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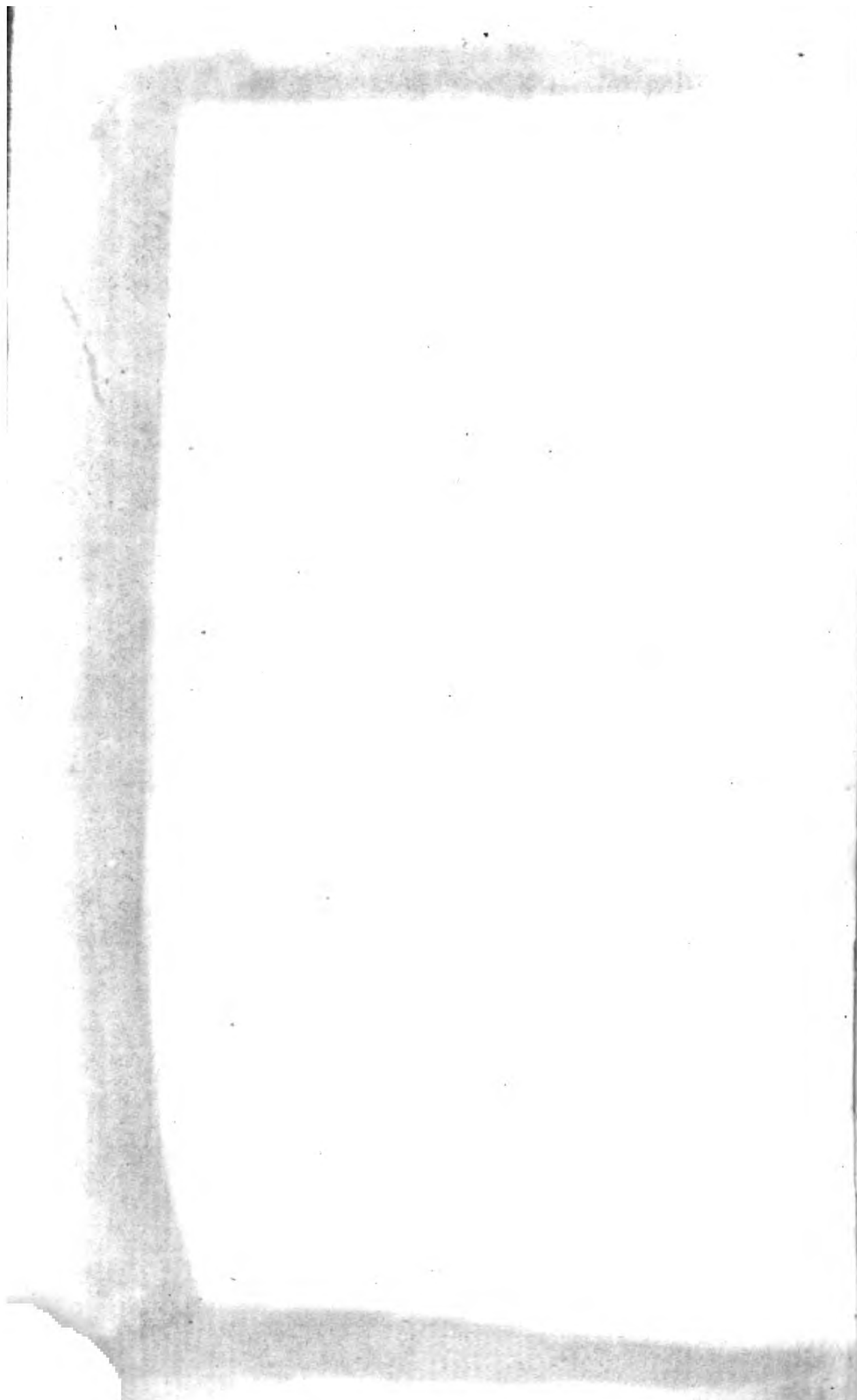
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A M E L I A.

BY

Henry Fielding, Esq;

*Felices ter & amplius
Quos irrupta tenet Copula.*

Γυναικὸς οὐδὲν χρῆμ' ἀνὴρ ληΐζεται
Ἐσθλῆς ἀμεινον, εὐδὲ ῥίγιον κακῆς.

V O L. II.



L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*.

M.DCC.LII.

A M E L I A

BY

Henry Fielding Esq;



LONDON

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A M E L I A .

A M E L I A.

B O O K IV.

C H A P. I.

Containing very mysterious Matter.

MISS *Mathews* did not in the least fall short of Mr. *Booth* in Expressions of Tendernefs. Her Eyes, the most eloquent Orators on such Occasions, exerted their utmost Force; and at the Conclusion of his Speech, *she cast a Look as languishingly sweet*, as ever *Cleopatra* gave to *Anthony*. In real fact, this Mr. *Booth* had been her first Love, and had made those Impressions on her young Heart, which the Learned in this Branch of Philosophy affirm, and perhaps truly, are never to be eradicated.

B

When

When *Booth* had finished his Story, a Silence ensued of some Minutes; an Interval which the Painter would describe much better than the Writer. Some Readers may however be able to make pretty pertinent Conjectures, by what I have said above, especially when they are told that Miss *Matthews* broke the Silence by a Sigh, and cried, ‘ why is Mr. *Booth* unwilling to allow me
‘ the Happiness of thinking my Misfor-
‘ tunes have been of some little Advantage
‘ to him? Sure the happy *Amelia* would
‘ not be so selfish to envy me that Pleasure.
‘ No; not if she was as much the fondest
‘ as she is the happiest of Women. Good
‘ Heavens! Madam,’ said he, ‘ do you
‘ call my poor *Amelia* the happiest of
‘ Women? ‘ Indeed I do,’ answered she
briskly. — ‘ O Mr. *Booth*, there is a Speck
‘ of White in her Fortune, which when it
‘ falls to the Lot of a sensible Woman,
‘ makes her full Amends for all the Crosses
‘ which can attend her—Perhaps she may
‘ be sensible of it; but if it had been my
‘ blest Fate — O Mr. *Booth*, could I have
‘ thought when we were first acquainted,
‘ that the most agreeable Man in the World
‘ had been capable of making the kind,
‘ the tender, the affectionate Husband—
the

‘ the happy *Amelia* in those Days was un-
‘ known ; Heaven had not then given her
‘ a Prospect of the Happiness it intended
‘ her—but yet it did intend it her: For
‘ sure there is a Fatality in the Affairs of
‘ Love ; and the more I reflect on my own
‘ Life, the more I am convinced of it. O
‘ Heavens! how a thousand little Circum-
‘ stances crowd into my Mind. When you
‘ first marched into our Town, you had then
‘ the Colours in your Hand ; as you passed
‘ under the Window where I stood, my
‘ Glove by accident dropt into the Street ;
‘ you stopt, took up my Glove, and put-
‘ ting it upon the Spike belonging to your
‘ Colours, lifted it up to the Window.
‘ Upon this, a young Lady, who stood by,
‘ said, So, Miss, the young Officer hath
‘ accepted your Challenge. I blush’d then,
‘ and I blush now, when I confess to you,
‘ I thought you the prettiest young Fellow
‘ I had ever seen ; and, upon my Soul, I
‘ believe you was then the prettiest Fellow
‘ in the World’ — *Booth* here made a low
Bow, and cried—‘ O dear Madam, how
‘ ignorant was I of my own Happiness!’
‘ Would you really have thought so?’ an-
swered she, ‘ however, there is some Polite-
‘ ness, if there be no Sincerity in what you
‘ say.’ Here the Governor of the en-

chanted Castle interrupted, and entering the Room without any Ceremony, acquainted the Lady and Gentleman, that it was locking-up time; and addressing *Booth*, by the Name of Captain, asked him if he would not please to have a Bed; adding, that he might have one in the next Room to the Lady, but that it would come dear; for that he never let a Bed in that Room under a Guinea, nor could he afford it cheaper to his Father.

No Answer was made to this Proposal; but Miss *Mathews*, who had already learnt some of the Ways of the House, said, she believed Mr. *Booth* would like to drink a Glas of something; upon which, the Governor immediately trumpeted forth the Praises of his Rack-Punch, and without waiting for any farther Commands, presently produced a large Bowl of that Liquor.

The Governor having recommended the Goodness of his Punch by a hearty Draught began to revive the other Matter, saying that he was just going to Bed, and must first lock up.—‘But suppose,’ said Miss *Mathews*, with a Smile, ‘the Captain and
 ‘I should have a Mind to sit up all Night
 —‘With all my Heart, said the Governor;

‘ but I expect a Consideration for those
 ‘ Matters. For my Part, I don’t enquire
 ‘ into what doth not concern me; but
 ‘ single and double are two things. If I
 ‘ lock up double, I expect half a Guinea;
 ‘ and I’m sure the Captain cannot think
 ‘ that’s out of the way—It is but the Price
 ‘ of a Bagnio.’

Miss *Mathews*’s Face became of the Colour of Scarlet at those Words—However, she mustered up her Spirits, and turning to *Booth*, said, ‘ what say you, Captain? for
 ‘ my own Part, I had never less Inclination
 ‘ to Sleep; which hath the greater Charms
 ‘ for you, the Punch or the Pillow? ‘ I
 ‘ hope, Madam,’ answered *Booth*, ‘ you
 ‘ have a better Opinion of me, than to
 ‘ doubt my preferring Miss *Mathews*’s Con-
 ‘ versation to either. I assure you,’ replied
 ‘ she, it is no Compliment to you, to say I
 ‘ prefer yours to Sleep at this Time.’

The Governor then, having received his Fee, departed; and turning the Key, left the Gentleman and the Lady to themselves.

In Imitation of him, we will lock up likewise a Scene which we do not think proper to expose to the Eyes of the Public.

If any over curious Readers should be disappointed on this Occasion, we will recommend such Readers to the Apologies with which certain gay Ladies have lately been pleased to oblige the World, where they will possibly find every thing recorded, that past at this Interval.

But tho' we decline painting the whole Scene, it is not our Intention to conceal from the World the Frailty of Mr. *Booth*, or of his fair Partner, who certainly past that Evening, in a Manner inconsistent with the strict Rules of Virtue and Chastity.

To say the Truth, we are much more concerned for the Behaviour of the Gentleman, than of the Lady, not only for his Sake, but for the Sake of the best Woman in the World, whom we should be sorry to consider as yoked to a Man of no Worth nor Honour.

We desire therefore the good-natured and candid Reader will be pleased to weigh attentively the several unlucky Circumstances which concurred so critically, that Fortune seemed to have used her utmost Endeavours to ensnare poor *Booth's* Constancy. Let the Reader set before his Eyes a fine young
 Woman,

Woman, in a manner a first Love, conferring Obligations, and using every Art to soften, to allure, to win, and to enflame; let him consider the Time and Place; let him remember that Mr. *Booth* was a young Fellow, in the highest Vigour of Life; and lastly, let him add one single Circumstance, that the Parties were alone together; and then if he will not acquit the Defendant, he must be convicted; for I have nothing more to say in his Defence.

C H A P. II.

The latter Part of which we expect will please our Reader better than the former.

A Whole Week did our Lady and Gentleman live in this criminal Conversation, in which the Happiness of the former was much more perfect than that of the latter; for tho' the Charms of Miss *Matthews*, and her excessive Endearments, sometimes lulled every Thought in the sweet Lethargy of Pleasure; yet in the Intervals of his Fits, his Virtue alarmed and roused him, and brought the Image of poor injured *Amelia* to haunt and torment him. In fact, if we regard this World only, it is the Interest of every Man to be either perfectly

fectly good, or completely bad. He had better destroy his Conscience, than gently wound it. The many bitter Reflections which every bad Action costs a Mind in which there are any Remains of Goodness, are not to be compensated by the highest Pleasures which such an Action can produce.

So it happened to Mr. *Booth*. Repentance never failed to follow his Transgressions; and yet so perverse is our Judgment, and so slippery is the Descent of Vice, when once we are entered into it; the same Crime which he now repented of, became a Reason for doing that which was to cause his future Repentance; and he continued to sin on, because he had begun. His Repentance however returned still heavier and heavier, till at last it flung him into a Melancholy, which Miss *Mathews* plainly perceived, and at which she could not avoid expressing some Resentment in obscure Hints, and ironical Compliments on *Amelia's* Superiority to her whole Sex, who could not cloy a gay young Fellow by many Years Possession. She would then repeat the Compliments which others had made to her own Beauty — and could not forbear once crying out: ‘ Upon my Soul! my dear *Billy*, I believe the chief Disadvantage

' vantage on my Side, is in my superior
 ' Fondness; for Love, in the Minds of Men,
 ' hath one Quality at least of a Fever,
 ' which is to prefer Coldness in the Object.
 ' Confess, dear *Will*, is there not something
 ' vastly refreshing in the cool Air of a
 ' Prude' — *Booth* fetched a deep Sigh, and
 begged her never more to mention *Amelia's*
 Name — ' O *Will*,' cries she, ' did that
 ' Request proceed from the Motive I could
 ' wish, I should be the happiest of Wo-
 ' mankind.—You would not sure, Ma-
 ' dam,' said *Booth*, ' desire a Sacrifice,
 ' which I must be a Villain to make to
 ' any? Desire!' answered she, ' are there
 ' any Bounds to the Desires of Love!
 ' Have not I been sacrificed? Hath not
 ' my first Love been torn from my bleed-
 ' ing Heart?—I claim a prior Right—As
 ' for Sacrifices, I can make them too; and
 ' would sacrifice the whole World at the
 ' least Call of my Love.'

Here she delivered a Letter to *Booth*,
 which she had received within an Hour,
 the Contents of which were these:

‘ Dearest Madam,

‘ Those only who truly know what Love
‘ is, can have any Conception of the Hor-
‘ rors I felt at hearing of your Confinement
‘ at my Arrival in Town, which was this
‘ Morning. I immediately sent my Lawyer
‘ to enquire into the Particulars, who brought
‘ me the agreeable News that the Man,
‘ whose Heart’s Blood ought not to be va-
‘ lued at the Rate of a single Hair of yours,
‘ is entirely out of all Danger, and that
‘ you might be admitted to Bail. I pre-
‘ sently ordered him to go with two of my
‘ Tradesmen, who are to be bound in any
‘ Sum for your Appearance, if he should
‘ be mean enough to prosecute you. Tho’
‘ you may expect my Attorney with you
‘ soon, I would not delay sending this, as I
‘ hope the News will be agreeable to you.
‘ My Chariot will attend at the same time to
‘ carry you where-ever you please. You
‘ may easily guess what a Violence I have
‘ done to myself in not waiting on you in
‘ Person; but I who know your Delicacy,
‘ feared it might offend, and that you
‘ might think me ungenerous enough to
‘ hope from your Distresses that Happi-
‘ ness, which I am resolved to owe to your
‘ free Gift alone, when your Good-nature
‘ shall

‘ shall induce you to bestow on me what
 ‘ no Man living can merit. I beg you will
 ‘ pardon all the Contents of this hasty Let-
 ‘ ter, and do me the Honour of believing
 ‘ me,

‘ Dearest Madam,

‘ Your most passionate Admirer,

‘ and most obedient humble Servant,

‘ D A M O N.’

Booth thought he had somewhere before seen the same Hand; but in his present Hurry of Spirits could not recollect whose it was; nor did the Lady give him any Time for Reflection: for he had scarce read the Letter when she produced a little Bit of Paper, and cried out, ‘ here, Sir, here are
 ‘ the Contents which he fears will offend
 ‘ me.’ She then put a Bank-Bill of 100 *l.* into Mr. *Booth*’s Hands, and asked him with a Smile, if he did not think she had Reason to be offended with so much Insolence.

Before *Booth* could return any Answer the Governor arrived and introduced Mr. *Rogers* the Attorney, who acquainted the Lady that he had brought her Discharge from her Confinement, and that a Chariot waited at
 the

the Door to attend her where-ever she pleased.

She received the Discharge from Mr. *Rogers*, and said she was very much obliged to the Gentleman who employed him, but that she would not make use of the Chariot, as she had no Notion of leaving that wretched Place in a triumphant Manner; in which Resolution when the Attorney found her obstinate, he withdrew, as did the Governor with many Bows, and as many Ladyships.

They were no sooner gone, than *Booth* asked the Lady why she would refuse the Chariot of a Gentleman who had behaved with such excessive Respect. She looked earnestly upon him, and cry'd, 'How unkind is that Question! Do you imagine I would go and leave you in such a Situation? Thou knowest but little of *Calista*. Why do you think I would accept this hundred Pound from a Man I dislike, unless that it was to be serviceable to the Man I love? I insist on your taking it as your own, and using whatever you want of it.'

Booth protested in the solemnest Manner, that he would not touch a Shilling of it, saying,

faying, he had already received too many Obligations at her Hands, and more than ever he should be able, he feared, to repay. ‘ How unkind,’ answered she, ‘ is every
 ‘ Word you say ? Why will you mention
 ‘ Obligations ? Love never confers any.
 ‘ It doth every thing for its own sake. I
 ‘ am not therefore obliged to the Man
 ‘ whose Passion makes him generous: for
 ‘ I feel how inconsiderable the whole World
 ‘ would appear to me, if I could throw it
 ‘ after my Heart.’

Much more of this Kind past, she still pressing the Bank-note upon him, and he as absolutely refusing, ’till *Booth* left the Lady to dress herself, and went to walk in the Area of the Prison.

Miss Mathews now applied to the Governor to know by what Means she might procure the Captain his Liberty. The Governor answered, ‘ as he cannot get Bail, it
 ‘ will be a difficult Matter ; and Money to
 ‘ be sure there must be : for People no
 ‘ doubt expect to touch on these Occasions.
 ‘ When Prisoners have not wherewithal
 ‘ as the Law requires to entitle them-
 ‘ selves to Justice, why they must be be-
 ‘ holden to other People, to give them their
 ‘ Liberty ;

‘ Liberty ; and People will not to be sure
 ‘ suffer others to be beholden to them for
 ‘ nothing, whereof there is good Reason :
 ‘ for how should we all live if it was not for
 ‘ these things !—‘ Well, well,’ said she, and
 ‘ how much will it cost.’—‘ How much !’
 answered he, — ‘ How much ! — why, let
 ‘ me see.’ — Here he hesitated some time,
 and then answered, ‘ that for five Guineas he
 ‘ would undertake to procure the Captain
 ‘ his Discharge.’ That being the Sum which
 he computed to remain in the Lady’s Pocket ;
 for as to the Gentleman’s, he had long been
 acquainted with the Emptiness of it.

Miss *Mathews*, to whom Money was as
 Dirt, (indeed she may be thought not to
 have known the Value of it) delivered him
 the Bank-Bill, and bid him get it changed :
 for if the whole, says she, will procure him
 his Liberty, he shall have it this Evening.

‘ The whole, Madam,’ answered the Go-
 vernor, as soon as he had recovered his
 Breath : for it almost forsook him at the
 Sight of the black Word Hundred. ‘ No,
 ‘ no.—There might be People indeed—but
 ‘ I am not one of those. A hundred ! no,
 ‘ nor nothing like it.—As for myself, as I
 ‘ said, I will be content with five Guineas,
 ‘ and

‘ and I am sure that’s little enough. What
‘ other People will expect, I can’t exactly
‘ say. — To be sure his Worship’s Clerk
‘ will expect to touch pretty handsomely ;
‘ as for his Worship himself he never touches
‘ any thing, that is, not to speak of ; but
‘ then the Constable will expect something,
‘ and the Watchmen must have something,
‘ and the Lawyers on both Sides they must
‘ have their Fees for finishing.’ — ‘ Well,’
said she, ‘ I leave all to you. If it costs me
‘ 20 *l.* I will have him discharged this Af-
‘ ternoon. — But you must give his Dis-
‘ charge into my Hands, without letting
‘ the Captain know any thing of the Matter.’

The Governor promised to obey her Com-
mands in every Particular ; nay, he was so
very industrious, that tho’ Dinner was just
then coming upon the Table, at her earnest
Request, he set out immediately on the
Purpose, and went, as he said, in Pursuit
of the Lawyer.

All the other Company assembled at Ta-
ble as usual, where poor *Booth* was the
only Person out of Spirits. This was im-
puted by all present to a wrong Cause ; nay,
Miss Mathews herself either could not, or
would not, suspect that there was any thing
deeper

deeper than the Despair of being speedily discharged, that lay heavy on his Mind.

However, the Mirth of the rest, and a pretty liberal Quantity of Punch, which he swallowed after Dinner (for Miss *Mathews* had ordered a very large Bowl at her own Expence, to entertain the good Company at her Farewell) so far exhilarated his Spirits, that when the young Lady and he retired to their Tea, he had all the Marks of Gayety in his Countenance, and his Eyes sparkled with good Humour.

The Gentleman and Lady had spent about two Hours in Tea and Conversation, when the Governor returned, and privately delivered to the Lady the Discharge for her Friend, and the Sum of eighty-two Pounds five Shillings ; the rest having been, he said, disbursed in the Business, of which he was ready at any Time to render an exact Account.

Miss *Mathews* being again alone with Mr. *Booth*, she put the Discharge into his Hands, desiring him to ask her no Questions; and adding, ‘ I think, Sir, we have neither
‘ of us now any thing more to do at this
‘ Place.’ She then summoned the Governor,

vernor, and ordered a Bill of that Day's Expence, for long Scores were not usua there; and at the same time ordered a Hackney Coach, without having yet determined whither she would go, but fully determined she was wherever she went, to take Mr. *Booth* with her.

The Governor was now approaching with a long Roll of Paper, when a faint Voice was heard to cry out hastily, where is he?— and presently a female Spectre, all pale and breathless, rushed into the Room, and fell into Mr. *Booth's* Arms, where she immediately fainted away.

Booth made a shift to support his lovely Burthen; tho' he was himself in a Condition very little different from hers. Miss *Mathews* likewise, who presently recollected the Face of *Amelia*, was struck motionless with the Surprize; nay, the Governor himself, tho' not easily moved at Sights of Horrour, stood aghast, and neither offered to speak nor stir.

Happily for *Amelia*, the Governess of the Mansions had out of Curiosity followed her into the Room, and was the only useful Person present on this Occasion; she immediately

mediately called for Water, and ran to the Lady's Assistance, fell to loosening her Stays, and performed all the Offices proper at such a Season; which had so good an Effect, that *Amelia* soon recovered the Disorder which the violent Agitation of her Spirits had caused, and found herself alive and awake in her Husband's Arms.

Some tender Careffes, and a soft Whisper or two past privately between *Booth* and his Lady; nor was it without great Difficulty, that poor *Amelia* put some Restraint on her Fondness, in a Place so improper for a tender Interview. She now cast her Eyes round the Room, and fixing them on Miss *Mathews*, who stood like a Statue; she soon recollected her, and addressing her by her Name, said, 'sure, Madam, I cannot be mistaken in those Features; tho' meeting you here might almost make me suspect my Memory.'

Miss *Mathews*'s Face was now all covered with Scarlet. The Reader may easily believe she was on no account pleased with *Amelia*'s Presence; indeed, she expected from her some of those Insults, of which virtuous Women are generally so liberal to a frail Sister;

Sister; but she was mistaken, *Amelia* was not one,

*Who thought the Nation ne'er would thrive,
'Till all the Whores were burnt alive.*

Her Virtue could support itself with its own intrinsic Worth, without borrowing any Assistance from the Vices of other Women; and she considered their natural Infirmities as the Objects of Pity, not of Contempt or Abhorrence.

When *Amelia* therefore perceived the visible Confusion in Miss *Mathews*, she presently called to Remembrance some Stories which she had imperfectly heard; for as she was not naturally attentive to Scandal, and had kept very little Company since her Return to *England*, she was far from being a Mistress of the Lady's whole History. However she had heard enough to impute her Confusion to the right Cause; she advanced to her, and told her she was extremely sorry to meet her in such a Place, but hoped that no very great Misfortune was the Occasion of it.

Miss *Mathews* began, by degrees, to recover her Spirits. She answered with a reserved

served Air, ' I am much obliged to you,
 ' Madam, for your Concern ; we are all
 ' liable to Misfortunes in this World. In-
 ' deed I know not why I should be much
 ' ashamed of being in any Place where I
 ' am in such good Company.'

Here *Booth* interposed. He had before
 acquainted *Amelia* in a Whisper, that his
 Confinement was at an end. ' The unfor-
 ' tunate Accident, my Dear,' said he,
 ' which brought this young Lady to this
 ' melancholy Place, is entirely determined ;
 ' and she is now as absolutely at her Liberty
 ' as myself.'

Amelia imputing the extreme Coldness
 and Reserve of the Lady to the Cause al-
 ready mentioned, advanced still more and
 more in proportion as she drew back ; till
 the Governor, who had withdrawn some
 time, returned, and acquainted Miss *Ma-*
thews that her Coach was at the Door ;
 upon which the Company soon separated.
Amelia and *Booth* went together in *Amelia's*
 Coach, and poor Miss *Mathews* was obliged
 to retire alone, after having satisfied the
 Demands of the Governor, which in one
 Day only had amounted to a pretty confi-
 derable Sum : for he with great Dexterity
 pro-

proportioned his Bills to the Abilities of his Guests.

It may seem perhaps wonderful to some Readers, that Miss *Mathews* should have maintained that cold Reserve towards *Amelia*, so as barely to keep within the Rules of Civility, instead of embracing an Opportunity which seemed to offer, of gaining some Degree of Intimacy with a Wife, whose Husband she was so fond of; but besides that her Spirits were entirely disconcerted by so sudden and unexpected a Disappointment; and besides the extreme Horrors which she conceived at the Presence of her Rival, there is, I believe, something so outrageously suspicious in the Nature of all Vice, especially when joined with any great Degree of Pride, that the Eyes of those whom we imagine privy to our Failings, are intolerable to us, and we are apt to aggravate their Opinions to our Disadvantage far beyond the Reality.

C H A P.

C H A P. III.

*Containing wise Observations of the Author,
and other Matters.*

TH E R E is nothing more difficult than to lay down any fixed and certain Rules for Happiness ; or indeed to judge with any Precision of the Happiness of others, from the Knowledge of external Circumstances. There is sometimes a little Speck of Black in the brightest and gayest Colours of Fortune, which contaminates and deadens the whole. On the contrary, when all without looks dark and dismal, there is often a secret Ray of Light within the Mind, which turns every thing to real Joy and Gladness.

I have in the Course of my Life seen many Occasions to make this Observation ; and Mr. *Booth* was at present a very pregnant Instance of its Truth. He was just delivered from a Prison, and in the Possession of his beloved Wife and Children ; and (which might be imagined greatly to augment his Joy) Fortune had done all this for him within an Hour, without giving him the least Warning or reasonable Expectation

tation of this strange Reverse in his Circumstances; and yet it is certain, that there were very few Men in the World, more seriously miserable than he was at this Instant. A deep Melancholy seized his Mind, and cold damp Sweats over-spread his Person, so that he was scarce animated; and poor *Amelia*, instead of a fond warm Husband, bestowed her Careffes on a dull lifeless Lump of Clay. He endeavoured however at first, as much as possible, to conceal what he felt, and attempted what is the hardest of all Tasks, to act the Part of a happy Man; but he found no Supply of Spirits to carry on this Deceit, and would have probably sunk under his Attempt, had not poor *Amelia's* Simplicity helped him to another Fallacy, in which he had much better Success.

This worthy Woman very plainly perceived the Disorder in her Husband's Mind; and having no Doubt of the Cause of it, especially when she saw the Tears stand in his Eyes at the Sight of his Children, threw her Arms round his Neck, and embracing him with rapturous Fondness, cried out, ' my dear *Billy*, let nothing make you uneasy. Heaven will, I doubt not, provide for us and these poor Babes. Great For-

‘ tunes are not necessary to Happiness.
 ‘ For my own Part, I can level my Mind
 ‘ with any State; and for those poor little
 ‘ Things, whatever Condition of Life we
 ‘ breed them to, that will be sufficient to
 ‘ maintain them in. How many Thou-
 ‘ sands abound in Affluence, whose For-
 ‘ tunes are much lower than ours! for it is
 ‘ not from Nature, but from Education
 ‘ and Habit, that our Wants are chiefly
 ‘ derived. Make yourself easy therefore,
 ‘ my dear Love; for you have a Wife
 ‘ who will think herself happy with you,
 ‘ and endeavour to make you so in any
 ‘ Situation. Fear nothing, *Billy*, Industry
 ‘ will always provide us a wholesome Meal;
 ‘ and I will take care, that Neatness and
 ‘ Cheerfulness shall make it a pleasant one.’

Booth presently took the Cue, which
 she had given him. He fixed his Eyes on
 her for a Minute, with great Earnestness
 and inexpressible Tenderness; and then
 cried, ‘ O my *Amelia*, how much are you
 ‘ my Superior in every Perfection! How
 ‘ wise, how great, how noble are your
 ‘ Sentiments! Why can I not imitate what
 ‘ I so much admire? Why can I not look
 ‘ with your Constancy, on those dear little
 ‘ Pledges of our Loves. All my Philoso-
 ‘ phy

‘ phy is baffled with the Thought, that my
‘ *Amelia*’s Children are to struggle with a
‘ cruel hard unfeeling World, and to buf-
‘ fet those Waves of Fortune, which have
‘ overwhelmed their Father — Here I own
‘ I want your Firmness, and am not with-
‘ out an Excuse for wanting it ; for am I
‘ not the cruel Cause of all your Wretched-
‘ ness ? Have I not stept between you and
‘ Fortune, and been the cursed Obstacle to
‘ all your Greatness and Happiness.’

‘ Say not so, my Love, answered she.
‘ Great I might have been, but never happy
‘ with any other Man. Indeed, dear *Billy*,
‘ I laugh at the Fears you formerly raised
‘ in me ; what seemed so terrible at a Di-
‘ stance, now it approaches nearer, appears
‘ to have been a mere Bugbear — and let
‘ this comfort you, that I look on myself
‘ at this Day as the happiest of Women ;
‘ nor have I done any thing which I do not
‘ rejoice in, and would, if I had the Gift
‘ of Prescience, do again.’

Booth was so overcome with this Beha-
viour, that he had no Words to answer.
To say the Truth, it was difficult to find
any worthy of the Occasion. He threw
himself prostrate at her Feet, whence poor

Amelia was forced to use all her Strength as well as Entreaties to raise, and place him in his Chair.

Such is ever the Fortitude of perfect Innocence, and such the Depression of Guilt in Minds not utterly abandoned. *Booth* was naturally of a sanguine Temper; nor would any such Apprehensions as he mentioned have been sufficient to have restrained his Joy, at meeting with his *Amelia*. In fact, a Reflection on the Injury he had done her was the sole Cause of his Grief. This it was that enervated his Heart, and threw him into Agonies, which all that Profusion of heroic Tenderness that the most excellent of Women intended for his Comfort, served only to heighten and aggravate; as the more she rose in his Admiration, the more she quickened his Sense of his own Unworthiness.

After a disagreeable Evening, the first of that Kind that he had ever past with his *Amelia*, in which he had the utmost Difficulty to force a little Cheerfulness, and in which her Spirits were at length over-powered by discerning the Oppression on his, they retired to Rest, or rather to Misery, which need not be described.

The

The next Morning at Breakfast, *Booth* began to recover a little from his Melancholy, and to taste the Company of his Children. He now first thought of enquiring of *Amelia*, by what Means she had discovered the Place of his Confinement. *Amelia*, after gently rebuking him for not having himself acquainted her with it, informed him, that it was known all over the Country, and that she had traced the Original of it to her Sister; who had spread the News with a malicious Joy, and added a Circumstance, which would have frightened her to Death, had not her Knowledge of him made her give little Credit to it, which was, that he was committed for Murder. But tho' she had discredited this Part, she said, the not hearing from him during several successive Posts made her too apprehensive of the rest. That she got a Conveyance therefore for herself and Children to *Salisbury*; from whence the Stage-Coach had brought them to Town, and having deposited the Children at his Lodging, of which he had sent her an Account on his first Arrival in Town, she took a Hack, and came directly to the Prison where she heard he was, and where she found him.

Booth excused himself, and with Truth as to his not having writ: For in fact, he had writ twice from the Prison, tho' he had mentioned nothing of his Confinement; but as he sent away his Letters after Nine at Night, the Fellow, to whom they were entrusted, had burnt them both for the Sake of putting the two Pence in his own Pocket, or rather in the Pocket of the Keeper of the next Gin-Shop.

As to the Account which *Amelia* gave him, it served rather to raise than to satisfy his Curiosity. He began to suspect, that some Person had seen both him and Miss *Mathews* together in the Prison, and had confounded her Case with his; and this the Circumstance of Murder made the more probable. But who this Person should be, he could not guess. After giving himself therefore some Pains in forming Conjectures to no Purpose, he was forced to rest contented with his Ignorance of the real Truth.

Two or three Days now past without producing any thing remarkable; unless it were, that *Booth* more and more recovered his Spirits, and had now almost regained his former Degree of Cheerfulness, when the

the following Letter arrived again to torment him.

‘ Dear *Billy*,

• To convince you I am the most reasonable of Women, I have given you up three whole Days to the unmolested Possession of my fortunate Rival; I can refrain no longer from letting you know that I lodge in *Dean-Street*, not far from the Church, at the Sign of the *Pelican and Trumpet*; where I expect this Evening to see you — Believe me, I am with more Affection than any other Woman in the World can be,

• My dear *Billy*,

• Your affectionate, fond, doating

F. MATHEWS.

Booth tore the Letter with Rage, and threw it into the Fire; resolving never to visit the Lady more, unless it was to pay her the Money she had lent him, which he was determined to do the very first Opportunity: for it was not at present in his Power.

This Letter threw him back into his Fit of Dejection, in which he had not continued long, when a Packet from the Country brought him the following from his Friend *Dr. Harrison*.

‘SIR, *Lyons, January 21. N. S.*

‘Tho’ I am now on my Return home,
 ‘I have taken up my Pen to communicate to you some News I have heard from
 ‘*England*, which gives me much Uneasiness, and concerning which I can indeed deliver my Sentiments with much more Ease
 ‘this way than any other. In my Answer to
 ‘your last I very freely gave you my Opinion, in which it was my Misfortune to
 ‘disapprove of every Step you had taken;
 ‘but those were all pardonable Errors. Can
 ‘you be so partial to yourself, upon cool
 ‘and sober Reflexion, to think what I am
 ‘going to mention so, when you hear it?
 ‘I promise you, it appears to me a Folly
 ‘of so monstrous a Kind, that had I heard
 ‘it from any but a Person of the highest
 ‘Honour, I should have rejected it as utterly incredible. I hope you already guess
 ‘what I am about to name; since Heaven
 ‘forbid your Conduct should afford you
 ‘any Choice of such gross Instances of
 ‘Weakness.

Weakness. In a word then you have set up an Equipage. What shall I invent in your Excuse, either to others, or to myself? In truth, I can find no Excuse for you, and what is more, I am certain you can find none for yourself. I must deal therefore very plainly and sincerely with you. Vanity is always contemptible; but when joined with Dishonesty, it becomes odious and detestable. At whose Expence are you to support this Equipage? Is it not entirely at the Expence of others; and will it not finally end in that of your poor Wife and Children? You know you are two Years in Arrears to me. If I could impute this to any extraordinary or common Accident, I think I should never have mentioned it; but I will not suffer my Money to support the ridiculous, and I must say, criminal Vanity of any one. I expect therefore to find at my Return, that you have either discharged my whole Debt, or your Equipage. Let me beg you seriously to consider your Circumstances and Condition in Life, and to remember that your Situation will not justify any the least unnecessary Expence. *Simply to be poor, says my favourite Greek Historian, was not held scandalous by the wise Athenians, but highly so, to owe that Poverty to*

‘ *our own Indiscretion.* Present my Affections to Mrs. *Booth*, and be assured, that I shall not without great Reason, and great Pain too, ever cease to be,

‘ **Your most faithful Friend,**

‘ R. HARRISON.’

Had this Letter come at any other time, it would have given *Booth* the most sensible Affliction; but so totally had the Affair of Miss *Mathews* possessed his Mind, that like a Man in a most raging Fit of the Gout, he was scarce capable of any additional Torture; nay, he even made a use of this latter Epistle, as it served to account to *Amelia* for that Concern which he really felt on another Account. The poor deceived Lady therefore applied herself to give him Comfort where he least wanted it. She said he might easily perceive that the Matter had been misrepresented to the Doctor, who would not, she was sure, retain the least Anger against him when he knew the real Truth.

After a short Conversation on this Subject, in which *Booth* appeared to be greatly consoled by the Arguments of his Wife, they parted. He went to take a Walk in the

the Park, and she remained at home to prepare him his Dinner.

He was no sooner departed than his little Boy, not quite six Years old, said to *Amelia*, ‘La! Mamma, what is the Matter with
‘ poor Papa, what makes him look so as if he
‘ was going to cry? He is not half so merry
‘ as he used to be in the Country.’ *Amelia*
answered, ‘Oh! my dear! your Papa is only
‘ a little thoughtful, he will be merry again
‘ soon.’—Then looking fondly on her Children, she burst into an Agony of Tears, and cried, ‘Oh Heavens! what have these
‘ poor little Infants done? why will the barbarous World endeavour to starve them,
‘ by depriving us of our only Friend?—
‘ O my dear, your Father is ruined, and
‘ we are undone.’—The Children presently accompanied their Mother’s Tears, and the Daughter cried—‘Why, will any body hurt
‘ poor Papa? Hath he done any harm to
‘ any body?’—‘No, my dear Child,’ said the Mother, ‘he is the best Man in
‘ the World, and therefore they hate him.’ Upon which the Boy, who was extremely sensible at his Years, answered, ‘Nay,
‘ Mamma, how can that be? Have not you
‘ often told me, that if I was good, every
‘ body would love me?’ ‘All good People
C 5 ple

'ple will,' answered she. 'Why don't
 'they love Papa then?' replied the Child,
 'for I am sure he is very good.' 'So they
 'do, my dear,' said the Mother, 'but there
 'are more bad People in the World, and
 'they will hate you for your Goodness.'
 'Why then bad People,' cries the Child,
 'are loved by more than the Good'—'No
 'Matter for that, my Dear,' said she, 'the
 'Love of one good Person is more worth
 'having, than that of a thousand wicked
 'ones; nay, if there was no such Person
 'in the World, still you must be a good
 'Boy: for there is one in Heaven who will
 'love you; and his Love is better for you
 'than that of all Mankind.'

This little Dialogue we are apprehensive
 will be read with Contempt by many; in-
 deed we should not have thought it worth
 recording, was it not for the excellent Ex-
 ample which *Amelia* here gives to all Mo-
 thers. This admirable Woman never let a
 Day pass, without instructing her Children
 in some Lesson of Religion and Morality.
 By which Means, she had in their tender
 Minds so strongly annexed the Ideas of
 Fear and Shame to every Idea of Evil of
 which they were susceptible, that it must
 require great Pains and Length of Habit to
 separate

separate them. Tho' she was the tenderest of Mothers, she never suffered any Symptom of Malevolence to shew itself in their most trifling Actions without Discouragement, without Rebuke ; and if it broke forth with any Rancour, without Punishment. In which she had such Success, that not the least Marks of Pride, Envy, Malice, or Spite discovered itself in any of their little Words or Deeds.

C H A P. IV.

In which Amelia appears in no unamiable Light.

AMELIA, with the Assistance of a little Girl, who was their only Servant, had drest her Dinner ; and she had likewise drest herself as neat as any Lady who had a regular Set of Servants could have done ; when Booth returned, and brought with him his Friend James, whom he had met with in the Park ; and who, as Booth absolutely refused to dine away from his Wife, to whom he had promised to return, had invited himself to dine with him. Amelia had none of that poultry Pride, which possesses so many of her Sex, and which disconcerts their Tempers, and gives them the

the Air and Looks of Furies, if their Husbands bring in an unexpected Guest, without giving them timely Warning to provide a Sacrifice to their own Vanity. *Amelia* received her Husband's Friend with the utmost Complaisance and good Humour: She made indeed some Apology for the Homeliness of her Dinner; but it was politely turned as a Compliment to Mr. *James's* Friendship, which could carry him where he was sure of being so ill entertained; and gave not the least Hint how magnificently she would have provided, *had she expected the Favour of so much good Company.* A Phrase which is generally meant to contain not only an Apology for the Lady of the House, but a tacit Satir on her Guests for their Intrusion, and is at least a strong Insinuation that they are not welcome.

Amelia failed not to enquire very earnestly after her old Friend Mrs. *James*, formerly Miss *Bath*, and was very sorry to find that she was not in Town. The Truth was, as *James* had married out of a violent Liking of, or Appetite to her Person, Possession had surfeited him, and he was now grown so heartily tired of his Wife, that she had very little of his Company; she was forced therefore to content herself with being the

Mistress

Mistress of a large House and Equipage in the Country, ten Months in the Year by herself. The other two he indulged her with the Diversions of the Town; but then, tho' they lodged under the same Roof, she had little more of her Husband's Society, than if they had been 100 Miles a-part. With all this, as she was a Woman of calm Passions, she made herself contented; for she had never had any violent Affection for *James*; the Match was of the prudent Kind, and to her Advantage: for his Fortune, by the Death of an Uncle, was become very considerable; and she had gained every thing by the Bargain but a Husband, which her Constitution suffered her to be very well satisfied without.

When *Amelia* after Dinner retired to her Children, *James* began to talk to his Friend concerning his Affairs. He advised *Booth* very earnestly to think of getting again into the Army, in which he himself had met with such Success, that he had obtained the Command of a Regiment, to which his Brother-in-Law was Lieutenant-Colonel. These Preferments they both owed to the Favour of Fortune only: for tho' there was no Objection to either of their military Characters; yet neither of

3 them

them had any extraordinary Desert; and if Merit in the Service was a sufficient Recommendation, *Booth*, who had been twice wounded in the Siege, seemed to have the fairest Pretensions; but he remained a poor half-pay Lieutenant, and the others were, as we have said, one of them a Lieutenant-Colonel, and the other had a Regiment. Such Rifles we often see in Life, without being able to give any satisfactory Account of the Means, and therefore ascribe them to the good Fortune of the Person.

Both Colonel *James* and his Brother-in-Law were Members of Parliament: for as the Uncle of the former had left him together with his Estate, an almost certain Interest in a Borough, so he chose to confer this Favour on Colonel *Bath*; a Circumstance which would have been highly immaterial to mention here; but as it serves to set forth the Goodness of *James*, who endeavoured to make up in Kindness to the Family, what he wanted in Fondness for his Wife.

Col. *James* then endeavoured all in his Power to persuade *Booth* to think again of a military Life, and very kindly offered him his Interest towards obtaining him a
Company

Company in the Regiment under his Command. *Booth* must have been a Madman in his present Circumstances to have hesitated one Moment at accepting such an Offer, and he well knew *Amelia*, notwithstanding her Aversion to the Army, was much too wise to make the least Scruple of giving her Consent. Nor was he, as it appeared afterwards, mistaken in his Opinion of his Wife's Understanding: for she made not the least Objection when it was communicated to her, but contented herself with an express Stipulation, that wherever he was commanded to go (for the Regiment was now abroad) she would accompany him.

Booth therefore accepted his Friend's Proposal with a Profusion of Acknowledgments; and, it was agreed, that *Booth* should draw up a Memorial of his Pretensions, which Col. *James* undertook to present to some Man of Power, and to back it with all the Force he was able.

Nor did the Friendship of the Colonel stop here. 'You will excuse me, dear *Booth*,' said he, 'if after what you have told me (for he had been very explicit in revealing his Affairs to him) I suspect you must want Money at this Time. If that
' be

' be the Case, as I am certain it must be,
' I have fifty Pieces at your Service.' This
Generosity brought the Tears into *Booth's*
Eyes; and he at length confest, that he had
not five Guineas in the House; upon which
James gave him a Bank-bill for 20 *l.* and
said he would give him thirty more the next
Time he saw him.

Thus did this generous Colonel (for ge-
nerous he really was to the highest Degree)
restore Peace and Comfort to this little Fa-
mily; and by this Act of Beneficence make
two of the worthiest People, two of the
happiest that Evening.

Here Reader give me leave to stop a mi-
nute, to lament that so few are to be found
of this benign Disposition; that while Wan-
tonness, Vanity, Avarice and Ambition are
every Day rioting and triumphing in the
Follies and Weakness, the Ruin and Deso-
lation of Mankind, scarce one Man in a
thousand is capable of tasting the Happi-
ness of others. Nay, give me leave to
wonder that Pride, which is constantly strug-
gling, and often imposing on itself to gain
some little Pre-eminence, should so seldom
hint to us the only certain as well as laud-
able way of setting ourselves above another
Man,

Man, and that is by becoming his Benefactor.

C H A P. V.

Containing an Eulogium upon Innocence, and other grave Matters.

BOOTH past that Evening, and all the succeeding Day with his *Amelia*, without the Interruption of almost a single Thought concerning Miss *Mathews*, after having determined to go on the *Sunday*, the only Day he could venture without the Verge in the present State of his Affairs, and pay her what she had advanced for him in the Prison. But she had not so long Patience; for the third Day, while he was sitting with *Amelia*, a Letter was brought to him. As he knew the Hand, he immediately put it in his Pocket unopened, not without such an Alteration in his Countenance, that had *Amelia*, who was then playing with one of the Children, cast her Eyes towards him, she must have remarked it. This Accident however luckily gave him Time to recover himself: for *Amelia* was so deeply engaged with the little one, that she did not even remark the Delivery of the Letter. The Maid soon after returned
into

into the Room, saying the Chairman desired to know if there was any Answer to the Letter — ‘What Letter,’ cries *Booth*. — ‘The Letter I gave you just now,’ answered the Girl. — ‘Sure,’ cries *Booth*, ‘the Child is mad, you gave me no Letter.’ — ‘Yes, indeed I did, Sir,’ said the poor Girl. ‘Why then, as sure as Fate,’ cries *Booth*, ‘I threw it into the Fire in my Reverè, why, Child, why did you not tell me it was a Letter? Bid the Chairman come up — stay, I will go down myself; for he will otherwise dirt the Stairs with his Feet.’

Amelia was gently chiding the Girl for her Carelessness, when *Booth* returned, saying, it was very true that she had delivered him a Letter from Col. *James*, and that perhaps it might be of Consequence. ‘However,’ says he, ‘I will step to the Coffee-house, and send him an Account of this strange Accident, which I know he will pardon in my present Situation.’

Booth was overjoyed at this Escape which poor *Amelia*’s total Want of all Jealousy and Suspicion, made it very easy for him to accomplish: but his Pleasure was considerably abated, when upon opening the Letter,

ter, he found it to contain, mixed with several very strong Expressions of Love, some pretty warm ones of the upbraiding Kind; but what most alarmed him was a Hint, that it was in her Power (Miss *Mathews's*) Power, to make *Amelia* as miserable as herself. Besides the general Knowledge of

—*Furens quid Fœmina possit,*

he had more particular Reasons to apprehend the Rage of a Lady, who had given so strong an Instance how far she could carry her Revenge. She had already sent a Chairman to his Lodgings, with a positive Command not to return without an Answer to her Letter. This might of itself have possibly occasioned a Discovery; and he thought he had great Reason to fear, that if she did not carry Matters so far as purposely and avowedly to reveal the Secret to *Amelia*, her Indiscretion would at least effect the Discovery of that which he would at any Price have concealed. Under these Terrours he might, I believe, be considered as the most wretched of human Beings.

O Innocence, how glorious and happy a Portion art thou to the Breast that possesses thee! Thou fearest neither the Eyes nor the
Tongues

Tongues of Men. Truth, the most powerful of all things, is thy strongest Friend; and the brighter the Light is in which thou art displayed, the more it discovers thy transcendent Beauties. Guilt, on the contrary, like a base Thief, suspects every Eye that beholds him to be privy to his Transgressions, and every Tongue that mentions his Name to be proclaiming them. Fraud and Falshood are his weak and treacherous Allies; and he lurks trembling in the Dark, dreading every Ray of Light, lest it should discover him, and give him up to Shame and Punishment.

While *Booth* was walking in the Park with all these Horrors in his Mind, he again met his Friend Col. *James*, who soon took notice of that deep Concern which the other was incapable of hiding. After some little Conversation, *Booth* said, ‘ my dear Colonel, ‘ I am sure I must be the most insensible ‘ of Men, if I did not look on you as the ‘ best and the truest Friend; I will therefore without Scruple repose a Confidence ‘ in you of the highest Kind. I have often ‘ made you privy to my Necessities, I will ‘ now acquaint you with my Shame, provided ‘ you have Leisure enough to give ‘ me a Hearing: for I must open to you a ‘ long

‘ long History, since I will not reveal my
‘ Fault, without informing you, at the
‘ same time, of those Circumstances, which,
‘ I hope, will in some measure excuse it.’

The Colonel very readily agreed to give his Friend a patient Hearing. So they walked directly to a *Coffee-house* at the Corner of *Spring-Garden*, where being in a Room by themselves, *Booth* opened his whole Heart, and acquainted the Colonel with his Amour with *Miss Mathews* from the very Beginning, to his receiving that Letter which had caused all his present Uneasiness, and which he now delivered into his Friend’s Hand.

‘ The Colonel read the Letter very attentively twice over: (he was silent indeed long enough to have read it oftener) and then turning to *Booth* said, ‘ Well, Sir; ‘ and is it so grievous a Calamity to be the ‘ Object of a young Lady’s Affection; ‘ especially of one whom you allow to be ‘ so extremely handsome?’ ‘ Nay, but my ‘ dear Friend,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ do not jest ‘ with me; you who know my *Amelia*.’ ‘ Well, my dear Friend,’ answered *James*, ‘ and you know *Amelia*, and this Lady too ‘ —But what would you have me do for ‘ you.’ ‘ I would have you give me your ‘ Advice,’

‘ Advice,’ says *Booth*, ‘ by what Method
 ‘ I shall get rid of this dreadful Woman
 ‘ without a Discovery.’ ‘ And do you
 ‘ really,’ cries the other, ‘ desire to get rid
 ‘ of her.’ ‘ Can you doubt it,’ said *Booth*,
 ‘ after what I have communicated to you,
 ‘ and after what you yourself have seen in
 ‘ my Family? for I hope, notwithstanding
 ‘ this fatal Slip, I do not appear to you in
 ‘ the Light of a Profligate.’ ‘ Well, an-
 ‘ swered *James*, ‘ and whatever Light I may
 ‘ appear to you in, if you are really tired
 ‘ of the Lady, and if she be really what
 ‘ you have represented her, I’ll endeavour
 ‘ to take her off your Hands; but I insist
 ‘ upon it, that you do not deceive me in
 ‘ any Particular.’ *Booth* protested in the
 most solemn manner that every Word which
 he had spoken was strictly true; and being
 asked whether he would give his Honour
 never more to visit the Lady, he assured
James that he never would. He then, at
 his Friend’s Request, delivered him Miss
Mathews’s Letter, in which was a second
 Direction to her Lodgings, and declared to
 him, that if he could bring him safely out
 of this terrible Affair, he should think him-
 self to have a still higher Obligation to his
 Friendship, than any which he had already
 received from it.

Booth

Booth pressed the Colonel to go home with him to Dinner, but he excused himself, being, as he said, already engaged. However, he undertook in the Afternoon to do all in his Power, that *Booth* should receive no more Alarms from the Quarter of Miss *Mathews*, whom the Colonel undertook to pay all the Demands she had on his Friend. They then separated. The Colonel went to Dinner at the *King's Arms*, and *Booth* returned in high Spirits to meet his *Amelia*.

The next Day early in the Morning, the Colonel came to the Coffee-house, and sent for his Friend, who lodged but at a little Distance. The Colonel told him he had a little exaggerated the Lady's Beauty; however, he said, he excused that; 'for you might think perhaps,' cries he, 'that your Inconstancy to the finest Woman in the World, might want some Excuse. Be that as it will,' said he, 'you may make yourself easy, as it will be, I am convinced, your own Fault, if you have ever any further Molestation from Miss *Mathews*.'

Booth poured forth very warmly a great Profusion of Gratitude on this Occasion; and

and nothing more any-wise material pass'd at this Interview, which was very short, the Colonel being in a great Hurry, as he had, he said, some Business of very great Importance to transact that Morning.

The Colonel had now seen *Booth* twice, without remembering to give him the thirty Pound. This the latter imputed intirely to Forgetfulness; for he had always found the Promises of the former to be equal in Value with the Notes or Bonds of other People. He was more surprized at what happened the next Day, when meeting his Friend in the Park, he received only a cold Salute from him; and tho' he pass'd him five or six times, and the Colonel was walking with a single Officer of no great Rank, and with whom he seem'd in no earnest Conversation; yet could not *Booth*, who was alone, obtain any further Notice from him.

This gave the poor Man some Alarm; tho' he could scarce persuade himself there was any Design in all this Coldness or Forgetfulness. Once he imagin'd that he had lessened himself in the Colonel's Opinion, by having discovered his Inconstancy to *Amelia*; but the known Character of the other,

other, presently cured him of this Suspicion, for he was a perfect Libertine with regard to Women; that being indeed the principal Blemish in his Character, which otherwise might have deserved much Commendation for Good-nature, Generosity, and Friendship. But he carried this one to a most unpardonable Height; and made no Scruple of openly declaring, that if he ever liked a Woman well enough to be uneasy on her account, he would cure himself, if he could, by enjoying her, whatever might be the Consequence.

Booth could not therefore be persuaded that the Colonel would so highly resent in another a Fault, of which he was himself most notoriously guilty. After much Consideration, he could derive this Behaviour from nothing better than a Capriciousness in his Friend's Temper, from a kind of Inconstancy of Mind, which makes Men grow weary of their Friends, with no more Reason than they often are of their Mistresses. To say the Truth, there are Jilts in Friendship as well as in Love; and by the Behaviour of some Men in both, one would almost imagine that they industriously sought to gain the Affections of others,

‘ my Dear, that Mr. *James* should prove
‘ the unaccountable Person you have su-
‘ spected, and should, without being able
‘ to alledge any Cause, withdraw his Friend-
‘ ship from you, (for surely the Accident
‘ of burning his Letter is too trifling and
‘ ridiculous to mention) why should this
‘ grieve you? The Obligations he hath
‘ confer’d on you, I allow, ought to make
‘ his Misfortunes almost your own; but
‘ they should not, I think, make you see
‘ his Faults so very sensibly, especially
‘ when by one of the greatest Faults in the
‘ World committed against yourself, he
‘ hath considerably lessened all Obligations:
‘ For sure, if the same Person who hath
‘ contributed to my Happiness at one time,
‘ doth every thing in his Power maliciously
‘ and wantonly to make me miserable at
‘ another, I am very little obliged to such
‘ a Person. And let it be a Comfort to
‘ my dear *Billy*, that however other Friends
‘ may prove false and fickle to him, he
‘ hath one Friend, whom no Inconstancy
‘ of her own, nor any Change of his For-
‘ tune, nor Time, nor Age, nor Sick-
‘ ness, nor any Accident can ever alter;
‘ but who will esteem, will love, and doat
‘ on him for ever.’ So saying, she flung
her snowy Arms about his Neck, and gave

him a Carefs fo tender, that it feemed almoft to balance all the Malice of his Fate.

And, indeed, the Behaviour of *Amelia* would have made him completely happy, in defiance of all adverfe Circumftances, had it not been for thofe bitter Ingredients which he himfelf had thrown into his Cup; and which prevented him from truly relifhing his *Amelia's* Sweetnefs, by cruelly reminding him how unworthy he was of this excellent Creature.

Booth did not long remain in the dark as to the Conduct of *James*, which at firft appeared to him to be fo great a Myftery; for this very Afternoon he received a Letter from *Miss Mathews*, which unravelled the whole Affair. By this Letter, which was full of Bitternefs and Upbraiding, he difcovered that *James* was his Rival with that Lady, and was indeed the identical Perfon who had fent the 100*l.* Note to *Miss Mathews*, when in the Prifon. He had Reason to believe likewise, as well by the Letter as by other Circumftances, that *James* had hitherto been an unfulceffful Lover: for the Lady, tho' ſhe had forfeited all Title to Virtue, had not yet fo far forfeited all Pretentions to Delicacy, a

to be, like the Dirt in the Street, indifferently common to all. She distributed her Favours only to those she liked, in which Number that Gentleman had not the Happiness of being included.

When *Booth* had made this Discovery, he was not so little versed in human Nature, as any longer to hesitate at the true Motive to the Colonel's Conduct; for he well knew how odious a Sight a happy Rival is to an unfortunate Lover. I believe he was in reality glad to assign the cold Treatment he had received from his Friend, to a Cause which, however unjustifiable, is at the same time highly natural; and to acquit him of a Levity, Fickleness, and Caprice, which he must have been unwillingly obliged to have seen in a much worse Light.

He now resolved to take the first Opportunity of accosting the Colonel, and of coming to a perfect Explanation upon the whole Matter. He debated likewise with himself, whether he should not throw himself at *Amelia's* Feet, and confess a Crime to her, which he found so little Hopes of concealing, and which he foresaw would occasion him so many Difficulties and Terrors to endeavour to conceal. Happy had

it been for him, had he wisely pursued this Step; since in great Probability he would have received immediate Forgiveness from that best of Women; but he had not sufficient Resolution; or to speak, perhaps, more truly, he had too much Pride to confess his Guilt, and preferred the Danger of the highest Inconveniences to the Certainty of being put to the Blush.

C H A P. VI.

In which may appear that Violence is sometimes done to the Name of Love.

WHEN that happy Day came, in which unhallowed Hands are forbidden to contaminate the Shoulders of the unfortunate, *Booth* went early to the Colonel's House, and being admitted to his Presence, began with great Freedom, though with great Gentleness, to complain of his not having dealt with him with more Openness. 'Why, my dear Colonel,' said he, 'would you not acquaint me with that Secret which this Letter hath disclosed?' *James* read the Letter, at which his Countenance changed more than once, and then after a short Silence, said, 'Mr. *Booth*, I have been to blame, I own it; and you upbraid me
' with

with Justice. The true Reason was, that I was ashamed of my own Folly. D—n me, *Booth*, if I have not been a most consummate Fool, a very Dupe to this Woman; and she hath a particular Pleasure in making me so. I know what the Impertinence of Virtue is, and I can submit to it; but to be treated thus by a Whore. You must forgive me, dear *Booth*; but your Success was a Kind of Triumph over me which I could not bear. I own I have not the least Reason to conceive any Anger against you; and yet, curse me, if I should not have been less displeas'd at your lying with my own Wife; nay I could almost have parted with half my Fortune to you more willingly, than have suffer'd you to receive that Trifle of my Money, which you received at her Hands. However, I ask your Pardon, and I promise you, I will never more think of you with the least Ill-will, on the account of this Woman; but as for her, d—n me, if I do not enjoy her by some means or other, whatever it costs me; for I am already above 200*l.* out of Pocket, without having scarce had a Smile in return.

Booth express't much Astonishment at this Declaration; he said, he could not conceive

how it was possible to have such an Affec-
 tion for a Woman, who did not shew the
 least Inclination to return it.—*James* gave
 her a hearty Curse ; and said, ‘ Pox of her
 Inclination ; I want only the Possession of
 her Person ; and that you will allow is a
 very fine one. But, besides my Passion
 for her, she hath now piqued my Pride ;
 for how can a Man of my Fortune brook
 being refused by a Whore ?’ ‘ Since you
 are so set on the Business,’ cries *Booth* ;
 you will excuse my saying so ; I fancy you
 had better change your Method of apply-
 ing to her : for, as she is perhaps the vainest
 Woman upon Earth, your Bounty may
 probably do you little Service, nay, may
 rather actually disoblige her. Vanity is
 plainly her predominant Passion, and, if
 you will administer to that, it will infallibly
 throw her into your Arms. To this I
 attribute my own unfortunate Success.
 While she relieved my Wants and Di-
 stresses, she was daily feeding her own
 Vanity ; whereas as every Gift of yours
 asserted your Superiority, it rather offend-
 ed than pleased her. Indeed Women ge-
 nerally love to be of the obliging Side ;
 and if we examine their Favourites, we
 shall find them to be much oftner such as
 they

‘ they have conferred Obligations on, than
‘ such as they have received, them from.’

There was something in this Speech which pleased the Colonel; and he said with a Smile,
‘ I don’t know how it is, *Will*; but you
‘ know Women better than I.’ ‘ Perhaps
‘ Colonel,’ answered *Booth*, ‘ I have stu-
‘ died their Minds more.’ ‘ I don’t however
‘ much envy you your Knowledge,’ reply’d
the other: ‘ for I never think their Minds
‘ worth considering. However, I hope I
‘ shall profit a little by your Experience
‘ with Miss *Mathews*. Damnation seize the
‘ proud insolent Harlot! The Devil take
‘ me if I don’t love her more than I ever
‘ loved a Woman!’

The Rest of their Conversation turned on *Booth*’s Affairs. The Colonel again reas-
sumed the Part of a Friend, gave him the
Remainder of the Money, and promised to
take the first Opportunity of laying his
Memorial before a great Man.

Booth was greatly overjoyed at this Suc-
cess. Nothing now lay on his Mind, but
to conceal his Frailty from *Amelia*, to whom
he was afraid Miss *Mathews* in the Rage
of her Resentment would communicate it.

This Apprehension made him stay almost constantly at home; and he trembled at every Knock at the Door. His Fear moreover betrayed him into a Meanness, which he would have heartily despised on any other Occasion. This was to order the Maid to deliver him any Letter directed to *Amelia*, at the same time strictly charging her not to acquaint her Mistress with her having received any such Orders.

A Servant of any Acuteness would have formed strange Conjectures from such an Injunction; but this poor Girl was of perfect Simplicity; so great indeed was her Simplicity, that had not *Amelia* been void of all Suspicion of her Husband, the Maid would have soon after betrayed her Master.

One Afternoon while they were drinking Tea, little *Betty*, so was the Maid called, came into the Room; and calling her Master forth, delivered him a Card which was directed to *Amelia*. *Booth* having read the Card, on his Return into the Room, chid the Girl for calling him, saying, if you can read, Child, you must see it was directed to your Mistress.—To this the Girl answered pertly enough. I am sure, Sir, you ordered me to bring every Letter first

to you. This Hint with many Women would have been sufficient to have blown up the whole Affair; but *Amelia* who heard what the Girl said, through the Medium of Love and Confidence, saw the Matter in a much better Light than it deserved; and looking tenderly on her Husband, said, 'Indeed, my Love, I must blame you for a Conduct, which perhaps I ought rather to praise, as it proceeds only from the extreme Tenderness of your Affection. But why will you endeavour to keep any Secrets from me? Believe me, for my own sake you ought not: for as you cannot hide the Consequences, you make me always suspect ten times worse than the Reality. While I have you and my Children well before my Eyes, I am capable of facing any News which can arrive: for what ill News can come (unless indeed it concerns my little Babe in the Country) which doth not relate to the Badness of our Circumstances? and those, I thank Heaven, we have now a fair Prospect of retrieving. Besides, dear *Billy*, though my Understanding be much inferiour to yours, I have sometimes had the Happiness of luckily hitting on some Argument, which hath afforded you Comfort. This you know, my dear, was the Case with regard

‘ regard to Col. *James*, whom I persuaded
‘ you to think you had mistaken, and you
‘ see the Event proved me in the right.’
So happily, both for herself and Mr. *Booth*,
did the Excellence of this good Woman’s
Disposition deceive her, and force her to see
every thing in the most advantageous Light
to her Husband.

The Card being now inspected was found
to contain the Compliments of Mrs. *James*
to Mrs. *Booth*, with an Account of her being
arrived in Town, and having brought with her
a very great Cold. *Amelia* was overjoyed at
the News of her Arrival ; and having drest
herself in the utmost Hurry, left her Children
to the Care of her Husband, and ran away
to pay her Respects to her Friend, whom she
loved with a most sincere Affection. But
how was she disappointed, when eager with
the utmost Impatience, and exulting with
the Thoughts of presently seeing her beloved
Friend, she was answered at the Door that
the Lady was not at home ? nor could she,
upon telling her Name, obtain any Admis-
sion. This, considering the Account she
had received of the Lady’s Cold, greatly
surprized her ; and she returned home very
much vexed at her Disappointment.

Amelia, who had no Suspicion that Mrs. *James* was really at home, and, as the Phrase is, was denied, would have made a second Visit the next Morning, had she not been prevented by a Cold, which she herself now got, and which was attended with a slight Fever. This confined her several Days to her House, during which *Booth* officiated as her Nurse, and never stirred from her.

In all this Time she heard not a Word from Mrs. *James*, which gave her some Uneasiness, but more Astonishment. The tenth Day when she was perfectly recovered, about nine in the Evening, when she and her Husband were just going to Supper, she heard a most violent Thundering at the Door, and presently after a Rustling of Silk upon her Stair-Case, at the same time a female Voice cried out pretty loud—‘ Bless me! what am I to climb up another Pair of Stairs?’ Upon which, *Amelia*, who well knew the Voice, presently ran to the Door, and ushered in Mrs. *James* most splendidly drest; who put on as formal a Countenance, and made as formal a Courtesie to her old Friend, as if she had been her very distant Acquaintance.

Poor

Poor *Amelia*, who was going to rush into her Friend's Arms, was struck motionless by this Behaviour; but recollecting her Spirits, as she had an excellent Presence of Mind, she presently understood what the Lady meant, and resolved to treat her in her own way. Down therefore the Company sat, and Silence prevailed for some time, during which Mrs. *James* surveyed the Room with more Attention than she would have bestowed on one much finer. At length the Conversation began, in which the Weather and the Diversions of the Town, were well canvassed. *Amelia*, who was a Woman of great Humour, performed her Part to Admiration; so that a By-stander would have doubted, in every other Article than Dress, which of the two was the most accomplished fine Lady.

After a Visit of twenty Minutes, during which not a Word of any former Occurrences was mentioned, nor indeed any Subject of Discourse started, except only those two above-mentioned, Mrs. *James* rose from her Chair, and retired in the same formal Manner in which she had approached. We will pursue her, for the sake of the Contrast, during the rest of the Evening. She went from

Amelia directly to a Rout, where she spent two Hours in a Croud of Company, talked again and again over the Diversions and News of the Town, played two Rubbers at Whifke, and then retired to her own Apartment, where having past another Hour in undressing herself, she went to Bed by herself.

Booth and his Wife, the Moment their Companion was gone, sat down to Supper on a Piece of cold Meat, the Remains of their Dinner. After which, over a Pint of Wine, they entertained themselves for a while with the ridiculous Behaviour of their Visitant. But *Amelia* declaring she rather saw her as the Object of Pity than Anger, turned the Discourse to pleasanter Topics. The little Actions of their Children, the former Scenes, and future Prospects of their Life, furnished them with many pleasant Ideas, and the Contemplation of *Amelia's* Recovery threw *Booth* into Raptures. At length they retired, and with mutual Desires, and equal Warmth, flew into each other's Arms.

It is possible some Readers may be no less surprized at the Behaviour of Mrs. *James*, than was *Amelia* herself, since they may have

have perhaps received so favourable an Impression of that Lady from the Account given of her by Mr. *Booth*, that her present Demeanour may seem unnatural and inconsistent with her former Character. But they will be pleased to consider the great Alteration in her Circumstances, from a State of Dependency on a Brother, who was himself no better than a Soldier of Fortune, to that of being Wife to a Man of a very large Estate, and considerable Rank in Life. And what was her present Behaviour more than that of a fine Lady, who considered Form and Show as essential Ingredients of human Happiness, and imagined all Friendship to consist in Ceremony, Curt'sies, Messages and Visits? In which Opinion she hath the Honour of the Concurrence of much the larger Part of one Sex, and no small Number of the other.

C H A P.

C H A P. VII.

Containing a very extraordinary and pleasant Incident.

THE next Evening *Booth* and *Amelia* went to walk in the Park with their Children. They were now on the Verge of the Parade, and *Booth* was describing to his Wife the several Buildings round it; when on a sudden *Amelia* missing her little Boy cried out, where's little *Billy*; upon which *Booth* casting his Eyes over the Grass saw a Foot-Soldier shaking the Boy at a little Distance. At this Sight, without making any Answer to his Wife, he leapt over the Rails; and running directly up to the Fellow, who had a Firelock with a Bayonet fixed in his Hand, he seized him by the Collar, and tript up his Heels, and at the same time wrested his Arms from him. A Serjeant upon Duty seeing the Affray at some Distance ran presently up, and being told what had happened, gave the Centinel a hearty Curse, and told him he deserved to be hanged. A By-stander gave this Information; for *Booth* was returned with his little Boy to meet *Amelia*, who staggered towards him as fast as she could,
all

all pale and breathless, and scarce able to support her tottering Limbs. The Serjeant now came up to *Booth*, to make an Apology for the Behaviour of the Soldier, when of a sudden he turned almost as pale as *Amelia* herself. He stood silent whilst *Booth* was employed in comforting and recovering his Wife; and then addressing himself to him, said, ‘ bless me! Lieutenant, could I imagine it had been your Honour; and was it my little Master that the Rascal used so — I am glad I did not know it, for I should certainly have run my Halbert into him.’

Booth presently recognized his old faithful Servant *Atkinson*, and gave him a hearty Greeting; saying he was very glad to see him in his present Situation. ‘ Whatever I am,’ answered the Serjeant, ‘ I shall always think I owe it to your Honour.’ Then taking the little Boy by the Hand—he cried, ‘ what a vast fine young Gentleman’s Master is grown!’ and cursing the Soldier’s Inhumanity swore heartily he would make him pay for it.

As *Amelia* was much disordered with her Fright, she did not recollect her Foster-Brother, till he was introduced to her by *Booth*;

Booth; but she no sooner knew him, than she bestowed a most obliging Smile on him; and calling him by the Name of honest *Joe* said she was heartily glad to see him in *England*.—‘See, my Dear, cries *Booth*, what Preferment your old Friend is come to. You would scarce know him, I believe, in his present State of Finery.’ ‘I am very well pleased to see it,’ answered *Amelia*, ‘and I wish him Joy of being made an Officer, with all my Heart.’ In fact, from what Mr. *Booth* said, joined to the Serjeant’s laced Coat, she believed that he had obtained a Commission. So weak and absurd is human Vanity, that this Mistake of *Amelia*’s possibly put poor *Atkinson* out of Countenance; for he looked at this Instant more silly than he had ever done in his Life; and making her a most respectful Bow muttered something about Obligations, in a scarce articulate or intelligible manner.

The Serjeant had indeed among many other Qualities, that Modesty which a *Latin* Author honours by the Name of *ingenuous*: Nature had given him this, notwithstanding the Meanness of his Birth; and six Years Conversation in the Army, had not taken it away. To say the Truth, he was a noble Fellow; and

Amelia

Amelia by supposing he had a Commission in the Guards had been guilty of no Affront to that honourable Body.

Booth had a real Affection for *Atkinson*, tho' in fact he knew not half his Merit: He acquainted him with his Lodgings, where he earnestly desired to see him.

Amelia, who was far from being recovered from the Terrors into which the seeing her Husband engaged with the Soldier had thrown her, desired to go home; nor was she well able to walk without some Assistance. While she supported herself therefore on her Husband's Arm, she told *Atkinson*, she should be obliged to him, if he would take care of the Children. He readily accepted the Office, but upon offering his Hand to Miss, she refused, and burst into Tears. Upon which the tender Mother resigned *Booth* to her Children, and put herself under the Serjeant's Protection; who conducted her safe home, tho' she often declared she feared she should drop down by the way. The Fear of which so affected the Serjeant, (for besides the Honour which he himself had for the Lady, he knew how tenderly his Friend loved her) that he was unable to speak; and had not his Nerves been so strongly

strongly braced that nothing could shake them, he had enough in his Mind to have set him a trembling equally with the Lady.

When they arrived at the Lodgings, the Mistress of the House opened the Door, who, seeing *Amelia's* Condition, threw open the Parlour, and begged her to walk in; upon which she immediately flung herself into a Chair; and all present thought she would have fainted away — However she escaped that Misery, and having drank a Glass of Water with a little white Wine mixed in it, she began in a little time to regain her Complexion, and at length assured *Booth* that she was perfectly recovered; but declared she had never undergone so much, and earnestly begged him never to be so rash for the future. She then called her little Boy, and gently chid him; saying, ‘ you must never do so more, ‘ *Billy*; you see what Mischief you might ‘ have brought upon your Father; and ‘ what you have made me suffer.’ ‘ La! ‘ Mamma,’ said the Child, ‘ what Harm ‘ did I do? I did not know that People ‘ might not walk in the green Fields in ‘ *London*. I am sure if I did a Fault, the ‘ Man punished me enough for it; for he ‘ pinched me almost through my slender ‘ Arm.’

‘Arm.’ He then bared his little Arm, which was greatly discoloured by the Injury it had received—*Booth* uttered a most dreadful Execration at this Sight; and the Serjeant, who was now present, did the like,

Atkinson now returned to his Guard, and went directly to the Officer to acquaint him with the Soldier’s Inhumanity; but he who was about fifteen Years of Age, gave the Serjeant a great Curse, and said the Soldier had done very well; for that idle Boys ought to be corrected. This however did not satisfy poor *Atkinson*, who the next Day, as soon as the Guard was relieved, beat the Fellow most unmercifully, and told him he would remember him as long as he stayed in the Regiment.

Thus ended this trifling Adventure, which some Readers will perhaps be pleased with seeing related at full Length. None, I think, can fail drawing one Observation from it; namely, how capable the most insignificant Accident is of disturbing human Happiness, and of producing the most unexpected and dreadful Events. A Reflection which may serve to many moral and religious Uses.

This

This Accident produced the first Acquaintance between the Mistress of the House, and her Lodgers; for hitherto they had scarce exchanged a Word together. But the great Concern which the good Woman had shewn on *Amelia's* account at this Time, was not likely to pass unobserved, or unthanked either by the Husband or Wife. *Amelia* therefore, as soon as she was able to go up Stairs, invited Mrs. *Elison* (for that was her Name) to her Apartment, and desired the Favour of her to stay to Supper. She readily complied; and they pass a very agreeable Evening together, in which the two Women seem'd to have conceived a most extraordinary Liking to each other.

Tho' Beauty in general doth not greatly recommend one Woman to another, as it is too apt to create Envy; yet in Cases where this Passion doth not interfere, a fine Woman is often a pleasing Object even to some of her own Sex; especially when her Beauty is attended with a certain Air of Affability, as was that of *Amelia* in the highest Degree.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ellison* therefore was as much charmed with the Loveliness of her fair Lodger, as with all her other engaging Qualities. She was indeed so taken with *Amelia's* Beauty, that she could not refrain from crying out in a kind of Transport of Admiration, 'upon my Word, Captain *Booth*,
' you are the happiest Man in the World.
' Your Lady is so extremely handsome,
' that one cannot look at her without
' Pleasure.'

This good Woman herself had none of these attractive Charms to the Eye. Her Person was short, and immoderately fat; her Features were none of the most regular; and her Complexion (if indeed she ever had a good one) had considerably suffered by Time.

Her good Humour and Complaisance, however, were highly pleasing to *Amelia*. Nay, why should we conceal the secret Satisfaction which that Lady felt from the Compliments paid to her Person? since such of my Readers as like her best will not be sorry to find that she was a Woman.

C H A P.

C H A P. VIII.

Containing various Matters.

A Fortnight had now past, since *Booth* had seen or heard from the Colonel; which did not a little surprize him, as they had parted so good Friends, and as he had so cordially undertaken his Cause concerning the Memorial, on which all his Hopes depended.

The Uneasiness which this gave him, farther increased on finding that his Friend refused to see him: for he had paid the Colonel a Visit at Nine in the Morning, and was told he was not stirring; and at his Return back an Hour afterwards, the Servant said his Master was gone out; of which *Booth* was certain of the Falsehood: for he had, during that whole Hour, walked backwards and forwards within Sight of the Colonel's Door, and must have seen him, if he had gone out within that Time.

The good Colonel however did not long suffer his Friend to continue in the deplorable State of Anxiety; for the very next Morning *Booth* received his Memorial in-

closed in a Letter, acquainting him that Mr. *James* had mentioned his Affair to the Person he proposed; but that the great Man had so many Engagements on his Hands, that it was impossible for him to make any further Promises at this Time.

The cold and distant Stile of this Letter, and indeed the whole Behaviour of *James*, so different from what it had been formerly, had something so mysterious in it, that it greatly puzzled and perplexed poor *Booth*; and it was so long before he was able to solve it, that the Reader's Curiosity will perhaps be obliged to us for not leaving him so long in the dark as to this Matter. The true Reason then of the Colonel's Conduct was this: His unbounded Generosity, together with the unbounded Extravagance, and consequently the great Necessity of Miss *Mathews*, had at length overcome the Cruelty of that Lady, with whom he likewise had luckily no Rival. Above all, the Desire of being revenged on *Booth*, with whom she was to the highest Degree enraged, had perhaps contributed not a little to his Success: for she had no sooner condescended to a Familiarity with her new Lover, and discovered that Captain *James*, of whom she had heard so much from

from *Booth*, was no other than the identical Colonel, than she employed every Art of which she was Mistress, to make an utter Breach of Friendship between these two. For this Purpose she did not scruple to insinuate, that the Colonel was not at all obliged to the Character given of him by his Friend; and to the Account of this latter she placed most of the Cruelty which she had shewn to the former.

Had the Colonel made a proper Use of his Reason, and fairly examined the Probability of the Fact, he could scarce have been imposed upon to believe a Matter so inconsistent with all he knew of *Booth*, and in which that Gentleman must have sinned against all the Laws of Honour without any visible Temptation. But in solemn fact, the Colonel was so intoxicated with his Love, that it was in the Power of his Mistress to have persuaded him of any thing; besides, he had an Interest in giving her Credit: for he was not a little pleased with finding a Reason for hating the Man, whom he could not help hating without any Reason, at least, without any which he durst fairly assign even to himself. Henceforth therefore he abandoned all Friendship for *Booth*, and was more inclined to put him

out of the World, than to endeavour any longer at supporting him in it.

Booth communicated this Letter to his Wife, who endeavoured, as usual, to the utmost of her Power to console him under one of the greatest Afflictions which, I think, can befall a Man, namely, the Unkindness of a Friend; but he had luckily at the same time the greatest Blessing in his Possession, the Kindness of a faithful and beloved Wife. A Blessing however, which tho' it compensates most of the Evils of Life, rather serves to aggravate the Misfortune of distress'd Circumstances, from the Consideration of the Share which she is to bear in them.

This Afternoon *Amelia* received a second Visit from Mrs. *Ellison*, who acquainted her that she had a Present of a Ticket for the Oratorio, which would carry two Persons into the Gallery; and therefore begged the Favour of her Company thither.

Amelia with many Thanks acknowledged the Civility of Mrs. *Ellison*; but declined accepting her Offer; upon which *Booth* very strenuously insisted on her going, and said to her, ' my Dear, if you knew the Satisfaction

‘faction I have in any of your Pleasures,
‘ I am convinced you would not refuse the
‘ Favour Mrs. *Ellison* is so kind to offer
‘ you ; for as you are a Lover of Music,
‘ you, who have never been at an Oratorio,
‘ cannot conceive how you will be de-
‘ lighted.’ I well know your Goodness,
‘ my Dear,’ answered *Amelia*, ‘ but I can-
‘ not think of leaving my Children without
‘ some Person more proper to take care of
‘ them than this poor Girl.’ Mrs. *Ellison*
removed this Objection, by offering her
own Servant, a very discreet Matron, to
attend them ; but notwithstanding this, and
all she could say with the Assistance of
Booth, and of the Children themselves,
Amelia still persisted in her Refusal ; and
the Mistress of the House, who knew how
far good Breeding allows Persons to be press-
ing on these Occasions, took her Leave.

‘ She was no sooner departed, than *Amelia*
looking tenderly on her Husband said,
‘ how can you, my dear Creature, think
‘ that Music hath any Charms for me at
‘ this Time—Or indeed do you believe that
‘ I am capable of any Sensation worthy the
‘ Name of Pleasure, when neither you nor
‘ my Children are present, or bear any
‘ part of it?’

An Officer of the Regiment to which *Booth* had formerly belonged, hearing from *Atkinson* where he lodged, now came to pay him a Visit. He told him that several of their old Acquaintance were to meet the next *Wednesday* at a Tavern, and very strongly pressed him to be one of the Company. *Booth* was in truth what is called a hearty Fellow, and loved now and then to take a chearful Glass with his Friends; but he excused himself at this Time. His Friend declared he would take no Denial, and he growing very importunate, *Amelia* at length seconded him. Upon this *Booth* answered, 'well, my Dear, since you desire me, I will comply, but on one Condition, that you go at the same time to the Oratorio.' *Amelia* thought this Request reasonable enough, and gave her Consent; of which Mrs. *Ellison* presently received the News, and with great Satisfaction.

It may perhaps be asked why *Booth* could go to the Tavern, and not to the Oratorio with his Wife. In truth then, the Tavern was within hallowed Ground, that is to say, in the Verge of the Court: for of five Officers that were to meet there, three besides

sides *Booth* were confined to that Air, which hath been always found extremely wholesome to a *broken* military Constitution. And here if the good Reader will pardon the Pun, he will scarce be offended at the Observation; since how is it possible that without running in Debt, any Persons should maintain the Drefs and Appearance of a Gentleman, whose Income is not half so good as that of a Porter? It is true, that this Allowance, small as it is, is a great Expence to the Public; but if several more unnecessary Charges were spared, the Public might perhaps bear a little Encrease of this without much feeling it. They would not, I am sure, have equal Reason to complain at contributing to the Maintenance of a Set of brave Fellows, who, at the Hazard of their Health, their Limbs and their Lives, have maintained the Safety and Honour of their Country; as when they find themselves taxed to the Support of a Set of Drones, who have not the least Merit or Claim to their Favour; and who, without contributing in any manner to the Good of the Hive, live luxuriously on the Labours of the industrious Bee.

C H A P. IX.

In which Amelia, with her Friend, goes to the Oratorio.

NOTHING happened between the *Monday* and the *Wednesday* worthy a Place in this History. Upon the Evening of the latter the two Ladies went to the Oratorio, and were there time enough to get a first Row in the Galery. Indeed there was only one Person in the House when they came: for *Amelia's* Inclinations, when she gave a Loose to them, were pretty eager for this Diversion, she being a great Lover of Music, and particularly of *Mr. Handel's* Compositions. *Mrs. Ellison* was, I suppose, a great Lover likewise of Music, for she was the more impatient of the two; which was rather the more extraordinary, as these Entertainments were not such Novelties to her as they were to poor *Amelia*.

Tho' our Ladies arrived full two Hours before they saw the Back of *Mr. Handel*; yet this Time of Expectation did not hang extremely heavy on their Hands; for besides their own Chat, they had the Company of the Gentleman, whom they found at their

their first Arrival in the Galery ; and who, though plainly, or rather roughly dressed, very luckily for the Women happened to be not only well-bred, but a Person of very lively Conversation. The Gentleman on his part seemed highly charmed with *Amelia*, and in fact was so: for, though he restrained himself entirely within the Rules of Good-Breeding, yet was he in the highest Degree officious to catch at every Opportunity of shewing his Respect, and doing her little Services. He procured her a Book and Wax-Candle, and held the Candle for her himself during the whole Entertainment.

At the End of the Oratorio, he declared he would not leave the Ladies till he had seen them safe into their Chairs or Coach ; and at the same time very earnestly entreated that he might have the Honour of waiting on them. Upon which Mrs. *Ellison*, who was a very good-humoured Woman, answered, ‘ Ay sure, Sir, if you please ;
‘ you have been very obliging to us ; and a
‘ Dish of Tea shall be at your Service at
‘ any time ; and then told him where she
‘ lived.’

The Ladies were no sooner seated in their Hackney-coach, than Mrs. *Ellison* burst into

a loud Laughter, and cried, ' I'll be hanged,
' Madam, if you have not made a Con-
' quest to night ; and what is very pleasant,
' I believe the poor Gentleman takes you
' for a single Lady.' ' Nay,' answered
Amelia very gravely, ' I protest I began to
' think at last he was rather too particular,
' though he did not venture at a Word that
' I could be offended at ; but if you fancy
' any such thing, I am sorry you invited
' him to drink Tea.' ' Why so?' replied
Mrs. Ellison, ' Are you angry with a Man
' for liking you ? If you are, you will be
' angry with almost every Man that sees
' you. If I was a Man myself, I declare
' I should be in the Number of your Ad-
' mirers. Poor Gentleman, I pity him hear-
' tily ; he little knows that you have not a
' Heart to dispose of. For my own part, I
' should not be surprized at seeing a serious
' Proposal of Marriage : for I am convinced
' he is a Man of Fortune, not only by the
' Politeness of his Address, but by the Fine-
' ness of his Linen, and that valuable Dia-
' mond-Ring on his Finger. But you will
' see more of him when he comes to Tea.'
' Indeed I shall not,' answered *Amelia*, ' tho'
' I believe you only rally me ; I hope you
' have a better Opinion of me, than to think
' I would go willingly into the Company of

‘ a Man, who had an improper Liking for
 ‘ me.’ Mrs. *Ellison*, who was one of the
 gayest Women in the World, repeated the
 Words, improper Liking, with a Laugh ;
 and cried, ‘ My dear Mrs. *Booth*, believe
 ‘ me, you are too handsome and too good-
 ‘ humour’d for a Prude. How can you af-
 ‘ fect being offended at what I am con-
 ‘ vinced is the greatest Pleasure of Woman-
 ‘ kind, and chiefly I believe of us virtu-
 ‘ ous Women? for I assure you, notwith-
 ‘ standing my Gaiety, I am as virtuous as
 ‘ any Prude in *Europe*.’ ‘ Far be it from
 ‘ me, Madam,’ said *Amelia*, ‘ to suspect
 ‘ the contrary of abundance of Women,
 ‘ who indulge themselves in much greater
 ‘ Freedoms than I should take, or have
 ‘ any Pleasure in taking : for I solemnly
 ‘ protest, if I know my own Heart, the
 ‘ liking of all Men, but of one, is a Mat-
 ‘ ter quite indifferent to me, or rather would
 ‘ be highly disagreeable.’

This Discourse brought them home, where
Amelia finding her Children asleep, and her
 Husband not returned, invited her Com-
 panion to partake of her homely Fare, and
 down they sat to Supper together. The
 Clock struck twelve ; and no News being
 arrived of *Booth*, Mrs. *Ellison* began to ex-
 press

press some Astonishment at his Stay, whence she launched into a general Reflexion on Husbands, and soon pass'd to some particular Invectives on her own. ' Ah, my dear Madam,' says she, ' I know the present State of your Mind by what I have myself often felt formerly. I am no Stranger to the melancholy Tone of a midnight Clock. It was my Misfortune to drag on a heavy Chain above fifteen Years with a sottish Yoke-fellow. But how can I wonder at my Fate; since I see even your superiour Charms can't confine a Husband from the bewitching Pleasures of a Bottle.' ' Indeed, Madam,' says *Amelia*, ' I have no Reason to complain, Mr. *Booth* is one of the soberest of Men; but now and then to spend a late Hour with his Friend, is, I think, highly excusable.' O, no doubt,' cries Mrs. *Ellison*, ' if he can excuse himself; but if I was a Man.'—Here *Booth* came in and interrupted the Discourse. *Amelia's* Eyes flashed with Joy the Moment he appeared; and he discovered no less Pleasure in seeing her. His Spirits were indeed a little elevated with Wine, so as to heighten his Good-humour, without in the least disordering his Understanding, and made him such delightful Company, that though it was past one in the Morning,
neither

neither his Wife, nor Mrs. *Ellison*, thought of their Beds during a whole Hour.

Early the next Morning the Serjeant came to Mr. *Booth's* Lodgings, and with a melancholy Countenance acquainted him, that he had been the Night before at an Ale-house, where he heard one Mr. *Murphy* an Attorney declare, that he would get a Warrant backed against one Capt. *Booth* at the next Board of Green-Cloth. ‘I hope, Sir,’ said he, ‘your Honour will pardon me; but by what he said, I was afraid he meant your Honour; and therefore I thought it my Duty to tell you; for I knew the same thing happen to a Gentleman here t’other Day.’

Booth gave Mr. *Atkinson* many Thanks for his Information. ‘I doubt not,’ said he, ‘but I am the Person meant; for it would be foolish in me to deny that I am liable to Apprehensions of that sort.’ ‘I hope, Sir,’ said the Serjeant, ‘your Honour will soon have Reason to fear no Man living; but in the mean time, if any Accident should happen, my Bail is at your Service as far as it will go; and I am a Housekeeper, and can swear myself worth 100 l.’ Which hearty and friendly

friendly Declaration received all those Acknowledgments from *Booth*, which it really deserved.

The poor Gentleman was greatly alarmed at this News; but he was altogether as much surprized at *Murphy's* being the Attorney employed against him, as all his Debts, except only to Capt. *James*, arose in the Country, where he did not know that Mr. *Murphy* had any Acquaintance. However, he made no doubt that he was the Person intended, and resolved to remain a close Prisoner in his own Lodgings, 'till he saw the Event of a Proposal which had been made him the Evening before at the Tavern, where an honest Gentleman, who had a Post under the Government, and who was one of the Company, had promised to serve him with the Secretary at War, telling him, that he made no doubt of procuring him whole Pay in a Regiment abroad, which in his present Circumstances was very highly worth his Acceptance; when indeed that, and a Goal, seemed to be the only Alternatives that offered themselves to his Choice.

Mr. *Booth* and his Lady spent that Afternoon with Mrs. *Ellison*. An Incident which we should scarce have mentioned, had

it not been that *Amelia* gave, on this Occasion, an Instance of that Prudence which can never be too circumspect in married Women of Delicacy: for before she would consent to drink Tea with Mrs. *Ellison*, she made Conditions, that the Gentleman who had met them at the Oratorio should not be let in. Indeed this Circumspection proved unnecessary in the present Instance; for no such Visitor ever came; a Circumstance which gave great Content to *Amelia*: for that Lady had been a little uneasy at the Raillery of Mrs. *Ellison*, and had upon Reflexion magnified every little Compliment made her, and every little Civility shewn her by the unknown Gentleman, far beyond the Truth. These Imaginations, now all subsided again; and she imputed all that Mrs. *Ellison* had said, either to Raillery or Mistake.

A young Lady made a fourth with them at Whisk, and likewise stayed the whole Evening. Her Name was *Bennet*. She was about the Age of five and twenty; but Sickness had given her an older Look, and had a good deal diminished her Beauty; of which, young as she was, she plainly appeared to have only the Remains in her present Possession. She was in one particular

cular the very Reverse of Mrs. *Ellison*, being altogether as remarkably grave as the other was gay. This Gravity was not however attended with any Sourness of Temper: On the contrary, she had much Sweetness in her Countenance, and was perfectly well-bred. In short, *Amelia* imputed her grave Deportment to her ill Health, and began to entertain a Compassion for her, which in good Minds, that is to say, in Minds capable of Compassion, is certain to introduce some little Degree of Love or Friendship.

Amelia was in short so pleased with the Conversation of this Lady, that, though a Woman of no impertinent Curiosity, she could not help taking the first Opportunity of enquiring who she was. Mrs. *Ellison* said, that she was an unhappy Lady, who had married a young Clergyman for Love, who, dying of a Consumption, had left her a Widow in very indifferent Circumstances. This Account made *Amelia* still pity her more, and consequently added to the Liking which she had already conceived for her. *Amelia* therefore desired Mrs. *Ellison* to bring her acquainted with Mistress *Bennet*, and said she would go any Day with her to make that Lady a Visit. 'There need be no Ceremony,' cried Mrs. *Ellison*, 'she

‘ she is a Woman of no Form : and as I
 ‘ saw plainly she was extremely pleased with
 ‘ Mrs. *Booth*, I am convinced I can bring
 ‘ her to drink Tea with you any Afternoon
 ‘ you please.’

The two next Days *Booth* continued at home, highly to the Satisfaction of his *Ame-
 lia*, who really knew no Happiness out of his Company, nor scarce any Misery in it. She had indeed at all times so much of his Company when in his Power, that she had no occasion to assign any particular Reason for his staying with her, and consequently it could give her no Cause of Suspicion. The *Saturday* one of her Children was a little disordered with a feverish Complaint, which confined her to her Room, and prevented her drinking Tea in the Afternoon with her Husband in Mrs. *Ellison*’s Apartment, where a noble Lord, a Cousin of Mrs. *Ellison*’s happened to be present : for though that Lady was reduced in her Circumstances, and obliged to let out Part of her House in Lodgings, she was born of a good Family, and had some considerable Relations.

His Lordship was not himself in any Office of State ; but his Fortune gave him great Authority with those who were. Mrs.
Ellison

Ellison therefore very bluntly took an Opportunity of recommending *Booth* to his Consideration. She took the first Hint from my Lord's calling the Gentleman Captain—To which she answered—‘ Ay, ‘ I wish your Lordship would make him ‘ so. It would be but an Act of Jus- ‘ tice, and I know it is in your Power ‘ to do much greater things.’ She then mentioned *Booth*'s Services, and the Wounds he had received at the Siege, of which she had heard a faithful Account from *Amelia*—*Booth* blushed, and was as silent as a young Virgin at the hearing her own Praises. His Lordship answered, ‘ Cousin *Ellison*, you ‘ know you may command my Interest ; ‘ nay, I shall have a Pleasure in serving ‘ one of Mr. *Booth*'s Character: for my ‘ part, I think Merit in all Capacities ‘ ought to be encouraged ; but I know the ‘ Ministry are greatly pestered with Solici- ‘ tations at this time. However, Mr. *Booth* ‘ may be assured I will take the first Oppor- ‘ tunity ; and in the mean time I shall be ‘ glad of seeing him any Morning he ‘ pleases.’ For all these Declarations, *Booth* was not wanting in Acknowledgments to the generous Peer, any more than he was in secret Gratitude to the Lady, who had shewn

shewn so friendly and uncommon a Zeal in his Favour.

The Reader, when he knows the Character of this Nobleman, may perhaps conclude that his seeing *Booth* alone was a lucky Circumstance; for he was so passionate an Admirer of Women, that he could scarce have escaped the Attraction of *Amelia's* Beauty. And few Men, as I have observed, have such disinterested Generosity as to serve a Husband the better, because they are in Love with his Wife, unless she will condescend to pay a Price beyond the Reach of a virtuous Woman.

Booth's Affairs now put on a better Aspect than they had ever worn before, and he returned with great Pleasure to his *Amelia*, to communicate to her the good News; which she was not at present very capable of enjoying, as her little Girl was grown worse, and her Fears on that account had absorbed the whole Attention of the Mother.

A M E L I A.

B O O K V.

C H A P. I.

In which the Reader will meet with an old Acquaintance.

WE left *Amelia*, at the End of our last Book, nursing her sick Child; and tho' our Reader is no doubt very desirous of knowing the Event of so tender a Concern to that amiable Woman, we must desire him to suspend his Curiosity till the Return of Mr. *Booth*, who was willing to make use of the Opportunity of one Day in seven to taste the fresh Air.

At Nine in the Morning he went to pay a Visit to his old Friend Colonel *James*, resolving, if possible, to have a full Explanation

nation of that Behaviour which appeared to him, so mysterious; but the Colonel was as inaccessible as the best defended Fortrefs; and it was as impossible for *Booth* to pass beyond his Entry, as the *Spaniards* found it to take *Gibraltar*. He received the usual Answers; first, that the Colonel was not stirring, and an Hour after that he was gone out. All that he got by asking further Questions was only to receive still ruder and ruder Answers; by which, if he had been very sagacious, he might have been satisfied how little worth his while it was to desire to go in: for the Porter at a great Man's Door is a kind of Barometer, by which you may discover the Warmth or Coldness of his Master's Friendship. Nay, in the highest Stations of all, as the great Man himself hath his different kinds of Salutation, from an hearty Embrace with a Kiss, and my dear Lord, or dear Sir *Charles*, down to, well Mr. ——— what would you have me do? So the Porter to some bows with Respect, to others with a Smile, to some he bows more, to others less low, to others not at all. Some he just lets in, and others he just shuts out. And in all this they so well correspond, that one would be inclined to think that the great Man and his Porter had compared their

Lifts together, and like two Actors concerned to act different Parts in the same Scene, had rehearsed their Parts privately together, before they ventured to perform in Public.

Tho' *Booth* did not perhaps see the whole Matter in this just Light, for that in reality it is; yet he was discerning enough to conclude, from the Behaviour of the Servant, especially when he considered that of the Master likewise, that he had entirely lost the Friendship of *James*; and this Conviction gave him a Concern, that not only the flattering Prospect of his Lordship's Favour was not able to compensate; but which even obliterated, and made him for a while forget the Situation in which he had left his *Amelia*; and he wandered about almost two Hours, scarce knowing where he went, 'till at last he dropt into a Coffee-house near *St. James's*, where he sat himself down.

He had scarce drank his Dish of Coffee, before he heard a young Officer of the Guards cry to another, 'Od d—m me *Jack*, here he comes—here's old Honour and Dignity, faith.' Upon which he saw a Chair open, and out issued a most erect and stately Figure indeed, with a vast Perri-
wig

wig on his Head, and a vast Hat under his Arm. This august Personage having entered the Room walked directly up to the upper End, where having paid his Respects to all present of any Note, to each according to Seniority, he at last cast his Eyes on *Booth*, and very civilly, tho' somewhat coldly, asked him how he did.

Booth, who had long recognized the Features of his old Acquaintance Major *Bath*, returned the Compliment with a very low Bow; but did not venture to make the first Advance to Familiarity, as he was truly possessed of that Quality which the *Greeks* considered in the highest Light of Honour, and which we term *Modesty*; tho' indeed neither ours nor the *Latin* Language hath any Word adequate to the Idea of the Original.

The Colonel, after having discharged himself of two or three Articles of News, and made his Comments upon them, when the next Chair to him became vacant, called upon *Booth* to fill it. He then asked him several Questions relating to his Affairs; and when he heard he was out of the Army, advised him earnestly to use all means to
get

get in again, saying, that he was a pretty Lad, and they must not lose him.

Booth told him in a Whisper, that he had a great deal to say to him on that Subject, if they were in a more private Place; upon this the Colonel proposed a Walk in the Park, which the other readily accepted.

During their Walk, *Booth* opened his Heart, and among other Matters acquainted Col. *Bath* that he feared he had lost the Friendship of Col. *James*; 'though I am not,' said he, 'conscious of having done the least thing to deserve it.'

Bath answered, 'You are certainly mistaken, Mr. *Booth*. I have indeed scarce seen my Brother since my coming to Town: for I have been here but two Days; however I am convinced he is a Man of too nice Honour to do any thing inconsistent with the true Dignity of a Gentleman.' *Booth* answered, 'he was far from accusing him of any thing dishonourable.'—'D—n me,' said *Bath*, 'if there is a Man alive can, or dare accuse him: If you have the least Reason to take any thing ill, why don't you go to him? you are a Gentleman, and his Rank doth not protect him

‘ him from giving you Satisfaction.’ ‘ The
‘ Affair is not of any such kind,’ says *Booth*,
‘ I have great Obligations to the Colonel,
‘ and have more reason to lament than com-
‘ plain ; and if I could but see him, I am
‘ convinced I should have no cause for either ;
‘ but I cannot get within his House ; it was
‘ but an Hour ago, a Servant of his turned
‘ me rudely from the Door.’ ‘ Did a Ser-
‘ vant of my Brother use you rudely ?’
said the Colonel, with the utmost Gravity.
‘ I do not know, Sir, in what Light you
‘ see such things ; but to me the Affront of
‘ a Servant is the Affront of the Master ;
‘ and if he doth not immediately punish it,
‘ by all the Dignity of Man, I would see
‘ the Master’s Nose between my Fingers.’
Booth offered to explain, but to no Purpose ;
the Colonel was got into his Stilts ; and it
was impossible to take him down, nay, it
was as much as *Booth* could possibly do to
part with him without an actual Quarrel ;
nor would he perhaps have been able to have
accomplished it, had not the Colonel by Ac-
cident turned at last to take *Booth*’s Side of
the Question ; and before they separated,
he swore many Oaths that *James* should
give him proper Satisfaction.

C H A P. II.

*Containing a Brace of Doctors, and much
physical Matter.*

SUCH was the End of this present Interview, so little to the Content of *Booth*, that he was heartily concerned he had ever mentioned a Syllable of the Matter. He now returned with all his Uneasiness to his *Amelia*, whom he found in a Condition very little adapted to relieve or comfort him. That poor Woman was now indeed under very great Apprehensions for her Child, whose Fever now began to rage very violently: and what was worse, an Apothecary had been with her, and frightened her almost out of her Wits. He had indeed represented the Case of the Child to be very desperate, and had prevailed on the Mother to call in the Assistance of a Doctor.

Booth had been a very little time in the Room before this Doctor arrived, with the Apothecary close at his Heels, and both approached the Bed, where the former felt the Pulse of the Sick, and performed several other physical Ceremonies. He then began to enquire of the Apothecary what he had
already

already done for the Patient ; all which, as soon as informed, he greatly approved. The Doctor then sat down, called for a Pen and Ink, filled a whole Side of a Sheet of Paper with Physic, then took a Guinea, and took his leave ; the Apothecary waiting upon him down Stairs, as he had attended him up.

All that Night both *Amelia* and *Booth* sat up with their Child, who rather grew worse than better. In the Morning Mrs. *Ellison* found the Infant in a raging Fever, burning hot, and very light-headed, and the Mother under the highest Dejection : for the Distemper had not given the least Ground to all the Efforts of the Apothecary and Doctor, but seemed to defy their utmost Power, with all that tremendous Apparatus of Phials and Gallypots, which were ranged in Battle-array all over the Room.

Mrs. *Ellison* seeing the distressed, and indeed distracted Condition of *Amelia's* Mind, attempted to comfort her by giving her Hopes of the Child's Recovery. ' Upon my Word, Madam,' says she, ' I saw a Child of much the same Age with Miss, who, in my Opinion was much worse, restored to Health in a few Days by a Physician of my Acquaintance ; nay, I have

' known him cure several others of very bad
 ' Fevers; and, if Miss was under his Care,
 ' I dare swear she would do very well.'
 ' Good Heavens! Madam,' answered *Amelia*,
 ' why would you not mention him to
 ' me? for my part, I have no Acquaintance
 ' with any *London* Physicians, nor do I
 ' know whom the Apothecary hath brought
 ' me.' ' Nay, Madam,' cries Mrs. *Ellison*,
 ' it is a tender thing you know, to recom-
 ' mend a Physician; and as for my Doctor,
 ' there are abundance of People who give
 ' him an ill Name; indeed it is true, he
 ' hath cured me twice of Fevers, and so he
 ' hath several others to my Knowledge;
 ' nay, I never heard of any more than one
 ' of his Patients that died; and yet as the
 ' Doctors and Apothecaries all give him an
 ' ill Character, one is fearful, you know,
 ' dear Madam.' — *Booth* enquired the Doc-
 ' tor's Name, which he no sooner heard, than
 ' he begged his Wife to send for him imme-
 ' diately, declaring he had heard the highest
 ' Character imaginable of him at the Tavern,
 ' from an Officer of very good Understand-
 ' ing. *Amelia* presently complied, and a Mes-
 ' senger was dispatched accordingly.

But before the second Doctor could be
 brought, the first returned with the Apo-
 thecary



the cary attending him, as before. He again surveyed and handled the Sick; and when *Amelia* begged him to tell her, if there was any Hopes, he shook his Head, and said, 'To be sure, Madam, Miss is in a very dangerous Condition, and there is no Time to lose. If the Blisters, which I shall now order her, should not relieve her, I fear — we can do no more.' — 'Would not you please, Sir,' says the Apothecary, 'to have the Powders and the Draught repeated?' — 'How often were they ordered?' cries the Doctor — 'Only *tertia quaq. Hora,*' says the Apothecary — 'Let them be taken every Hour, by all means,' cries the Doctor; 'and — let me see, pray get me a Pen and Ink. —' 'If you think the Child in such imminent Danger,' said *Booth*, 'would you give us Leave to call in another Physician to your Assistance —' 'Indeed my Wife —' 'O by all means,' said the Doctor, 'it is what I very much wish. Let me see, Mr. *Arsenic*, whom shall we call? —' 'what do you think of Dr. *Dosewell*?' said the Apothecary — 'no body better,' cries the Physician — 'I should have no Objection to the Gentleman,' answered *Booth*, 'but another hath been recommended to my Wife.' He then mentioned the Physician, for whom they had

just before sent. ‘Who, Sir,’ cries the Doctor, dropping his Pen; and when *Booth* repeated the Name of *Thompson*, ‘Excuse me, Sir,’ cries the Doctor hastily, ‘I shall not meet him’—‘why so, Sir?’ answered *Booth*. ‘I will not meet him,’ replied the Doctor, ‘shall I meet a Man who pretends to know more than the whole College, and would overturn the whole Method of Practice, which is so well established, and from which no one Person hath pretended to deviate?’ ‘Indeed, Sir,’ cries the Apothecary, ‘you do not know what you are about, asking your Pardon; why, he kills every body he comes near.’ ‘That is not true,’ said Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘I have been his Patient twice, and I am alive yet.’—‘You have had good Luck then, Madam,’ answered the Apothecary; ‘for he kills every body he comes near’—‘Nay, I know above a dozen others of my own Acquaintance,’ replied Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘who have been all cured by him’—‘That may be, Madam,’ cries *Arsenic*, ‘but he kills every body for all that—why, Madam, did you never hear of Mr. —’ ‘I can’t think of the Gentleman’s Name, tho’ he was a Man of great Fashion, but every body knows whom I mean.’ ‘Every body indeed must know whom you mean,’ answered

answered Mrs. *Ellison*, 'for I never heard
'but of one, and that many Years ago.'

Before the Dispute was ended, the Doctor
himself entered the Room. As he was a
very well-bred and a very good-natured Man,
he address'd himself with much Civility to
his Brother Physician, who was not quite
so courteous on his side. However, he suf-
fered the new Comer to be conducted to the
sick Bed, and at *Booth's* earnest Request to
deliver his Opinion.

The Dispute which ensued between the
two Physicians would perhaps be unintelli-
gible to any but to those of the Faculty, and
not very entertaining to them. The Cha-
racter which the Officer and Mrs. *Ellison*
had given of the second Doctor, had greatly
prepossest *Booth* in his Favour; and in-
deed his Reasoning seem'd to be the juster.
Booth therefore declared he would abide by
his Advice; upon which the former Ope-
rator, with his Zany the Apothecary, quit-
ted the Field, and left the other in full Pos-
session of the Sick.

The first thing the new Doctor did was
(to use his own Phrase) to blow up the phy-
sical Magazine. All the Powders and Po-

tions instantly disappeared at his Command: for he said there was a much readier and nearer way to convey such Stuff to the Vault, than by first sending it through a human Body. He then ordered the Child to be blooded, gave it a Clyster, and some cooling Physic; and, in short, (that I may not dwell too long on so unpleasing a Part of History) within three Days cured the little Patient of her Distemper, to the great Satisfaction of Mrs. *Ellison*, and to the vast Joy of *Amelia*.

Some Readers will perhaps think this whole Chapter might have been omitted; but though it contains no great Matter of Amusement, it may at least serve to inform Posterity concerning the present State of Physic.

C H A P. III.

In which Booth pays a Visit to the noble Lord.

WHEN that Day of the Week returned in which Mr. *Booth* chose to walk abroad, his Child being now perfectly recovered, and *Amelia's* Cheerfulness returned, he went to wait on the noble Peer according to his kind Invitation.

Booth

Booth now found a very different Reception with this great Man's Porter, from what he had met with at his Friend the Colonel's. He no sooner told his Name, than the Porter with a Bow told him his Lordship was at home; the Door immediately flew wide open; and he was conducted to an Antichamber, where a Servant told him he would acquaint his Lordship with his Arrival. Nor did he wait many Minutes before the same Servant returned, and ushered him to his Lordship's Apartment.

He found my Lord alone, and was received by him in the most courteous Manner imaginable. After the first Ceremonials were over, his Lordship began in the following Words. ' Mr. *Booth*, I do assure
' you you are very much obliged to my
' Cousin *Ellison*. She hath given you such
' a Character that I shall have a Pleasure in
' doing any thing in my Power to serve
' you. — But it will be very difficult, I am
' afraid, to get you a Rank at home. In
' the *West-Indies* perhaps, or in some Regi-
' ment abroad it may be more easy; and
' when I consider your Reputation as a
' Soldier, I make no doubt of your Readiness to go to any Place where the Service

of your Country shall call you.' *Booth* answered, 'that he was highly obliged to his Lordship, and assured him, he would with great Chearfulness attend his Duty in any Part of the World. The only thing grievous in the Exchange of Countries,' said he, 'in my Opinion is to leave those I love behind me, and I am sure, I shall never have a second Trial equal to my first. It was very hard, my Lord, to leave a young Wife big with her first Child, and so affected with my Absence, that I had the utmost Reason to despair of ever seeing her more. After such a Demonstration of my Resolution to sacrifice every other Consideration to my Duty, I hope your Lordship will honour me with some Confidence, that I shall make no Objection to serve in any Country.' My dear Mr. *Booth*,' answered the Lord, 'you speak like a Soldier, and I greatly honour your Sentiments. Indeed I own the Justice of your Inference from the Example you have given: For, to quit a Wife as you say, in the very Infancy of Marriage, is, I acknowledge, some Trial of Resolution.' *Booth* answered with a low Bow, and then after some immaterial Conversation, his Lordship promised to speak immediately to the Minister, and appointed
Mr.

Mr. *Booth* to come to him again on the *Wednesday* Morning, that he might be acquainted with his Patron's Success. The poor Man, now blushed and looked silly, till after some time, he summoned up all his Courage to his Assistance, and relying on the other's Friendship, he opened the whole Affair of his Circumstances, and confessed that he did not dare stir from his Lodgings above one Day in Seven. His Lordship expressed great Concern at this Account, and very kindly promised to take some Opportunity of calling on him at his Cousin *Ellison's*, when he hoped, he said, to bring him comfortable Tidings.

Booth soon afterwards took his Leave with the most profuse Acknowledgments for so much Goodness, and hastened Home to acquaint his *Amelia* with what had so greatly overjoyed him. She highly congratulated him on his having found so generous and powerful a Friend, towards whom both their Bosoms burnt with the warmest Sentiments of Gratitude. She was not however contented, till she had made *Booth* renew his Promise in the most solemn Manner of taking her with him. After which they sat down with their little Children to a Scrag of Mutton and Broth, with the highest Satisfaction.

tisfaction, and very heartily drank his Lordship's Health in a Pot of Porter.

In the Afternoon this happy Couple, if the Reader will allow me to call poor People happy, drank Tea with Mrs. *Ellison*, where his Lordship's Praises being again repeated by both the Husband and Wife were very loudly echoed by Mrs. *Ellison*. While they were here, the young Lady, whom we have mentioned at the End of the last Book to have made a Fourth at Whist, and with whom *Amelia* seemed so much pleased, came in; she was just returned to Town from a short Visit in the Country, and her present Visit was unexpected. It was however very agreeable to *Amelia*, who liked her still better upon a second Interview, and was resolved to solicit her further Acquaintance.

Mrs. *Bennet* still maintained some little Reserve, but was much more familiar and communicative than before. She appeared moreover to be as little ceremonious as Mrs. *Ellison* had reported her, and very readily accepted *Amelia's* Apology for not paying her the first Visit, and agreed to drink Tea with her the very next Afternoon.

Whist

Whilst the above-mentioned Company were sitting in Mrs. *Ellison's* Parlour, Serjeant *Atkinson* passed by the Window, and knocked at the Door. Mrs. *Ellison* no sooner saw him, than she said, 'pray, Mr. *Booth*, who is that genteel young Serjeant? He was here every Day last Week, to enquire after the Health of Miss, and at the Time of her Danger shewed almost as much Concern for her as you did yourself.' This was indeed a Fact; but as the poor Fellow had received all his Answers from the Maid or Mrs. *Ellison*, *Booth* had never heard a word of the Matter. He was however greatly pleased with what he was now told, and burst forth into great Praises of the Serjeant, which were seconded by *Amelia*, who added that he was her Foster-Brother, and she believed one of the honestest Fellows in the World.

'And I'll swear,' cries Mrs. *Ellison*, 'he is one of the prettiest—Do, Mr. *Booth*, desire him to walk in. A Serjeant of the Guards is a Gentleman, and I had rather give such a Man as you describe a Dish of Tea, than any Beau Fribble of them all.'

Booth wanted no great Solicitation to shew any kind of Regard to *Atkinson*; and accordingly the Serjeant was ushered in, tho' not without some Reluctance on his Side. There is perhaps nothing more uneasy than those Sensations which the *French* call the *mauvaise Honte*, nor any more difficult to conquer; and poor *Atkinson* would, I am persuaded, have mounted a Breach with less Concern, than he walked into a Room before three Ladies, two of whom were his avowed well Wishers.

Tho' I do not entirely agree with the late learned Mr. *Effex* the celebrated Dancing-Master's Opinion, that Dancing is the Rudiments of polite Education, as he would, I apprehend, exclude every other Art and Science; yet is it certain, that Persons whose Feet have never been under the Hands of the Professors of that Art, are apt to discover this Want in their Education in every Motion, nay, even when they stand or sit still. They seem indeed to be over-burthened with Limbs, which they know not how to use, as if when Nature hath finished her Work, the Dancing-Master still is necessary to put it in Motion.

Atkinson

Atkinson was at present an Example of this Observation, which doth so much Honour to a Profession for which I have a very high Regard. He was handsome and exquisitely well made; and yet, as he had never learnt to dance, he made so awkward an Appearance in Mrs. *Ellison's* Parlour, that the good Lady herself, who had invited him in, could at first scarce refrain from Laughter at his Behaviour.

He had not however been long in the Room, before Admiration of his Person got the better of such risible Ideas. So great is the Advantage of Beauty in Men as well as Women, and so sure is this Quality in either Sex of procuring some Regard from the Beholder.

The exceeding courteous Behaviour of Mrs. *Ellison*, joined to that of *Amelia* and *Booth*, at length dissipated the Uneasiness of *Atkinson*; and he gained sufficient Confidence to tell the Company some entertaining Stories of Accidents, that had happened in the Army within his Knowledge; which tho' they greatly pleased all present, are not however of Consequence enough to have a Place in this History.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ellison* was so very importunate with her Company to stay Supper, that they all consented. As for the Serjeant, he seemed to be none of the least welcome Guests. She was indeed so pleased with what she had heard of him, and what she saw of him, that when a little warmed with Wine, for she was no Flincher at the Bottle, she began to indulge some Freedoms in her Discourse towards him, that a little offended *Amelia's* Delicacy, nay, they did not seem to be highly relished by the other Lady. Tho' I am far from insinuating that these exceeded the Bounds of Decency, or were indeed greater Liberties than Ladies of the middle Age, and especially Widows, do frequently allow to themselves.

C H A P. IV.

Relating principally to the Affairs of Serjeant Atkinson.

THE next Day, when all the same Company, *Atkinson* only excepted, assembled in *Amelia's* Apartment, Mrs. *Ellison* presently began to discourse of him, and that in Terms not only of Approbation, but even of Affection. She called him her
clever

clever Serjeant, and her dear Serjeant, repeated often that he was the prettiest Fellow in the Army, and said it was a thousand Pities he had not a Commission; for that if he had, she was sure he would become a General.

‘ I am of your Opinion, Madam,’ answered *Booth*; ‘ and he hath got 100 *l.* of his own already, if he could find a Wife now to help him to two or three hundred more, I think he might easily get a Commission in a Marching Regiment; for I am convinced there is no Colonel in the Army would refuse him.’

‘ Refuse him indeed!’ said Mrs. *Ellison*; ‘ no. He would be a very pretty Colonel that did. And upon my Honour, I believe there are very few Ladies who would refuse him, if he had but a proper Opportunity of soliciting them. The Colonel and the Lady both would be better off, than with one of those pretty Masters that I see walking about, and dragging their long Swords after them, when they should rather drag their Leading-Strings.’

‘ Well

‘ Well said,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ and spoken
‘ like a Woman of Spirit.—Indeed, I be-
‘ lieve, they would be both better served.’

‘ True Captain,’ answered Mrs. *Ellison*,
‘ I would rather leave the two first Syllables
‘ out of the Word Gentleman, than the
‘ last.’

‘ Nay I assure you,’ replied *Booth*, ‘ there
‘ is not a quieter Creature in the World.
‘ Tho’ the Fellow hath the Bravery of a
‘ Lion, he hath the Meekness of a Lamb.
‘ I can tell you Stories enow of that Kind,
‘ and so can my dear *Amelia* when he was a
‘ Boy.’

‘ O if the Match sticks there,’ cries
Amelia, ‘ I positively will not spoil his
‘ Fortune by my Silence. I can answer
‘ for him from his Infancy, that he was
‘ one of the best natured Lads in the
‘ World. I will tell you a Story or two of
‘ him, the Truth of which I can testify
‘ from my own Knowledge. When he was
‘ but six Years old, he was at Play with
‘ me at my Mother’s House, and a great
‘ Pointing-dog bit him through the Leg.
‘ The poor Lad in the Midst of the An-
‘ guish.

‘ guish of his Wound, declared he was
‘ overjoyed it had not happened to Miss,
‘ (for the same Dog had just before snapt
‘ at me, and my Petticoats had been my
‘ Defence.) Another Instance of his Good-
‘ ness which greatly recommended him to
‘ my Father, and which I have loved him
‘ for ever since, was this. My Father was
‘ a great Lover of Birds, and strictly for-
‘ bad the spoiling of their Nests. Poor *Joe*
‘ was one Day caught upon a Tree, and
‘ being concluded guilty, was severely lash-
‘ ed for it; but it was afterwards discovered
‘ that another Boy, a Friend of *Joe*’s, had
‘ robbed the Nest of its young ones, and
‘ poor *Joe* had climbed the Tree in order
‘ to restore them, notwithstanding which
‘ he submitted to the Punishment rather
‘ than he would impeach his Companion.
‘ But if these Stories appear childish and
‘ trifling, the Duty and Kindness he hath
‘ shewn to his Mother, must recommend
‘ him to every one. Ever since he hath
‘ been fifteen Years old, he hath more than
‘ half supported her; and when my Brother
‘ died, I remember particularly *Joe* at his
‘ Desire, for he was much his Favourite,
‘ had one of his Suits given him, but in-
‘ stead of his becoming finer on that Oc-
‘ casion, another young Fellow came to
‘ Church

‘ Church in my Brother’s Cloaths, and my
 ‘ old Nurse appeared the same Sunday in a
 ‘ new Gown, which her Son had purchased
 ‘ for her with the Sale of his Legacy.’

‘ Well, I protest, he is a very worthy
 ‘ Creature,’ said Mrs. Bennet.

‘ He is a charming Fellow,’ cries Mrs.
 Ellifon,—‘ but then the Name of Serjeant,
 ‘ Capt. Booth, tho’ as the Play says, my
 ‘ Pride brings me off again.

*And whatsoever the Sages charge on Pride,
 The Angels Fall, and twenty other good
 Faults beside ;*

*On Earth I’m sure—I’m sure—something
 — calling*

*Pride saves Man and our Sex too from
 falling.*

Here a Footman’s Rap at the Door shook
 the Room. Upon which Mrs. Ellifon run-
 ning to the Window, cry’d out, let me die
 if it is not my Lord, what shall I do? I
 must be at home to him, but suppose he
 should enquire for you, Captain, what shall
 I say? or will you go down with me?

The

The Company were in some Confusion at this Instant, and before they had agreed on any thing, *Booth's* little Girl came running into the Room, and said, 'there was a prodigious great Gentleman coming up Stairs.' She was immediately followed by his Lordship, who, as he knew *Booth* must be at home, made very little or no Enquiry at the Door.

Amelia was taken somewhat at a Surprize, but she was too polite to shew much Confusion: for though she knew nothing of the Town, she had had a genteel Education, and kept the best Company the Country afforded. The Ceremonies therefore past as usual, and they all sat down.

His Lordship soon addressed himself to *Booth*, saying, 'As I have what I think good News for you, Sir, I could not delay giving myself the Pleasure of communicating it to you. I have mentioned your Affair where I promised you, and I have no doubt of my Success. One may easily perceive, you know, from the Manner of Peoples behaving upon such Occasions; and indeed, when I related your Case I found there was much Inclination

‘ nation to serve you. Great Men, Mr.
 ‘ *Booth*, must do things in their own Time;
 ‘ but I think you may depend on having
 ‘ something done very soon.’

Booth made many Acknowledgments for his Lordship’s Goodness, and now a second time paid all the Thanks which would have been due, even had the Favour been obtained. This Art of promising is the Oeconomy of a great Man’s Pride, a sort of good Husbandry in conferring Favours, by which they receive ten-fold in Acknowledgments for every Obligation, I mean among those who really intend the Service: for there are others who cheat poor Men of their Thanks, without ever designing to deserve them at all.

This Matter being sufficiently discussed, the Conversation took a gayer Turn; and my Lord began to entertain the Ladies with some of that elegant Discourse, which tho’ most delightful to hear, it is impossible should ever be read. Such Conversation indeed, as it extremely resembles brisk bottled Ale in its Liveliness, so doth it in this, that it is as impossible to transfuse the one from the Lips to Paper, as to decant the other.

Both

Both by such Operations lose all their Spirit, and nothing but Froth remains.

His Lordship was so highly pleased with *Amelia*, that he could not help being somewhat particular to her; but this Particularity distinguished itself only in a higher Degree of Respect, and was so very polite and so very distant, that she herself was pleased, and at his Departure, which was not till he had far exceeded the Length of a common Visit, declared he was the finest Gentleman she had ever seen, with which Sentiment her Husband and Mrs. *Ellison* both entirely concurred.

Mrs. *Bennet* on the contrary express some little Dislike to my Lord's Complaisance, which she called excessive. 'For my own Part,' said she, 'I have not the least Relish for those very fine Gentlemen; what the World generally calls Politeness, I term Insincerity; and I am more charmed with the Stories which Mrs. *Booth* told us of the honest Serjeant, than with all that the finest Gentlemen in the World ever said in their Lives.'

'O to be sure,' cries Mrs. *Ellison*, '*All for Love, or the World well Lost*, is a Motto

‘ Motto very proper for some Folks to
 ‘ wear in their Coat of Arms; but the
 ‘ Generality of the World will, I believe,
 ‘ agree with that Lady’s Opinion of my
 ‘ Cousin, rather than with Mrs. *Bennet*.’

Mrs. *Bennet* seeing Mrs. *Ellison* took Of-
 fence at what she said, thought proper to
 make some Apology, which was very readily
 accepted, and so ended the Visit.

We cannot however put an End to the
 Chapter without observing, that such is the
 ambitious Temper of Beauty, that it may
 always apply to itself that celebrated Passage
 in *Lucan*,

*Nec quenquam jam ferre potest Cesare
 priorem*

Pompeiusve parem.————

Indeed, I believe, it may be laid down as
 a general Rule, that no Woman who hath
 any great Pretensions to Admiration, is
 over-well pleased in a Company, where she
 perceives herself to fill only the second Place.
 This Observation however I humbly submit
 to the Judgment of the Ladies, and hope
 it will be considered as retracted by me, if
 they shall dissent from my Opinion.

C H A P.

C H A P V.

Containing Matters that require no Preface.

WHEN *Booth* and his Wife were left alone together, they both extremely exulted in their good Fortune, in having found so good a Friend as his Lordship; nor were they wanting in very warm Expressions of their Gratitude towards Mrs. *Elifon*. After which they began to lay down Schemes of Living when *Booth* should have his Commission of Captain, and after the exactest Computation, concluded that with Œconomy, they should be able to save, at least, fifty Pounds a Year out of their Income, in order to pay their Debts.

These Matters being well settled, *Amelia* asked *Booth* what he thought of Mrs. *Bennet*:
 ‘ I think, my Dear,’ answered *Booth*, ‘ that
 ‘ she hath been formerly a very pretty Wo-
 ‘ man.’ ‘ I am mistaken,’ replied she, ‘ if
 ‘ she be not a very good Creature. I don’t
 ‘ know I ever took such a Liking to any
 ‘ one on so short an Acquaintance. I fancy
 ‘ she hath been a very spritely Woman :
 ‘ For if you observe, she discovers by starts
 ‘ a great Vivacity in her Countenance.’ ‘ I

' made the same Observation,' cries *Booth* :
 ' sure some strange Misfortune hath befallen
 ' her.' ' A Misfortune indeed !' answered
Amelia, ' sure Child, you forgot what Mrs.
 ' *Ellison* told us, that she had lost a beloved
 ' Husband. A Misfortune which I have
 ' often wondered at any Woman's surviv-
 ' ing,—at which Words, she cast a tender
 ' Look at *Booth*, and presently afterwards
 ' throwing herself upon his Neck, cried—
 ' O Heavens! what a happy Creature am
 ' I; when I consider the Dangers you have
 ' gone through, how I exult in my Blifs !'
 The good natured Reader will suppose that
Booth was not deficient in returning such
 Tendernefs, after which the Conversation
 became too fond to be here related.

The next Morning Mrs. *Ellison* addressed
 herself to *Booth* as follows: ' I shall make
 ' no Apology, Sir, for what I am going to
 ' say, as it proceeds from my Friendship
 ' to yourself and your dear Lady. I am
 ' convinced then, Sir, there is something
 ' more than Accident in your going Abroad
 ' only one Day in the Week. Now, Sir,
 ' if, as I am afraid, Matters are not altoge-
 ' ther as well as I wish them, I beg, since
 ' I do not believe you are provided with a
 ' Lawyer, that you will suffer me to re-
 ' commend

‘ commend one to you. The Person I shall
 ‘ mention is, I assure you, of much Abi-
 ‘ lity in his Profession, and I have known
 ‘ him do great Services to Gentlemen under
 ‘ a Cloud. Do not be ashamed of your
 ‘ Circumstances, my dear Friend. They
 ‘ are a much greater Scandal to those, who
 ‘ have left so much Merit unprovided for.’

Booth gave Mrs. *Ellison* abundance of
 Thanks for her Kindness, and explicitly
 confest to her that her Conjectures were
 right, and without Hesitation accepted the
 Offer of her Friend’s Assistance.

Mrs. *Ellison* then acquainted him with
 her Apprehensions on his Account. She
 said she had both Yesterday and this Morn-
 ing seen two or three very ugly suspicious
 Fellows pass several times by her Window.
 ‘ Upon all Accounts,’ said she, ‘ my dear
 ‘ Sir, I advise you to keep yourself close
 ‘ confined till the Lawyer hath been with
 ‘ you. I am sure he will get you your
 ‘ Liberty, at least of walking about within
 ‘ the Verge—There’s something to be done
 ‘ with the Board of Green Cloth, I don’t
 ‘ know what; but this I know, that se-
 ‘ veral Gentlemen have lived here a long
 ‘ Time very comfortably, and have defied all

' the Vengeance of their Creditors. How-
 ' ever, in the mean time you must be a
 ' close Prisoner with your Lady; and I be-
 ' lieve there is no Man in *England* but
 ' would exchange his Liberty for the same
 ' Goal.'

She then departed, in order to send for
 the Attorney, and presently afterwards the
 Serjeant arrived with News of the like
 Kind. He said he had scraped an Ac-
 quaintance with *Murphy*. ' I hope your
 ' Honour will pardon me,' cries *Atkinson*,
 ' but I pretended to have a small Demand
 ' upon your Honour myself, and offered
 ' to employ him in the Business. Upon
 ' which he told me, that if I would go
 ' with him to the Marshal's Court, and
 ' make Affidavit of my Debt, he should be
 ' able very shortly to get it me; for I shall
 ' have the Captain in Hold,' cries he, ' within
 ' a Day or two. I wish,' said the Serjeant,
 ' I could do your Honour any Service.
 ' Shall I walk about all Day before the
 ' Door? or shall I be Porter and watch it
 ' in the Inside, till your Honour can find
 ' some means of securing yourself? I hope
 ' you will not be offended at me, but I
 ' beg you would take care of falling into
 ' *Murphy's* Hands; for he hath the Cha-
 ' racter

‘ racter of the greatest Villain upon Earth.
‘ I am afraid you will think me too bold,
‘ Sir; but I have a little Money, if it can
‘ be of any Service, do, pray your Ho-
‘ nour, command it. It can never do me
‘ so much Good any other way. Consider,
‘ Sir, I owe all I have to yourself, and my
‘ dear Mistress.

Booth stood a Moment, as if he had been Thunder-struck, and then, the Tears bursting from his Eyes, he said: ‘ Upon my
‘ Soul, *Atkinson*, you overcome me. I
‘ scarce ever heard of so much Goodness,
‘ nor do I know how to express my Senti-
‘ ments of it. But be assured, as for your
‘ Money, I will not accept it, and let it
‘ satisfy you, that in my present Circum-
‘ stances it would do me no essential Ser-
‘ vice; but this be assured of likewise, that
‘ whilst I live, I shall never forget the
‘ Kindness of the Offer——However, as I
‘ apprehend I may be in some Danger of
‘ Fellows getting into the House, for a
‘ Day or two, as I have no Guard but a
‘ poor little Girl, I will not refuse the
‘ Goodness you offer to shew in my Pro-
‘ tection. And I make no doubt but Mrs.
‘ *Ellison* will let you sit in her Parlour for
‘ that Purpose.’

Atkinson with the utmost Readiness undertook the Office of Porter; and Mrs. *Elison* as readily allotted him a Place in her Back-parlour, where he continued three Days together, from Eight in the Morning till Twelve at Night; during which Time he had sometimes the Company of Mrs. *Elison*, and sometimes of *Booth*, *Amelia*, and Mrs. *Bennet* too; for this last had taken as great a Fancy to *Amelia*, as *Amelia* had to her, and therefore as Mr. *Booth's* Affairs were now no Secret in the Neighbourhood, made her frequent Visits during the Confinement of her Husband, and consequently her own.

Nothing, as I remember, happened in this Interval of Time, more worthy Notice than the following Card, which *Amelia* received from her old Acquaintance Mrs. *James*. ‘Mrs. *James* sends her Compliments to Mrs. *Booth*, and desires to know how she does; for as she hath not had the Favour of seeing her at her own House, or of meeting her in any public Place, in so long Time, fears it may be owing to ill Health.’

Amelia

Amelia had long given over all Thoughts of her Friend, and doubted not but that she was as entirely given over by her; she was very much surprized at this Message, and under some Doubt whether it was not meant as an Insult, especially from the mention of public Places, which she thought so inconsistent with her present Circumstances, of which she supposed Mrs. *James* was well apprized. However, at the Entreaty of her Husband, who languished for nothing more than to be again reconciled to his Friend *James*, *Amelia* undertook to pay the Lady a Visit, and to examine into the Mystery of this Conduct, which appeared to her so unaccountable.

Mrs. *James* received her with a Degree of Civility that amazed *Amelia*, no less than her Coldness had done before. She resolved to come to an Eclaircissement, and having sat out some Company that came in, when they were alone together, *Amelia*, after some Silence, and many Offers to speak, at last said, ‘ my dear *Jenny*, (if you will
‘ now suffer me to call you by so familiar a
‘ Name,) have you entirely forgot a certain
‘ young Lady who had the Pleasure of be-
‘ ing your intimate Acquaintance at *Mont-*
G 4 ‘ *pelier*?’

‘*pelier*?’—‘Whom do you mean, dear
‘Madam?’ cries Mrs. *James*, with great
Concern. ‘I mean myself,’ answered *Ame-*
lia—‘You surprize me, Madam,’ replied
Mrs. *James*. ‘How can you ask me that
‘Question?’ ‘Nay, my Dear, I do not
‘intend to offend you,’ cries *Amelia*? ‘but
‘I am really desirous to solve to myself the
‘Reason of that Coldness which you shewed
‘me, when you did me the Favour of a
‘Visit. Can you think, my Dear, I was
‘not disappointed when I expected to meet
‘an intimate Friend, to receive a cold
‘formal Visitant? I desire you to examine
‘your own Heart, and answer me honestly,
‘if you do not think I had some little
‘Reason to be dissatisfied with your Beha-
‘viour?’ ‘Indeed, Mrs. *Booth*,’ answered
the other Lady, ‘you surprize me very
‘much; if there was any thing displeasing
‘to you in my Behaviour, I am extremely
‘concerned at it. I did not know I had
‘been defective in any of the Rules of
‘Civility, but if I was, Madam, I ask
‘your Pardon.’ ‘Is Civility then, my
‘Dear,’ replied *Amelia*, ‘a synonymous
‘Term with Friendship? Could I have
‘expected when I parted the last Time with
‘Miss *Jenny Bath*, to have met her the
‘next Time in the Shape of a fine Lady,
‘com-

‘complaining of the Hardship of climbing
‘up two Pair of Stairs to visit me, and
‘then approaching me with the distant Air
‘of a new or a slight Acquaintance? Do
‘you think, my dear Mrs. *James*, if the
‘Tables had been turned, if my Fortune
‘had been as high in the World as yours,
‘and you in my Distress and abject Con-
‘dition, that I would not have climbed as
‘high as the Monument to visit you?’
‘Sure, Madam,’ cries Mrs. *James*, ‘I
‘mistake you, or you have greatly mistaken
‘me. Can you complain of my not visit-
‘ing you, who have owed me a Visit al-
‘most these three Weeks. Nay, did I not
‘even then send you a Card, which sure was
‘doing more than all the Friendship and
‘good Breeding in the World required;
‘but indeed as I had met you in no public
‘Place, I really thought you was ill?’
‘How can you mention public Places to
‘me,’ said *Amelia*, ‘when you can hardly
‘be a Stranger to my present Situation?’
‘Did you not know, Madam, that I was
‘ruined.’ ‘No indeed, Madam, did I not,’
replied Mrs. *James*, ‘I am sure I should have
‘been highly concerned if I had.’ ‘Why
‘sure, my Dear,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘you could
‘not imagine that we were in affluent Cir-
‘cumstances, when you found us in such a

Place, and in such a Condition.' 'Nay, my Dear,' answered Mrs. James, 'since you are pleased to mention it first yourself, I own I was a little surprized to see you in no better Lodgings; but I concluded you had your own Reasons for liking them; and for my own part, I have laid it down as a positive Rule, never to enquire into the private Affairs of any one, especially of my Friends. I am not of the Humour of some Ladies, who confine the Circle of their Acquaintance to one Part of the Town, and would not be known to visit in the City for the World. For my part, I never dropt an Acquaintance with any one, while it was reputable to keep it up; and I can solemnly declare, I have not a Friend in the World for whom I have a greater Esteem than I have for Mrs. Booth.'

At this Instant the Arrival of a new Visitant put an end to the Discourse, and *Amelia* soon after took her Leave without the least Anger, but with some little unavoidable Contempt for a Lady, in whose Opinion, as we have hinted before, outward Form and Ceremony constituted the whole Effence of Friendship; who valued all her Acquaintance alike, as each Individual served
equally

equally to fill up a Place in her visiting Roll, and who in reality had not the least Concern for the good Qualities or Well-being of any of them.

C H A P. VI.

Containing much heroic Matter.

AT the End of three Days Mrs. *Ellison's* Friend had so far purchased Mr. *Booth's* Liberty, that he could walk again abroad within the Verge, without any Danger of having a Warrant backed against him by the Board before he had Notice. As for the ill-looking Persons that had given the Alarm, it was now discovered that another unhappy Gentleman, and not *Booth* was the Object of their Pursuit.

Mr. *Booth* now being delivered from his Fears, went, as he had formerly done, to take his Morning-walk in the Park. Here he met Colonel *Bath* in Company with some other Officers, and very civilly paid his Respects to him. But instead of returning the Salute, the Colonel looked him full in the Face with a very stern Countenance; and if he could be said to take any Notice of him, it was in such a Manner as
to

to inform him he would take no Notice of him.

Booth was not more hurt, than surprized at this Behaviour, and resolv'd to know the Reason of it. He therefore watch'd an Opportunity till the Colonel was alone, and then walk'd boldly up to him, and desired to know if he had given him any Offence,—the Colonel answer'd hastily, 'Sir, I am above being offended with you, nor do I think it consistent with my Dignity to make you any Answer.' *Booth* replied, 'I don't know, Sir, that I have done any thing to deserve this Treatment.'—'Look'ee, Sir,' cries the Colonel, 'if I had not formerly had some Respect for you, I should not think you worth my Resentment. However, as you are a Gentleman born and an Officer, and as I have had an Esteem for you, I will give you some Marks of it by putting it in your Power to do yourself Justice. I will tell you therefore, Sir, that you have acted like a Scoundrel.'—'If we were not in the Park,' answer'd *Booth* warmly, 'I would thank you very properly for that Compliment.'—'O Sir!' cries the Colonel, 'we can be soon in a convenient Place.' Upon which *Booth* answer'd he would attend him wherever he pleas'd.—The Colonel then bid him
come

come along, and strutted forward directly up *Constitution-Hill* to *Hyde-Park*, *Booth* following him at first, and afterwards walking before him, till they came to that Place which may be properly called the *Field of Blood*, being that Part a little to the Left of the *Ring*, which *Heroes* have chosen for the *Scene* of their *Exit* out of this *World*.

Booth reached the *Ring* some Time before the *Colonel*; for he mended not his *Pace* any more than a *Spaniard*. To say *Truth*, I believe it was not in his *Power*; for he had so long accustomed himself to one and the same *Strut*, that as a *Horse* used always to *Trotting* can scarce be forced into a *Gallop*, so could no *Passion* force the *Colonel* to alter his *Pace*.

At length, however, both *Parties* arrived at the *Lifts*, where the *Colonel* very deliberately took off his *Wig* and *Coat*, and laid them on the *Grass*, and then drawing his *Sword*, advanced to *Booth*, who had likewise his drawn *Weapon* in his *Hand*, but had made no other *Preparation* for the *Combat*.

The *Combatants* now engaged with great *Fury*, and after two or three *Passes*, *Booth*
run

run the Colonel through the Body and threw him on the Ground, at the same Time possessing himself of the Colonel's Sword.

As soon as the Colonel was become Master of his Speech, he called out to *Booth* in a very kind Voice, and said, ' you have done my Business, and satisfied me that you are a Man of Honour, and that my Brother *James* must have been mistaken : For I am convinced, that no Man who will draw his Sword in so gallant a Manner, is capable of being a Rascal, d—n me, give me a Bus, my dear Boy, I ask your Pardon for that infamous Appellation I dishonoured your Dignity with ; but, d—n me, if it was not purely out of Love, and to give you an Opportunity of doing yourself Justice, which I own you have done like a Man of Honour. What may be the Consequence I know not, but, I hope, at least I shall live to reconcile you with my Brother.'

Booth shewed great Concern and even Horror in his Countenance. ' Why, my dear Colonel,' said he, ' would you force me to this ? For Heaven's Sake, tell me, what I have ever done to offend you.'

' Me !'

‘Me!’ cried the Colonel. ‘Indeed, my dear Child, you never did any Thing to offend me. Nay, I have acted the Part of a Friend to you in the whole Affair. I maintained your Cause with my Brother as long as Decency would permit, I could not flatly contradict him, tho’ indeed I scarce believed him. But what could I do, if I had not fought with you, I must have been obliged to have fought with him? However, I hope, what is done will be sufficient, and that Matters may be *discomodated* without your being put to the Necessity of Fighting any more on this Occasion.

‘Never regard me, cried *Booth* eagerly, for Heaven’s Sake think of your own Preservation. Let me put you into a Chair, and get you a Surgeon.

‘Thou art a noble Lad,’ cries the Colonel, who was now got on his Legs, and I am glad the Business is so well over. For tho’ your Sword went quite through, it flanted so, that I apprehend there is little Danger of Life. However, I think there is enough done to put an honourable End to the Affair, especially as you was so hasty to *dis-*
arma

arm me. I bleed a little, but I can walk to the House by the Water; and if you will send me a Chair thither I shall be obliged to you.

As the Colonel refused any Assistance, (indeed he was very able to walk without it, tho' with somewhat less Dignity than usual *Booth* set forward to *Grovesnor-Gate*, in order to procure the Chair, and soon after returned with one to his Friend; whom having conveyed into it, he attended himself on Foot into *Bond-street*, where then lived the most eminent Surgeon in the Kingdom, or perhaps in the World.

The Surgeon having probed the Wound turned towards *Booth* who was apparently the guilty Person, and said with a Smile, ' Upon my Word, Sir, you have performed the Business with great Dexterity; and if any Gentleman hath a Mind to be run through the Body, I think I may venture to recommend you of all Mankind for the Operator.'

' Sir,' cries the Colonel to the Surgeon, ' I would not have you imagine I am afraid to die. I think I know more what belongs to the Dignity of a Man; and, I believe,

‘believe, I have shewn it at the Head of a
 ‘Line of Battle. Do not impute my Con-
 ‘cern to that Fear, when I ask you whether
 ‘there is or is not any Danger?’

‘Really, Colonel,’ answered the Surgeon,
 who well knew the Complexion of the
 Gentleman then under his Hands, ‘It
 ‘would be a little Presumption to say, that
 ‘a Man who hath been just run through
 ‘the Body, is in no manner of Danger.
 ‘But this, I think, I may promise you
 ‘with all the Dignity of a Surgeon, that I
 ‘yet perceive no very bad Symptoms, and
 ‘unless something worse should appear, or
 ‘a Fever be the Consequence, I hope you
 ‘may live to be again at the Head of a
 ‘Line of Battle.’

‘I am glad to hear that is your Opinion,’
 quoth the Colonel, ‘for I am not desirous
 ‘of dying, tho’ I am not afraid of it.
 ‘But if any thing worse than you appre-
 ‘hend should happen, I desire you will be
 ‘a Witness of my Declaration, that this
 ‘young Gentleman is entirely innocent. I
 ‘forced him to do what he did. My dear
 ‘Booth, I am pleased Matters are as they
 ‘are. You are the first Man that ever
 ‘gained an Advantage over me, but it
 ‘was

‘ was very lucky for you that you disarmed
‘ me, and I doubt not, but you have the
‘ *Equanimity* to think so. If the Business
‘ therefore hath ended without doing any
‘ thing to the Purpose, it was Fortune’s
‘ Pleasure, and neither of our Faults.’

Booth heartily embraced the Colonel, and assured him of the great Satisfaction he had received from the Surgeon’s Opinion; and soon after the two Combatants took their Leave of each other. The Colonel after he was dress’d, went in a Chair to his Lodgings, and *Booth* walked on Foot to his; where he luckily arrived without meeting any of Mr. *Murphy*’s Gang; a Danger which never once occurred to his Imagination till he was out of it.

The Affair he had been about had indeed so entirely occupied his Mind, that it had obliterated every other Idea; among the rest, it caused him so absolutely to forget the Time of the Day, that tho’ he had exceeded the Time of Dining above two Hours, he had not the least Suspicion of being at home later than usual.

C H A P. VII.

*In which the Reader will find Matter worthy
his Consideration.*

A M E L I A having waited above an Hour for her Husband concluded, as he was the most punctual Man alive, that he had met with some Engagement abroad, and sat down to her Meal with her Children; which, as it was always uncomfortable in the Absence of her Husband, was very short; so that before his Return all the Apparatus of dining was entirely removed.

Booth sat some time with his Wife, expecting every Minute when the little Maid would make her Appearance; at last Curiosity, I believe, rather than Appetite, made him ask, how long it was to Dinner? To Dinner! my dear, answered *Amelia*; sure you have dined, I hope? *Booth* replied in the Negative; upon which his Wife started from her Chair, and bestirred herself as nimbly to provide him a Repast, as the most industrious Hostess in the Kingdom doth, when some unexpected Guest of extraordinary Quality arrives at her House.

The

The Reader hath not, I think, from any Passages hitherto recorded in this History had much Reason to accuse *Amelia* of a blameable Curiosity ; he will not, I hope, conclude that she gave an Instance of any such Fault, when, upon *Booth's* having so long overstaid his Time, and so greatly mistaken the Hour of the Day, and upon some other Circumstances of his Behaviour : (for he was too honest to be good at concealing any of his Thoughts) she said to him, after he had done eating, ‘ My Dear, I am sure something more than ordinary hath happened to-day, and I beg you will tell me what it is.’

Booth answered, that nothing of any Consequence had happened ; that he had been detained by a Friend, whom he met accidentally, longer than he expected. In short, he made many shuffling and evasive Answers, not boldly lying out, which perhaps would have succeeded, but poorly and vainly endeavouring to reconcile Falshood with Truth. An Attempt which seldom fails to betray the most practised Deceiver.

How impossible was it therefore for poor *Booth* to succeed in an Art for which Nature had

had so entirely disqualified him. His Countenance indeed confessed faster than his Tongue denied; and the whole of his Behaviour gave *Amelia* an Alarm, and made her suspect something very bad had happened; and as her Thoughts turned presently on the Badness of their Circumstances, she feared some Mischief from his Creditors had befallen him: for she was too ignorant of such Matters to know, that if he had fallen into the Hands of the *Philistines*, (which is the Name given by the Pious to Bailiffs) he would hardly have been able so soon to recover his Liberty. *Booth* at last perceived her to be so uneasy, that as he saw no Hopes of contriving any Fiction to satisfy her, he thought himself obliged to tell her the Truth, or at least Part of the Truth, and confessed that he had had a little Skirmish with Colonel *Bath*, in which he said the Colonel had received a slight Wound, not at all dangerous; and this, says he, is all the whole Matter. ‘If it be so,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘I thank Heaven no worse hath happened; but why, my dear, will you ever converse with that Madman, who can embrace a Friend one Moment, and fight with him the next?’ Nay, my dear,’ answered *Booth*, ‘you yourself must confess, though he be a little too much on the *Qui*
‘vive,

‘*vive*, he is a Man of great Honour and
 ‘ Good-nature.’ ‘ Tell me not,’ replied
 she, ‘ of such Good-nature and Honour
 ‘ as would sacrifice a Friend and a whole
 ‘ Family to a ridiculous Whim. O Hea-
 ‘ ven,’ cried she, falling upon her Knees,
 ‘ from what Misery have I escaped, from
 ‘ what have these poor Babes escaped thro’
 ‘ your gracious Providence this Day!’ —
 Then turning to her Husband—she cry’d—
 ‘ But are you sure the Monster’s Wound
 ‘ is no more dangerous than you say? A
 ‘ Monster surely I may call him, who can
 ‘ quarrel with a Man that could not, that
 ‘ I am convinced would not offend him.’

Upon this Question *Booth* repeated the
 Assurances which the Surgeon had given
 them, perhaps with a little Enlargement,
 which pretty well satisfied *Amelia*; and in-
 stead of blaming her Husband for what he
 had done, she tenderly embraced him, and
 again returned Thanks to Heaven for his
 Safety.

In the Evening *Booth* insisted on paying
 a short Visit to the Colonel, highly against
 the Inclination of *Amelia*, who by many
 Arguments and Entreaties endeavoured to
 dissuade her Husband from continuing an
 Ac-

Acquaintance; in which she said she should always foresee much Danger for the future. However, she was at last prevailed upon to acquiesce; and *Booth* went to the Colonel, whose Lodgings happened to be in the Verge as well as his own.

He found the Colonel in his Night-gown and his great Chair, engaged with another Officer at a Game at Chés. He rose immediately, and having heartily embraced *Booth*, presented him to his Friend, saying he had the Honour to introduce to him as brave and as *fortitudinous* a Man as any in the King's Dominions. — He then took *Booth* with him into the next Room, and desired him not to mention a Word of what had happened in the Morning, saying, ‘ I am very well satisfied that no more hath happened; however, as it ended in nothing, I could wish it might remain a Secret.’ *Booth* told him he was heartily glad to find him so well, and promised never to mention it more to any one.

The Game at Chés being but just begun, and neither of the Parties having gained any considerable Advantage, they neither of them insisted on continuing it; and now
the

the Colonel's Antagonist took his leave, and left the Colonel and *Booth* together.

As soon as they were alone, the latter earnestly entreated the former to acquaint him with the real Cause of his Anger; 'for
' may I perish,' cries *Booth*, 'if I can even
' guess what I have ever done to offend
' either you, or your Brother Col. *James*.'

'Look'ee, Child,' cries the Colonel, 'I
' tell you I am for my own Part satisfied:
' for I am convinced that a Man who will
' fight can never be a Rascal; and there-
' fore why should you enquire any more of
' me at present? When I see my Brother
' *James*, I hope to reconcile all Matters,
' and perhaps no more Swords need be
' drawn on this Occasion.' But *Booth* still
persisting in his Desire, the Colonel after some
Hesitation, with a tremendous Oath, cry'd
out, 'I do not think myself at liberty to
' refuse you after the Indignity I offered
' you; so since you demand it of me, I
' will inform you. My Brother told me you
' had used him dishonourably, and had *divel-*
' *located* his Character behind his Back. He
' gave me his Word too that he was well af-
' fured of what he said. What could I have
' done, though I own to you I did not be-
' lieve

' lieve him, and your Behaviour since hath
 ' convinced me I was in the right, I must
 ' either have given him the Lye, and fought
 ' with him, or else I was obliged to behave
 ' as I did, and fight with you. And now,
 ' my Lad, I leave it to you to do as you
 ' please; but if you are laid under any Ne-
 ' cessity to do yourself further Justice, it is
 ' your own Fault.'

' Alas! Colonel,' answered *Booth*, ' be-
 ' sides the Obligations I have to the Colonel,
 ' I have really so much Love for him, that
 ' I think of nothing less than Resentment.
 ' All I wish is to have this Affair brought
 ' to an Eclaircissement, and to satisfy him
 ' that he is in an Error: for though his Af-
 ' fertions are cruelly injurious, and I have
 ' never deserved them; yet I am convinced
 ' he would not say what he did not himself
 ' think. Some Rascal envious of his Friend-
 ' ship for me hath belyed me to him; and
 ' the only Resentment I desire is to convince
 ' him of his Mistake.'

At these Words—the Colonel *grinned hor-
 ribly a ghastly Smile*, or rather Sneer, and
 answered, ' Young Gentleman, you may
 ' do as you please; but by the eternal Dig-
 ' nity of Man, if any Man breathing had
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‘ taken a Liberty with my Character, —
 ‘ here, here—Mr. *Booth* (*shewing his Fingers*)
 ‘ here—d—n me should be his Nostrils, he
 ‘ should breathe through my Hands, and
 ‘ breathe his last—d—n me.’

Booth answered, ‘ I think Colonel I may
 ‘ appeal to your Testimony that I dare do
 ‘ myself Justice; since he who dare draw
 ‘ his Sword against you, can hardly be sup-
 ‘ posed to fear any other Person; but I re-
 ‘ peat to you again that I love Col. *James*
 ‘ so well, and am so greatly obliged to him,
 ‘ that it would be almost indifferent to me,
 ‘ whether I directed my Sword against his
 ‘ Breast, or my own.’

The Colonel’s Muscles were considerably
 softened by *Booth*’s last Speech; but he
 again contracted them into a vast Degree of
 Fierceness, before he cryed out——‘ Boy,
 ‘ thou hast Reason enough to be vain; for
 ‘ thou art the first Person that ever could
 ‘ proudly say he gained an Advantage over
 ‘ me in Combat. I believe indeed, thou
 ‘ art not afraid of any Man breathing, and
 ‘ as I know thou hast some Obligations to
 ‘ my Brother, I do not discommend thee;
 ‘ for nothing more becomes the Dignity of
 ‘ a Man than Gratitude. Besides, as I am
 ‘ satisfied

' satisfied my Brother can produce the Au-
 ' thor of the Slander—I say, I am satisfied
 ' of that, d—n me, if any Man alive
 ' dares assert the contrary; for that would
 ' be to make my Brother himself a Liar,
 ' I will make him produce his Author; and
 ' then, my dear Boy, your doing yourself
 ' proper Justice there, will bring you finely
 ' out of the whole Affair. As soon as my
 ' Surgeon gives me Leave to go abroad,
 ' which, I hope, will be in a few Days, I
 ' will bring my Brother *James* to a Tavern,
 ' where you shall meet us; and I will en-
 ' gage my Honour, my whole Dignity to
 ' you, to make you Friends.'

This Assurance of the Colonel gave *Booth*
 great Pleasure; for few Persons ever loved
 a Friend better than he did *James*; and as
 for doing military Justice on the Author of
 that scandalous Report which had incensed
 his Friend against him, not *Bath* himself
 was ever more ready on such an Occasion
 than *Booth* to execute it. He soon after
 took his Leave, and returned home in high
 Spirits to his *Amelia*, whom he found in
 Mrs. *Ellison's* Apartment, engaged in a
 Party at Ombre with that Lady, and her
 right honourable Cousin.

His Lordship had, it seems, had a second Interview with the great Man, and having obtained further Hopes (for I think there was not yet an absolute Promise) of Success in Mr. *Booth's* Affairs, his usual good Nature brought him immediately to acquaint Mr. *Booth* with it. As he did not therefore find him at home, and as he met with the two Ladies together, he resolved to stay till his Friend's Return, which he was assured would not be long, especially as he was so lucky, he said, to have no particular Engagement that whole Evening.

We remarked before, that his Lordship, at the first Interview with *Amelia*, had distinguished her by a more particular Address from the other Ladies; but that now appeared to be rather owing to his perfect good Breeding, as she was then to be considered as the Mistress of the House, than from any other Preference. His present Behaviour made this still more manifest; for as he was now in Mrs. *Ellison's* Apartment, tho' she was his Relation and old Acquaintance, he applied his Conversation rather more to her than to *Amelia*. His Eyes indeed were now and then guilty of the contrary Distinction, but this was only by Stealth;

Stealth; for they constantly withdrew the Moment they were discovered. In short, he treated *Amelia* with the greatest Distance, and at the same time with the most profound and awful Respect; his Conversation was so general, so lively, and so obliging, that *Amelia*, when she added to his Agreeableness the Obligations she had to him for his Friendship to *Booth*, was certainly as much pleased with his Lordship, as any virtuous Woman can possibly be with any Man, besides her own Husband.

C H A P. VIII.

Containing various Matters.

WE have already mentioned the good Humour in which *Booth* returned home; and the Reader will easily believe it was not a little encreased by the good Humour in which he found his Company. My Lord received him with the utmost Marks of Friendship and Affection, and told him that his Affairs went on as well almost as he himself could desire, and that he doubted not very soon to wish him Joy of a Company.

When *Booth* had made a proper Return to all his Lordship's unparalleled Goodness, he whispered *Amelia* that the Colonel was entirely out of Danger, and almost as well as himself. This made her Satisfaction complete, threw her into such Spirits, and gave such a Lustre to her Eyes, that her Face, as *Horace* says, was too dazzling to be looked at; it was certainly too handsome to be looked at without the highest Admiration.

His Lordship departed about 10 o'Clock, and left the Company in Raptures with him, especially the two Ladies, of whom it is difficult to say which exceeded the other in his Commendations. Mrs. *Ellison* swore she believed he was the best of all Humankind; and *Amelia*, without making any Exception, declared he was the finest Gentleman, and most agreeable Man she had ever seen in her Life; adding, it was great pity he should remain single. 'That's true indeed,' cries Mrs. *Ellison*, 'and I have often lamented it, nay I am astonished at it, considering the great Liking he always shews for our Sex, and he may certainly have the Choice of all. The real Reason, I believe, is his Fondness for his Sister's Children. I declare,

' declare, Madam, if you was to see his
 ' Behaviour to them, you would think they
 ' were his own. Indeed he is vastly fond
 ' of all manner of Children.' ' Good
 ' Creature,' cries *Amelia*, ' if ever he doth
 ' me the Honour of another Visit, I am
 ' resolv'd I will shew him my little Things.
 ' I think, Mrs. *Ellison*, as you say my Lord
 ' loves Children, I may say without Vanity,
 ' he will not see many such.' ' No indeed,
 ' will he not,' answered Mrs. *Ellison*, ' and
 ' now I think on't, Madam, I wonder at
 ' my own Stupidity in never making the
 ' Offer before; but since you put it into
 ' my Head, if you will give me Leave,
 ' I'll take Master and Miss to wait on my
 ' Lord's Nephew and Niece. They are
 ' very pretty behaved Children; and little
 ' Master and Miss will be, I dare swear,
 ' very happy in their Acquaintance; be-
 ' sides, if my Lord himself should see
 ' them, I know what will happen; for he
 ' is the most generous of all human Be-
 ' ings.'

Amelia very readily accepted the Favour
 which Mrs. *Ellison* offered her; but *Booth*
 express'd some Reluctance. ' Upon my word,
 ' my Dear,' said he, with a Smile, ' this
 ' Behaviour of ours puts me in mind of the

‘ common Conduct of Beggars ; who,
 ‘ whenever they receive a Favour, are sure
 ‘ to send other Objects to the same Foun-
 ‘ tain of Charity. Don’t we, my Dear,
 ‘ repay our Obligations to my Lord in the
 ‘ same manner, by sending our Children a
 ‘ begging to him ?’

‘ O beastly !’ cries Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘ how
 ‘ could such a Thought enter your Brains !
 ‘ I protest, Madam, I begin to grow a-
 ‘ shamed of this Husband of yours. How
 ‘ can you have so vulgar a way of think-
 ‘ ing. Begging indeed ! the poor little dear
 ‘ Things a begging— If my Lord was ca-
 ‘ pable of such a Thought, tho’ he was my
 ‘ own Brother instead of my Cousin, I should
 ‘ scorn him too much ever to enter his
 ‘ Doors.’ — ‘ O dear Madam,’ answered
Amelia, ‘ you take Mr. *Booth* too seriously,
 ‘ when he was only in jest ; and the Chil-
 ‘ dren shall wait upon you whenever you
 ‘ please.’

Tho’ *Booth* had been a little more in
 earnest than *Amelia* had represented him,
 and was not perhaps quite so much in the
 wrong as he was considered by Mrs. *Ellison* ; yet seeing there were two to one against
 him, he wisely thought proper to recede,
 and

and let his Simile go off with that Air of a Jest, which his Wife had given it.

Mrs. *Ellison* however could not let it pass without paying some Compliments to *Ame- lia's* Understanding, nor without some obscure Reflexions upon *Booth*, with whom she was more offended than the Matter required. She was indeed a Woman of most profuse Generosity, and could not bear a Thought which she deemed vulgar or sneaking. She afterwards launced forth the most profuse Encomiums of his Lordship's Liberality, and concluded the Evening with some Instances which he had given of that Virtue, which if not the noblest, is perhaps one of the most useful to Society, with which great and rich Men can be endowed.

The next Morning early Serjeant *Atkinson* came to wait on Lieutenant *Booth*, and desired to speak with his Honour in private. Upon which, the Lieutenant and Serjeant took a Walk together in the Park. *Booth* expected every Minute when the Serjeant would open his Mouth, under which Expectation he continued till he came to the End of the Mall, and so he might have continued till he came to the End of the World: For tho' several Words stood at the End of the

Serjeant's Lips, there they were likely to remain for ever. He was indeed in the Condition of a Miser, whom a charitable Impulse hath impelled to draw a few Pence to the Edge of his Pocket, where they are altogether as secure, as if they were in the Bottom: For, as the one hath not the Heart to part with a Farthing; so neither had the other the Heart to speak a Word.

Booth at length wondering that the Serjeant did not speak, asked him what his Business was, when the latter with a stammering Voice began the following Apology.

‘ I hope, Sir, your Honour will not be
 ‘ angry, nor take any thing amiss of me.
 ‘ I do assure you, it was not of my Seeking, nay, I dare not proceed in the Matter without first asking your Leave. Indeed, if I had taken any Liberties from the Goodness you have been pleased to shew me, I should look upon myself as one of the most worthless and despicable of Wretches; but nothing is farther from my Thoughts. I know the Distance which is between us; and because your Honour hath been so kind and good as to treat me with more Familiarity than any other Officer ever did, if I had been base enough to take any Freedoms, or to encroach
 ‘ upon

‘ upon your Honour’s Goodness, I should
‘ deserve to be whipt through the Regi-
‘ ment. I hope therefore, Sir, you will
‘ not suspect me of any such Attempt.’

‘ What can all this mean, *Atkinson*,’ cries
Booth, ‘ what mighty Matter would you
‘ introduce with all this previous Apology?’

‘ I am almost ashamed and afraid to
‘ mention it,’ answered the Serjeant, ‘ and
‘ yet I am sure, your Honour will believe
‘ what I have said, and not think any thing
‘ owing to my own Presumption; and at
‘ the same time I have no Reason to think
‘ you would do any thing to spoil my For-
‘ tune in an honest Way, when it is dropt
‘ into my Lap without my own seeking.
‘ For may I perish if it is not all the Lady’s
‘ own Goodness, and I hope in Heaven
‘ with your Honour’s Leave, I shall live
‘ to make her amends for it.’—In a Word,
that we may not detain the Reader’s Curio-
sity quite so long as he did *Booth*’s, he ac-
quainted that Gentleman that he had an
Offer of Marriage from a Lady of his Ac-
quaintance, to whose Company he had in-
troduced him, and desired his Permission
to accept of it.

Booth

Booth must have been very dull indeed, if after what the Serjeant had said, and after what he had heard *Mrs. Ellison* say, he had wanted any Information concerning the Lady. He answered him briskly and cheerfully, that he had his free Consent to marry any Woman whatever; ‘and the greater and richer she is,’ added he, ‘the more I shall be pleased with the Match. I don’t enquire who the Lady is,’ said he, smiling, ‘but I hope she will make as good a Wife, as I am convinced her Husband will deserve.’

‘Your Honour hath been always too good to me,’ cries *Atkinson*; ‘but this I promise you, I will do all in my Power to merit the Kindness she is pleased to shew me. I will be bold to say she will marry an honest Man, tho’ he is but a poor one; and she shall never want any thing which I can give her or do for her, while my Name is *Joseph Atkinson*.’

‘And so her Name is a Secret, *Joe*; is it?’ cries *Booth*.’

‘Why, Sir,’ answered the Serjeant, ‘I hope your Honour will not insist upon knowing

‘ knowing that, as I think it would be dishonourable in me to mention it.’

‘ Not at all,’ replied *Booth*, ‘ I am the farthest in the World from any such Desire. I know thee better than to imagine thou wouldst disclose the Name of a fair Lady.’ *Booth* then shook *Atkinson* heartily by the Hand, and assured him earnestly of the Joy he had in his good Fortune; for which the good Serjeant failed not of making all proper Acknowledgments. After which they parted, and *Booth* returned home.

As Mrs. *Ellison* opened the Door, *Booth* hastily rushed by; for he had the utmost Difficulty to prevent laughing in her Face. He ran directly up Stairs, and throwing himself into a Chair discharged such a Fit of Laughter as greatly surprized, and at first almost frightened his Wife.

Amelia, it will be supposed, presently enquired into the Cause of this Phænomenon, with which *Booth*, as soon as he was able (for that was not within a few Minutes) acquainted her. The News did not affect her in the same Manner it had affected her Husband. On the contrary, she cried, ‘ I protest I cannot guess what makes you see
‘ it

‘ it in so ridiculous a Light. I really think
‘ Mrs. *Ellison* hath chosen very well. I am
‘ convinced *Joe* will make her one of the
‘ best of Husbands; and in my Opinion,
‘ that is the greatest Blessing a Woman can
‘ be possessed of.’

However, when Mrs. *Ellison* came into her Room a little while afterwards to fetch the Children, *Amelia* became of a more risible Disposition, especially when the former turning to *Booth* who was then present, said, ‘ So, Captain, my *jantee* Serjeant
‘ was very early here this Morning. I
‘ scolded my Maid heartily for letting him
‘ wait so long in the Entry like a *Lacquais*,
‘ when she might have shewn him into my
‘ inner Apartment.’ At which Words *Booth* burst out into a very loud Laugh; and *Amelia* herself could no more prevent laughing than she could blushing.

‘ Heyday!’ cries Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘ what
‘ have I said to cause all this Mirth?’ and at the same Time blushed, and looked very silly, as is always the Case with Persons who suspect themselves to be the Objects of Laughter, without absolutely taking what it is which makes them ridiculous.

Booth

Booth still continued laughing; but *Amelia* composing her Muscles said, ‘ I ask your
‘ Pardon, dear Mrs. *Ellison*; but Mr. *Booth*
‘ hath been in a strange gigling Humour all
‘ this Morning; and I really think it is in-
‘ fectious.’

‘ I ask your Pardon too, Madam,’ cries
Booth, ‘ but one is sometimes unaccount-
‘ ably foolish.’

‘ Nay, but seriously,’ said she, ‘ what is
‘ the Matter?—Something I said about the
‘ Serjeant, I believe; but you may laugh
‘ as much as you please, I am not ashamed
‘ of owning, I think him one of the prettiest
‘ Fellows I ever saw in my Life; and, I
‘ own, I scolded my Maid at suffering him
‘ to wait in my Entry; and where is the
‘ mighty ridiculous Matter, pray?’

‘ None at all,’ answered *Booth*, ‘ and, I
‘ hope, the next Time he will be ushered
‘ into your inner Apartment.’

‘ Why should he not, Sir,’ replied she?
‘ For wherever he is ushered, I am con-
‘ vinced he will behave himself as a Gentle-
‘ man should.’

Here

Here *Amelia* put an end to the Discourse, or it might have proceeded to very great Lengths: for *Booth* was of a waggish Inclination; and Mrs. *Ellison* was not a Lady of the nicest Delicacy.

C H A P. IX.

The heroic Behaviour of Col. Bath.

BOOTH went this Morning to pay a second Visit to the Colonel, where he found Col. *James*. Both the Colonel and the Lieutenant appeared a little shocked at their first Meeting; but Matters were soon cleared up; for the former presently advanced to the latter, shook him heartily by the Hand, and said — ‘ Mr. *Booth*, I am ashamed to see you; for I have injured you, and I heartily ask your Pardon. I am now perfectly convinced, that what I hinted to my Brother, and which I find had like to have produced such fatal Consequences, was entirely groundless. If you will be contented with my asking your Pardon, and spare me the disagreeable Remembrance of what led me into my Error, I shall esteem it as the highest Obligation.’

Booth

Booth answered, 'As to what regards
' yourself, my dear Colonel, I am abun-
' dantly satisfied ; but, as I am convinced,
' some Rascal hath been my Enemy with
' you in the cruellest Manner, I hope, you
' will not deny me the Opportunity of
' kicking him through the World.'

'By all the Dignity of Man,' cries Co-
lonel *Bath*, 'the Boy speaks with Spirit,
' and his Request is reasonable.'

Colonel *James* hesitated a Moment, and then whispered *Booth* that he would give him all the Satisfaction imaginable concerning the whole Affair, when they were alone together ; upon which *Booth* addressing himself to Colonel *Bath*, the Discourse turned on other Matters, during the Remainder of the Visit, which was but short, and then both went away together, leaving Colonel *Bath* as well as it was possible to expect, more to the Satisfaction of *Booth* than of Col. *James*, who would not have been displeas'd if his Wound had been more dangerous : for he was grown somewhat weary of a Disposition that he rather called captious than heroic, and which, as he every Day more and more hated his Wife, he apprehended

prehended might some time or other give him some Trouble! For *Bath* was the most affectionate of Brothers, and had often sworn in the Presence of *James*, that he would eat any Man alive who should use his Sister ill.

Col. *Bath* was well satisfied that his Brother and the Lieutenant were gone out with a Design of Tilting, from which he offered not a Syllable to dissuade them, as he was convinced it was right, and that *Booth* could in Honour take, nor the Colonel give any less Satisfaction. When they had been gone therefore about half an Hour, he rang his Bell, to enquire if there was any News of his Brother; a Question which he repeated every ten Minutes, for the Space of two Hours, when having heard nothing of him, he began to conclude that both were killed on the Spot.

While he was in this State of Anxiety, his Sister came to see him; for notwithstanding his Desire of keeping it a Secret, the Duel had blazed all over the Town. After receiving some kind Congratulations on his Safety, and some unkind Hints concerning the Warmth of his Temper, the Colonel asked her when she had seen her Husband; she answered not that Morning. He then

con-

communicated to her his Suspicion, told her he was convinced his Brother had drawn his Sword that Day, and that as neither of them had heard any thing from him, he began to apprehend the worst that could happen.

Neither Miss *Bellamy*, nor Mrs. *Cibber*, were ever in a greater Consternation on the Stage, than now appeared in the Countenance of Mrs. *James*. ‘ Good Heavens! ‘ Brother,’ cries she, ‘ what do you tell ‘ me! you have frightened me to Death. ‘ — Let your Man get me a Glass of ‘ Water immediately, if you have not a ‘ Mind to see me die before your Face. ‘ When, where, how was this Quarrel, ‘ why did you not prevent it, if you knew ‘ of it? Is it not enough to be every Day ‘ tormenting me with hazarding your own ‘ Life, but must you bring the Life of ‘ one who you know must be and ought to ‘ be so much the dearest of all to me, into ‘ Danger? Take your Sword, Brother, ‘ take your Sword, and plunge it into my ‘ Bosom; it would be kinder of you than ‘ to fill it with such Dreads and Terrours.’ — Here she swallowed the Glass of Water; and then threw herself back in her Chair, as if she had intended to faint away.

Perhaps

Perhaps if she had so, the Colonel would have lent her no Assistance ; for she had hurt him more than by ten thousand Stabs. He sat erect in his Chair, with his Eyebrows knit, his Forehead wrinkled, his Eyes flashing Fire, his Teeth grating against each other, and breathing Horror all around him. In this Posture he sat for some time silent, casting disdainful Looks at his Sister. At last, his Voice found its Way through a Passion which had almost choaked him, and he cried out. ‘ Sister, what have I done to deserve the Opinion you express of me ? Which of my Actions hath made you conclude that I am a Rascal and a Coward ? Look at that poor Sword, which never Woman yet saw but in its Sheath, what hath that done to merit your Desire that it should be contaminated with the Blood of a Woman ?’

‘ Alas ! Brother,’ cried she, ‘ I know not what you say, you are desirous, I believe, to terrify me out of the little Senses I have left. What can I have said in the Agonies of Grief, into which you threw me, to deserve this Passion ?’

‘ What

‘What have you said,’ answered the Colonel, ‘you have said that which if a Man had spoken, nay, d—n me, if he had but hinted that he durst even think, I would have made him eat my Sword, by all the Dignity of Man, I would have crumbled his Soul into Powder.—But, I consider that the Words were spoken by a Woman, and I am calm again. Consider, my Dear, that you are my Sister, and behave yourself with more Spirit. I have only mentioned to you my Surmise. It may not have happened as I suspect; but let what will have happened, you will have the Comfort that your Husband hath behaved himself with becoming Dignity, and lies in the Bed of Honour.’

‘Talk not to me of such Comfort,’ replied the Lady, ‘it is a Loss I cannot survive; but why do I sit here lamenting myself, I will go this Instant and know the worst of my Fate, if my trembling Limbs will carry me to my Coach.—Good morrow, dear Brother, whatever becomes of me, I am glad to find you out of Danger.’—The Colonel paid her his proper Compliments, and she then left the Room, but returned instantly back; saying,

saying, ' Brother, I must beg the Favour
 ' of you to let your Footman step to my
 ' Mantua-maker, I am sure it is a Miracle
 ' in my present distracted Condition, how
 ' it came into my Head.' The Footman
 was presently summoned, and Mrs. *James*
 delivered him his Message, which was to
 countermand the Orders which she had
 given that very Morning, to make her up
 a new Suit of Brocade. ' Heaven knows,'
 says she, ' now when I can wear Brocade,
 ' or whether ever I shall wear it.' And
 now having repeated her Message with
 great Exactness, lest there should be any
 Mistake, she again lamented her wretched
 Situation, and then departed, leaving the
 Colonel in full Expectation of hearing speedy
 News of the fatal Issue of the Battle.

But tho' the Reader should entertain the
 same Curiosity, we must be excused from
 satisfying it, till we have first accounted for
 an Incident which we have related in this
 very Chapter, and which we think deserves
 some Solution. The Critic, I am convinced,
 already is apprized that I mean the friendly
 Behaviour of *James* to *Booth*, which from
 what we had before recorded, seemed so
 little to be expected.

It must be remembered, that the Anger which the former of these Gentlemen had conceived against the latter, arose entirely from the false Account given by Miss *Mathews* of *Booth*, whom that Lady had accused to Colonel *James* of having as basely as wickedly traduced his Character.

Now, of all the Ministers of Vengeance, there are none with whom the Devil deals so treacherously, as with those whom he employs in executing the mischievous Purposes of an angry Mistress; for no sooner is Revenge executed on an offending Lover, than it is sure to be repented, and all the Anger which before raged against the beloved Object, returns with double Fury on the Head of his Assassin.

Miss *Mathews* therefore no sooner heard that *Booth* was killed, (for so was the Report at first, and by a Colonel of the Army) than she immediately concluded it to be *James*. She was extremely shock'd with the News, and her Heart instantly began to relent. All the Reasons on which she had founded her Love, recurred in the strongest and liveliest Colours to her Mind, and all the Causes of her Hatred sunk down and disap-

disappeared ; or if the least Remembrance of any thing which had disobliged her remained, her Heart became his zealous Advocate, and soon satisfied her that her own Fates were more to be blamed than he, and that without being a Villain, he could have acted no otherwise than he had done.

In this Temper of Mind, she looked on herself as the Murderer of an innocent Man, and what to her was much worse, of the Man she had loved, and still did love with all the Violence imaginable. She looked on *James* as the Tool with which she had done this Murder ; and as it is usual for People who have rashly or inadvertently made any animate or inanimate thing the Instrument of Mischiefe, to hate the innocent Means by which the Mischiefe was effected : (for this is a subtle Method which the Mind invents to excuse ourselves, the last Objects on whom we would willingly wreak our Vengeance ;) so Miss *Mathews* now hated and cursed *James* as the efficient Cause of that Act which she herself had contrived, and laboured to carry into Execution.

She sat down therefore in a furious Agitation, little short of Madness, and wrote the following Letter.

‘ I hope this will find you in the Hands
 ‘ of Justice, for the Murder of one of the
 ‘ best Friends that ever Man was blest with.
 ‘ In one sense indeed, he may seem to have
 ‘ deserved his Fate, by chusing a Fool for
 ‘ a Friend ; for who but a Fool would
 ‘ have believed what the Anger and Rage
 ‘ of an injured Woman suggested ; a Story
 ‘ so improbable, that I could scarce be
 ‘ thought in earnest when I mentioned it.

‘ Know then, cruel Wretch, that poor
 ‘ *Booth* loved you of all Men breathing,
 ‘ and was, I believe, in your Commenda-
 ‘ tion, guilty of as much Falseness, as I
 ‘ was in what I told you concerning him.

‘ If this Knowledge makes you miserable,
 ‘ it is no more than you have made

‘ The unhappy

‘ F. MATHEWS.’

This Letter was communicated to the
 Author of this History by Mr. *Booth* him-
 self, who received it from the Hands of
 Colonel *James* ; as to the other Anecdotes
 relating to this Lady, he had them from
 Miss *Mathews*'s Maid-Servant, who was in

all the Secrets of her Mistrefs; and after she quitted her Service, came to live with a young Lady, who was an intimate Acquaintance of the Author.

Many other Materials of a private Nature were communicated by one of the Clerks of the Universal Register Office; who, by having a general Acquaintance with Servants, is Master of all the Secrets of every Family in the Kingdom.

C H A P. X.

Being the last Chapter of the Fifth Book.

WE shall now return to Colonel *James* and Mr. *Booth*, who walked together from Colonel *Bath's* Lodging with much more peaceable Intention than that Gentleman had conjectured, who dreamt of nothing but *Swords and Guns, and Implements of Wars.*

The Birdcage-Walk in the Park was the Scene appointed by *James* for unburthening his Mind. Thither they came, and there *James* acquainted *Booth* with all that which the Reader knows already, and gave him
the

the Letter which we have inserted at the End of the last Chapter.

Booth exprest great Astonishment at this Relation, not without venting some Detestation of the Wickedness of *Miss Mathews*; upon which *James* took him up, saying, he ought not to speak with such Abhorrence of Faults, which Love for him had occasioned.

‘ Can you mention Love, my dear Colonel,’ cried *Booth*, ‘ and such a Woman in the same Breath?’

‘ Yes faith! can I,’ says *James*; ‘ for the Devil take me, if I know a more lovely Woman in the World.’ Here he began to describe her whole Person; but as we cannot insert all the Description, so we shall omit it all; and concluded with saying, ‘ curse me, if I don’t think her the finest Creature in the Universe. I would give half my Estate, *Booth*, she loved me as well as she doth you. Tho’, on second Consideration, I believe I should repent that Bargain; for then, very possibly, I should not care a Farthing for her.’

‘ You will pardon me, dear Colonel,’ answered *Booth*; ‘ but to me there appears somewhat very singular in your way of thinking. Beauty is indeed the Object of Liking, great Qualities of Admiration, good ones of Esteem; but the Devil take me, if I think any thing but Love to be the Object of Love.’

‘ Is there not something too selfish,’ replied *James*, ‘ in that Opinion; but without considering it in that Light, is it not of all things the most insipid? All Oil! all Sugar! all Honey! Zounds! it is enough to cloy the sharp-set Appetite of a Parson. Acids surely are the most likely to quicken.’

‘ I do not love reasoning in Allegories,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ but with regard to Love, I declare I never found any thing cloying in it. I have lived almost alone with my Wife near three Years together, was never tired with her Company, nor ever wished for any other; and I am sure, I never tasted any of the Acid you mention to quicken my Appetite.’

‘ This

‘ This is all very extraordinary and romantic to me,’ answered the Colonel. ‘ If I was to be shut up three Years with the same Woman, which Heaven forbid! nothing, I think, could keep me alive, but a Temper as violent as that of Miss *Mathews*. As to Love, it would make me sick to Death, in the twentieth Part of that Time. If I was so condemned, let me see, what would I wish the Woman to be! I think no one Virtue would be sufficient. With the Spirit of a Tigress, I would have her be a Prude, a Scold, a Scholar, a Critic, a Wit, a Politician, and a Jacobite; and then perhaps eternal Opposition would keep up our Spirits; and wishing one another daily at the Devil, we should make a shift to drag on a damnable State of Life, without much Spleen or Vapours.’

‘ And so you do not intend,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ to break with this Woman.’

‘ Not more than I have already, if I can help it,’ answered the Colonel.

‘ And you will be reconciled to her?’ said *Booth*.

‘ Yes, faith! will I, if I can,’ answered the Colonel——‘ I hope you have no Objection.’

‘ None, my dear Friend,’ said *Booth*, ‘ unless on your Account.’

‘ I do believe you,’ said the Colonel, ‘ and yet let me tell you, you are a very extraordinary Man, not to desire me to quit her on your own Account. Upon my Soul, I begin to pity the Woman, who hath placed her Affection perhaps on the only Man in *England* of your Age, who would not return it. But for my part, I promise you I like her beyond all other Women; and whilst that is the Case, my Boy, if her Mind was as full of Iniquity as *Pandora’s* Box was of Diseases, I’d hug her close in my Arms, and only take as much Care as possible to keep the Lid down for fear of Mischief.——But come, dear *Booth*,’ said he, ‘ let us consider your Affairs; for I am ashamed of having neglected them so long; and the only Anger I have against this Wench is, that she was the Occasion of it.’

Booth

Booth then acquainted the Colonel with the Promises he had receiv'd from the noble Lord, upon which *James* shook him by the Hand, and heartily wish'd him Joy, crying, ' I do assure you if you have his Interest, you will need no other; I did not know you was acquainted with him.'

To which Mr. *Booth* answered that he was but a new Acquaintance, and that he was recommended to him by a Lady.

' A Lady,' cries the Colonel, — ' well, I don't ask her Name. You are a happy Man, *Booth*, amongst the Women; and I assure you, you could have no stronger Recommendation. The Peer loves the Ladies, I believe, as well as ever *Mark Antony* did; and it is not his Fault, if he hath not spent as much upon them. If he once fixes his Eye upon a Woman, he will stick at nothing to get her.'

' Ay, indeed!' cries *Booth*. ' Is that his Character?'

' Ay, faith!' answered the Colonel, ' and the Character of most Men beside him. Few of them, I mean, will stick at any thing

‘ beside their Money. *Jusque a la Bourse*, is
‘ sometimes the Boundary of Love as well as
‘ Friendship. And, indeed, I never knew
‘ any other Man part with his Money so
‘ very freely on these Occasions. You see,
‘ dear *Booth*, the Confidence I have in your
‘ Honour.’

‘ I hope, indeed, you have,’ cries *Booth*,
‘ but I don’t see what Instance you now
‘ give me of that Confidence.’

‘ Have not I shewn you,’ answered *James*,
‘ where you may carry your Goods to Mar-
‘ ket? I can assure you, my Friend, that is
‘ a Secret I would not impart to every Man
‘ in your Situation, and all Circumstances
‘ considered.’

‘ I am very sorry, Sir,’ cries *Booth* very
gravely, and turning as pale as Death, ‘ you
‘ should entertain a Thought of this Kind.
‘ A Thought which hath almost frozen up
‘ my Blood. I am unwilling to believe
‘ there are such Villains in the World; but
‘ there is none of them whom I should
‘ detest half so much as myself, if my own
‘ Mind had ever suggested to me a Hint
‘ of that Kind. I have tasted of some
‘ Distresses of Life, and I know not to
‘ what

‘ what greater I may be driven ; but my
 ‘ Honour, I thank Heaven, is in my own
 ‘ Power, and I can boldly say to Fortune,
 ‘ she shall not rob me of it.’

‘ Have I not exprest that Confidence,
 ‘ my dear *Booth*?’ answered the Colonel.
 ‘ And what you say now well justifies my
 ‘ Opinion ; for I do agree with you, that
 ‘ considering all things, it would be the
 ‘ highest Instance of Dishonour.’

‘ Dishonour indeed !’ returned *Booth*.
 ‘ What to prostitute my Wife!— Can I
 ‘ think there is such a Wretch breathing?’

‘ I don’t know that,’ said the Colonel ;
 ‘ but I am sure, it was very far from my
 ‘ Intention to insinuate the least Hint of
 ‘ any such Matter to you. Nor can I
 ‘ imagine how you yourself could conceive
 ‘ such a Thought. The Goods I meant,
 ‘ were no other than the charming Person
 ‘ of Miss *Mathews* ; for whom I am con-
 ‘ vinced my Lord would bid a swinging
 ‘ Price against me.’

Booth’s Countenance greatly cleared up
 at this Declaration, and he answered with a
 Smile, that he hoped he need not give the

Colonel any Affurances on that Head. However, tho' he was satisfied with regard to the Colonel's Suspicions; yet some Chimeras now arose in his Brain, which gave him no very agreeable Sensations. What these were the sagacious Reader may probably suspect; but if he should not, we may perhaps have Occasion to open them in the Sequel. Here we will put an End to this Dialogue, and to the fifth Book of this History.

A M E L I A.

A M E L I A.

B O O K VI.

C H A P. I.

Panegyrics on Beauty, with other grave Matters.

THE Colonel and *Booth* walked together to the latter's Lodging; for as it was not that Day in the Week in which all Parts of the Town are indifferent, *Booth* could not wait on the Colonel.

When they arrived in *Spring - Garden*, *Booth* to his great Surprize found no one at home but his Maid. In truth, *Amelia* had accompanied Mrs. *Ellison* and her Children to his Lordship's; for as her little Girl shewed a great Unwillingness to go without her,

her, the fond Mother was easily persuaded to make one of the Company.

Booth had scarce ushered the Colonel up to his Apartment, when a Servant from Mrs. *James* knocked hastily at the Door. The Lady not meeting with her Husband at her Return home began to despair of him, and performed every thing which was decent on the Occasion. An Apothecary was presently called with Hartshorn and Sal Volatile, a Doctor was sent for, and Messengers were dispatched every way, amongst the rest one was sent to enquire at the Lodgings of his supposed Antagonist.

The Servant hearing that his Master was alive and well above Stairs, ran up eagerly to acquaint him with the dreadful Situation in which he left his miserable Lady at home, and likewise with the Occasion of all her Distress, saying that his Lady had been at her Brother's, and had there heard that his Honour was killed in a Duel by Capt. *Booth*.

The Colonel smiled at this Account, and bid the Servant make haste back to contradict it.—And then turning to *Booth* he said,
' Was there ever such another Fellow as
' this Brother of mine? I thought indeed
' his

his Behaviour was somewhat odd at the
time. I suppose he overheard me whisper
that I would give you Satisfaction, and
thence concluded we went together with
a Design of Tilting. — D—n the Fellow,
I begin to grow heartily sick of him, and
wish I could get well rid of him without
cutting his Throat, which I sometimes
apprehend he will insist on my doing, as
a Return for my getting him made a Lieut-
enant-Colonel.

Whilst these two Gentlemen were com-
menting on the Character of the third, *Ame-
lia* and her Company returned, and all pre-
sently came up Stairs, not only the Children,
but the two Ladies, laden with Trinkets as
if they had been come from a Fair. *Ame-
lia*, who had been highly delighted all the
Morning with the excessive Pleasure which
her Childrtn enjoyed, when she saw Col.
James with her Husband, and perceived the
most manifest Marks of that Reconciliation,
which she knew had been so long and so
earnestly wished by *Booth*, became so tran-
sporting with Joy that her Happiness was
scarce capable of Addition. Exercise had
painted her Face with Vermilion; and the
highest Good-humour had so sweetened
every

every Feature, and a vast Flow of Spirits had so lightened up her bright Eyes, that she was all a Blaze of Beauty. She seem-
ed indeed, as *Milton* sublimely describes
Eve,

—————adorned
*With what all Earth or Heaven
could bestow
To make her amiable* ———

*Again, Grace was in all her Steps, Heaven
in her Eye,
In ev'ry Gesture Dignity and Love.*

Or, as *Waller* sweetly, though less sub-
limely, sings.

*Sweetness, Truth, and every Grace,
Which Time and Use are wont to
teach,
The Eye may in a Moment reach,
And read distinctly in her Face.*

Or to mention one Poet more, and him
of all the sweetest, she seemed to be the
very Person of whom *Suckling* wrote the
following Lines, where, speaking of *Cupid*,
he says,

—All

— *All his lovely Looks, his pleasing Fires,
 All his sweet Motions, all his taking Smiles,
 All that awakes, all that inflames Desires,
 All that sweetly commands, all that beguiles,
 He does into one Pair of Eyes convey,
 And there begs Leave that he himself may stay.*

Such was *Amelia* at this time when she entered the Room, and having paid her Respects to the Colonel, she went up to her Husband, and cried, ‘O my dear! never was any
 ‘ Creatures so happy as your little Things
 ‘ have been this whole Morning; and all
 ‘ owing to my Lord’s Goodness; sure never
 ‘ was any thing so good-natur’d and so ge-
 ‘ nerous!’—She then made the Children produce their Presents, the Value of which amounted to a pretty large Sum; for there was a Gold Watch amongst the Trinkets that cost above twenty Guineas.

Instead of discovering so much Satisfaction on this Occasion as *Amelia* expected, *Booth* very gravely answered, ‘And pray,
 ‘ my dear, how are we to repay all these
 ‘ Obligations to his Lordship?’ How can
 ‘ you ask so strange a Question?’ cries
 Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘how little do you know of
 ‘ the Soul of Generosity (for sure my Cousin
deserves

deserves that Name) ‘when you call a few
 ‘ little Trinkets given to Children, an Ob-
 ‘ ligation?’ ‘Indeed, my dear,’ cries *Amelia*,
 ‘ I would have stopped his Hand, if it
 ‘ had been possible ; nay, I was forced at
 ‘ last absolutely to refuse, or I believe he
 ‘ would have laid a hundred Pound out on
 ‘ the Children : for I never saw any one so
 ‘ fond of Children, which convinces me he
 ‘ is one of the best of Men ; but I ask your
 ‘ Pardon, Colonel,’ said she, turning to
 him, ‘ I should not entertain you with these
 ‘ Subjects ; yet I know you have Good-
 ‘ ness enough to excuse the Folly of a
 ‘ Mother.’

The Colonel made a very low assent-
 ing Bow ; and soon after they all sat down
 to a small Repast ; for the Colonel had
 promised *Booth* to dine with him when
 they first came home together ; and what
 he had since heard from his own House,
 gave him still less Inclination than ever to
 repair thither.

But beside both these, there was a third
 and stronger Inducement to him to pass the
 Day with his Friend ; and this was the Desire
 of passing it with his Friend’s Wife. When
 the Colonel had first seen *Amelia* in *France*, she
 was

was but just recovered from a consumptive Habit, and looked pale and thin ; besides his Engagements with Miss *Bath* at that time took total Possession of him, and guarded his Heart from the Impressions of another Woman ; and when he had dined with her in Town, the Vexations through which she had lately passed had somewhat deadned her Beauty ; besides, he was then engaged, as we have seen, in a very warm Pursuit of a new Mistress ; but now he had no such Impediment : for though the Reader hath just before seen his warm Declarations of a Passion for Miss *Mathews* ; yet it may be remember'd that he had been in Possession of her for above a Fortnight ; and one of the happy Properties of this kind of Passion is, that it can with equal Violence love half a Dozen, or half a Score, different Objects at one and the same time.

But indeed such were the Charms now displayed by *Amelia*, of which we endeavoured above to draw some faint Resemblance, that perhaps no other Beauty could have secured him from their Influence ; and here to confess a Truth in his Favour, however the grave, or rather the hypocritical Part of Mankind may censure it, I am firmly persuaded that to withdraw Admiration

tion from exquisite Beauty, or to feel no Delight in gazing at it, is as impossible as to feel no Warmth from the most scorching Rays of the Sun. To run away is all that is in our Power; and yet in the former Case if it must be allowed we have the Power of running away, it must be allowed also that it requires the strongest Resolution to execute it: for when, as *Dryden* says,

All Paradise is opened in a Face,

how natural is the Desire of going thither! and how difficult to quit the lovely Prospect!

And yet however difficult this may be, my young Readers, it is absolutely necessary, and that immediately too: flatter not yourselves that Fire will not scorch as well as warm; and the longer we stay within its Reach, the more we shall burn. The Admiration of a beautiful Woman, though the Wife of our dearest Friend, may at first perhaps be innocent; but let us not flatter ourselves it will always remain so; Desire is sure to succeed; and Wishes, Hopes, Designs, with a long Train of Mischiefs, tread close at our Heels. In Affairs of this Kind we may most properly apply the well-known

known Remark of *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. It fares indeed with us on this Occasion, as with the unwary Traveller in some Parts of *Arabia* the Defart, whom the treacherous Sands imperceptibly betray 'till he is overwhelmed and lost. In both Cases the only Safety is by withdrawing our Feet the very first Moment we perceive them sliding.

This Digression may appear impertinent to some Readers ; we could not however avoid the Opportunity of offering the above Hints ; since of all Passions there is none against which we should so strongly fortify ourselves as this, which is generally called Love : for no other lays before us, especially in the tumultuous Days of Youth, such sweet, such strong, and almost irresistible Temptations ; none hath produced in private Life such fatal and lamentable Tragedies ; and what is worst of all, there is none to whose Poison and Infatuation the best of Minds are so liable. Ambition scarce ever produces any Evil, but when it reigns in cruel and savage Bosoms ; and Avarice seldom flourishes at all but in the basest and poorest Soil. Love, on the contrary, sprouts usually up in the richest and noblest Minds ; but there unless nicely watched, pruned, and cultivated,

cultivated, and carefully kept clear of those vicious Weeds which are too apt to surround it, it branches forth into Wildness and Disorder, produces nothing desirable, but choaks up and kills whatever is good and noble in the Mind where it so abounds. In short, to drop the Allegory, not only Tenderness and Good-nature, but Bravery, Generosity, and every Virtue are often made the Instruments of effecting the most atrocious Purposes of this all-subduing Tyrant.

C H A P. II.

Which will not appear, we presume, unnatural to all married Readers.

IF the Table of poor *Booth* afforded but an indifferent Repast to the Colonel's Hunger, here was most excellent Entertainment of a much higher kind. The Colonel began now to wonder within himself at his not having before discovered such incomparable Beauty and Excellence. This Wonder was indeed so natural, that lest it should arise likewise in the Reader, we thought proper to give the Solution of it in the preceding Chapter.

During

During the first two Hours, the Colonel scarce ever had his Eyes off from *Amelia*; for he was taken by Surprize, and his Heart was gone before he suspected himself to be in any Danger. His Mind however no sooner suggested a certain Secret to him, than it suggested some Degree of Prudence to him at the same time; and the Knowledge that he had Thoughts to conceal, and the Care of concealing them, had Birth at one and the same Instant. During the Residue of the Day therefore, he grew more circumspect, and contented himself with now and then stealing a Look by chance, especially as the more than ordinary Gravity of *Booth* made him fear that his former Behaviour had betrayed to *Booth's* Observation the great and sudden Liking he had conceived for his Wife, even before he had observed it in himself.

Amelia continued the whole Day in the highest Spirits, and highest good Humour imaginable; never once remarking that Appearance of Discontent in her Husband, of which the Colonel had taken Notice; so much more quick-sighted, as we have somewhere else hinted, is Guilt than Innocence. Whether *Booth* had in reality made

any such Observations on the Colonel's Behaviour as he had suspected, we will not undertake to determine; yet so far may be material to say, as we can with sufficient Certainty, that the Change in *Booth's* Behaviour that Day, from what was usual with him, was remarkable enough. None of his former Vivacity appeared in his Conversation; and his Countenance was altered from being the Picture of Sweetness and good Humour, not indeed to Sourness or Moroseness, but to Gravity and Melancholy.

Tho' the Colonel's Suspicion had the Effect which we have mentioned on his Behaviour; yet it could not persuade him to depart. In short, he sat in his Chair as if confined to it by Enchantment, stealing Looks now and then, and humouring his growing Passion, without having Command enough over his Limbs to carry him out of the Room, till Decency at last forced him to put an end to his preposterous Visit. When the Husband and Wife were left alone together; the latter resumed the Subject of her Children, and gave *Booth* a particular Narrative of all that had past at his Lordship's, which he, tho' something had certainly disconcerted him, affected to receive with all the Pleasure he could; and this Affectation,

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how-

however awkwardly he acted his Part, passed very well on *Amelia*: for she could not well conceive a Displeasure, of which she had not the least Hint of any Cause; and indeed at a time, when from his Reconciliation with *James*, she imagined her Husband to be entirely and perfectly happy.

The greatest Part of that Night *Booth* pass'd awake; and if during the Residue he might be said to sleep, he could scarce be said to enjoy Repose; his Eyes were no sooner closed, than he was pursued and haunted by the most frightful and terrifying Dreams, which threw him into so restless a Condition, that he soon disturbed his *Amelia*, and greatly alarmed her with Apprehensions that he had been seized by some dreadful Disease, tho' he had not the least Symptoms of a Fever by any extraordinary Heat, or any other Indication, but was rather colder than usual.

As *Booth* assured his Wife that he was very well, but found no Inclination to sleep, she likewise bid adieu to her Slumbers, and attempted to entertain him with her Conversation. Upon which his Lordship occurred as the first Topic; and she repeated to him all the Stories which she had heard from

from Mrs. *Ellison* of the Peer's Goodness to his Sister and his Nephew and Niece. 'It is impossible, my dear,' says she, 'to describe their Fondness for their Uncle, which is to me an incontestable Sign of a Parent's Goodness.' — In this Manner she ran on for several Minutes, concluding at last that it was pity so very few had such generous Minds joined to immense Fortunes.

Booth instead of making a direct Answer to what *Amelia* had said, cried coldly, 'But do you think, my dear, it was right to accept all those expensive Toys which the Children brought home? And I ask you again, what Return we are to make for these Obligations?'

'Indeed, my dear,' cries *Amelia*, 'you see this Matter in too serious a Light. Though I am the last Person in the World who would lessen his Lordship's Goodness, (indeed I shall always think we are both infinitely obliged to him) yet sure you must allow the Expence to be a mere Trifle to such a vast Fortune. As for Return, his own Benevolence, in the Satisfaction it receives more than repays itself,

‘ itself, and I am convinced he expects no
‘ other.’

‘ Very well, my Dear,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ you
‘ shall have it your way ; I must confess, I
‘ never yet saw any Reason to blame your
‘ Discernment ; and perhaps I have been in
‘ the wrong to give myself so much Unea-
‘ siness on this Account.’

‘ Uneasiness ! Child,’ said *Amelia* eagerly.
‘ Good Heavens ! hath this made you un-
‘ easy ?’

‘ I do own it hath,’ answered *Booth*, ‘ and
‘ it hath been the only Cause of breaking
‘ my Repose.’

‘ Why then I wish,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘ all
‘ the Things had been at the Devil, before
‘ ever the Children had seen them ; and
‘ whatever I may think myself, I promise
‘ you they shall never more accept the
‘ Value of a Farthing—If upon this Occa-
‘ sion, I have been the Cause of your Un-
‘ easiness, you will do me the Justice to
‘ believe that I was totally innocent.’

At those Words *Booth* caught her in his
Arms, and with the tenderest Embrace,

emphatically repeating the Word Innocent, cried—‘ Heaven forbid I should think otherwise, O thou art the best of Creatures that ever blessed a Man.’

‘ Well but,’ said she smiling—‘ Do confess, my Dear, the Truth; I promise you I won’t blame you nor disesteem you for it; but is not Pride really at the Bottom of this Fear of an Obligation?’

‘ Perhaps it may,’ answered he, ‘ or if you will, you may call it Fear. I own I am afraid of Obligations, as the worst kind of Debts; for I have generally observed those who confer them, expect to be repaid ten thousand fold.’

Here ended all that is material of their Discourse; and a little time afterwards, they both fell fast asleep in one another’s Arms; from which Time *Booth* had no more Restlessness, nor any further Perturbation in his Dreams.

Their Repose however had been so much disturbed in the former Part of the Night, that, as it was very late before they enjoyed that sweet Sleep I have just mentioned, they lay a-bed the next Day till Noon, when
they

they both rose with the utmost Chearfulness; and while *Amelia* bestirred herself in the Affairs of her Family, *Booth* went to visit the wounded Colonel.

He found that Gentleman still proceeding very fast in his Recovery, with which he was more pleased than he had Reason to be with his Reception; for the Colonel received him very coldly indeed, and when *Booth* told him he had received perfect Satisfaction from his Brother, *Booth* erected his Head, and answered with a Sneer, 'Very well, Sir, if you think these Matters can be so made up, d—n me, if it is any Business of mine. My Dignity hath not been injured.'

'No one, I believe,' cries *Booth*, 'dare injure it.'

'You believe so!' said the Colonel, 'I think, Sir, you might be assured of it; but this, at least, you may be assured of, that if any Man did, I would tumble him down the Precipice of Hell, d—n me, that you may be assured of.'

As *Booth* found the Colonel in this Disposition, he had no great Inclination to

lengthen out his Visit, nor did the Colonel himself seem to desire it; so he soon returned back to his *Amelia*, whom he found performing the Office of a Cook, with as much Pleasure as a fine Lady generally enjoys in dressing herself out for a Ball.

C H A P. III.

In which the History looks a little backwards.

BEFORE we proceed farther in our History, we shall recount a short Scene to our Reader which passed between *Amelia* and Mrs. *Ellison*, whilst *Booth* was on his Visit to Col. *Bath*. We have already observed, that *Amelia* had conceived an extraordinary Affection for Mrs. *Bennet*, which had still increased every time she saw her; she thought she discovered something wonderfully good and gentle in her Countenance and Disposition, and was very desirous of knowing her whole History.

She had a very short Interview with that Lady this Morning in Mrs. *Ellison*'s Apartment. As soon therefore as Mrs. *Bennet* was gone, *Amelia* acquainted Mrs. *Ellison* with the good Opinion she had conceived of

of her Friend, and likewise with her Curiosity to know her Story: ‘ For there must
 ‘ be something uncommonly good,’ said
 she, ‘ in one who can so truly mourn for a
 ‘ Husband above three Years after his
 ‘ Death.’

‘ O,’ cries Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘ to be sure the
 ‘ World must allow her to have been one
 ‘ of the best of Wives. And indeed, upon
 ‘ the whole she is a good Sort of Woman;
 ‘ and what I like her the best for is a strong
 ‘ Resemblance that she bears to yourself in
 ‘ the Form of her Person, and still more
 ‘ in her Voice. But for my own Part, I
 ‘ know nothing remarkable in her Fortune
 ‘ unless what I have told you, that she was
 ‘ the Daughter of a Clergyman, had little
 ‘ or no Fortune, and married a poor Parson
 ‘ for Love, who left her in the utmost
 ‘ Distress. If you please, I will shew you
 ‘ a Letter which she writ to me at that
 ‘ time, tho’ I insist upon your Promise
 ‘ never to mention it to her; indeed, you
 ‘ will be the first Person I ever shewed it
 ‘ to.’ She then opened her Scrutore, and
 taking out the Letter delivered it to *Amelia*,
 saying. ‘ There, Madam, is, I believe, as
 ‘ fine a Picture of Distress as can well be
 ‘ drawn.’

' Dear Madam,
 ' As I have no other Friend on Earth
 ' but yourself, I hope you will pardon my
 ' writing to you at this Season; tho' I do
 ' not know that you can relieve my Di-
 ' stresses, or if you can, have I any Pre-
 ' tence to expect that you should. My
 ' poor dear, O Heavens! — my — lies
 ' dead in the House, and after I had pro-
 ' cured sufficient to bury him, a Set of
 ' Ruffians have entered my House, seized
 ' all I have, have seized his dear, dear
 ' Corpse, and threaten to deny it Burial.
 ' For Heaven's Sake, send me, at least,
 ' some Advice; little *Tommy* stands now by
 ' me crying for Bread, which I have not
 ' to give him. — I can say no more than
 ' that I am,

' Your most distressed humble Servant,

' M. BENNET.'

Amelia read the Letter over twice, and
 then returning it, with Tears in her Eyes,
 asked how the poor Creature could possibly
 get through such Distress.

' You may depend upon it, Madam,'
 said Mrs. *Ellison*, ' the Moment I read this
 Account,

Account, I posted away immediately to the Lady. As to the seizing the Body, that I found was a mere Bugbear; but all the rest was literally true. I sent immediately for the same Gentleman, that I recommended to Mr. Booth, left the Care of burying the Corpse to him, and brought my Friend and her little Boy immediately away to my own House, where she remained some Months in the most miserable Condition. I then prevailed with her to retire into the Country, and procured her a Lodging with a Friend at *St. Edmundsbury*, the Air and Gayety of which Place by degrees recovered her; and she returned in about a Twelvemonth to Town, as well, I think, as she is at present.

‘I am almost afraid to ask,’ cries *Amelia*; and yet I long methinks to know what is become of the poor little Boy.’

‘He hath been dead,’ said Mrs. *Ellison*, a little more than half a Year; and the Mother lamented him at first almost as much as she did her Husband; but I found it indeed rather an easier Matter to comfort her, tho’ I sat up with her near a Fortnight upon the latter Occasion.

‘ You are a good Creature,’ said *Amelia*,
‘ and I love you dearly.’

‘ Atlas! Madam,’ cries she, ‘ what could
‘ I have done, if it had not been for the
‘ Goodness of that best of Men, my noble
‘ Cousin! His Lordship no sooner heard
‘ of the Widow’s Distress from me, than
‘ he immediately settled 150 *l.* a Year upon
‘ her during her Life.’

‘ Well! how noble, how generous was
‘ that!’ said *Amelia*, ‘ I declare I begin to
‘ love your Cousin, Mrs. *Ellison*.’

‘ And I declare if you do,’ answered she,
‘ there is no Love lost, I verily believe;
‘ if you had heard what I heard him say
‘ Yesterday behind your Back —

‘ Why what did he say, Mrs. *Ellison*?’
cries *Amelia*.

‘ He said,’ answered the other, ‘ that you
‘ was the finest Woman his Eyes ever
‘ beheld.—Ah! it is in vain to wish, and
‘ yet, I cannot help wishing too.—O Mrs.
‘ *Booth*! if you had been a single Woman,
‘ I firmly believe I could have made you
‘ the



‘ the happiest in the World. And I sincerely think, I never saw a Woman who deserved it more.’

‘ I am obliged to you, Madam,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘ for your good Opinion ; but I really look on myself already as the happiest Woman in the World. Our Circumstances it is true might have been a little more fortunate ; but, O my dear Mrs. *Ellison*, what Fortune can be put in the Balance with such a Husband as mine ?’

‘ I am afraid, dear Madam,’ answered Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘ you would not hold the Scale fairly.—I acknowledge indeed, Mr. *Booth* is a very pretty Gentleman ; Heaven forbid I should endeavour to lessen him in your Opinion ; yet if I was to be brought to Confession, I could not help saying, I see where the Superiority lies, and that the Men have more Reason to envy Mr. *Booth*, than the Women have to envy his Lady.’

‘ Nay, I will not bear this,’ replied *Amelia*. ‘ You will forfeit all my Love, if you have the least disrespectful Opinion of my Husband.—You do not know him Mrs.

• *Ellison*, he is the best, the kindest, the
 • worthiest of all his Sex. I have observed
 • indeed once or twice before that you have
 • taken some Dislike to him. I can't con-
 • ceive for what Reason. If he hath said or
 • done any thing to disoblige you, I am
 • sure I can justly acquit him of Design.
 • His extreme Vivacity makes him some-
 • times a little too heedless; but, I am
 • convinced, a more innocent Heart, or one
 • more void of Offence, was never in a hu-
 • man Bosom.

• 'Nay, if you grow serious,' cries Mrs.
Ellison, 'I have done. How is it possible
 • you should suspect I had taken any Dislike
 • to a Man, to whom I have always shewn
 • so perfect a Regard! But to say I think
 • him, or almost any other Man in the
 • World worthy of yourself, is not within
 • my Power with Truth. And since you
 • force the Confession from me, I declare, I
 • think such Beauty, such Sense, and such
 • Goodness united, might aspire without
 • Vanity to the Arms of any Monarch in
 • Europe.'

• 'Alas! my dear Mrs. *Ellison*,' answered
Amelia, 'do you think Happiness and a
 • Crown so closely united? How many
 • miserable

'miserable Women have lain in the Arms
'of Kings? — Indeed, Mrs. *Ellison*, if I
'had all the Merit you compliment me
'with, I should think it all fully rewarded
'with such a Man as I thank Heaven hath
'fallen to my Lot; nor would I, upon my
'Soul, exchange that Lot with any Queen
'in the Universe.'

'Well, there are enow of our Sex,' said
Mrs. *Ellison*, 'to keep you in Countenance;
'but I shall never forget the Beginning
'of a Song of Mr. *Congreve's*, that my
'Husband was so fond of, that he was al-
'ways singing it.'

*Love's but a Frailty of the Mind,
When 'tis not with Ambition join'd.*

'Love without Interest makes but an un-
'savory Dish in my Opinion.'

'And pray how long hath this been your
'Opinion?' said *Amelia*, smiling.

'Ever since I was born,' answered Mrs.
Ellison, 'at least, ever since I can re-
'member.'

'And

‘ And have you never,’ said *Amelia*,
‘ deviated from this generous way of think-
‘ ing?’

‘ Never once,’ answered the other, ‘ in
‘ the whole Course of my Life.’

‘ O Mrs. *Ellison*! Mrs. *Ellison*!’ cries
Amelia, ‘ why do we ever blame those who
‘ are disingenuous in confessing their Faults,
‘ when we are so often ashamed to own
‘ ourselves in the Right. Some Women
‘ now, in my Situation, would be angry
‘ that you had not made Confidantes of
‘ them; but I never desire to know more of
‘ the Secrets of others, than they are pleased
‘ to entrust me with. You must believe
‘ however, that I should not have given you
‘ these Hints of my knowing all, if I had
‘ disapproved your Choice. On the con-
‘ trary, I assure you, I highly approve it.
‘ The Gentility he wants, it will be easily
‘ in your Power to procure for him; and as
‘ for his good Qualities, I will myself be
‘ bound for them: and I make not the
‘ least Doubt, as you have owned to me
‘ yourself that you have placed your Affec-
‘ tions on him, you will be one of the hap-
‘ piest Women in the World.’

‘ Upon

‘ Upon my Honour,’ cries Mrs. *Ellison*, very gravely, ‘ I do not understand one Word of what you mean.’

‘ Upon my Honour, you astonish me,’ said *Amelia*, ‘ but I have done.’

‘ Nay then,’ said the other, ‘ I insist upon knowing what you mean.’

‘ Why what can I mean,’ answered *Amelia*, ‘ but your Marriage with Serjeant *Atkinson*?’

‘ With Serjeant *Atkinson*!’ cries Mrs. *Ellison* eagerly, ‘ my Marriage with a Serjeant!’

‘ Well, with Mr. *Atkinson* then, Captain *Atkinson*, if you please; for so I hope to see him.’

‘ And have you really no better Opinion of me,’ said Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘ than to imagine me capable of such Condescension? What have I done, dear Mrs. *Booth*, to deserve so low a Place in your Esteem? I find indeed, as *Solomon* says, *Women ought to watch the Door of their Lips.* How

‘How little did I imagine that a little
 ‘harmless Freedom in Discourse, could
 ‘persuade any one that I could entertain a
 ‘serious Intention of disgracing my Fa-
 ‘mily! for of a very good Family am I
 ‘come, I assure you, Madam, tho’ I now
 ‘let Lodgings. Few of my Lodgers, I
 ‘believe, ever came of a better.’

‘If I have offended you, Madam,’ said
Amelia, ‘I am very sorry, and ask your
 ‘Pardon; but besides what I heard from
 ‘yourself, Mr. *Booth* told me.’

‘O yes,’ answered Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘Mr.
 ‘*Booth*, I know, is a very good Friend of
 ‘mine — Indeed, I know you better than
 ‘to think it could be your own Suspicion.
 ‘—I am very much obliged to Mr. *Booth*
 ‘truly.’

‘Nay,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘the Serjeant him-
 ‘self is in fault; for Mr. *Booth*, I am po-
 ‘sitive, only repeated what he had from
 ‘him.’

‘Impudent Coxcomb!’ cries Mrs. *Ellison*.
 ‘I shall know how to keep such Fel-
 ‘lows at a proper Distance for the future—
 ‘I will tell you, dear Madam, all that
 ‘happened.’

happened. When I rose in the Morning, I found the Fellow waiting in the Entry; and as you had exprest some Regard for him as your Foster-Brother, nay, he is a very genteel Fellow that I must own, I scolded my Maid for not shewing him into my little Back-Room; and I then asked him to walk into the Parlour. Could I have imagined he would have construed such little Civility into an Encouragement?

‘Nay, I will have Justice done to my poor Brother too,’ said *Amelia*. ‘I myself have seen you give him much greater Encouragement than that.’

‘Well, perhaps I have,’ said *Mrs. Ellison*. ‘I have been always too unguarded in my Speech, and can’t answer for all I have said.’ She then began to change her Note, and with an affected Laugh turned all into Ridicule; and soon afterwards the two Ladies separated, both in apparent good Humour; and *Amelia* went about those domestic Offices, in which *Mr. Booth* found her engaged at the End of the preceding Chapter.

C H A P. IV.

Containing a very extraordinary Incident.

IN the Afternoon, Mr. *Booth* with *Amelia* and her Children went to refresh themselves in the Park. The Conversation now turned on what past in the Morning with Mrs. *Ellison*, the latter Part of the Dialogue, I mean, recorded in the last Chapter. *Amelia* told her Husband, that Mrs. *Ellison* so strongly denied all Intentions to marry the Serjeant, that she had convinced her the poor Fellow was under an Error, and had mistaken a little too much Levity for serious Encouragement; and concluded, by desiring *Booth* not to jest with her any more on that Subject.

Booth burst into a Laugh, at what his Wife said. ‘ My dear Creature,’ said he, ‘ how easy is thy Honesty and Simplicity to be imposed on! how little dost thou guess at the Art and Falsehood of Women! I knew a young Lady, who against her Father’s Consent, was married to a Brother Officer of mine. And as I often used to walk with her, (for I knew her Father intimately well) she would of her-

‘ own Accord take frequent Occasions to
‘ ridicule and vilify her Husband (for so he
‘ was at the time) and exprefs great Wonder
‘ and Indignation at the Report which she
‘ allowed to prevail, that she should con-
‘ descend ever to look at such a Fellow,
‘ with any other Design than of laughing
‘ at, and despising him. The Marriage
‘ afterwards became publicly owned, and
‘ the Lady was reputably brought to Bed.
‘ Since which, I have often seen her; nor
‘ hath she ever appeared to be in the least
‘ ashamed of what she had formerly said,
‘ tho’ indeed I believe she hates me heartily
‘ for having heard it.’

‘ But for what Reason,’ cries *Amelia*,
‘ should she deny a Fact, when she must
‘ be so certain of our discovering it, and
‘ that immediately?’

‘ I can’t answer what End she may pro-
‘ pose,’ said *Booth*. ‘ Sometimes one would
‘ be almost persuaded that there was a Plea-
‘ sure in Lying itself. But this I am cer-
‘ tain, that I would believe the honest Ser-
‘ jeant on his bare Word, sooner than I
‘ would fifty Mrs. *Ellisons* on Oath. I am
‘ convinced he would not have said what
‘ he did to me, without the strongest En-
‘ couragement;

‘courage; and, I think, after what we have been both Witnesses to, it requires no great Confidence in his Veracity, to give him an unlimited Credit with regard to the Lady’s Behaviour.’

To this *Amelia* made no Reply; and they discoursed of other Matters during the Remainder of a very pleasant Walk.

When they returned home, *Amelia* was surprized to find an Appearance of Disorder in her Apartment. Several of the Trinkets, which his Lordship had given the Children, lay about the Room; and a Suit of her own Cloaths which she had left in her Drawers, was now displayed upon the Bed.

She immediately summoned her little Girl up Stairs, who, as she plainly perceived the Moment she came up with a Candle, had half cried her Eyes out: for though the Girl had opened the Door to them, as it was almost dark, she had not taken any Notice of this Phænomenon in her Countenance.

The Girl now fell down upon her Knees, and cry’d,—‘For Heaven’s sake, Madam, do not be angry with me. Indeed I was left

' left alone in the House ; and hearing
 ' somebody knock at the Door, I opened
 ' it, I am sure thinking no harm. I did
 ' not know but it might have been you, or
 ' my Master, or Madam *Ellison* ; and im-
 ' mediately as I did, the Rogue burst in
 ' and ran directly up Stairs, and what he
 ' hath robbed you of I can't tell ; but I
 ' am sure I could not help it : for he was
 ' a great swinging Man with a Pistol in
 ' each Hand ; and if I had dared to call
 ' out, to be sure he would have killed me.
 ' I am sure I was never in such a Fright in
 ' my born Days, whereof I am hardly
 ' come to myself yet. I believe he is
 ' somewhere about the House yet ; for I
 ' never saw him go out.'

Amelia discovered some little Alarm at
 this Narrative, but much less than many
 other Ladies would have shewn : for a
 Fright is, I believe, some time laid hold
 of as an Opportunity of disclosing several
 Charms peculiar to that Occasion. And
 which, as *Mr. Addison* says of certain Vir-
 tues,

——— *shun the Day, and lie concealed*
In the smooth Seasons, and the Calms of Life.

Booth

Booth having opened the Window, and summoned in two Chairmen to his Assistance, proceeded to search the House; but all to no purpose; the Thief was flown, though the poor Girl in her State of Terror had not seen him escape.

But now a Circumstance appeared which greatly surprized both *Booth* and *Amelia*; indeed I believe it will have the same Effect on the Reader; and this was, that the Thief had taken nothing with him. He had indeed tumbled over all *Booth* and *Amelia's* Clothes, and the Childrens Toys, but had left all behind him.

Amelia was scarce more pleased than astonished at this Discovery, and re-examined the Girl, assuring her of an absolute Pardon, if she confessed the Truth, but grievously threatening her if she was found guilty of the least Falshood. 'As for a Thief, Child,' says she, 'that is certainly not true; you have had somebody with you, to whom you have been shewing the things; therefore tell me plainly who it was.'

The Girl protested in the solemnest Manner that she knew not the Person; but as
to

to some Circumstances she began to vary a little from her first Account, particularly as to the Pistols; concerning which being strictly examined by *Booth* she at last cried,—‘ To be
‘ sure, Sir, he must have had Pistols about
‘ him.’ And instead of persisting in his having rushed in upon her, she now confessed, that he had asked at the Door for her Master and Mistress; and that at his Desire she had shewn him up Stairs, where he at first said he would stay till their Return home; ‘ but indeed,’ cry’d she, ‘ I thought no
‘ harm; for he looked like a Gentleman-
‘ like sort of Man. And indeed so I thought
‘ he was for a good while, whereof he sat
‘ down and behaved himself very civilly,
‘ till he saw some of Master’s and Miss’s
‘ Things upon the Chest of Drawers;
‘ whereof he cry’d, heyday! what’s here?
‘ and then he fell to tumbling about the
‘ things like any mad. Then I thinks,
‘ thinks I to myself to be sure he’s a High-
‘ wayman, whereof I did not dare speak to
‘ him: for I knew Madam *Ellison* and her
‘ Maid was gone out, and what could
‘ such a poor Girl as I do against a great
‘ strong Man? And besides, thinks I, to
‘ be sure he hath got Pistols about him,
‘ though I can’t indeed, (that I will not do
‘ for the World,) take my Bible-Oath that

‘ I saw any ; yet to be sure he would have
 ‘ soon pulled them out, and shot me dead,
 ‘ if I had ventured to have said any thing
 ‘ to offend him.’

‘ I know not what to make of this,’ cries
Booth. ‘ The poor Girl I verily believe
 ‘ speaks to the best of her Knowledge.
 ‘ A Thief it could not be ; for he hath not
 ‘ taken the least thing ; and it is plain he
 ‘ had the Girl’s Watch in his Hand.—If it
 ‘ had been a Bailiff, surely he would have
 ‘ staid till our Return. I can conceive no
 ‘ other from the Girl’s Account, than that
 ‘ it must have been some Madman.’—

‘ O good Sir,’ said the Girl, ‘ now you
 ‘ mention it, if he was not a Thief, to be sure
 ‘ he must have been a Madman ; for indeed
 ‘ he looked and behaved himself too, very
 ‘ much like a Madman : For now I re-
 ‘ member it, he talked to himself, and
 ‘ said many strange kind of Words, that
 ‘ I did not understand. Indeed he looked
 ‘ altogether as I have seen People in Bed-
 ‘ lam ; besides, if he was not a Madman,
 ‘ what good could it do him to throw the
 ‘ Things all about the Room, in such a
 ‘ Manner ? And he said something too about
 ‘ my Master, just before he went down
 ‘ Stairs,

‘Stairs, I was in such a Fright, I can’t remember particularly; but I am sure they were very ill Words, he said *he would do for him*, I am sure he said that, and other wicked bad Words too, if I could but think of them.

‘Upon my word,’ said *Booth*, ‘this is the most probable Conjecture; but still I am puzzled to conceive who it should be: For I have no Madman to my Knowledge of my Acquaintance; and it seems, as the Girl says, he asked for me.’ He then turned to the Child, and asked her if she was certain of that Circumstance.

The poor Maid after a little Hesitation, answered. ‘Indeed, Sir, I cannot be very positive; for the Fright he threw me into afterwards drove every thing almost out of my Mind.’

‘Well, whatever he was,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘I am glad the Consequence is no worse; but let this be a Warning to you, little *Betty*, and teach you to take more Care for the future. If ever you should be left alone in the House again, be sure to let no Persons in, without first looking out at the Window, and seeing who they are.’

‘ I promised not to chide you any more on
 ‘ this Occasion, and I will keep my Word;
 ‘ but it is very plain you desired this Person
 ‘ to walk up into our Apartment, which
 ‘ was very wrong in our Absence.’

Betty was going to answer—but *Amelia*
 would not let her, saying, ‘ don’t attempt
 ‘ to excuse yourself; for I mortally hate a
 ‘ Liar, and can forgive any Fault sooner
 ‘ than Falsehood.’

The poor Girl then submitted; and now
Amelia with her Assistance began to replace
 all things in their Order; and little *Emily*
 hugging her Watch with great Fondness
 declared she would never part with it any
 more.

Thus ended this odd Adventure, not en-
 tirely to the Satisfaction of *Booth*: for, be-
 sides his Curiosity, which when thoroughly
 roused is a very troublesome Passion, he had
 as is, I believe, usual with all Persons in
 his Circumstances, several Doubts and Ap-
 prehensions of he knew not what. Indeed
 Fear is never more uneasy, than when it
 doth not certainly know its Object: for on
 such Occasions the Mind is ever employed
 in raising a thousand Bugbears and Fantoms,
 much

much more dreadful than any Realities, and like Children, when they tell Tales of Hobgoblins, seems industrious in terrifying itself.

C H A P. V.

Containing some Matters not very unnatural.

MA T T E R S were scarce sooner reduced into Order and Decency, than a violent Knocking was heard at the Door, such indeed as would have persuaded any one not accustomed to the Sound, that the Madman was returned in the highest Spring-Tide of his Fury.

Instead, however, of so disagreeable an Appearance, a very fine Lady presently came into the Room, no other indeed than Mrs. *James* herself; for she was resolved to shew *Amelia* by the speedy Return of her Visit, how unjust all her Accusation had been of any Failure in the Duties of Friendship; she had moreover another Reason to accelerate this Visit, and that was, to congratulate her Friend on the Event of the Duel between Colonel *Bath* and Mr. *Booth*.

The Lady had so well profited by Mrs. *Booth's* Remonstrance, that she had now no more of that Stiffness and Formality which she had worn on a former Occasion. On the contrary, she now behaved with the utmost Freedom and Good-Humour, and made herself so very agreeable, that *Amelia* was highly pleased and delighted with her Company.

An Incident happened during this Visit, that may appear to some too inconsiderable in itself to be recorded; and yet, as it certainly produced a very strong Consequence in the Mind of Mr. *Booth*, we cannot prevail on ourselves to pass it by.

Little *Emily*, who was present in the Room while Mrs. *James* was there, as she stood near that Lady, happened to be playing with her Watch, which she was so greatly overjoyed had escaped safe from the Madman. Mrs. *James*, who express great Fondness for the Child, desired to see the Watch, which she commended as the prettiest of the Kind she had ever seen.

Amelia caught eager hold of this Opportunity to spread the Praises of her Benefactor.
She

She presently acquainted Mrs. *James* with the Donor's Name, and ran on with great Encomiums on his Lordship's Goodness, and particularly on his Generosity. To which Mrs. *James* answered, ' O certainly, Madam, his Lordship hath universally the Character of being extremely generous—where he likes.'

In uttering these Words, she laid a very strong Emphasis on the three last Monosyllables, accompanying them at the same time with a very sagacious Look, a very significant Leer, and a great Flirt with her Fan.

The greatest Genius the World hath ever produced, observes in one of his most excellent Plays, that

—*Trifles light as Air*
Are to the jealous Confirmations strong
As Proofs of holy Writ.

That Mr. *Booth* began to be possessed by this worst of Fiends admits, I think, no longer doubt; for at this Speech of Mrs. *James*, he immediately turned pale, and from a high Degree of Chearfulness, was all on a sudden struck dumb, so that he

spoke not another Word till Mrs. *James* left the Room.

The Moment that Lady drove from the Door, Mrs. *Ellison* came up Stairs. She entered the Room with a Laugh, and very plentifully rallied both *Booth* and *Amelia* concerning the Madman, of which she had received a full Account below Stairs; and at last asked *Amelia*, if she could not guess who it was but without receiving an Answer went on, saying, ‘ for my own part, ‘ I fancy it must be some Lover of yours; ‘ some Person that hath seen you, and so is ‘ run mad with Love. Indeed, I should ‘ not wonder if all Mankind were to do ‘ the same. La! Mr. *Booth*, what makes ‘ you grave? why, you are as melan- ‘ choly as if you had been robbed in earnest. ‘ Upon my word, tho’ to be serious, it is ‘ a strange Story; and as the Girl tells it, ‘ I know not what to make of it. Perhaps ‘ it might be some Rogue that intended to ‘ rob the House, and his Heart failed him; ‘ yet even that would be very extraordinary, ‘ What, did you lose nothing, Madam?’

‘ Nothing at all,’ answered *Amelia*. ‘ He ‘ did not even take the Child’s Watch.’

‘ Well,

‘ Well, Captain,’ cries Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘ I hope you will take more Care of the House to-morrow ; for your Lady and I shall leave you alone to the Care of it. Here, Madam,’ said she, ‘ here is a Present from my Lord to us ; here are two Tickets for the Masquerade at *Ranelagh*. You will be so charmed with it. It is the sweetest of all Diversions.’

‘ May I be damned, Madam,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ if my Wife shall go thither !’

Mrs. *Ellison* stared at these Words, and indeed so did *Amelia* : for they were spoke with great Vehemence. At length the former cried out with an Air of Astonishment, ‘ Not let your Lady go to *Ranelagh*, Sir ?’

‘ No, Madam,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ I will not let my Wife go to *Ranelagh*.’

‘ You surprize me,’ cries Mrs. *Ellison*. ‘ Sure you are not in earnest.’

‘ Indeed, Madam,’ returned he, ‘ I am seriously in earnest. And what is more, I am convinced she would of her own accord refuse to go.’

‘ Now, Madam,’ said Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘ you
 ‘ are to answer for yourself; and I will for
 ‘ your Husband, that if you have a Desire
 ‘ to go he will not refuse you.’

‘ I hope, Madam,’ answered *Amelia*
 ‘ with great Gravity, ‘ I shall never desire
 ‘ to go to any Place contrary to Mr. *Booth*’s
 ‘ Inclinations.’

‘ Did ever Mortal hear the like?’ said
 Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘ you are enough to spoil the
 ‘ best Husband in the Universe. Inclina-
 ‘ tions! What is a Woman to be governed
 ‘ then by her Husband’s Inclinations, tho’
 ‘ they are never so unreasonable?’

‘ Pardon me, Madam,’ said *Amelia*, ‘ I
 ‘ will not suppose Mr. *Booth*’s Inclinations
 ‘ ever can be unreasonable. I am very much
 ‘ obliged to you for the Offer you have
 ‘ made me; but I beg you will not mention
 ‘ it any more: for after what Mr. *Booth*
 ‘ hath declared, if *Ranelagh* was a Heaven
 ‘ upon Earth, I would refuse to go to it.’

‘ I thank you, my dear,’ cries *Booth*,
 ‘ I do assure you, you oblige me beyond
 ‘ my Power of Expression by what you
 ‘ say; but I will endeavour to shew you
 ‘ both

‘ both my Sensibility of such Goodness, and
 ‘ my lasting Gratitude to it.’

‘ And pray, Sir,’ cries Mrs. *Ellison*,
 ‘ what can be your Objection to your Lady’s
 ‘ going to a Place, which I will venture to
 ‘ say is as reputable as any about Town, and
 ‘ which is frequented by the best Com-
 ‘ pany?’

‘ Pardon me, good Mrs. *Ellison*,’ said
Booth. ‘ As my Wife is so good to acquiesce
 ‘ without knowing my Reasons, I am not,
 ‘ I think, obliged to assign them to any
 ‘ other Person. We have no Confessors in
 ‘ *England*.’

‘ Well,’ cries Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘ if I had
 ‘ been told this, I would not have believed
 ‘ it. What refuse your Lady an innocent
 ‘ Diversion, and that too when you have
 ‘ not the Pretence to say it would cost you
 ‘ a Farthing?’

‘ Why will you say any more on this
 ‘ Subject, dear Madam?’ cries *Amelia*.
 ‘ All Diversions are to me Matters of
 ‘ such Indifference, that the bare Inclina-
 ‘ tions of any one for whom I have the
 ‘ least Value, would at all times turn the

‘ Balance of mine. I am sure then after
 ‘ what Mr. *Booth* hath said’ —

‘ My dear,’ cries he, ‘ taking her up
 ‘ hastily, I sincerely ask your Pardon, I
 ‘ spoke inadvertently and in a Passion — I
 ‘ never once thought of controuling you—
 ‘ nor ever would.—Nay, I said in the same
 ‘ Breath you would not go ; and upon my
 ‘ Honour I meant nothing more.’

‘ My dear,’ said she, ‘ you have no need
 ‘ of making any Apology. I am not in
 ‘ the least offended, and am convinced you
 ‘ will never deny me what I shall desire.’

‘ Try him, try him, Madam,’ cries Mrs.
Ellison, ‘ I will be judged by all the Women
 ‘ in Town, if it is possible for a Wife to ask
 ‘ her Husband any thing more reasonable.
 ‘ You can’t conceive what a sweet, charm-
 ‘ ing, elegant, delicious Place it is. — Para-
 ‘ dise itself can hardly be equal to it.’

‘ I beg you will excuse me, Madam,’
 said *Amelia*, ‘ nay, I intreat you will ask me
 ‘ no more : for be assured I must and will
 ‘ refuse—Do let me desire you to give the
 ‘ Ticket to poor Mrs. *Bennet*. I believe it
 ‘ would greatly oblige her.’ —

‘ Pardon

‘ Pardon me, Madam,’ said Mrs. *Ellison*.
 ‘ If you will not accept of it, I am not so
 ‘ distressed for want of Company as to go
 ‘ to such a public Place with all sort of
 ‘ People neither. I am always very glad
 ‘ to see Mrs. *Bennet* at my own House; be-
 ‘ cause I look upon her as a very good sort
 ‘ of Woman; but I don’t chuse to be seen
 ‘ with such People in public Places.’

Amelia exprest some little Indignation at this last Speech, which she declared to be entirely beyond her Comprehension; and soon after Mrs. *Ellison*, finding all her Efforts to prevail on *Amelia* were ineffectual, took her Leave, giving Mr. *Booth* two or three sarcaistical Words, and a much more sarcaistical Look at her Departure.

C H A P. VI.

A Scene, in which some Ladies will possibly think Amelia's Conduct exceptionable.

BOOTH and his Wife being left alone, a solemn Silence prevailed during a few Minutes. At last *Amelia*, who though a good, was yet a human Creature, said to her Husband, ' Pray, my dear, do inform me, what could put you into so great a Passion when Mrs. *Ellison* first offered me the Tickets for this Masquerade? '

' I had rather you would not ask me,' said *Booth*. ' You have obliged me greatly in your ready Acquiescence with my Desire, and you will add greatly to the Obligation by not enquiring the Reason of it. This you may depend upon, *Amelia*, that your Good and Happiness are the great Objects of all my Wishes, and the End I propose in all my Actions. This View alone could tempt me to refuse you any thing, or to conceal any thing from you.'

' I will appeal to yourself,' answered she, ' whether this be not using me too much
' like

‘ like a Child, and whether I can possibly
‘ help being a little offended at it.’

‘ Not in the least,’ replied he. ‘ I use
‘ you only with the Tenderness of a Friend.
‘ I would only endeavour to conceal that
‘ from you, which I think would give you
‘ Uneasiness if you knew. These are called
‘ the pious Frauds of Friendship.’

‘ I detest all Fraud,’ says she; ‘ and *pious*
‘ is too good an Epithet to be joined to so
‘ odious a Word. You have often, you
‘ know, tried these Frauds with no better
‘ Effect than to teize and torment me.
‘ You cannot imagine, my Dear, but that
‘ I must have a violent Desire to know the
‘ Reason of Words, which, I own, I never
‘ expected to have heard. And the more
‘ you have shewn a Reluctance to tell me,
‘ the more eagerly I have longed to know.
‘ Nor can this be called a vain Curiosity;
‘ since I seem so much interested in this
‘ Affair. If after all this, you still insist
‘ on keeping the Secret, I will convince
‘ you, I am not ignorant of the Duty of a
‘ Wife, by my Obedience; but I cannot
‘ help telling you at the same time, you
‘ will make me one of the most miserable
‘ of Women.’

‘ That

‘ That is,’ cries he, ‘ in other Words,
 ‘ my dear *Emily*, to say, I will be contented
 ‘ without the Secret; but I am resolv’d to
 ‘ know it nevertheless.’

‘ Nay, if you say so,’ cries she, ‘ I am
 ‘ convinced you will tell me — Positively,
 ‘ dear *Billy*, I must and will know.’

‘ Why then positively,’ says *Booth*, ‘ I
 ‘ will tell you. And I think I shall then
 ‘ shew you, that however well you may
 ‘ know the Duty of a Wife, I am not al-
 ‘ ways able to behave like a Husband. In
 ‘ a word then, my Dear, the Secret is no
 ‘ more than this; I am unwilling you
 ‘ should receive any more Presents from
 ‘ my Lord.’

‘ Mercy upon me!’ cries she, with all the
 Marks of Astonishment—‘ what a Masque-
 ‘ rade Ticket’——

‘ Yes, my Dear,’ cries she, ‘ that is
 ‘ perhaps the very worst and most dange-
 ‘ rous of all. Few Men make Presents of
 ‘ those Tickets to Ladies, without intend-
 ‘ ing to meet them at the Place. And
 ‘ what do we know of your Companion.
 ‘ To

‘ To be sincere with you, I have not liked
 ‘ her Behaviour for some Time. What
 ‘ might be the Consequence of going with
 ‘ such a Woman to such a Place, to meet
 ‘ such a Person, I tremble to think — And
 ‘ now, my Dear, I have told you my Rea-
 ‘ son of refusing her Offer with some little
 ‘ Vehemence, and, I think, I need explain
 ‘ myself no farther.’

‘ You need not indeed, Sir,’ answered
 she. ‘ Good Heavens! did I ever expect
 ‘ to hear this! I can appeal to Heaven,
 ‘ nay, I will appeal to yourself, Mr. *Booth*,
 ‘ if I have ever done any thing to deserve
 ‘ such a Suspicion. If ever any Action of
 ‘ mine, nay, if ever any Thought had
 ‘ stained the Innocence of my Soul, I could
 ‘ be contented.’

‘ How cruelly do you mistake me,’ said
Booth—‘ what Suspicion have I ever shewn?’

‘ Can you ask it,’ answered she, ‘ after
 ‘ what you have just now declared?’

‘ If I have declared any Suspicion of
 ‘ you,’ replied he, ‘ or if ever I enter-
 ‘ tained a Thought leading that way, may
 ‘ the worst of Evils that ever afflicted hu-
 ‘ man

‘ man Nature attend me. I know the pure
 ‘ Innocence of that tender Bosom, I do
 ‘ know it, my lovely Angel, and adore it.
 ‘ The Snares which might be laid for that
 ‘ Innocence, were alone the Cause of my
 ‘ Apprehension. I feared what a wicked
 ‘ and voluptuous Man, resolved to sacrifice
 ‘ every thing to the Gratification of a sensual
 ‘ Appetite with the most delicious Repast,
 ‘ might attempt. If ever I injured the un-
 ‘ spotted Whiteness of thy Virtue in my
 ‘ Imagination, may Hell—

‘ Do not terrify me,’ cries she inter-
 ‘ rupting him, ‘ with such Imprecations.
 ‘ O Mr. *Booth*, Mr. *Booth*, you must well
 ‘ know that a Woman’s Virtue is always
 ‘ her sufficient Guard. No Husband with-
 ‘ out suspecting that can suspect any Dan-
 ‘ ger from those Snares you mention—And
 ‘ why, if you are liable to take such things
 ‘ into your Head, may not your Suspicions
 ‘ fall on me, as well as on any other? for
 ‘ sure nothing was ever more unjust, I will
 ‘ not say ungrateful, than the Suspicions
 ‘ which you have bestowed on his Lordship.
 ‘ I do solemnly declare, in all the times I
 ‘ have seen the poor Man, he hath never
 ‘ once offered the least Forwardness. His
 ‘ Behaviour hath been polite indeed, but
 ‘ rather

' rather remarkably distant than otherwise.
 ' Particularly when we played at Cards to-
 ' gether. I don't remember he spoke ten
 ' Words to me all the Evening; and when
 ' I was at his House, tho' he shewed the
 ' greatest Fondness imaginable to the Chil-
 ' dren, he took so little Notice of me, that
 ' a vain Woman would have been very little
 ' pleased with him. And if he gave them
 ' many Presents, he never offered me one.
 ' The first indeed which he ever offered me
 ' was that, which you in that kind manner
 ' forced me to refuse.'

' All this may be only the Effect of Art,'
 said *Booth*. ' I am convinced he doth, nay
 ' I am convinced he must like you; and
 ' my good Friend *James*, who perfectly
 ' well knows the World, told me, that his
 ' Lordship's Character was that of the most
 ' profuse in his Pleasures with Women;
 ' nay, what said Mrs. *James* this very Even-
 ' ing, " his Lordship is extremely generous
 ' —where he likes." ' I shall never forget
 ' the Sneer with which she spoke those last
 ' Words.'

' I am convinced they injure him,' cries
Amelia. ' As for Mrs. *James*, she was al-
 ' ways given to be censorious. I remarked
 ' it

' it in her long ago, as her greatest Fault.
 ' And for the Colonel, I believe, he may
 ' find Faults enow of this kind in his own
 ' Bosom, without searching after them a-
 ' mong his Neighbours. I am sure he hath
 ' the most impudent Look of all the Men
 ' I know; and I solemnly declare, the very
 ' last time he was here, he put me out of
 ' Countenance more than once.'

' Colonel *James*, answered *Booth*, ' may
 ' have his Faults very probably. I do not
 ' look upon him as a Saint, nor do I believe
 ' he desires I should; but what Interest
 ' could he have in abusing this Lord's Cha-
 ' racter to me: or why should I question
 ' his Truth, when he assured me that my
 ' Lord had never done an Act of Beneficence
 ' in his Life, but for the Sake of some Wo-
 ' man whom he lusted after?'

' Then I myself can confute him,' replied
Amelia: ' for besides his Services to you,
 ' which for the future I shall wish to for-
 ' get, and his Kindness to my little Babes,
 ' how inconsistent is the Character which
 ' *James* gives of him, with his Lordship's
 ' Behaviour to his own Nephew and Niece,
 ' whose extreme Fondness of their Uncle
 ' sufficiently proclaims his Goodness to them.

‘ —I need not mention all that I have heard
 ‘ from Mrs. *Ellison*, every Word of which
 ‘ I believe : for I have great Reason to
 ‘ think, notwithstanding some little Levity,
 ‘ which to give her her due she sees and
 ‘ condemns in herself, she is a very good
 ‘ Sort of Woman.’

‘ Well, my dear,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ I may
 ‘ have been deceived, and I heartily hope I
 ‘ am so ; but in Cases of this Nature it is
 ‘ always good to be on the surest Side : For
 ‘ as *Congreve* says,

‘ *The wise too jealous are. Fools too*
 ‘ *secure.*’

Here *Amelia* burst into Tears, upon which
Booth immediately caught her in his Arms,
 and endeavoured to comfort her. — Passion
 however for a while obstructed her Speech,
 and at last she cried, — ‘ O Mr. *Booth*, can
 ‘ I bear to hear the word Jealousy from
 ‘ your Mouth?’

‘ Why, my Love,’ said *Booth*, ‘ will you
 ‘ so fatally misunderstand my Meaning?
 ‘ How often shall I protest that it is not of
 ‘ you, but of him that I was jealous. If
 ‘ you could look into my Breast, and there
 ‘ read

‘ read all the most secret Thoughts of my
 ‘ Heart, you would not see one faint Idea
 ‘ to your Dishonour.’

‘ I don’t misunderstand you, my Dear,’
 said she, ‘ so much as I am afraid you mis-
 ‘ understand yourself. What is it you fear?
 ‘ — you mention not Force but Snares. Is
 ‘ not this to confess, at least, that you have
 ‘ some doubt of my Understanding? Do
 ‘ you then really imagine me so weak as to
 ‘ be cheated of my Virtue? Am I to be
 ‘ deceived into an Affection for a Man,
 ‘ before I perceive the least inward Hint of
 ‘ my Danger? No, Mr. *Booth*, believe me
 ‘ a Woman must be a Fool indeed, who
 ‘ can have in earnest such an Excuse for her
 ‘ Actions. I have not, I think, any very
 ‘ high Opinion of my Judgment; but so
 ‘ far I shall rely upon it, that no Man
 ‘ breathing could have any such Designs
 ‘ as you have apprehended, without my
 ‘ immediately seeing them; and how I
 ‘ should then act, I hope my whole Con-
 ‘ duct to you hath sufficiently declared.’

‘ Well, my dear,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ I beg
 ‘ you will mention it no more, if possible
 ‘ forget it. I hope, nay I believe, I have
 ‘ been in the Wrong, pray forgive me.—

‘ I

‘ I will, I do forgive you, my dear,’
said she. ‘ If Forgiveness be a proper
‘ Word for one whom you have rather
‘ made miserable than angry ; but let me
‘ entreat you to banish for ever all such
‘ Suspicions from your Mind. I hope Mrs.
‘ *Ellison* hath not discovered the real Cause
‘ of your Passion ; but poor Woman, if
‘ she had, I am convinced it would go no
‘ farther. Oh Heavens ! I would not for
‘ the World it should reach his Lordship’s
‘ Ears. You would lose the best Friend
‘ that ever Man had. Nay, I would not
‘ for his own Sake. Poor Man ! for I re-
‘ ally believe it would affect him greatly,
‘ and I must, I cannot help having an
‘ Esteem for so much Goodness. An E-
‘ steem which by this dear Hand,’ said
she, taking *Booth*’s Hand and kissing it,
‘ no Man alive shall ever obtain by making
‘ Love to me.’

Booth caught her in his Arms and tenderly embraced her. After which the Reconciliation soon became complete ; and *Booth* in the Contemplation of his Happiness entirely buried all his jealous Thoughts.

C H A P. VII.

A Chapter in which there is much Learning.

THE next Morning whilst *Booth* was gone to take his Morning-walk, *Amelia* went down into Mrs. *Ellison's* Apartment, where though she was received with great Civility, yet she found that Lady was not at all pleased with Mr. *Booth*; and by some Hints which dropt from her in Conversation, *Amelia* very greatly apprehended that Mrs. *Ellison* had too much Suspicion of her Husband's real Uneasiness. For that Lady declared very openly, she could not help perceiving what sort of Man Mr. *Booth* was; 'and though I have the
' greatest Regard for you, Madam, in the
' World,' said she, 'yet I think myself in
' Honour obliged not to impose on his
' Lordship, who, I know very well, hath
' conceived his greatest Liking to the Cap-
' tain, on my telling him that he was the
' best Husband in the World.'

Amelia's Fears gave her much Disturbance, and when her Husband returned, she acquainted him with them; upon which
Occasion,

Occasion, as it was natural, she resumed a little the Topic of their former Discourse, nor could she help casting, tho' in very gentle Terms, some slight Blame on *Booth*, for having entertained a Suspicion, which she said, might in its Consequence very possibly prove their Ruin, and occasion the Loss of his Lordship's Friendship.

Booth became highly affected with what his Wife said, and the more as he had just received a Note from Col. *James*, informing him that the Colonel had heard of a vacant Company in the Regiment which *Booth* had mentioned to him, and that he had been with his Lordship about it, who had promised to use his utmost Interest to obtain him the Command.

The poor Man now express the utmost Concern for his Yesterday's Behaviour, said, 'he believed the Devil had taken Possession of him,' and concluded with crying out, 'sure I was born, my dearest Creature, to be your Torment.'

Amelia no sooner saw her Husband's Distress, than she instantly forebore whatever might seem likely to aggravate it, and applied herself with all her Power to comfort him.

him. ‘ If you will give me leave to offer
 ‘ my Advice, my dearest Soul,’ said she,
 ‘ I think all might yet be remedied. I
 ‘ think you know me too well, to suspect
 ‘ that the Desire of Diversion should induce
 ‘ me to mention, what I am now going to
 ‘ propose. And in that Confidence, I will
 ‘ ask you to let me accept my Lord’s and
 ‘ Mrs. *Ellison*’s Offer, and go to the Mas-
 ‘ querade. No matter how little while I
 ‘ stay there: if you desire it, I will not be
 ‘ an Hour from you. I can make a hun-
 ‘ dred Excuses to come home, or tell a
 ‘ real Truth, and say I am tired with the
 ‘ Place. The bare going will cure every
 ‘ Thing.’

Amelia had no sooner done speaking, than
Booth immediately approved her Advice,
 and readily gave his Consent. He could
 not however help saying, ‘ that the shorter
 ‘ her Stay was there, the more agreeable
 ‘ it would be to him: For you know, my
 ‘ dear,’ said he, ‘ I would never willingly
 ‘ be a Moment out of your Sight.’

In the Afternoon *Amelia* sent to invite
 Mrs. *Ellison* to a Dish of Tea; and *Booth*
 undertook to laugh off all that had past
 Yesterday, in which Attempt, the abun-
 dant

dant good Humour of that Lady gave him great Hopes of Success.

Mrs. *Bennet* came that Afternoon to make a Visit, and was almost an Hour with *Booth* and *Amelia*, before the Entry of Mrs. *Ellison*.

Mr. *Booth* had hitherto rather disliked this young Lady, and had wondered at the Pleasure which *Amelia* declared she took in her Company. This Afternoon, however, he changed his Opinion, and liked her almost as much as his Wife had done. She did indeed behave at this Time with more than ordinary Gaiety; and Good-humour gave a Glow to her Countenance that set off her Features, which were very pretty, to the best Advantage, and lessened the Deadness that had usually appeared in her Complexion.

But if *Booth* was now pleased with Mrs. *Bennet*, *Amelia* was still more pleased with her than ever. For when their Discourse turned on Love, *Amelia* discovered that her new Friend had all the same Sentiments on that Subject with herself. In the Course of their Conversation, *Booth* gave Mrs. *Bennet* a Hint of wishing her a good Husband,

band, upon which both the Ladies declaimed against second Marriages, with equal Vehemence.

Upon this Occasion, *Booth* and his Wife discovered a Talent in their Visitant, to which they had been before entirely Strangers, and for which they both greatly admired her ; and this was that the Lady was a good Scholar, in which indeed she had the Advantage of poor *Amelia*, whose Reading was confined to *English* Plays, and Poetry ; besides which, I think, she had conversed only with the Divinity of the great and learned Dr. *Barrow*, and with the Histories of the excellent Bishop *Burnet*, almost the only *English* Historian that is likely to be known to Posterity, by whom he will be most certainly ranked amongst the greatest Writers of Antiquity.

Amelia delivered herself on the Subject of second Marriages with much Eloquence and great good Sense ; but when Mrs. *Bennet* came to give her Opinion, she spoke in the following Manner, ‘ I shall not enter into the Question concerning the Legality of Bigamy. Our Laws certainly allow it, and so, I think, doth our Religion. We are now debating only on
the

‘ the Decency of it, and in this Light, I
‘ own myself as strenuous an Advocate a-
‘ gainst it, as any *Roman* Matron would
‘ have been in those Ages of the Common-
‘ wealth, when it was held to be infamous.
‘ For my own part, how great a Paradox
‘ soever my Opinion may seem, I solemnly
‘ declare, I see but little Difference between
‘ having two Husbands at one time, and at
‘ several times; and of this I am very con-
‘ fident, that the same Degree of Love for
‘ a first Husband, which preserves a Wo-
‘ man in the one Case, will preserve her in
‘ the other. There is one Argument, which
‘ I scarce know how to deliver before you,
‘ Sir; but—if a Woman hath lived with
‘ her first Husband without having Chil-
‘ dren, I think it unpardonable in her to
‘ carry Barrenness into a second Family.
‘ On the contrary, if she hath Children by
‘ her first Husband, to give them a second
‘ Father is still more unpardonable.’

‘ But suppose, Madam,’ cries *Booth*, in-
‘ terrupting her, with a Smile, ‘ she should
‘ have had Children by her first Husband,
‘ and have lost them.’

‘ That is a Case,’ answered she, with a Sigh, ‘ which I did not desire to think of, and, I must own it, the most favourable Light in which a second Marriage can be seen. But the Scriptures, as *Petrarch* observes, rather suffer them than commend them; and *St. Jerom* speaks against them with the utmost Bitterness.’ ‘ I remember,’ cries *Booth*, (‘ who was willing either to shew his Learning, or to draw out the Lady’s,) a very wise Law of *Charondas* the famous Lawgiver of *Tburium*, by which Men, who married a second time, were removed from all public Councils: for it was scarce reasonable to suppose, that he who was so great a Fool in his own Family, should be wise in public Affairs. And tho’ second Marriages were permitted among the *Romans*, yet they were at the same time discouraged; and those *Roman* Widows who refused them, were held in high Esteem, and honoured with what *Valerius Maximus* calls the *Corona Pudicitiae*. In the noble Family of *Camilli*, there was not, in many Ages, a single Instance of this, which *Martial* calls Adultery.

*Quæ toties nubit, non nubit, Adultera
 Lege est.*

‘ True,

‘ True, Sir, says Mrs. Bennet, and *Virgil*
 ‘ calls this a Violation of Chastity, and
 ‘ makes *Dido* speak of it with the utmost
 ‘ Detestation.

Sed mihi vel Tellus optem prius ima de-
biscat ;
Vel Pater omnipotens adigat me Fulmine
ad umbras,
Pallentes umbras Erebi, noctemque pro-
fundam,
Ante, pudor, quam te violo, aut tua Jura
resolvo.
Ille meos, primum qui me sibi junxit,
amores
Ille habeat semper secum, servetque Se-
pulchro.

She repeated these Lines with so strong an Emphasis, that she almost frightened *Amelia* out of her Wits, and not a little staggered *Booth*, who was himself no contemptible Scholar—He expressed great Admiration of the Lady’s Learning; upon which she said it was all the Fortune given her by her Father, and all the Dower left her by her Husband; ‘and sometimes,’ said she, ‘I am inclined to think I enjoy more Pleasure from it, than if they had bestowed

‘on me what the World would in general call more valuable.’ She then took Occasion from the Surprize which *Booth* had affected to conceive at her repeating *Latin* with so good a Grace, to comment on that great Absurdity, (for so she termed it,) of excluding Women from Learning; for which they were equally qualified with the Men, and in which so many had made so notable a Proficiency: for a Proof of which, she mentioned *Madam Dacier*, and many others.

Tho’ both *Booth* and *Amelia* outwardly concurred with her Sentiments, it may be a Question whether they did not assent rather out of Complaisance, than from their real Judgment.

C H A P.

C H A P. VIII.

Containing some unaccountable Behaviour in Mrs. Ellison.

MR S. *Ellison* made her Entrance at the End of the preceding Discourse. At her first Appearance she put on an unusual Degree of Formality and Reserve; but when *Amelia* had acquainted her that she designed to accept the Favour intended her, she soon began to alter the Gravity of her Muscles, and presently fell in with that Ridicule which *Booth* thought proper to throw on his Yesterday's Behaviour.

The Conversation now became very lively and pleasant, in which *Booth* having mentioned the Discourse that passed in the last Chapter, and having greatly complimented Mrs. *Bennet's* Speech on that Occasion, Mrs. *Ellison* who was as strenuous an Advocate on the other Side, began to rally that Lady extremely, declaring it was a certain Sign she intended to marry again soon. 'Married Ladies,' cries she, 'I believe, sometimes think themselves in earnest in such Declarations, tho' they are oftner perhaps meant as Compliments to their Hus-

‘ bands ; but when Widows exclaim loudly against second Marriages, I would always lay a Wager, that the Man, if not the Wedding-day, is absolutely fixed on.’

Mrs. *Bennet* made very little Answer to this Sarcasm. Indeed she had scarce opened her Lips from the Time of Mrs. *Ellison*'s coming into the Room, and had grown particularly grave at the Mention of the Masquerade. *Amelia* imputed this to her being left out of the Party, a Matter which is often no small Mortification to human Pride, and in a Whisper asked Mrs. *Ellison* if she could not procure a third Ticket; to which she received an absolute Negative.

During the whole Time of Mrs. *Bennet*'s Stay, which was above an Hour afterwards, she remained perfectly silent, and looked extremely melancholy. This made *Amelia* very uneasy, as she concluded she had guessed the Cause of her Vexation. In which Opinion she was the more confirmed from certain Looks of no very pleasant Kind, which Mrs. *Bennet* now and then cast on Mrs. *Ellison*, and the more than ordinary Concern that appeared in the former Lady's Countenance, whenever the Masquerade was
men-

mentioned, and which unfortunately was the principal Topic of their Discourse : For Mrs. *Ellison* gave a very elaborate Description of the extreme Beauty of the Place, and Elegance of the Diverfion.

When Mrs. *Bennet* was departed, *Amelia* could not help again folliciting Mrs. *Ellison* for another Ticket, declaring ſhe was certain Mrs. *Bennet* had a great Inclination to go with them ; but Mrs. *Ellison* again excuſed herſelf from asking it of his Lordſhip. ‘ Beſides, Madam,’ ſays ſhe, ‘ if I would
‘ go thither with Mrs. *Bennet*, which, I own
‘ to you, I don’t chuſe, as ſhe is a Perſon
‘ whom no Body knows, I very much
‘ doubt whether ſhe herſelf would like it :
‘ For ſhe is a Woman of a very unac-
‘ countable Turn. All her Delight lies in
‘ Books ; and as for public Diverſions, I
‘ have heard her often declare her Abhor-
‘ rence of them.’

‘ What then,’ ſaid *Amelia*, ‘ could oc-
‘ caſion all that Gravity from the Moment
‘ the Maſquerade was mentioned ? ’

‘ As to that,’ answered the other, ‘ there
‘ is no gueſſing. You have ſeen her alto-
‘ gether as grave before now. She hath

‘ had these Fits of Gravity at times ever
 ‘ since the Death of her Husband.’

‘ Poor Creature!’ cries *Amelia*. ‘ I
 ‘ heartily pity her. For she must certainly
 ‘ suffer a great deal on these Occasions.
 ‘ I declare I have taken a strange Fancy
 ‘ to her.’

‘ Perhaps you would not like her so
 ‘ well, if you knew her thoroughly,’ an-
 ‘ swered Mrs. *Ellison*. ‘ She is upon the
 ‘ whole but of a whimsical Temper; and, if
 ‘ you will take my Opinion, you should not
 ‘ cultivate too much Intimacy with her.
 ‘ I know you will never mention what I
 ‘ say; but she is like some Pictures which
 ‘ please best at a Distance.’

Amelia did not seem to agree with these Sentiments, and she greatly importuned Mrs. *Ellison* to be more explicit; but to no purpose; she continued to give only dark Hints to Mrs. *Bennet*’s Disadvantage; and, if ever she let drop something a little too harsh, she failed not immediately to contradict herself, by throwing some gentle Commendations into the other Scale; so that her Conduct appeared utterly unaccountable to *Amelia*, and upon the whole, she

she knew not whether to conclude Mrs. *Ellison* to be a Friend or Enemy to Mrs. *Bennet*.

During this latter Conversation *Booth* was not in the Room: For he had been summoned down stairs by the Serjeant, who came to him with News from *Murphy*, whom he had met that Evening, and who had assured the Serjeant, that if he was desirous of recovering the Debt, and which he had before pretended to have on *Booth*, he might shortly have an Opportunity; for that there was to be a very strong Petition to the Board, the next Time they sat. *Murphy* said further, that he need not fear having his Money: For that to his certain Knowledge the Captain had several Things of great Value, and even his Children had Gold-Watches.

This greatly alarmed *Booth*, and still more, when the Serjeant reported to him from *Murphy*, that all these Things had been seen in his Possession within a Day last past. He now plainly perceived, as he thought, that *Murphy* himself, or one of his Emiffaries, had been the supposed Madman; and he now very well accounted to himself in his own Mind, for all that

had happened, conceiving that the Design was to examine into the State of his Effects, and to try whether it was worth his Creditors while to plunder him by Law.

At his Return to his Apartment, he communicated what he had heard to *Amelia* and Mrs. *Ellison*, not disguising his Apprehensions of the Enemy's Intentions; but Mrs. *Ellison* endeavoured to laugh him out of his Fears, calling him faint-hearted, and assuring him he might depend on her Lawyer. — ‘Till you hear from him,’ said she, ‘you may rest entirely contented: For take my Word for it, no Danger can happen to you, of which you will not be timely apprized by him. And as for the Fellow that had the Impudence to come into your Room, if he was sent on such an Errand as you mention, I heartily wish I had been at home; I would have secured him safe with a Constable, and have carried him directly before Justice *Thresher*. I know the Justice is an Enemy to Bailiffs on his own account.’

This heartening Speech a little roused the Courage of *Booth*, and somewhat comforted *Amelia*, tho' the Spirits of both had been
been

been too much hurried, to suffer them either to give or receive much Entertainment that Evening ; which Mrs. *Ellison* perceiving soon took her Leave, and left this unhappy Couple to seek Relief from Sleep, that powerful Friend to the Distressed, tho' like other powerful Friends, he is not always ready to give his Assistance to those who want it most.

C H A P. IX.

Containing a very strange Incident.

WHEN the Husband and Wife were alone, they again talked over the News which the Serjeant had brought; on which Occasion, *Amelia* did all she could to conceal her own Fears, and to quiet those of her Husband. At last she turned the Conversation to another Subject, and poor *Mrs. Bennet* was brought on the Carpet. ‘I should be sorry,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘to find
 ‘ I had conceived an Affection for a bad
 ‘ Woman; and yet I begin to fear *Mrs. El-*
 ‘ *lison* knows something of her more than
 ‘ she cares to discover; why else should she
 ‘ be unwilling to be seen with her in Pub-
 ‘ lic? Besides, I have observed that *Mrs.*
 ‘ *Ellison* hath been always backward to in-
 ‘ troduce her to me, nor would ever bring
 ‘ her to my Apartment, though I have
 ‘ often desired her. Nay, she hath given
 ‘ me frequent Hints not to cultivate the
 ‘ Acquaintance. What do you think, my
 ‘ dear?—I should be very sorry to contract
 ‘ an Intimacy with a wicked Person.’

‘ Nay,

‘ Nay, my dear,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ I know
‘ no more of her, nor indeed hardly so
‘ much as yourself. But this I think, that
‘ if Mrs. *Ellison* knows any Reason why
‘ she should not have introduced Mrs. *Ben-*
‘ *net* into your Company, she was very
‘ much in the wrong in introducing her
‘ into it.’

In Discourses of this kind they pass the
Remainder of the Evening. In the Morn-
ing *Booth* rose early, and going down Stairs
received from little *Betty* a sealed Note,
which contained the following Words :

*Beware, beware, beware,
For I apprehend a dreadful Snare
Is laid for virtuous Innocence,
Under a Friend's false Pretence.*

Booth immediately enquired of the Girl
who brought this Note, and was told it
came by a Chairman, who having delivered
it departed without saying a Word.

He was extremely staggered at what he
read, and presently referred the Advice to
the same Affair on which he had received
those Hints from *Atkinson* the preceding
Evening ;

Evening ; but when he came to consider the Words more maturely, he could not so well reconcile the two last Lines of this poetical Epistle, if it may be so called, with any Danger which the Law gave him Reason to apprehend. Mr. *Murphy* and his Gang could not well be said to attack either his Innocence or Virtue ; nor did they attack him under any Colour or Pretence of Friendship.

After much Deliberation on this Matter, a very strange Suspicion came into his Head ; and this was, that he was betrayed by Mrs. *Ellison*. He had for some time conceived no very high Opinion of that good Gentlewoman, and he now began to suspect that she was bribed to betray him. By this means he thought he could best account for the strange Appearance of the supposed Madman. And when this Conceit once had Birth in his Mind, several Circumstances nourished and improved it. Among these were her jocosè Behaviour and Raillery on that Occasion, and her Attempt to ridicule his Fears from the Message which the Serjeant had brought him.

This

This Suspicion was indeed preposterous, and not at all warranted by, or even consistent with the Character and whole Behaviour of Mrs. *Ellison* ; but it was the only one which at that time suggested itself to his Mind ; and however blameable it might be, it was certainly not unnatural in him to entertain it : for so great a Torment is Anxiety to the human Mind, that we always endeavour to relieve ourselves from it, by Guesses however doubtful or uncertain ; on all which Occasions Dislike and Hatred are the surest Guides to lead our Suspicion to its Object.

When *Amelia* rose to Breakfast, *Booth* produced the Note which he had received, saying, ‘ my Dear, you have so often blamed
‘ me for keeping Secrets from you, and I
‘ have so often indeed endeavoured to con-
‘ ceal Secrets of this Kind from you with
‘ such ill Success, that, I think, I shall
‘ never more attempt it.’ *Amelia* read the Letter hastily, and seemed not a little discomposed ; then turning to *Booth* with a very disconsolate Countenance she said,
‘ sure Fortune takes a Delight in terrifying
‘ us ! what can be the Meaning of this ?’ —
Then fixing her Eyes attentively on the
2 Paper,

Paper, she perused it for some time, till *Booth* cried—‘How is it possible, my *Emily*, you can read such Stuff patiently! The Verses are certainly as bad as ever were written.’ ‘I was trying, my Dear,’ answered she, ‘to recollect the Hand; for I will take my Oath, I have seen it before, and that very lately’—and suddenly she cried out with great Emotion, I remember it perfectly now—‘It is Mrs. *Bennet*’s Hand. Mrs. *Ellison* shewed me a Letter from her but a Day or two ago. It is a very remarkable Hand, and I am positive it is her’s.’

‘If it be her’s,’ cries *Booth*, ‘what can she possibly mean by the latter Part of her Caution? Sure Mrs. *Ellison* hath no Intention to betray us.’

‘I know not what she means,’ answered *Amelia*, ‘but I am resolved to know immediately; for I am certain of the Hand. By the greatest Luck in the World, she told me Yesterday where her Lodgings were, when she pressed me exceedingly to come and see her. She lives but a very few Doors from us, and I will go to her this Moment.’

Booth

Booth made not the least Objection to his Wife's Design. His Curiosity was indeed as great as her's, and so was his Impatience to satisfy it, tho' he mentioned not this his Impatience to *Amelia*; and perhaps it had been well for him if he had.

Amelia therefore presently equipped herself in her walking Dress, and leaving her Children to the Care of her Husband, made all possible Haste to Mrs. *Bennet's* Lodgings.

Amelia waited near five Minutes at Mrs. *Bennet's* Door, before any one came to open it; at length a Maid-Servant appeared, who being asked if Mrs. *Bennet* was at home, answered with some Confusion in her Countenance, that she did not know; 'but, Madam, said she, 'if you will send up your Name; I will go and see.' *Amelia* then told her Name, and the Wench, after staying a considerable Time, returned and acquainted her that Mrs. *Bennet* was at home. She was then ushered into a Parlour, and told that the Lady would wait on her presently.

In this Parlour, *Amelia* cooled her Heels, as the Phrase is, near a Quarter of an Hour. She seemed indeed at this Time, in the miserable

miserable Situation of one of those poor Wretches, who make their Morning Visits to the Great, to solicit Favours, or perhaps to solicit the Payment of a Debt: for both are alike treated as Beggars, and the latter sometimes considered as the more troublesome Beggars of the two.

During her Stay here, *Amelia* observed the House to be in great Confusion; a great Bustle was heard above Stairs, and the Maid ran up and down several Times in a great Hurry.

At length Mrs. *Bennet* herself came in. She was greatly disordered in her Looks, and had, as the Women call it, huddled on her Cloaths in much Haste; for in truth, she was in Bed when *Amelia* first came. Of this Fact she informed her, as the only Apology she could make for having caused her to wait so long for her Company.

Amelia very readily accepted her Apology, but asked her with a Smile, if these early Hours were usual with her. Mrs. *Bennet* turned as red as Scarlet at the Question, and answered, ‘no indeed, dear Madam. I am, for the most part, a very
‘ early

‘ early Riser ; but I happened accidentally
‘ to sit up very late last Night. I am sure
‘ I had little Expectation of your intending
‘ me such a Favour this Morning.’

Amelia looking very stedfastly at her, said. ‘ Is it possible, Madam, you should
‘ think such a Note as this would raise no
‘ Curiosity in me?’ She then gave her the Note, asking her if she did not know the Hand.

Mrs. *Bennet* appeared in the utmost Surprise and Confusion at this Instant. Indeed if *Amelia* had conceived but the slightest Suspicion before, the Behaviour of the Lady would have been a sufficient Confirmation to her of the Truth. She waited not therefore for an Answer, which indeed the other seemed in no haste to give ; but conjured her in the most earnest Manner, to explain to her the Meaning of so extraordinary an Act of Friendship : ‘ For so,’ said she, ‘ I esteem
‘ it ; being convinced you must have sufficient Reason for the Warning you have
‘ given me.’

Mrs. *Bennet* after some Hesitation, answered. ‘ I need not, I believe, tell you
‘ how

‘ how much I am surprized at what you
 ‘ have shewn me, and the chief Reason
 ‘ of my Surprize is ; how you came to
 ‘ discover my Hand. Sure, Madam, you
 ‘ have not shewn it to Mrs. *Ellison*.’

Amelia declared she had not ; but desired
 she would question her no farther. ‘ What
 ‘ signifies how I discovered it, since your
 ‘ Hand it certainly is ? ’

‘ I own it is,’ cries Mrs. *Bennet*, reco-
 vering her Spirits, ‘ and since you have
 ‘ not shewn it to that Woman, I am satisf-
 ‘ fied. I begin to guess now whence you
 ‘ might have your Information ; but no
 ‘ matter, I wish I had never done any
 ‘ thing of which I ought to be more asha-
 ‘ med.—No one can, I think, justly accuse
 ‘ me of a Crime on that account ; and I
 ‘ thank Heaven, my Shame will never be
 ‘ directed by the false Opinion of the World.
 ‘ —Perhaps it was wrong to shew my Let-
 ‘ ter ; but when I consider all Circumstances,
 ‘ I can forgive it.’

‘ Since you have guessed the Truth,’
 said *Amelia*, ‘ I am not obliged to deny
 ‘ it. She indeed shewed me your Let-
 ‘ ter ;

‘ter; but I am sure you have not the
‘least Reason to be ashamed of it. On
‘the contrary, your Behaviour on so me-
‘lancholy an Occasion was highly Praise-
‘worthy; and your bearing up under such
‘Afflictions, as the Loss of a Husband
‘in so dreadful a Situation, was truly great
‘and heroical.’

‘So Mrs. *Ellison* then hath shewn you
‘my Letter?’ cries Mrs. *Bennet* eagerly.

‘Why, did not you guess it yourself?’
answered *Amelia*, ‘otherwise I am sure I
‘have betrayed my Honour in mentioning it.
‘I hope you have not drawn me inadver-
‘tent into any Breach of my Promise. Did
‘you not assert, and that with an absolute
‘Certainty, that you knew she had shewn
‘me your Letter, and that you was not
‘angry with her for so doing?’

‘I am so confused,’ replied Mrs. *Ben-
net*, ‘that I scarce know what I say; yes,
‘yes, I remember I did say so—I wish
‘I had no greater Reason to be angry with
‘her than that.’

‘For Heaven’s sake,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘do
‘not delay my Request any longer? What
‘you

‘ you say now greatly increases my Curio-
‘ sity; and my Mind will be on the Rack
‘ till you discover your whole Meaning :
‘ for I am more and more convinced, that
‘ something of the utmost Importance was
‘ the Purport of your Message.’

‘ Of the utmost Importance indeed,’ cries
Mrs. *Bennet*, ‘ at least you will own my Ap-
‘ prehensions were sufficiently well founded
‘ —O gracious Heaven, how happy shall I
‘ think myself, if I should have proved
‘ your Preservation ! I will indeed explain
‘ my Meaning; but in order to disclose all
‘ my Fears in their just Colours, I must
‘ unfold my whole History to you. Can
‘ you have Patience, Madam, to listen to
‘ the Story of the most unfortunate of Wo-
‘ men ?’

Amelia assured her of the highest Atten-
tion; and Mrs. *Bennet* soon after began to
relate what is written in the Seventh Book
of this History.

The End of the Second Volume.

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