
 ‘ which I despised ; but it is lately, very lately, that I
 ‘ have found him capable of the basest and blackest
 ‘ designs ; for, indeed, I have at last found out, that
 ‘ he hath taken an advantage of the openness of my
 ‘ own temper, and hath concerted the deepest project,
 ‘ by a long train of wicked artifice, to work my ruin,
 ‘ which at last he hath effected.’

‘ Ay! Ay!’ cries Dowling, ‘ I protest then, it is
 ‘ a pity such a person should inherit the great estate
 ‘ of your uncle Allworthy.’

‘ Alas, Sir,’ cries Jones, ‘ you do me an honour
 ‘ to which I have no title. It is true, indeed, his
 ‘ goodness once allowed me the liberty of calling him
 ‘ by a much nearer name ; but as this was only a vo-
 ‘ luntary act of goodness, I can complain of no inju-
 ‘ stice, when he thinks proper to deprive me of this ho-
 ‘ nour ; since the loss cannot be more unmerited than
 ‘ the gift originally was. I assure you, Sir, I am no
 ‘ relation of Mr. Allworthy ; and if the world, who
 ‘ are incapable of setting a true value on his virtue,
 ‘ should think, in his behaviour by me, he hath dealt
 ‘ hardly by a relation, they do an injustice to the best
 ‘ of men: for I— but I ask your pardon, I shall trou-
 ‘ ble you with no particulars relating to myself ; only
 ‘ as you seemed to think me a relation of Mr. Allwor-
 ‘ thy, I thought proper to set you right in a matter
 ‘ that might draw some censures upon him, which I
 ‘ promise you I would rather lose my life, than give
 ‘ occasion to.’

‘ I protest, Sir,’ cried Dowling, ‘ you talk very
 ‘ much like a man of honour ; but instead of giving
 ‘ me

me any trouble, I protest it would give me great pleasure to know how you came to be thought a relation of Mr. Allworthy's, if you are not. Your horses won't be ready this half hour, and as you have sufficient opportunity, I wish you would tell me how all that happened; for I protest, it seems very surprizing that you should pass for a relation of a gentleman, without being so.'

Jones, who in compliance of his disposition (though not in his prudence) a little resembled his lovely Sophia, was easily prevailed on to satisfy Mr. Dowling's curiosity, by relating the history of his birth and education, which he did, like Othello,

Even from his boyish years,
To th' very moment he was bad to tell;

the which to hear, Dowling, like Desdemona, did seriously incline;

He swore 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wonderous pitiful.

Mr. Dowling was indeed very greatly affected with this relation; for he had not divested himself of humanity by being an attorney. Indeed nothing is more unjust than to carry our prejudices against a profession into private life, and to borrow our idea of a man from our opinion of his calling. Habit, it is true, lessens the horror of those actions which the profession makes necessary, and consequently habitual; but in all other instances, nature works in men of all professions alike; nay, perhaps, even more strongly with those who give her, as it were, a holiday, when they are following their ordinary business. A butcher, I make no doubt, would feel compunction at the slaughter of a fine horse; and though a surgeon can conceive no pain in cutting off a limb, I have known him compassionate a man in a fit of the gout. The common hang-man, who hath stretched the necks of hundreds, is known to have trembled at his first operation on a head: and the very professors of human blood-shedding, who in their

trade of war butcher thousands, not only of their fellow professors, but often of women and children, without remorse; even these, I say, in times of peace, when drums and trumpets are laid aside, often lay aside all their ferocity, and become very gentle members of civil society. In the same manner an attorney may feel all the miseries and distresses of his fellow creatures, provided he happens not to be concerned against them.

Jones, as the reader knows, was yet unacquainted with the very black colours in which he had been represented to Mr. Allworthy; and as to other matters he did not shew them in the most disadvantageous light: for though he was unwilling to cast any blame on his former friend and patron; yet he was not very desirous of heaping too much upon himself. Dowling therefore observed, and not without reason, that very ill offices must have been done him by some body: 'For certainly,' cries he, 'the 'squire would never have disinherited you only for a few faults, which any young gentleman might have committed. Indeed, I cannot say properly disinherited; for to be sure by law you cannot claim as heir. That's certain; that no-body need go to counsel for. Yet when a gentleman had in a manner adopted you thus as his own son, you might reasonably have expected some very considerable part, if not the whole; nay, if you had expected the whole, I should not have blamed you: for certainly all men are for getting as much as they can, and they are not to be blamed on that account.'

'Indeed you wrong me,' said Jones, 'I should have been contented with very little: I never had any view upon Mr. Allworthy's fortune; nay, I believe, I may truly say, I never once considered what he could or might give me. This I solemnly declare, if he had done a prejudice to his nephew in my favour, I would have undone it again. I had rather enjoy my own mind than the fortune of another man. What is the poor pride arising from a magnificent house, a numerous equipage, a splendid table, and from all the other advantages or appearances

ances of fortune, compared to the warm, solid content, the swelling satisfaction, the thrilling transports, and the exulting triumphs, which a good mind enjoys, in the contemplation of a generous, virtuous, noble, benevolent action? I envy not Blifil in the prospect of his wealth; nor shall I envy him in the possession of it. I would not think myself a rascal half an hour, to exchange situations. I believe, indeed, Mr. Blifil suspected me of the views you mention; and I suppose these suspicions, as they arose from the baseness of his own heart, so they occasioned his baseness to me. But, I thank heaven, I know, I feel, — I feel my innocence, my friend; and I would not part with that feeling for the world. — For as long as I know I have never done, nor even designed an injury to any being whatever,

*Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulae, malusque
Jupiter. urget.*

*Pone, sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis in terra dominibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem *.*

He then filled a bumper of wine, and drank it off to the health of his dear Lalage; and filling Dowling's glass likewise up to the brim, insisted on his pledging him. 'Why then here's Miss Lalage's health, with all my heart,' cries Dowling. 'I have heard her

*Place me where never summer breeze
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees;
Where ever lowering clouds appear,
And angry Jove deforms th' inclement year.*

*Place me beneath the burning ray,
Where rolls the rapid car of day;
Love and the nymph shall charm my toils,
The nymph who sweetly speaks, and sweetly smiles.*

Mr. FRANCIS.

'toasted often, I protest, though I never saw her; but they say she's extremely handsome.'

Though the Latin was not the only part of this speech which Dowling did not perfectly understand; yet there was somewhat in it, that made a very strong impression upon him. And though he endeavoured by winking, nodding, sneering, and grinning, to hide the impression from Jones, (for we are as often ashamed of thinking right as of thinking wrong) it is certain he secretly approved as much of his sentiments as he understood, and really felt a very strong impulse of compassion for him. But we may possibly take some other opportunity of commenting upon this, especially if we should happen to meet Mr. Dowling any more in the course of our history. At present we are obliged to take our leave of that gentleman a little abruptly, in imitation of Mr. Jones; who was no sooner informed, by Partridge, that his horses were ready, than he deposited his reckoning, wished his companion a good night, mounted, and set forward towards Coventry, though the night was dark, and it just then began to rain very hard.

C H A P. XI.

The disasters which beset Jones on his departure for Coventry; with the sage remarks of Partridge.

NO road can be plainer than that from the place where they now were to Coventry; and though neither Jones nor Partridge, nor the guide, had ever travelled it before, it would have been almost impossible to have missed their way, had it not been for the two reasons mentioned in the conclusion of the last chapter.

These two circumstances, however, happening both unfortunately to intervene, our travellers deviated into a much less frequented track; and after riding full six miles, instead of arriving at the stately spires of Coventry, they found themselves still in a very dirty lane, where they saw no symptoms of approaching the suburbs of a large city.

Jones

Jones now declared that they must certainly have lost their way; but this the guide insisted upon was impossible; a word which, in common conversation, is often used to signify not only improbable, but often what is really very likely, and, sometimes, what hath certainly happened: an hyperbolical violence like that which is so frequently offered to the words infinite and eternal; by the former of which it is usual to express a distance of half a yard, and by the latter, a duration of five minutes. And thus it is as usual to assert the impossibility of losing what is already actually lost. This was, in fact, the case at present: for notwithstanding all the confident assertions of the lad to the contrary, it is certain they were no more in the right road to Coventry, than the fraudulent, griping, cruel, canting miser is in the right road to heaven.

It is not, perhaps, easy for a reader who hath never been in those circumstances, to imagine the horror with which darkness, rain, and wind, fill persons who have lost their way in the night; and who, consequently, have not the pleasant prospect of warm fires, dry cloaths, and other refreshments, to support their minds in struggling with the inclemencies of the weather. A very imperfect idea of this horror will, however, serve sufficiently to account for the conceits which now filled the head of Partridge, and which we shall presently be obliged to open.

Jones grew more and more positive that they were out of their road; and the boy himself, at last, acknowledged he believed they were not in the right road to Coventry; though he affirmed, at the same time, it was impossible they should have mist the way. But Partridge was of a different opinion. He said, 'When they first set out, he imagined some mischief or other would happen.—Did you not observe, Sir,' said he to Jones, 'that old woman who stood at the door just as you was taking horse? I wish you had given her a small matter, with all my heart; for she said then you might repent it; and at that very instant it began to rain, and the wind hath continued rising ever since. Whatever some people may think, I am very certain it is in the power of
N 5.
* witches

• witches to raise the wind whenever they please. I
 • have seen it happen very often in my time: and if
 • ever I saw a witch in all my life, that old woman
 • was certainly one. I thought so to myself at that
 • very time; and if I had any halfpence in my pock-
 • et, I would have given her some: for to be sure it
 • is always good to be charitable to those sort of peo-
 • ple, for fear what may happen; and many a person
 • hath lost his cattle by saving a halfpenny.'

Jones, though he was horridly vexed at the delay
 which this mistake was likely to occasion in his jour-
 ney, could not help smiling at the superstition of his
 friend, whom an accident now greatly confirmed in
 his opinion. This was a tumble from his horse; by
 which, however, he received no other injury than
 what the dirt conferred on his cloaths.

Partridge had no sooner recovered his legs, than he
 appealed to his fall, as conclusive evidence of all he
 had asserted; but Jones, finding he was unhurt, an-
 swered with a smile, 'This witch of yours, Partridge,
 • is a most ungrateful jade, and doth not, I find, di-
 • stinguish her friends from others in her resentment.
 • If the old lady had been angry with me for neglect-
 • ing her, I don't see why she should tumble you
 • from your horse, after all the respect you have ex-
 • pressed for her.'

'It is ill jesting,' cries Partridge, 'with people
 • who have power to do these things; for they are
 • often very malicious. I remember a farrier, who
 • provoked one of them, by asking her when the time
 • she had bargained with the devil for, would be out;
 • and within three months from that very day one of
 • his best cows was drowned. Nor was she satisfied
 • with that; for a little time afterwards he lost a bar-
 • rel of best-drink: for the old witch pulled out the
 • spigot, and let it run all over the cellar, the very
 • first evening he had tapped it, to make merry with
 • some of his neighbours. In short, nothing ever
 • thrived with him afterwards; for she worried the
 • poor man so, that he took to drinking; and in a
 • year or two his stock was seized, and he and his fa-
 • mily are now come to the parish.'

The guide, and perhaps his horse too, were both so attentive to this discourse, that, either through want of care, or by the malice of the witch, they were now both sprawling in the dirt.

Partridge entirely imputed this fall, as he had done his own, to the same cause. He told Mr. Jones, 'it would certainly be his turn next;' and earnestly entreated him, 'to return back, and find out the old woman, and pacify her. We shall very soon, added he, reach the inn; for though we have seemed to go forward, I am very certain we are in the identical place in which we were an hour ago; and I dare swear if it was day-light, we might now see the inn we set out from.'

Instead of returning any answer to this sage advice, Jones was entirely attentive to what had happened to the boy, who received no other hurt than what had before befallen Partridge, and which his cloaths very easily bore, as they had been for many years inured to the like. He soon regained his side-saddle, and by the hearty curses and blows which he bestowed on his horse, quickly satisfied Mr. Jones that no harm was done.

C H A P. XII.

Relates that Mr. Jones continued his journey contrary to the advice of Partridge, with what happened on that occasion.

THEY now discovered a light at some distance, to the great pleasure of Jones, and to the no small terror of Partridge, who firmly believed himself to be bewitched, and that this light was a Jack with a Lantern, or somewhat more mischievous.

But how were these fears increased, when, as they approached nearer to this light, (or lights as they now appeared) they heard a confused sound of human voices; of singing, laughing, and hallowing, together with a strange noise that seemed to proceed from some instruments; but could hardly be allowed the name of music! indeed, to favour a little the opinion

of Partridge, it might very well be called music bewitched.

It is impossible to conceive a much greater degree of horror than what now seized on Partridge; the contagion of which had reached the post-boy, who had been very attentive to many things that the other had uttered. He now therefore joined in petitioning Jones to return; saying, he firmly believed what Partridge had just before said, that though the horses seemed to go on, they had not moved a step forwards during at least the last half hour.

Jones could not help smiling in the midst of his vexation, at the fears of these poor fellows. 'Either we advance,' says he, 'towards the lights, or the lights have advanced towards us; for we are now at a very little distance from them; but how can either of you be afraid of a set of people who appear only to be merry-making?'

'Merry-making, Sir!' cries Partridge; 'who could be merry-making at this time of night, and in such a place, and such weather? They can be nothing but ghosts or witches, or some evil spirits or other, that's certain.'

'Let them be what they will,' cries Jones, 'I am resolved to go up to them, and enquire the way to Coventry. All witches, Partridge, are not such ill-natured hags as that we had the misfortune to meet with last.'

'O Lord, Sir!' cries Partridge, 'there is no knowing what humour they will be in; to be sure it is always best to be civil to them; but what if we should meet with something worse than witches, with evil spirits themselves?—Pray, Sir, be advised; pray, Sir, do. If you had read so many terrible accounts as I have of these matters, you would not be so fool-hardy.—The Lord knows whither we have got already, or whither we are going; for sure such darkness was never seen upon earth; and I question whether it can be darker in the other world.'

Jones put forwards as fast as he could, notwithstanding all these hints and cautions, and poor Partridge was

was obliged to follow: for though he hardly dared to advance, he dared still less to stay behind by himself. At length they arrived at the place whence the lights and different noises had issued. This Jones perceived to be no other than a barn, where a great number of men and women were assembled, and diverting themselves with much apparent jollity.

Jones no sooner appeared before the great doors of the barn, which were open, than a masculine and very rough voice from within, demanded who was there? — To which Jones gently answered, a friend; and immediately asked the road to Coventry.

‘If you are a friend,’ cries another of the men in the barn, ‘you had better alight till the storm is over;’ (for indeed it was now more violent than ever) ‘you are very welcome to put up your horse; for there is sufficient room for him at one end of the barn.’

‘You are very obliging,’ returned Jones; ‘and I will accept your offer for a few minutes, whilst the rain continues; and here are two more who will be glad of the same favour.’ This was accorded with more good-will than it was accepted: for Partridge would rather have submitted to the utmost inclemency of the weather, than have trusted to the clemency of those whom he took for hobgoblins; and the poor post-boy was now infected with the same apprehensions; but they were both obliged to follow the example of Jones; the one because he durst not leave his horse, and the other because he feared nothing so much as being left by himself.

Had this history been writ in the days of superstition, I should have had too much compassion for the reader to have left him so long in suspense, whether Beelzebub or Satan was about actually to appear in person, with all his hellish retinue; but as these doctrines are at present very unfortunate, and have but few, if any believers, I have not been much aware of conveying any such terrors. To say truth, the whole furniture of the infernal regions hath long been appropriated by the managers of playhouses, who seem lately to have lain them by as rubbish, capable only of affecting the upper gallery; a place in which few of our readers ever sit.

How-

However, though we do not suspect raising any great terror on this occasion, we have reason to fear some other apprehensions may here arise in our reader, into which we would not willingly betray him; I mean, that we are going to take a voyage into fairy-land, and to introduce a set of beings into our history, which scarce any one was ever childish enough to believe, though many have been foolish enough to spend their time in writing and reading their adventures.

To prevent therefore any such suspicions, so prejudicial to the credit of an historian, who professes to draw his materials from nature only, we shall now proceed to acquaint the reader who these people were, whose sudden appearance had struck such terrors into Partridge, had more than half frightened the post-boy, and had a little surprized even Mr. Jones himself.

The people then assembled in this barn were no other than a company of Egyptians, or as they are vulgarly called Gypsies, and they were now celebrating the wedding of one of their society.

It is impossible to conceive a happier set of people than appeared here to be met together. The utmost mirth indeed shewed itself in every countenance; nor was their ball totally void of all order and decorum. Perhaps it had more than a country assembly is sometimes conducted with: for these people are subject to a formal government and laws of their own, and all pay obedience to one great magistrate, whom they call their king.

Greater plenty likewise was no where to be seen, than what flourished in this barn. Here was indeed no nicety nor elegance, nor did the keen appetite of the guests require any. Here was good store of bacon, fowls, and mutton, to which every one present provided better sauce himself, than the best and dearest French cook can prepare.

Aeneas is not described under more consternation in the temple of Juno,

Dum stupet obtutuque hæret defixus in uno,

than was our hero at what he saw in this barn. While he

he was looking every where round him with astonishment, a venerable person approached him with many friendly salutations, rather of too hearty a kind to be called courtly. This was no other than the king of the Gypsies himself. He was very little distinguished in dress from his subjects, nor had he any regalia of majesty to support his dignity; and yet there seemed (as Mr. Jones said) to be somewhat in his air which denoted authority, and inspired the beholders with an idea of awe and respect; though all this was perhaps imaginary in Jones; and the truth may be, that such ideas are incident to power, and almost inseparable from it.

There was somewhat in the open countenance and courteous behaviour of Jones, which being accompanied with much comeliness of person, greatly recommended him at first sight to every beholder. These were perhaps a little heightened in the present instance, by that profound respect which he paid to the king of the Gypsies, the moment he was acquainted with his dignity, and which was the sweeter to his Gypsian majesty, as he was not used to receive such homage from any but his own subjects.

The king ordered a table to be spread with the choicest of their provisions for his accommodation; and having placed himself at his right hand, his majesty began to discourse our hero in the following manner:

‘ Me doubt not, Sir, but you have often seen some of my people, who are what you call de parties detache: for dey go about every where; but me fancy you imagine not we be so confidrabable body as we be; and may be you will surprife more, when you hear de Gypfy be as orderly and well govern people as any upon face of de earth.

‘ Me have honour, as me fay, to be deir king, and no monarch can do boast of more dutiful subject, ne no more affectionate. How far me deserve deir good-will, me no say; but dis me can fay, dat me never design any ting but to do dem good. Me fall no do boast of dat neider: for what can me do oderwise dan consider of de good of dose poor people

• ple who go about all day to give me always the best
 • of what they get. Dey love and honour me dare-
 • fore, because me do love and take care of dem ;
 • dat is all, me know no oder reason.

• ‘ About a toufand or two toufand year ago, me
 • cannot tell to a year or two, as can neider write
 • nor read, there was a great what you call,—a volu-
 • tion among de Gypfy ; for dere was de lord Gypfy
 • in dose days ; and dese lord did quarrel vid one ano-
 • der about de place ; but de king of de Gypfy did
 • demolish dem all, and made all his subject equal vid
 • each oder ; and since that time dey have agree very
 • well : for dey no tink of being king, and may be it
 • be better for dem as dey be ; for me assure you it
 • be ver troublesome ting to be king, and always to
 • do justice ; me have often wish to be de private
 • Gypfy when me have been forced to punish my
 • dear friend and relation ; for dough we never put
 • to death, our punishments be ver severe. Dey make
 • de Gypfy ashamed of demselves, and dat be ver ter-
 • rible punishment ; me ave scarce ever known de Gyp-
 • fy so punish do harm any more.’

The king then proceeded to exprefs some wonder
 that there was no fuch punishment as shame in other
 governments. Upon which Jones assured him to the
 contrary : for that there were many crimes for which
 shame was inflicted by the English laws, and that it
 was indeed one consequence of all punishment. ‘ Dat
 • be ver strange,’ said the king : ‘ for me know and
 • hears good deal of your people, dough me no live
 • among dem ; and me ave often hear dat sham is de
 • consequence and de cause too of many of your re-
 • wards. Are your rewards and punishments den de
 • same ting ?’

While his majesty was thus discoursing with Jones,
 a sudden uproar arose in the barn, and as it seems
 upon this occasion : the courtesy of these people had
 by degrees removed all the apprehensions of Par-
 tridge, and he was prevailed upon not only to stuf
 himself with their food, but to taste some of their
 liquors, which by degrees entirely expelled all fear
 from

from his composition, and in its stead introduced much more agreeable sensations.

A young female Gypfy more remarkable for her wit than her beauty, had decoyed the honest fellow aside, pretending to tell his fortune. Now when they were alone together in a remote part of the barn, whether it proceeded from the strong liquor, which is never so apt to inflame inordinate desire as after moderate fatigue; or whether the fair Gypfy herself threw aside the delicacy and decency of her sex, and tempted the youth Partridge with express solicitations; but they were discovered in a very improper manner by the husband of the Gypfy, who from jealousy, it seems, had kept a watchful eye over his wife, and had dogged her to the place, where he found her in the arms of her gallant.

To the great confusion of Jones, Partridge was now hurried before the king; who heard the accusation, and likewise the culprit's defence, which was indeed very trifling: for the poor fellow was confounded by the plain evidence which appeared against him, and had very little to say for himself. His majesty then turning towards Jones, said, 'Sir, you have heard what dey sey; what punishment do you tink your man deserve?'

Jones answered, 'He was sorry for what had happened, and that Partridge should make the husband all the amends in his power: he said, he had very little money about him at that time;' and putting his hand into his pocket, offered the fellow a guinea. To which he immedialy answered, 'He hoped his honour would not think of giving him less than five.'

This sum, after some altercation, was reduced to two; and Jones having stipulated for the full forgiveness of both Partridge and the wife, was going to pay the money; when his majesty restraining his hand, turned to the witness, and asked him, 'At what time he had discovered the criminals?' 'To which he answered, 'That he had been desired by the husband to watch the motions of his wife from her first speaking to the stranger, and that he had never
' lost

' lost sight of her afterwards till the crime had been
 ' committed.' The king then asked, ' If the husband
 ' was with him all that time in his lurking place ?'
 To which he answered in the affirmative. His Egyptian
 majesty then addressed himself to the husband
 as follows, ' Me be sorry to see any Gypfy dat have
 ' no more honour dan to sell de honour of his wife
 ' for money. If you had de love for your wife, you
 ' would have prevented dis matter, and not endea-
 ' your to make her de whore, dat you might discover
 ' her. Me do order dat you have no money given
 ' you, for you deserve punishment, not reward ; me
 ' do order derefore, dat you be de infamous Gypfy,
 ' and do wear pair of horns on your forehead for one
 ' month, and dat your wife be called the whore, and
 ' pointed at all dat time : for you be de infamous
 ' Gypfy, but she be no less de infamous whore.'

The Gypfies immediately proceeded to execute the
 sentence, and left Jones and Partridge alone with
 his majesty.

Jones greatly applauded the justice of the sentence ;
 upon which the king turning to him said, ' Me be-
 ' lieve you be surprize : for me suppose you have ver-
 ' bad opinion of my people ; me suppose you tink us
 ' all de tieves.'

' I must confess, Sir,' said Jones, ' I have not heard
 ' so favourable an account of them as they seem to
 ' deserve.'

' Me vil tell you,' said the king, ' how the differ-
 ' ence is between you and us. My people rob your
 ' people, and your people rob one anoder.'

Jones afterwards proceeded very gravely to sing
 forth the happiness of those subjects who live under
 such a magistrate.

Indeed their happiness appears to have been so
 complete, that we are aware lest some advocate for
 arbitrary power should hereafter quote the case of
 those people, as an instance of the great advantages
 which attend that government above all others.

And here we will make a concession, which would
 not perhaps have been expected from us, that no
 limited form of government is capable of rising to the

the same degree of perfection, or of producing the same benefits to society with this. Mankind have never been so happy, as when the greatest part of the then known world was under the dominion of a single master; and this state of their felicity continued during the reigns of five successive princes*. This was the true æra of the golden age, and the only golden age which ever had any existence, unless in the warm imaginations of the poets, from the expulsion from Eden down to this day.

In reality, I know but of one solid objection to absolute monarchy. The only defect in which excellent constitution seems to be the difficulty of finding any man adequate to the office of an absolute monarch: for this indispensably requires three qualities very difficult, as it appears from history, to be found in princely natures: first, a sufficient quantity of moderation in the prince, to be contented with all the power which is possible for him to have. 2dly, Enough of wisdom to know his own happiness. And, 3dly, Goodness sufficient to support the happiness of others, when not only compatible with, but instrumental to his own.

Now, if an absolute monarch, with all these great and rare qualifications, should be allowed capable of conferring the greatest good on society; it must be surely granted, on the contrary, that absolute power vested in the hands of one who is deficient in them all, is likely to be attended with no less a degree of evil.

In short, our own religion furnishes us with adequate ideas of the blessing, as well as curse, which may attend absolute power. The pictures of heaven and of hell will place a very lively image of both before our eyes: for though the prince of the latter can have no power, but what he originally derives from the omnipotent sovereign in the former: yet it plainly appears from scripture, that absolute power in his infernal dominions is granted to their diabolical ruler. This is, indeed, the only absolute power

* Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonini,

which

which can by scripture be derived from heaven. If therefore, the several tyrannies upon earth can prove any title to a divine authority, it must be derived from this original grant to the prince of darkness, and these subordinate deputations must consequently come immediately from him whose stamp they so expressly bear.

To conclude, as the examples of all ages shew us that mankind in general desire power only to do harm, and when they obtain it, use it for no other purpose; it is not consonant with even the least degree of prudence to hazard an alteration, where our hopes are poorly kept in countenance by only two or three exceptions out of a thousand instances to alarm our fears. In this case, it will be much wiser to submit to a few inconveniencies arising from the dispassionate deafness of laws, than to remedy them by applying to the passionate open ears of a tyrant.

Nor can the example of the Gypsies, though possibly they may have long been happy under this form of government, be here urged; since we must remember the very material respect in which they differ from all other people, and to which perhaps this their happiness is entirely owing, namely that they have no false honours among them; and that they look on shame as the most grievous punishment in the world.

C H A P. XIII.

A dialogue between Jones and Partridge.

THE honest lovers of liberty will, we doubt not, pardon that long digression into which we were led at the close of the last chapter, to prevent our history from being applied to the use of the most pernicious doctrine which priest-craft had ever the wickedness or the impudence to preach.

We will now proceed with Mr. Jones, who, when the storm was over, took leave of his Egyptian majesty, after many thanks for his courteous behaviour and kind entertainment, and set out for Coventry; to which place

place (for it was still dark) a Gypsy was ordered to conduct him.

Jones having, by reason of his deviation, travelled eleven miles instead of six, and most of those through very execrable roads, where no expedition could have been made in quest of a midwife, did not arrive at Coventry till near twelve. Nor could he possibly get again into the saddle till past two; for post-horses were now not easy to get; nor were the hostler or post-boy in half so great a hurry as himself, but chose rather to imitate the tranquil disposition of Partridge; who being denied the nourishment of sleep, took all opportunities to supply its place with every other kind of nourishment, and was never better pleased than when he arrived at an inn, nor ever more dissatisfied than when he was again forced to leave it.

Jones now travelled post; we will follow him therefore, according to our custom, and to the rules of Longinus in the same manner. From Coventry he arrived at Daventry, from Daventry at Stratford, and from Stratford at Dunstable, whither he came the next day a little after noon, and within a few hours after Sophia had left it; and though he was obliged to stay here longer than he wished, while a smith, with great deliberation, shod the post-horse he was to ride, he doubted not but to overtake his Sophia before she should set out from St. Alban's; at which place he concluded, and very reasonably, that his lordship would stop and dine.

And had he been right in this conjecture he most probably would have overtaken his angel at the aforesaid place; but unluckily my lord had appointed a dinner to be prepared for him at his own house in London, and in order to enable him to reach that place in proper time, he had ordered a relay of horses to meet him at St. Alban's. When Jones therefore arrived there, he was informed that the coach and six had set out two hours before.

If fresh post-horses had been now ready, as they were not, it seemed so apparently impossible to overtake the coach before it reached London, that Partridge thought he had now a proper opportunity to re-

mind his friend of a matter which he seemed entirely to have forgotten; what this was the reader will guess, when we inform him that Jones had eat nothing more than one poached egg since he had left the alehouse where he had first met the guide returning from Sophia; for with the Gypsies, he had feasted only his understanding.

The landlord so entirely agreed with the opinion of Mr. Partridge, that he no sooner heard the latter desire his friend to stay and dine, than he very readily put in his word, and retracting his promise before given of furnishing the horses immediately, he assured Mr. Jones he would lose no time in bespeaking a dinner, which, he said, could be got ready sooner than it was possible to get the horses up from grass, and to prepare them for their journey by a feed of corn.

Jones was at length prevailed on, chiefly by the latter argument of the landlord; and now a joint of mutton was put down to the fire. While this was preparing, Partridge, being admitted into the same apartment with his friend or master, began to harangue in the following manner.

‘Certainly, Sir, if ever man deserved a young lady, you deserve young Madam Western; for what a vast quantity of love must a man have, to be able to live upon it without any other food, as you do? I am positive I have eat [thirty times as much within these last twenty-four hours as your honour, and yet I am almost famished; for nothing makes a man so hungry as travelling, especially in this cold raw weather. And yet I can’t tell how it is, but your honour is seemingly in perfect good health, and you never looked better nor fresher in your life. It must be certainly love that you live upon.’

‘And a very rich diet too, Partridge,’ answered Jones. ‘But did not fortune send me an excellent dainty yesterday? Dost thou imagine I cannot live more than twenty-four hours on this dear pocket-book?’

‘Undoubtedly,’ cries Partridge, ‘there is enough in that pocket-book to purchase many a good meal. Fortune sent it to your honour very opportunely for
pre-

‘ present use, as your honour’s money must be almost
‘ out by this time.’

‘ What do you mean?’ answered Jones; ‘ I hope
‘ you don’t imagine that I should be dishonest enough,
‘ even if it belonged to any other person, besides
‘ Miss Western——

‘ Dishonest!’ replied Partridge, ‘ heaven forbid I
‘ should wrong your honour so much; but where’s
‘ the dishonesty in borrowing a little for present spend-
‘ ing, since you will be so well able to pay the lady
‘ hereafter? No, indeed, I would have your honour
‘ pay it again, as soon as it is convenient, by all
‘ means; but where can be the harm in making use
‘ of it, now you want it? Indeed if it belonged to
‘ a poor body, it would be another thing; but so
‘ great a lady to be sure can never want it, especially
‘ now as she is along with a lord, who, it can’t be
‘ doubted, will let her have whatever she hath need
‘ of. Besides, if she should want a little, she cannot
‘ want the whole, therefore I would give her a little;
‘ but I would be hanged before I mentioned the hav-
‘ ing found it at first, and before I got some money
‘ of my own; for London, I have heard, is the very
‘ worst of places to be in without money. Indeed,
‘ if I had not known to whom it belonged, I might
‘ have thought it was the devil’s money, and have
‘ been afraid to use it; but as you know otherwise,
‘ and came honestly by it, it would be an affront to
‘ fortune, to part with it all again, at the very time
‘ when you want it most; you can hardly expect she
‘ should ever do you such another good turn; for
‘ *fortuna nunquam perpetuo est bona*. You will do as
‘ you please, notwithstanding all I say; but for my
‘ part I would be hanged before I mentioned a word
‘ of the matter.’

‘ By what I can see, Partridge,’ cries Jones, ‘ hang-
‘ ing is a matter *non longe alienum à scævolaè studiis*.’
‘ You should say *alienus*,’ says Partridge——‘ I re-
‘ member the passage; it is an example under *com-
‘ munis, alienus, immunis, variis casibus serviunt*.’ ‘ If
‘ you do remember it,’ cries Jones, ‘ I find you
‘ don’t understand it; but I tell thee, friend, in plain
‘ English,

' English, that he who finds another's property, and
 ' wilfully detains it from the known owner, deserves
 ' *in foro conscientiae*, to be hanged no less than if he
 ' had stolen it. And as for this very identical bill,
 ' which is the property of my angel, and was once
 ' in her dear possession, I will not deliver it into any
 ' hands but her own, upon any consideration what-
 ' ever; no, though I was as hungry as thou art, and
 ' had no other means to satisfy my craving appetite;
 ' this I hope to do before I sleep; but if it should
 ' happen otherwise, I charge thee, if thou wouldst
 ' not incur my displeasure for ever, not to shock me
 ' any more by the bare mention of such detestable
 ' baseness.'

' I should not have mentioned it now,' cries Par-
 ' tridge, ' if it had appeared so to me; for I'm sure
 ' I scorn any wickedness as much as another; but
 ' perhaps you know better; and yet I might have
 ' imagined that I should not have lived so many
 ' years, and have taught school so long, without be-
 ' ing able to distinguish between *fas* & *nefas*; but it
 ' seems, we are all to live and learn. I remember
 ' my old schoolmaster, who was a prodigious great
 ' scholar, used often to say, *Polly matete cry town is*
 ' *my daskalon*. The English of which he told us,
 ' was, That a child may sometimes teach his grand-
 ' mother to suck eggs. I have lived to a fine purpose
 ' truly, if I am to be taught my grammar at this
 ' time of day. Perhaps, young gentleman, you may
 ' change your opinion, if you live to my years: for
 ' I remember I thought myself as wise when I was a
 ' stripling of one or two and twenty as I am now. I
 ' am sure I always taught *alienus*, and my master read
 ' it so before me.'

There were not many instances in which Partridge
 could provoke Jones, nor where there many in which
 Partridge himself could have been hurried out of his
 respect. Unluckily however they had both hit on
 one of these. We have already seen Partridge could
 not bear to have his learning attacked, nor could
 Jones bear some passage or other in the foregoing
 speech. And now looking upon his companion with

a contemptuous and disdainful air (a thing not usual with him) he cried, ' Partridge, I see thou art a conceited old fool, and I wish thou art not likewise an old rogue. Indeed, if I was as well convinced of the latter as I am of the former, thou shouldst travel no farther in my company.'

The sage pedagogue was contented with the vent which he had already given to his indignation; and, as the vulgar phrase is, immediately drew in his horns. He said he was sorry he had uttered any thing which might give offence, for that he had never intended it; but *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*

As Jones had the vices of a warm disposition, he was entirely free from those of a cold one; and if his friends must have confessed his temper to have been a little too easily ruffled, his enemies must at the same time have confessed, that it as soon subsided; nor did it at all resemble the sea, whose swelling is more violent and dangerous after a storm is over, than while the storm itself subsists. He instantly accepted the submission of Partridge, shook him by the hand, and with the most benign aspect imaginable, said twenty kind things, and, at the same time, very severely condemned himself, though not half so severely as he will most probably be condemned by many of our good readers.

Partridge was now highly comforted, as his fears of having offended were at once abolished, and his pride completely satisfied by Jones having owned himself in the wrong, which submission he instantly applied to what had principally nettled him, and repeated, in a muttering voice, ' To be sure, Sir, your knowledge may be superior to mine in some things; but as to the grammar I think I may challenge any man living. I think at least, I have that at my fingers end.'

If any thing could add to the satisfaction with the poor man now enjoyed, he received this addition by the arrival of an excellent shoulder of mutton, that at this instant came smoaking to the table. On which, having both plentifully feasted, they again mounted their horses, and set forward for London.

C H A P. XIV.

What happened to Mr. Jones in his journey from St. Albans.

THEY were got about two miles beyond Barnet, and it was now the dusk of the evening, when a genteel looking man, but upon a very shabby horse, rode up to Jones, and asked him whether he was going to London, to which Jones answered in the affirmative. The gentleman replied, 'I should be obliged to you, Sir, if you will accept of my company; for it is very late, and I am a stranger to the road.' Jones readily complied with the request; and on they travelled together, holding that sort of discourse which is usual on such occasions.

Of this, indeed, robbery was the principal topic; upon which subject the stranger expressed great apprehensions; but Jones declared he had very little to lose, and consequently as little to fear. Here Partridge could not forbear putting in his word. 'Your honour,' said he, 'may think it a little, but I am sure if I had a hundred pound Bank note in my pocket, as you have, I should be very sorry to lose it; but, for my part, I never was less afraid in my life; for we are four of us, and if we all stand by one another, the best man in England can't rob us. Suppose he should have a pistol, he can kill but one of us, and a man can die but once—That's my comfort, a man can die but once.'

Besides the reliance on superior numbers, a kind of valour which hath raised a certain nation among the moderns to a high pitch of glory, there was another reason for the extraordinary courage which Partridge now discovered, for he had at present as much of that quality as was in the power of liquor to bestow.

Our company were now arrived within a mile of Highgate, when the stranger turned short upon Jones, and pulling out a pistol, demanded that little Bank note which Partridge had mentioned.

Jones

Jones was at first somewhat shocked at this unexpected demand; however, he presently recollected himself, and told the highwayman all the money he had in his pocket was intirely at his service; and so saying, he pulled out upwards of three guineas, and offered to deliver it; but the other answered with an oath, That would not do. Jones answered coolly, he was very sorry for it, and returned the money into his pocket.

The highwayman then threatened, if he did not deliver the Bank note that moment, he must shoot him; holding his pistol at the same time very near to his breast. Jones instantly caught hold of the fellow's hand, which trembled so that he could scarce hold the pistol in it, and turned the muzzle from him. A struggle then ensued, in which the former wrested the pistol from the hand of his antagonist, and both came from their horses on the ground together, the highwayman upon his back, and the victorious Jones upon him.

The poor fellow now began to implore mercy of the conqueror; for, to say the truth, he was in strength by no means a match for Jones. 'Indeed, Sir,' says he, 'I could have no intention to shoot you; for you will find the pistol was not loaded. This is the first robbery I ever attempted, and I have been driven by distress to this.'

At this instant, at about an hundred and fifty yards distance, lay another person on the ground, roaring for mercy in a much louder voice than the highwayman. This was no other than Partridge himself, who endeavouring to make his escape from the engagement, had been thrown from his horse, and lay flat on his face, not daring to look up, and expecting every minute to be shot.

In this posture he lay, till the guide, who was no otherwise concerned than for his horses, having secured the stumbling beast, came up to him, and told him, his master had got the better of the highwayman.

Partridge leapt up at this news, and ran back to the place, where Jones stood with his sword drawn in his hand to guard the poor fellow; which Partridge no sooner saw, than he cried out, 'Kill the villain, Sir, run him through the body, kill him this instant.'

Luckily however for the poor wretch he had fallen into more merciful hands; for Jones having examined the pistol, and found it to be really unloaded, began to believe all the man had told him before Partridge came up; namely, that he was a novice in the trade, and that he had been driven to it by the distress he mentioned, the greatest indeed imaginable, that of five hungry children, and a wife lying in of a sixth, in the utmost want and misery. The truth of all which the highwayman most vehemently asserted, and offered to convince Mr. Jones of it, if he would take the trouble to go to his house, which was not above two miles off; saying, 'That he desired no favour, but upon condition of proving all he had alledged.'

Jones at first pretended that he would take the fellow at his word, and go with him, declaring that his fate should depend intirely on the truth of his story. Upon this the poor fellow immediately expressed so much alacrity, that Jones was perfectly satisfied with his veracity, and began now to entertain sentiments of compassion for him. He returned the fellow his empty pistol, advised him to think of honest means of relieving his distress, and gave a him a couple of guineas for the immediate support of his wife and his family; adding, 'he wished he had more for his sake, for the hundred pound that had been mentioned, was not his own.'

Our readers will probably be divided in their opinions concerning this action; some may applaud it perhaps as an act of extraordinary humanity, while those of a more saturnine temper will consider it as a want of regard to that justice which every man owes his country. Partridge certainly saw it in that light; for he testified much dissatisfaction on the occasion, quoted an old proverb, and said, He should not wonder if the rogue attacked them again before they reached London.

The highwayman was full of expressions of thankfulness and gratitude. He actually dropt tears, or pretended so to do. He vowed he would immediately return home, and would never afterwards commit such a transgression; whether he kept his word or no, perhaps may appear hereafter.

Our

Our travellers having remounted their horses arrived in town, without encountering any new mishap. On the road much pleasant discourse passed between Jones and Partridge, on the subject of their last adventure. In which Jones expressed a great compassion for those highwaymen who are, by unavoidable distress, driven, as it were, to such illegal courses, as generally bring them to a shameful death. 'I mean,' said he, 'those only whose highest guilt extends no farther than to robbery, and who are never guilty of cruelty nor insult to any person, which is a circumstance that, I must say, to the honour of our country, distinguishes the robbers of England from those of all other nations; for murder is amongst those almost inseparably incident to robbery.'

'No doubt,' answered Partridge, 'it is better to take away one's money than one's life; and yet it is very hard upon honest men, that they can't travel about their business, without being in danger of these villains. And to be sure it would be better that all rogues were hanged out of the way, than that one honest man should suffer. For my own part indeed, I should not care to have the blood of any of them on my hands; but it is very proper for the law to hang them all. What right hath any man to take six-pence from me, unless I give it him? Is there any honesty in such a man?'

'No surely,' cries Jones, 'no more than there is in him who takes the horses out of another man's stable, or who applies to his own use the money which he finds when he knows the right owner.'

These hints stopt the mouth of Partridge, nor did he open it again, till Jones having thrown some sarcastical jokes on his cowardice, he offered to excuse himself on the inequality of fire arms, saying, 'A thousand naked men are nothing to one pistol; for though it is true it will kill but one at a single discharge, yet who can tell but that one may be himself.'

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

B O O K XIII.

Containing the space of twelve days.

C H A P. I.

An invocation.

C O M E, bright love of fame, inspire my glowing breast; not thee I call, who over swelling tides of blood and tears, dost bear the hero on to glory, while sighs of millions waft his spreading sails; but thee, fair, gentle maid, whom Mnësis, happy nymph, first on the banks of Hebrus did produce. Thee, whom Mæonia educated, whom Mantua charmed, and who, on that fair hill which overlooks the proud metropolis of Britain, sat't, with thy Milton, sweetly tuning thy heroic lyre; fill my ravished fancy with the hopes of charming ages yet to come. Foretel me that some tender maid, whose grand-mother is yet unborn, hereafter, when, under the fictitious name of Sophia, she reads the real worth which once existed in my Charlotte, shall from her sympathetic breast, send forth the heaving sigh. Do thou teach me not only to foresee, but to enjoy, nay, even to feed on future praise. Comfort me by a solemn assurance, that when the little parlour

parlour in which I sit at this instant, shall be reduced to a worse furnished box, I shall be read, with honour, by those who never knew nor saw me, and whom I shall neither know nor see.

And thou, much plumper dame, whom no airy forms nor phantoms of imagination clothe: whom the well-seasoned beef, and pudding richly stained with plumbs, delight. Thee, I call; of whom in a Treckschuyte in some Dutch canal the fat ufrow gelt, impregnated by a jolly merchant of Amsterdam, was delivered: in Grab street school didst thou suck in the elements of thy erudition. Here hast thou, in thy maturer age, taught poetry to tickle not the fancy, but the pride of the patron. Comedy from thee learns a grave and solemn air; while tragedy storms loud, and rends th' affrighted theatres with its thunder. To sooth thy wearied limbs in slumber, alderman History tells his tedious tale; and again to awaken thee, Monsieur Romance performs his surprizing tricks of dexterity. Nor less thy well fed bookseller obeys thy influence. By thy advice the heavy, unread, folio lump, which long had dozed on the dusty shelf, piece-mealed into numbers, runs nimbly through the nation. Instructed by thee some books, like quacks, impose on the world by promising wonders; while others turn beaux, and trust all their merits to a gilded outside. Come, thou jolly substance, with thy shining face, keep back thy inspiration, but hold forth thy tempting rewards; thy shining, chinking heap; thy quickly-convertible Bank-bill; big with unseen riches; thy often varying stock; the warm, the comfortable house; and, lastly, a fair portion of that bounteous mother, whose flowing breasts yield redundant sustenance for all her numerous offspring, did not some too greedily and wantonly drive their brethren from the teat. Come thou, and if I am too tasteless of thy valuable treasures, warm my heart with the transporting thought of conveying them to others. Tell me, that through thy bounty, the prattling babes, whose innocent play hath often been interrupted by my labours, may one time be amply rewarded for them.

And now this ill yoked pair, this lean shadow and this fat substance, have prompted me to write, whose assistance shall I invoke to direct my pen?

First, genius; thou gift of heaven; without whose aid in vain we struggle against the stream of nature. Thou, who dost sow the generous seeds which art nourishes, and brings to perfection. Do thou kindly take me by the hand, and lead me through all the mazes, the winding labyrinths of nature. Initiate me into all those mysteries which profane eyes never beheld. Teach me, which to thee is no difficult task, to know mankind better than they know themselves. Remove that mist which dims the intellects of mortals, and causes them to adore men for their art, or to detest them for their cunning in deceiving others, when they are, in reality, the objects only of ridicule, for deceiving themselves. Strip off the thin disguise of wisdom from self-conceit, of plenty from avarice, and of glory from ambition. Come thou, that hast inspired thy Aristophanes, thy Lucian, thy Cervantes, thy Rabelais, thy Moliere, thy Shakespear, thy Swift, thy Marivaux, fill my pages with humour; till mankind learn the good-nature to laugh only at the follies of others, and the humility to grieve at their own.

And thou, almost the constant attendant on true genius, humanity, bring all thy tender sensations. If thou hast already disposed of them all between thy Allen and thy Lyttleton, steal them a little while from their bosoms. Not without these the tender scene is painted. From these alone proceed the noble disinterested friendship, the melting love, the generous sentiment, the ardent gratitude, the soft compassion, the candid opinion; and all those strong energies of a good mind, which fill the moistened eyes with tears, the glowing cheeks with blood, and swell the heart with tides of grief, joy, and benevolence.

And thou, O learning, (for without thy assistance nothing pure, nothing correct, can genius produce) do thou guide my pen. Thee in thy favourite fields, where the limpid, gently-rolling Thames washes thy Etonian banks, in early youth I have worshipped. To thee, at thy birchen altar, with true Spartan devotion,

I have sacrificed my blood. Come, then, and from thy vast, luxuriant stores, in long antiquity piled up, pour forth the rich profusion. Open thy Mæonian and thy Mantuan coffers, with whatever else includes thy philosophic, thy poetic, and thy historical treasures, whether with Greek or Roman characters thou hast chosen to inscribe the ponderous chests: give me a while that key to all thy treasures, which to thy Warburton thou hast entrusted.

Lastly, come, experience, long conversant with the wise, the good, the learned, and the polite. Nor with them only, but with every kind of character, from the minister at his levee, to the bailiff in his spunging-house; from the dutchess at her drum, to the landlady behind her bar. From thee only can the manners of mankind be known; to which the recluse pedant, however great his parts, or extensive his learning may be, hath ever been a stranger.

Come all these, and more, if possible; for arduous is the task I have undertaken; and without all your assistance, will, I find, be too heavy for me to support. But if you all smile on my labours, I hope still to bring them to a happy conclusion.

C H A P. II.

What befel Mr. Jones on his arrival in London.

THE learned Dr. Misfaubin used to say, that the proper direction to him was, *To Dr. Misfaubin, in the World*; intimating, that there were few people in it to whom his great reputation was not known. And, perhaps, upon a very nice examination into the matter, we shall find that this circumstance bears no inconsiderable part among the many blessings of grandeur.

The great happiness of being known to posterity, with the hopes of which we so delighted ourselves in the preceding chapter, is the portion of few. To have the several elements which compose our names, as Sydenham expresses it, repeated a thousand years hence, is a gift beyond the power of title and wealth: and is scarce to be purchased, unless by the sword and

the pen. But to avoid the scandalous imputation, while we yet live, of being *one whom nobody know*, (a scandal, by the by, as old as the days of Homer*) will always be the envied portion of those, who have a legal title either to honour or estate.

From the figure, therefore, which the Irish peer, who brought Sophia to town, hath already made in this history, the reader will conclude, doubtless, it must have been an easy matter to have discovered his house in London, without knowing the particular street or square which he inhabited, since he must have been *one whom every body knows*. To say the truth, so it would have been to any of those tradesmen who are accustomed to attend the regions of the great: for the doors of the great are generally no less easy to find, than it is difficult to get entrance into them. But Jones, as well as Partridge, was an entire stranger in London; and as he happened to arrive first in a quarter of the town, the inhabitants of which have very little intercourse with the householders of Hanover or Grosvenor-square, (for he entered through Gray's-Inn-Lane) so he rambled about some time, before he could even find his way to those happy mansions, where fortune segregates from the vulgar, those magnanimous heroes, the descendants of antient Britons, Saxons, or Danes, whose ancestors being born in better days, by sundry kinds of merit, have entailed riches and honour on their posterity.

Jones being at length arrived at those terrestrial Elyfian fields, would now soon have discovered his lordship's mansion; but the peer unluckily quitted his former house when he went for Ireland; and as he was just entered into a new one, the fame of his equipage had not yet sufficiently blazed in the neighbourhood: so that after a successful enquiry 'till the clock had struck eleven, Jones at last yielded to the advice of Partridge, and retreated to the Bull and Gate in Holborn, that being the inn where he had first alighted, and where he retired to enjoy that kind of repose, which usually attends persons in his circumstances.

* See the 2d Odyffy, ver. 175.

Early in the morning he again set forth in pursuit of Sophia; and many a weary step he took to no better purpose than before. At last, whether it was that fortune relented, or whether it was no longer in her power to disappoint him, he came into the very street which was honoured by his lordship's residence; and being directed to the house, he gave one gentle rap at the door.

The porter, who, from the modesty of the knock, had conceived no high idea of the person approaching, conceived but little better from the appearance of Mr. Jones, who was drest in a suit of fustian, and had by his side the weapon formerly purchased of the serjeant; of which, though the blade might be composed of well tempered steel, the handle was composed only of brass, and that none of the brightest. When Jones, therefore, enquired after the young lady, who had come to town with his lordship, this fellow answered surlily, 'That there were no ladies there.' Jones then desired to see the master of the house; but was informed that his lordship would see no-body that morning. And upon growing more pressing, the porter said, 'he had positive orders to let no person in; but if you think proper,' said he, 'to leave your name, I will acquaint his lordship; and if you call another time, you shall know when he will see you.'

Jones now declared, 'that he had very particular business with the young lady, and could not depart without seeing her.' Upon which the porter, with no very agreeable voice or aspect, affirmed, 'that there was no young lady in that house, and consequently none could he see;' adding, 'sure you are the strangest man I ever met with; for you will not take an answer.'

I have often thought, that by the particular description of Cerberus, the porter of hell, in the 6th Æneid, Virgil might possibly intend to satirize the porters of the great men in his time; the picture, at least, resembles those who have the honour to attend at the doors of our great men. The porter in his lodge, answers exactly to Cerberus in his den, and, like him, must be appeased by a sop, before access can

be gained to his master. Perhaps Jones might have seen him in that light, and have recollected the passage, where the Sibyl, in order to procure an entrance for Æneas, presents the keeper of the Stygian avenue with such a sop. Jones, in like manner, now began to offer a bribe to the human Cerberus, which a footman overhearing, instantly advanced, and declared, 'if Mr. Jones would give him the sum proposed, he would conduct him to the lady.' Jones instantly agreed, and was forthwith conducted to the lodging of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, by the very fellow who had attended the ladies thither the day before.

Nothing more aggravates ill success than the near approach to good. The gamester, who loses his party at piquet by a single point, laments his bad luck ten times as much as he who never came within a prospect of the game. So in a lottery, the proprietors of the next numbers to that which wins the great prize, are apt to account themselves much more unfortunate than their fellow-sufferers. In short, these kind of hairbreadth missings of happiness look like the insults of fortune, who may be considered as thus playing tricks with us, and wantonly diverting herself at our expence.

Jones, who more than once already had experienced this frolicsome disposition of the heathen goddess, was now again doomed to be tantalized in the like manner: for he arrived at the door of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, about ten minutes after the departure of Sophia. He now addressed himself to the waiting-woman belonging to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who told him the disagreeable news, that the lady was gone, but could not tell him whither; and the same answer he afterwards received from Mrs. Fitzpatrick herself. For as that lady made no doubt but that Mr. Jones was a person detached from her uncle Western, in pursuit of his daughter, so she was too generous to betray her.

Though Jones had never seen Mrs. Fitzpatrick, yet he had heard that a cousin of Sophia was married to a gentleman of that name. This, however, in the present tumult of his mind, never once recurred to his memory: but when the footman, who had conducted him from his lordship's, acquainted him with
the

the great intimacy between the ladies, and with their calling each other cousin, he then recollected the story of the marriage which he had formerly heard; and as he was presently convinced that this was the same woman, he became more surprized at the answer which he had received, and very earnestly desired leave to wait on the lady herself; but she as positively refused him that honour.

Jones, who, though he had never seen a court, was better bred than most who frequent it, was incapable of any rude or abrupt behaviour to a lady. When he had received, therefore, a peremptory denial, he retired for the present, saying to the waiting-woman, 'That if this was an improper hour to wait on her lady, he would return in the afternoon; and that he then hoped to have the honour of seeing her.' The civility with which he uttered this, added to the great comeliness of his person, made an impression on the waiting-woman, and she could not help answering; 'Perhaps, Sir, you may;' and, indeed, she afterwards said every thing to her mistress, which she thought most likely to prevail on her to admit a visit from the handsome young gentleman; for so she called him.

Jones very shrewdly suspected, that Sophia herself was now with her cousin, and was denied to him; which he imputed to her resentment of what had happened at Upton. Having, therefore, dispatched Partridge to procure him lodgings, he remained all day in the street, watching the door where he thought his angel lay concealed; but no person did he see issue forth, except a servant of the house, and in the evening he returned to pay his visit to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, which that good lady at last condescended to admit.

There is a certain air of natural gentility, which it is neither in the power of dress to give, nor to conceal. Mr. Jones, as hath been before hinted, was possessed of this in a very eminent degree. He met, therefore, with a reception from the lady, somewhat different from what his apparel seemed to demand; and after he had paid her his proper respects, was desired to sit down.

The

The reader will not, I believe, be desirous of knowing all the particulars of this conversation, which ended very little to the satisfaction of poor Jones. For though Mrs. Fitzpatrick soon discovered the lover, (as all women have the eyes of hawks in those matters) yet she still thought it was such a lover, as a generous friend of the lady should not betray her to. In short, she suspected this was the very Mr. Blifil, from whom Sophia had flown; and all the answers which she artfully drew from Jones, concerning Mr. Allworthy's family, confirmed her in this opinion. She therefore strictly denied any knowledge concerning the place whither Sophia was gone; nor could Jones obtain more than a permission to wait on her again the next evening.

When Jones was departed, Mrs. Fitzpatrick communicated her suspicion concerning Mr. Blifil, to her maid; who answered, 'Sure, Madam, he is too pretty a man, in my opinion, for any woman in the world to run away from. I had rather fancy it is Mr. Jones.' — 'Mr. Jones,' said the lady, 'what Jones?' For Sophia had not given the least hint of any such person in all their conversation: but Mrs. Honour had been much more communicative, and had acquainted her sister Abigail with the whole history of Jones, which this now again related to her mistress.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick no sooner received this information, than she immediately agreed with the opinion of her maid; and, what is very unaccountable, saw charms in the gallant, happy lover, which she had overlooked in the slighted squire. 'Betty,' says she, 'you are certainly in the right: he is a very pretty fellow, and I don't wonder that my cousin's maid should tell you so many women are fond of him. I am sorry now I did not inform him where my cousin was: and yet if he be so terrible a rake as you tell me, it is a pity she should ever see him any more; for what but her ruin can happen from marrying a rake and a beggar against her father's consent. I protest, if he be such a man as the wench described him to you, it is but an office of charity to keep her from him; and, I am sure, it would be unpardonable in me

Chap. 3. A FOUNDLING.

' me to do otherwise, who have tasted so bitterly of the misfortunes attending such marriages.'

Here she was interrupted by the arrival of a visitor, which was no other than his lordship; and as nothing passed at this visit either new or extraordinary, or any ways material to this history, we shall here put an end to this chapter.

C H A P. III.

A project of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and her visit to lady Bellaston.

WHEN Mrs. Fitzpatrick retired to rest, her thoughts were entirely taken up by her cousin Sophia and Mr. Jones. She was, indeed, a little offended with the former, for the dissingenuity which she now discovered. In which meditation she had not long exercised her imagination, before the following conceit suggested itself: that could she possibly become the means of preserving Sophia from this man, and of restoring her to her father, she should, in all human probability, by so great a service to the family, reconcile to herself both her uncle and her aunt Western.

As this was one of her most favourite wishes, so the hope of success seemed so reasonable, that nothing remained but to consider of proper methods to accomplish her scheme. To attempt to reason the case with Sophia, did not appear to her one of those methods: for as Betty had reported from Mrs. Honour, that Sophia had a violent inclination to Jones, she conceived, that to dissuade her from the match, was an endeavour of the same kind, as it would be very heartily and earnestly to entreat a moth not to fly into a candle.

If the reader will please to remember, that the acquaintance which Sophia had with lady Bellaston, was contracted at the house of Mrs. Western, and must have grown at the very time when Mrs. Fitzpatrick lived with this latter lady, he will want no information, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick must have been acquainted with her likewise. They were, besides, both equally her distant relations.

After

After much consideration, therefore, she resolved to go early in the morning to that lady, and endeavour to see her unknown to Sophia, and to acquaint her with the whole affair. For she did not in the least doubt, but that the prudent lady, who had often ridiculed romantic love, and indiscreet marriages, in her conversation, would very readily concur in her sentiments concerning this match, and would lend her utmost assistance to prevent it.

This resolution she accordingly executed; and the next morning, before the sun, she huddled on her cloaths, and at a very unfashionable, unseasonable, unvisitable hour, went to lady Bellaſton, to whom she got access, without the least knowledge or suspicion of Sophia, who though not asleep, lay at that time awake in her bed, with Honour snoring by her side.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick made many apologies for an early, abrupt visit, at an hour when she said, ‘ she should not have thought of disturbing her ladyship, but upon business of the utmost consequence.’ She then opened the whole affair, told all she had heard from Betty; and did not forget the visit which Jones had paid to herself the preceding evening.

Lady Bellaſton answered with a smile, ‘ Then you have seen this terrible man, Madam: pray is he so very fine a figure as he is represented? for Etoff entertained me last night almost two hours with him. The wench I believe is in love with him by reputation.’ Here the reader will be apt to wonder; but the truth is that Mrs. Etoff, who had the honour to pin and unpin the lady Bellaſton, had received compleat information concerning the said Mr. Jones, and had faithfully conveyed the same to her lady last night (or rather that morning) while she was undressing; on which accounts she had been detained in her office above the space of an hour and an half.

The lady indeed, though generally well enough pleased with the narratives of Mrs. Etoff at those seasons, gave an extraordinary attention to her account of Jones; for Honour had described him as a very handsome fellow, and Mrs. Etoff in her hurry added so much to the beauty of his person to her report, that
lady

lady Bellaston began to conceive him to be a kind of miracle in nature.

The curiosity which her woman had inspired, was now greatly increased by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who spoke as much in favour of the person of Jones, as she had before spoken in dispraise of his birth, character, and fortune.

When lady Bellaston had heard the whole, she answered gravely, ‘ Indeed, Madam, this is a matter of great consequence. Nothing can certainly be more commendable than the part you act; and I shall be very glad to have my share in the preservation of a young lady of so much merit, and for whom I have so much esteem.’

‘ Doth not your ladyship think,’ says Mrs. Fitzpatrick eagerly, ‘ that it would be the best way to write immediately to my uncle, and acquaint him where my cousin is?’

The lady pondered a little upon this, and thus answered, — ‘ Why, no, Madam, I think not. Di Western hath described her brother to me to be such a brute, that I cannot consent to put any woman under his power who hath escaped from it. I have heard he behaved like a monster to his own wife; for he is one of those wretches who think they have a right to tyrannize over us, and from such I shall ever esteem it the cause of my sex to rescue any woman who is so unfortunate to be under their power. — The business, dear cousin, will be only to keep Miss Western from seeing this young fellow, till the good company, which she will have an opportunity of meeting here, give her a proper turn.’

‘ If he should find her out, Madam,’ answered the other, ‘ your ladyship may be assured he will leave nothing unattempted to come at her.’

‘ But Madam,’ replied the lady, ‘ it is impossible he should come here — though indeed it is possible he may get some intelligence where she is, and then may lurk about the house — I wish therefore I knew his person.’

‘ Is there no way, Madam, by which I could have
 ‘ a sight of him ? for otherwise you know, cousin,
 ‘ she may contrive to see him here without my know-
 ‘ ledge.’ Mrs. Fitzpatrick answered, ‘ That he had
 ‘ threatened her with another visit that afternoon,
 ‘ and that if her ladyship pleased to do her the honour
 ‘ of calling upon her then, she would hardly fail of
 ‘ seeing him between six and seven ; and if he came
 ‘ earlier, she would, by some means or other, detain
 ‘ him till her ladyship’s arrival.’ — Lady Bel-
 ‘ laston replied, ‘ she would come the moment she could
 ‘ get from dinner, which she supposed would be by
 ‘ seven at farthest ; for that it was absolutely necessary
 ‘ she should be acquainted with his person. Upon my
 ‘ word, Madam,’ says she, ‘ it was very good to take
 ‘ this care of Miss Western ; but common humanity,
 ‘ as well as regard to our family, requires it of us
 ‘ both ; for it would be a dreadful match indeed.’

Mrs. Fitzpatrick failed not to make a proper return
 to the compliment which lady Bellaſton had beſtowed
 on her couſin, and after ſome little immaterial conver-
 ſation, withdrew ; and getting as faſt as ſhe could in-
 to her chair, unſeen by Sophia or Honour, returned
 home.

C H A P. IV.

Which conſiſts of viſiting.

MR. Jones had walked within ſight of a certain
 door during the whole day, which, though
 one of the ſhorteſt, appeared to him to be one of the
 longeſt in the whole year. At length the clock having
 ſtruck five, he returned to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who,
 though it was a full hour earlier than the decent time
 of viſiting, received him very civilly ; but ſtill per-
 ſiſted in her ignorance concerning Sophia.

Jones, in aſking for his angel, had dropped the
 word couſin ; upon which Mrs. Fitzpatrick ſaid,
 ‘ Then, Sir, you know we are related ; and as we
 ‘ are, you will permit me the right of enquiring into
 ‘ the particulars of your buſineſs with my couſin.’

Here

Here Jones hesitated a good while, and at last answered, He had a considerable sum of money of hers in his hands, which he desired to deliver to her. He then produced the pocket-book, and acquainted Mrs. Fitzpatrick with the contents, and with the method in which they came into his hands. He had scarce finished his story, when a most violent noise shook the whole house. To attempt to describe this noise to those who have heard it, would be in vain; and to aim at giving any idea of it to those who have never heard the like, would be still more vain: for it may be truly said,

————— *Non acuta*
Sic geminant Corybantes Æra.

The priests of Cybele do not so rattle their founding brass.

In short, a footman knocked, or rather thundered at the door. Jones was a little surprized at the sound, having never heard it before; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick very calmly said, that as some company were coming, she could not make him any answer now; but if he pleased to stay till they were gone, she intimated she had something to say to him.

The door of the room now flew open, and, after pushing in her hoop sideways before her, entered lady Bellaston, who having first made a very low curtesy to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and as low a one to Mr. Jones, was ushered to the upper end of the room.

We mention these minute matters for the sake of some country ladies of our acquaintance, who think it contrary to the rules of modesty to bend their knees to a man.

The company were hardly well settled, before the arrival of the peer lately mentioned, caused a fresh disturbance, and a repetition of ceremonials.

These being over, the conversation began to be (as the phrase is) extremely brilliant. However, as nothing past in it which can be thought material to this history, or, indeed, very material in itself, I shall omit the relation; the rather as I have known some very fine polite conversation grow extremely dull, when

when transcribed into books, or repeated on the stage. Indeed this mental repast is a dainty, of which those who are excluded from polite assemblies, must be contented to remain as ignorant as they must of the several dainties of French cookery, which are served only at the tables of the great. To say the truth, as neither of these are adapted to every taste, they might both be often thrown away on the vulgar.

Poor Jones was rather a spectator of this elegant scene, than an actor in it; for though in the short interval before the peer's arrival, lady Bellaſton first, and afterwards Mrs. Fitzpatrick, had addressed some of their discourse to him; yet no sooner was the noble lord entered, than he engrossed the whole attention of the two ladies to himself; and as he took no more notice of Jones than if no such person had been present, unless by now and then staring at him, the ladies followed his example.

The company had now staid so long, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick plainly perceived they all designed to stay out each other. She therefore resolved to rid herself of Jones, he being the visitant to whom she thought the least ceremony was due. Taking therefore an opportunity of a cessation of chat, she addressed herself gravely to him, and said, 'Sir, I shall not possibly be able to give you an answer to-night, as to that business; but if you please to leave word where I may send to you to-morrow.'——

Jones had natural, but not artificial good-breeding. Instead therefore of communicating the secret of his lodgings to a servant, he acquainted the lady herself with it particularly, and soon after very ceremoniously withdrew.

He was no sooner gone, than the great personages, who had taken no notice of him present, began to take much notice of him in his absence; but if the reader hath already excused us from relating the more brilliant part of this conversation, he will surely be very ready to excuse the repetition of what may be called vulgar abuse: though, perhaps, it may be material to our history to mention an observation of lady Bellaſton, who took her leave in a few minutes after him,

him, and then said to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, at her departure, 'I am satisfied on the account of my cousin; she can be in no danger from this fellow.'

Our history shall follow the example of lady Belaston, and take leave of the present company, which was now reduced to two persons; between whom, as nothing passed, which in the least concerns us or our reader, we shall not suffer ourselves to be diverted by it from matters which must seem of more consequence to all those who are at all interested in the affairs of our hero.

C H A P. V.

An adventure which happened to Mr. Jones at his lodgings, with some account of a young gentleman who lodged there, and of the mistress of the house, and her two daughters.

THE next morning, as early as it was decent, Jones attended at Mrs. Fitzpatrick's door, where he was answered that the lady was not at home; an answer which surprized him the more, as he had walked backwards and forwards in the street from break of day; and if she had gone out, he must have seen her. This answer, however, he was obliged to receive, and not only now, but to five several visits which he made her that day.

To be plain with the reader, the noble peer had, from some reason or other, perhaps from a regard for the lady's honour, insisted that she should not see Mr. Jones, whom he looked on as a scrub, any more; and the lady had complied in making that promise, to which we now see her so strictly adhere.

But as our gentle reader may possibly have a better opinion of the young gentleman than her ladyship, and may even have some concern, should it be apprehended, that during this unhappy separation from Sophia, he took up his residence either at an inn, or in the street; we shall now give an account of his lodging, which was indeed in a very reputable house, and in a very good part of the town.

Mr.

Mr. Jones then had often heard Mr. Allworthy mention the gentlewoman at whose house he used to lodge when he was in town. This person, who, as Jones likewise knew, lived in Bond-street, was the widow of a clergyman, and was left by him at his decease, in possession of two daughters, and of a complete set of manuscript sermons.

Of these two daughters, Nancy, the elder, was now arrived at the age of seventeen, and Betty, the younger, at that of ten.

Hither Jones had dispatched Partridge, and in this house he was provided with a room for himself in the second floor, and with one for Partridge in the fourth.

The first floor was inhabited by one of those young gentlemen, who, in the last age, were called men of wit and pleasure about town, and properly enough: for as men are usually denominated from their business or profession, so pleasure may be said to have been the only business or profession of those gentlemen to whom fortune had made all useful occupations unnecessary. Play-houses, coffee-houses, and taverns were the scenes of their rendezvous. Wit and humour were the entertainment of their looser hours, and love was the business of their more serious moments. Wine and the muses conspired to kindle the brightest flames in their breasts; nor did they only admire, but some were able to celebrate the beauty they admired, and all to judge of the merit of such compositions.

Such therefore were properly called the men of wit and pleasure; but I question whether the same appellation may, with the same propriety, be given to those young gentlemen of our times, who have the same ambition to be distinguished for parts. Wit certainly they have nothing to do with. To give them their due, they soar a step higher than their predecessors, and may be called men of wisdom and virtù (take heed you do not read virtue). Thus at an age when the gentlemen above-mentioned employed their time in toasting the charms of a woman, or in making sonnets in her praise; in giving their opinion of a play at the theatre, or of a poem at Will's or

Button's; these gentlemen are considering of methods to bribe a corporation, or meditating speeches for the house of commons, or rather for the magazines; but the science of gaming is that which above all others employs their thoughts. These are the studies of their graver hours, while for their amusements they have the vast circle of connoisseurship, painting, music, statuary, and natural philosophy, or rather *unnatural*, which deals in the wonderful, and knows nothing of nature, except her monsters and imperfections.

When Jones had spent the whole day in vain enquiries after Mrs. Fitzpatrick, he returned at last disconsolate to his apartment. Here while he was venting his grief in private, he heard a violent uproar below stairs; and soon after a female voice begged him for heaven's sake to come and prevent murder. Jones, who was never backward on any occasion to help the distressed, immediately ran down stairs; when stepping into the dining room, whence all the noise issued, he beheld the young gentleman of wisdom and virtù just before mentioned, pinned close to the wall by his footman, and a young woman standing by, wringing her hands, and crying out, 'He will be murdered, he will be murdered;' and indeed the poor gentleman seemed in some danger of being choaked, when Jones flew hastily to his assistance, and rescued him just as he was breathing his last, from the unmerciful clutches of the enemy.

Though the fellow had received several kicks and cuffs from the little gentleman, who had more spirit than strength, he had made it a kind of scruple of conscience to strike his master, and would have contented himself with only choaking him; but towards Jones he bore no such respect: he no sooner therefore found himself a little roughly handled by his new antagonist, than he gave him one of those punches in the guts, which though the spectators at Broughton's amphitheatre have such exquisite delight in seeing them, convey but very little pleasure in the feeling.

The

The lusty youth had no sooner received this blow, than he meditated a most grateful return; and now ensued a combat between Jones and the footman, which was very fierce, but short; for this fellow was no more able to contend with Jones, than his master had before been to contend with him.

And now fortune, according to her usual custom, reversed the face of affairs. The former victor lay breathless on the ground, and the vanquished gentleman had recovered breath enough to thank Mr. Jones for his seasonable assistance: he received likewise the hearty thanks of the young woman present, who was indeed no other than Miss Nancy, the eldest daughter of the house.

The footman having now recovered his legs, shook his head at Jones, and with a sagacious look, cry'd, — 'O d---n me, I'll have nothing more to do with you; you have been upon the stage, or I am d---nably mistaken:' And indeed we may forgive this his suspicion; for such was the agility and strength of our hero, that he was perhaps a match for one of the first-rate boxers, and could, with great ease, have beaten all the muffled * graduates of Mr. Broughton's school.

The master foaming with wrath, ordered his man immediately to strip, to which the latter very readily agreed, on condition of receiving his wages. This condition was presently complied with, and the fellow was discharged.

* Left posterity should be puzzled by this epithet, I think proper to explain it by an advertisement which was published Feb. 11 1747.

N. B. Mr. Broughton proposes, with proper assistance, to open an academy at his house in the Hay-Market, for the instruction of those who are willing to be initiated in the mystery of boxing; where the whole theory and practice of that truly British art, with all the various stops, blows, cross-buttocks, &c. incident to combatants, will be fully taught and explained; and that persons of quality and distinction may not be deterred from entering into a course of those lectures, they will be given with the utmost tenderness and regard to the delicacy of the frame and constitution of the pupil, for which reason muffles are provided, that will effectually secure them from the inconveniency of black eyes, broken jaws, and bloody noses.

And now the young gentleman, whose name was Nightingale, very strenuously insisted that his deliverer should take part of a bottle of wine with him; to which Jones, after much entreaty, consented; though more out of complaisance than inclination; for the uneasiness of his mind fitted him very little for conversation at this time. Miss Nancy likewise, who was the only female then in the house, her mamma and sister being both gone to the play, condescended to favour them with her company.

When the bottle and glasses were on the table, the gentleman began to relate the occasion of the preceding disturbance.

‘I hope, Sir,’ said he to Jones, ‘you will not from this accident, conclude, that I make a custom of striking my servants; for I assure you this is the first time I have been guilty of it in my remembrance, and I have passed by many provoking faults in this very fellow, before he could provoke me to it; but when you hear what hath happened this evening, you will, I believe, think me excusable. I happened to come home several hours before my usual time, when I found four gentlemen of the cloth at whisk by my fire; — and my Hoyle, Sir, — my best Hoyle, which cost me a guinea, lying open on the table, with a quantity of porter spilt on one of the most material leaves of the whole book. This, you will allow, was provoking; but I said nothing till the rest of the honest company were gone, and then gave the fellow a gentle rebuke, who, instead of expressing any concern, made me a pert answer, “That servants must have their diversions as well as other people; that he was sorry for the accident which had happened to the book; but that several of his acquaintance had bought the same for a shilling; and that I might stop as much in his wages, if I pleased:” I now gave him a severer reprimand than before, when the rascal had the insolence to — In short, he imputed my early coming home to — In short, he cast a reflection — He mentioned the name of a young lady, in a man-

ner—in such a manner that incensed me beyond all patience, and, in my passion, I struck him.’

Jones answered, ‘That he believed no person living would blame him; for my part,’ said he, ‘I confess I should, on the last mentioned provocation, have done the same thing.’

Our company had not sat long before they were joined by the mother and daughter, at their return from the play. And now they all spent a very chearful evening together; for all but Jones were heartily merry, and even he put on as much constrained mirth as possible. Indeed half his natural flow of animal spirits, joined to the sweetness of his temper, was sufficient to make a most amiable companion; and notwithstanding the heaviness of his heart, so agreeable did he make himself on the present occasion, that, at their breaking up, the young gentleman earnestly desired his further acquaintance. Miss Nancy was well pleased with him; and the widow, quite charmed with her new lodger, invited him with the other, next morning to breakfast.

Jones on his part was no less satisfied. As for Miss Nancy, though a very little creature, she was extremely pretty, and the widow had all the charms which can adorn a woman near fifty. As she was one of the most innocent creatures in the world, so she was one of the most chearful. She never thought, nor spoke, nor wished any ill, and had constantly that desire of pleasing, which may be called the happiest of all desires in this, that it scarce ever fails of attaining its ends, when not disgraced by affectation. In short, though her power was very small, she was in her heart one of the warmest friends. She had been a most affectionate wife, and was a most fond and tender mother.

As our history doth not, like a news-paper, give great characters to people who never were heard of before, nor will ever be heard of again; the reader may hence conclude, that this excellent woman will hereafter appear to be of some importance in our history.

Nor

Nor was Jones a little pleased with the young gentleman himself, whose wine he had been drinking. He thought he discerned in him much good sense, though a little too much tainted with town-foppery; but what recommended him most to Jones, were some sentiments of great generosity and humanity, which occasionally dropt from him; and particularly many expressions of the highest disinterestedness in the affair of love. On which subject the young gentleman delivered himself in a language which might have very well become an Arcadian shepherd of old, and which appeared very extraordinary when proceeding from the lips of a modern fine gentleman; but he was only one by imitation, and meant by nature for a much better character.

C H A P. VI.

What arrived while the company were at breakfast, with some hints concerning the government of daughters.

OUR company brought together in the morning the same good inclinations towards each other, with which they had separated the evening before; but poor Jones was extremely disconsolate; for he had just received information from Partridge, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick had left her lodging, and that he could not learn whither she was gone. This news highly afflicted him, and his countenance, as well as his behaviour, in defiance of all his endeavours to the contrary, betrayed manifest indications of a disordered mind.

The discourse turned at present, as before, on love; and Mr. Nightingale again expressed many of those warm, generous, and disinterested sentiments upon this subject, which wise and sober men call romantic, but which wise and sober women generally regard in a better light. Mrs. Miller, (for so the mistress of the house was called) greatly approved these sentiments; but when the young gentleman appealed to Miss Nancy, she answered only, 'That she believed the gentleman who had spoke the least, was capable of feeling the most.'

This compliment was so apparently directed to Jones that we should have been sorry had he passed it by unregarded. He made her, indeed, a very polite answer, and concluded with an oblique hint, that her own silence subjected her to a suspicion of the same kind: for, indeed, she had scarce opened her lips either now, or the last evening.

‘I am glad, Nanny,’ says Mrs. Miller, ‘the gentleman hath made the observation; I protest, I am almost of his opinion. What can be the matter with you, child? I never saw such an alteration. What is become of all your gaiety? Would you think, Sir, I used to call her my little prattler. She hath not spoke twenty words this week.’

Here their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a maid-servant, who brought a bundle in her hands, which, she said, ‘was delivered by a porter for Mr. Jones.’ She added, ‘that the man immediately went away, saying it required no answer.’

Jones expressed some surprize on this occasion, and declared it must be some mistake: but the maid persisting, that she was certain of the name, all the women were desirous of having the bundle immediately opened; which operation was, at length, performed by little Betsey, with the consent of Mr. Jones; and the contents were found to be a domino, a mask, and a masquerade ticket.

Jones was now more positive than ever, in asserting, that these things must have been delivered by mistake; and Mrs. Miller herself expressed some doubt, and said, ‘she knew not what to think.’ But when Mr. Nightingale was asked, he delivered a very different opinion. ‘All I can conclude from it, Sir,’ said he, ‘is, that you are a very happy man: for I make no doubt, but these were sent you by some lady whom you will have the happiness of meeting at the masquerade.’

Jones had not a sufficient degree of vanity to entertain any such flattering imagination; nor did Mrs. Miller herself give much assent to what Mr. Nightingale had said, till Miss Nancy having lifted up the domino,

domino, a card dropped from the sleeve, in which was written as follows :

To Mr. Jones.

The queen of the faries sends you this ;
Use her favours not amifs.

Mrs. Miller and Miss Nancy, now, both agreed with Mr. Nightingale, nay, Jones himself was almost persuaded to be of the same opinion. And as no other lady but Mrs. Fitzpatrick, he thought, knew his lodging, he began to flatter himself with some hopes, that it came from her, and that he might possibly see his Sophia. These hopes had, surely, very little foundation ; but as the conduct of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, in not seeing him according to her promise, and in quitting her lodgings, had been very odd and unaccountable, he conceived some faint hopes, that she (of whom he had formerly heard a very whimsical character) might possibly intend to do him that service in a strange manner, which she declined doing by more ordinary methods. To say the truth, as nothing certain could be concluded from so odd and uncommon an incident, he had the greater latitude to draw what imaginary conclusions from it he pleased. As his temper, therefore, was naturally sanguine, he indulged it on this occasion, and his imagination worked up a thousand conceits, to favour and support his expectations of meeting his dear Sophia in the evening.

Reader, if thou hast any good wishes towards me, I will fully repay them, by wishing thee to be possessed of this sanguine disposition of mind : since, after having read much, and considered long on that subject of happiness, which hath employed so many great pens, I am almost inclined to fix it in the possession of this temper, which puts us, in a manner, out of the reach of fortune, and makes us happy without her assistance. Indeed, the sensations of pleasure it gives are much more constant, as well as much keener than those which that blind lady bestows ; nature having wisely contrived, that some satiety and languor should

be annexed to all our real enjoyments, lest we should be so taken up by them, as to be stopped from further pursuits. I make no manner of doubt but that, in this light, we may see the imaginary future chancellor just called to the bar, the archbishop in crape, and the prime minister at the tail of an opposition, more truly happy than those who are invested with all the power and profit of these respective offices.

Mr. Jones having now determined to go to the masquerade that evening, Mr. Nightingale offered to conduct him thither. The young gentleman, at the same time, offered tickets to Miss Nancy and her mother; but the good woman would not accept them. She said, 'she did not conceive the harm which some people imagined in a masquerade; but that such extravagant diversions were proper only for persons of quality and fortune, and not for young women who were to get their living, and could at best, hope to be married to a good tradesman.' — 'A tradesman!' cries Nightingale, 'you shan't undervalue my Nancy. There is not a nobleman upon earth above her merit.' 'O fie, Mr. Nightingale,' answered Mrs. Miller, 'you must not fill the girl's head with such fancies; but if it was her good luck (says her mother with a simper) to find a gentleman of your generous way of thinking, I hope, she would make a better return to his generosity, than to give her mind up to extravagant pleasures. Indeed where young ladies bring great fortunes themselves, they have some right to insist on spending what is their own; and, on that account, I have heard the gentlemen say, a man has sometimes a better bargain with a poor wife, than with a rich one — But let my daughters marry whom they will, I shall endeavour to make them blessings to their husbands: — I beg, therefore, I may hear of no more masquerades. Nancy is, I am certain, too good a girl, to desire to go; for she must remember when you carried her thither last year, it almost turned her head; and she did not return to herself, or to her needle, in a month afterwards.'

Though

Though a gentle sigh which stole from the bosom of Nancy, seemed to argue some secret disapprobation of these sentiments, she did not dare openly to oppose them. For as this good woman had all the tenderness, so she had preserved all the authority of a parent; and as her indulgence to the desires of her children was restrained only by her fears for their safety and future welfare, so she never suffered those commands, which proceeded from such fears, to be either disobeyed or disputed. And this the young gentleman who had lodged two years in the house, knew so well, that he presently acquiesced in the refusal.

Mr. Nightingale, who grew every minute fonder of Jones, was very desirous of his company that day to dinner at the tavern, where he offered to introduce him to some of his acquaintance; but Jones begged to be excused, 'as his cloaths,' he said, 'were not yet come to town.'

To confess the truth, Mr. Jones was now in a situation, which sometimes happens to be the case of young gentlemen of much better figure than himself. In short, he had not one penny in his pocket; a situation in much greater credit among the ancient philosophers, than among the modern wise men who live in Lombard-street, or those who frequent White's chocolate-house. And, perhaps, the great honours which those philosophers have ascribed to an empty pocket, may be one of the reasons of that high contempt in which they are held in the aforesaid street and chocolate house.

Now, if the ancient opinion, that men might live very comfortably on virtue only, be, as the modern wise men just above mentioned, pretend to have discovered, a notorious error; no less false is, I apprehend, that position of some writers of romance, that a man can live altogether on love: for however delicious repasts this may afford to some of our senses or appetites, it is most certain it can afford none to others. Those, therefore, who have placed too great a confidence in such writers, have experienced their error when it was too late; and have found that love was no more capable of allaying hunger, than a rose is ca-
P₁ pable

pable of delighting the ear, or a violin of gratifying the smell.

Notwithstanding, therefore, all the delicacies which love had set before him, namely, the hopes of seeing Sophia at the masquerade; on which, however ill-founded his imagination might be, he had voluptuously feasted during the whole day, the evening no sooner came, than Mr. Jones began to languish for some food of a grosser kind. Partridge discovered this by intuition, and took the occasion to give some oblique hints concerning the Bank-bill, and when these were rejected with disdain, he collected courage enough once more to mention a return to Mr. Allworthy.

‘Partridge,’ cries Jones, ‘you cannot see my fortune in a more desperate light than I see it myself; and I begin heartily to repent, that I suffered you to leave a place, where you was settled, and to follow me. However, I insist now on your returning home; and for the expence and trouble which you have so kindly put yourself to on my account, all the cloaths I left behind in your care, I desire you would take as your own. I am sorry I can make you no other acknowledgment.’

He spoke these words with so pathetic an accent, that Partridge, among whose vices ill-nature or hardness of heart were not numbered, burst into tears; and after swearing he would not quit him in his distress, he began with the most earnest intreaties to urge his return home. ‘For heaven’s sake, Sir,’ says he, ‘do but consider: what can your honour do? How is it possible you can live in this town without money? Do what you will, Sir, or go wherever you please, I am resolved not to desert you.—But pray, Sir, consider,—do pray, Sir, for your own sake, take it into your consideration; and I’m sure,’ says he, ‘that your own good sense will bid you return home.’

‘How often shall I tell thee,’ answered Jones, ‘that I have no home to return to? Had I any hopes that Mr. Allworthy’s doors would be open to receive me, I want no distress to urge me:—nay, there is no other cause upon earth, which could detain me
‘ a moment

Chap. 6. A FOUNDLING.

a moment from flying to his presence; but, alas! that I am for ever banished from. His last words were,—O Partridge, they still ring in my ears.— His last words were, when he gave me a sum of money, what it was I know not, but considerable I'm sure it was.—His last words were—“I am resolved from this day forward, on no account, to converse with you any more.”

Here passion stopt the mouth of Jones, as surprize, for a moment, did that of Partridge: but he soon recovered the use of speech, and after a short preface, in which he declared he had no inquisitiveness in his temper, enquired, what Jones meant by a considerable sum; he knew not how much; and what was become of the money.

In both these points he now received full satisfaction; on which he was proceeding to comment, when he was interrupted by a message from Mr. Nightingale, who desired his master's company in his apartment.

When the two gentlemen were both attired for the masquerade, and Mr. Nightingale had given orders for chairs to be sent for, a circumstance of distress occurred to Jones, which will appear very ridiculous to many of my readers. This was how to procure a shilling; but if such readers will reflect a little on what they have themselves felt from the want of a thousand pound, or, perhaps, of ten or twenty, to execute a favourite scheme, they will have a perfect idea of what Mr. Jones felt on this occasion. For this sum, therefore, he applied to Partridge, which was the first he had permitted him to advance, and was the last he intended that poor fellow should advance in his service. To say the truth, Partridge had lately made no offer of this kind; whether it was that he desired to see the Bank-bill broke in upon, or that distress should prevail on Jones to return home, or from what other motive it proceeded, I will not determine.

C H A P. VII.

Containing the whole humours of a masquerade.

OUR Cavaliers now arrived at that temple, where Heydegger, the great Arbiter Deliciarum, the great high-priest of pleasure presides; and, like other heathen priests, imposes on his votaries by the pretended presence of the deity, when in reality no such deity is there.

Mr. Nightingale having taken a turn or two with his companion, soon left him, and walked off with a female, saying, 'Now you are here, Sir, you must beat about for your own game.'

Jones began to entertain strong hopes that his Sophia was present; and these hopes gave him more spirits than the lights, the music, and the company; though these are pretty strong antidotes against the spleen. He now accosted every woman he saw, whose stature, shape, or air, bore any resemblance to his angel. To all of whom he endeavoured to say something smart, in order to engage an answer, by which he might discover that voice which he thought it impossible he should mistake. Some of these answered by a question, in a squeaking voice, Do you know me? Much the greater numbers said, I don't know you, Sir; and nothing more. Some called him an impertinent fellow; some made him no answer at all; some said, Indeed I don't know your voice, and I shall have nothing to say to you; and many gave him as kind answers as he could wish, but not in the voice he desired to hear.

Whilst he was talking with one of these last, (who was in the habit of a shepherdes) a lady in a domino came up to him, and slapping him on the shoulder, whispered him, at the same time, in the ear, 'If you talk any longer with that trollop, I will acquaint Miss Western.'

Jones no sooner heard that name, than, immediately quitting his former companion, he applied to the Domino, begging and entreating her to shew him

the

the lady she had mentioned, if she was then in the room.

The Mask walked hastily to the upper end of the innermost apartment before she spoke; and then, instead of answering him, sat down, and declared she was tired. Jones sat down by her, and still persisted in his entreaties; at last the lady coldly answered, 'I imagined Mr. Jones had been a more discerning lover, than to suffer any disguise to conceal his mistress from him.' 'Is she here, then, Madam?' replied Jones, with some vehemence. Upon which the lady cried,—'Hush, Sir, you will be observed.—I promise you upon my honour, Miss Western is not here.'

Jones now taking the Mask by the hand, fell to entreating her in the most earnest manner, to acquaint him where he might find Sophia; and when he could obtain no direct answer, he began to upbraid her gently for having disappointed him the day before; and concluded, saying, 'Indeed, my good Fairy Queen, I know your majesty very well, notwithstanding the affected disguise of your voice. Indeed, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, it is a little cruel to divert yourself at the expence of my torments.'

The Mask answered, 'Though you have so ingeniously discovered me, I must still speak in the same voice, lest I should be known by others. And do you think, good Sir, that I have no greater regard for my cousin, than to assist in carrying on an affair between you two, which must end in her ruin, as well as your own? Besides, I promise you, my cousin is not mad enough to consent to her own destruction, if you are so much her enemy as to tempt her to it.'

'Alas, Madam,' said Jones, 'you little know my heart, when you call me an enemy of Sophia.'

'And yet to ruin any one,' cries the other, 'you will allow, is the act of an enemy; and when by the same act you must knowingly and certainly bring ruin on yourself, is it not folly or madness, as well as guilt? Now, Sir, my cousin hath very little more than her father will please to give her; very little for

‘one of her fashion,—you know him, and you know your own situation.’

Jones vowed he had no such design on Sophia, ‘That he would rather suffer the most violent of deaths, than sacrifice her interest to his desires. He said, he knew how unworthy he was of her every way; that he had long ago resolved to quit all such aspiring thoughts, but that some strange accidents had made him desirous to see her once more, when he promised he would take leave of her for ever. ‘No, Madam,’ concluded he, ‘my love is not of that base kind which seeks its own satisfaction, at the expence of what is most dear to its object. I would sacrifice every thing to the possession of my Sophia, but Sophia herself.’

Though the reader may have already conceived no very sublime idea of the virtue of the lady in the mask; and though possibly she may hereafter appear not to deserve one of the first characters of her sex; yet, it is certain, these generous sentiments made a strong impression upon her, and greatly added to the affection she had before conceived for our young hero.

The lady now, after silence of a few moments, said, ‘She did not see his pretensions to Sophia so much in the light of presumption, as of imprudence. ‘Young fellows,’ says she, ‘can never have too aspiring thoughts. I love ambition in a young man, and I would have you cultivate it as much as possible. Perhaps you may succeed with those who are infinitely superior in fortune; nay, I am convinced there are women,—but don’t you think me a strange creature, Mr. Jones, to be thus giving advice to a man, with whom I am so little acquainted, and one with whose behaviour to me I have so little reason to be pleased?’

Here Jones began to apologize, and to hope he had not offended in any thing he had said of her cousin.—To which the Mask answered, ‘And are you so little versed in the sex, to imagine you can well affront a lady more, than by entertaining her with your passion for another woman? If the Fairy Queen had conceived no better opinion of your gallantry, she

‘ she would scarce have appointed you to meet her at
 ‘ a masquerade.’

Jones had never less inclination to an amour than
 at present; but gallantry to the ladies was among his
 principles of honour; and he held it as much incum-
 bent on him to accept a challenge to love, as if it
 had been a challenge to fight. Nay, his very love to
 Sophia made it necessary for him to keep well with
 the lady, as he made no doubt but she was capable of
 bringing him into the presence of the other.

He began therefore to make a very warm answer to
 her last speech, when a Mask, in the character of an
 old woman, joined them. This Mask was one of
 those ladies, who go to a masquerade only to vent ill-
 nature, by telling people rude truths, and by endea-
 vouring, as the phrase is, to spoil as much sport as
 they are able. This good lady, therefore, having
 observed Jones, and his friend, whom she well knew,
 in close consultation together in a corner of the room,
 concluded she could no where satisfy her spleen better
 than by interrupting them. She attacked them there-
 fore, and soon drove them from their retirement; nor
 was she contented with this, but pursued them to
 every place which they shifted to avoid her; till Mr.
 Nightingale seeing the distress of his friend, at last
 relieved him, and engaged the old woman in another
 pursuit.

While Jones and his Mask were walking together
 about the room, to rid themselves of the teaser, he
 observed his lady speak to several Masks, with the
 same freedom of acquaintance, as if they had been
 barefaced. He could not help expressing his surprize
 at this, saying, ‘ Sure, Madam, you must have infi-
 nite discernment to know people in all disguises.’
 To which the lady answered, ‘ You cannot conceive
 any thing more insipid and childish than a masque-
 rade to the people of fashion, who in general know
 one another as well here, as when they meet in an
 assembly or a drawing-room; nor will any woman
 of condition converse with a person with whom she
 is not acquainted. In short, the generality of per-
 sons whom you see here, may more properly be said
 ‘ to

' to kill time in this place, than in any other ; and
 ' generally retire from hence more tired than from
 ' the longest sermon. To say the truth, I begin to
 ' be in that situation myself ; and if I have any fa-
 ' culty at guessing, you are not much better pleased.
 ' I protest it would be almost charity in me to go
 ' home for your sake.' ' I know but one charity
 ' equal to it,' cries Jones, ' and that is to suffer me
 ' to wait on you home.' ' Sure,' answered the lady,
 ' you have a strange opinion of me, to imagine, that
 ' upon such an acquaintance, I would let you into
 ' my doors at this time o'night. I fancy you impute
 ' the friendship I have shewn my cousin, to some
 ' other motive. Confess honestly ; don't you consider
 ' this contrived interview as little better than a down-
 ' right assignation ? Are you used, Mr. Jones, to
 ' make these sudden conquests ?' ' I am not used, Ma-
 ' dam,' said Jones, ' to submit to such sudden con-
 ' quests ; but as you have taken my heart by surprize,
 ' the rest of my body hath a right to follow ; so you
 ' must pardon me if I resolve to attend you wherever
 ' you go.' He accompanied these words with some
 proper actions ; upon which the lady, after a gentle
 rebuke, and saying their familiarity would be observ-
 ed, told him, ' She was going to sup with an ac-
 ' quaintance, whither she hoped he would not follow
 ' her ; for if you should,' said she, ' I shall be
 ' thought an unaccountable creature, though my
 ' friend indeed is not censorious, yet I hope you won't
 ' follow me : I protest I shall not know what to say,
 ' if you do,'

The lady presently after quitted the masquerade,
 and Jones, notwithstanding the severe prohibition he
 had received, presumed to attend her. He was now
 reduced to the same dilemma we have mentioned be-
 fore, namely, the want of a shilling, and could not
 relieve it by borrowing as before. He therefore
 walked boldly on after the chair in which his lady
 rode, pursued by a grand huzza, from all the chair-
 men present, who wisely take the best care they can
 to discountenance all walking a-foot by their betters.
 Luckily, however, the gentry who attend at the Opera-
 house,

house, were too busy to quit their stations; and as the lateness of the hour prevented him from meeting many of their brethren in the street, he proceeded without molestation, in a dress, which, at another season, would have certainly raised a mob at his heels.

The lady was set down in a street, not far from Hanover-square, where the door being presently opened, she was carried in; and the gentleman, without any ceremony, walked in after her.

Jones and his companion were now together in a very well furnished and well-warm'd room, when the female still speaking in her masquerade voice, said, she was surprized at her friend, who must absolutely have forgot her appointment; at which, after venting much resentment, she suddenly express'd some apprehension from Jones, and asked him what the world would think of their having been alone together in a house at that time of night? But instead of a direct answer to so important a question, Jones began to be very importunate with the lady to unmask; and at length having prevailed, there appeared not Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but the lady Bellafton herself.

It would be tedious to give the particular conversation, which consisted of very common and ordinary occurrences, and which lasted from two till six o'clock in the morning. It is sufficient to mention all of it that is any wise material to this history. And this was a promise that the lady would endeavour to find out Sophia, and in a few days bring him to an interview with her, on condition that he would then take his leave of her. When this was thoroughly settled, and a second meeting in the evening appointed at the same place, they separated; the lady returned to her house, and Jones to his lodgings.

C H A P. VIII.

Containing a scene of distress, which will appear very extraordinary to most of our readers.

JONES having refreshed himself with a few hours sleep, summoned Partridge to his presence; and delivering him a Bank-note of fifty pounds, ordered him to go and change it. Partridge received this with sparkling eyes, though when he came to reflect farther, it raised in him some suspicions not very advantageous to the honour of his master; to these the dreadful idea he had of the masquerade, the disguise in which his master had gone out and returned, and his having been abroad all night, contributed. In plain language, the only way he could possibly find to account for the possession of this note was by robbery: and, to confess the truth, the reader, unless he should suspect it was owing to the generosity of lady Bellafton, can hardly imagine any other.

To clear therefore the honour of Mr. Jones, and to do justice to the liberality of the lady, he had really received this present from her, who, though she did not give much into the hackney charities of the age, such as building hospitals, &c. was not, however, entirely void of that christian virtue; and conceived (very rightly I think) that a young fellow of merit, without a shilling in the world, was no improper object of this virtue.

Mr. Jones and Mr. Nightingale had been invited to dine this day with Mrs. Miller. At the appointed hour therefore the two young gentlemen, with the two girls, attended in the parlour, where they waited from three till almost five before the good woman appeared. She had been out of town to visit a relation, of whom, at her return, she gave the following account.

‘ I hope, gentlemen, you will pardon my making you wait; I am sure if you knew the occasion. — I have been to see a cousin of mine, about six miles off, who now lies in. — It should be a warning to all persons (says she, looking at her daughters) how they

they marry indiscreetly. There is no happiness in this world without a competency. O Nancy! how shall I describe the wretched condition in which I found your poor cousin; she hath scarce lain in a week, and there was she, this dreadful weather, in a cold room, without any curtains to her bed, and not a bushel of coals in her house to supply her with fire: her second son, that sweet little fellow, lies ill of a quincy in the same bed with his mother; for there is no other bed in the house. Poor little Tommy! I believe, Nancy, you will never see your favourite any more: for he is really very ill. The rest of the children are in pretty good health; but Molly, I am afraid, will do herself an injury: she is but thirteen years old, Mr. Nightingale, and yet in my life, I never saw a better nurse: she tends both her mother and her brother; and what is wonderful in a creature so young, she shews all the cheerfulness in the world to her mother; and yet I saw her — I saw the poor child, Mr. Nightingale, turn about, and privately wipe the tears from her eyes.' Here Mrs. Miller was prevented, by her own tears, from going on, and there was not, I believe, a person present, who did not accompany her in them; at length she a little recovered herself, and proceeded thus: 'In all this distress the mother supports her spirits in a surprizing manner. The danger of her son sits heaviest upon her, and yet she endeavours as much as possible to conceal even this concern, on her husband's account. Her grief, however, sometimes gets the better of all her endeavours; for she was always extravagantly fond of this boy, and a most sensible, sweet-tempered creature it is. I protest I was never more affected in my life than when I heard the little wretch, who is hardly yet seven years old, while his mother was wetting him with her tears, beg her to be comforted. — Indeed, mamma,' cried the child, 'I shan't die; God Almighty, I'm sure, won't take Tommy away; let heaven be ever so fine a place, I had rather stay here and starve with you and my papa, than go to it. — Pardon me, gentlemen, I can't help it,' (says she, wiping

wiping her eyes) ‘ such sensibility and affection in a
 ‘ child — And yet, perhaps, he is least the object
 ‘ of pity ; for a day or two will, perhaps, place him
 ‘ beyond the reach of all human evils. The father
 ‘ is indeed most worthy of compassion. Poor man,
 ‘ his countenance is the very picture of horror, and he
 ‘ looks rather like one dead than alive. Oh heavens!
 ‘ what a scene did I behold at my first coming into the
 ‘ room ! The good creature was lying behind the bol-
 ‘ ster, supporting at once both his child and his wife.
 ‘ He had nothing on but a thin waistcoat : for his coat
 ‘ was spread over the bed, to supply the want of blan-
 ‘ kets. — When he rose up, at my entrance, I
 ‘ scarce knew him. As comely a man, Mr. Jones,
 ‘ within this fortnight, as you ever beheld ; Mr.
 ‘ Nightingale hath seen him. His eyes sunk, his face
 ‘ pale, with a long beard. His body shivering with
 ‘ cold, and worn with hunger too ; for my cousin says,
 ‘ she can hardly prevail upon him to eat. — He told
 ‘ me himself, in a whisper, he told me — I can’t re-
 ‘ peat it — he said, he could not bear to eat the
 ‘ bread his children wanted. And yet, can you be-
 ‘ lieve it, gentlemen ? In all this misery, his wife has
 ‘ as good cawdle as if she lay in, in the midst of the
 ‘ greatest affluence ; I tasted it, and I scarce ever tasted
 ‘ better — ‘ The means of procuring her this,’ he said,
 ‘ he believed was sent him by an angel from heaven ;
 ‘ I know not what he meant ; for I had not spirits
 ‘ enough to ask a single question.’

‘ This was a love-match, as they call it, on both
 ‘ sides ; that is a match between two beggars. I must
 ‘ indeed say I never saw a fonder couple ; but what is
 ‘ their fondness good for, but to torment each other ?’
 ‘ Indeed, mamma,’ cries Nancy, ‘ I have always
 ‘ looked on my cousin Anderson (for that was her
 ‘ name) as one of the happiest of women.’ ‘ I am
 ‘ sure,’ says Mrs. Miller, ‘ the case at present is much
 ‘ otherwise ; for any one might have discerned that
 ‘ the tender consideration of each others sufferings,
 ‘ makes the most intolerable part of their calamity,
 ‘ both to the husband and the wife. Compared to
 ‘ which, hunger and cold, as they affect their own
 ‘ persons

persons only, are scarce evils. Nay, the very children, the youngest, which is not two years old, excepted, feel in the same manner; for they are a most loving family; and if they had but a bare competency, would be the happiest people in the world. I never saw the least sign of misery at her house,' replied Nancy; 'I am sure my heart bleeds for what you now tell me. — 'O child,' answered the mother, 'she hath always endeavoured to make the best of every thing. They have always been in great distress; but, indeed, this absolute ruin hath been brought upon them by others. The poor man was bail for the villain his brother; and about a week ago, the very day before her lying-in, their goods were all carried away, and sold by an execution. He sent a letter to me of it by one of the bailiffs, which the villain never delivered—What must he think of my suffering a week to pass before he heard of me?'

It was not with dry eyes that Jones heard this narrative; when it was ended, he took Mrs. Miller a-part with him into another room, and delivering her his purse, in which was the sum of 50*l.* desired her to send as much of it as she thought proper to these poor people. The look which Mrs. Miller gave Jones, on this occasion, is not easy to be described. She burst into a kind of agony of transport, and cried out, — 'Good heavens! is there such a man in the world?' — But recollecting herself, she said, Indeed I know one such; but can there be another?' 'I hope, Madam,' cries Jones, 'there are many who have common humanity: for to relieve such distresses in our fellow creatures, can hardly be called more.' Mrs. Miller then took ten guineas, which were the utmost he could prevail with her to accept, and said, 'She would find some means of conveying them early the next morning;' adding, 'that she had herself done some little matter for the poor people, and had not left them in quite so much misery as she found them.'

They then returned to the parlour, where Nightingale expressed much concern at the dreadful situation of these wretches, whom indeed he knew; for he had
seen

seen them more than once, at Mrs. Miller's. He inveighed against the folly of making one's self liable for the debts of others; vented many bitter execrations against the brother; and concluded with wishing something could be done for the unfortunate family. 'Suppose, Madam,' said he, 'you should recommend them to Mr. Allworthy? Or what think you of a collection? I will give them a guinea with all my heart.'

Mrs. Miller made no answer; and Nancy, to whom her mother had whispered the generosity of Jones, turned pale upon the occasion; though if either of them was angry with Nightingale, it was surely without reason. For the liberality of Jones, if he had known it, was not an example which he had any obligation to follow; and there are thousands who would not have contributed a single halfpenny, as indeed he did not in effect, for he made no tender of any thing; and therefore as the others thought proper to make no demand, he kept his money in his pocket.

I have in truth observed, and shall never have a better opportunity than at present to communicate my observation, that the world are in general divided into two opinions concerning charity, which are the very reverse of each other. One party seems to hold, that all acts of this kind are to be esteemed as voluntary gifts, and however little you give (if indeed no more than your good wishes) you acquire a great degree of merit in so doing. — Others, on the contrary, appear to be as firmly persuaded, that beneficence is a positive duty, and that whenever the rich fall greatly short of their ability in relieving the distresses of the poor, their pitiful largesses are so far from being meritorious, that they have only performed their duty by halves, and are in some sense more contemptible than those who have entirely neglected it.

To reconcile these different opinions is not in my power. I shall only add, that the givers are generally of the former sentiment, and the receivers are almost universally inclined to the latter.

C H A P. IX.

Which treats of matters of a very different kind from those in the preceding chapter.

IN the evening Jones met his lady again, and a long conversation again ensued between them; but as it consisted only of the same ordinary occurrences as before, we shall avoid mentioning particulars, which we despair of rendering agreeable to the reader; unless he is one whose devotion to the fair sex, like that of the papists to their saints, wants to be raised by the help of pictures. But I am so far from desiring to exhibit such pictures to the public, that I would wish to draw a curtain over those that have been lately set forth in certain French novels; very bungling copies of which have been presented us here, under the name of translations.

Jones grew still more and more impatient to see Sophia; and finding after repeated interviews with lady Bellaston, no likelihood of obtaining this by her means; (for, on the contrary, the lady began to treat even the mention of the name of Sophia with resentment;) he resolved to try some other method. He made no doubt but that lady Bellaston knew where his angel was, so he thought it most likely, that some of her servants should be acquainted with the same secret. Partridge therefore was employed to get acquainted with those servants, in order to fish this secret out of them.

Few situations can be imagined more uneasy than that to which his poor master was at present reduced; for besides the difficulties he met with in discovering Sophia, besides the fears he had of having disobligeed her, and the assurances he had received from lady Bellaston of the resolution which Sophia had taken against him, and of her having purposely concealed herself from him, which he had sufficient reason to believe might be true, he had still a difficulty to combat, which it was not in the power of his mistress to remove, however kind her inclination might have been. This was the

the exposing of her to be disinherited of all her father's estate, the almost inevitable consequence of their coming together without a consent, which he had no hopes of ever obtaining.

Add to all these the many obligations which lady Bellaston, whose violent fondness we can no longer conceal, had heaped upon him; so that by her means he was now become one of the best dress'd men about town; and was not only relieved from those ridiculous distresses we have before-mentioned, but was actually raised to a state of affluence, beyond what he had ever known.

Now though there are many gentlemen who very well reconcile it to their consciences to possess themselves of the whole fortune of a woman, without making her any kind of return; yet to a mind the proprietor of which doth not deserve to be hang'd, nothing is, I believe, more irksome than to support love with gratitude only; especially where inclination pulls the heart a contrary way. Such was the unhappy case of Jones; for though the virtuous love he bore to Sophia, and which left very little affection for any other woman, had been entirely out of the question, he could never have been able to have made an adequate return to the generous passion of this lady, who had indeed been once an object of desire; but was now entered at least into the autumn of life; though she wore all the gaiety of youth both in her dress and manner; nay, she contrived still to maintain the roses in her cheeks; but these, like flowers forced out of season by art, had none of that lively blooming freshness with which nature, at the proper time, bedecks her own productions. She had, besides, a certain imperfection, which renders some flowers, though very beautiful to the eye, very improper to be placed in a wilderness of sweets, and what above all others is most disagreeable to the breath of love.

Though Jones saw all these discouragements on the one side, he felt his obligations full as strongly on the other; nor did he less plainly discern the ardent passion whence those obligations proceeded, the extreme

tre violence of which if he failed to equal, he well knew the lady would think him ungrateful; and what is worse, he would have thought himself so. He knew the tacit consideration upon which all her favours were conferred; and as his necessity obliged him to accept them, so his honour, he concluded, forced him to pay the price. This therefore he resolved to do, whatever misery it cost him, and to devote himself to her, from that great principle of justice, by which the laws of some countries oblige a debtor who is no otherwise capable of discharging his debt, to become the slave of his creditor.

While he was meditating on these matters, he received the following note from the lady.

'A very foolish, but a very perverse accident, hath happened since our last meeting, which makes it improper I should see you any more at the usual place. I will if possible, contrive some other place by to-morrow. In the mean time, adieu.'

This disappointment, perhaps the reader may conclude was not very great; but if it was, he was quickly relieved; for in less than an hour afterwards, another note was brought him from the same hand, which contained as follows.

'I have altered my mind since I wrote, a change, which if you are no stranger to the tenderest of all passions, you will not wonder at. I am now resolved to see you this evening, at my own house, whatever may be the consequence. Come to me exactly at seven; I dine abroad, but will be at home by that time. A day, I find, to those that sincerely love seems longer than I imagined.'

'If you should accidentally be a few moments before me, bid them shew you into the drawing room.'

To confess the truth, Jones was less pleased with this last epistle, than he had been with the former, as he was
pre-

prevented by it from complying with the earnest entreaties of Mr. Nightingale, with whom he had now contracted much intimacy and friendship. These entreaties were to go with that young gentleman and his company to a new play, which was to be acted that evening, and which a very large party had agreed to damn, from some dislike they had taken to the author, who was a friend to one of Mr. Nightingale's acquaintance. And this sort of fun, our hero, we are ashamed to confess, would willingly have preferred to the above kind appointment; but his honour got the better of his inclination.

Before we attend him to this intended interview with the lady, we think proper to account for both the preceding notes, as the reader may possibly be not a little surprized at the imprudence of lady Bellafton in bringing her lover to the very house where her rival was lodged.

First then, the mistress of the house where these lovers had hitherto met, and who had been for some years a pensioner to that lady, was now become a methodist, and had that very morning waited upon her ladyship, and after rebuking her very severely for her past life, had positively declared, that she would, on no account, be instrumental in carrying on any of her affairs for the future.

The hurry of spirits into which this accident threw the lady, made her despair of possibly finding any other convenience to meet Jones that evening; but as she began a little to recover from her uneasiness at the disappointment, she set her thoughts to work, when luckily it came into her head to propose to Sophia to go to the play, which was immediately consented to, and a proper lady provided for her companion. Mrs. Honour was likewise dispatched with Mrs. Etuff on the same errand of pleasure; and thus her own house was left free for the safe reception of Mr. Jones, with whom she promised herself two or three hours of uninterrupted conversation, after her return from the place where she dined, which was at a friend's house in a pretty distant part of the town, near her old place

of affignation, where ſhe had engaged herſelf
ſhe was well apprized of the revolution that
happened in the mind and morals of her late con-
te.

CHAP. X.

*Chapter which, though ſhort, may draw tears from
ſome eyes.*

R. Jones was juſt dreſſed to wait on lady Bel-
laſton, when Mrs. Miller rapped at his door;
being admitted, very earneſtly deſired his company
to drink tea in the parlour.

On his entrance into the room, ſhe preſently in-
vited a perſon to him ſaying, ' This, Sir, is my cou-
ſin who hath been ſo greatly beholden to your good-
neſs for which he begs to return you his ſincereſt
thanks.'

The man had ſcarce entered upon that ſpeech, which
Mrs. Miller had ſo kindly prefaced, when both Jones
and ſhe looking ſtedfaſtly at each other, ſhewed at once
the moſt tokens of ſurprize. The voice of the lat-
ter began inſtantly to falter; and, inſtead of finiſhing
his ſpeech, he ſunk down into a chair, crying, ' It is
impoſſible I am convinced it is ſo!'

' Tell me, what's the meaning of this,' cries Mrs.
Miller, ' you are not ill, I hope, couſin? Some water,
bring me this inſtant.'

' I am not frightened, Madam,' cries Jones, ' I have
juſt as much need of a dram as your couſin. We
are equally ſurprized at this unexpected meeting.
My couſin is an acquaintance of mine, Mrs. Mil-

ler's acquaintance!' cries the man.—' Oh hea-

ven, an acquaintance,' repeated Jones, ' and an
old acquaintance too. When I do not love and
reſpect the man who dares venture every thing to
ruin his wife and children from inſtant deſtruc-
tion, may I have a friend capable of diſowning me
to-day?'
verſity.'

‘ O you are an excellent young man,’ cries, Mrs. Miller,—‘ yes, indeed, poor creature! he hath ventured every thing; if he had not had one of the best of constitutions, it must have killed him.’

‘ Cousin,’ cries the man, ‘ who had now pretty well recovered himself; this is the angel from heaven whom I meant. This is he to whom before I saw you, I owed the preservation of my Peggy. He it was to whose generosity every comfort, every support which I have procured for her was owing. He is indeed the worthiest, bravest, noblest of all human beings. O cousin, I have obligations to this gentleman of such a nature!’

‘ Mention nothing of obligations,’ cries Jones eagerly, ‘ not a word, I insist upon it, not a word, (meaning, I suppose, that he would not have him betray the affair of the robbery to any person)—‘ If by the trifle you have received from me, I have preserved a whole family, sure pleasure was never bought so cheap.’

‘ O, Sir,’ cries the man, ‘ I wish you could this instant see my house. If any person had ever a right to the pleasure you mention, I am convinced it is yourself. My cousin tells me, she acquainted you with the distress in which she found us. That, Sir, is all greatly removed, and chiefly by your goodness.—My children have now a bed to lie on,——and they have——they have——eternal blessings reward you for it——they have bread to eat. My little boy is recovered; my wife is out of danger, and I am happy. All, all owing to you, Sir, and to my cousin here, one of the best of women. Indeed, Sir, I must see you at my house.—Indeed my wife must see you, and thank you.—My children too must express their gratitude.——Indeed, Sir, they are not without a sense of their obligation; but what is my feeling when I reflect to whom I owe, that they are now capable of expressing their gratitude.——O, Sir! the little hearts which you have warmed had now been cold as ice without your assistance.’——

re Jones attempted to prevent the poor man proceeding; but indeed the over-flowing of his heart would of itself have stopped his words. now Mrs. Miller likewise began to pour forth livings, as well in her own name as in that of her cousin, and concluded with saying, 'the doubt is not but such goodness would meet a glorious reward.'

She answered, 'He had been sufficiently rewarded already. Your cousin's account, Madam,' said he, 'has given me a sensation more pleasing than I have ever known. He must be a wretch who is unmoved in hearing such a story; how transporting then must be the thought of having happily acted a part in this! If there are men who cannot feel the delight of giving happiness to others, I sincerely pity them, they are incapable of tasting what is, in my opinion, a greater honour, a higher interest, and a sweeter pleasure than the ambitious, the avaritious, or the covetous man can ever obtain.'

The hour of appointment being now come, Jones was forced to take a hasty leave, but not before he heartily shaken his friend by the hand, and desired him to return to him again as soon as possible; promising that he would himself take the first opportunity of visiting at his own house. He then stepped into his chair, and proceeded to lady Bellaston's, greatly exulting in the happiness which he had procured to this poor father. nor could he forbear reflecting without horror on the dreadful consequences which must have attended had he listened rather to the voice of strict justice than to that of mercy, when he was attacked on the high road.

Mrs. Miller sung forth the praises of Jones during the whole evening, in which Mr. Anderson, while he was so passionately accompanied her, that he was on the very point of mentioning the circumstances of the robbery. However, he luckily recollected himself and avoided an indiscretion which would have done so much the greater, as he knew Mrs. Miller to be extremely strict and nice in her principles. He was likewise well apprized of the loquacity of this lady;

and yet such was his gratitude, that it had almost got the better both of discretion and shame, and made him publish that which would have defamed his own character, rather than omit any circumstances which might do the fullest honour to his benefactor.

C H A P. XI.

In which the reader will be surprized.

MR. Jones was rather earlier than the time appointed, and earlier than the lady, whose arrival was hindered not only by the distance of the place where she dined, but by some other cross accidents, very vexatious to one in her situation of mind. He was accordingly shewn into the drawing-room, where he had not been many minutes before the door opened, and in came——no other than Sophia herself, who had left the play before the end of the first act; for this, as we have already said, being a new play, at which two large parties met, the one to damn, and the other to applaud, a violent uproar, and an engagement between the two parties had so terrified our heroine, that she was glad to put herself under the protection of a young gentleman, who safely conveyed her to her chair.

As lady Bellafton had acquainted her that she should not be at home till late, Sophia, expecting to find no one in the room, came hastily in, and went directly to a glass which almost fronted her, without once looking towards the upper end of the room, where the statue of Jones now stood motionless.——In this glass it was, after contemplating her own lovely face, that she first discovered the said statue; when instantly turning about, she perceived the reality of the vision: upon which she gave a violent scream, and scarce preserved herself from fainting, till Jones was able to move to her and support her in his arms.

To paint the looks or thoughts of either of these lovers is beyond my power. As their sensations, from their mutual silence, may be judged to have been too big for their own utterance, it cannot be supposed, that

I should be able to express them: and the misfortune is, that few of my readers have been enough in love, to feel by their own hearts what past at this time in theirs.

After a short pause, Jones with faltering accents, said,——‘ I see, Madam, you are surprized’——
 ‘ Surprize!’ answered she; ‘ Oh heavens! Indeed, I am surprized. I almost doubt whether you are the person you seem.’ ‘ Indeed,’ cries he, ‘ my Sophia, pardon me, Madam, for this once calling you so, I am that very wretched Jones, whom fortune, after so many disappointments, hath, at last, kindly conducted to you. Oh! my Sophia, did you know the thousand torments I have suffered in this long, fruitless pursuit.’——‘ Pursuit of whom,’ said Sophia, a little recollecting herself, and assuming a reserved air.——
 ‘ Can you be so cruel to ask that question?’ cries Jones, ‘ Need I say of you?’ ‘ Of me!’ answered Sophia: ‘ Hath Mr. Jones then any such important business with me?’ ‘ To some madam,’ cries Jones, ‘ this might seem an important business,’ (giving her the pocket-book.) ‘ I hope madam you will find it of the same value, as when it was lost.’ Sophia took the pocket-book, and was going to speak, when he interrupted her thus;——‘ Let us not, I beseech you, lose one of these precious moments which fortune hath so kindly sent us.—O my Sophia, I have business of a much superior kind.——Thus, on my knees, let me ask your pardon.’——‘ My pardon, cries she;——Sure, Sir, after what is past, you cannot expect after what I have heard—.’ ‘ I scarce know what I say,’ answered Jones. ‘ By heavens! I scarce wish you should pardon me. O my Sophia, henceforth never cast away a thought on such a wretch as I am. If any remembrance of me should ever intrude to give a moment’s uneasiness to that tender bosom, think of my unworthiness; and let the remembrance of what past at Upton blot me for ever from your mind.’——

Sophia stood trembling all this while. Her face was whiter than snow, and her heart was throbbing through her stays. But at the mention of Upton, a

blush arose in her cheeks, and her eyes, which before she had scarce lifted up, were turned upon Jones with a glance of disdain. He understood this silent reproach, and replied to it thus: ‘ O my Sophia, my only love, you cannot hate or despise me more for what happened there, than I do myself: but yet do me the justice to think, that my heart was never unfaithful to you. That had no share in the folly I was guilty of; it was even then unalterably yours. Though I despaired of possessing you, nay, almost of ever seeing you more, I doated still on your charming idea, and could seriously love no other woman. But if my heart had not been engaged, she, into whose company I accidentally fell at that cursed place, was not an object of serious love. Believe me, my angel, I never have seen her from that day to this; and never intend, or desire, to see her again.’ Sophia, in her heart, was very glad to hear this; but forcing into her face an air of more coldness than she had yet assumed: ‘ Why,’ said she, ‘ Mr. Jones, do you take the trouble to make a defence, where you are not accused? If I thought it worth while to accuse you, I have a charge of an unpardonable nature indeed. What is it, for heaven’s sake?’ answered Jones, trembling and pale, expecting to hear of his amour with lady Bellaston. ‘ Oh,’ said she, ‘ how is it possible! can every thing noble, and every thing base, be lodged together in the same bosom?’ Lady Bellaston, and the ignominious circumstance of having been kept, rose again in his mind, and stopt his mouth from any reply. ‘ Could I have expected,’ proceeded Sophia, ‘ such treatment from you? Nay from any gentleman, from any man of honour? To have my name traduced in public; in inns, among the meanest vulgar! to have any little favours that my unguarded heart may have too lightly betrayed me to grant, boasted of there! nay, even to hear that you had been forced to fly from my love!’

Nothing could equal Jones’s surprize at these words of Sophia; but yet, not being guilty, he was much less embarrassed how to defend himself, than if she had touched that tender string, at which his conscience had

had been alarmed. By some examination he presently found, that her supposing him guilty of so shocking an outrage against his love, and her reputation, was entirely owing to Partridge's talk at the inns, before landlords and servants; for Sophia confessed to him, it was from them that she received her intelligence. He had no very great difficulty to make her believe that he was entirely innocent of an offence so foreign to his character: but she had a great deal to hinder him from going instantly home, and putting Partridge to death, which he more than once swore he would do. This point being cleared up, they soon found themselves so well pleased with each other, that Jones quite forgot he had begun the conversation with conjuring her to give up all thoughts of him; and she was in a temper to have given ear to a petition of a very different nature: for before they were aware, they had both gone so far, that he let fall some words that sounded like a proposal of marriage. To which she replied, 'That, did not her duty to her father forbid her to follow her own inclinations, ruin with him would be more welcome to her, than the most affluent fortune with another man.' At the mention of the word ruin he started, let drop her hand, which he held for some time, and striking his breast with his own, cried out, 'Oh, Sophia, can I then ruin thee?' 'No; by heavens, no! I never will act so base a part. Dearest Sophia, whatever it costs me, I will renounce you; I will give you up: I will tear all such hopes from my heart, as are inconsistent with your real good. My love I will ever retain, but it shall be in silence; it shall be at a distance from you; it shall be in some foreign land; from whence no voice, no sigh of my despair, shall ever reach and disturb your ears. And when I am dead.' — He would have gone on, but was stopt by a flood of tears, which Sophia let fall in his bosom, upon which she leaned, without being able to speak one word. He kissed them off, which, for some moments, she allowed him to do without any resistance; but then recollecting herself, gently with-drew out of his arms; and, to turn the discourse from a subject too tender, and which she

found she could not support, bethought herself to ask him a question she never had time to put to him before, 'How he came into that room?' He began to stammer, and would, in all probability, have raised her suspicions by the answer he was going to give, when, at once, the door opened, and in came lady Bellaston.

Having advanced a few steps, and seeing Jones and Sophia together, she suddenly stopt; when after a pause of a few moments, recollecting herself with admirable presence of mind, she said,—though with sufficient indications of surprize both in voice and countenance—

'I thought Miss Western, you had been at the play?'

Though Sophia had no opportunity of learning of Jones by what means he had discovered her, yet as she had not the least suspicion of the real truth, or that Jones and lady Bellaston were acquainted, so she was very little confounded: and the less, as the lady had, in all their conversations on the subject, entirely taken her side against her father. With very little hesitation, therefore, she went through the whole story of what had happened at the playhouse, and the cause of her hasty return.

The length of this narrative gave lady Bellaston an opportunity of rallying her spirits, and of considering in what manner to act. And as the behaviour of Sophia gave her hopes that Jones had not betrayed her, she put on an air of good-humour, and said, 'I should not have broke in so abruptly upon you, Miss Western, if I had known you had company.'

Lady Bellaston fixed her eyes on Sophia whilst she spoke these words. To which that poor young lady, having her face overspread with blushes and confusion, answered, in a stammering voice, 'I am sure, Madam, I shall always think the honour of your ladyship's company —' 'I hope, at least,' cries lady Bellaston, 'I interrupt no business.' — 'No, Madam,' answered Sophia, 'our business was at an end. Your ladyship may be pleased to remember, I have often mentioned the loss of my pocket book, which this gentleman having very luckily found, was so kind to return it to me with the bill in it.'

Jones

Jones, ever since the arrival of lady Bellaston, had been ready to sink with fear. He sat kicking his heels, playing with his fingers, and looking more like a fool, if it be possible, than a young booby 'squire, when he is first introduced into a polite assembly. He began, however, now to recover himself; and taking a hint from the behaviour of lady Bellaston, who, he saw, did not intend to claim any acquaintance with him, he resolved as entirely to affect the stranger on his part. He said, 'Ever since he had the pocket-book in his possession, he had used great diligence in enquiring out the lady whose name was writ in it; but never till that day could be so fortunate to discover her.'

Sophia had, indeed, mentioned the loss of her pocket-book to lady Bellaston; but as Jones, for some reason or other, had never once hinted to her that it was in his possession, she believed not one syllable of what Sophia now said, and wonderfully admired the extreme quickness of the young lady, in inventing such an excuse. The reason of Sophia's leaving the play-house met with no better credit; and though she could not account for the meeting between these two lovers, she was firmly persuaded it was not accidental.

With an affected smile, therefore, she said — 'Indeed, Miss Western, you have had very good luck in recovering your money. Not only as it fell into the hands of a gentleman of honour, but as he happened to discover to whom it belonged. I think you would not consent to have it advertised.—It was great good fortune, Sir, that you found out to whom the note belonged.'

'O Madam,' cries Jones, 'it was inclosed in a pocket-book, in which the young lady's name was written.'

'That was very fortunate indeed,' cries the lady; — 'And it was no less so, that you heard Miss Western was at my house; for she is very little known.'

Jones had at length perfectly recovered his spirits; and as he had conceived he had now an opportunity of satisfying Sophia, as to the question she had asked him just before lady Bellaston came in, he proceeded thus:

'Why, Madam,' answered he, 'it was by the luckiest chance

‘ chance imaginable I made this discovery. I was mentioning what I had found, and the name of the owner, the other night, to a lady at the masquerade, who told me, she believed she knew where I might see Miss Western ; and if I would come to her house the next morning, she would inform me. I went according to her appointment, but she was not at home ; nor could I ever meet with her till this morning, when she directed me to your ladyship’s house. I came accordingly, and did myself the honour to ask for your ladyship ; and upon my saying that I had very particular business, a servant shewed me into this room ; where I had not been long before the young lady returned from the play.’

Upon his mentioning the masquerade, he looked very slyly at lady Bellafton, without any fear of being remarked by Sophia ; for she was visibly too much confounded to make any observations. This hint a little alarmed the lady, and she was silent ; when Jones, who saw the agitations of Sophia’s mind, resolved to take the only method of relieving her, which was by retiring : but before he did this, he said, ‘ I believe, Madam, it is customary to give some reward on these occasions ; — I must insist on a very high one for my honesty ; — It is, Madam, no less than the honour of being permitted to pay another visit here.’

‘ Sir,’ replied the lady, ‘ I make no doubt that you are a gentleman, and my doors are never shut to people of fashion.’

Jones then, after proper ceremonials, departed, highly to his own satisfaction, and no less to that of Sophia ; who was terribly alarmed lest lady Bellafton should discover what she knew already but too well.

Upon the stairs Jones met his old acquaintance Mrs. Honour, who, notwithstanding all she had said against him, was now so well-bred to behave with great civility. This meeting proved indeed a lucky circumstance, as he communicated to her the house where he lodged, with which Sophia was acquainted.

C H A P. XII.

In which the thirteenth Book is concluded.

TH E elegant lord Shaftsbury somewhere objects to telling too much truth : by which it may be fairly inferred, that, in some cases, to lie, is not only excusable but commendable.

And surely there are no persons who may so properly challenge a right to this commendable deviation from truth, as young women in the affair of love ; for which they may plead precept, education, and above all, the sanction, nay, I may say, the necessity of custom, by which they are restrained, not from submitting to the honest impulses of nature (for that would be a foolish prohibition) but from owning them.

We are not, therefore, ashamed to say, that our heroine now pursued the dictates of the abovementioned right honourable philosopher. As she was perfectly satisfied then, that lady Bellaston was ignorant of the person of Jones, so she determined to keep her in that ignorance, though at the expence of a little fibbing.

Jones had not been long gone, before lady Bellaston cry'd, ' Upon my word, a good pretty young fellow ; I wonder who he is ; for I don't remember ever to have seen his face before.'

' Nor I neither, Madam,' cries Sophia, ' I must say he behaved very handsomely in relation to my note.'

' Yes ; and he is a very handsome fellow,' said the lady ; ' don't you think so ?'

' I did not take much notice of him,' answered Sophia, ' but I thought he seemed rather awkward and ungentle than otherwise.'

' You are extremely right,' cries lady Bellaston ; ' you may see, by his manner, that he hath not kept good company. Nay, notwithstanding his returning your note, and refusing the reward, I almost question whether he is a gentleman. — I have always observed there is a something in persons well-

born, which others can never acquire.—I think I will give orders not to be at home to him.'

'Nay sure, Madam,' answered Sophia, 'one can't suspect after what he hath done;—besides, if your ladyship observed him, there was an elegance in his discourse, a delicacy, a prettiness of expression that, that—'

'I confess,' said lady Bellaston, 'the fellow hath words—And indeed, Sophia, you must forgive me, indeed you must.'

'I forgive your ladyship!' said Sophia.
'Yes indeed you must,' answered she laughing; 'for I had a horrible suspicion when I first came into the room—I vow you must forgive it; but I suspected it was Mr. Jones himself.'

'Did your ladyship, indeed?' cries Sophia, blushing, and affecting a laugh.

'Yes, I vow I did,' answered she, 'I can't imagine what put it into my head: for give the fellow his due, he was genteelly drest; which, I think, dear Sophy, is not commonly the case with your friend.'

'This raillery,' cries Sophia, 'is a little cruel, lady Bellaston, after my promise to your ladyship.'

'Not at all, child,' said the lady!—'It would have been cruel before; but after you promised me never to marry without your father's consent, in which you know is implied your giving up Jones, sure you can bear a little raillery on a passion which was pardonable enough in a young girl in the country, and of which you tell me you have so intirely got the better. What must I think, my dear Sophy, if you cannot bear a little ridicule even on his dress? I shall begin to fear you are very far gone indeed; and almost question whether you have dealt ingenuously with me.'

'Indeed, madam,' cries Sophia, 'your ladyship mistakes me, if you imagine I had any concern on his account.'

'On his account?' answered the lady: 'You must have mistaken me; I went no farther than his dress;—for I would not injure your taste by any other

‘other comparison—I don’t imagine, my dear
‘Sophy, if your Mr. Jones had been such a fellow
‘as this—’

‘I thought,’ says Sophia, ‘your ladyship had al-
‘lowed him to be handsome.’—

‘Whom, pray?’ cried the lady, hastily.

‘Mr. Jones,’ answered Sophia;—and immediately
recollecting herself, ‘Mr. Jones! — no, no; I ask
‘your pardon;—I mean the gentleman who was just
‘now here.’

‘O Sophy! Sophy!’ cries the lady; ‘this Mr.
‘Jones, I am afraid, still runs in your head.’

‘Then upon my honour, Madam,’ said Sophia,
‘Mr. Jones is as intirely indifferent to me, as the
‘gentleman who just now left us.’

‘Upon my honour,’ said lady Bellafton, ‘I believe
‘it. Forgive me, therefore, a little innocent rail-
‘lery; but I promise you I will never mention his
‘name any more.’

And now the two ladies separated, infinitely more
to the delight of Sophia than of lady Bellafton, who
would willingly have tormented her rival a little
longer, had not business of more importance called
her away. As for Sophia, her mind was not per-
fectly easy under this first practice of deceit: upon
which, when she retired to her chamber, she reflected
with the highest uneasiness and conscious shame. Nor
could the peculiar hardship of her situation, and the
necessity of the case, at all reconcile her mind to her
conduct; for the frame of her mind was too dilicate
to bear the thought of having been guilty of a fal-
shood, however qualified by circumstances. Nor did
this thought once suffer her to close her eyes during
the whole succeeding night.

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

BOOK XIV.

Containing two days.

CHAP. I.

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

AS several gentlemen in these times, by the wonderful force of genius only, without the least assistance of learning, perhaps without being well able to read, have made a considerable figure in the republic of letters; the modern critics, I am told, have lately begun to assert, that all kind of learning is intirely useless to a writer; and, indeed, no other than a kind of fetters on the natural sprightliness and activity of the imagination, which is thus weighed down, and prevented from soaring to those high flights which otherwise it would be able to reach.

This doctrine, I am afraid, is, at present, carried much too far: for why should writing differ so much from all other arts? The nimbleness of a dancing-master is not at all prejudiced by being taught to move; nor doth any mechanic, I believe, exercise

his

his tools the worse by having learnt to use them. For my own part, I cannot conceive that Homer or Virgil would have writ with more fire, if, instead of being masters of all the learning of their times, they had been as ignorant as most of the Authors of the present age. Nor do I believe that all the imagination, fire, and judgement of Pitt, could have produced those orations that have made the senate of England in these our times a rival in eloquence of Greece and Rome, if he had not been so well read in the writings of Demosthenes and Cicero, as to have transferred their whole spirit into his speeches, and with their spirit, their knowledge too.

I would not here be understood to insist on the same fund of learning in any of my brethren, as Cicero persuades us is necessary to the composition of an orator. On the contrary, very little reading is, I conceive, necessary to the poet, less to the critic, and the least of all to the politician. For the first, perhaps, Bysshe's Art of Poetry, and a few of our modern poets, may suffice; for the second, a moderate heap of plays; and for the last, an indifferent collection of political journals.

To say the truth, I require no more than that a man should have some little knowledge of the subject on which he treats, according to the old maxim of law, *Quam quisque norit artem in eâ se exerceat*. With this alone a writer may sometimes do tolerably well; and indeed without this, all the other learning in the world will stand him in little stead.

For instance, let us suppose that Homer and Virgil, Aristotle and Cicero, Thucydides and Livy, could have met all together, and have clubbed their several talents to have composed a treatise on the art of dancing; I believe it will be readily agreed they could not have equalled the excellent treatise which Mr. Essex hath given us on that subject, entitled, *The Rudiments of genteel Education*. And, indeed, should the excellent Mr. Broughton be prevailed on to set fist to paper, and to complete the abovesaid rudiments, by delivering down the true principles of Athletics, I question whether the world will have any
cause

cause to lament, that none of the great writers, either antient or modern, have ever treated about that noble and useful art.

To avoid a multiplicity of examples in so plain a case, and to come at once to my point, I am apt to conceive, that one reason why many English writers have totally failed in describing the manners of upper life, may possibly be, that in reality they know nothing of it.

This is a knowledge unhappily not in the power of many Authors to arrive at. Books will give us a very imperfect idea of it; nor will the stage a much better: the fine gentleman formed upon reading the former, will almost always turn out a pedant, and he who forms himself upon the latter, a coxcomb.

Nor are the characters drawn from these models better supported. Vanbrugh and Congreve copied nature; but they who copy them draw as unlike the present age, as Hogarth would do if he was to paint a rout or a drum in the dresses of Titian and of Vandyke. In short, imitation here will not do the business. The picture must be after nature herself. A true knowledge of the world is gained only by conversation, and the manners of every rank must be seen in order to be known.

Now it happens that this higher order of mortals is not to be seen, like all the rest of the human species, for nothing, in the streets, shops, and coffee-houses; nor are they shewn like the upper rank of animals, for so much a-piece. In short, this is a sight to which no persons are admitted, without one or other of these qualifications, viz. either birth or fortune; or what is equivalent to both, the honourable profession of a gamester. And, very unlucky for the world, persons so qualified very seldom care to take upon themselves the bad trade of writing; which is generally entered upon by the lower and poorer sort, as it is a trade which many think requires no kind of stock to set up with.

Hence those strange monsters in lace and embroidery, in silks and brocades, with vast wigs and hoops; which, under the name of lords and ladies, strut the stage,

stage, to the great delight of attorneys and their clerks in the pit, and of the citizens and their apprentices in the galleries; and which are no more to be found in real life, than the centaur, the chimera, or any other creature of mere fiction. But to let my reader into a secret, this knowledge of upper life, though very necessary for preventing mistakes, is no very great resource to a writer, whose province is comedy, or that kind of novels, which, like this I am writing, is of the comic class.

What Mr. Pope says of women is very applicable to most in this station, who are, indeed, so entirely made up of form and affectation, that they have no character at all, at least, none which appears. I will venture to say the highest life is much the dullest, and affords very little humour or entertainment. The various callings in lower spheres produce the great variety of humorous characters; whereas here, except among the few who are engaged in the pursuit of ambition, and the fewer still who have a relish for pleasure, all is vanity and servile imitation. Dressing and cards, eating and drinking, bowing and curtesying, make up the business of their lives.

Some there are, however, of this rank, upon whom passion exercises its tyranny, and hurries them far beyond the bounds which decorum prescribes; of these, the ladies are as much distinguished by their noble intrepidity, and a certain superior contempt of reputation, from the frail ones of meaner degree, as a virtuous woman of quality is, by the elegance and delicacy of her sentiments from the honest wife of a yeoman or shopkeeper. Lady Bellaston was of this intrepid character; but let not my country readers conclude from her, that this is the general conduct of women of fashion, or that we meant to represent them as such. They might as well suppose, that every clergyman was represented by Thwackum, or every soldier by ensign Northerton.

There is not, indeed, a greater error than that which universally prevails among the vulgar, who, borrowing their opinion from some ignorant satyrists, have affixed the character of lewdness to these times. On the contrary,

354 THE HISTORY OF Book XIV.
contrary, I am convinced, there never was less of love intrigue carried on among persons of condition, than now. Our present women have been taught by their mothers to fix their thoughts only on ambition and vanity, and to despise the pleasures of love as unworthy their regard; and being afterwards by the care of such mothers, married without having husbands, they seem pretty well confirmed in the justness of those sentiments; whence they content themselves, for the dull remainder of life, with the pursuit of more innocent, but I am afraid, more childish amusements, the bare mention of which would ill suit with the dignity of this history. In my humble opinion, the true characteristic of the present Beau Monde, is rather folly than vice, and the only epithet which it deserves is that of frivolous.

CHAP. II.

Containing letters and other matters which attend amours.

JONES had not long been at home before he received the following letter.

‘ I was never more surprized than when I found you was gone. When you left the room, I little imagined you intended to have left the house without seeing me again. Your behaviour is all of a piece, and convinces me how much I ought to despise a heart which can doat upon an idiot; though I know not whether I should not admire her cunning more than her simplicity: wonderful both! For though she understood not a word of what passed between us, she yet had the skill, the assurance, the——what shall I call it? to deny to my face, that she knows you, or ever saw you before.—Was this a scheme laid between you, and have you been base enough to betray me?—O how I despise her, you, and all the world, but chiefly myself! for——I dare not write what I should afterwards run mad to read; but remember, I can detest as violently as I have loved.’

Jones

Jones had but little time given him to reflect on this letter, before a second was brought him from the same hand; and this, likewise, we shall set down in the precise words.

‘ When you consider the hurry of spirits in which I must have writ, you cannot be surprized at any expressions in my former note.—Yet, perhaps, on reflection, they were rather too warm. At least, I would, if possible, think all owing to the odious playhouse, and to the impertinence of a fool, which detained me beyond my appointment. How easy is it to think well of those we love?—Perhaps you desire I should think so. I have resolved to see you to-night; so come to me immediately.

‘ P. S. I have ordered to be at home to none but yourself.’

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

‘ P. S. Come immediately.

To the men of intrigue I refer the determination, whether the angry or the tender letter gave the greatest uneasiness to Jones. Certain it is, he had no violent inclination to pay any more visits that evening, unless to one single person. However, he thought his honour engaged, and had not this been motive sufficient, he would not have ventured to blow the temper of lady Bellaston into that flame of which he had reason to think it susceptible, and of which he feared the consequence might be a discovery to Sophia, which he dreaded. After some discontented walks, therefore, about the room, he was preparing to depart, when the lady kindly prevented him, not by another letter, but by her own presence. She entered the room very disordered in her dress, and very discomposed in her looks, and threw herself into a chair, where having recovered

recovered her breath, she said——‘ You see, Sir,
 ‘ when women have gone one length too far, they
 ‘ will stop at none. If any person would have sworn
 ‘ this to me a week ago, I would not have believed
 ‘ it of myself.’ ‘ I hope, Madam,’ said Jones, ‘ my
 ‘ charming lady Bellaston will be as difficult to believe
 ‘ any thing against one who is so sensible of the many
 ‘ obligations she hath conferred upon him.’ ‘ In-
 ‘ deed!’ says she, ‘ sensible of obligations! Did I ex-
 ‘ pect to hear such cold language from Mr. Jones?’
 ‘ Pardon me, my dear angel,’ said he, ‘ if after the
 ‘ letters I have received, the terrors of your anger,
 ‘ though I know not how I have deserved it.’——‘ And
 ‘ have I then,’ says she with a smile, ‘ so angry a
 ‘ countenance?——Have I really brought a chiding
 ‘ face with me?’——‘ If there be honour in man,’ said
 he, ‘ I have done nothing to merit your anger.——You
 ‘ remember the appointment you sent me,——I went
 ‘ in pursuance.’——‘ I beseech you,’ cried she, ‘ do
 ‘ not run through the odious recital.——Answer me
 ‘ but one question, and I shall be easy.——Have you
 ‘ not betrayed my honour to her?’——Jones fell upon
 his knees, and began to utter the most violent protesta-
 tion, when Partridge came dancing and capering into
 the room, like one drunk with joy, crying out, ‘ She’s
 ‘ found, she’s found!——Here, Sir, here, she’s here,
 ‘ ——Mrs. Honour is upon the stairs.’ ‘ Stop her a
 ‘ moment,’ cries Jones,——‘ Here, madam, step be-
 ‘ hind the bed, I have no other room nor closet, nor
 ‘ place on earth to hide you in; sure never was so
 ‘ damn’d an accident.’——‘ D——nd indeed!’ said the
 lady, as she went to her place of concealment; and,
 presently afterwards in came Mrs. Honour. ‘ Hey-
 ‘ day!’ says she, ‘ Mr. Jones, what’s the matter?——
 ‘ That impudent rascal, your servant, would scarce let
 ‘ me come up stairs. I hope he hath not the same rea-
 ‘ son to keep me from you as he had at Upton.——I
 ‘ suppose you hardly expected to see me; but you
 ‘ have certainly bewitched my lady. Poor dear young
 ‘ lady! To be sure, I love her as tenderly as if she
 ‘ was my own sister. Lord have mercy upon you, if you
 ‘ don’t make her a good husband; and to be sure if
 ‘ you

' you do not, nothing can be bad enough for you;'
 Jones begged her only to whisper, ' for that there
 ' was a lady dying in the next room.' ' A lady !'
 cries she ; ' ay, I suppose one of your ladies.—O;
 ' Mr. Jones, there are too many of them in the
 ' world ? I believe we are got into the house of one,
 ' for my lady Bellaſton I darſt to ſay is no bet-
 ' ter than ſhe ſhould be.'—' Huih, huih,' cries
 Jones, ' every word is over-heard in the next room.'
 ' I don't care a farthing,' cries Honour, ' I ſpeaks
 ' no ſcandal of any one ; but to be ſure the ſervants
 ' make no ſcruple of ſaying as how her ladyſhip
 ' meets men at another place—where the houſe goes
 ' under the name of a poor gentlewoman ; but her
 ' ladyſhip pays the rent, and many's the good thing
 ' beſides they ſay, ſhe hath of her.'—Here Jones,
 ' after expreſſing the utmoſt uneaſineſs, offered to ſtop
 ' her mouth,——' Hey-day ! why ſure Mr. Jones you
 ' will let me ſpeak, I ſpeak no ſcandal, for I only
 ' ſays what I heard from others,——and thinks I to
 ' myſelf much good may it do the gentlewoman with
 ' her riches, if ſhe comes by it in ſuch a wicked man-
 ' ner. To be ſure it is better to be poor and honeſt.'
 ' The ſervants are villains,' cries Jones, ' and abuſe their
 ' lady unjuſtly.'—' Ay, to be ſure, ſervants are al-
 ' ways villains, and ſo my lady ſays, and won't hear
 ' a word of it'—' No, I am convinced, ſays Jones,
 ' my Sophia is above liſtning to ſuch baſe ſcandal.'
 ' Nay, I believe, it is no ſcandal neither,' cries Ho-
 ' nour, ' for why ſhould ſhe meet men at another houſe ?
 ' —It can never be for any good : for if ſhe had
 ' a lawful deſign of being courted, as to be ſure any
 ' lady may lawfully give her company to men upon
 ' that account ; why where can be the ſenſe.'—' I
 ' proteſt,' cries Jones, ' I can't hear all this of a la-
 ' dy of ſuch honour, and a relation of Sophia ; be-
 ' ſides, you will diſtract the poor lady in the next
 ' room.——Let me entreat you to walk with me down
 ' ſtairs.'—' Nay, Sir, if you won't let me ſpeak, I
 ' have done.——Here, Sir, is a letter from my young
 ' lady,——what would ſome men give to have this ?
 ' But, Mr. Jones, I think, you are not over and above
 generous,

generous, and yet I have heard some servants say—
 but I am sure, you will do me the justice to own I
 never saw the colour of your money.' Here Jones
 hastily took the letter, and presently after slipped five
 pieces into her hand. He then returned a thousand
 thanks to his dear Sophia in a whisper, and begged
 her to leave him to read her letter; she presently de-
 parted, not without expressing much grateful sense of
 his generosity.

Lady Bellafton, now came from behind the curtain.
 How shall I describe her rage? Her tongue was at
 first incapable of utterance; but streams of fire darted
 from her eyes, and well indeed they might, for her
 heart was all in a flame. And now, as soon as her voice
 found way, instead of expressing any indignation against
 Honour or her own servants, she began to attack poor
 Jones. 'You see,' said she, 'what I have sacrificed to
 you, my reputation, my honour,—gone for ever!
 And what return have I found? Neglected, slighted
 for a country girl, for an idiot.—What neglect, Ma-
 dam, or what slight,' cries Jones, 'have I been gui-
 lty of?'—'Mr. Jones,' said she, 'it is in vain to
 dissemble, if you will make me easy, you must en-
 tirely give her up; and as a proof of your inten-
 tion, shew me the letter.'—'What letter, Madam?'
 said Jones, 'Nay, surely,' said she, 'you cannot have
 the confidence to deny your having received a letter
 by the hands of that trollop.' 'And can your la-
 dyship,' cries he, 'ask of me, what I must part with
 my honour before I grant? Have I acted in such a
 manner by your ladyship? Could I be guilty of be-
 traying this poor innocent girl to you, what security
 could you have, that I should not act the same part
 by yourself? A moment's reflection will, I am sure,
 convince you, that a man with whom the secrets
 of a lady are not safe, must be the most contempti-
 ble of wretches.' 'Very well,' said she, 'I
 need not insist on your becoming this contemptible
 wretch in your own opinion; for the inside of the
 letter could inform me of nothing more than I know
 already. I see the footing you are upon.'—Here
 ensued a long conversation, which the reader, who is
 not

not too curious, will thank me for not inserting at length. It shall suffice therefore to inform him, that Lady Bellaſton grew more and more pacified, and, at length, believed, or affected to believe, his proteſtations, that his meeting with Sophia that evening was merely accidental; and every other matter which the reader already knows, and which as Jones ſet before her in the ſtrongest light, it is plain, that ſhe had in reality, no reaſon to be angry with him.

She was not, however, in her heart, perfectly ſatisfied with his refusal to ſhew her the letter; ſo deaf are we to the cleareſt reaſon, when it argues againſt our prevailing paſſions. She was, indeed, well convinced, that Sophia poſſeſſed the firſt place in Jones's affections; and yet haughty and amorous as this lady was, ſhe ſubmitted, at laſt, to bear the ſecond place; or, to expreſs it more properly in a legal phraſe, was contented with the poſſeſſion of that of which another woman had the reverſion.

It was, at length, agreed, that Jones ſhould, for the future, viſit at the houſe; for that Sophia, her maid, and all the ſervants, would place theſe viſits to the account of Sophia; and that ſhe herſelf would be conſidered as the perſon impoſed upon.

This ſcheme was contrived by the lady, and highly reliſhed by Jones, who was indeed glad to have a proſpect of ſeeing his Sophia at any rate, and the lady herſelf was not a little pleaſed with the impoſition on Sophia, which Jones, ſhe thought, could not poſſibly diſcover to her for his own ſake.

The next day was appointed for the firſt viſit, and then, after proper ceremonials, the lady Bellaſton returned home.

C H A P. III.

Containing various matters.

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

‘ Sir, it is impoſſible to expreſs what I have ſuffered ſince you left this houſe; and as I have reaſon
‘ to

' to think you intend coming here again, I have sent
 ' Honour, though so late at night, as she tells me she
 ' knows your lodgings, to prevent you. I charge
 ' you, by all the regard you have for me, not to think
 ' of visiting here; for it will certainly be discovered;
 ' nay, I almost doubt from some things which have
 ' dropt from her ladyship, that she is not already with-
 ' out some suspicion. Something favourable, perhaps,
 ' may happen; we must wait with patience; but I
 ' once more entreat you, if you have any concern for
 ' my ease, do not think of returning hither.'

This letter administered the same kind of consolation to poor Jones, which Job formerly received from his friends. Besides disappointing all the hopes which he promised to himself from seeing Sophia, he was reduced to an unhappy dilemma, with regard to lady Bellafton; for there are some certain engagements, which, as he well knew, do very difficultly admit of any excuse for the failure; and to go, after the strict prohibition from Sophia, he was not to be forced by any human power. At length, after much deliberation, which during that night supplied the place of sleep, he determined to feign himself sick: for this suggested itself as the only means of failing the appointed visit, without incensing lady Bellafton, which he had more than one reason of desiring to avoid.

The first thing however which he did in the morning was to write an answer to Sophia, which he inclosed in one to Honour. He then dispatched another to lady Bellafton, containing the above-mentioned excuse; and to this he soon received the following answer.

' I am vexed that I cannot see you here this after-
 ' noon, but more concerned for the occasion; take
 ' great care of yourself, and have the best advice, and
 ' I hope their will be no danger.—I am so tormented
 ' all this morning with fools, that I have scarce a mo-
 ' ment's time to write to you. Adieu.

P. S. I will endeavour to call on you this evening
 ' at nine.—Be sure to be alone.'

Mr. Jones now received a visit from Mrs. Miller, who, after some formal introduction, began the following speech. 'I am very sorry, Sir, to wait upon you on such an occasion; but I hope you will consider the ill consequence which it must be to the reputation of my poor girls, if my house should once be talked of as a house of ill fame. I hope you won't think me therefore guilty of impertinence, if I beg you not to bring any more ladies in at that time of night. The clock had struck two before one of them went away.' 'I do assure you, Madam,' said Jones, 'the lady who was here last night, and who staid the latest (for the other only brought me a letter) is a woman of very great fashion, and my near relation.' 'I don't know what fashion she is of,' answered Mrs. Miller, 'but I am sure no woman of virtue, unless a very near relation indeed, would visit a young gentleman at ten at night, and stay four hours in his room with him alone; besides, Sir, the behaviour of her chairmen shews what she was; for they did nothing but make jests all the evening in the entry, and asked Mr. Partridge, in the hearing of my own maid, if Madam intended to stay with his master all night; with a great deal of stuff not proper to be repeated. I have really a great respect for you, Mr. Jones, upon your own account; nay, I have a very high obligation to you for your generosity to my cousin. Indeed I did not know how very good you had been till lately. Little did I imagine to what dreadful courses the poor man's distress had driven him. Little did I think, when you gave me the ten guineas, that you had given them to a highwayman! O heavens! What goodness have you shewn? How you have preserved this family.—The character which Mr. Allworthy hath formerly given me of you, was, I find strictly true.—And indeed if I had no obligation to you, my obligations to him are such, that, on his account, I should shew you the utmost respect in my power.—Nay, believe me, dear Mr. Jones, if my daughters and my own reputation were out of the case, I should, for your own sake, be sorry that so pretty a

‘ young gentleman should converse with these women ;
 ‘ but if you are resolved to do it, I must beg you to
 ‘ take another lodging ; for I do not myself like to
 ‘ have such things carried on under my roof ; but
 ‘ more especially upon the account of my girls, who
 ‘ have little, heaven knows, besides their characters,
 ‘ to recommend them.’ Jones started, and changed
 colour at the name of Allworthy. ‘ Indeed, Mrs.
 ‘ Miller,’ answered he a little warmly, ‘ I do not
 ‘ take this at all kind. I will never bring any slander
 ‘ on your house ; but I must insist on seeing what
 ‘ company I please in my own room ; and if that
 ‘ gives you any offence, I shall, as soon as I am able,
 ‘ look for another lodging.’ ‘ I am sorry we must
 ‘ part then, Sir,’ said she, ‘ but I am convinced Mr.
 ‘ Allworthy himself would never come within my
 ‘ doors, if he had the least suspicion of my
 ‘ keeping an ill house.’—— ‘ Very well, Madam,’
 said Jones.—— ‘ I hope, Sir,’ said she, ‘ you are not
 ‘ angry ; for I would not for the world offend any of
 ‘ Mr. Allworthy’s family. I have not slept a wink all
 ‘ night about this matter.’—— ‘ I am sorry I have
 ‘ disturbed your rest, Madam,’ said Jones, ‘ but I beg
 ‘ you will send Partridge up to me immediately ;’
 which she promised to do, and then with a very low
 courtesy, retired.

As soon as Partridge arrived, Jones fell upon him
 in the most outrageous manner.—— ‘ How often,’
 said he, ‘ am I to suffer for your folly, or rather for
 ‘ my own in keeping you ? Is that tongue of yours
 ‘ resolved upon my destruction ?’—— ‘ What have I
 ‘ done, Sir ?’ answered affrighted Partridge. ‘ Who
 ‘ was it gave you authority to mention the story of
 ‘ the robbery, or that the man you saw here was the
 ‘ person ?’—— ‘ I Sir ?’ cries Partridge. ‘ Now don’t
 ‘ be guilty of a falshood in denying it,’ said Jones.
 —— ‘ If I did mention such a matter,’ answers Par-
 tridge, ‘ I am sure, I thought no harm : for I should
 ‘ not have opened my lips, if it had not been to his
 ‘ own friends and relations, who, I imagined, would
 ‘ have let it go no farther.’ ‘ But I have a much
 ‘ heavier charge against you,’ cries Jones, ‘ than this.
 ‘ How

w darst you, after all the precautions I gave you, mention the name of Mr. Allworthy in this house?' Partridge denied that he ever had, with many oaths. 'w eise,' said Jones, 'should Mrs. Miller be acquainted that there was any connection between him and me? And it is but this moment she told me, respected me on his account.'——'O Lord,' said Partridge, 'I desire only to be heard out; to be sure, never was any thing so unfortunate; but me but out, and you will own how wrongfully have accused me. When Mrs. Honour came in stairs last night, she met me in the entry, and told me when my master had heard from Mr. Allworthy; and to be sure Mrs. Miller heard the very words; and the moment Madam Honour was gone, called me into the parlour to her.' 'Mr. Partridge,' says she, 'what Mr. Allworthy is that the fellow mentioned? Is it the great Mr. Allworthy of Somersetsshire?' 'Upon my word, Madam,' says I, 'I know nothing of the matter.'——'No,' says she, 'your master is not the Mr. Jones I have heard Mr. Allworthy talk of?' 'Upon my word, Madam,' says I, 'I know nothing of the matter.'——'No,' says she, 'turning to her daughter Nancy, she said, 'as sure as ten-pence, this is the very young gentleman, and he agrees exactly with the squire's description.' 'The Lord above knows who it was that told her; for I am the arrantest villain that ever was put upon two legs, if ever it came out of my mouth.——I promise you, Sir, I can keep a secret when I am desired.——Nay, Sir, so far was I from telling her any thing about Mr. Allworthy, that I told her the very direct contrary: for though I did contradict it at that moment, yet, as second thoughts, they say are best; so when I came to consider that some body must have informed her, looks I to myself, I will put an end to the story; so I went back again into the parlour some time afterwards, and says I, upon my word, says I, never, says I, told you that this gentleman was Mr. Jones; that is, says I, that this Mr. Jones was not Mr. Jones, told you a confounded lie: and I

' beg, says I, you will never mention any such mat-
 ' ter, says I; for my master, says I, will think I
 ' must have told you so; and I defy any body in the
 ' house, ever to say, I mentioned any such word. To
 ' be certain, Sir, it is a wonderful thing, and I have
 ' been thinking with myself ever since, how it was
 ' she came to know it; not but I saw an old woman
 ' here t'other day a begging at the door, who looked
 ' as like her we saw in Warwickshire, that caused all
 ' that mischief to us. To be sure it is never good to
 ' pass by an old woman without giving her something,
 ' especially if she looks at you; for all the world
 ' shall never persuade me but that they have a great
 ' power to do mischief, and to be sure I shall never
 ' see an old woman again, but I shall think to my-
 ' self, *Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare Dolorem.*'

The simplicity of Partridge set Jones a laughing,
 and put a final end to his anger, which had indeed
 seldom any long duration in his mind; and instead of
 commenting on his defence, he told him, he intended
 presently to leave those lodgings, and ordered him to
 go and endeavour to get him others.

C H A P. IV.

*Which we hope will be very attentively perused by young
 people of both sexes.*

PARTRIDGE had no sooner left Mr. Jones,
 than Mr. Nightingale, with whom he had now
 contracted a great intimacy, came to him, and after
 a short salutation, said, ' So, Tom, I hear you had
 ' company very late last night. Upon my soul, you
 ' are a happy fellow, who have not been in town
 ' above a fortnight, and can keep chairs waiting at
 ' your door till two in the morning.' He then ran on
 with much common-place raillery of the same kind,
 till Jones at last interrupted him, saying, ' I suppose
 ' you have received all this information from Mrs.
 ' Miller, who hath been up here a little while ago to
 ' give me warning. The good woman is afraid, it
 ' seems, of the reputation of her daughters.' ' O
 ' she is wonderfully nice,' says Nightingale, ' upon
 ' that

hat account; if you remember, she would not let
 Nancy go with us to the masquerade.' 'Nay, up-
 on my honour, I think she's in the right of it,'
 says Jones; 'however, I have taken her at her word,
 and have sent Partridge to look for another lodging.'
 If you will,' says Nightingale, 'we may, I believe,
 be again together; for to tell you a secret, which I
 desire you won't mention in the family, I intend to
 quit the house to-day.'——'What, hath Mrs.
 Miller given you warning too, my friend?' cries
 one. 'No,' answered the other; 'but the rooms
 are not convenient enough.——Besides, I am
 grown weary of this part of the town. I want to
 be nearer the places of diversion; so I am going to
 Pall-mall.'——'And do you intend to make a secret
 of your going away?' said Jones. 'I promise you,'
 answered Nightingale, 'I don't intend to bilk my
 lodgings; but I have a private reason for not taking
 a formal leave.' 'Not so private,' answered Jones;
 'I promise you, I have seen it ever since the second
 day of my coming to the house.——Here will be
 some wet eyes on your departure.—Poor Nancy; I
 pity her, faith!—Indeed, Jack, you have played
 the fool with that girl.——You have given her a
 longing, which I am afraid, nothing will ever cure
 her of.'——Nightingale answered, 'What the devil
 would you have me do? Would you have me marry
 her to cure her?'——'No,' answered Jones, 'I would
 not have had you make love to her, as you have of-
 ten done in my presence. I have been astonished at
 the blindness of her mother in never seeing it.'
 'Pugh, see it!' cries Nightingale, 'What the devil
 should she see?' 'Why see,' said Jones, 'that you
 have made her daughter distractedly in love with
 you. The poor girl cannot conceal it a moment;
 her eyes are never off from you, and she always co-
 lours every time you come into the room. Indeed,
 I pity her heartily; for she seems to be one of the
 best natured and honestest of human creatures.'
 'And so,' answered Nightingale, 'according to your
 doctrine, one must not amuse one's self by any com-
 mon gallantries with women, for fear they should

‘fall in love with us.’ ‘Indeed, Jack,’ said Jones, ‘you wilfully misunderstand me; I do not fancy women are so apt to fall in love; but you have gone far beyond common gallantries.’ — ‘What, do you suppose,’ says Nightingale, ‘that we have been a-bed together?’ ‘No, upon my honour,’ answered Jones, very seriously, ‘I do not suppose so ill of you; nay, I will go farther, I do not imagine you have laid a regular premeditated scheme for the destruction of the quiet of a poor little creature, or have even foreseen the consequence: for I am sure thou art a very good-natured fellow; and such a one can never be guilty of a cruelty of that kind; but at the same time you have pleased your own vanity, without considering that this poor girl was made a sacrifice to it; and while you have had no design but of amusing an idle hour, you have actually given her reason to flatter herself, that you had the most serious designs in her favour. Prithee, Jack, answer me honestly: to what have tended all those elegant and luscious descriptions of happiness arising from violent and mutual fondness; all those warm professions of tenderness, and generous, disinterested love? Did you imagine she would not apply them? Or, speak ingenuously, did not you intend she should?’ ‘Upon my soul, Tom,’ cries Nightingale, ‘I did not think this was in thee. Thou wilt make an admirable parson.—So, I suppose, you would not go to bed to Nancy now, if she would let you?’—‘No,’ cries Jones, ‘may I be d—n’d if I would.’ ‘Tom, Tom,’ answered Nightingale, ‘last night; remember last night.’

‘—When ev’ry eye was clos’d, and the pale moon,
And silent stars shone conscious of the theft.’

‘Looke, Mr. Nightingale,’ said Jones, ‘I am no canting hypocrite, nor do I pretend to the gift of chastity, more than my neighbours. I have been guilty with women, I own it; but am not conscious that I have ever injured any.—Nor would I, to procure pleasure to myself, be knowingly the cause of misery to any human being.’

‘Well,

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

‘ I do, from my heart,’ answered Jones, ‘ of having debauched the girl, but not from having gained her affections.’

‘ If I have,’ said Nightingale, ‘ I am sorry for it; but time and absence will soon wear off such impressions. It is a receipt I must take myself: for to confess the truth to you,—I never liked any girl half so much in my whole life; but I must let you into the whole secret, Tom. My father hath provided a match for me, with a woman I never saw; and she is now coming to town, in order for me to make my addresses to her.’

At these words Jones burst into a loud fit of laughter; when Nightingale cried,—‘ Nay, prithee don’t turn me into ridicule. The devil take me if I am not half mad about this matter! my poor Nancy! Oh Jones, Jones, I wish I had a fortune in my own possession.’

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

‘ I would not,’ answered Nightingale, ‘ undergo the pain of taking leave for ten thousand pound; besides I am convinced, instead of answering any good purpose, it would only serve to inflame my poor Nancy the more. I beg therefore you would not mention a word of it to-day, and in the evening, or to-morrow morning, I intend to depart.’

Jones promised he would not; and said, upon reflection he thought as he had determined and was obliged to leave her, he took the most prudent method. He then told Nightingale, he should be very glad to lodge in the same house with him; and it was accordingly agreed between them, that Nightingale should procure him either the ground floor, or the two pair of stairs; for the young gentleman himself was to occupy that which was between them.

This Nightingale, of whom we shall be presently obliged to say a little more, was in the ordinary transactions of life, a man of strict honour, and what is more rare among young gentlemen of the town, one of strict honesty too; yet in affairs of love he was somewhat loose in his morals; not that he was even here as void of principle as gentlemen sometimes are, and oftener affect to be; but it is certain he had been guilty of some indefensible treachery to women, and had in a certain mystery, called Making Love, practised many deceits, which if he had used in trade, he would have been counted the greatest villain upon earth.

But as the world, I know not well for what reason, agree to see this treachery in a better light, he was so far from being ashamed of his iniquities of this kind, that he gloried in them, and would often boast of his skill in gaining of women, and his triumphs over their hearts, for which he had before this time received some rebukes from Jones, who always express great bitterness against any misbehaviour to the fair part of the species, who, if considered, he said, as they ought to be, in the light of the dearest friends, were to be cultivated, honoured, and caressed with the utmost love and tenderness; but if regarded as enemies, were a conquest of which a man ought rather to be ashamed than to value himself upon it.

CHAP. V.

A short account of the history of Mrs. Miller.

JONES this day eat a pretty good dinner for a sick man, that is to say, the larger half a shoulder of mutton. In the afternoon he received an invitation from Mrs. Miller to drink tea: for that good woman having learnt, either by means of Partridge, or by some other means natural or supernatural, that he had a connection with Mr. Allworthy, could not endure the thoughts of parting with him in an angry manner.

Jones accepted the invitation; and no sooner was the tea-kettle removed, and the girls sent out of the room,

n, than the widow without much preface, began follows: ' Well, there are very surprizing things happen in this world; but certainly it is a wonderful business, that I should have a relation of Mr. Allworthy in my house, and never know any thing of the matter. Alas! Sir, you little imagine what a friend that best of gentlemen hath been to me and mine. Yes, Sir, I am not ashamed to own it; it is owing to his goodness, that I did not long since perish for want, and leave my poor little wretches, two destitute, helpless, friendless orphans, to the care or rather to the cruelty of the world.

You must know, Sir, though I am now reduced to get my living by letting lodgings, I was born and bred a gentlewoman. My father was an officer of the army, and died in a considerable rank: but he lived up to his pay; and as that expired with him, his family, at his death, became beggars. We were three sisters. One of us had the good luck to die soon after of the small-pox: a lady was so kind as to take the second out of charity, as she said, to wait upon her. The mother of this lady had been a servant to my grandmother; and having inherited a vast fortune from her father, which he had got by pawnbroking, was married to a gentleman of great estate and fashion. She used my sister so barbarously, often upbraiding her with her birth and poverty, calling her in derision a gentlewoman, that I believe she at length broke the heart of the poor girl. In short, she likewise died within a twelvemonth after my father. Fortune thought proper to provide better for me, and within a month from his decease I was married to a clergyman, who had been my lover a long time before, and who had been very ill-used by my father on that account: for though my poor father could not give any of us a shilling, yet he bred us up as delicately, considered us, and would have had us consider ourselves, as highly as if we had been the richest heiresses. But my dear husband forgot all this usage, and the moment we were become fatherless, he immediately renewed his addresses to me so warmly, that I, who always liked, and now more

than ever esteemed him, soon complied. Five years did I live in a state of perfect happiness with that best of men, 'till at last—Oh! cruel, cruel fortune, that ever separated us, that deprived me of the kindest of husbands, and my poor girls of the tenderest parent.—O my poor girls! you never knew the blessing which ye lost.—I am ashamed, Mr. Jones of this womanish weakness; but I shall never mention him without tears.—‘I ought rather, Madam,’ said Jones, ‘to be ashamed that I do not accompany you.’—‘Well, Sir,’ continued she, ‘I was now left a second time in a much worse condition than before; besides the terrible affliction I was to encounter, I had now two children to provide for; and was, if possible, more penniless than ever, when that great, that good, that glorious man, Mr. Allworthy, who had some little acquaintance with my husband, accidentally heard of my distress, and immediately writ this letter to me. Here, Sir,—here it is; I put it into my pocket to shew it you. This is the letter, Sir; I must and will read it to you.

“MADAM,

I Heartily condole with you on your late grievous loss, which your own good sense, and the excellent lessons you must have learnt from the worthiest of men, will better enable you to bear, than any advice which I am capable of giving. Nor have I any doubt that you, whom I have heard to be the tenderest of mothers, will suffer any immoderate indulgence of grief to prevent you from discharging your duty to those poor infants, who now alone stand in need of your tenderness.

However, as you must be supposed at present to be incapable of much worldly consideration, you will pardon my having ordered a person to wait on you, and to pay you twenty guineas, which I beg you will accept 'till I have the pleasure of seeing you, and believe me to be Madam, &c.”

“This,

‘ This letter, Sir, I received within a fortnight after the irreparable loss I have mentioned, and within a fortnight afterwards, Mr. Allworthy,—the blessed Mr. Allworthy, came to pay me a visit, when he placed me in the house where you now see me, gave me a large sum of money to furnish it, and settled an annuity of 50*l.* a year upon me, which I have constantly received ever since. Judge then, Mr. Jones, in what regard I must hold a benefactor, to whom I owe the preservation of my life, and of those dear children, for whose sake alone my life is valuable.—Do not, therefore, think me impertinent, Mr. Jones, (since I must esteem one for whom I know Mr. Allworthy hath so much value) if I beg you not to converse with these wicked women. You are a young gentleman, and do not know half their artful wiles. Do not be angry with me, Sir, for what I said upon account of my house; you must be sensible it would be the ruin of my poor dear girls. Besides, Sir, you cannot but be acquainted, that Mr. Allworthy himself would never forgive my conniving at such matters, and particularly with you.’

‘ Upon my word, Madam,’ said Jones, ‘ you need make no farther apology; nor do I in the least take any thing ill you have said: but give me leave, as no one can have more value than myself for Mr. Allworthy, to deliver you from one mistake, which perhaps, would not be altogether for his honour: I do assure you, I am no relation of his.’

‘ Alas! Sir,’ answered she, ‘ I know you are not. I know very well who you are; for Mr. Allworthy hath told me all: but I do assure you, had you been twenty times his son, he could not have expressed more regard for you, than he hath often expressed in my presence. You need not be ashamed, Sir, of what you are; I promise you no good person will esteem you the less on that account. No, Mr. Jones; the words, “dishonourable birth,” are nonsense, as my dear, dear husband used to say, unless the word, “dishonourable” be applied to the parents; for the

‘ children can derive no real dishonour from an act of which they are intirely innocent.’

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

There is a kind of sympathy in honest minds, by means of which they give an easy credit to each other. Mrs. Miller believed all which Jones told her to be true, and expressed much pity and concern for him. She was beginning to comment on the story, but Jones interrupted her: for as the hour of assignation now drew nigh, he began to stipulate for a second interview with the lady that evening, which he promised should be the last at her house; swearing, at the same time, that she was one of great distinction, and that nothing but what was intirely innocent was to pass between them; and I do firmly believe he intended to keep his word.

Mrs. Miller was at length prevailed on, and Jones departed to his chamber, where he sat alone till twelve o’clock, but no lady Bellaston appeared.

As we have said that this lady had a great affection for Jones, and as it must have appeared that she really had so, the reader may perhaps wonder at the first failure of her appointment, as she apprehended him to be confined by sickness, a season when friendship seems most to require such visits. This behaviour therefore, in the lady, may, by some, be condemned as unnatural; but that is not our fault; for our business is only to record truth.

C H A P. VI.

Containing a scene which we doubt not will affect all our readers.

MR. Jones closed not his eyes during all the former part of the night; not owing it to any uneasiness which he conceived at being disappointed by lady Bellaston; nor was Sophia herself, though most of his waking hours were justly to be charged to her account, the present cause of dispelling his slumbers. In fact, poor Jones was one of the best-natured fellows alive, and had all that weakness which is called compassion and which distinguishes this imperfect character from that noble firmness of mind, which rolls a man, as it were, within himself, and, like a polished bowl, enables him to run through the world, without being once stopped by the calamities which happen to others. He could not help, therefore, compassionating the situation of poor Nancy, whose love for Mr. Nightingale seemed to him so apparent that he was astonished at the blindness of her mother, who had more than once the preceding evening, remarked to him the great change in the temper of her daughter, 'who from being,' she said, 'one of the liveliest, merriest girls in the world, was, on a sudden, become all gloom and melancholy.'

Sleep, however, at length got the better of all resistance; and now as if he had already been a deity, as the ancients imagined, and an offended one too, he seemed to enjoy his dear-bought conquest.—To speak simply, and without any metaphor, Mr. Jones slept till eleven the next morning, and would perhaps, have continued in the same quiet situation much longer, had not a violent uproar awakened him.

Partridge was now summoned, who, being asked what was the matter, answered, 'that there was a dreadful hurricane below stairs; that Miss Nancy was in fits; and that the other sister, and the mother, were both crying and lamenting over her.'

Jones expressed much concern at this news, which

Par-

Partridge endeavoured to relieve, by saying with a smile, 'he fancied the young lady was in no danger of death; for that (Susan which was the name of the maid) had given him to understand, it was nothing more than a common affair. In short,' said he, 'Miss Nancy hath had a mind to be as wise as her mother; that's all, she was a little hungry, it seems, and so sat down to dinner before grace was said; and so there is a child coming for the Foundling-Hospital.'—'Prithee leave thy stupid jesting,' cries Jones, 'Is the misery of these poor wretches a subject of mirth? Go immediately to Mrs. Miller, and tell her, I beg leave—Stay, you will make some blunder; I will go myself; for she desired me to breakfast with her.' He then rose, and dressed himself as fast as he could: and while he was dressing, Partridge, notwithstanding many severe rebukes, could not avoid throwing forth certain pieces of brutality, commonly called jests, on this occasion. Jones was no sooner dressed, than he walked down stairs, and knocking at the door, was presently admitted, by the maid, into the outward parlour, which was as empty of company as it was of any apparatus for eating. Mrs. Miller was in the inner room with her daughter, whence the maid presently brought a message to Mr. Jones, 'that her mistress hoped he would excuse the disappointment, but an accident had happened, which made it impossible for her to have the pleasure of his company at breakfast that day; and begged his pardon for not sending him up notice sooner.' Jones desired she would give herself no trouble about any thing so trifling as his disappointment; that he was heartily sorry for the occasion; and that if he could be of any service to her, she might command him.

He had scarce spoke these words, when Mrs. Miller, who heard them all, suddenly threw open the door, and coming out to him, in a flood of tears, said, 'O Mr. Jones, you are certainly one of the best young men alive. I give you a thousand thanks for your kind offer of your service; but, alas! Sir, it is out of your power to preserve my poor girl.—

O my child, my child! she is undone, she is ruined for ever! 'I hope, Madam,' said Jones, 'no villain,'—'O Mr. Jones,' said she, 'that villain who yesterday left my lodgings, hath betrayed my poor girl; hath destroyed her,—I know you are a man of honour. You have a good—a noble heart, Mr. Jones. The actions to which I have been myself a witness, could proceed from no other. I will tell you all; nay, indeed, it is impossible, after what hath happened, to keep it a secret. That Nightingale, that barbarous villain, hath undone my daughter. She is—she is—oh! Mr. Jones, my girl is with child by him; and in that condition he hath deserted her. Here! here, Sir, is his cruel letter: read it Mr. Jones, and tell me if such another monster lives.'

The letter was as follows,

'Dear Nancy,

AS I found it impossible to mention to you what, I am afraid, will, be no less shocking to you, than it is to me, I have taken this method to inform you, that my father insists upon my immediately paying my addresses to a young lady of fortune, whom he hath provided for my—I need not write the detested word. Your own good understanding will make you sensible, how entirely I am obliged to an obedience, by which I shall be for ever excluded from your dear arms. The fondness of your mother may encourage you to trust her with the unhappy consequence of our love, which may be easily kept a secret from the world, and for which I will take care to provide, as I will for you. I wish you may feel less on this account than I have suffered: but summon all your fortitude to your assistance, and forgive and forget the man, whom nothing but the prospect of certain ruin could have forced to write this letter. I bid you to forget me, I mean only as a lover; but the best of friends you shall ever find in

'Your faithful, though unhappy,

'J. N.'

When

When Jones had read this letter, they both stood silent during a minute, looking at each other; at last he began thus: 'I cannot express, Madam, how much I am shocked at what I have read; yet let me beg you, in one particular, to take the writer's advice. Consider the reputation of your daughter,' — 'It is gone, it is lost, Mr. Jones,' cry'd she, 'as well as her innocence. She received the letter in a room full of company, and immediately swooning away upon opening it, the contents were known to every one present. But the loss of her reputation, bad as it is, is not the worst; I shall lose my child; she hath attempted twice to destroy herself already: and though she hath been hitherto prevented, vows she will not out-live it; nor could I myself out-live any accident of that nature.—What then will become of my little Betsy, a helpless infant orphan? And the poor little wretch will, I believe, break her heart at the miseries with which she sees her sister and myself distracted, while she is ignorant of the cause.—O 'tis the most sensible, and best-natured little thing. The barbarous cruel — hath destroyed us all. O my poor children! Is this the reward of all my cares? Is this the fruit of all my prospects? Have I so cheerfully undergone all the labours and duties of a mother? Have I been so tender of their infancy, so careful of their education? Have I been toiling so many years, denying myself even the conveniencies of life, to provide some little sustenance for them, to lose one or both in such a manner?' 'Indeed, Madam,' said Jones, with tears in his eyes, 'I pity you from my soul.' — 'O Mr. Jones,' answered she, 'even you, though I know the goodness of your heart, can have no idea of what I feel. The best, the kindest, and most dutiful of children! O my poor Nancy, the darling of my soul! the delight of my eyes; the pride of my heart: too much, indeed, my pride; for to those foolish, ambitious hopes, arising from her beauty, I owe her ruin. Alas! I saw with pleasure the liking which this young man had for her. I thought it an honourable affection;

and

‘ and flattered my foolish vanity with the thoughts of
‘ seeing her married to one so much her superior.
‘ And a thousand times in my presence, nay, often
‘ in yours, he hath endeavoured to sooth and encour-
‘ age these hopes by the most generous expressions
‘ of disinterested love, which he hath always directed
‘ to my poor girl, and which I, as well as she, be-
‘ lieved to be real. Could I have believed that these
‘ were only snares laid to betray the innocence of my
‘ child, and for the ruin of us all?’ — At these words
little Betsy came running into the room, crying,
‘ Dear Mamma, for heaven’s sake come to my sister;
‘ for she is in another fit, and my cousin can’t hold
‘ her.’ Mrs. Miller immediately obeyed the sum-
mons; but first ordered Betsy to stay with Mr. Jones,
and begged him to entertain her a few minutes,
saying, in the most pathetic voice, ‘ Good heaven!
‘ let me preserve one of my children at least.’

Jones, in compliance with this request, did all he
could to comfort the little girl, though he was, in
reality, himself very highly affected with Mrs. Miller’s
story. He told her, ‘ her sister would be soon very
‘ well again: that by taking on in that manner, she
‘ would not only make her sister worse, but make her
‘ mother ill too.’ ‘ Indeed, Sir,’ says she, ‘ I would
‘ not do any thing to hurt them for the world. I
‘ would burst my heart rather than they should see me
‘ cry. — But my poor sister can’t see me cry. — I
‘ am afraid she will never be able to see me cry any
‘ more. Indeed, I can’t part with her; indeed I
‘ can’t. — And then poor Mamma too, what will be-
‘ come of her? — She says she will die too, and leave
‘ me: but I am resolved I won’t be left behind.’
‘ And are you not afraid to die, my little Betsy?’ said
Jones. ‘ Yes,’ answered she, ‘ I was always afraid to die;
‘ because I must have left my Mamma, and my sister;
‘ but I am not afraid to go any where with those I love.’

Jones was so pleased with this answer, that he
eagerly kissed the child; and soon after Mrs. Miller
returned, saying, ‘ She thanked heaven, Nancy was
‘ now come to herself. And now, Betsy,’ says she,
‘ you may go in; for your sister is better, and longs

to see you.' She then turned to Jones, and began to renew her apologies for having disappointed him of his breakfast.

'I hope, Madam,' said Jones, 'I shall have a more exquisite repast than any you could have provided for me. This, I assure you, will be the case, if I can do any service to this little family of love. But whatever success may attend my endeavours, I am resolved to attempt it. I am very much deceived in Mr. Nightingale, if, notwithstanding what hath happened, he hath not much goodness of heart at the bottom, as well as a very violent affection for your daughter. If this be the case, I think the picture which I shall lay before him, will affect him. Endeavour, Madam, to comfort yourself, and Miss Nancy, as well as you can. I will go instantly in quest of Mr. Nightingale; and I hope to bring you good news.'

Mrs. Miller fell upon her knees, and invoked all the blessings of heaven upon Mr. Jones; to which she afterwards added the most passionate expressions of gratitude. He then departed to find Mr. Nightingale, and the good woman returned to comfort her daughter, who was somewhat cheered at what her mother told her; and both joined in resounding the praises of Mr. Jones.

C H A P. VII.

The interview between Mr. Jones and Mr. Nightingale.

THE good or evil we confer on others, very often, I believe, recoils on ourselves. For as men of a benign disposition enjoy their own acts of beneficence, equally with those to whom they are done, so there are scarce any natures so entirely diabolical, as to be capable of doing injuries, without paying themselves some pangs, for the ruin which they bring on their fellow-creatures.

Mr. Nightingale, at least, was not such a person. On the contrary, Jones found him in his new lodgings, sitting melancholy by the fire, and silently lamenting the unhappy situation in which he had placed poor Nancy.

Nancy. He no sooner saw his friend appear, than he arose hastily to meet him; and after much congratulation said, 'Nothing could be more opportune than this kind visit; for I was never more in the spleen in my life.'

'I am sorry,' answered Jones, 'that I bring news very unlikely to relieve you; nay, what I am convinced must, of all other, shock you the most. However, it is necessary you should know it. Without further preface then, I come to you, Mr. Nightingale, from a worthy family, which you have involved in misery and ruin.' Mr. Nightingale changed colour at these words; but Jones, without regarding it, proceeded, in the liveliest manner, to paint the tragical story, with which the reader was acquainted in the last chapter.

Nightingale never once interrupted the narration, though he discovered violent emotions at many parts of it. But when it was concluded, after fetching a deep sigh, he said, 'What you tell me, my friend, affects me in the tenderest manner. Sure there never was so cursed an accident as the poor girl's betraying my letter. Her reputation might otherwise have been safe, and the affair might have remained a profound secret; and then the girl might have gone off never the worse; for many such things happen in this town: and if the husband should suspect a little, when it is too late, it will be his wiser conduct to conceal his suspicion both from his wife and the world.'

'Indeed, my friend,' answered Jones, 'this could not have been the case with your poor Nancy. You have so entirely gained her affection, that it is the loss of you, and not of her reputation, which afflicts her, and will end in the destruction of her and her family.' 'Nay, for that matter, I promise you,' cries Nightingale, 'she hath my affection so absolutely, that my wife, whoever she is to be, will have very little share in them.' 'And is it possible then,' said Jones, 'you can think of deserting her?' 'Why what can I do?' answered the other. 'Ask Miss Nancy,' replied Jones warmly. 'In the condition

to which you have reduced her, I sincerely think she ought to determine what reparation you shall make her. Her interest alone, and not yours, ought to be your sole consideration. But if you ask me what you shall do? What can you do less, cries Jones, than fulfil the expectations of her family, and her own. Nay, I sincerely tell you, they were mine too, ever since I first saw you together. You will pardon me, if I presume on the friendship you have favoured me with, moved as I am with compassion for those poor creatures. But your own heart will best suggest to you, whether you have never intended, by your conduct, to persuade the mother, as well as the daughter, into an opinion, that you designed honourably: and if so, though there may have been no direct promise of marriage in the case, I will leave to your own good understanding, how far you are bound to proceed.

Nay, I must not only confess what you have hinted, said Nightingale; but, I am afraid, even that very promise you mention I have given. And can you, after owning that, said Jones, hesitate a moment? Consider, my friend, answered the other; I know you are a man of honour, and would advise no one to act contrary to its rules; if there were no other objection, can I, after this publication of her disgrace, think of such an alliance with honour? Undoubtedly, replied Jones, and the very best and truest honour, which is goodness, requires it of you. As you mention a scruple of this kind, you will give me leave to examine it. Can you, with honour, be guilty of having under false pretences, deceived a young woman and her family, and of having, by these means, treacherously robbed her of her innocence? Can you, with honour, be the knowing, the wilful occasion, nay, the artful contriver of the ruin of a human being? Can you, with honour, destroy the fame, the peace, nay, probably, both the life and soul too of this creature? Can honour bear the thought, that this creature is a tender, helpless, defenceless, young woman? A young woman who loves, who doats on you, who dies

es for you; who hath placed the utmost confidence in your promises; and to that confidence hath sacrificed every thing which is dear to her? Can honour support such contemplations as these a moment?

Common sense, indeed,' said Nightingale, 'warrants all you say; but yet you well know the opinion of the world is so contrary to it, that if I was to marry a whore, though my own, I should be ashamed ever shewing my face again'.

Fie upon it, Mr. Nightingale,' said Jones, 'do not call her by so ungenerous a name: when you promised to marry her, she became your wife; and she hath sinned more against prudence than virtue. And what is this world, which you would be ashamed to face, but the vile, the foolish, and the profligate? Forgive me, if I say such a shame must proceed from false modesty, which always attends false honour as its shadow.—But I am well assured there is not a man of real sense and goodness in the world, who would not honour and applaud the action. But admit no other would, would not your own heart, my friend, applaud it? And do not the warm, rapturous sensations, which we feel from the consciousness of an honest, noble, generous, benevolent action, convey more delight to the mind, than the undeserved praise of millions? Set the alternative fairly before your eyes. On the one side, see this poor, unhappy, tender, believing girl, in the arms of her wretched mother, breathing her last. Hear her breaking heart in agonies, sighing out your name; and lamenting, rather than accusing, the cruelty which weighs her down to destruction. Paint to your imagination the circumstances of her fond, despairing parent, driven to madness, or perhaps, to death, by the loss of her lovely daughter. View the poor, helpless, orphan-infant: and when your mind hath dwelt a moment only on such ideas, consider yourself as the cause of all the ruin of this poor, little, worthy, defenceless family. On the other side, consider yourself as relieving them from their temporary sufferings. Think with what joy,

' with what transports, that lovely creature will fly to
 ' your arms. See her blood returning to her pale
 ' cheeks, her fire to her languid eyes, and raptures to
 ' her tortured breast. Consider the exultations of her
 ' mother, the happiness of all. Think of this little
 ' family made, by one act of yours, completely happy.
 ' Think of this alternative, and sure I am mistaken
 ' in my friend, if it requires any long deliberation,
 ' whether he will sink these wretches down for ever,
 ' or, by one generous, noble resolution, raise them
 ' all from the brink of misery and despair to the highest
 ' pitch of human happiness. Add to this but one con-
 ' sideration more; the consideration that it is your
 ' duty so to do—That the misery from which you will
 ' relieve these poor people, is the misery which you
 ' yourself have wilfully brought upon them.'

' O my dear friend,' cries Nightingale, ' I wanted
 ' not your eloquence to rouse me. I pity poor Nancy
 ' from my soul, and would willingly give any thing
 ' in my power, that no familiarities had ever passed
 ' between us. Nay, believe me, I had many struggles
 ' with my passion, before I could prevail with myself
 ' to write that cruel letter, which hath caused all the
 ' misery in that unhappy family. If I had no incli-
 ' nations to consult but my own, I would marry her
 ' to-morrow morning: I would, by heaven; but you
 ' will easily imagine how impossible it would be to
 ' prevail on my father to consent to such a match;
 ' besides, he hath provided another for me; and to-
 ' morrow, by his express command, I am to wait on
 ' the lady.'

' I have not the honour to know your father,' said
 Jones; ' but suppose he could be persuaded, would
 ' you yourself consent to the only means of preserving
 ' these poor people?' ' As eagerly as I would pursue
 ' my happiness,' answered Nightingale; ' for I never
 ' shall find it in any other woman.—O my dear friend,
 ' could you imagine what I have felt within these
 ' twelve hours for my poor girl, I am convinced she
 ' would not engross all your pity. Passion leads me
 ' only to her; and if I had any foolish scruples of ho-
 ' nour, you have fully satisfied them: could my fa-
 ' ther

' ther

‘ther be induced to comply with my desires, nothing
‘ would be wanting to compleat my own happiness, or
‘ that of my Nancy.’

‘ Then I am resolved to undertake it,’ said Jones.
‘ You must not be angry with me, in whatever light
‘ it may be necessary to set this affair, which, you
‘ may depend on it, could not otherwise be long hid
‘ from him: for things of this nature make a quick
‘ progress, when once they get abroad, as this un-
‘ happily hath already. Besides, should any fatal ac-
‘ cident follow, as, upon my soul, I am afraid will,
‘ unless immediately prevented, the public would ring
‘ of your name, in a manner, which if your father
‘ hath common humanity, must offend him. If you
‘ will therefore tell me, where I may find the old gen-
‘ tleman, I will not lose a moment in the business;
‘ which, while I pursue, you cannot do a more gene-
‘ rous action than by paying a visit to the poor girl.
‘ You will find I have not exaggerated in the account I
‘ have given of the wretchedness of the family.’

Nightingale immediately consented to the proposal;
and now having acquainted Jones with his father’s
lodging, and the coffee-house where he would most pro-
bably find him, he hesitated a moment, and then
said, ‘ My dear Tom, you are going to undertake an
‘ impossibility. If you knew my father, you would
‘ never think of obtaining his consent—Stay, there
‘ is one way—suppose you told him I was already
‘ married, it might be easier to reconcile him to the
‘ fact after it was done; and, upon my honour, I am so
‘ affected with what you have said, and I love my
‘ Nancy so passionately, I almost wish it was done, what
‘ ever might be the consequence.’

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

C H A P. VIII.

What passed between Jones and old Mr. Nightingale; with the arrival of a person not yet mentioned in this history.

NOtwithstanding the sentiment of the Roman satirist, which denies the divinity of fortune, and the opinion of Seneca to the same purpose; Cicero, who was, I believe, a wiser man than either of them, expressly holds the contrary; and certain it is, there are some incidents in life so very strange and unaccountable, that it seems to require more than human skill and foresight in producing them.

Of this kind was what now happened to Jones, who found Mr. Nightingale the elder, in so critical a minute, that fortune, if she was really worthy all the worship she received at Rome, could not have contrived such another. In short, the old gentleman and the father of the young lady whom he intended for his son, had been hard at it for many hours; and the latter was just now gone, and had left the former delighted with the thoughts that he had succeeded in a long contention which had been between the two fathers of the future bride and bridegroom; in which both endeavoured to over-reach the other, and, as it not rarely happens in such cases, both had retreated fully satisfied of having obtained the victory.

This gentleman whom Mr. Jones now visited, was what they call a man of the world; that is to say, a man who directs his conduct in this world as one who being fully persuaded there is no other, is resolved to make the most of this. In his early years he had been bred to trade; but having acquired a very good fortune, he had lately declined his business; or, to speak more properly, had changed it from dealing in goods, to dealing only in money, of which he had always a plentiful fund at command, and of which he knew very well how to make a very plentiful advantage, sometimes of the necessities of private men, and sometimes of those of the public. He had indeed conversed so
entirely

entirely with money, that it may be almost doubted, whether he imagined there was any other thing really existing in the world: this, at least, may be certainly averred, that he firmly believed, nothing else to have any real value.

The reader will, I fancy, allow, that fortune could not have culled out a more improper person for Mr. Jones to attack with any probability of success; nor could the whimsical lady have directed this attack at a more unseasonable time.

As money then was always uppermost in this gentleman's thoughts; so the moment he saw a stranger within his doors, it immediately occurred to his imagination, that such stranger was either come to bring him money, or to fetch it from him. And according as one or other of these thoughts prevailed, he conceived a favourable or unfavourable idea of the person who approached him.

Unluckily for Jones, the latter of these was the ascendant at present; for as a young gentleman had visited him the day before, with a bill from his son for a play-debt, he apprehended, at the first sight of Jones, that he was come on such another errand. Jones therefore had no sooner told him, that he was come on his son's account, than the old gentleman, being confirmed in his suspicion, burst forth into an exclamation, 'that he would lose his labour.' 'Is it then possible, Sir,' answered Jones, 'that you can guess my business?' 'If I do guess it,' replied the other, 'I repeat again to you, you will lose your labour. What, I suppose, you are one of those sparks who lead my son into all those scenes of riot and debauchery, which will be his destruction; but I shall pay no more of his bills, I promise you. I expect he will quit all such company for the future. If I had imagined otherwise, I should not have provided a wife for him; for I would be instrumental in the ruin of nobody.' 'How, Sir,' said Jones, 'and was this lady of your providing?' 'Pray, Sir,' answered the old gentleman, 'how comes it to be any concern of your's?'—'Nay, dear Sir,' replied Jones, 'be not offended that I interest myself in what

' regards your son's happiness, for whom I have so
 ' great an honour and value. It was upon that very
 ' account I came to wait upon you. I can't express
 ' the satisfaction you have given me by what you say;
 ' for I do assure you, your son is a person for whom I
 ' have the highest honour.—Nay, Sir, it is not
 ' easy to express the esteem I have for you, who could
 ' be so generous, so good, so kind, so indulgent, to
 ' provide such a match for your son; a woman, who,
 ' I dare swear, will make him one of the happiest
 ' men upon earth.'

There is scarce any thing which so happily intro-
 duces men to our good liking, as having conceived
 some alarm at their first appearance; when once those
 apprehensions begin to vanish, we soon forget the
 fears which they occasioned, and look on ourselves as
 indebted for our present ease, to those very persons
 who at first raised our fears.

Thus it happened to Nightingale, who no sooner
 found that Jones had no demand on him, as he suspect-
 ed, than he began to be pleased with his presence.
 ' Pray, good Sir,' said he, ' be pleased to sit down.
 ' I do not remember to have ever had the pleasure of
 ' seeing you before; but if you are a friend of my
 ' son, and have any thing to say concerning this
 ' young lady, I shall be glad to hear you. As to her
 ' making him happy, it will be his own fault if she
 ' doth not. I have discharged my duty, in taking
 ' care of the main article. She will bring him a for-
 ' tune capable of making any reasonable, prudent,
 ' sober man, happy.' ' Undoubtedly,' cries Jones,
 ' for she is in herself a fortune; so beautiful, so gen-
 ' teel, so sweet-tempered, and so well educated; she
 ' is indeed a most accomplished young lady; sings
 ' admirably well, and hath a most delicate hand at
 ' the harpsichord.' ' I did not know any of these
 ' matters,' answered the old gentleman, ' for I never
 ' saw the lady; but I do not like her the worse for
 ' what you tell me; and I am the better pleased with
 ' her father for not laying any stress on these quali-
 ' fications in our bargain. I shall always think it a
 ' proof of his understanding. A silly fellow would
 ' have

ave brought in these articles as an addition to her fortune; but to give him his due, he never mentioned any such matter; though to be sure they are no disparagements to a woman.' 'I do assure you, sir,' cries Jones, 'she hath them all in the most eminent degree: for my part, I own I was afraid you might have been a little backward, a little less inclined to the match: for your son told me, you had never seen the lady; therefore, I came Sir, in that case, to entreat you, to conjure you, as you value the happiness of your son, not to be averse to this match with a woman who hath not only all the good qualities I have mentioned, but many more.' — 'If that was your business, Sir,' said the old gentleman, 'we are both obliged to you; and you may be perfectly easy; for I give you my word, I was very well satisfied with her fortune.' 'Sir,' answered Jones, 'I honour you every moment more and more. To be so easily satisfied, so very moderate on that account, is a proof of the soundness of your understanding, as well as the nobleness of your mind.' — 'Not so very moderate, young gentleman, not so very moderate,' answered the father. — 'Still more and more noble,' replied Jones, 'and give me leave to add, sensible: for sure it is little less than madness to consider money as the sole foundation of happiness. Such a woman as this with her little, her nothing of a fortune.' — 'I find,' cries the old gentleman, 'you have a pretty just opinion of money, my friend, or else you are better acquainted with the person of the lady, than with her circumstances. Why pray, what fortune do you imagine this lady to have?' — 'What fortune?' cries Jones, 'why too contemptible a one to be named for your son.' 'Well, well, well,' said the other, 'perhaps he might have done better.' — 'That I deny,' said Jones, 'for she is one of the best of women.' 'Ay, ay, but in point of fortune I mean,' — answered the other. — 'And yet, as to that now, how much do you imagine your friend is to have?' — 'How much,' cries Jones, 'how much! — Why, at the utmost, perhaps 200 l.'

‘ Do you mean to banter me, young gentleman ?’ said the father, a little angry. — ‘ No, upon my soul,’ answered Jones, ‘ I am in earnest ; nay, I believe I have gone to the utmost farthing. If I do the lady an injury, I ask her pardon.’ ‘ Indeed you do,’ cries the father. ‘ I am certain she hath fifty times that sum, and she shall produce fifty to that, before I consent that she shall marry my son.’ ‘ Nay,’ said Jones, ‘ it is too late to talk of consent now. — ‘ If she had not fifty farthings, your son is married.’ — ‘ My son married !’ answered the old gentleman, with surprize. ‘ Nay,’ said Jones, ‘ I thought you was unacquainted with it.’ — ‘ My son married to Miss Harris !’ answered he again. — ‘ To Miss Harris !’ said Jones ; ‘ no, Sir, to Miss Nancy Miller, the daughter of Mrs. Miller, at whose house he lodged ; a young lady, who, though her mother is reduced to let lodgings’ — ‘ Are you bantering, or are you in earnest ?’ cries the father, with a most solemn voice. ‘ Indeed, Sir,’ answered Jones, ‘ I scorn the character of a banterer. I came to you in most serious earnest, imagining, as I find true, that your son had never dared acquaint you with a match so much inferior to him in point of fortune, though the reputation of the lady will suffer it no longer to remain a secret.’

While the father stood like one struck suddenly dumb at this news, a gentleman came into the room, and saluted him by the name of brother.

But though these two were in consanguinity so nearly related, they were in their dispositions almost the opposites to each other. The brother who now arrived, had likewise been bred to trade, in which he no sooner saw himself worth 6000 l. than he purchased a small estate with the greatest part of it, and retired into the country ; where he married the daughter of an unbeneficed clergyman ; a young lady, who, though she had neither beauty nor fortune, had recommended herself to his choice, entirely by her good humour, of which she possessed a very large share.

With this woman he had, during twenty-five years, lived a life more resembling the model which certain poets

poets ascribe to the golden age, than any of those patterns which are furnished by the present times. By her he had four children; but none of them arrived at maturity, except only one daughter, whom, in vulgar language, he and his wife had spoiled; that is, had educated with the utmost tenderness and fondness; which she returned to such a degree, that she had actually refused a very extraordinary match with a gentleman a little turned of forty, because she could not bring herself to part with her parents.

The young lady whom Mr. Nightingale had intended for his son, was a near neighbour of his brother, and an acquaintance of his niece; and in reality it was upon the account of his projected match, that he was now come to town; not indeed to forward, but to dissuade his brother from a purpose which he conceived would inevitably ruin his nephew; for he foresaw no other event from a union with Miss Harris, notwithstanding the largeness of her fortune, as neither her person nor mind seemed to him to promise any kind of matrimonial felicity; for she was very tall, very thin, very ugly, very affected, very silly, and very ill-natured.

His brother, therefore, no sooner mentioned the marriage of his nephew with Miss Miller, than he expressed the utmost satisfaction; and when the father had very bitterly reviled his son, and pronounced sentence of beggary upon him, the uncle began in the following manner.

‘ If you was a little cooler, brother, I would ask you whether you love your son for his sake, or for your own. You would answer, I suppose, and so I suppose you think, for his sake; and doubtless it is his happiness which you intended in the marriage you proposed for him.

‘ Now, brother, to prescribe rules of happiness to others, hath always appeared to me very absurd, and to insist on doing this very tyrannical. It is a vulgar error I know; but it is nevertheless an error. And if this be absurd in other things, it is mostly so in the affair of marriage, the happiness of which

‘ depends entirely on the affection which subsists between the parties.

‘ I have therefore always thought it unreasonable in parents to desire to chuse for their children on this occasion; since to force affection is an impossible attempt; nay, so much doth love abhor force, that I know not whether through an unfortunate, but incurable perverseness in our natures, it may not be even impatient of persuasion.

‘ It is, however, true, that though a parent will not, I think, wisely prescribe, he ought to be consulted on this occasion; and in strictness perhaps should at least have a negative voice. My nephew, therefore, I own, in marrying without asking your advice, hath been guilty of a fault. But honestly speaking, brother, have you not a little promoted this fault? Have not your frequent declarations on this subject, given him a moral certainty of your refusal, where there was any deficiency in point of fortune? nay, doth not your present anger arise solely from that deficiency? And if he hath failed in his duty here, did you not as much exceed that authority, when you absolutely bargained with him for a woman without his knowledge, whom you yourself never saw, and whom if you had seen and known as well as I, it must have been madness in you, to have ever thought of bringing her into your family.

‘ Still I own my nephew in a fault; but surely it is not an unpardonable fault. He hath acted, indeed, without your consent, in a matter in which he ought to have asked it; but it is in a matter in which his interest is principally concerned; you yourself must and will acknowledge, that you consulted his interest only; and if he unfortunately differed from you, and hath been mistaken in his notion of happiness, will you, brother, if you love your son, carry him still wider from the point? will you increase the ill consequences of his simple choice? will you endeavour to make an event certain misery to him, which may accidentally prove so? In a word, brother, because he hath put it out of your

power to make his circumstances as affluent as you would, will you distress them as much as you can? By the force of the true catholic faith, St. Antony won upon the fishes. Orpheus and Amphion went a little farther; and by the charms of music, enchanted things merely inanimate. Wonderful both! but neither history nor fable have ever yet ventured to record an instance of any one, who by force of argument and reason hath triumphed over habitual avarice.

Mr. Nightingale, the father, instead of attempting to answer his brother, contented himself with only observing, that they had always differed in their sentiments concerning the education of their children. 'I wish,' said he, 'brother, you would have confined your care to your own daughter, and never have troubled yourself with my son, who hath, I believe, as little profited by your precepts, as by your example.' For young Nightingale was his uncle's godson, and had lived more with him than with his father. So that the uncle had often declared, he loved his nephew almost equally with his own child.

Jones fell into raptures with this good gentleman; and when after much persuasion, they found the father grew still more and more irritated, instead of appeased, Jones conducted the uncle to his nephew at the house of Mrs. Miller.

C H A P. IX.

Containing strange matters.

AT his return to his lodgings, Jones found the situation of affairs greatly altered from what they had been in at his departure. The mother, the two daughters, and young Mr. Nightingale, were now sat down to supper together, when the uncle was, at his own desire, introduced without any ceremony into the company, to all of whom he was well known; for he had several times visited his nephew at that house. The old gentleman immediately walked up to Miss Nancy, saluted and wished her joy, as he did afterwards the nephew and the other sister; and lastly, he paid the proper compliments to his nephew, with the same good humour and courtesy, as if his nephew had married

married his equal or superior in fortune, with all the previous requisites first performed.

Miss Nancy and her supposed husband both turned pale, and looked rather foolish than otherwise upon the occasion; but Mrs. Miller took the first opportunity of withdrawing; and having sent for Jones into the dining-room, she threw herself at his feet, and in a most passionate flood of tears, called him her good angel, the preserver of her poor little family, with many other respectful and endearing appellations, and made him every acknowledgment which the highest benefit can extract from the most grateful heart.

After the first gust of her passion was a little over, which she declared, if she had not vented, would have burnt her, she proceeded to inform Mr. Jones, that all matters were settled between Mr. Nightingale and her daughter, and that they were to be married the next morning: at which Mr. Jones having expressed much pleasure, the poor woman fell again into a fit of joy and thanksgiving, which he at length with difficulty silenced, and prevailed on her to return with him back to the company, whom they found in the same good humour in which they had left them.

This little society now passed two or three very agreeable hours together, in which the uncle, who was a very great lover of his bottle, had so well plyed his nephew, that this latter, though not drunk, began to be somewhat flustered; and now Mr. Nightingale taking the old gentleman with him up stairs into the apartment he had lately occupied, unbosomed himself as follows:

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

‘How, Jack!’ said the old gentleman, ‘and are you really then not married to this young woman?’ ‘No, upon my honour,’ answered Nightingale, ‘I have told you the simple truth.’ ‘My dear boy,’ cries the uncle, kissing him, ‘I am heartily glad to

' hear it. I never was better pleased in my life. If
 ' you had been married I should have assisted you
 ' as much as was in my power, to have made the
 ' best of a bad matter; but there is a great difference
 ' between considering a thing which is already done
 ' and irrecoverable, and that which is yet to do.
 ' Let your reason have fair play, Jack, and you will
 ' see this match in so foolish and preposterous a light,
 ' that there will be no need of any dissuasive argu-
 ' ments.' 'How, Sir?' replies young Nightingale,
 ' is there this difference between having already done
 ' an act, and being in honour engaged to do it?'
 ' Pugh,' said the uncle, 'honour is a creature of the
 ' world's making, and the world hath the power of
 ' a creator over it, and may govern and direct it as
 ' they please. Now you well know how trivial these
 ' breaches of contract are thought; even the grossest
 ' make but the wonder and conversation of a day.
 ' Is there a man who afterwards will be more back-
 ' ward in giving you his sister or daughter? or is
 ' there any sister or daughter who would be more
 ' backward to receive you? Honour is not concerned
 ' in these engagements.' 'Pardon me, dear Sir,'
 ' cries Nightingale, 'I can never think so; and not
 ' only honour, but conscience and humanity are con-
 ' cerned. I am well satisfied, that was I now to dis-
 ' appoint the young creature, her death would be
 ' the consequence, and I should look upon myself as
 ' her murderer; nay, as her murderer by the cruellest
 ' of all methods, by breaking her heart.' 'Break
 ' her heart, indeed? no, no, Jack,' cries the uncle,
 ' the hearts of women are not so soon broke; they
 ' are tough, boy, they are tough.' 'But, Sir,' an-
 ' swered Nightingale, 'my own affections are engaged,
 ' and I never could be happy with any other woman.
 ' How often have I heard you say, that children
 ' should be always suffered to chuse for themselves,
 ' and that you would let my cousin Harriet do so?'
 'Why ay,' replied the old gentleman, 'so I would
 ' have them; but then I would have them chuse
 ' wisely.—Indeed, Jack, you must, and shall leave
 ' this girl.'—'Indeed, uncle,' cries the other, 'I
 ' must

‘ must and will have her.’ ‘ You will, young gentleman?’ said the uncle; ‘ I did not expect such a word from you. I should not wonder if you had used such language to your father, who hath always treated you like a dog, and kept you at the distance which a tyrant preserves over his subjects; but I, who have lived with you upon an equal footing, might surely expect better usage: but I know how to account for it all! it is all owing to your preposterous education, in which I have had too little share. There is my daughter now, whom I have brought up as my friend, never doth any thing without my advice, nor ever refuses to take it when I give it her.’ ‘ You have never yet given her advice in an affair of this kind,’ said Nightingale, ‘ for I am greatly mistaken in my cousin, if she would be very ready to obey even your most positive commands in abandoning her inclinations.’ ‘ Don’t abuse my girl,’ answered the old gentleman with some emotion; ‘ don’t abuse my Harriet. I have brought her up to have no inclinations contrary to my own. By suffering her to do whatever she pleases, I have enured her to a habit of being pleased to do whatever I like.’ ‘ Pardon me, Sir,’ said Nightingale, ‘ I have not the least design to reflect on my cousin, for whom I have the greatest esteem; and indeed I am convinced you will never put her to so severe a trial, or lay such hard commands on her as you would do on me.—But, dear Sir, let us return to the company; for they will begin to be uneasy at our long absence. I must beg one favour of my dear uncle, which is that he would not say any thing to shock the poor girl or her mother.’ ‘ O you need not fear me,’ answered he, ‘ I understand myself too well to affront women; so I will readily grant you that favour; and in return I must expect another of you.’ ‘ There are but few of your commands, Sir,’ said Nightingale, ‘ which I shall not very cheerfully obey.’ ‘ Nay, Sir, I ask nothing,’ said the uncle, ‘ but the honour of your company home to my lodging, that I may reason the case a little more fully with you: for I would, if possible, have

‘ have the satisfaction of preserving my family, notwithstanding the headstrong folly of my brother, who in his own opinion, is the wisest man in the world.’

Nightingale, who well knew his uncle to be as headstrong as father, submitted to attend him home, and then they both returned back into the room, where the old gentleman promised to carry himself with the same decorum which he had before maintained.

C H A P. X.

A short chapter, which concludes the book.

THE long absence of the uncle and nephew had occasioned some disquiet in the minds of all whom they had left behind them; and the more, as during the preceding dialogue, the uncle had more than once elevated his voice, so as to be heard down stairs; which though they could not distinguish what he said, had caused some evil foreboding in Nancy and her mother, and indeed even in Jones himself.

When the good company therefore again assembled, there was a visible alteration in all their faces; and the good humour which at their last meeting universally shone forth in every countenance, was now changed into a much less agreeable aspect. It was a change indeed common enough to the weather in this climate, from sunshine to clouds, from June to December.

This alteration was not however greatly remarked by any present; for as they were all now endeavouring to conceal their own thoughts, and to act a part, they became all too busily engaged in the scene to be spectators of it. Thus neither the uncle nor nephew saw any symptoms of suspicion in the mother or daughter; nor did the mother or daughter remark the over-acted complaisance of the old man, nor the counterfeit satisfaction which grinned in the features of the young one.

Something like this, I believe frequently happens, where the whole attention of two friends being engaged in the part which each is to act, in order to impose on the other, neither sees nor suspects the art
prac-

practised against himself; and thus the thrust of both (to borrow no improper metaphor on the occasion) alike takes place.

From the same reason it is no unusual thing for both parties to be over-reached in a bargain, though the one must be always the greater loser; as was he who sold a blind horse, and received a bad note in payment.

Our company in about half an hour broke up, and the uncle carried off his nephew; but not before the latter had assured Miss Nancy, in a whisper, that he would attend her early in the morning, and fulfil all his engagements.

Jones, who was the least concerned in this scene, saw the most. He did indeed suspect the very fact; for besides observing the great alteration in the behaviour of the uncle, the distance he assumed, and his overstrained civility to Miss Nancy; the carrying off a bridegroom from his bride at that time of night, was so extraordinary a proceeding, that it could be accounted for, only by imagining that young Nightingale had revealed the whole truth, which the apparent openness of his temper, and his being flustered with liquor, made too probable.

While he was reasoning with himself, whether he should acquaint these poor people with his suspicion, the maid of the house informed him, that a gentleman desired to speak to him.——He went immediately out, and taking the candle from the maid, ushered his visitant up stairs, who in the person of Mrs Honour, acquainted him with such dreadful news concerning his Sophia, that he immediately lost all consideration for every other person; and his whole stock of compassion was entirely swallowed up in reflections on his own misery, and on that of his unfortunate angel.

What this dreadful matter was, the reader will be informed, after we have first related the many preceding steps which produced it, and those will be the subject of the following book.







