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Handwritten markings: 'Jc' on the left and '8/9' on the right, both in dark ink.



A M E L I A.

B Y

Henry Fielding, Esq;

*Felices ter & amplius
Quos irrupta tenet Copula.*

Γυναικὸς οὐδὲν χρεῖμα' ἀνὴρ ληΐζεται
'Εσθλῆς ἄμεινον, ἐδὲ εἴγιον κακῆς.

V O L. IV.



L O N D O N:

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

M.DCC.LII.



THE
CONTENTS.

BOOK X.

CHAP. I.

To which we will prefix no Preface. Pag. 1

CHAP. II.

What happened at the Masquerade. 10

CHAP. III.

Consequences of the Masquerade, not uncommon nor surprising. 30

CHAP. IV.

Consequences of the Masquerade. 36

A 2

CHAP.

IV CONTENTS.

CHAP. V.

*In which Colonel Bath appears in great
Glory.* pag. 52

CHAP. VI.

Read, Gamester, and Observe. 65

CHAP VII.

*In which Booth receives a Visit from Cap-
tain Trent.* 74

CHAP. VIII.

Contains a Letter and other Matters. 84

CHAP. IX.

*Containing some Things worthy Observa-
tion.* 99

BOOK

C O N T E N T S. v

B O O K XI.

C H A P. I.

Containing a very polite Scene. pag. 107

C H A P. II.

Matters political. 120

C H A P. III.

The History of Mr. Trent. 136

C H A P. IV.

Containing some Distress. 152

C H A P. V.

*Containing more Wormwood, and other In-
gredients.* 160

C H A P. VI.

A Scene of the Tragic Kind. 169

C H A P.

C H A P. VII.

*In which Mr. Booth meets with more than
one Adventure.* pag. 178

C H A P. VIII.

*In which Amelia appears in a Light more
amiable than gay.* 187

C H A P. IX.

A very tragic Scene. 194

B O O K XII.

C H A P. I.

The Book begins with polite History. 202

C H A P. II.

In which Amelia visits her Husband. 207

C H A P. III.

Containing Matter pertinent to the History.
221

C H A P.

C O N T E N T S. vii

C H A P. IV.

In which Dr. Harrison visits Colonel James.
pag. 233

C H A P. V.

What passed at the Bailiff's House. 243

C H A P. VI.

*What passed between the Doctor and the sick
Man.* 254

C H A P. VII.

*In which the History draws towards a Con-
clusion.* 268

C H A P. VIII.

Thus this History draws nearer to a Conclusion.
274

C H A P. IX.

In which the History is concluded. 293

A M E L I A.

THE HISTORY

OF THE
CITY OF
NEW YORK
FROM
1624 TO
1898

BY

J. B. HORTON
AND
J. W. FLETCHER

A M E L I A.

B O O K X.

C H A P. I.

To which we will prefix no Preface.

THE Doctor found *Amelia* alone, for *Booth* was gone to walk with his new revived Acquaintance, Captain *Trent*, who seemed so pleased with the Renewal of his Intercourse with his old Brother Officer, that he had been almost continually with him from the Time of their meeting at the Drum.

Amelia acquainted the Doctor with the Purport of her Message, as follows :
‘ I ask your Pardon, my dear Sir, for
‘ troubling you so often with my Affairs ;
‘ but I know your extreme Readiness
‘ as well as Ability to assist any one with
‘ your Advice. The Fact is, that my
VOL. IV. B ‘ Huf-

‘ Husband hath been presented by Colonel
 ‘ *James* with two Tickets for a Masquer-
 ‘ ade, which is to be in a Day or two ;
 ‘ and he insists so strongly on my go-
 ‘ ing with him, that I really do not
 ‘ know how to refuse, without giving
 ‘ him some Reason; and I am not able to
 ‘ invent any other than the true one,
 ‘ which you would not, I am sure, advise
 ‘ me to communicate to him. Indeed I
 ‘ had a most narrow Escape the other
 ‘ Day; for I was almost drawn in inad-
 ‘ vertently, by a very strange Accident,
 ‘ to acquaint him with the whole Matter.
 ‘ She then related the Serjeant’s Dream,
 ‘ with all the Consequences that attended it.

The Doctor considered a little with him-
 self, and then said, ‘ I am really, Child,
 ‘ puzzled as well as you about this Matter.
 ‘ I would by no means have you go to the
 ‘ Masquerade: I do not indeed like the
 ‘ Diversion itself, as I have heard it de-
 ‘ scribed to me: Not that I am such a
 ‘ Prude to suspect every Woman who
 ‘ goes there of any evil Intentions; but
 ‘ it is a Pleasure of too loose and disor-
 ‘ derly a Kind for the Recreation of a
 ‘ sober Mind. Indeed you have still a
 ‘ stronger and more particular Objection.
 ‘ I

‘ I will try myself to reason him out
‘ of it.

‘ Indeed it is impossible,’ answered she;
‘ and therefore I would not set you about it.
‘ I never saw him more set on any thing.
‘ There is a Party, as they call it, made on
‘ the Occasion; and he tells me my Re-
‘ fusal will disappoint all.

‘ I really do not know what to advise
‘ you,’ cries the Doctor: ‘ I have told you
‘ I do not approve these Diversions; but
‘ yet, as your Husband is so very desir-
‘ ous, I cannot think there will be any
‘ Harm in going with him. However, I
‘ will consider of it, and do all in my
‘ Power for you.’

Here Mrs. *Atkinson* came in, and the Discourse on this Subject ceased; but soon after *Amelia* renewed it, saying, there was no Occasion to keep any thing a Secret from her Friend. They then fell to debating on the Subject; but could not come to any Resolution: But Mrs. *Atkinson*, who was in an unusual Flow of Spirits, cried out, ‘ Fear nothing, my dear *Amelia*;
‘ two Women surely will be too hard for one
‘ Man. I think, Doctor, it exceeds *Virgil*.

Una dolo divum si Fœmina vieta duerum est.

‘ Very well repeated indeed,’ cries the Doctor. ‘ Do you understand all *Virgil* as well as you seem to do that Line?’

‘ I hope I do Sir,’ said she, ‘ and *Horace* too; or else my Father threw away his Time to very little Purpose in teaching me.

‘ I ask your Pardon, Madam,’ cries the Doctor, ‘ I own it was an impertinent Question.

‘ Not at all, Sir,’ says she; ‘ and if you are one of those who imagine Women incapable of Learning, I shall not be offended at it. I know the common Opinion; but

Interdum vulgus rectum videt, est ubi peccat.

‘ If I was to profess such an Opinion, Madam,’ said the Doctor, ‘ Madam *Dacier* and yourself would bear Testimony against me. The utmost indeed that I should venture would be to question the Utility of Learning in a young Lady’s Education.

‘ I

‘ I own, said Mrs. *Atkinson*, as the
‘ World is constituted, it cannot be as ser-
‘ viceable to her Fortune, as it will be
‘ to that of a Man; but you will allow,
‘ Doctor, that Learning may afford a Wo-
‘ man at least a reasonable and an innocent
‘ Entertainment.

‘ But I will suppose,’ cried the Doctor,
‘ it may have its Inconveniencies. As for
‘ Instance, if a learned Lady should meet
‘ with an unlearned Husband, might she
‘ not be apt to despise him ?

‘ I think not,’ cries Mrs. *Atkinson*—‘ and
‘ if I may be allowed the Instance — I
‘ think I have shewn myself that Women
‘ who have Learning themselves, can be
‘ contented without that Qualification in a
‘ Man.

‘ To be sure,’ cries the Doctor, ‘ there
‘ may be other Qualifications which may
‘ have their Weight in the Balance. But let
‘ us take the other Side of the Question,
‘ and suppose the Learned of both Sexes to
‘ meet in the Matrimonial Union, may it
‘ not afford one excellent Subject of Dis-
‘ putation, which is the most learned.

‘ Not at all,’ cries Mrs. *Atkinson* ; ‘ for,
 ‘ if they had both Learning and good
 ‘ Sense, they would soon see on which Side
 ‘ the Superiority lay.

‘ But if the learned Man,’ said the
 Doctor, ‘ should be a little unreasonable
 ‘ in his Opinion, are you sure that the
 ‘ learned Woman would preserve her Duty
 ‘ to her Husband, and submit ?

‘ But why,’ cries Mrs. *Atkinson*, ‘ must
 ‘ we necessarily suppose that a learned Man
 ‘ would be unreasonable ?

‘ Nay, Madam,’ said the Doctor, ‘ I am
 ‘ not your Husband ; and you shall not
 ‘ hinder me from supposing what I please.
 ‘ Surely it is not such a Paradox to con-
 ‘ ceive that a Man of Learning should be
 ‘ unreasonable. Are there no unreasonable
 ‘ Opinions in very learned Authors, even
 ‘ among the Critics themselves. For In-
 ‘ stance, What can be a more strange, and
 ‘ indeed unreasonable Opinion, than to
 ‘ prefer the *Metamorphoses* of *Ovid* to the
 ‘ *Æneid* of *Virgil* ?

‘ It would be indeed so strange,’ cries
 the Lady, ‘ that you shall not persuade
 ‘ me

‘ me it was ever the Opinion of any
‘ Man.

‘ Perhaps not,’ cries the Doctor; ‘ and I
‘ believe you and I should not differ in
‘ our Judgments of any Person who main-
‘ tained such an Opinion——What a Taste
‘ must he have?

‘ A most contemptible one indeed,’
cries Mrs. *Atkinson*.

‘ I am satisfied,’ cries the Doctor. ‘ And
‘ in the Words of your own *Horace*, *Ver-*
‘ *bum non amplius addam*.

‘ But how provoking is this!’ cries Mrs.
Atkinson, ‘ to draw one in in such a Man-
‘ ner. I protest I was so warm in the De-
‘ fence of my Favourite *Virgil*, that I was
‘ not aware of your Design; but all your
‘ Triumph depends on a Supposition that
‘ one should be so unfortunate as to meet
‘ with the filliest Fellow in the World.

‘ Not in the least,’ cries the Doctor.
‘ Dr. *Bentley* was not such a Person; and
‘ yet he would have quarrelled, I am con-
‘ vinced, with any Wife in the World, in
‘ behalf of one of his Corrections. I don’t

‘ suppose he would have given up his
‘ *Ingentia Fata* to an Angel.

‘ But do you think,’ said she, ‘ if I had
‘ loved him, I would have contended with
‘ him ?

‘ Perhaps you might sometimes,’ said
the Doctor, ‘ be of these Sentiments ; but
‘ you remember your own *Virgil—Varium*
‘ *et mutabile semper Fœmina*.

‘ Nay, *Amelia*,’ said Mrs. *Atkinson*, ‘ you
‘ are now concern’d as well as I am ; for he
‘ hath now abused the whole Sex, and quo-
‘ ted the severest Thing that ever was said
‘ against us, though I allow it is one of the
‘ finest.

‘ With all my Heart, my Dear,’ cries
Amelia. ‘ I have the Advantage of you
‘ however, for I don’t understand him.

‘ Nor doth she understand much better
‘ than yourself,’ cries the Doctor ; ‘ or she
‘ would not admire Nonsense even though
‘ in *Virgil*.

‘ Pardon me, Sir,’ said she.

‘ And

‘ And pardon me, Madam,’ cries the Doctor, ‘ I say a Boy in the fourth Form at *Eton* would be whipt, or would deserve to be whipt at least, who made the *Neuter Gender* agree with the *Feminine*. You have heard however, that *Virgil* left his *Æneid* incorrect ; and perhaps had he lived to correct it, we should not have seen the Faults we now see in it.

‘ Why it is very true as you say, Doctor,’ cries Mrs. *Atkinson*——‘ There seems to be a false Concord. I protest I never thought of it before.

‘ And yet this is the *Virgil*,’ answered the Doctor, ‘ that you are so fond of, who hath made you all of the *Neuter Gender* ; or as we say in *English*, he hath made mere Things of you : For if we translate it thus ;

Woman is a various and changeable Thing,

‘ there will be no Fault, I believe, unless in point of Civility to the Ladies.’

Mrs. *Atkinson* had just Time to tell the Doctor he was a provoking Creature, before

the Arrival of *Booth* and his Friend put an end to that learned Discourse, in which neither of the Parties had greatly recommended themselves to each other, the Doctor's Opinion of the Lady being not at all heightened by her Progress in the *Classics*; and she on the other hand, having conceived a great Dislike in her Heart towards the Doctor, which would have raged, perhaps, with no less Fury from the Consideration that he had been her Husband.

C H A P. II.

What happened at the Masquerade.

FROM this Time to the Day of the Masquerade, nothing happened of Consequence enough to have a Place in this History.

On that Day Colonel *James* came to *Booth's* about Nine in the Evening, where he stay'd for Mrs. *James*, who did not come till near Eleven. The four Masques then set out together in several Chairs; and all proceeded to the *Hay-Market*.

When

When they arrived at the Opera-House, the Colonel and Mrs. *James* presently left them ; nor did *Booth* and his Lady remain long together, but were soon divided from each other by different Masques.

A Domino soon accosted the Lady and had her away to the upper End of the furthest Room on the right Hand, where both the Masques sat down : Nor was it long before the He Domino began to make very fervent Love to the She. It would perhaps be tedious to the Reader to run thro' the whole Process, which was not indeed in the most romantick Stile. The Lover seemed to consider his Mistress as a mere Woman of this World, and seemed rather to apply to her Avarice and Ambition than to her softer Passions.

As he was not so careful to conceal his true Voice as the Lady was, she soon discovered that this Lover of hers was no other than her old Friend the Peer, and presently a Thought suggested itself to her of making an Advantage of this Accident. She gave him therefore an Intimation that she knew him, and expressed some Astonishment at his having found her out. ' I

B '6

' suspect

‘ suspect, says she, my Lord, that you
 ‘ have a Friend in the Woman where I
 ‘ now lodge, as well as you had in Mrs.
 ‘ *Ellison.*’ My Lord protested the con-
 trary——To which she answered, ‘ Nay,
 ‘ my Lord, do not defend her so earnestly
 ‘ till you are sure I should have been angry
 ‘ with her.’

At these Words, which were accompa-
 nied with a very bewitching Softness, my
 Lord flew into Raptures rather too strong
 for the Place he was in. These the La-
 dy gently checked, and begged him to
 take care they were not observed; for
 that her Husband, for aught she knew,
 was then in the Room.

Colonel *James* came now up, and said,
 ‘ So, Madam, I have the good Fortune
 ‘ to find you again; I have been extreme-
 ‘ ly miserable since I lost you.’ The
 Lady answered in her Masquerade Voice
 that she did not know him. ‘ I am Colo-
 ‘ nel *James,*’ said he, in a Whisper.’ Indeed,
 ‘ Sir,’ answer’d she, ‘ you are mistaken, I
 ‘ have no Acquaintance with any Colonel
 ‘ *James.*’ Madam, answer’d he, in a Whis-
 per likewise, ‘ I am positive I am not mista-
 ‘ ken, you are certainly Mrs. *Booth.* — In-
 ‘ deed,

‘ deed Sir,’ said she, ‘ you are very impertinent, and I beg you will leave me.’ My Lord then interposed, and speaking in his own Voice, assur’d the Colonel that the Lady was a Woman of Quality, and that they were engaged in a Conversation together ; upon which the Colonel asked the Lady’s Pardon ; for as there was nothing remarkable in her Dress, he really believ’d he had been mistaken.

He then went again a hunting through the Rooms, and soon after found *Booth* walking without his Mask between two Ladies, one of whom was in a blue Domino, and the other in the Dress of a Shepherdess. ‘ *Will,*’ cries the Colonel, ‘ do you know what is become of our Wives ; for I have seen neither of them since we have been in the Room ? *Booth* answered, that he supposed they were both together, and they should find them by and by.’ ‘ What,’ cries the Lady in the blue Domino, ‘ are you both come upon Duty then with your Wives ? As for yours, Mr. Alderman, said she to the Colonel, I make no Question but she is got into much better Company than her Husband’s.’ ‘ How
‘ can

‘ can you be so cruel, Madam, said the
 ‘ Shepherdes, you will make him beat
 ‘ his Wife by and by, for he is a military
 ‘ Man I assure you. In the Trained Bands
 ‘ I presume, cries the Domino, for he is
 ‘ plainly dated from the City.— I own,
 ‘ indeed, cries the other, the Gentleman
 ‘ smells strongly of *Thames-Street*, and, if
 ‘ I may venture to guess, of the honour-
 ‘ able Calling of a *Taylor*.’

‘ Why what the Devil hast thou pick’d
 ‘ up here,’ cries *James* ?

‘ Upon my Soul, I don’t know,’ an-
 ‘ swered *Booth* ; ‘ I wish you would take
 ‘ one of them at least.’

‘ What say you, Madam,’ cries the Do-
 ‘ mino, ‘ will you go with the Colonel ?
 ‘ I assure you, you have mistaken your
 ‘ Man, for he is no less a Person than the
 ‘ great Colonel *James* himself.

‘ No Wonder, then, that Mr. *Booth*
 ‘ gives him his Choice of us ; it is the
 ‘ proper Office of a Caterer, in which Ca-
 ‘ pacity Mr. *Booth*, hath, I am told, the
 ‘ Honour to serve the noble Colonel.’

‘ Much Good may it do you with your
‘ Ladies, said *James*, I will go in Pursuit
‘ of better Game. At which Words he
‘ walked off.’

‘ You are a true Sportsman,’ cries the
Shepherdes; ‘ for your only Pleasure, I
‘ believe, lies in the Pursuit.

‘ Do you know the Gentleman, Ma-
dam?’ cries the Domino.

‘ Who doth not know him?’ answered
the Shepherdes.

‘ What is his Character?’ cries the Do-
mino; ‘ for though I have jested with
‘ him I only know him by Sight.

‘ I know nothing very particular in his
‘ Character,’ cries the Shepherdes. ‘ He
‘ gets every handsome Woman he can, and
‘ so they do all.

‘ I suppose then he is not married,’ said
the Domino.

‘ O yes, and married for Love too,
‘ answered the other; but he hath loved
‘ away all his Love for her long ago, and
‘ now

‘ now, he says, she makes as fine an Ob-
 ‘ ject of Hatred.— I think if the Fellow
 ‘ ever appears to have any Wit, it is when
 ‘ he abuses his Wife, and luckily for him,
 ‘ that is his favourite Topick.— I don’t
 ‘ know the poor Wretch, but as he de-
 ‘ scribes her, it is a miserable Animal.

‘ I know her very well,’ cries the other,
 ‘ and I am much mistaken if she is not
 ‘ even with him : But hang him, what is
 ‘ become of *Booth* ?

At this Instant a great Noise arose near
 that Part where the two Ladies were.
 This was occasioned by a large Assembly
 of young Fellows, whom they call Bucks,
 who were got together and were enjoying,
 as the Phrase is, a Letter, which one of
 them had found in the Room.

Curiosity hath its Votaries among all
 Ranks of People, whenever therefore an
 Object of this appears, it is as sure of
 attracting a Croud in the Assemblies of the
 Polite, as in those of their Inferiors.

When this Croud was gathered toge-
 ther, one of the Bucks, at the Desire of
 his Companions, as well as of all present,
 performed

perform'd the Part of a public Orator, and read out the following Letter, which we shall give the Reader, together with the Comments of the Orator himself, and of all his Audience.

The Orator then being mounted on a Bench began as follows :

' Here beginneth the first Chapter of
' ———Saint——Pox on't, *Jack*, what is the
' Saint's Name? I have forgot.

' *Timothy*, you Blockhead,' answer'd ano-
' ther——*Timothy*.

' Well, then,' cries the Orator, ' of Saint
' *Timothy*.

' Sir, I am very sorry to have any Oc-
' casion of writing on the following Sub-
' ject, in a Country that is honoured with
' the Name of Christian ; much more am
' I concern'd to address myself to a Man
' whose many Advantages derived both
' from Nature and Fortune should demand
' the highest Return of Gratitude to the
' great Giver of all those good Things.
' Is not such a Man guilty of the highest
' Ingratitude to that most beneficent Being,
by

‘ by a direct and avowed Disobedience of
 ‘ his most positive Laws and Commands.

‘ I need not tell you that Adultery is
 ‘ forbid in the Laws of the Decalogue.
 ‘ nor need I, I hope, mention, that it is
 ‘ as expressly forbid in the New Testament.

‘ *You see therefore,*’ said the Orator,
 ‘ *what the Law is, and therefore none of you*
 ‘ *will be able to plead Ignorance when you come*
 ‘ *to the Old-Baily in the other World.*——
 ‘ *But here goes again.*——

‘ If it had not been so expressly forbid-
 ‘ den in Scripture, still the Law of Na-
 ‘ ture would have yielded Light enough
 ‘ for us to have discovered the great Hor-
 ‘ ror and Atrociousness of this Crime,

‘ And accordingly we find, that Na-
 ‘ tions where the Sun of Righteousness
 ‘ hath yet never shined, have punished the
 ‘ Adulterer with the most exemplary
 ‘ Pains and Penalties, not only the polite
 ‘ Heathens, but the most barbarous Na-
 ‘ tions have concurred in these; in many
 ‘ Places the most severe and shameful cor-
 ‘ poral Punishments, and in some, and
 ‘ those

‘ those not a few, Death itself hath been
‘ inflicted on this Crime.

‘ And sure in a human Sense there is
‘ scarce any Guilt which deserves to be
‘ more severely punished. It includes in
‘ it almost every Injury and every Mis-
‘ chief which one Man can do to, or can
‘ bring on another. It is robbing him of
‘ his Property.

‘ *Mind that, Ladies,*’ said the Orator,
‘ *you are all the Property of your Husbands ;*
‘ and of that Property, which, if he is a
‘ good Man, he values above all others.
‘ It is poisoning that Fountain whence he
‘ hath a Right to derive the sweetest and
‘ most innocent Pleasure, the most cordial
‘ Comfort, the most solid Friendship, and
‘ most faithful Assistance in all his Affairs,
‘ Wants and Distresses. It is the Destruc-
‘ tion of his Peace of Mind, and even of his
‘ Reputation. The Ruin of both Wife
‘ and Husband, and sometimes of the whole
‘ Family, are the probable Consequence
‘ of this fatal Injury. Domestic Happiness
‘ is the End of almost all our Pursuits,
‘ and the common Reward of all our Pains.
‘ When Men find themselves for ever
‘ barred from this delightful Fruition, they
‘ are

' are lost to all Industry, and grow careless
 ' of all their worldly Affairs. Thus they
 ' become bad Subjects, bad Relations, bad
 ' Friends and bad Men. Hatred and Re-
 ' venge are the wretched Passions which
 ' boil in their Minds. Despair and Mad-
 ' ness very commonly ensue, and Murder
 ' and Suicide often close the dreadful Scene.

' *Thus, Gentlemen and Ladies, you see the*
 ' *Scene is closed. So here ends the first Act—*
 ' *and thus begins the second.*

' I have here attempted to lay before
 ' you a Picture of this Vice, the Horror of
 ' which no Colours of mine can exagger-
 ' rate. But what Pencil can delineate the
 ' Horrors of that Punishment which the
 ' Scripture denounces against it.

' And for what will you subject your-
 ' self to this Punishment? Or for what
 ' Reward will you inflict all this Misery
 ' on another? I will add on your Friend?
 ' For the Possession of a Woman; for the
 ' Pleasure of a Moment? But if neither
 ' Virtue nor Religion can restrain your in-
 ' ordinate Appetites, are there not many
 ' Women as handsome as your Friend's
 ' Wife, whom, though not with Inno-
 ' cence,

‘ cence, you may possess with a much less
‘ Degree of Guilt? What Motive then can
‘ thus hurry you on to the Destruction of
‘ yourself and your Friend? Doth the pecu-
‘ liar Rankness of the Guilt add any Zest to
‘ the Sin? Doth it enhance the Pleasure as
‘ much as we may be assured it will the
‘ Punishment?

‘ But if you can be so lost to all Sense
‘ of Fear, and of Shame, and of Good-
‘ ness, as not to be debarred by the Evil
‘ which you are to bring on yourself, by
‘ the extreme Baseness of the Action, nor
‘ by the Ruin in which you are to involve
‘ others, let me still urge the Difficulty, I
‘ may say the Impossibility of the Success.
‘ You are attacking a Fortress on a Rock;
‘ a Chastity so strongly defended, as well,
‘ by a happy natural Disposition of Mind,
‘ as by the strongest Principles of Reli-
‘ gion and Virtue, implanted by Educa-
‘ tion, and nourished and improved by
‘ Habit, that the Woman must be in-
‘ vincible even without that firm and
‘ constant Affection of her Husband, which
‘ would guard a much looser and worse
‘ disposed Heart. What therefore are you
‘ attempting but to introduce Distrust,
‘ and perhaps Disunion between an in-
‘ nocent

‘ nocent and a happy Couple, in which
 ‘ too you cannot succeed without bringing,
 ‘ I am convinced, certain Destruction on
 ‘ your own Head?

‘ Desist, therefore, let me advise you,
 ‘ from this enormous Crime ; retreat from
 ‘ the vain Attempt of climbing a Precipice
 ‘ which it is impossible you should ever
 ‘ ascend, where you must probably soon
 ‘ fall into utter Perdition, and can have no
 ‘ other Hope but of dragging down your
 ‘ best Friend into Perdition with you.

‘ I can think of but one Argument more,
 ‘ and that indeed a very bad one : You
 ‘ throw away that Time in an impossible
 ‘ Attempt, which might, in other Places
 ‘ crown your sinful Endeavours with Suc-
 ‘ cess.

‘ *And so ends the dismal Ditty.*

‘ D—n me,’ cries one, ‘ did ever mortal
 ‘ hear such d—nd Stuff?

‘ Upon my Soul,’ said another, ‘ I like
 ‘ the last Argument well enough. There
 ‘ is some Sense in that : For d——n me if
 ‘ I had not rather go to D—g—fs at any
 ‘ Time,

‘ Time, than follow a virtuous B—— for
‘ a Fortnight.

‘ *Tom,*’ says one of them, ‘ let us fet the
‘ Ditty to Musick ; let us subscribe to have
‘ it fet by *Handel*, it will make an excel-
‘ lent Oratorio.

‘ D——n me, *Jack,*’ says another, ‘ we’ll
‘ have it fet to a Psalm Tune, and we’ll
‘ sing it next *Sunday* at St. *James’s* Church,
‘ and I’ll bear a Bob, d——n me.

‘ Fie upon it, Gentlemen, fie upon it,’
said a Frier who came up, ‘ do you think
‘ there is any Wit and Humour in this Ri-
‘ baldry ; or if there were, would it make
‘ any Atonement for abusing Religion and
‘ Virtue ?

‘ Hey day !’ cries one, ‘ this is a Frier
‘ in good earnest.

‘ Whatever I am,’ said the Frier, ‘ I hope
‘ at least, you are what you appear to be.
‘ Heaven forbid, for the Sake of our Po-
‘ sterity, that you should be Gentlemen.

‘ *Jack,*’ cries one, ‘ let us tofs the Frier
‘ in a Blanket.

‘ Me

‘ Me in a Blanket !’ said the Frier, ‘ by
‘ the Dignity of Man, I will twist the
‘ Neck of every one of you as sure as ever
‘ the Neck of a Dunghil-Cock was twisted.
‘ At which Words he pulled off his Masque,
‘ and the tremendous Majesty of Colonel
‘ *Bath* appear’d, from which the Bucks fled
‘ away as fast as the *Trojans* heretofore from
‘ the Face of *Achilles*. The Colonel did
‘ not think it worth while to pursue any
‘ other of them except him who had the
‘ Letter in his Hand, which the Colonel
‘ desired to see, and the other deli-
‘ vered, saying it was very much at his
‘ Service.’

The Colonel being possess’d of the Letter retired as privately as he could, in order to give it a careful Perusal ; for badly as it had been read by the Orator, there were some Passages in it which had pleased the Colonel. He had just gone through it when *Booth* passed by him ; upon which the Colonel called to him, and delivering him the Letter, bid him put it in his Pocket, and read it at his Leisure. He made many Encomiums upon it, and told *Booth* it would be of Service to him, and was proper for all young Men to read.

Booth had not yet seen his Wife ; but as he concluded she was safe with Mrs. *James*, he was not uneasy. He had been prevented by searching farther after her, by the Lady in the blue Domino, who had joined him again. *Booth* had now made these Discoveries ; that the Lady was pretty well acquainted with him ; that she was a Woman of Fashion ; and that she had a particular Regard for him. But though he was a gay Man, he was in reality so fond of his *Amelia*, that he thought of no other Woman ; wherefore, though not absolutely a *Joseph*, as we have already seen ; yet could he not be guilty of premeditated Inconstancy. He was indeed so very cold and insensible to the Hints which were given him, that the Lady began to complain of his Dulness. When the Shepherdes again came up, and heard this Accusation against him, she confirmed it, saying : ‘ I do assure
‘ you, Madam, he is the dullest Fellow in
‘ the World. Indeed I should almost take
‘ you for his Wife, by finding you a second
‘ Time with him ; for I do assure you the
‘ Gentleman very seldom keeps any other
‘ Company.’ ‘ Are you so well acquainted
‘ with him, Madam ?’ said the Domino.
‘ I have had that Honour longer than your
VOL. IV. C Lady-

‘ Ladyship, I believe,’ answered the Shepherdes.
 ‘ Possibly you may, Madam,’ cries the Domino,
 ‘ but I wish you would not interrupt us at present;
 for we have some Business together.’ ‘ I believe,
 Madam,’ answered the Shepherdes, ‘ my Business
 with the Gentleman is altogether as important
 as yours; and therefore your Ladyship may
 withdraw if you please.— My dear Ladies,’
 cries *Booth*, ‘ I beg you will not quarrel
 about me.’—‘ Not at all,’ answered the Domino,
 ‘ since you are so indifferent, I resign my
 Pretensions with all my Heart. If you had
 not been the dullest Fellow upon Earth, I
 am convinced you must have discovered me.’—
 She then went off muttering to herself, that
 she was satisfied the Shepherdes was some
 wretched Creature whom no body knew.

The Shepherdes overheard the Sarcaſm, and
 answered it, by asking *Booth* what contemptible
 Wretch he had picked up. ‘ Indeed, Madam,
 ſaid he, you know as much of her as I do;
 ſhe is a maſquerade Acquaintance like yourſelf.
 Like me!’ repeated ſhe, ‘ Do you think if
 this had been our firſt Acquaintance, I
 ſhould have waſted ſo much Time with
 you

‘ you as I have? For your Part indeed, I
‘ believe a woman will get very little Ad-
‘ vantage by her having been formerly
‘ intimate with you.’ ‘ I do not know,
‘ Madam, said *Booth*, that I deserve that
‘ character, any more than I know the Per-
‘ son that now gives it me.’ ‘ And you
‘ have the Assurance then,’ said she in her
own Voice, ‘ to affect not to remember
‘ me.’ ‘ I think,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ I have
‘ heard that Voice before ; but upon my
‘ Soul I do not recollect it.’ ‘ Do you re-
‘ collect,’ said she, ‘ no Woman that you
‘ have used with the highest Barbarity? I
‘ will not say Ingratitude.’ ‘ No, upon
‘ my Honour,’ answered *Booth*. ‘ Men-
‘ tion not Honour,’ said she, ‘ thou Wretch:
‘ For hardened as thou art, I could shew
‘ thee a Face, that in spite of thy consum-
‘ mate Impudence, would confound thee
‘ with Shame and Horrour. Do’st thou
‘ not yet know me?’ ‘ I do, Madam,
‘ indeed,’ answered *Booth*, ‘ and I confess,
‘ that of all Women in the World you
‘ have the most Reason for what you said.’

Here a long Dialogue ensued between
the Gentleman and the Lady, whom, I
suppose, I need not mention to have been
Miss Mathews; but as it consisted chiefly

of violent Upbraidings on her Side, and Excuses on his, I despair of making it entertaining to the Reader, and shall therefore return to the Colonel, who having searched all the Rooms with the utmost Diligence, without finding the Woman he looked for, began to suspect that he had before fixed on the right Person, and that *Amelia* had denied herself to him, being pleased with her Paramour, whom he had discovered to be the noble Peer.

He resolved therefore, as he could have no Sport himself, to spoil that of others; accordingly he found out *Booth*, and asked him again what was become of both their Wives; for that he had searched all over the Rooms, and could find neither of them?

Booth was now a little alarmed at this Account, and parting with Miss *Mathews*, went along with the Colonel in search of his Wife. As for Miss *Mathews*, he had at length pacified her with a Promise to make her a Visit; which Promise she extorted from him, swearing bitterly in the most solemn Manner, unless he made it to her, she would expose both him and herself at the Masquerade.

As

As he knew the Violence of the Lady's Passions, and to what Heights they were capable of rising, he was obliged to come into these Terms; for he had, I am convinced, no Fear upon Earth equal to that of *Amelia's* knowing what it was in the Power of *Miss Mathews* to communicate to her, and which to conceal from her, he had already undergone so much Uneasiness.

The Colonel led *Booth* directly to the Place where he had seen the Peer and *Amelia* (such he was now well convinced she was) sitting together. *Booth* no sooner saw her, than he said to the Colonel, sure that is my Wife in Conversation with that Masque—I took her for your Lady myself, said the Colonel; but I found I was mistaken.—(Hark ye, that is my Lord ———, and I have seen that very Lady with him all this Night.)

This Conversation past at a little Distance, and out of the Hearing of the supposed *Amelia*; when *Booth* looking steadfastly at the Lady, declared with an Oath that he was positive the Colonel was in the right. She then beckon'd to him with her Fan; upon

30 A M E L I A. Book X.
which he went directly to her ; and she
asked him to go home, which he very
readily consented to. The Peer then walk-
ed off, the Colonel went in pursuit of his
Wife, or of some other Woman ; and
Booth and his Lady returned in two Chairs
to their Lodgings.

C H A P. III.

*Consequences of the Masquerade, not uncom-
mon nor surprising.*

THE Lady getting first out of her
Chair ran hastily up into the Nur-
sery to the Children ; for such was *Amelia's*
constant Method at her return home, at
whatever Hour. *Booth* then walked into
the Dining-room, where he had not been
long before *Amelia* came down to him, and
with a most chearful Countenance said,
' My Dear, I fancy we have neither of us
' supped, shall I go down and see whether
' there is any cold Meat in the House ?'

' For yourself, if you please,' answered
Booth ; ' but I shall eat nothing.'

' How, my Dear,' said *Amelia*, ' I hope
' you have not lost your Appetite at the
' Masque-

‘Masquerade?’ For Supper was a Meal at which he generally eat very heartily.

‘I know not well what I have lost,’ said *Booth*; ‘I find myself disordered. My Head aches. I know not what is the Matter with me.’

‘Indeed, my Dear, you fright me,’ said *Amelia*; ‘you look indeed disordered. I wish the Masquerade had been far enough, before you had gone thither.’

‘Would to Heaven it had,’ cries *Booth*; ‘but that is over now. But pray, *Amelia*, answer me one Question, who was that Gentleman with you, when I came up to you?’

‘The Gentleman, my Dear,’ said *Amelia*, ‘what Gentleman?’

‘The Gentleman, the Nobleman, when I came up; sure I speak plain.’

‘Upon my Word, my Dear, I don’t understand you,’ answered she; ‘I did not know one Person at the Masquerade.’

‘ How!’ said he, ‘ what spend the whole
‘ Evening with a Masque without know-
‘ ing him?’

‘ Why, my Dear,’ said she, ‘ you
‘ know we were not together.’

‘ I know we were not,’ said he? ‘ but
‘ what is that to the Purpose? sure you
‘ answer me strangely. I know we were
‘ not together; and therefore I ask you
‘ whom you were with?’

‘ Nay but, my Dear,’ said she, ‘ can I
‘ tell People in Masques?’

‘ I say again, Madam,’ said he, ‘ would
‘ you converse two Hours or more with a
‘ Masque whom you did not know?’

‘ Indeed, Child,’ says she, ‘ I know no-
‘ thing of the Methods of a Masquerade;
‘ for I never was at one in my Life.’

‘ I wish to Heaven you had not been at
‘ this,’ cries *Booth*. ‘ Nay you will wish
‘ so yourself, if you tell me Truth—What
‘ have I said? do I, can I suspect you of
‘ not speaking Truth?—Since you are ig-
‘ norant

‘ norant then I will inform you, the Man
‘ you have conversed with was no other
‘ than Lord ——.’

‘ And is that the Reason,’ said she, ‘ you
‘ wish I had not been there ?’

‘ And is not that Reason,’ answered he,
‘ sufficient ? Is he not the last Man upon
‘ Earth with whom I would have you con-
‘ verse ?’

‘ So you really wish then that I had not
‘ been at the Masquerade ?’

‘ I do,’ cried he, ‘ from my Soul.’

‘ So may I ever be able,’ cried she, ‘ to
‘ indulge you in every Wish as in this.—I
‘ was not there.’

‘ Do not trifle, *Amelia*,’ cried he, ‘ you
‘ would not jest with me if you knew the
‘ Situation of my Mind.’

‘ Indeed I do not jest with you,’ said
she. ‘ Upon my Honour I was not there.
‘ Forgive me this first Deceit I ever prac-
‘ tised, and indeed it shall be the last ; for
‘ I have paid severely for this by the

‘ Uneasiness it hath given me.’ She then revealed to him the whole Secret, which was thus.

I think it hath been already mentioned in some Part of this History, that *Amelia* and Mrs. *Atkinson* were exactly of the same Make and Stature, and that there was likewise a very near Resemblance between their Voices. When Mrs. *Atkinson* therefore found that *Amelia* was so extremely averse to the Masquerade, she proposed to go thither in her stead, and to pass upon *Booth* for his own Wife.

This was afterwards very easily executed; for when they left *Booth’s* Lodgings, *Amelia*, who went last to her Chair, ran back to fetch her Masque, as she pretended, which she had purposely left behind. She then whipt off her Domino, and threw it over Mrs. *Atkinson*, who stood ready to receive it, and ran immediately down Stairs, and stepping into *Amelia’s* Chair proceeded with the rest to the Masquerade.

As her Stature exactly suited that of *Amelia*, she had very little Difficulty to carry on the Imposition; for besides the natural Resemblance of their Voices, and the Opportunity

tunity of speaking in a feigned one, she had scarce an Intercourse of six Words with *Booth* during the whole Time; for the Moment they got into the Crowd, she took the first Opportunity of slipping from him. And he, as the Reader may remember, being seized by other Women, and concluding his Wife to be safe with Mrs. *James* was very well satisfied, till the Colonel set him upon the Search, as we have seen before.

Mrs. *Atkinson*, the Moment she came home, ran up Stairs to the Nursery, where she found *Amelia*, and told her in Haste that she might very easily carry on the Deceit with her Husband; for that she might tell him what she pleased to invent, as they had not been a Minute together during the whole Evening.

Booth was no sooner satisfied that his Wife had not been from home that Evening, than he fell into Raptures with her, gave her a thousand tender Caresses, blamed his own Judgment, acknowledged the Goodness of hers, and vowed never to oppose her Will more in any one Instance during his Life.

Mrs. *Atkinson*, who was still in the Nursery with her Masquerade Dress, was then summoned down Stairs; and when *Booth* saw her, and heard her speak in her mimic Tone, he declared he was not surpris'd at his having been impos'd upon; for that if they were both in the same Disguise, he should scarce be able to discover the Difference between them.

They then sat down to half an Hour's chearful Conversation; after which they retired all in the most perfect good Humour.

C H A P. IV.

Consequences of the Masquerade.

WHEN *Booth* rose in the Morning, he found in his Pocket that Letter which had been deliver'd to him by Colonel *Bath*, which, had not Chance brought to his Remembrance, he might possibly have never recollected.

He had now however the Curiosity to open the Letter, and beginning to read it the Matter of it drew him on, 'till he perused

used the whole; for notwithstanding the Contempt cast upon it by those learned Critics the Bucks, neither the Subject, nor the Manner in which it was treated, was altogether contemptible.

But there was still another Motive which induced *Booth* to read the whole Letter; and this was, that he presently thought he knew the Hand. He did indeed immediately conclude it was Dr. *Harrison*; for the Doctor wrote a very remarkable one; and this Letter contained all the Particularities of the Doctor's Character.

He had just finished a second Reading of this Letter, when the Doctor himself entered the Room. The good Man was impatient to know the Success of *Amelia's* Stratagem; for he bore towards her all that Love which Esteem can create in a good Mind, without the Assistance of those selfish Considerations, from which the Love of Wives and Children may be ordinarily deduced. The latter of which Nature, by very subtle and refined Reasoning, suggests to us to be Part of our dear selves; and the former, as long as they remain the Objects of our Liking, that same Nature is furnished with very plain and fertile Arguments,

guments, to recommend to our Affections. But to raise that Affection in the human Breast, which the Doctor had for *Amelia*, Nature is forced to use a kind of Logic, which is no more understood by a bad Man, than Sir *Isaac Newton's* Doctrine of Colours is by one born blind. And yet in reality it contains nothing more abstruse than this, That an Injury is the Object of Anger, Danger of Fear, and Praise of Vanity: For in the same simple Manner it may be asserted, that Goodness is the Object of Love.

The Doctor enquired immediately for his Child (for so he often called *Amelia*;) *Booth* answered that he had left her asleep; for that she had had but a restless Night. 'I hope she is not disordered by the Masquerade,' cries the Doctor. *Booth* answered, he believed she would be very well when she waked. 'I fancy,' said he, 'her gentle Spirits were a little too much fluttered last Night; that is all.'

'I hope then,' said the Doctor, 'you will never more insist on her going to such Places, but know your own Happiness in having a Wife that hath the Discretion to avoid those Places; which, though

‘ though perhaps they may not be as some
‘ represent them, such Brothels of Vice
‘ and Debauchery, as would impeach the
‘ Character of every virtuous Woman who
‘ was seen at them, are certainly however
‘ Scenes of Riot, Disorder, and Intempe-
‘ rance, very improper to be frequented
‘ by a chaste and sober Christian Matron.’

Booth declared, that he was very sensi-
ble of his Error ; and that so far from so-
liciting his Wife to go to another Masque-
rade, he did not intend ever to go thither
any more himself.

The Doctor highly approved the Reso-
lution ; and then *Booth* said : ‘ And I
‘ thank you, my dear Friend, as well as
‘ my Wife’s Discretion, that she was not
‘ at the Masquerade last Night.’ He then
related to the Doctor the Discovery of the
Plot ; and the good Man was greatly pleased
with the Success of the Stratagem, and that
Booth took it in such good Part.

‘ But, Sir,’ says *Booth*, ‘ I had a Letter
‘ given me by a noble Colonel there, which
‘ is written in a Hand so very like yours,
‘ that I could almost swear to it. Nor is
‘ the Stile, as far as I can guess, unlike
‘ your

‘ your own. Here it is, Sir. Do you own
‘ the Letter, Doctor, or do you not?’

The Doctor took the Letter, and hav-
ing looked at it a Moment, said—‘ And
‘ did the Colonel himself give you this
‘ Letter?’

‘ The Colonel himself,’ answered *Booth*.

‘ Why then,’ cries the Doctor, ‘ he is
‘ surely the most impudent Fellow that
‘ the World ever produced. What did he
‘ deliver it with an Air of Triumph?’

‘ He delivered it me with Air enough,’
cries *Booth*, ‘ after his own Manner, and
‘ bid me read it for my Edification. To
‘ say the Truth, I am a little surpris’d
‘ that he should single me out of all Man-
‘ kind to deliver the Letter to; I do not
‘ think I deserve the Character of such a
‘ Husband. It is well I am not so very
‘ forward to take an Affront as some
‘ Folks.’

‘ I am glad to see you are not,’ said the
Doctor; ‘ and your Behaviour in this Af-
‘ fair becomes both the Man of Sense and
‘ the Christian: For it would be surely the
‘ greatest

‘greatest Folly, as well as the most daring
 ‘Impiety, to risque your own Life for
 ‘the Impertinence of a Fool. As long as
 ‘you are assured of the Virtue of your
 ‘own Wife, it is Wisdom in you to de-
 ‘spise the Efforts of such a Wretch. Not
 ‘indeed that your Wife accuses him of any
 ‘downright Attack, though she hath ob-
 ‘served enough in his Behaviour to give
 ‘Offence to her Delicacy.’

‘You astonish me, Doctor,’ said *Booth*.
 ‘What can you mean? My Wife dislike
 ‘his Behaviour! Hath the Colonel ever
 ‘offended her?’

‘I do not say he hath ever offended her
 ‘by any open Declarations.—Nor hath he
 ‘done any Thing which, according to the
 ‘most romantic Notion of Honour, you can
 ‘or ought to resent; but there is something
 ‘extremely nice in the Chastity of a truly
 ‘virtuous WOMAN.’

‘And hath my Wife really complained
 ‘of any Thing of that kind in the Co-
 ‘lonel?’

‘Look ye, young Gentleman,’ cries
 the Doctor, ‘I will have no quarrelling, or
 ‘chal-

‘ challenging ; I find I have made some
 ‘ Mistake, and therefore I insist upon it,
 ‘ by all the Rights of Friendship, that you
 ‘ give me your Word of Honour you will
 ‘ not quarrel with the Colonel on this Ac-
 ‘ count.’

‘ I do with all my Heart,’ said *Booth* ;
 ‘ for if I did not know your Character, I
 ‘ should absolutely think you was jesting
 ‘ with me. I do not think you have mis-
 ‘ taken my Wife ; but I am sure she hath
 ‘ mistaken the Colonel ; and hath miscon-
 ‘ strued some overstrained Point of Gal-
 ‘ lantry, something of the Quixotte Kind,
 ‘ into a Design against her Chastity ; but
 ‘ I have that Opinion of the Colonel, that
 ‘ I hope you will not be offended, when I
 ‘ declare I know not which of you two I
 ‘ should be the sooner jealous of.’

‘ I would by no Means have you jealous
 ‘ of any one,’ cries the *Doctor* ; ‘ for I
 ‘ think my Child’s Virtue may be firmly
 ‘ relied on ; but I am convinced she would
 ‘ not have said what she did to me, with-
 ‘ out a Cause ; nor should I, without such
 ‘ a Conviction, have written that Letter to
 ‘ the Colonel, as I own to you I did.
 ‘ However, nothing I say hath yet past
 ‘ which,

‘ which, even in the Opinion of false Honour, you are at Liberty to resent; but as to declining any great Intimacy, if you will take my Advice, I think that would be prudent.’

‘ You will pardon me, my dearest Friend,’ said *Booth*; ‘ but I have really such an Opinion of the Colonel, that I would pawn my Life upon his Honour; and as for Women, I do not believe he ever had an Attachment to any.’

‘ Be it so,’ said the Doctor. ‘ I have only two Things to insist on. The first is, that if ever you change your Opinion, this Letter may not be the Subject of any Quarrelling or Fighting: The other is, that you never mention a Word of this to your Wife. By the latter I shall see whether you can keep a Secret; and if it is no otherwise material, it will be a wholesome Exercise to your Mind; for the Practice of any Virtue is a kind of mental Exercise, and serves to maintain the Health and Vigour of the Soul.’

‘ I faithfully promise both,’ cries *Booth*,
And now the Breakfast entered the Room,
as did soon after *Amelia*, and Mrs. *Atkinson*.

The

The Conversation ran chiefly on the Masquerade; and Mrs. *Atkinson* gave an Account of several Adventures there; but whether she told the whole Truth with regard to herself, I will not determine. For certain it is, she never once mentioned the Name of the noble Peer. Amongst the rest, she said there was a young Fellow that had preached a Sermon there upon a Stool, in Praise of Adultery she believed; for she could not get near enough to hear the Particulars.

During that Transaction, *Booth* had been engaged with the blue Domino in another Room, so that he knew nothing of it; so that what Mrs. *Atkinson* now said, only brought to his Mind the Doctor's Letter to Colonel *Bath*; for to him he supposed it was written; and the Idea of the Colonel being a Lover to *Amelia* struck him in so ridiculous a Light, that it threw him into a violent Fit of Laughter.

The Doctor, who, from the natural Jealousy of an Author, imputed the Agitation of *Booth's* Muscles to his own Sermon, or Letter on that Subject, was a little offended, and said gravely: ' I should be glad to
' know

‘ know the Reason of this immoderate
 ‘ Mirth. Is Adultery a Matter of Jest
 ‘ in your Opinion?

‘ Far otherwise,’ answer’d *Booth*. ‘ But
 ‘ how is it possible to refrain from Laugh-
 ‘ ter at the Idea of a Fellow preaching a
 ‘ Sermon in Favour of it at such a Place.

‘ I am very sorry,’ cries the Doctor, ‘ to
 ‘ find the Age is grown to so scandalous a
 ‘ Degree of Licentiousness; that we have
 ‘ thrown off not only Virtue, but Decency.
 ‘ How abandoned must be the Manners of
 ‘ any Nation where such Insults upon Re-
 ‘ ligion and Morality can be committed
 ‘ with Impunity? No Man is fonder of true
 ‘ Wit and Humour than myself; but to
 ‘ profane sacred Things with Jest and
 ‘ Scoffing is a sure Sign of a weak and a
 ‘ wicked Mind. It is the very Vice which
 ‘ *Homer* attacks in the odious Character
 ‘ of *Thersites*. The Ladies must excuse
 ‘ my repeating the Passage to you, as I
 ‘ know you have *Greek* enough to under-
 ‘ stand it.

—Ἐπεα φρεσὶν ἦσιν ἄκοσμά τε, πολλά τε ἤδη,
 Μαῖψ, ἀτὰρ ἔκατὰ κόσμου ἐριζέμεναι βασιλεῦ-
 σιν,

‘ Ἄλλ’ ὅ τι οἱ εἶσαίτο γελοῖον Ἀργείοισιν
 Ἐμμεναι *.

And immediately adds,

‘ — αἰσχιστος δὲ ἀνὴρ ὑπὸ Ἰλιον ἦλθε †.

‘ *Horace* again describes such a Rascal,

‘ ————— *Solutos*

‘ *Qui captat risus hominum famamque di-*
cacis §.

‘ And says of him,

‘ — *Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto ||.*

‘ O charming *Homer*,’ said *Mrs. Atkinson*,
 ‘ how much above all other Writers!

‘ I ask your Pardon,’ *Madam*, said the

* Thus paraphrased by *Mr. Pope*.

*Aw’d by no Shame, by no Respect controll’d,
 In Scandal busy, in Reproaches bold:*

With witty Malice studious to defame,

Scorn all his Joy, and Laughter all his Aim.

† ‘ He was the greatest Scoundrel in the whole
 Army.’

§ *Who trivial Bursts of Laughter strives to raise,
 And Courts of prating Petulance the Praise.*

FRANCIS.

|| *This Man is black, do thou, O Roman, shun this
 Man.*

Doctor, ‘ I forgot you was a Scholar ; but
 ‘ indeed I did not know you understood
 ‘ *Greek* as well as *Latin*.

‘ I do not pretend,’ said she, ‘ to be a
 ‘ Critic in the *Greek* ; but I think I am
 ‘ able to read a little of *Homer*, at least
 ‘ with the Help of looking now and then
 ‘ into the *Latin*.

‘ Pray, Madam,’ said the Doctor, ‘ how
 ‘ do you like this Passage in the Speech of
 ‘ *Heſtor* to *Andromache*.

‘ ———’Εἰς οἶκον ἴσα τὰ σαυτῆς ἔργα κόμιζε,
 ‘ Ἴσόν τ’ ἠλακάτην τε, καὶ ἀμφιπόλοισι κέλευε
 ‘ Ἔργον ἐποίχεσθαι *.

‘ Or how do you like the Character of
 ‘ *Hippodamia*, who, by being the prettiest
 ‘ Girl, and best Workwoman of her Age,
 ‘ got one of the best Husbands in all
 ‘ *Troy*.——I think, indeed, *Homer* enu-
 ‘ rates her Discretion with her other Qua-
 ‘ lifications ; but I do not remember he
 ‘ gives us one Character of a Woman of
 ‘ Learning.——Don’t you conceive this

* ‘ Go home and mind your own Business. Fol-
 ‘ low your Spinning, and keep your Maids to their
 ‘ Work.’

‘ to be a great Omission in that charming
‘ Poet? However, *Juvenal* makes you
‘ amends, for he talks very abundantly of
‘ the Learning of the *Roman Ladies* in his
‘ Time.’

‘ You are a provoking Man, Doctor,’
said Mrs. *Atkinson*, ‘ Where is the Harm
‘ in a Woman’s having Learning as well
‘ as a Man?’

‘ Let me ask you another Question,’
said the Doctor. ‘ Where is the Harm in a
‘ Man’s being a fine Performer with a
‘ Needle as well as a Woman? And yet,
‘ answer me honestly, Would you greatly
‘ chuse to marry a Man with a Thimble
‘ upon his Finger? Would you in earnest
‘ think a Needle became the Hand of
‘ your Husband as well as a Halberd?’

‘ As to War, I am with you,’ said she.
‘ *Homer* himself, I well remember, makes
‘ *Hector* tell his Wife, that warlike Works
‘ ———What is the *Greek Word*———*Pol-*
‘ *lemy*———something———belonged to Men
‘ only; and I readily agree to it. I hate
‘ a masculine Woman, an Amazon, as
‘ much as you can do; but what is there
‘ masculine in Learning?’

‘ Nothing

‘ Nothing so masculine, take my Word
‘ for it. As for your *Pollenny*, I look
‘ upon it to be the true Characteristic of
‘ a Devil. So *Homer* every where cha-
‘ racterizes *Mars*.

‘ Indeed, my dear,’ cries the Serjeant,
‘ you had better not dispute with the
‘ Doctor; for upon my Word, he will be
‘ too hard for you.

‘ Nay, I beg *you* will not interfere,’
cries Mrs. *Atkinson*, ‘ I am sure *you* can be
‘ no judge in these Matters.’

At which the Doctor and *Booth* burst
into a loud Laugh; and *Amelia*, though
fearful of giving her Friend Offence, could
not forbear a gentle Smile.

‘ You may laugh, Gentlemen, if you
‘ please,’ said Mrs. *Atkinson*; ‘ but I thank
‘ Heaven, I have married a Man who is
‘ not jealous of my Understanding. I
‘ should have been the most miserable
‘ Woman upon Earth with a starched Pe-
‘ dant, who was possessed of that nonsen-
‘ sical Opinion, that the Difference of Sexes
‘ causes any Difference in the Mind. Why
VOL. IV. D don’t

‘ don’t you honestly avow the *Turkish* No-
‘ tion, that Women have no Souls ; for
‘ you say the same thing in Effect ?

‘ Indeed, my dear,’ cries the Serjeant,
greatly concerned to see his Wife so angry,
‘ you have mistaken the Doctor.

‘ I beg, my dear,’ cried she, ‘ you will
‘ say nothing upon these Subjects.—I hope
‘ you at least do not despise my Under-
‘ standing.

‘ I assure you, I do not,’ said the Ser-
jeant, ‘ and I hope you will never de-
‘ spise mine ; for a Man may have some
‘ Understanding, I hope, without Learn-
‘ ing.’

Mrs. *Atkinson* reddened extremely at
these Words ; and the Doctor fearing
he had gone too far began to soften Mat-
ters, in which *Amelia* assisted him. By
these Means the Storm rising in Mrs. *Atkinson*
before was in some measure laid, at least
suspended from bursting at present ; but
it fell afterwards upon the poor Serjeant’s
Head in a Torrent ; who had learn’d per-
haps one Maxim from his Trade, that a
Cannon-Ball always doth Mischief in pro-
portion

portion to the Resistance it meets with; and that nothing so effectually deadens its Force as a Wool-pack. The Serjeant therefore bore all with Patience; and the Idea of a Wool-pack perhaps bringing that of a Featherbed into his Head, he at last not only quieted his Wife; but she cried out with great Sincerity, ' Well, my dear, I will say one thing for you, that I believe from my Soul, though you have no Learning, you have the best Understanding of any Man upon Earth; and I must own I think the latter far the more profitable of the two.'

Far different was the Idea she entertained of the Doctor, whom, from this Day, she considered as a conceited Pedant, nor could all *Amelia's* Endeavours ever alter her Sentiments.

The Doctor now took his Leave of *Booth* and his Wife for a Week, he intending to set out within an Hour or two with his old Friend, with whom our Readers were a little acquainted at the latter End of the Ninth Book, and of whom perhaps they did not then conceive the most favourable Opinion.

Nay I am aware that the Esteem which some Readers before had for the Doctor, may be here lessened; since he may appear to have been too easy a Dupe to the gross Flattery of the old Gentleman. If there be any such Critics, we are heartily sorry as well for them as for the Doctor; but it is our Business to discharge the Part of a faithful Historian, and to describe Human Nature as it is, not as we would wish it to be.

C H A P. V.

In which Colonel Bath appears in great Glory.

THAT Afternoon, as *Booth* was walking in the Park, he met with Colonel *Bath*, who presently asked him for the Letter which he had given him the Night before, upon which *Booth* immediately returned it.

‘ Don’t you think,’ cries *Bath*, ‘ it is writ with great Dignity of Expression and Emphasis of—of—of Judgment?’

‘ I am surpris’d though,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ that any one should write such a Letter to you, Colonel.’

‘ To

‘ To me ? ’ said *Bath*. — ‘ What do you mean, Sir, I hope you don’t imagine any Man durst write such a Letter to me ? D——n me if I knew a Man who thought me capable of debauching my Friend’s Wife, I would—— d—n me.’

‘ I believe indeed Sir, cries *Booth*, that no Man living dares put his Name to such a Letter: But you see it is *anonymous*.

I don’t know what you mean by *ominous*,’ cries the Colonel; ‘ but, blast my Reputation, if I had received such a Letter, if I would not have searched the World to have found the Writer, D——n me, I would have gone to the *East Indies* to have pulled off his Nose.

‘ He would indeed have deserved it,’ cries *Booth*.—— ‘ But pray, Sir, how came you by it ?’

‘ I took it,’ said the Colonel, ‘ from a Set of idle young Rascals, one of whom was reading it out aloud upon a Stool, while the rest were attempting to make a Jest, not only of the Letter, but of all

D 3

‘ Decency.’

' Decency, Virtue and Religion. A Set
 ' of Fellows that you must have seen or
 ' heard of about Town, that are, d—n me,
 ' a Disgrace to the Dignity of Manhood ;
 ' Puppies that mistake Noise and Impu-
 ' dence, Rudeness and Profaneness for
 ' Wit. If the Drummers of my Company
 ' had not more Understanding than twenty
 ' such Fellows, I'd have them both whipt
 ' out of the Regiment.

' So then you do not know the Person
 ' to whom it was writ,' said *Booth*.

' Lieutenant,' cries the Colonel, your
 ' Question deserves no Answer. I ought to
 ' take Time to consider whether I ought
 ' not to resent the Supposition. Do you
 ' think, Sir, I am acquainted with a
 ' Rascal ?

' I do not suppose, Colonel,' cries *Booth*.
 ' that you would willingly cultivate an In-
 ' timacy with such a Person ; but a Man
 ' must have good Luck who hath any
 ' Acquaintance, if there are not some Raf-
 ' cals among them.

' I am not offended with you, Child,'
 says the Colonel. ' I know you did not
 ' intend to offend me. ' No

‘ No Man, I believe, dares intend it,’
said *Booth*.

‘ I believe so too,’ said the Colonel, d—n
me, I know it. But you know, Child,
how tender I am on this Subject. If I
had been ever married myself, I should
have cleft the Man’s Scull who had dar’d
look wantonly at my Wife.

‘ It is certainly the most cruel of all In-
juries,’ said *Booth*. ‘ How finely doth
Shakespeare express it in his *Othello*!

*But there, where I had treasur’d up
my Soul.*

‘ That *Shakespeare*,’ cries the Colonel,
was a fine Fellow. He was a very pretty
Poet indeed. Was it not *Shakespeare* that
wrote the Play about *Hotspur*? You
must remember these Lines. I got them
almost by Heart at the Play-House; for
I never missed that Play whenever it was
acted, if I was in Town.

‘ *By Heav’n it was an easy Leap,
To pluck bright Honour into the Full Moon.
Or drive into the bottomless Deep.*

‘ And—and—Faith I have almost forgot
 ‘ them ; but I know it is something about
 ‘ saving your Honour from drowning——
 ‘ O it is very fine. I say, d——n me,
 ‘ the Man that writ those Lines was the
 ‘ greatest Poet the World ever produced.
 ‘ There is Dignity of Expression and Em-
 ‘ phasis of thinking, d——n me.’

Booth assented to the Colonel’s Criticism, and then cried ‘ I wish, Colonel, you would be so kind to give me that Letter.’ The Colonel answered, if he had any particular Use for it, he would give it him with all his Heart, and presently delivered it ; and soon afterwards they parted.

Several Passages now struck all at once upon *Booth*’s Mind, which gave him great Uneasiness. He became confident now that he had mistaken one Colonel for another ; and though he could not account for the Letter’s getting into those Hands from whom *Bath* had taken it (indeed *James* had dropt it out of his Pocket) yet a thousand Circumstances left him no room to doubt the Identity of the Person, who was a Man much more liable to raise the Suspicion of a Husband than honest *Bath*, who would at any Time have rather

ther fought with a Man than lain with a Woman.

The whole Behaviour of *Amelia* now rushed upon his Memory. Her Resolution not to take up her Residence at the Colonel's House; her Backwardness even to dine there, her Unwillingness to go to the Masquerade, many of her unguarded Expressions, and some where she had been more guarded, all joined together to raise such an Idea in Mr. *Booth*, that he had almost taken a Resolution to go and cut the Colonel to Pieces in his own House. Cooler Thoughts, however, suggested themselves to him in Time. He recollected the Promise he had so solemnly made to the Doctor. He considered moreover, that he was yet in the Dark, as to the Extent of the Colonel's Guilt. Having nothing therefore to fear from it, he contented himself to postpone a Resentment which he nevertheless resolved to take of the Colonel hereafter, if he found he was in any Degree a Delinquent.

The first Step he determined to take was, on the first Opportunity, to relate to Colonel *James* the Means by which he became possessed of the Letter, and to read

it to him. On which Occasion he thought he should easily discern by the Behaviour of the Colonel, whether he had been suspected either by *Amelia* or the Doctor without a Cause: But as for his Wife, he fully resolved not to reveal the Secret to her till the Doctor's Return.

While *Booth* was deeply engaged by himself in these Meditations, Capt. *Trent* came up to him, and familiarly slapp'd him on the Shoulder.

They were soon joined by a third Gentleman, and presently afterwards by a fourth, both Acquaintances of Mr. *Trent*; and all having walked twice the Length of the Mall together, it being now past Nine in the Evening, *Trent* proposed going to the Tavern, to which the Strangers immediately consented; and *Booth* himself, after some Resistance, was at length persuaded to comply.

To the *King's-Arms* then they went, where the Bottle went very briskly round till after Eleven; at which Time *Trent* proposed a Game at Cards, to which Proposal likewise *Booth's* Consent was obtain'd, though not without much Difficulty; for
though

though he had naturally some Inclination to Gaming, and had formerly a little indulged it; yet he had entirely left it off for many Years.

Booth and his Friend were Partners, and had at first some Success; but *Fortune*, according to her usual Conduct, soon shifted about, and persecuted *Booth* with such Malice, that in about two Hours he was strip'd of all the Gold in his Pocket, which amounted to twelve Guineas, being more than half the Cash which he was at that Time worth.

How easy it is for a Man who is at all tainted with the Itch of Gaming, to leave off Play in such a Situation, especially when he is likewise heated with Liquor, I leave to the Gamesters to determine. Certain it is, that *Booth* had no Inclination to desist; but, on the contrary, was so eagerly bent on playing on, that he called his Friend out of the Room, and asked him for ten Pieces, which he promised punctually to pay the next Morning.

Trent chid him for using so much Formality on the Occasion. 'You know,'

‘ said he, ‘ dear *Booth*, you may have what
‘ Money you please of me. Here is a 20*l.*
‘ Note, at your Service, and if you want
‘ five times the Sum, it is at your Service.
‘ We will never let these Fellows go away
‘ with our Money in this manner ; for we
‘ have so much the Advantage, that if
‘ the knowing ones were here, they would
‘ lay odds of our Side.

But if this was really Mr. *Trent*'s Opinion, he was very much mistaken ; for the other two honourable Gentlemen were not only greater Masters of the Game, and somewhat soberer than poor *Booth*, having with all the Art in their Power evaded the Bottle ; but they had moreover another small Advantage over their Adversaries, both of them, by means of some certain private Signs, previously agreed upon between them, being always acquainted with the principal Cards in each other's Hands. It cannot be wonder'd therefore, that Fortune was on their Side ; for however she may be reported to favour Fools, she never I believe shews them any Countenance when they engage in Play with Knaves.

The

The more *Booth* lost, the deeper he made his Bets ; the Consequence of which was, that about two in the Morning, besides the Loss of his own Money, he was 50*l.* indebted to *Trent*. A Sum indeed which he would not have borrowed, had not the other, like a very generous Friend, push'd it upon him.

Trent's Pockets became at last dry, by means of these Loans. His own Loss indeed was trifling ; for the Stakes of the Games were no higher than Crowns ; and betting, (as it is called) was that to which *Booth* owed his Ruin. The Gentlemen therefore, pretty well knowing *Booth's* Circumstances, and being kindly unwilling to win more of a Man than he was worth, declined playing any longer, nor did *Booth* once ask them to persist ; for he was ashamed of the Debt which he had already contracted to *Trent*, and very far from desiring to encrease it.

The Company then separated. The two Victors and *Trent* went off in their Chairs to their several Houses near *Grosvenor-Square* ; and poor *Booth*, in a melancholy Mood, walk'd home to his Lodgings. He was

indeed in such a Fit of Despair, that it more than once came into his Head to put an End to his miserable Being.

But before we introduce him to *Amelia*, we must do her the Justice to relate the manner in which she spent this unhappy Evening. It was about seven when *Booth* left her to walk in the Park: From this Time till past Eight she was employ'd with her Children, in playing with them, in giving them their Supper, and in putting them to Bed.

When these Offices were performed, she employ'd herself another Hour in cooking up a little Supper for her Husband, this being, as we have already observed, his favourite Meal, as indeed it was hers; and in a most pleasant and delightful Manner they generally passed their Time at this Season, though their Fare was very seldom of the sumptuous Kind.

It now grew dark, and her hashed Mutton was ready for the Table, but no *Booth* appear'd. Having waited therefore for him a full Hour, she gave him over for that Evening; nor was she much alarmed at his Absence, as she knew he was in a Night

or two to be at the Tavern with some Brother Officers. She concluded therefore that they had met in the Park, and had agreed to spend this Evening together.

At Ten then she sat down to Supper by herself; for Mrs. *Atkinson* was then abroad. And here we cannot help relating a little Incident, however trivial it may appear to some. Having sat some Time alone reflecting on their distress'd Situation, her Spirits grew very low; and she was once or twice going to ring the Bell to send her Maid for half a Pint of White-wine, but check'd her Inclination in order to save the little Sum of Sixpence; which she did the more resolutely as she had before refused to gratify her Children with Tarts for their Supper from the same Motive. And this Self-denial she was very probably practising to save Sixpence, while her Husband was paying a Debt of several Guineas incurred by the Ace of Trumps being in the Hands of his Adversary.

Instead therefore of this Cordial she took up one of the excellent *Farquhar's* Comedies, and read it half through, when the Clock striking Twelve, she retired to Bed, leaving the Maid to sit up for her Master.
She

She would indeed have much more willingly have fat up herself; but the Delicacy of her own Mind assured her that *Booth* would not thank her for the Compliment. This is indeed a Method which some Wives take of upbraiding their Husbands for staying abroad till too late an Hour, and of engaging them, thro' Tenderness and Goodnature never to enjoy the Company of their Friends too long, when they must do this at the Expence of their Wives Rest.

To Bed then she went, but not to sleep. Thrice indeed she told the dismal Clock, and as often heard the more dismal Watchman, till her miserable Husband found his Way home, and stole silently, like a Thief, to Bed to her; at which Time pretending then first to awake she threw her snowy Arms around him; though, perhaps, the more witty Property of Snow, according to *Addison*, that is to say, its Coldness, rather belonged to the poor Captain.

C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

Read, Gamester, and observe.

BOOTH could not so well disguise the Agitations of his Mind from *Amelia*, but that she perceived sufficient Symptoms to assure her that some Misfortune had befallen him. This made her in her Turn so uneasy, that *Booth* took Notice of it, and after Breakfast said, ‘ Sure, my dear *E-*
‘ *mily*, something hath fallen out to vex
‘ you.’

Amelia looking tenderly at him answered,
‘ Indeed, my Dear, you are in the right.
‘ I am indeed extremely vexed.’ ‘ For
‘ Heaven’s Sake,’ said he, ‘ what is it?’
‘ Nay, my Love,’ cries she, ‘ that you
‘ must answer yourself. Whatever it is
‘ which hath given you all that Disturbance
‘ that you in vain endeavour to conceal
‘ from me, this it is which causes all my
‘ Affliction.’

‘ You guess truly, my Sweet,’ replied *Booth*; ‘ I am indeed afflicted, and I will
‘ not, nay I cannot conceal the Truth from
‘ you. I have undone myself, *Amelia*.’

What:

‘What have you done, Child?’ said she, in some Consternation, ‘pray tell me.’

‘I have lost my Money at Play,’ answered he.

‘Pugh!’ said she, recovering herself, — ‘what signifies the Trifle you had in your Pocket? Resolve never to play again, and let it give you no further Vexation. I warrant you we will contrive some Method to repair such a Loss.’

‘Thou heavenly Angel, thou Comfort of my Soul,’ cried *Booth* tenderly embracing her—Then starting a little from her Arms, and looking with eager Fondness in her Eyes, he said, ‘Let me survey thee, art thou really human, or art thou not rather an angel in a human Form? —O, no,’ cried he, flying again into her Arms, ‘thou art my dearest Woman, my best, my beloved Wife.’

Amelia having returned all his Caresses with equal Kindness told him she had near eleven Guineas in her Purse, and asked how much she should fetch him.—‘I would not advise you, *Billy*, to carry too much
‘ in

‘ in your Pocket, for fear it should be a
‘ Temptation to you to return to Gaming,
‘ in order to retrieve your past Losses.
‘ Let me beg you, on all Accounts, never
‘ to think more, if possible, on the Trifle
‘ you have lost, any more than if you had
‘ never possessed it.’

Booth promised her faithfully he never would, and refused to take any of the money. He then hesitated a Moment—and cried—‘ You say, my Dear, you have eleven Guineas; you have a Diamond Ring likewise, which was your Grandmother’s, I believe that is worth twenty Pound; and your own and the Child’s Watch are worth as much more.’

‘ I believe they would sell for as much,’ cried *Amelia*; ‘ for a Pawnbroker of Mrs. *Atkinson*’s Acquaintance offered to lend me thirty-five Pounds upon them, when you was in your last Distress.—But why are you computing their Value now?’

‘ I was only considering,’ answered he, ‘ how much we could raise in any Case of Exigency.’

‘ I

‘ I have computed it myself,’ said she ;
‘ and I believe all we have in the World,
‘ besides our bare necessary Apparel, would
‘ produce about fixty Pounds : And sup-
‘ pose, my Dear,’ said she, ‘ while we
‘ have that little Sum, we should think of
‘ employing it some Way or other to pro-
‘ cure some small Subsistence for ourselves
‘ and our Family. As for your Depend-
‘ ance on the Colonel’s Friendship, it is
‘ all vain, I am afraid, and fallacious.
‘ Nor do I see any Hopes you have from
‘ any other Quarter, of providing for
‘ yourself again in the Army. And though
‘ the Sum which is now in our Power is
‘ very small ; yet we may possibly contrive
‘ with it to put ourselves into some mean
‘ Way of Livelihood. I have a Heart,
‘ my *Billy*, which is capable of undergo-
‘ ing any Thing for your Sake ; and I hope
‘ my Hands are as able to work, as those
‘ which have been more inured to it. But
‘ think, my Dear, think what must be
‘ our wretched Condition, when the very
‘ little we now have, is all moulder’d away,
‘ as it will soon be in this Town.’

When poor *Booth* heard this, and re-
flected that the Time which *Amelia* foresaw
was

was already arrived (for that he had already lost every Farthing they were worth) it touched him to the Quick; he turned pale, gnashed his Teeth, and cried out, ‘Damnation! this is too much to bear.’

Amelia was thrown into the utmost Consternation by this Behaviour, and with great Terror in her Countenance cried out, ‘Good Heavens, my dear Love, what is the Reason of this Agony?’

‘Ask me no Questions,’ cried he, ‘unless you would drive me to Madnefs.’

‘My *Billy*, my Love,’ said she, ‘what can be the Meaning of this?—I beg you will deal openly with me, and tell me all your Griefs.’

‘Have you dealt fairly with me, *Amelia*?’ said he.

‘Yes surely,’ said she, ‘Heaven is my Witness how fairly.’

‘Nay, do not call Heaven,’ cried he, ‘to witness a Falshood. You have not dealt openly with me, *Amelia*. You have concealed Secrets from me; Secrets which

‘ I ought to have known, and which if I
 ‘ had known, it had been better for us
 ‘ both.’

‘ You astonish me, as much as you
 ‘ shock me,’ cried she. ‘ What Falshood,
 ‘ what Treachery have I been guilty of?’

‘ You tell me,’ said he, ‘ that I can
 ‘ have no Reliance on *James*, why did you
 ‘ not tell me so before?’

‘ I call Heaven again,’ said she, ‘ to
 ‘ witness ; nay I appeal to yourself for the
 ‘ Truth of it ; I have often told you so.
 ‘ I have told you I disliked the Man, not-
 ‘ withstanding the many Favours he had
 ‘ done you. I desired you not to have too
 ‘ absolute a Reliance upon him. I own I
 ‘ had once an extreme good Opinion of
 ‘ him, but I changed it, and I acquainted
 ‘ you that I had so——

‘ But not,’ cries he, ‘ with the Reasons
 ‘ why you had changed it.’

‘ I was really afraid, my Dear,’ said she,
 ‘ of going too far. I knew the Obligati-
 ‘ ons you had to him ; and if I suspected
 ‘ that he acted rather from Vanity than
 ‘ true Friendship—— ‘ Va-

‘Vanity!’ cries he, ‘take Care, *Amelia*,
‘you know his Motive to be much worse
‘than Vanity—A Motive, which if he had
‘piled Obligations on me, ’till they had
‘reached the Skies, would tumble all down
‘to Hell. It is in vain to conceal it longer—
‘I know all—your Confident hath
‘told me all.’

‘Nay then,’ cries she, ‘on my Knees
‘I entreat you to be pacified, and hear me
‘out. It was, my Dear, for you, my
‘dread of your jealous Honour, and the
‘fatal Consequences.’

‘Is not *Amelia* then,’ cried he, ‘equally
‘jealous of my Honour! Would she,
‘from a weak Tendernefs for my Person,
‘go privately about to betray, to under-
‘mine the most invaluable Treasure of my
‘Soul? Would she have me pointed at as
‘the credulous Dupe, the easy Fool, the
‘tame, the kind Cuckold of a Rascal,
‘with whom I conversed as a Friend?’

‘Indeed you injure me,’ said *Amelia*.
‘Heaven forbid I should have the Trial;
‘but I think I could sacrifice all I hold
‘most dear to preserve your Honour. I

‘ think I have shewn I can. But I will—
 ‘ when you are cool, I will—satisfy you I
 ‘ have done nothing you ought to blame.’

‘ I am cool then,’ cries he—‘ I will with
 ‘ the greatest Coolness hear you.—But do
 ‘ not think, *Amelia*, I have the least Jea-
 ‘ lousy, the least Suspicion, the least Doubt
 ‘ of your Honour. It is your Want of Con-
 ‘ fidence in me alone which I blame.’

‘ When you are calm,’ cried she, ‘ I
 ‘ will speak, and not before.’

He assured her he was calm; and then she said—‘ You have justified my Conduct
 ‘ by your present Passion, in concealing
 ‘ from you my Suspicions; for they were
 ‘ no more, nay it is possible they were un-
 ‘ just: For since the Doctor, in betraying
 ‘ the Secret to you, hath so far falsified my
 ‘ Opinion of him, why may I not be as
 ‘ well deceived in my Opinion of the Co-
 ‘ lonel; since it was only formed on some
 ‘ Particulars in his Behaviour, which I dis-
 ‘ liked? for upon my Honour he never
 ‘ spoke a Word to me, nor hath been ever
 ‘ guilty of any direct Action which I could
 ‘ blame.’ She then went on, and related
 most of the Circumstances which she had
 men-

mentioned to the Doctor, omitting one or two of the strongest, and giving such a Turn to the rest, that if *Booth* had not had some of *Othello's* Blood in him, his Wife would have almost appeared a Prude in his Eyes. Even he, however, was pretty well pacified by this Narrative, and said he was glad to find a Possibility of the Colonel's Innocence, but that he greatly commended the Prudence of his Wife, and only wished she would for the future make him her only Confident.

Amelia upon that expressed some Bitterness against the Doctor for breaking his Trust, when *Booth* in his Excuse related all the Circumstances of the Letter, and plainly convinced her, that the Secret had dropt by mere Accident from the Mouth of the Doctor.

Thus the Husband and Wife became again reconciled, and poor *Amelia* generously forgave a Passion, of which the sagacious Reader is better acquainted with the real Cause, than was that unhappy Lady.

C H A P. VII.

In which Booth receives a Visit from Captain Trent.

WHEN *Booth* grew perfectly cool, and began to reflect that he had broken his Word to the Doctor, in having made the Discovery to his Wife, which we have seen in the last Chapter, that Thought gave him great Uneasiness; and now to comfort him, Captain *Trent* came to make him a Visit. This was indeed almost the last Man in the World, whose Company he wished for; for he was the only Man he was ashamed to see, for a Reason well known to Gamesters; among whom the most dishonourable of all Things, is not to pay a Debt, contracted at the Gaming-Table, the next Day, or the next Time at least that you see the Party.

Booth made no Doubt, but that *Trent* was come on Purpose to receive this Debt; the latter had been therefore scarce a Minute in the Room, before *Booth* began, in an aukward Manner, to apologize; but *Trent* immediately stopt his Mouth, and said, ‘ I do not want the Money, Mr. *Booth,*

‘ *Booth*, and you may pay it me whenever
 ‘ you are able ; and if you are never able,
 ‘ I assure you I will never ask you for it.’

This Generosity raised such a Tempest of Gratitude in *Booth* (if I may be allowed the Expression) that the Tears burst from his Eyes, and it was some Time before he could find any Utterance for those Sentiments with which his Mind overflowed ; but when he began to express his Thankfulness, *Trent* immediately stopt him, and gave a sudden Turn to their Discourse.

Mrs. *Trent* had been to visit Mrs. *Booth* on the Masquerade Evening, which Visit Mrs. *Booth* had not yet returned. Indeed this was only the second Day since she had received it. *Trent* therefore now told his Friend, that he should take it extremely kind if he and his Lady would wave all Ceremony, and sup at their House the next Evening. *Booth* hesitated a Moment—but presently said, ‘ I am pretty certain my
 ‘ Wife is not engaged, and I will undertake
 ‘ for her. I am sure she will not refuse
 ‘ any Thing Mr. *Trent* can ask.’ And soon after *Trent* took *Booth* with him to walk in the *Park*.

There were few greater Lovers of a Bottle than *Trent*; he soon proposed therefore to adjourn to the *King's Arms* Tavern, where *Booth*, though much against his Inclination, accompanied him. But *Trent* was very importunate, and *Booth* did not think himself at Liberty to refuse such a Request to a Man, from whom he had so lately received such Obligations.

When they came to the Tavern, however, *Booth* recollected the Omission he had been guilty of the Night before. He wrote a short Note therefore to his Wife, acquainting her that he should not come home to Supper; but comforted her with a faithful Promise that he would on no Account engage himself in Gaming.

The first Bottle past in ordinary Conversation; but when they had tapped the second, *Booth*, on some Hints which *Trent* gave him, very fairly laid open to him his whole Circumstances, and declared he almost despaired of mending them. 'My chief Relief,' said he, 'was in the Interest of Colonel *James*; but I have given up those Hopes.'

' And

‘ And very wisely too,’ said *Trent*. ‘ I
‘ say nothing of the Colonel’s good Will.
‘ Very likely he may be your sincere
‘ Friend ; but I do not believe he hath the
‘ Interest he pretends to. He hath had
‘ too many Favours in his own Family, to
‘ ask any more yet a while. But I am
‘ mistaken, if you have not a much more
‘ powerful Friend than the Colonel ; one
‘ who is both able and willing to serve you.
‘ I dined at his Table within these two
‘ Days, and I never heard kinder nor
‘ warmer Expressions from the Mouth of
‘ Man, than he made use of towards you.
‘ I make no Doubt you know whom I
‘ mean.’

‘ Upon my Honour I do not,’ answered
Booth ; ‘ nor did I guess that I had such a
‘ Friend in the World as you mention.’

‘ I am glad then,’ cries *Trent*, ‘ that I
‘ have the Pleasure of informing you of it.’
He then named the noble Peer, who hath
been already so often mentioned in this
History.

Booth turned pale and started at his
Name. ‘ I forgive you, my dear *Trent*,’

cries *Booth*, 'for mentioning his Name to
' me, as you are a Stranger to what hath
' past between us.'

'Nay, I know nothing that hath past
' between you,' answered *Trent*. 'I am
' sure if there is any Quarrel between you
' of two Days standing, all is forgiven on
' his Part.'

'D——n his Forgiveness,' said *Booth*.
'Perhaps I ought to blush at what I have
' forgiven.'

'You surprize me,' cries *Trent*. 'Pray
' what can be the Matter?'

'Indeed, my dear *Trent*,' cries *Booth*
very gravely, 'he would have injured me
' in the tenderest Part. I know not how
' to tell it you; but he would have dis-
' honoured me with my Wife.'

'Sure you are not in Earnest,' answered
Trent; 'but if you are, you will pardon
' me for thinking that impossible.'

'Indeed,' cries *Booth*, 'I have so good
' an Opinion of my Wife, as to believe it
' impossible for him to succeed; but that
' he

‘ he should intend me the Favour you will
‘ not, I believe, think an Impossibility.’

‘ Faith! not in the least,’ said *Trent*.
‘ Mrs. *Booth* is a very fine Woman; and
‘ if I had the Honour to be her Husband,
‘ I should not be angry with any Man for
‘ liking her.’

‘ But you would be angry,’ said *Booth*,
‘ with a Man, who should make use of
‘ Stratagems and Contrivances to seduce
‘ her Virtue; especially if he did this un-
‘ der the Colour of entertaining the highest
‘ Friendship for yourself.’

‘ Not at all,’ cries *Trent*. ‘ It is Hu-
‘ man Nature.’

‘ Perhaps it is,’ cries *Booth*; ‘ but it
‘ is Human Nature depraved, stript of all
‘ its Worth, and Loveliness and Dignity,
‘ and degraded down to a Level with the
‘ vilest Brutes.’

‘ Look ye, *Booth*,’ cries *Trent*, ‘ I would
‘ not be misunderstood. I think, when I
‘ am talking to you, I talk to a Man of
‘ Sense, and to an Inhabitant of this Coun-
‘ try; not to one who dwells in a Land

‘ of Saints. If you have really such an
‘ Opinion as you express of this noble
‘ Lord, you have the finest Opportunity
‘ of making a complete Fool and Bubble
‘ of him that any Man can desire, and of
‘ making your own Fortune at the same
‘ Time. I do not say that your Suspicions
‘ are groundless; for of all Men upon
‘ Earth I know, my Lord is the greatest
‘ Bubble to Women, though I believe he
‘ hath had very few. And this I am con-
‘ fident of, that he hath not the least
‘ Jealousy of these Suspicions. Now, there-
‘ fore, if you will act the Part of a wise
‘ Man, I will undertake that you shall
‘ make your Fortune without the least In-
‘ jury to the Chastity of Mrs. *Booth*.’

‘ I do not understand you, Sir,’ said
Booth.

‘ Nay,’ cries *Trent*, ‘ if you will not
‘ understand me I have done. I meant
‘ only your Service; and I thought I had
‘ known you better.’

Booth begged him to explain himself. ‘ If
‘ you can, said he, shew me any Way to im-
‘ prove such Circumstances as I have opened
‘ to you, you may depend on it I shall rea-
‘ dily

‘ dily embrace it, and own my Obligations to you.’

‘ That is spoken like a Man,’ cries *Trent*. ‘ Why what is it more than this ? Carry your Suspicions in your own Bosom. Let Mrs. *Booth*, in whose Virtue I am sure you may be justly confident, go to the public Places ; there let her treat my Lord with common Civility only ; I am sure he will bite. And thus without suffering him to gain his Purpose, you will gain yours. I know several who have succeeded with him in this Manner.’

‘ I am very sorry, Sir,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ that you are acquainted with any such Rascals. I do assure you, rather than I would act such a Part I would submit to the hardest Sentence that Fortune could pronounce against me.’

‘ Do as you please, Sir,’ said *Trent* ; ‘ I have only ventured to advise you as a Friend. But do you not think your Nicety is a little over scrupulous ?’

‘ You will excuse me, Sir,’ said *Booth* ; ‘ but I think no Man can be too scrupulous’

‘pulous in Points which concern his Honour.’

‘I know many Men of very nice Honour,’ answered *Trent*, ‘who have gone much farther ; and no Man, I am sure, had ever a better Excuse for it than yourself.—You will forgive me, *Booth*, since what I speak proceeds from my Love to you ; nay, indeed, by mentioning your Affairs to me, which I am heartily sorry for, you have given me a Right to speak. You know best what Friends you have to depend upon ; but if you have no other Pretensions than your Merit, I can assure you, you would fail if it was possible you could have ten Times more Merit than you have. And if you love your Wife, as I am convinced you do, what must be your Condition, in seeing her want the Necessaries of Life ?’

‘I know my Condition is very hard,’ cries *Booth* ; ‘but I have one Comfort in it, which I will never part with, and that is Innocence. As to the mere Necessaries of Life, however, it is pretty difficult to deprive us of them ; this I am sure of, no one can want them long.’

‘ Upon

‘ Upon my Word, Sir,’ cries *Trent*,
‘ I did not know you had been so great a
‘ Philosopher ; but believe me, these Mat-
‘ ters look much less terrible at a Distance,
‘ than when they are actually present. You
‘ will then find, I am afraid, that Honour
‘ hath no more Skill in Cookery, than
‘ *Shakespeare* tells us it hath in Surgery.—
‘ D——n me if I don’t wish his Lordship
‘ loved my Wife as well as he doth yours,
‘ I promise you I would trust her Virtue ;
‘ and if he should get the better of it, I
‘ should have People of Fashion enough
‘ to keep me in Countenance.’

Their second Bottle being now almost out, *Booth*, without making any Answer, called for a Bill. *Trent* prest very much the drinking another Bottle ; but *Booth* absolutely refused, and presently afterwards they parted, not extremely well satisfied with each other. They appeared indeed one to the other in disadvantageous Lights of a very different kind. *Trent* concluded *Booth* to be a very silly Fellow ; and *Booth* began to suspect that *Trent* was very little better than a Scoundrel.

C H A P. VIII.

Contains a Letter and other Matters.

WE will now return to *Amelia*, to whom immediately upon her Husband's Departure to walk with Mr. *Trent*, a Porter brought the following Letter, which she immediately opened and read.

‘MADAM,

‘ The quick Dispatch which I have
 ‘ given to your first Commands will, I
 ‘ hope, assure you of the Diligence with
 ‘ which I shall always obey every Com-
 ‘ mand that you are pleased to honour
 ‘ me with. I have indeed in this trifling
 ‘ Affair, acted as if my Life itself had
 ‘ been at Stake, nay, I know not but it
 ‘ may be so : for this insignificant Matter
 ‘ you was pleased to tell me would oblige
 ‘ the charming Person in whose Power is
 ‘ not only my Happiness ; but as I am
 ‘ well persuaded my Life too. Let me
 ‘ reap therefore some little Advantage
 ‘ in

‘ in your Eyes as you have in mine from
‘ this trifling Occasion: for if any Thing
‘ could add to the Charms of which you
‘ are Mistress; it would be perhaps that
‘ amiable Zeal with which you maintain
‘ the Cause of your Friend. I hope in-
‘ deed she will be my Friend and Ad-
‘ vocate with the most lovely of her Sex,
‘ as I think she hath Reason, and as you
‘ was pleased to insinuate she had been:
‘ Let me beseech you, Madam, let not
‘ that dear Heart whose Tendernefs is so
‘ inclin’d to compassionate the Miseries of
‘ others, be harden’d only against the
‘ Sufferings which itself occasions. Let
‘ not that Man alone have Reason to think
‘ you cruel, who of all others would do the
‘ most to procure your Kindness. How
‘ often have I lived over in my Reflections,
‘ in my Dreams those two short Minutes
‘ we were together? but alas! how faint are
‘ these Mimickries of the Imagination!
‘ What would I not give to purchase the
‘ Reality of such another Blessing! This,
‘ Madam, is in your Power to bestow
‘ on the Man who hath no Wish, no Will,
‘ no Fortune, no Heart, no Life, but
‘ what are at your Disposal. Grant me
‘ only the Favour to be at Lady ——’s
‘ Assembly.—— You can have nothing
‘ to

‘ to fear from indulging me with a Mo-
 ‘ ment’s Sight, a Moment’s Conversation.
 ‘ I will ask no more. I know your De-
 ‘ licacy, and had rather die than offend
 ‘ it. Could I have seen you sometimes,
 ‘ I believe the Fear of offending you
 ‘ would have kept my Love for ever
 ‘ buried in my own Bosom; but to be
 ‘ totally excluded even from the Sight
 ‘ of what my Soul doats on is what I
 ‘ cannot bear. It is that alone which
 ‘ hath extorted the fatal Secret from me.
 ‘ Let that obtain your Forgiveness for
 ‘ me. I need not sign this Letter, other-
 ‘ wise than with that Impression of my
 ‘ Heart which I hope it bears; and to
 ‘ conclude it in any Form, no Language
 ‘ hath Words of Devotion strong enough
 ‘ to tell you with what Truth, what
 ‘ Anguish, what Zeal, what Adoration
 ‘ I love you.

Amelia had just Strength to hold out to
 the End, when her Trembling grew so
 violent, that she dropt the Letter, and
 had probably dropt herself, had not Mrs.
Atkinson come timely in to support her.

‘ Good Heavens! cries Mrs. *Atkinson*,
 ‘ What is the Matter with you, Madam?
 ‘ I

‘ I know not what is the Matter, cries
‘ *Amelia*; but I have receiv’d a Letter at
‘ last from that infamous Colonel.

‘ You will take my Opinion again then,
‘ I hope, Madam, cries Mrs. *Atkinson*.
‘ But don’t be so affected; the Letter
‘ cannot eat you, or run away with you
‘ —Here it lies, I see, will you give
‘ me Leave to read it?

‘ Read it with all my Heart, cries
‘ *Amelia*, and give me your Advice how
‘ to act; for I am almost distracted.

‘ Hey day!’ says Mrs. *Atkinson*, ‘ here is a
‘ Piece of Parchment too——What is
‘ that?’ In Truth this Parchment had
dropt from the Letter when *Amelia* first
open’d it, but her Attention was so fixed
by the Contents of the Letter itself that
she had never read the other. Mrs. *Atkin-*
son had now opened the Parchment first, and
after a Moment’s Perusal, the Fire flash’d
from her Eyes, and the Blood flush’d into
her Cheeks, and she cried out in a Rap-
ture, ‘ It is a Commission for my Hus-
‘ band; upon my Soul it is a Commis-
‘ sion for my Husband;’ and at the same
Time

Time began to jump about the Room in a Kind of frantic Fit of Joy.

‘ What can be the Meaning of all this ?’ cries *Amelia*, under the highest Degree of Astonishment.

‘ Do not I tell you, my dear Madam, cried she, that it is a Commission for my Husband, and can you wonder at my being overjoyed at what I know will make him so happy.—And now it is all out. The Letter is not from the Colonel, but from that noble Lord of whom I have told you so much. But indeed, Madam, I have some Pardons to ask of you.—However I know your Goodness, and I will tell you all.

‘ You are to know then, Madam, that I had not been in the Opera House six Minutes before a Masque came up, and taking me by the Hand led me aside. I gave the Masque my Hand, and seeing a Lady at that Time lay hold on Capt. *Booth*, I took that Opportunity of slipping away from him ; for tho’ by the Help of the squeaking Voice, and by attempting to mimic yours, I had pretty well disguised my own, I was still afraid,
‘ if

‘ if I had much Conversation with your
‘ Husband, he would discover me. I
‘ walk’d therefore away with this Masque,
‘ to the upper End of the farthest Room
‘ where we sat down in a Corner together.
‘ He presently discover’d to me that he
‘ took me for you; and I soon after found
‘ out who he was; indeed, so far from
‘ attempting to disguise himself, he spoke
‘ in his own Voice, and in his own Per-
‘ son. He now began to make very vio-
‘ lent Love to me, but it was rather in
‘ the Stile of a great Man of the present
‘ Age, than of an Arcadian Swain. In
‘ short, he laid his whole Fortune at my
‘ Feet, and bade me make whatever Terms
‘ I pleas’d, either for myself or for others.
‘ By others I suppose he meant your
‘ Husband. This however put a Thought
‘ into my Head, of turning the present
‘ Occasion to Advantage. I told him,
‘ there were two Kinds of Persons, the
‘ Fallaciousness of whose Promises had
‘ become proverbial in the World.
‘ These were Lovers and great Men.
‘ What Reliance then could I have
‘ on the Promise of one who united in
‘ himself both those Characters. That
‘ I had seen a melancholy Instance in a
‘ very worthy Woman of my Acquain-
‘ tance,

‘ tance, (meaning myself, Madam) of his
‘ Want of Generosity. I said I knew the
‘ Obligations that he had to this Woman,
‘ and the Injuries he had done her, all
‘ which I was convinced she forgave: for
‘ that she had said the handsomest Things
‘ in the World of him to me. He an-
‘ swer’d that he thought he had not ‘been
‘ deficient in Generosity to this Lady,
‘ (for I explain’d to him whom I meant)
‘ but that indeed if she had spoke well
‘ of him to me, (meaning yourself, Madam)
‘ he would not fail to reward her for such
‘ an Obligation. I then told him, she
‘ had married a very deserving Man, who
‘ had served long in the Army abroad as
‘ a private Man, and who was a Serjeant
‘ in the Guards, that I knew it was so
‘ very easy for him to get him a Commis-
‘ sion, that I should not think he had
‘ any Honour or Goodness in the World,
‘ if he neglected it. I declar’d this Step
‘ must be a Preliminary to any good Opi-
‘ nion he must ever hope for of mine.
‘ I then profess’d the greatest Friendship
‘ to that Lady (in which I am convinced
‘ you will think me serious) and assured
‘ him he would give me one of the high-
‘ est Pleasures, in letting me be the In-
‘ strument of doing her such a Service.
‘ He

‘ He promised me in a Moment to do
‘ what you see, Madam, he hath since
‘ done. And to you I shall always think
‘ myself indebted for it.’

‘ I know not how you are indebted to
‘ me, cries *Amelia*. Indeed, I am very
‘ glad of any good Fortune that can at-
‘ tend poor *Atkinson*; but I wish it had been
‘ obtain’d some other Way. Good Heavens!
‘ what must be the Consequence of this?
‘ What must this Lord think of me, for list-
‘ ning to his Mention of Love, nay, for mak-
‘ ing any Terms with him? For what must
‘ he suppose those Terms mean? Indeed,
‘ Mrs. *Atkinson*, you carried it a great deal
‘ too far. No Wonder he had the Assu-
‘ rance to write to me in the Manner he
‘ hath done. It is too plain what he con-
‘ ceives of me, and who knows what he
‘ may say to others. You may have blown
‘ up my Reputation by your Behaviour.’

‘ How is that possible, answer’d Mrs.
‘ *Atkinson*? Is it not in my Power to clear
‘ up all Matters? If you will but give
‘ me Leave to make an Appointment
‘ in your Name, I will meet him myself,
‘ and declare the whole Secret to him.

‘ I will consent to no such Appoint-
‘ ment,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘ I am heartily sorry
‘ I ever consented to practise any Deceit.
‘ I plainly see the Truth of what Dr. *Harrison*
‘ hath often told me, that if one steps
‘ ever so little out of the Ways of Virtue
‘ and Innocence, we know not how we
‘ may slide ; for all the Ways of Vice are
‘ a slippery Descent.

‘ That Sentiment,’ cries Mrs. *Atkinson*,
‘ is much older than Dr. *Harrison*. *Omne*
‘ *Vitium in proclivi est*.

‘ However new or old it is, I find it is
‘ true,’ cries *Amelia*.— ‘ But pray, tell me
‘ all, though I tremble to hear it.

‘ Indeed, my dear Friend, said Mrs. *At-*
kinson, ‘ you are terrified at nothing——
‘ Indeed, indeed, you are too great a
‘ Prude.

‘ I do not know what you mean by
‘ Prudery,’ answered *Amelia*. ‘ I shall ne-
‘ ver be ashamed of the strictest Regard
‘ to Decency, to Reputation, and to that
‘ Honour in which the dearest of all hu-
‘ man Creatures hath his Share. But pray
‘ give me the Letter, there is an Ex-
‘ pression

‘ preffion in it which alarmed me when I
‘ read it.—Pray what doth he mean by
‘ his two ſhort Minutes, and by purchaſing
‘ the Reality of ſuch another Bleſſing ?

‘ Indeed I know not what he means by
‘ two Minutes,’ cries Mrs. *Atkinſon*, ‘ un-
‘ leſs he calls two Hours ſo ; for we were
‘ not together much leſs.—And as for
‘ any Bleſſing he had— I am a Stranger
‘ to it. Sure I hope you have a better
‘ Opinion of me than to think I granted
‘ him the laſt Favour.

‘ I don’t know what Favours you
‘ granted him, Madam,’ answer’d *Amelia*
peeviſhly ; ‘ but I am ſorry you granted
‘ him any in my Name.

‘ Upon my Word,’ cries Mrs. *Atkinſon*,
‘ you uſe me unkindly—and it is a Uſage
‘ I did not expect at your Hands ; nor do
‘ I know that I have deſerved it. I am
‘ ſure I went to the Maſquerade with no
‘ other View than to oblige you ; nor did
‘ I ſay or do any thing there which any
‘ Woman, who is not the moſt confounded
‘ Prude upon Earth, would have ſtated at
‘ on a much leſs Occaſion than what in-
‘ duced me. Well, I declare upon my
‘ Soul

‘ Soul then that if I was a Man, rather than
 ‘ be married to a Woman who makes such
 ‘ a Fuss with her Virtue, I would wish my
 ‘ Wife was without such a troublesome
 ‘ Companion.

‘ Very possibly, Madam, these may be
 ‘ your Sentiments,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘ and I
 ‘ hope they are the Sentiments of your
 ‘ Husband.

‘ I desire, Madam, cries Mrs. *Atkinson*,
 ‘ you would not reflect on my Husband.
 ‘ He is as worthy a Man, and as brave a
 ‘ Man as yours; yes, Madam, and he is
 ‘ now as much a Captain.’

She spoke those Words with so loud a
 Voice, that *Atkinson*, who was accidentally
 going up Stairs heard them, and being
 surpris'd at the angry Tone of his Wife's
 Voice, he entered the Room, and with a
 Look of much Astonishment, begged to
 know what was the Matter.

‘ The Matter, my Dear,’ cries Mrs. *At-*
kinson, ‘ is, that I have got a Commission
 ‘ for you, and your good old Friend here
 ‘ is angry with me for getting it. ‘ I have

‘ I have not Spirits enow,’ cries *Amelia*,
‘ to answer you as you deserve, and if I
‘ had you are below my Anger.

‘ I do not know, Mrs. *Booth*,’ answered
the other, ‘ whence this great Superiority
‘ over me is derived; but if your Virtue
‘ gives it you I would have you to know,
‘ Madam, that I despise a Prude, as much
‘ as you can do a —————

‘ Though you have several times,’ cries
‘ *Amelia*, insulted me with that Word, I
‘ scorn to give you any ill Language in Re-
‘ turn. If you deserve any bad Appellati-
‘ on, you know it without my telling it you.

Poor *Atkinson*, who was more frightned
than he had ever been in his Life, did all
he could to procure Peace. He fell upon
his Knees to his Wife, and begged her to
compose herself; for indeed she seemed
to be in a most furious Rage.

While he was in this Posture, *Booth*, who
had knocked so gently at the Door, for
fear of disturbing his Wife, that he had
not been heard in the Tempest, came into
the Room. The Moment *Amelia* saw him,
the Tears which had been gathering for
some
some

some time, burst in a Torrent from her Eyes, which however she endeavoured to conceal with her Handkerchief. The Entry of *Booth* turn'd all in an Instant into a silent Picture; in which the first Figure which struck the Eyes of the Captain was the Serjeant on his Knees to his Wife.

Booth immediately cried — ‘ What’s
 ‘ the Meaning of this ?’ — but received
 no Answer. He then cast his Eyes towards
Amelia, and plainly discerning her Con-
 dition, he ran to her, and in a very tender
 Phrase begged to know what was the mat-
 ter. To which she answered—‘ Nothing,
 ‘ my Dear, nothing of any Consequence.
 ‘ He replied — that he would know, and
 ‘ then turned to *Atkinson*, and asked the
 ‘ same Question.

Atkinson answered, ‘ Upon my Honour,
 ‘ Sir, I know nothing of it. — Something
 ‘ hath passed between Madam and my
 ‘ Wife, but what it is I know no more
 ‘ than your Honour.

‘ Your Wife,’ said Mrs. *Atkinson*, ‘ hath
 ‘ used me cruelly ill, Mr. *Booth*. If you
 ‘ must be satisfied, that is the whole
 ‘ Matter.

Booth rapt out a great Oath, and cried
‘ It is impossible, my Wife is not capable
‘ of using any one ill.

Amelia then cast herself upon her Knees
to her Husband, and cried, ‘ For Hea-
‘ ven’s Sake, do not throw yourself into a
‘ Passion — Some few Words have past —
‘ Perhaps I may be in the wrong.

‘ Damnation seize me if I think so,’ cries
Booth. ‘ And I wish whoever hath drawn
‘ these Tears from your Eyes, may pay it
‘ with as many Drops of their Heart’s Blood.

‘ You see, Madam,’ cries Mrs. *Atkinson*,
‘ you have your Bully to take your part ;
‘ so I suppose you will use your Triumph.

Amelia made no Answer, but still kept
hold of *Booth*, who, in a violent Rage, cried
out, — ‘ My *Amelia* triumph over such a
‘ Wretch as thee ! — What can lead thy
‘ Insolence to such Presumption ? Serjeant, I
‘ desire you’ll take that Monster out of the
‘ Room, or I cannot answer for myself.’

The Serjeant was beginning to beg his
Wife to retire, (for he perceived very
plainly, that she had, as the Phrase is,

taken a Sip too much that Evening,) when, with a Rage little short of Madness, she cried out,—‘ And do you tamely see me insulted in such a manner, now that you are a Gentleman and upon a Footing with him?’

‘ It is lucky for us all, perhaps,’ answer’d *Booth*, ‘ that he is not my Equal.

‘ You lie, Sirrah, said Mrs. *Atkinson*, ‘ he is every way your Equal; he is as good a Gentleman as yourself, and as much an Officer.—No, I deny what you say — he hath not the Spirit of a Gentleman, nor of a Man neither — or he would not bear to see his Wife insulted.

‘ Let me beg of you, my Dear,’ cries the Serjeant ‘ to go with me and compose yourself.

‘ Go with thee, thou Wretch,’——cries she, looking with the utmost Disdain upon him, —— ‘ no, nor ever speak to thee more’——At which Words she burst out of the Room; and the Serjeant, without saying a Word, followed her.

A very tender and pathetic Scene now passed between *Booth* and his Wife, in
 2 which,

which, when she was a little composed, she related to him the whole Story. For besides that it was not possible for her otherwise to account for the Quarrel which he had seen, *Booth* was now possessed of the Letter that lay on the Floor.

Amelia having emptied her Mind to her Husband, and obtained his faithful Promise that he would not resent the Affair to my Lord, was pretty well composed, and began to relent a little towards Mrs. *Atkinson*; but *Booth* was so highly incensed, with her, that he declared he would leave her House the next Morning; which they both accordingly did, and, with the Assistance of his old Friends at the Register-Office, immediately accommodated themselves with convenient Apartments within a few Doors of their Friend the Doctor.

C H A P. IX.

Containing some Things worthy Observation.

Notwithstanding the Exchange of his Lodgings, *Booth* did not forget to send an Excuse to Mr. *Trent*, of whose Conversation he had taken a full Surfeit the preceding Evening.

That Day in his Walks *Booth* met with an old Brother-Officer, who had served with him at *Gibraltar*, and was on Half-pay as well as himself. He had not indeed had the Fortune of being broke as well as *Booth*; but had gone out, as they call it, on Half-pay as a Lieutenant, a Rank to which he had risen in five and thirty Years.

This honest Gentleman, after some Discourse with *Booth*, desir'd him to lend him half a Crown; which he assured him he would faithfully pay the next Day, when he was to receive some Money for his Sister. This Sister was the Widow of an Officer that had been killed in the Sea Service; and she and her Brother lived together, on their joint Stock, out of which they maintained likewise an old Mother, and two of the Sister's Children, the eldest of which was about nine Years old. 'You must know,' said the old Lieutenant, 'I have been disappointed this Morning by an old Scoundrel, who wanted fifteen *per Cent.* for advancing my Sister's Pension; but I have now got an honest Fellow, who hath promised it me Tomorrow, at ten *per Cent.*



‘ And enough too of all Conscience,’
cries *Booth*.

‘ Why indeed, I think so too,’ answer’d
the other, ‘ considering it is sure to be paid
‘ one Time or other. To say the Truth,
‘ it is a little hard the Government doth
‘ not pay those Pensions better; for my
‘ Sister’s hath been due almost these two
‘ Years; that is my Way of thinking.

Booth answered he was ashamed to re-
fuse him such a Sum; but ‘ Upon my
‘ Soul,’ said he, ‘ I have not a single Half-
‘ penny in my Pocket; for I am in a worse
‘ Condition if possible than yourself; for I
‘ have lost all my Money, and what is
‘ worse, I owe Mr. *Trent*, whom you re-
‘ member at *Gibraltar*, 50*l*.

‘ Remember him! yes, d——n him, I
‘ remember him very well,’ cries the old
Gentleman, ‘ though he will not remem-
‘ ber me. He is grown so great now, that
‘ he will not speak to his old Acquaint-
‘ ance; and yet I should be ashamed of
‘ myself to be great in such a Manner.

‘ What Manner do you mean?’ cries
‘ *Booth* a little eagerly.

‘ Why by pimping,’ answered the other,
 ‘ He is Pimp in ordinary to my Lord——
 ‘ who keeps his Family ; or how the Devil
 ‘ he lives else I don’t know ; for his Place
 ‘ is not worth 300*l.* a Year, and he and
 ‘ his Wife spend a Thousand at least. But
 ‘ she keeps an Assembly, which, I believe,
 ‘ if you was to call a Bawdy-House, you
 ‘ would not mis-name it. But d——n me
 ‘ if I had not rather be an honest Man,
 ‘ and walk on Foot, with Holes in my
 ‘ Shoes, as I do now, or go without a Din-
 ‘ ner, as I and all my Family will to Day,
 ‘ than ride in a Chariot, and feast by such
 ‘ Means. I am honest *Bob Bound*, and
 ‘ always will be ; that’s my Way of think-
 ‘ ing ; and there’s no Man shall call me
 ‘ otherwise ; for if he doth, I will knock
 ‘ him down for a lying Rascal ; that is
 ‘ my Way of thinking.

‘ And a very good Way of thinking
 ‘ too,’ cries *Booth*. ‘ However you shall
 ‘ not want a Dinner to Day ; for if you
 ‘ will go home with me, I will lend you
 ‘ a Crown with all my Heart.

‘ Lookee,’ said the old Man, ‘ if it be
 ‘ anywise inconvenient to you, I will not
 ‘ have it ; for I will never rob another
 ‘ Man

‘ Man of his Dinner, to eat myself——
‘ that is my Way of thinking.

‘ Pooh,’ said *Booth*, ‘ never mention
‘ such a Trifle twice between you and me.
‘ Besides you say you can pay it me To-
‘ morrow; and I promise you that will be
‘ the same Thing.

They then walked together to *Booth’s* Lodgings, where *Booth*, from *Amelia’s* Pocket, gave his Friend double the little Sum he had asked. Upon which the old Gentleman shook him heartily by the Hand, and repeating his Intention of paying him the next Day, made the best of his Way to a Butcher’s, whence he carried off a Leg of Mutton to a Family that had lately kept Lent without any religious Merit.

When he was gone, *Amelia* asked her Husband who that old Gentleman was. *Booth* answered, He was one of the Scandals of his Country. That the Duke of *Marlborough* had about thirty Years before made him an Ensign from a private Man, for very particular Merit, and that he had not long since gone out of the Army with a broken Heart, upon having several Boys put over his Head. He then gave her an Account
F 4 of

of his Family, which he had heard from the old Gentleman in their Way to his House, and with which we have already in a concise Manner acquainted the Reader.

‘ Good Heavens!’ cries *Amelia*, ‘ what
‘ are our great Men made of! Are they
‘ in Reality a distinct Species from the rest
‘ of Mankind? Are they born without
‘ Hearts?’

‘ One would indeed sometimes,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ be inclined to think so. In truth
‘ they have no perfect Idea of those com-
‘ mon Distresses of Mankind which are
‘ far removed from their own Sphere.
‘ Compassion, if thoroughly examined,
‘ will, I believe, appear to be the Fellow-
‘ feeling only of Men of the same Rank
‘ and Degree of Life for one another, on
‘ account of the Evils to which they them-
‘ selves are liable. Our Sensations are, I
‘ am afraid, very cold towards those who
‘ are at a great Distance from us, and
‘ whose Calamities can consequently never
‘ reach us.

‘ I remember,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘ a Senti-
‘ ment of *Dr. Harrison’s*, which he told
‘ me was in some *Latin Book*; *I am a*
‘ *Man*

‘ *Man myself, and my Heart is interested in*
 ‘ *whatever can befall the rest of Mankind.*
 ‘ That is the Sentiment of a good Man,
 ‘ and whoever thinks otherwise is a bad
 ‘ one.

‘ I have often told you, my dear *Emily*,
 ‘ cries *Booth*, ‘ that all Men, as well the
 ‘ best as the worst, act alike from the
 ‘ Principle of Self-Love. Where Bene-
 ‘ volence therefore is the uppermost Pas-
 ‘ sion, Self-Love directs you to gratify it
 ‘ by doing good, and by relieving the
 ‘ Distresses of others; for they are then
 ‘ in Reality your own. But where Ambi-
 ‘ tion, Avarice, Pride, or any other Pas-
 ‘ sion governs the Man, and keeps his
 ‘ Benevolence down, the Miseries of all
 ‘ other Men affect him no more than they
 ‘ would a Stock or a Stone. And thus
 ‘ the Man and his Statue have often the
 ‘ same Degree of Feeling or Compassion.

‘ I have often wished, my dear,’ cries
Amelia, ‘ to hear you converse with Dr.
 ‘ *Harrison* on this Subject; for I am sure
 ‘ he would convince you, though I can’t,
 ‘ that there are really such Things as Reli-
 ‘ gion and Virtue.’

This was not the first Hint of this Kind which *Amelia* had given; for she sometimes apprehended from his Discourse that he was little better than an Atheist. A Consideration which did not diminish her Affection for him; but gave her great Uneasiness. On all such Occasions *Booth* immediately turned the Discourse to some other Subject; for tho' he had in other Points a great Opinion of his Wife's Capacity; yet as a Divine or a Philosopher he did not hold her in a very respectable Light, nor did he lay any great Stress on her Sentiments in such Matters. He now therefore gave a speedy Turn to the Conversation, and began to talk of Affairs below the Dignity of this History.



A M E L I A.

A M E L I A.

B O O K XI.

C H A P. I.

Containing a very polite Scene.

WE will now look back to some Personages, who, though not the principal Characters in this History, have yet made too considerable a Figure in it to be abruptly dropt. And these are Colonel *James* and his Lady.

This fond Couple never met till Dinner the Day after the Masquerade, when they happened to be alone together in an Antichamber before the Arrival of the rest of the Company.

The Conversation began with the Colonel's saying, ' I hope, Madam, you got ' no Cold last Night at the Masquerade.' To which the Lady answered by much the same kind of Question.

They then sat together near five Minutes without opening their Mouths to each other. At last Mrs. *James* said, ' Pray, ' Sir, who was that Masque with you in ' the Dress of a Shepherdes? How could ' you expose yourself by walking with ' such a Trollop in public; for certainly ' no Woman of any Figure would appear ' there in such a Dress. You know, Mr. ' *James*, I never interfere with your Af- ' fairs; but I would methinks for my own ' Sake, if I was you, preserve a little ' Decency in the Face of the World.

' Upon my Word,' said *James*, ' I do ' not know whom you mean. A Woman ' in such a Dress might speak to me for ' aught I know—A thousand People ' speak to me at a Masquerade. But I ' promise you, I spoke to no Woman Ac- ' quaintance there that I know of—In- ' deed I now recollect there was a Woman ' in a Dress of a Shepherdes; and there was ' another

‘ another aukward Thing in a blue Do-
‘ mino that plagued me a little, but I soon
‘ got rid of them.

‘ And I suppose you do not know the
Lady in the blue Domino neither? ———

‘ Not I, I assure you,’ said *James*. ‘ But
‘ pray why do you ask me these Questions?
‘ It looks so like Jealousy.

‘ Jealousy,’ cries she, ‘ I jealous! No,
‘ Mr. *James*, I shall never be jealous I
‘ promise you, especially of the Lady in
‘ the blue Domino; for to my Knowledge
‘ she despises you of all human Race.

‘ I am heartily glad of it,’ said *James*;
‘ for I never saw such a tall aukward Mon-
‘ ster in my Life.

‘ That is a very cruel Way of telling me
‘ you knew me.———

‘ You, Madam,’ said *James* —— ‘ you
‘ was in a black Domino.

‘ It is not so unusual a Thing, I believe,
‘ you yourself know to change Dresses,
‘ —I own I did it to discover some of your
Tricks.

‘ Tricks. I did not think you could
 ‘ have distinguish’d the tall aukward Mon-
 ‘ ster so well.

‘ Upon my Soul,’ said *James*, ‘ if it was
 ‘ you, I did not even suspect it; so you
 ‘ ought not to be offended at what I have
 ‘ said ignorantly.

‘ Indeed, Sir,’ cries she, ‘ you cannot
 ‘ offend me by any thing you can say to
 ‘ my Face——no, by my Soul, I despise
 ‘ you too much. But I wish, Mr. *James*,
 ‘ you would not make me the Subject of
 ‘ your Conversation amongst your Wenches.
 ‘ I desire I may not be afraid of meeting
 ‘ them for fear of their Insults: That I
 ‘ may not be told by a dirty Trollop, you
 ‘ make me the Subject of your Wit a-
 ‘ mongst them, of which it seems I am the
 ‘ favourite Topic. Tho’ you have mar-
 ‘ ried a tall aukward Monster, Mr. *James*,
 ‘ I think she hath a Right to be treated, as
 ‘ your Wife, with Respect at least——In-
 ‘ deed I shall never require any more: In-
 ‘ deed, Mr. *James*, I never shall.—I think
 ‘ a Wife hath a Title to that.

‘ Who told you this Madam?’ said
James.

‘ Your

‘ Your Slut, said she,’ ‘ your Wench,
‘ your Shepherdess.

‘ By all that’s sacred,’ cries *James*, I do
‘ not know who the Shepherdess was.

‘ By all that’s sacred then,’ says she —
‘ she told me so — and I am convinced
‘ she told me Truth. — But I do not
‘ wonder at your denying it; for that is
‘ equally consistent with Honour as to be-
‘ have in such a Manner to a Wife who is
‘ a Gentlewoman. — I hope you will allow
‘ me that, Sir. — Because I had not quite
‘ so great a Fortune, I hope you do not
‘ think me beneath you, or that you did
‘ me any Honour in marrying me. I am
‘ come of as good a Family as your-
‘ self, Mr. *James*; and if my Brother knew
‘ how you treated me, he would not bear it.

‘ Do you threaten me with your Bro-
‘ ther, Madam,’ said *James*?

‘ I will not be ill treated, Sir,’ answered
she.

‘ Nor I neither, Madam,’ cries he; ‘ and
‘ therefore I desire you will prepare to go
‘ into the Country To-morrow Morning.

‘ Indeed,

‘ Indeed, Sir,’ said she, ‘ I shall not.

‘ By Heavens, Madam, but you shall,’ answered he, ‘ I will have my Coach at the Door To-morrow Morning by seven ; and you shall either go into it or be carried.

‘ I hope, Sir, you are not in earnest,’ said she.

‘ Indeed, Madam,’ answered he, ‘ but I am in earnest, and resolved ; and into the Country you go To-morrow.

‘ But why into the Country,’ said she, ‘ Mr. *James* ? Why will you be so barbarous to deny me the Pleasures of the Town ?

‘ Because you interfere with my Pleasures,’ cried *James* ; ‘ which I have told you long ago I would not submit to : It is enough for fond Couples to have these Scenes together. I thought we had been upon a better Footing, and had cared too little for each other to become mutual Plagues. I thought you had been satisfied with the full Liberty of doing what you please.

‘ So

‘ So I am. I defy you to say I have
‘ ever given you any Uneasiness.

‘ How, cries he, have you not just
‘ now upbraided me with what you heard
‘ at the Masquerade?

‘ I own, said she, to be insulted by
‘ such a Creature to my Face stung me
‘ to the Soul. I must have had no Spirit
‘ to bear the Insults of such an Animal.
‘ Nay she spoke of you with equal Con-
‘ tempt. Whoever she is, I promise
‘ you, Mr. *Booth* is her Favourite. But
‘ indeed she is unworthy any one’s
‘ Regard: for she behaved like an arrant
‘ Dragoon.

‘ Hang her, cries the Colonel, I know
‘ nothing of her.

‘ Well but, Mr. *James*——I am sure
‘ you will not send me into the Country.
‘ Indeed I will not go into the Country.

‘ If you was a reasonable Woman, cries
‘ *James*, perhaps I should not desire it.——
‘ And on one Consideration——

‘ Come

‘ Come name your Consideration, said she.

‘ Let me first experience your Discernment, said he—Come, *Molly*, let me try your Judgment. Can you guess at any Woman of your Acquaintance that I like?

‘ Sure, said she, it cannot be Mrs. *Booth*!

‘ And why not Mrs. *Booth*, answer’d he? Is she not the finest Woman in the World?

‘ Very far from it, replied she, in my Opinion.

‘ Pray what Faults, said he, can you find in her?

‘ In the first Place, cries Mrs. *James*, her Eyes are too large; and she hath a Look with them that I don’t know how to describe; but I know I don’t like it. Then her Eyebrows are too large; therefore indeed she doth all in her Power to remedy this with her Pincers: for if
‘ it

‘ it was not for those, her Eyebrows would
‘ be preposterous.—Then her Neck is
‘ too protuberant for the genteel Size, es-
‘ pecially as she laces herself: for no Wo-
‘ man in my Opinion can be genteel who
‘ is not entirely flat before. And lastly,
‘ she is both too short and too tall.—
‘ Well, you may laugh, Mr. *James*, I
‘ know what I mean, tho’ I cannot well
‘ express it.—I mean that she is too tall
‘ for a pretty Woman, and too short for
‘ a fine Woman.——There is such a
‘ Thing as a Kind of insipid Medium—
‘ a Kind of something that is neither one
‘ Thing or another. I know not how to
‘ express it more clearly; but when I say
‘ such a one is a pretty Woman, a pretty
‘ Thing, a pretty Creature, you know
‘ very well I mean a little Woman; and
‘ when I say such a one is a very fine Wo-
‘ man, a very fine Person of a Woman,
‘ to be sure I must mean a tall Woman.
‘ Now a Woman that is between both, is
‘ certainly neither the one nor the other.

‘ Well, I own,’ said he, ‘ you have ex-
‘ plain’d yourself with great Dexterity; but
‘ with all these Imperfections, I cannot
‘ help liking her.

‘ That

‘ That you need not tell me, Mr. *James*,
‘ answer’d the Lady; for that I knew be-
‘ fore you desir’d me to invite her to your
‘ House. And did I not nevertheless,
‘ like an obedient Wife, comply with
‘ your Desires? Did I make any Objec-
‘ tion to the Party you propos’d for the
‘ Masquerade, tho’ I knew very well your
‘ Motive? What can the best of Wives
‘ do more? To procure you Success is
‘ not in my Power; and if I may give
‘ you my Opinion, I believe you never
‘ will succeed with her.

‘ Is her Virtue so very impregnable,
‘ said he, with a Sneer?

‘ Her Virtue, answer’d Mrs. *James*, hath
‘ the best Guard in the World, which is
‘ a most violent Love for her Husband.

‘ All Pretence, and Affectation, cries
‘ the Colonel. It is impossible she should
‘ have so little Taste, or indeed so little
‘ Delicacy as to like such a Fellow.

‘ Nay I do not much like him myself,’
‘ said she—‘ He is not indeed at all such a
‘ sort of Man as I should like; but I
‘ thought

‘ thought he had been generally allow’d to
‘ be handsome.

‘ He handsome, cries *James*? What
‘ with a Nose like the Proboscis of an
‘ Elephant, with the Shoulders of a
‘ Porter, and the Legs of a Chairman?
‘ The Fellow hath not in the least the
‘ Look of a Gentleman; and one would
‘ rather think he had followed the Plough
‘ than the Camp all his Life.

‘ Nay now I protest, said she, I think
‘ you do him Injustice. He is genteel
‘ enough, in my Opinion. It is true in-
‘ deed he is not quite of the most delicate
‘ Make; but whatever he is, I am con-
‘ vinced she thinks him the finest Man in
‘ the World.

‘ I cannot believe it, answer’d he pee-
‘ vishly.—But will you invite her to
‘ Dinner here To-morrow?

‘ With all my Heart, and as often as
‘ you please, answer’d she.—But I have
‘ some Favours to ask of you.—First,
‘ I must hear no more of going out of
‘ Town ’till I please.

‘ Very

‘ Very well, cried he.

‘ In the next Place, said she, I must
‘ have two hundred Guineas within these
‘ two or three Days.

‘ Well—I agree to that too, answered
‘ he.

‘ And when I do go out of Town, I
‘ go to *Tunbridge*—I insist upon that ;
‘ and from *Tunbridge* I go to *Bath*—
‘ positively to *Bath*. And I promise you
‘ faithfully I will do all in my Power to
‘ carry Mrs. *Booth* with me.

‘ On that Condition, answer’d he, I
‘ promise you you shall go wherever
‘ you please.—And to shew you, I will
‘ even prevent your Wishes by my Genero-
‘ sity, as soon as I receive the five thousand
‘ Pounds, which I am going to take up
‘ on one of my Estates, you shall have
‘ two hundred more.

She thanked him with a low Curtesie ;
and he was in such good Humour that he
offered to kiss her. To this Kiss she
coldly turn’d her Cheek—and then flirting
her

her Fan, said—Mr. *James*, ‘ There is
 ‘ one Thing I forgot to mention to you—
 ‘ I think you intended to get a Com-
 ‘ mission in some Regiment abroad for
 ‘ this young Man.—Now if you would
 ‘ take my Advice, I know this will not
 ‘ oblige his Wife; and besides I am po-
 ‘ sitive she resolves to go with him.—
 ‘ But if you can provide for him in some
 ‘ Regiment at home, I know she will
 ‘ dearly love you for it; and when he is
 ‘ order’d to Quarters, she will be left be-
 ‘ hind—and *Yorkshire* or *Scotland* I think
 ‘ is as good a Distance as either of the
 ‘ *Indies*.

‘ Well, I will do what I can, answer’d
 ‘ *James*; but I cannot ask any Thing yet:
 ‘ for I got two Places of 100 *l.* a Year
 ‘ each for two of my Footmen, within
 ‘ this Fortnight.

At this Instant a violent Knock at the Door signified the Arrival of their Company; upon which both Husband and Wife put on their best Looks to receive their Guests; and from their Behaviour to each other during the rest of the Day, a Stranger might have concluded he had been in Company with the fondest Couple in the Universe.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

Matters Political.

BEFORE we return to *Booth*, we will relate a Scene in which *Dr. Harrison* was concern'd.

This good Man whilst in the Country happen'd to be in the Neighbourhood of a Nobleman of his Acquaintance, and whom he knew to have very considerable Interest with the Ministers at that Time.

The Doctor who was very well known to this Nobleman, took this Opportunity of paying him a Visit in order to recommend poor *Booth* to his Favour. Nor did he much doubt of his Success, the Favour he was to ask being a very small one, and to which he thought the Service of *Booth* gave him so just a Title.

The Doctor's Name soon gain'd him an Admission to the Presence of this Great Man, who indeed receiv'd him with much Courtesy and Politeness; not so much perhaps from any particular Regard to the sacred Function, nor from any Respect to
the

the Doctor's personal Merit, as from some Considerations which the Reader will perhaps guess anon. After many Ceremonials, and some previous Discourse on different Subjects, the Doctor open'd his Business, and told the Great Man, that he was come to him to solicit a Favour for a young Gentleman who had been an Officer in the Army, and was now on Half-Pay. ' All
' the Favour I ask, my Lord, said he,
' is, that this Gentleman may be again
' admitted *ad eundem*. I am convinced
' your Lordship will do me the Justice
' to think I would not ask for a worthless
' Person; but indeed the young Man I
' mean, hath very extraordinary Merit.
' He was at the Siege of *Gibraltar*, in
' which he behav'd with distinguish'd Bra-
' very; and was dangerously wounded at
' two several Times in the Service of his
' Country. I will add, that he is at pre-
' sent in great Necessity, and hath a Wife
' and several Children, for whom he hath
' no other Means of providing; and if it
' will recommend him further to your
' Lordship's Favour, his Wife, I believe,
' is one of the best and worthiest of all
' her Sex.

‘ As to that, my dear Doctor, cries the
‘ Nobleman, I shall make no Doubt.
‘ Indeed any Service I shall do the Gentle-
‘ man will be upon your Account. As
‘ to Necessity, it is the Plea of so many,
‘ that it is impossible to serve them all.—
‘ And with Regard to the Personal Merit
‘ of these inferior Officers, I believe, I
‘ need not tell you that is very little re-
‘ garded. But if you recommend him,
‘ let the Person be what he will, I am
‘ convinced it will be done: for I know
‘ it is in your Power at present to ask for
‘ a greater Matter than this.

‘ I depend entirely upon your Lordship,
‘ answer’d the Doctor.

‘ Indeed, my worthy Friend, replied
‘ the Lord, I will not take a Merit to
‘ myself, which will so little belong to
‘ me. You are to depend on yourself.
‘ It falls out very luckily too at this Time
‘ when you have it in your Power so
‘ greatly to oblige us.

‘ What, my Lord, is in my Power? cries
‘ the Doctor.

‘ You

‘ You certainly know, answer’d his
‘ Lordship, how hard Colonel *Trompington*
‘ is run at your Town, in the Election
‘ of a Mayor; they tell me it will be a
‘ very near Thing, unless you join us.
‘ But we know it is in your Power to do
‘ the Business, and turn the Scale. I heard
‘ your Name mention’d the other Day on
‘ that Account; and I know you may
‘ have any Thing in Reason, if you will
‘ give us your Interest.

‘ Sure, my Lord, cries the Doctor, you
‘ are not in Earnest in asking my Interest
‘ for the Colonel.

‘ Indeed I am, answer’d the Peer. Why
‘ should you doubt it?

‘ For many Reasons, answer’d the
‘ Doctor. First, I am an old Friend and
‘ Acquaintance of Mr. *Fairfield*, as your
‘ Lordship, I believe, very well knows.
‘ The little Interest, therefore, that I have,
‘ you may be assured, will go in his Fa-
‘ vour. Indeed I do not concern myself
‘ deeply in these Affairs: for I do not
‘ think it becomes my Cloth so to do.
‘ But as far as I think it decent to interest
‘ myself

‘ myself, it will certainly be on the Side
‘ of Mr. *Fairfield*. Indeed I should do
‘ so, if I was acquainted with both the
‘ Gentlemen, only by Reputation: the
‘ one being a neighbouring Gentleman,
‘ of a very large Estate, a very sober and
‘ sensible Man, of known Probity and
‘ Attachment to the true Interest of his
‘ Country. The other is a mere Stranger,
‘ a Boy, a Soldier of Fortune, and as far
‘ as I can discern from the little Conversa-
‘ tion I have had with him, of a very
‘ shallow Capacity, and no Education.

‘ No Education! my dear Friend, cries
‘ the Nobleman. Why he hath been
‘ educated in half the Courts of *Europe*.

‘ Perhaps so, my Lord, answer’d the
‘ Doctor; but I shall always be so great
‘ a Pedant as to call a Man of no Learn-
‘ ing, a Man of no Education.—
‘ And from my own Knowledge, I can
‘ aver, that I am persuaded there is scarce
‘ a Foot Soldier in the Army who is more
‘ illiterate than the Colonel.

‘ Why as to Latin and Greek, you
‘ know, replied the Lord, they are not
‘ much requir’d in the Army.

‘ It

‘ It may be so, said the Doctor. Then
‘ let such Persons keep to their own Pro-
‘ fession. It is a very low civil Capacity
‘ indeed for which an illiterate Man can
‘ be qualified. And to speak a plain
‘ Truth, if your Lordship is a Friend
‘ to the Colonel, you would do well to
‘ advise him to decline an Attempt, in
‘ which I am certain he hath no Proba-
‘ bility of Success.

‘ Well, Sir, said the Lord, if you are
‘ resolv’d against us, I must deal as freely
‘ with you, and tell you plainly I cannot
‘ serve you in your Affair. Nay it will
‘ be the best Thing I can do, to hold
‘ my Tongue: for if I should mention
‘ his Name with your Recommendation
‘ after what you have said, he would per-
‘ haps never get provided for as long as
‘ he lives.

‘ Is his own Merit then, my Lord, no
‘ Recommendation? cries the Doctor.

‘ My dear, dear Sir, cries the other—
‘ What is the Merit of a Subaltern Of-
‘ ficer?

‘ Surely, my Lord, cries the Doctor,
‘ it is the Merit which should recommend
‘ him to the Post of a Subaltern Officer.
‘ And it is a Merit which will hereafter
‘ qualify him to serve his Country in a
‘ higher Capacity. And I do assure you
‘ of this young Man, that he hath not
‘ only a good Heart, but a good Head
‘ too. And I have been told by those
‘ who are Judges, that he is for his Age
‘ an excellent Officer.

‘ Very probably! cries my Lord—
‘ And there are Abundance with the same
‘ Merit, and the same Qualifications, who
‘ want a Morsel of Bread for themselves
‘ and their Families.

‘ It is an infamous Scandal on the Na-
‘ tion, cries the Doctor; and I am heartily
‘ sorry it can be said even with a Colour
‘ of Truth.

‘ How can it be otherwise? says the Peer.
‘ Do you think it is possible to provide
‘ for all Men of Merit?

‘ Yes, surely do I, said the Doctor. And
‘ very easily too.

‘ How

‘ How pray ?——cries the Lord——
 ‘ Upon my Word I shall be glad to know.

‘ Only by not providing for those of
 ‘ none——The Men of Merit in any
 ‘ Capacity are not I am afraid so extreme-
 ‘ ly numerous, that we need starve any
 ‘ of them, unless we wickedly suffer a
 ‘ Set of worthless Fellows to eat their
 ‘ Bread.

‘ This is all mere *Utopia*, cries his
 ‘ Lordship. The Chimerical System of
 ‘ *Plato’s* Commonwealth with which we
 ‘ amused ourselves at the University;
 ‘ Politics which are inconsistent with the
 ‘ State of Human Affairs.

‘ Sure, my Lord, cries the Doctor, we
 ‘ have read of States where such Doctrines
 ‘ have been put in Practice. What is
 ‘ your Lordship’s Opinion of *Rome* in
 ‘ the earlier Ages of the Commonwealth,
 ‘ of *Sparta*, and even of *Athens* itself, in
 ‘ some Periods of its History ?

‘ Indeed, Doctor, cries the Lord, all
 ‘ these Notions are obsolete and long since
 ‘ exploded. To apply Maxims of Go-
 ‘ vernment

• vernment drawn from the *Greek* and
• *Roman* Histories, to this Nation, is ab-
• surd and impossible. But if you will
• have *Roman* Examples, fetch them from
• Times like our own. Do you not know,
• Doctor, that this is as corrupt a Nation
• as ever existed under the Sun? And
• would you think of governing such a
• People by the strict Principles of Ho-
• nesty and Morality?

• If it be so corrupt, said the Doctor,
• I think it is high Time to amend it. Or
• else it is easy to foresee the Consequence:
• for Corruption in the Body Politic as
• naturally tends to Dissolution as in the
• Natural Body.

• I thank you for your Simile, cries my
• Lord: for in the Natural Body, I be-
• lieve, you will allow there is the Season
• of Youth, the Season of Manhood, and
• the Season of Old Age; and that,
• when the last of these arrives, it will
• be an impossible Attempt by all the
• Means of Art to restore the Body again
• to its Youth, or to the Vigour of its
• middle Age. The same Periods hap-
• pen to every great Kingdom. In its
• Youth it rises by Arts and Arms to
• Power

‘ Power and Prosperity. This it enjoys
‘ and flourishes with a while ; and then it
‘ may be said to be in the Vigour of its
‘ Age, enrich’d at home with all the
‘ Emoluments and Blessings of Peace,
‘ and formidable abroad with all the Ter-
‘ rors of War. At length this very
‘ Prosperity introduces Corruption ; and
‘ then comes on its old Age. Virtue
‘ and Learning, Art and Industry, decay
‘ by Degrees. The People sink into
‘ Sloth and Luxury, and Prostitution.
‘ It is enervated at home, becomes con-
‘ temptible abroad ; and such indeed is
‘ its Misery and Wretchedness, that it re-
‘ sembles a Man in the last decrepid Stage
‘ of Life, who looks with Unconcern at
‘ his approaching Dissolution.

‘ This is a melancholy Picture indeed,’
cries the Doctor ; ‘ and if the latter Part
‘ of it can be applied to our Case, I see
‘ nothing but Religion which should pre-
‘ vent a Man of Spirit from hanging him-
‘ self out of the Way of so wretched a
‘ Contemplation.’

‘ Why so ?’ said the Peer ; ‘ Why hang
‘ himself, Doctor ? Would it not be wiser,
‘ think you, to make the best of your
‘ Time,

‘ Time, and the most you can in such a Nation?’

‘ And is Religion then to be really laid out of the Question?’ cries the Doctor.

‘ If I am to speak my own Opinion, Sir,’ answered the Peer, ‘ you know I shall answer in the Negative.—But you are too well acquainted with the World to be told, that the Conduct of Politicians is not formed upon the Principles of Religion.’

‘ I am very sorry for it,’ cries the Doctor; ‘ but I will talk to them then of Honour and Honesty: This is a Language which I hope they will at least pretend to understand. Now to deny a Man the Preferment which he merits, and to give it to another Man who doth not merit it, is a manifest Act of Injustice; and is consequently inconsistent with both Honour and Honesty. Nor is it only an Act of Injustice to the Man himself, but to the Public, for whose Good principally all public Offices are, or ought to be instituted. Now this Good can never be completed, nor obtained, but by employing all Persons according to their
‘ Ca-

Capacities. Wherever true Merit is liable to be superseded by Favour and Partiality, and Men are intrusted with Offices, without any Regard to Capacity or Integrity, the Affairs of that State will always be in a deplorable Situation. Such, as *Livy* tells us, was the State of *Capua*, a little before its final Destruction; and the Consequence your Lordship well knows. But, my Lord, there is another Mischief which attends this Kind of Injustice, and that is, it hath a manifest Tendency to destroy all Virtue and all Ability among the People, by taking away all that Encouragement and Incentive, which should promote Emulation, and raise Men to aim at excelling in any Art, Science, or Profession. Nor can any Thing, my Lord, contribute more to render a Nation contemptible among its Neighbours; for what Opinion can other Countries have of the Councils, or what Terror can they conceive of the Arms of such a People? And it was owing singly, perhaps, to the avoiding this Error, that *Oliver Cromwell* carried the Reputation of *England* higher than it ever was at any other Time. I will add only one Argument more, and that is founded on the most narrow and selfish System of Politics; and this is,

‘ that such a Conduct is sure to create
 ‘ universal Discontent and Grumbling at
 ‘ home: For nothing can bring Men to
 ‘ rest satisfied, when they see others pre-
 ‘ ferred to them, but an Opinion that they
 ‘ deserve that Elevation; for as one of the
 ‘ greatest Men this Country ever produced,
 ‘ observes,

‘ *One worthless Man that gains what he
 ‘ pretends,*

‘ *Disgusts a thousand unpretending Friends.*’

‘ With what Heartburnings then must any
 ‘ Nation see themselves obliged to contribute
 ‘ to the Support of a Set of Men, of whose In-
 ‘ capacity to serve them they are well appriz-
 ‘ ed, and who do their Country a double Dis-
 ‘ kindness; by being themselves employ-
 ‘ ed in Posts to which they are unequal, and
 ‘ by keeping others out of those Employ-
 ‘ ments, for which they are qualified!’

‘ And do you really think, Doctor,’
 cries the Nobleman, ‘ that any Minister
 ‘ could support himself in this Country
 ‘ upon such Principles as you recommend?
 ‘ Do you think he would be able to baffle
 ‘ an Opposition, unless he should oblige
 ‘ his Friends by conferring Places often,
 ‘ contrary to his own Inclinations, and his
 ‘ own Opinion?’

‘ Yes,

' Yes, really do I,' cries the Doctor.
 ' Indeed if a Minister is resolved to make
 ' good his Confession in the Liturgy, by
 ' leaving undone all those Things which
 ' he ought to have done, and by doing all
 ' those Things which he ought not to have
 ' done: Such a Minister, I grant, will be
 ' obliged to baffle Opposition, as you are
 ' pleased to term it; for as *Shakespeare*
 ' somewhere says,

' *Things ill begun strengthen themselves by*
 ' *Ill.*'

' But if, on the contrary, he will please
 ' to consider the true Interest of his
 ' Country, and that only in great and na-
 ' tional Points; if he will engage his
 ' Country in neither Alliances or Quarrels,
 ' but where it is really interested; if
 ' he will raise no Money but what is
 ' wanted; nor employ any civil or mili-
 ' tary Officers but what are useful; and
 ' place in these Employments Men of the
 ' highest Integrity, and of the greatest A-
 ' bilities; if he will employ some few of
 ' his Hours to advance our Trade, and
 ' some few more to regulate our domestic
 ' Government: If he would do this, my
 ' Lord, I will answer for it he shall have
 ' no Opposition to baffle. Such a Minister
 ' may, in the Language of the Law, put
 ' himself

‘ himself on his Country when he pleases
‘ and he shall come off with Honour and
‘ Applause.’

‘ And do you really believe, Doctor,
cries the Peer, ‘ there ever was such a Mi-
‘ nister, or ever will be?’

‘ Why not, my Lord?’ answered the
Doctor. ‘ It requires no very extraordi-
‘ nary Parts, nor any extraordinary De-
‘ gree of Virtue. He need practise no
‘ great Instances of Self-denial. He shall
‘ have Power, and Honour, and Riches,
‘ and perhaps all in a much greater Degree
‘ than he can ever acquire, by pursuing
‘ a contrary System. He shall have more
‘ of each, and much more of Safety.’

‘ Pray, Doctor,’ said my Lord, ‘ let
‘ me ask you one simple Question. Do you
‘ really believe any Man upon Earth was
‘ ever a Rogue out of Choice?’

‘ Really, my Lord,’ says the Doctor,
‘ I am ashamed to answer in the Affirma-
‘ tive; and yet I am afraid Experience
‘ would almost justify me if I should.
‘ Perhaps the Opinion of the World may
‘ sometimes mislead Men to think those
‘ Measures necessary, which in reality are
‘ not

not so. Or the Truth may be, that a Man of good Inclinations finds his Office filled with such Corruption by the Iniquity of his Predecessors, that he may despair of being capable of purging it; and so sits down contented, as *Augeas* did with the Filth of his Stables, not because he thought them the better, or that such Filth was really necessary to a Stable; but that he despaired of sufficient Force to cleanse them.

‘ I will ask you one Question more, and I have done,’ said the Nobleman. ‘ Do you imagine that if any Minister was really as good as you would have him, that the People in general would believe that he was so?’

‘ Truly, my Lord,’ said the Doctor, ‘ I think they may be justified in not believing too hastily. But I beg Leave to answer your Lordship’s Question by another. Doth your Lordship believe that the People of *Greenland*, when they see the Light of the Sun, and feel his Warmth, after so long a Season of Cold and Darkness, will really be persuaded that he shines upon them?’

My

My Lord smiled at the Conceit; and then the Doctor took an Opportunity to renew his Suit, to which his Lordship answered he would promise nothing, and could give him no Hopes of Success: 'But you may be assured,' said he with a leering Countenance, 'I shall do him all the Service in my Power.' A Language which the Doctor well understood, and soon after took a civil, but not a very ceremonial Leave.

C H A P. III.

The History of Mr. Trent.

WE will now return to Mr. *Booth* and his Wife. The former had spent his Time very uneasily, ever since he had discovered what sort of Man he was indebted to; but lest he should forget it, Mr. *Trent* thought now proper to remind him, in the following Letter, which he read the next Morning after he had put off the Appointment.

'S I R,

'I am sorry the Necessity of my Affairs
'obliges me to mention that small Sum
'which I had the Honour to lend you the
'other

other Night at Play; and which I shall
be much obliged to you, if you will let
me have some time either to Day, or To-
morrow. I am,

S I R,

Your most obedient,

most humble Servant,

Geo. Trent.

This Letter a little surprized *Booth*, after
the genteel, and indeed, as it appeared,
generous Behaviour of *Trent*. But lest it
should have the same Effect upon the
Reader, we will now proceed to account for
this, as well as for some other Phænomena
that have appeared in this History, and
which perhaps we shall be forgiven, for not
having opened more largely before.

Mr. *Trent* then was a Gentleman, possi-
bly of a good Family; for it was not cer-
tain whence he sprung on the Father's Side.
His Mother, who was the only Parent he
ever knew or heard of, was a single Gen-
tlewoman, and for some Time carried on
the Trade of a Milliner in *Covent-Garden*.
She sent her Son, at the Age of eight Years
old, to a Charity-School, where he remain-
ed 'till he was of the Age of fourteen,
withou.

without making any great Proficiency in Learning. Indeed it is not very probable he should; for the Master who, in Preference to a very learned and proper Man, was chosen by a Party into this School, the Salary of which was upwards of 100*l.* a Year, had himself never travelled through the *Latin* Grammar, and was in Truth a most consummate Blockhead.

At the Age of fifteen Mr. *Trent* was put Clerk to an Attorney, where he remained a very short Time before he took Leave of his Master; rather, indeed, departed without taking Leave; and having broke open his Mother's Escritore, and carried off with him all the valuable Effects he there found, to the Amount of about fifty Pound, he marched off to Sea, and went on Board a Merchantman, whence he was afterwards pressed into a Man of War.

In this Service he continued above three Years; during which Time he behaved so ill in his moral Character, that he twice underwent a very severe Discipline for Thefts in which he was detected; but at the same Time, he behaved so well as a Sailor in an Engagement with some Pirates, that he wiped off all former Scores,
and

and greatly recommended himself to his Captain.

At his return home, he being then about twenty Years of Age, he found that the Attorney had in his Absence married his Mother, had buried her, and secured all her Effects, to the Amount, as he was inform'd, of about fifteen hundred Pound. *Trent* applied to his Step-Father, but to no Purpose; the Attorney utterly disowned him, nor would he suffer him to come a second Time within his Doors.

It happened that the Attorney had, by a former Wife, an only Daughter, a great Favourite, who was about the same Age with *Trent* himself; and had, during his Residence at her Father's House, taken a very great Liking to this young Fellow, who was extremely handsome, and perfectly well made. This her Liking was not, during his Absence, so far extinguished, but that it immediately revived on his return. Of this she took Care to give Mr. *Trent* proper Intimation; for she was not one of those backward and delicate Ladies, who can die rather than make the first Overture. *Trent* was overjoyed at this, and with Reason; for she was a very lovely
Girl

Girl in her Person, the only Child of a rich Father; and the Prospect of so complete a Revenge on the Attorney charmed him above all the rest. To be as short in the Matter as the Parties, a Marriage was soon consummated between them.

The Attorney at first raged and was implacable; but at last Fondness for his Daughter so far overcame Resentment, that he advanced a Sum of Money to buy his Son-in-Law (for now he acknowledged him as such) an Ensign's Commission in a marching Regiment then ordered to *Gibraltar*; at which Place the Attorney heartily hoped that *Trent* might be knocked on the Head: for in that Case he thought he might marry his Daughter more agreeably to his own Ambition, and to her Advantage.

The Regiment into which *Trent* purchased, was the same with that in which *Booth* likewise served; the one being an Ensign, and the other a Lieutenant in the two additional Companies.

Trent had no Blemish in his military Capacity. Though he had had but an indifferent Education, he was naturally sensible

sible and genteel, and Nature, as we have said, had given him a very agreeable Person. He was likewise a very bold Fellow, and as he really behaved himself every way well enough, while he was at *Gibraltar*, there was some Degree of Intimacy between him and *Booth*.

When the Siege was over, and the additional Companies were again reduced, *Trent* returned to his Wife, who received him with great Joy and Affection. Soon after this an Accident happened, which proved the utter Ruin of his Father-in-Law, and ended in breaking his Heart. This was nothing but making a Mistake pretty common at this Day, of writing another Man's Name to a Deed instead of his own. In truth, this Matter was no less than what the Law calls Forgery, and was just then made capital by an Act of Parliament. From this Offence indeed the Attorney was acquitted by not admitting the Proof of the Party who was to avoid his own Deed, by his Evidence; and therefore no Witness, according to those excellent Rules, called the Law of Evidence; a Law very excellently calculated for the Preservation of the Lives of his Majesty's

Majesty's roguish Subjects, and most notably used for that Purpose.

But tho' by common Law the Attorney was honourably acquitted; yet as common Sense manifested to every one that he was guilty, he unhappily lost his Reputation, and of Consequence his Business; the Chagrin of which latter soon put an End to his Life.

This Prosecution had been attended with a very great Expence; for besides the ordinary Costs of avoiding the Gallows by the Help of the Law, there was a very high Article of no less than a thousand Pounds paid down to remove out of the Way a Witness, against whom there was no legal Exception. The poor Gentleman had besides suffered some Losses in Business; so that to the Surprise of all his Acquaintance, when his Debts were paid there remained no more than a small Estate of fourscore Pounds a Year, which he settled upon his Daughter, far out of the Reach of her Husband, and about two hundred Pounds in Money.

The old Gentleman had not long been in his Grave, before *Trent* set himself to consider seriously of the State of his Affairs.

airs. He had lately begun to look on his Wife with a much less Degree of liking and Desire than formerly ; for he was one of those who think too much of one thing is good for nothing. Indeed he had indulged these Speculations so far, that I believe his Wife, though one of the prettiest Women in Town, was the last Subject that he would have chose for any amorous Dalliance.

Many other Persons however, greatly differed from him in this Opinion. Amongst the rest was the illustrious Peer of amorous Memory. This noble Peer having therefore got a View of Mrs. *Trent* one Day in the Street, did, by Means of an Emissary then with him, make himself acquainted with her Lodging, to which he immediately laid Siege in Form, setting himself down in a Lodging directly opposite to her, from whence the Battery of Ogles began to play the very next Morning.

This Siege had not continued long before the Governor of the Garrison became sufficiently apprised of all the Works which were carrying on, and having well reconnoitred the Enemy, and discovered who

he was, notwithstanding a false Name, and some Disguise of his Person, he called a Council of War within his own Breast. In Fact, to drop all Allegory, he began to consider whether his Wife was not really a more valuable Possession than he had lately thought her. In short, as he had been disappointed in her Fortune, he now conceived some Hopes of turning her Beauty itself into a Fortune.

Without communicating these Views to her, he soon scraped an Acquaintance with his opposite Neighbour by the Name which he there usurped, and counterfeited an entire Ignorance of his real Name and Title. On this Occasion *Trent* had his Disguise likewise, for he affected the utmost Simplicity; of which Affectation, as he was a very artful Fellow, he was extremely capable.

The Peer fell plumb into this Snare; and when, by the Simplicity, as he imagined, of the Husband he became acquainted with the Wife, he was so extravagantly charmed with her Person, that he resolved, whatever was the Cost or the Consequence, he would possess her.

His

His Lordship, however, preserved some Caution in his Management of this Affair; more, perhaps, than was necessary. As for the Husband, none was requisite; for he knew all he could; and with regard to the Wife herself, as she had, for some Time, perceived the Decrease of her Husband's Affection, (for few Women are, I believe, to be imposed upon in that Matter) she was not displeas'd to find the Return of all that Complaisance and Endearment, of those Looks and Languishments from another agreeable Person which she had formerly received from *Trent*, and which she now found she should receive from him no longer.

My Lord, therefore, having been indulg'd with as much Opportunity as he could wish from *Trent*, and having received rather more Encouragement than he could well have hop'd from the Lady, began to prepare all Matters for a Storm, when luckily Mr. *Trent* declaring he must go out of Town for two Days, he fix'd on the first Day of his Departure as the Time of carrying his Design into Execution.

And now, after some Debate with himself in what Manner he should approach

his Love, he at last determined to do it in his own Person; for he conceived, and perhaps very rightly, that the Lady, like *Semele*, was not void of Ambition, and would have preferred *Jupiter* in all his Glory to the same Deity in the Disguise of an humble Shepherd. He dressed himself therefore in the richest Embroidery of which he was Master, and appeared before his Mistress array'd in all the Brightness of Peerage. A Sight whose Charms she had not the Power to resist, and the Consequences are only to be imagined. In short, the same Scene which *Jupiter* acted with his abovementioned Mistress of old, was more than beginning, when *Trent* burst from the Closet into which he had convey'd himself, and unkindly interrupted the Action.

His Lordship presently run to his Sword; but *Trent*, with great Calmness, answered, that as it was very well known he durst fight, he should not draw his Sword on this Occasion: 'For sure,' says he, 'my Lord, it would be the highest Imprudence in me to kill a Man who is now become so considerably my Debtor.' At which Words he fetched a Person from the Closet, who had been confined with him,

with him, telling him he had done his Business, and might now, if he pleased, retire.

It would be tedious here to amuse the Reader with all that passed on the present Occasion; the Rage and Confusion of the Wife, or the Perplexity in which my Lord was involved. We will omit therefore all such Matters, and proceed directly to Business, as *Trent* and his Lordship did soon after. And in the Conclusion, my Lord stipulated to pay a good round Sum, and to provide Mr. *Trent* with a good Place on the first Opportunity.

On the Side of Mr. *Trent* were stipulated absolute Remission of all past, and full Indulgence for the Time to come.

Trent now immediately took a House at the polite End of the Town, furnished it elegantly, set up his Equipage, rigged out both himself and his Wife with very handsome Cloaths, frequented all publick Places where he could get Admission, pushed himself into Acquaintance, and his Wife soon afterwards began to keep an Assembly, or in the fashionable Phrase, to be at home once a Week; when, by my

Lord's Assistance, she was presently visited by most Men of the first Rank, and by all such Women of Fashion as are not very nice in their Company.

My Lord's Amour with this Lady lasted not long; for as we have before observed, he was the most inconstant of all human Race. Mrs. *Trent's* Passion was not however of that Kind which leads to any very deep Resentment of such Fickleness. Her Passion indeed was principally founded upon Interest; so that Foundation served to support another Superstructure; and she was easily prevailed upon, as well as her Husband, to be useful to my Lord in a Capacity, which, though very often exerted in the polite World, hath not, as yet, to my great Surprise, acquired any polite Name, or indeed any which is not too coarse to be admitted in this History.

After this Preface, which we thought necessary to account for a Character of which some of my Country and Collegiate Readers might possibly doubt the Existence, I shall proceed to what more immediately regards Mrs. *Booth*. The Reader may be pleased to remember that Mr. *Trent* was present at the Assembly to
2 which

which *Booth* and his Wife were carried by Mrs *James*, and where *Amelia* was met by the noble Peer.

His Lordship seeing there that *Booth* and *Trent* were old Acquaintance, failed not, to use the Language of Sportsmen, to put *Trent* on upon the Scent of *Amelia*. For this Purpose that Gentleman visited *Booth* the very next Day, and had pursued him close ever since. By his Means therefore my Lord learn'd that *Amelia* was to be at the Masquerade, to which Place she was dogg'd by *Trent* in a Sailor's Jacket, who meeting my Lord according to Agreement, at the Entrance of the Opera-House, like the Four-legged Gentlemen of the same Vocation, made a dead Point, as it is called, at the Game.

My Lord was so satisfied and delighted with his Conversation at the Masquerade with the supposed *Amelia*, and the Encouragement which in reality she had given him, that when he saw *Trent* the next Morning, he embraced him with great Fondness, gave him a Bank Note of 100*l.* and promised him both the *Indies* on his Success, of which he began now to have no manner of Doubt.

The Affair that happened at the Gaming Table, was likewise a Scheme of *Trent's*, on a Hint given by my Lord to him to endeavour to lead *Booth* into some Scrape or Distress, his Lordship promising to pay whatever Expence *Trent* might be led into by such Means. Upon his Lordship's Credit therefore the Money lent to *Booth* was really advanced. And hence arose all that seeming Generosity, and Indifference as to the Payment. *Trent* being satisfied with the Obligation conferred on *Booth*, by Means of which he hoped to effect his Purpose.

But now the Scene was totally changed; for Mrs. *Akinson*, the Morning after the Quarrel, beginning seriously to recollect that she had carried the Matter rather too far, and might really injure *Amelia's* Reputation, a Thought to which the warm Pursuit of her own Interest had a good deal blinded her at the Time, resolved to visit my Lord himself, and to let him into the whole Story; for, as she had succeeded already in her favourite Point, she thought she had no Reason to fear any Consequence of the Discovery. This Resolution she immediately executed.

Trent

Trent came to attend his Lordship just after Mrs. *Atkinson* had left him. He found the Peer in a very ill Humour, and brought no News to comfort or recruit his Spirits; for he had himself just received a Billet from *Booth*, with an Excuse for himself and his Wife, from accepting the Invitation at *Trent's* House that Evening, where Matters had been previously concerted for their Entertainment; and when his Lordship was by Accident to drop into the Room where *Amelia* was, while *Booth* was to be engaged at Play in another.

And now after much Debate, and after *Trent* had acquainted my Lord with the wretched Situation of *Booth's* Circumstances, it was resolved, that *Trent* should immediately demand his Money of *Booth*, and upon his not paying it, for they both concluded it impossible he should pay it, to put the Note which *Trent* had for the Money, in Suit against him by the genteel Means of paying it away to a nominal third Person; and this they both conceived must end immediately in the Ruin of *Booth*, and consequently in the Conquest of *Amelia*.

In this Project, and with this Hope, both my Lord and his Setter, or (if the Sportsmen please) Setting-Dog, both greatly exulted, and it was next Morning executed, as we have already seen.

C H A P. IV.

Containing some Distress.

TRENT's Letter drove *Booth* almost to Madness. To be indebted to such a Fellow, at any rate, had stuck much in his Stomach, and had given him very great Uneasiness; but to answer this Demand in any other Manner, than by paying the Money, was absolutely what he could not bear. Again, to pay this Money he very plainly saw there was but one Way; and this was by stripping his Wife not only of every Farthing, but almost of every Rag she had in the World; a Thought so dreadful, that it chilled his very Soul with Horror; and yet Pride at last seemed to represent this as the lesser Evil of the two.

But how to do this was still a Question. It was not sure, at least he feared it was not, that *Amelia* herself would readily consent

sent to this; and so far from persuading her to such a Measure, he could not bear even to propose it. At length his Determination was to acquaint his Wife with the whole Affair, and to ask her Consent by way of asking her Advice; for he was well assured she could find no other Means of extricating him out of his Dilemma. This he accordingly did, representing the Affair as bad as he could; though indeed it was impossible for him to aggravate the real Truth.

Amelia heard him patiently without once interrupting him. When he had finished, she remained silent some Time: Indeed the Shock she received from this Story, almost deprived her of the Power of Speaking. At last she answered: ‘ Well, my Dear, you ask my Advice; I certainly can give you no other than that the Money must be paid.’

‘ But how must it be paid?’ cries he.
‘ Oh Heavens! thou sweetest Creature, what not once upbraid me for bringing this Ruin on thee!’

‘ Upbraid you, my Dear!’ said she—
‘ Would to Heaven I could prevent your

upbraiding yourself. But do not despair. I will endeavour by some Means or other to get you the Money.'

'Alas! my dear Love,' cries *Booth*, 'I know the only Way by which you can raise it. How can I consent to that? Do you forget the Fears you so lately expressed of what would be our wretched Condition, when our little All was mouldered away?—O, my *Amelia*, they cut my very Heart-strings, when you spoke then; for I had then lost this little All. Indeed I assure you I have not played since, nor ever will more.'

'Keep that Resolution,' said she, 'my Dear, and I hope we shall yet recover the Past'——At which Words casting her Eyes on the Children, the Tears burst from her Eyes, and she cry'd——'Heaven will, I hope, provide for us.'

A pathetic Scene now ensued between the Husband and Wife, which would not perhaps please many Readers to see drawn at too full a Length. It is sufficient to say, that this excellent Woman not only used her utmost Endeavours to stifle and conceal her own Concern, but said, and did

every Thing in her Power to allay that of her Husband.

Booth was at this Time to meet a Person whom we have formerly mentioned in the Course of our History. This Gentleman had a Place in the War-Office, and pretended to be a Man of great Interest and Consequence; by which Means he did not only receive great Respect and Court from the inferiour Officers, but actually bubbled several of their Money, by undertaking to do them Services which, in reality, were not within his Power. In Truth, I have known few great Men who have not been beset with one or more such Fellows as these, through whom the inferiour Part of Mankind are obliged to make their Court to the great Men themselves; by which Means, I believe principally, Persons of real Merit have been often deterred from the Attempt; for these subaltern Coxcombs ever assume an equal State with their Masters, and look for an equal Degree of Respect to be paid to them; to which Men of Spirit, who are in every Light their Betters, are not easily brought to submit. These Fellows indeed themselves have a jealous Eye towards all great Abilities, and are sure, to the utmost

of their Power, to keep all who are so endowed, from the Presence of their Masters. They use their Masters, as bad Ministers have sometimes used a Prince; they keep all Men of Merit from his Ears, and daily sacrifice his true Honour and Interest to their own Profit, and their own Vanity.

As soon as *Booth* was gone to his Appointment with this Man, *Amelia* immediately betook herself to her Business with the highest Resolution. She packed up not only her own little Trinkets, and those of the Children, but the greatest Part of her own poor Cloaths, (for she was but barely provided) and then drove in a Hackney-Coach to the same Pawnbroker's, who had before been recommended to her by Mrs. *Atkinson*. This worthy Person offered to lend her so very little on her Goods, (not the fourth Part of their Value) that she was not able to raise the Sum she wanted.

This dejected the poor Woman to the lowest Degree in the World, and she now determined to sell them outright; but unfortunately she knew not to what Market to carry them. In this Distress, it luckily occurred to her Mind that her Husband had told her there was no kind of Information

mation whatsoever, which was not to be had at the Universal Register-Office. Thither she immediately drove, and was there recommended to a Person, who not only advanced her the Money she desired, but at a much less Interest than the Pawnbroker would have insisted on.

Being now provided with her Sum she returned well pleased home; and her Husband coming in soon after, she with much Cheerfulness delivered him all the Money.

Booth was so overjoyed with the Prospect of discharging his Debt to *Trent*, that he did not perfectly reflect on the Distress to which his Family was now reduced. The good Humour which appeared in the Countenance of *Amelia*, was perhaps another Help to stifle those Reflexions; but above all were the Assurances he had received from the great Man, whom he had met at a Coffee-House, and who had promised to do him all the Service in his Power; which several halfpay subaltern Officers assured him was very considerable.

With this comfortable News he acquainted his Wife, who either was, or seemed to be extremely well pleased with it.

it. And now he set out with the Money in his Pocket to pay his Friend *Trent*, who unluckily for him happened not to be at home.

On his return home he met his old Friend the Lieutenant, who thankfully paid him his Crown, and insisted on his going with him and taking Part of a Bottle. This Invitation was so eager and pressing, that poor *Booth*, who could not resist much Importunity, complied.

While they were over this Bottle, *Booth* acquainted his Friend with the Promises he had received that Afternoon at the Coffee-House, with which the old Gentleman was very well pleased: 'For I have heard,' says he, 'that Gentleman hath very powerful Interest;' but he informed him likewise, that he had heard that the great Man must be touched; for that he never did any Thing without touching. Of this, indeed, the great Man himself had given some oblique Hints, by saying, with great Sagacity and Slyness, that he knew where fifty Pound might be deposited to much Advantage.

Booth

Booth answered that he would very readily advance a small Sum, if he had it in his Power, but that at present it was not so; for that he had no more in the World than the Sum of fifty Pounds, which he owed *Trent*, and which he intended to pay him the next Morning.

‘ It is very right undoubtedly to pay your Debts,’ says the old Gentleman; ‘ but sure, on such an Occasion, any Man but the rankest Usurer would be contented to stay a little While for his Money; and it will be only a little While I am convinced: For if you deposite this Sum in the great Man’s Hands, I make no Doubt but you will succeed immediately in getting your Commission; and then I will help you to a Method of taking up such a Sum as this.’ The old Gentleman persisted in this Advice, and backed it with every Argument he could invent; declaring, as was indeed true, that he gave the same Advice which he would pursue, was the Case his own.

Booth long rejected the Opinion of his Friend; ’till, as they had not argued with dry Lips, he became heated with Wine, and

and then at last the old Gentleman succeeded. Indeed, such was his Love either for *Booth*, or for his own Opinion, and perhaps for both, that he omitted nothing in his Power. He even endeavoured to palliate the Character of *Trent*, and unsaid half what he had before said of that Gentleman. In the End he undertook to make *Trent* easy, and to go to him the very next Morning for that Purpose.

Poor *Booth* at last yielded, though with the utmost Difficulty. Indeed had he known quite as much of *Trent* as the Reader doth, no Motive whatsoever would have prevailed on him to have taken the old Gentleman's Advice.

CHAP. V.

Containing more Wormwood, and other Ingredients.

IN the Morning *Booth* communicated the Matter to *Amelia*, who told him she would not presume to advise him in an Affair, of which he was so much the better Judge.

While

While *Booth* remained in a doubtful State what Conduct to pursue, *Williams* came to make him a Visit, and informed him that he had been at *Trent's* House, but found him not at home; adding, that he would pay him a second Visit that very Day, and would not rest 'till he found him.

Booth was ashamed to confess his wavering Resolution, in an Affair in which he had been so troublesome to his Friend; he therefore dressed himself immediately, and together they both went to wait on the little great Man, to whom *Booth* now hoped to pay his Court in the most effectual Manner.

Williams had been longer acquainted with the modern Methods of Business than *Booth*; he advised his Friend therefore to begin with tipping (as it is called) the great Man's Servant. He did so, and by that Means got speedy Access to the Master.

The great Man received the Money, not as a Gudgeon doth a Bait, but as a Pike receives a poor Gudgeon into his Maw. To say the Truth, such Fellows as these
may

may well be likened to that voracious Fish, who fattens himself by devouring all the little Inhabitants of the River. As soon as the great Man had pocketed the Cash, he shook *Booth* by the Hand, and told him he would be sure to slip no Opportunity of serving him, and would send him Word as soon as any offered.

Here I shall stop one Moment, and so perhaps will my goodnatured Reader; for surely it must be a hard Heart which is not affected, with reflecting on the Manner in which this poor little Sum was raised, and on the Manner in which it was bestowed. A worthy Family, the Wife and Children of a Man who had lost his Blood abroad in the Service of his Country, parting with their little all, and exposed to Cold and Hunger, to pamper such a Fellow as this.

And if any such Reader, as I mention, should happen to be in reality a great Man, and in Power, perhaps the Horrour of this Picture may induce him to put a final End to this abominable Practice of touching, as it is called; by which indeed a Set of Leaches are permitted to suck the Blood of the Brave and the Indigent; of the Widow and the Orphan. *Booth*

Booth now returned home, where he found his Wife with Mrs. *James*. *Amelia* had, before the Arrival of her Husband, absolutely refused Mrs. *James's* Invitation to Dinner the next Day; but when *Booth* came in, the Lady renewed her Application, and that in so pressing a Manner, that *Booth* seconded her; for tho' he had enough of Jealousy in his Temper; yet such was his Friendship to the Colonel, and such his Gratitude to the Obligations which he had received from him, that his own Unwillingness to believe any Thing of him, cooperating with *Amelia's* Endeavours to put every Thing in the fairest Light, had brought him to acquit his Friend of any ill Design. To this perhaps the late Affair concerning my Lord had moreover contributed: For it seems to me, that the same Passion cannot much energize on two different Objects at one and the same Time: an Observation which I believe will hold as true, with regard to the cruel Passions of Jealousy and Anger, as to the gentle Passion of Love, in which one great and mighty Object is sure to engage the whole Passion.

When

When *Booth* grew importunate, *Amelia* answered, ‘ My Dear, I should not refuse
‘ you whatever was in my Power; but
‘ this is absolutely out of my Power; for
‘ since I must declare the Truth, I cannot
‘ dress myself.

‘ Why so?’ said Mrs. *James*, ‘ I am
‘ sure you are very well.’

‘ Is there no other Impediment to Dress-
‘ ing but Health, Madam?’ answered *A-*
melia.

‘ Upon my Word none that I know of,’
replied Mrs. *James*.

‘ What do you think of want of Cloaths,
‘ Madam?’ said *Amelia*.

‘ Ridiculous!’ cried Mrs. *James*. ‘ What
‘ need have you to dress yourself out?—
‘ You will see no Body but our own Fa-
‘ mily, and I promise (you I don’t expect
‘ it.—A plain Night-Gown will do very
‘ well.’

‘ But if I must be plain with you, Ma-
‘ dam, said *Amelia*, I have no other Cloaths
‘ but

‘ but what I have now on my Back.—
‘ I have not even a clean Shift in the
‘ World: for you must know, my Dear,
‘ said she to *Booth*, that little *Betty* is
‘ walk’d off this Morning, and hath
‘ carried all my Linen with her.

‘ How, my Dear, cries *Booth*, little
‘ *Betty* robb’d you!

‘ It is even so, answer’d *Amelia*. Indeed
‘ she spoke Truth; for little *Betty* having
‘ perceiv’d the Evening before that her
‘ Mistress was moving her Goods, was
‘ willing to lend all the Assistance in her
‘ Power, and had accordingly mov’d off
‘ early that Morning, taking with her
‘ whatever she could lay her Hands on.

Booth expressed himself with some
Passion on the Occasion, and swore he
would make an Example of the Girl. ‘ If
‘ the little Slut be above Ground, cried
‘ he, I will find her out and bring her to
‘ Justice.

‘ I am really sorry for this Accident, said
‘ Mrs. *James*, and (tho’ I know not how to
‘ mention it) I beg you’ll give me Leave to
‘ offer

‘ offer you any Linen of mine, ’till you
‘ can make new of your own.

Amelia thank’d Mrs. *James*, but declin’d the Favour, saying she should do well enough at home; and that as she had no Servant now to take Care of her Children, she could not, nor would not leave them on any Account.

‘ Then bring Master and Miss with you,
‘ said Mrs. *James*. You shall positively
‘ dine with us To-morrow.

‘ I beg, Madam, you will mention it
‘ no more, said *Amelia*; for besides the
‘ substantial Reasons I have already given,
‘ I have some Things on my Mind at
‘ present which make me unfit for Com-
‘ pany; and I am resolv’d nothing shall
‘ prevail on me to stir from home.

Mrs. *James* had carried her Invitation already to the very utmost Limits of Good-Breeding, if not beyond them. She desisted therefore from going any further, and after some short Stay longer took her Leave, with many Expressions of Concern, which however great as it was left her Heart and her Mouth together, before she was out of the House.

Booth

Booth now declar'd that he would go in Pursuit of little *Betty*, against whom he vowed so much Vengeance, that *Amelia* endeavour'd to moderate his Anger by representing to him the Girl's Youth, and that this was the first Fault she had ever been guilty of. ' Indeed, says she, I ' should be very glad to have my Things ' again, and I would have the Girl too ' punish'd in some Degree, which might ' possibly be for her own Good; but I ' tremble to think of taking away her ' Life: for *Booth* in his Rage had sworn ' he would hang her.

' I know the Tenderness of your Heart, ' my Dear, said *Booth*, and I love you ' for it; but I must beg Leave to dissent ' from your Opinion. I do not think the ' Girl in any Light an Object of Mercy. ' She is not only guilty of Dishonesty, ' but of Cruelty: for she must know our ' Situation, and the very little we had ' left. She is besides guilty of Ingratitude ' to you, who have treated her with so ' much Kindness, that you have rather ' acted the Part of a Mother than of a ' Mistress. And so far from thinking her ' Youth an Excuse, I think it rather an ' Aggra-

Aggravation. It is true indeed there are Faults which the Youth of the Party very strongly recommends to our Pardon. Such are all those which proceed from Carelessness, and Want of Thought; but Crimes of this black Die, which are committed with Deliberation and imply a bad Mind, deserve a more severe Punishment in a young Person than in one of riper Years: for what must the Mind be in old Age which hath acquir'd such a Degree of Perfection in Villainy so very early! Such Persons as these it is really a Charity to the Public to put out of the Society; and indeed a Religious Man would put them out of the World for the Sake of themselves; for whoever understands any Thing of Human Nature must know, that such People the longer they live, the more they will accumulate Vice and Wickedness.

Well, my Dear, cries *Amelia*, I cannot argue with you on these Subjects. I shall always submit to your superior Judgment, and I know you too well to think that you will ever do any Thing cruel.

Booth

‘ Mamma, what is the Matter with poor
 ‘ Mrs. *Atkinson* ?

As soon as Mrs. *Atkinson* recover’d her
 Breath, she cried out——‘ O Mrs. *Booth*,
 ‘ I am the most miserable of Women ; I
 ‘ have lost the best of Husbands.’

Amelia looking at her with all the Ten-
 derness imaginable ; forgetting, I believe,
 that there had ever been any Quarrel be-
 tween them——said——‘ Good Heavens,
 ‘ Madam, what’s the Matter ?

‘ O Mrs. *Booth*, answer’d she, I fear I
 ‘ have lost my Husband. The Doctor
 ‘ says, there is but little Hope of his Life.
 ‘ O Madam, however I have been in the
 ‘ Wrong I am sure you will forgive me
 ‘ and pity me. I am sure I am severely
 ‘ punish’d : for to that cursed Affair I owe
 ‘ all my Misery.

‘ Indeed, Madam, cries *Amelia*, I am
 ‘ extremely concern’d for your Misfor-
 ‘ tune. But pray tell me hath any Thing
 ‘ happen’d to the Serjeant ?

‘ O Madam, cries she, I have the great-
 ‘ est Reason to fear I shall lose him. The
 ‘ Doctor

Doctor hath almost given him over.—
 ‘ He says he hath scarce any Hopes.—
 ‘ O Madam, that Evening that the fatal
 Quarrel happen’d between us, my dear
 Captain took it so to Heart, that he sat
 up all Night and drank a whole Bottle
 of Brandy.—Indeed, he said, he
 wish’d to kill himself: for nothing could
 have hurt him so much in the World,
 he said, as to have any Quarrel between
 you and me. His Concern and what
 he drank together threw him into a high
 Fever.—So that when I came home
 from my Lord’s—(for indeed, Madam,
 I have been and set all to Rights—
 Your Reputation is now in no Danger.)
 When I came home, I say, I found the
 poor Man in a raving delirious Fit, and
 in that he hath continued ever since ’till
 about an Hour ago, when he came per-
 fectly to his Senses; but now he says he
 is sure he shall die, and begs for Heaven’s
 Sake to see you first. Would you, Ma-
 dam, would you have the Goodness to
 grant my poor Captain’s Desire; consi-
 der he is a dying Man, and neither he
 nor I shall ever ask you a second Favour.
 He says he hath something to say to you
 that he can mention to no other Person,
 I 2 and

and that he cannot die in Peace unless
he sees you.

Upon my Word, Madam, cries *Amelia*, I am extremely concern'd at what you tell me. I knew the poor Serjeant from his Infancy, and always had an Affection for him, as I think him to be one of the best-natur'd and honestest Creatures upon Earth. I am sure if I could do him any Service,——but of what Use can my going be?——

Of the highest in the World, answer'd Mrs. *Atkinson*. If you knew how earnestly he entreated it, how his poor breaking Heart begged to see you, you would not refuse.——

Nay, I do not absolutely refuse, cries *Amelia*.——Something to say to me of Consequence, and that he could not die in Peace, unless he said it—Did he say that, Mrs. *Atkinson*?

Upon my Honour he did, answer'd she, and much more than I have related,

Well,

‘ Well, I will go with you,’ cries *Amelia*. ‘ I cannot guess what this should be ; but I will go.’

Mrs. Atkinson then poured out a thousand Blessings and Thanksgivings ; and taking hold of *Amelia*’s Hand, and eagerly kissing it, cried out—‘ How could that fury Passion drive me to quarrel with such a Creature ?’

Amelia told her she had forgiven and forgot it ; and then calling up the Mistress of the House, and committing to her the Care of the Children, she cloaked herself up as well as she could, and set out with *Mrs. Atkinson*.

When they arrived at the House, *Mrs. Atkinson* said she would go first and give the Captain some Notice ; for that if *Amelia* entered the Room unexpectedly, the Surprise might have an ill Effect. She left therefore *Amelia* in the Parlour, and proceeded directly up Stairs.

Poor *Atkinson*, weak and bad as was his Condition, no sooner heard that *Amelia* was come, than he discovered great Joy in his

Countenance, and presently afterwards she was introduced to him.

Atkinson exerted his utmost Strength to thank her for this Goodness to a dying Man, (for so he called himself.) He said he should not have presumed to give her this Trouble, had he not had something, which he thought of Consequence, to say to her, and which he could not mention to any other Person. He then desired his Wife to give him a little Box, of which he always kept the Key himself, and afterwards begged her to leave the Room for a few Minutes; at which neither she, nor *Amelia*, expressed any Dissatisfaction.

When he was alone with *Amelia*, he spoke as follows: 'This, Madam, is the last Time my Eyes will ever behold what——Do pardon me, Madam, I will never offend you more.'——Here he sunk down in his Bed, and the Tears gushed from his Eyes.

'Why should you fear to offend me, *Joe*,' said *Amelia*? 'I am sure you never did any Thing willingly to offend me.'

'No,

‘ No, Madam,’ answered he, ‘ I would
‘ die a thousand Times, before I would
‘ have ventured it in the smallest Matter.
‘ But——I cannot speak—and yet I must.
‘ You cannot pardon me, and yet perhaps
‘ as I am a dying Man, and never shall see
‘ you more.—Indeed, if I was to live
‘ after this Discovery, I should never dare
‘ to look you in the Face again——and
‘ yet, Madam, to think I shall never see
‘ you more is worse than ten thousand
‘ Deaths.

‘ Indeed, Mr. *Atkinson*,’ cries *Amelia*,
blushing, and looking down on the Floor,
‘ I must not hear you talk in this manner.
‘ If you have any thing to say, tell it me,
‘ and do not be afraid of my Anger; for I
‘ think I may promise to forgive whatever
‘ it was possible you should do.

‘ Here then, Madam,’ said he, ‘ is your
‘ Picture, I stole it when I was eighteen
‘ Years of Age, and have kept it ever
‘ since. It is set in Gold, with three little
‘ Diamonds; and yet I can truly say, it
‘ was not the Gold nor the Diamonds
‘ which I stole——it was that Face which,
‘ if I had been the Emperor of the World—

‘ I must not hear any more of this ;
 ‘ said she, — ‘ comfort yourself, Joe, and
 ‘ think no more of this Matter. Be as-
 ‘ sured I freely and heartily forgive you —
 ‘ But pray compose yourself ; come, let
 ‘ me call in your Wife. —

‘ First, Madam, let me beg one Fa-
 ‘ vour’ — cried he, ‘ consider it is the last,
 ‘ and then I shall die in Peace — let me
 ‘ kiss that Hand before I die.

‘ Well, nay,’ says she, ‘ I don’t know
 ‘ what I am doing — well — there — she then
 ‘ carelessly gave him her Hand, which
 ‘ he put gently to his Lips, and then
 ‘ presently let it drop and fell back in the
 ‘ Bed.’

Amelia now summoned Mrs. *Atkin-*
son, who was indeed no further off than
 just without the Door. She then hastened
 down Stairs and called for a great Glass
 of Water, which having drank off, she
 threw herself into a Chair, and the Tears
 ran plentifully from her Eyes with Com-
 passion for the poor Wretch she had just
 left in his Bed.

To say the Truth, without any Injury to her Chastity, that Heart which had stood firm as a Rock to all the Attacks of Title and Equipage, of Finery and Flattery, and which all the Treasures of the Universe could not have purchased, was yet a little softened by the plain, honest, modest, involuntary, delicate, heroic Passion of this poor and humble Swain; for whom, in spite of herself, she felt a momentary Tenderness and Complacency, at which *Booth*, if he had known it, would perhaps have been displeas'd.

Having staid some Time in the Parlour, and not finding Mrs. *Atkinson* come down, (for indeed her Husband was then so bad she could not quit him) *Amelia* left a Message with the Maid of the House for her Mistress, purposing that she should be ready to do any thing in her Power to serve her, and then left the House with a Confusion on her Mind that she had never felt before, and which any Chastity that is not hewn out of Marble must feel on so tender and delicate an Occasion.

C H A P. VII.

In which Mr. Booth meets with more than one Adventure.

BOOTH having hunted about for two Hours at last saw a young Lady in a tattered Silk Gown, stepping out of a Shop in *Monmouth-Street* into a Hackney Coach. This Lady, notwithstanding the Disguise of her Dress, he presently discovered to be no other than little *Betty*.

He instantly gave the Alarm of stop Thief, stop Coach; Upon which, Mrs. *Betty* was immediately stopt in her Vehicle, and *Booth* and his Myrmidons laid hold of her.

The Girl no sooner found that she was seized by her Master, than the Consciousness of her Guilt overpowered her; for she was not yet an experienced Offender, and she immediately confessed her Crime.

She was then carried before a Justice of Peace, where she was searched, and there was found in her Possession four Shillings and Sixpence in Money, besides the Silk
3 Gown

Gown, which was indeed proper Furniture for Rag Fair, and scarce worth a single Farthing, though the honest Shop-keeper in *Monmouth-Street* had sold it for a Crown to this simple Girl.

The Girl being examined by the Magistrate, spoke as follows: ‘ Indeed, Sir, an’t please your Worship, I am very sorry for what I have done; and to be sure, an’t please your Honour, my Lord, it must have been the Devil that put me upon it; for to be sure, please your Majesty, I never thought upon such a Thing in my whole Life before, any more than I did of my dying Day; but indeed, Sir, an’t please your Worship.—

She was running on in this Manner when the Justice interrupted her, and desir’d her to give an Account what she had taken from her Master, and what she had done with it.

‘ Indeed, an’t please your Majesty,’ said she, ‘ I took no more than two Shifts of Madam’s, and I pawned them for five Shillings, which I gave for the Gown that’s upon my Back; and as for the Money in my Pocket, it is every Farthing of it my own. I am sure I intended to

‘ carry back the Shifts too as soon as ever
 ‘ I could get Money to take them out.’

The Girl having told them where the Pawnbroker lived, the Justice sent to him, to produce the Shifts, which he presently did; for he expected that a Warrant to search his House would be the Consequence of his Refusal.

The Shifts being produced, on which the honest Pawnbroker had lent five Shillings, appeared plainly to be worth above thirty, indeed when new they had cost much more. So that by their Goodness, as well as by their Size, it was certain they could not have belonged to the Girl.

Booth grew very warm against the Pawnbroker. ‘ I hope, Sir,’ said he to the Justice, ‘ there is some Punishment for this Fellow likewise, who so plainly appears to have known that these Goods were stolen. The Shops of these Fellows may indeed be called the Fountains of Theft: For it is in reality the Encouragement which they meet with from these Receivers of their Goods that induces Men very often to become Thieves, so that these de-

serve

‘serve equal, if not severer Punishment
‘than the Thieves themselves.’

The Pawnbroker protested his Innocence. And denied the taking in the Shifts. Indeed in this he spoke Truth; for he had slipped into an inner Room, as was always his Custom on these Occasions, and left a little Boy to do the Business; by which Means he had carried on the Trade of receiving stolen Goods for many Years with Impunity, and had been twice acquitted at the *Old Baily*, though the Juggle appeared upon the most manifest Evidence.

As the Justice was going to speak he was interrupted by the Girl, who falling upon her Knees to *Booth* with many Tears, begged his Forgiveness.

‘Indeed, *Betty*,’ cries *Booth*, ‘you do
‘not deserve Forgiveness; for you know
‘very good Reasons why you should not
‘have thought of robbing your Mistress,
‘particularly at this Time. And what
‘further Aggravates your Crime is, that
‘you have robbed the best and kindest
‘Mistress in the World. Nay, you are
‘not only guilty of Felony, but of a felonious
‘Breach of Trust; for you know
‘very

‘ very well every thing your Miftrefs had,
 ‘ was intrusted to your Care.’

Now it happened by very great Accident that the Justice before whom the Girl was brought, understood the Law. Turning therefore to *Booth* he said, ‘ Do you
 ‘ say, Sir, that this Girl was intrusted with
 ‘ the Shifts ?

‘ Yes, Sir,’ said *Booth*, ‘ she was intrusted with every thing ?

‘ And will you swear that the Goods
 ‘ stolen,’ said the Justice, ‘ are worth forty
 ‘ Shillings ?

‘ No indeed, Sir, answered *Booth*, nor
 ‘ that they are worth thirty either.

‘ Then, Sir, cries the Justice, ‘ the Girl
 ‘ cannot be guilty of Felony.

‘ How, Sir,’ said *Booth*, ‘ is it not a
 ‘ Breach of Trust ? And is not a Breach of
 ‘ Trust Felony, and the worst Felony too ?

‘ No, Sir,’ answered the Justice, ‘ a
 ‘ Breach of Trust is no Crime in our Law,
 ‘ unless it be in a Servant; and then the

‘ Act

‘ Act of Parliament requires the Goods
‘ taken to be of the Value of forty Shil-
‘ lings.

‘ So then a Servant,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ may
‘ rob his Master of thirty-nine Shillings
‘ whenever he pleases, and he can’t be
‘ punished.

‘ If the Goods are under his Care, he
‘ can’t,’ cries the Justice.

‘ I ask your Pardon, Sir,’ says *Booth*.
‘ I do not doubt what you say ; but sure
‘ this is a very extraordinary Law.

‘ Perhaps I think so too,’ said the Ju-
‘ stice ; ‘ but it belongs not to my Office
‘ to make or to mend Laws. My Bu-
‘ siness is only to execute them. If there-
‘ fore the Case be as you say, I must dis-
‘ charge the Girl.

‘ I hope however, you will punish the
‘ Pawnbroker,’ cries *Booth*.

‘ If the Girl is discharged,’ cries the
‘ Justice, ‘ so must be the Pawnbroker: For
‘ if the Goods are not stolen, he cannot be
‘ guilty of receiving them, knowing them
‘ to

' to be stolen. And besides as to his Of-
 ' fence, to say the Truth, I am almost
 ' weary of prosecuting it; for such are the
 ' Difficulties laid in the Way of this Pro-
 ' ceedure, that it is almost impossible to
 ' convict any one on it. And to speak my
 ' Opinion plainly, such are the Laws, and
 ' such the Method of Proceeding, that one
 ' would almost think our Laws were ra-
 ' ther made for the Protection of Rogues,
 ' than for the Punishment of them.'

Thus ended this Examination; the
 Thief and the Receiver went about their
 Business, and *Booth* departed, in order to
 go home to his Wife.

In his Way home, *Booth* was met by a
 Lady in a Chair; who, immediately upon
 seeing him, stopt her Chair, bolted out of
 it, and going directly up to him, said:
 ' So, Mr. *Booth*, you have kept your Word:
 ' with me.'

This Lady was no other than Miss *Ma-*
thews, and the Speech she meant was of a
 Promise made to her at the Masquerade,
 of visiting her within a Day or two;
 which whether he ever intended to keep I
 cannot say, but in Truth the several Ac-

cidents that had since happened to him, had so discomposed his Mind, that he had absolutely forgot it.

Booth however was too sensible, and too well bred, to make the Excuse of Forgetfulness to a Lady; nor could he readily find any other. While he stood therefore hesitating, and looking not over wife, *Miss Matthews* said: ‘Well, Sir, since by your Confusion I see you have some Grace left, I will pardon you on one Condition, and that is, that you will sup with me this Night. But if you fail me now, expect all the Revenge of an injured Woman.’ She then bound herself by a most outrageous Oath, that she would complain to his Wife—‘And I am sure,’ says she, ‘she is so much a Woman of Honour, as to do me Justice.—And tho’ I miscarried in my first Attempt, be assured I will take Care of my second.’

Booth asked what she meant by her first Attempt; to which she answered, that she had already writ his Wife an Account of his ill Usage of her, but that she was pleased it had miscarried. She then repeated her Asseverations, that she would now do it effectually if he disappointed her. This

This Threat she reckoned would most certainly terrify poor *Booth*; and indeed she was not mistaken; for I believe it would have been impossible, by any other Menace, or by any other Means, to have brought him once even to balance in his Mind on this Question. But by this Threat she prevailed; and *Booth* promised, upon his Word and Honour, to come to her at the Hour she appointed. After which she took Leave of him with a Squeeze by the Hand; and a smiling Countenance, and walked back to her Chair.

But however she might be pleased with having obtained this Promise, *Booth* was far from being delighted with the Thoughts of having given it. He looked indeed upon the Consequences of this Meeting with Horror; but as to the Consequence which was so apparently intended by the Lady, he resolved against it. At length he came to this Determination; to go according to his Appointment, to argue the Matter with the Lady, and to convince her, if possible, that from a regard to his Honour only, he must discontinue her Acquaintance. If this failed to satisfy her, and she still persisted in her Threats to acquaint his Wife with
the

the Affair, he then resolved, whatever Pains it cost him, to communicate the whole Truth himself to *Amelia*, from whose Goodness he doubted not but to obtain an absolute Remission.

C H A P. VIII.

In which Amelia appears in a Light more amiable than gay.

WE will now return to *Amelia*, whom we left in some Perturbation of Mind departing from Mrs. *Atkinson*.

Though she had before walked through the Streets in a very improper Dress with Mrs. *Atkinson*, she was unwilling, especially as she was alone, to return in the same Manner. Indeed she was scarce able to walk in her present Condition; for the Case of poor *Atkinson* had much affected her tender Heart, and her Eyes had overflowed with many Tears.

It occurred likewise to her at present, that she had not a single Shilling in her Pocket, or at home, to provide Food for herself and her Family. In this Situation she resolved to go immediately to the Gentleman

tleman recommended to her by the Register-Office, and to deposite her Picture for what she could raise upon it. She then immediately took a Chair, and put her Design in Execution.

The intrinsic Value of the Gold, in which this Picture was set, and of the little Diamonds which surrounded it, amounted to nine Guineas. This therefore was advanced to her, and the prettiest Face in the World (such is often the Fate of Beauty) was deposited, as of no Value into the Bargain.

When she came home, she found the following Letter from Mrs. *Atkinson*.

My dearest Madam,
 As I know your Goodness, I could not delay a Moment acquainting you with the happy Turn of my Affairs since you went. The great Doctor, who before attended the Captain, having given him over, I was advised to send for a Gentleman, of whom a Friend of the Captain's gives me the greatest Character; though my Apothecary says he kills every one he comes near. This Gentleman, the Moment he came, assured me my Husband, the Captain, was on the
 re-

' recovery, and in very little Danger; and
 ' I really think he is since mended. I
 ' hope to wait on you soon with better
 ' News; for I really think the true *Ma-*
 ' *chaon*, of whom *Homer* speaks so greatly,
 ' is come to the Captain's Assistance. Hea-
 ' vens bless you, dear Madam, and believe
 ' me to be, with the utmost Sincerity,

' *Your most obliged,*

' *obedient humble Servant,*

' *Atkinson.*'

Amelia was really pleased with this Letter; and now it being past Four o'Clock, she despaired of seeing the Captain till the Evening. She therefore provided some Tarts for her Children, and then eating nothing but a Slice of Bread and Butter herself, she began to prepare for her Husband's Supper.

There were two Things of which her Husband was particularly fond, which, though it may bring the Simplicity of his Taste into great Contempt with some of my Readers, I will venture to name. These were a Fowl and Egg Sauce, and Mutton Broth; both which *Amelia* immediately purchased.

As

As soon as the Clock struck seven, the good Creature went down into the Kitchen; and began to exercise her Talents of Cookery, of which she was a great Mistress, as she was of every Œconomical Office, from the highest to the lowest; and as no Woman could outshine her in a Drawing-Room, so none could make the Drawing-Room itself shine brighter than *Amelia*. And if I may speak a bold Truth, I question whether it be possible to view this fine Creature in a more amiable Light, than while she was dressing her Husband's Supper with her little Children playing round her.

It was now half an Hour past Eight, and the Meat almost ready, the Table likewise neatly spread with Materials, borrowed from her Landlady, and she began to grow a little uneasy at *Booth's* not returning; when a sudden Knock at the Door roused her Spirits, and she cried, 'There, my Dear, there is your good Papa;' at which Words she darted swiftly up Stairs, and opened the Door to her Husband.

She desired her Husband to walk up into the Dining-Room, and she would come to him

him in an Instant; for she was desirous to encrease his Pleasure, by surprizing him with his two favourite Dishes. She then went down again to the Kitchin, where the Maid of the House undertook to send up the Supper, and she with her Children returned to *Booth*.

He then told her concisely what had happened, with relation to the Girl—To which she scarce made any Answer; but asked him if he had not dined. He assured her he had not eat a Morsel the whole Day. ‘Well,’ says she, ‘my Dear, I am a Fellow-sufferer; but we shall both enjoy our Supper the more: For I have made a little Provision for you, as I guessed what might be the Case. I have got you a Bottle of Wine too. And here is a clean Cloth and a smiling Countenance, my dear *Will*. Indeed I am in unusual good Spirits To-night, and I have made a Promise to the Children, which you must confirm; I have promised to let them sit up this one Night to Supper with us.—Nay, don’t look so serious; cast off all uneasy Thoughts—I have a Present for you here—No Matter how I came by it.’—At which Words she put eight Guineas into his Hand,

Hand, crying: 'Come, my dear *Bill*,
 ' be gay—Fortune will yet be kind to us—
 ' at least let us be happy this Night. In-
 ' deed the Pleasures of many Women,
 ' during their whole Lives, will not amount
 ' to my Happiness this Night, if you will
 ' be in good Humour.'

Booth fetched a deep Sigh, and cried—
 ' How unhappy am I, my Dear, that I
 ' can't sup with you To-night !'

As in the delightful Month of *June*, when
 the Sky is all serene, and the whole Face
 of Nature looks with a pleased and smiling
 Aspect, suddenly a dark Cloud spreads it-
 self over the Hemisphere, the Sun vanishes
 from our Sight, and every Object is ob-
 scured by a dark and horrid Gloom. So
 happened it to *Amelia*; the Joy that had en-
 lightened every Feature disappeared in a
 Moment; the Lustre forsook her shining
 Eyes; and all the little Loves, that played
 and wantoned in her Cheeks, hung their
 drooping Heads, and with a faint trem-
 bling Voice she repeated her Husband's
 Words: 'Not sup with me to Night,
 ' my Dear !'

' In-

‘ Indeed, my Dear,’ answered he, ‘ I cannot. I need not tell you how uneasy it makes me, or that I am as much disappointed as yourself; but I am engaged to sup abroad. I have absolutely given my Honour; and besides, it is on Business of Importance.’

‘ My Dear,’ said she, ‘ I say no more. I am convinced you would not willingly sup from me. I own it is a very particular Disappointment to me to Night, when I had proposed unusual Pleasure; but the same Reason which is sufficient to you, ought to be so to me.’

Booth made his Wife a Compliment on her ready Compliance, and then asked her, what she intended by giving him that Money, or how she came by it.

‘ I intend, my Dear,’ said she, ‘ to give it you; that is all. As to the Manner in which I came by it, you know, *Billy*, that is not very material. You are well assured I got it by no Means which would displease you; and perhaps another Time I may tell you.’

Booth asked no farther Questions; but he returned her, and insisted on her taking all but one Guinea, saying she was the safest Treasurer. He then promised her to make all the Haste home in his Power, and he hoped, he said, to be with her in an Hour and Half at farthest, and then took his Leave.

When he was gone, the poor disappointed *Amelia* sat down to Supper with her Children; with whose Company she was forced to console herself for the Absence of her Husband.

C H A P. IX.

A very tragic Scene.

THE Clock had struck Eleven, and *Amelia* was just proceeding to put her Children to Bed, when she heard a Knock at the Street Door. Upon which the Boy cried out, 'There's Papa, Mamma, pray let me stay and see him before I go to Bed.' This was a Favour very easily obtained; for *Amelia* instantly ran down Stairs, exulting in the Goodness of her Husband for returning so soon, though
Half

Half an Hour was already elapsed beyond the Time in which he promised to return.

Poor *Amelia* was now again disappointed ; for it was not her Husband at the Door, but a Servant with a Letter for him, which he delivered into her Hands. She immediately returned up Stairs, and said—‘ It was not your Papa, my Dear ; but I hope it is one who hath brought us some good News.’ For *Booth* had told her, that he hourly expected to receive such from the great Man, and had desired her to open any Letter which came to him in his Absence.

Amelia therefore broke open the Letter, and read as follows.

‘ S I R,

‘ After what hath past between us, I need only tell you that I know you supped this very Night alone with Miss *Mathews* : a Fact which will upbraid you sufficiently, without putting me to that Trouble ; and will very well account for my desiring the Favour of seeing you To-morrow in *Hide-Park* at Six in the Morning. You will forgive me remind-

‘ing you once more how inexcusable this
 ‘Behaviour is in you who are possessed in
 ‘your own Wife of the most inestimable
 ‘Jewel.

‘Yours, &c.

‘T. James.

‘I shall bring Pistols with me.’

It is not easy to describe the Agitation of *Amelia's* Mind when she read this Letter. She threw herself into her Chair, turned as pale as Death, began to tremble all over, and had just Power enough left to tap the Bottle of Wine, which she had hitherto preserved entire for her Husband, and to drink off a large Bumper.

The little Boy perceived the strange Symptoms which appeared in his Mother; and running to her, he cried, ‘What’s the
 ‘Matter, my dear Mamma, you don’t
 ‘look well?—No Harm hath happened to
 ‘poor Papa, I hope—Sure that bad Man
 ‘hath not carried him away again.’

Amelia answered, ‘No, Child, nothing
 ‘—nothing at all.’—And then a large
 Shower of Tears came to her Assistance; which presently after produced the same in the Eyes of both the Children.

Amelia,

Amelia, after a short Silence, looking tenderly at her Children, cry'd out, ' It is too much, too much to bear. Why did I bring these little Wretches into the World! Why were these Innocents born to such a Fate!—She then threw her Arms round them both, (for they were before embracing her Knees) and cried, ' O my Children! my Children! Forgive me, my Babes—Forgive me that I have brought you into such a World as this. You are undone—my Children are undone.'

The little Boy answered with great Spirit, ' How undone, Mamma? My Sister and I don't care a Farthing for being undone—Don't cry so upon our Accounts—we are both very well; indeed we are— But do pray tell us. I am sure some Accident hath happened to poor Papa.'

' Mention him no more,' cries *Amelia*— ' your Papa is—indeed he is a wicked Man—he cares not for any of us—O Heavens, is this the Happiness I promised myself this Evening!'—At which Words she fell into an Agony, holding both her Children in her Arms.

The Maid of the House now entered the Room, with a Letter in her Hand, which she had received from a Porter, whose Arrival the Reader will not wonder to have been unheard by *Amelia* in her present Condition.

The Maid, upon her Entrance into the Room, perceiving the Situation of *Amelia*, cried out, ‘ Good Heavens ! Madam, ‘ what’s the Matter ?’ Upon which *Amelia*, who had a little recovered herself after the last violent Vent of her Passion, started up and cried—‘ Nothing, Mrs. *Susan*—nothing ‘ extraordinary. I am subject to these ‘ Fits sometimes ; but I am very well ‘ now. Come, my dear Children, I am ‘ very well again ; indeed I am. You ‘ must now go to Bed ; Mrs. *Susan* will ‘ be so good as to put you to Bed.’

‘ But why doth not Papa love us ?’ cries the little Boy, ‘ I am sure we have ‘ none of us done any Thing to disoblige ‘ him.’

This innocent Question of the Child so stung *Amelia*, that she had the utmost Difficulty to prevent a Relapse. However she

she took another Dram of Wine; for so it might be called to her, who was the most temperate of Women, and never exceeded three Glasses on any Occasion. In this Glass she drank her Children's Health, and soon after so well soothed, and composed them, that they went quietly away with Mrs. *Susan*.

The Maid, in the Shock she had conceived at the melancholy, indeed frightful Scene, which had presented itself to her at her first coming into the Room, had quite forgot the Letter, which she held in her Hand. However, just at her Departure, she recollected it, and delivered it to *Amelia*; who was no sooner alone, than she opened it, and read as follows.

‘ *My dearest sweetest Love,*

‘ I write this from the Bailiff's House,
 ‘ where I was formerly, and to which I
 ‘ am again brought at the Suit of that
 ‘ Villain, *Trent*. I have the Misfortune
 ‘ to think I owe this Accident (I mean
 ‘ that it happened to Night) to my own
 ‘ Folly, in endeavouring to keep a Secret
 ‘ from you—O my Dear, had I had Reso-
 ‘ lution to confess my Crime to you, your
 ‘ Forgiveness would, I am convinced,

K 4

‘ have

‘ have cost me only a few Blushes, and I
‘ had now been happy in your Arms.
‘ Fool that I was to leave you on such
‘ an Account, and to add to a former
‘ Transgression a new one.—Yet by Hea-
‘ vens I mean not a Transgression of the
‘ like kind; for of that I am not, nor
‘ ever will be guilty; and when you know
‘ the true Reason of my leaving you To-
‘ night, I think you will pity, rather than
‘ upbraid me. I am sure you would, if
‘ you knew the Compunction with which
‘ I left you to go to the most worthless,
‘ the most infamous——Do guess the
‘ rest——Guess that Crime with which I
‘ cannot stain my Paper—but still believe
‘ me no more guilty than I am—or, if it
‘ will lessen your Vexation at what hath
‘ befallen me, believe me as guilty as you
‘ please, and think me, for a while at least,
‘ as undeserving of you, as I think my-
‘ self. This Paper and Pen are so bad, I
‘ question whether you can read what I
‘ write. I almost doubt whether I wish you
‘ should. Yet this I will endeavour to
‘ make as legible as I can——Be comfort-
‘ ed, my dear Love, and still keep up
‘ your Spirits with the Hopes of better
‘ Days. The Doctor will be in Town To-
‘ morrow, and I trust on his Goodness for
‘ my

‘ my Delivery once more from this Place,
 ‘ and that I shall soon be able to repay
 ‘ him. That Heaven may bless and pre-
 ‘ serve you, is the Prayer of,

‘ *My dearest Love,*

‘ *Your ever fond affectionate,*

‘ *and hereafter, faithful Husband,*

‘ W. Booth.’

Amelia pretty well guessed the obscure
 Meaning of this Letter, which though at
 another Time it might have given her un-
 speakable Torment, was at present rather
 of the medicinal Kind, and served to allay
 her Anguish. Her Anger to *Booth* too
 began a little to abate, and was softened
 by her Concern for his Misfortune. Up-
 on the whole, however, she past a mise-
 rable and sleepless Night, her gentle Mind
 torn and distracted with various and con-
 tending Passions, distressed with Doubts,
 and wandering in a kind of Twilight, which
 presented her only Objects of different De-
 grees of Horror, and where black Despair
 closed at a small Distance the gloomy
 Prospect.



A M E L I A.

B O O K XII.

C H A P. I.

The Book begins with polite History.

BEFORE we return to the miserable Couple, whom we left at the End of the last Book, we will give our Reader the more chearful View of the gay and happy Family of Colonel *James*.

Mrs. *James* when she could not, as we have seen, prevail with *Amelia* to accept that Invitation, which at the Desire of the Colonel she had so kindly and obediently carried her, returned to her Husband, and acquainted him with the ill Success of her Embassy ; at which, to say the Truth, she
was

was almost as much disappointed as the Colonel himself: for he had not taken a much stronger Liking to *Amelia*, than she herself had conceived for *Booth*. This will account for some Passages, which may have a little surpris'd the Reader in the former Chapters of this History, as we were not then at Leisure to communicate to them a Hint of this Kind: It was indeed on Mr. *Booth's* Account that she had been at the Trouble of changing her Dress at the Masquerade.

But her Passions of this Sort, happily for her, were not extremely strong; she was therefore easily baulked, and as she met with no Encouragement from *Booth*, she soon gave way to the Impetuosity of Miss *Mathews*; and from that Time scarce thought more of the Affair, 'till her Husband's Design against the Wife revived hers likewise; insomuch, that her Passion was, at this Time, certainly strong enough for *Booth*, to produce a good hearty Hatred for *Amelia*, whom she now abused to the Colonel in very gross Terms; both on the Account of her Poverty, and her Insolence: for so she termed the Refusal of all her Offers.

The Colonel seeing no Hopes of soon possessing his new Mistress, began, like a prudent and wise Man, to turn his Thoughts towards the securing his old one. From what his Wife had mentioned, concerning the Behaviour of the Shepherdess, and particularly her Preference of *Booth*, he had little Doubt but that this was the identical Miss *Mathews*. He resolved therefore to watch her closely, in hopes of discovering *Booth's* Intrigue with her. In this, besides the Remainder of Affection which he yet preserved for that Lady, he had another View, as it would give him a fair Pretence to quarrel with *Booth*; who, by carrying on this Intrigue, would have broke his Word and Honour given to him. And he began now to hate poor *Booth* heartily, from the same Reason from which Mrs. *James* had contracted her Aversion to *Amelia*.

The Colonel therefore employed an inferior kind of Pimp to watch the Lodgings of Miss *Mathews*, and to acquaint him if *Booth*, whose Person was known to the Pimp, made any Visit there.

The

The Pimp faithfully performed his Office, and having last Night made the wish'd for Discovery, immediately acquainted his Master with it.

Upon this News the Colonel presently dispatched to *Booth* the short Note which we have before seen. He sent it to his own House instead of Miss *Mathews's*, with Hopes of that very Accident which actually did happen. Not that he had any Ingredient of the Bully in him, and desired to be prevented from fighting, but with a Prospect of injuring *Booth* in the Affection and Esteem of *Amelia*, and of recommending himself somewhat to her by appearing in the Light of her Champion; for which Purpose he added that Compliment to *Amelia* in his Letter. He concluded upon the whole, that, if *Booth* himself opened the Letter, he would certainly meet him the next Morning; but if his Wife should open it before he came home, it might have the Effects before mentioned; and for his future Expostulation with *Booth*, it would not be in *Amelia's* Power to prevent it.

Now

Now it happened, that this Pimp had more Masters than one. Amongst these was the worthy Mr. *Trent*, for whom he had often done Business of the pimping Vocation. He had been employed indeed in the Service of the great Peer himself, under the Direction of the said *Trent*, and was the very Person who had assisted the said *Trent* in dogging *Booth* and his Wife to the Opera-House on Masquerade Night.

This subaltern Pimp was with his Superior *Trent* Yesterday Morning, when he found a Bailiff with him in order to receive his Instructions for the arresting *Booth*; when the Bailiff said it would be a very difficult Matter to take him; for that to his Knowledge he was as shy a Cock as any in *England*. The Subaltern immediately acquainted *Trent* with the Business in which he was employ'd by the Colonel. Upon which *Trent* enjoined him the Moment he had set him to give immediate Notice to the Bailiff; which he agreed to, and performed accordingly.

The Bailiff, on receiving the Notice, immediately set out for his Stand at an Alehouse

Alehouse within three Doors of Miss *Matthews's* Lodgings. At which, unfortunately for poor *Booth*, he arrived a very few Minutes before *Booth* left that Lady in order to return to *Amelia*.

These were several Matters, of which we thought necessary our Reader should be informed; for, besides that it conduces greatly to a perfect Understanding of all History, there is no Exercise of the Mind of a sensible Reader more pleasant than the tracing the several small and almost imperceptible Links in every Chain of Events by which all the great Actions of the World are produced. We will now in the next Chapter proceed with our History.

C H A P. II.

In which Amelia visits her Husband.

A M E L I A, after much anxious thinking, in which she sometimes flattered herself that her Husband was less guilty than she had at first imagined him, and that he had some good Excuse to make for himself; (for indeed she was not so able as willing to make one for him,) at length resolved to set out for the Bailiff's

liff's Castle. Having therefore strictly recommended the Care of her Children to her good Landlady, she sent for a Hackney Coach, and ordered the Coachman to drive to *Gray's-Inn-Lane*.

When she came to the House, and ask'd for the Captain, the Bailiff's Wife, who came to the Door, guessing by the Greatness of her Beauty, and the Disorder of her Dress, that she was a young Lady of Pleasure, answered surlily, 'Captain! I do not know of any Captain that is here, not I.' For this good Woman was, as well as Dame *Purgante* in *Prior*, a bitter Enemy to all Whores; especially to those of the handsome Kind; for some such she suspected to go Shares with her in a certain Property to which the Law gave her the sole Right.

Amelia replied, she was certain that Captain *Booth* was there. 'Well, if he is so,' cries the Bailiff's Wife, 'you may come into the Kitchen if you will——and he shall be called down to you if you have any Business with him.' At the same Time she mutter'd something to herself, and concluded a little more intelligibly, tho' still in a muttering Voice, that she kept no such House.

Amelia,

Amelia, whose Innocence gave her no Suspicion of the true Cause of this good Woman's Sullenness, was frightened, and began to fear she knew not what. At last she made a shift to totter into the Kitchin, when the Mistress of the House asked her, 'Well, Madam, who shall I tell the Captain wants to speak with him?'

'I ask your Pardon, Madam,' cries *Amelia*, 'in my Confusion I really forgot you did not know me——tell him, if you please, that I am his Wife.'

'And are you indeed his Wife, Madam,' cries Mrs. Bailiff, a little softened?

'Yes, indeed, and upon my Honour,' answers *Amelia*.

'If this be the Case,' cries the other, 'you may walk up Stairs if you please. Heaven forbid I should part Man and Wife. Indeed I think they can never be too much together. But I never will suffer any bad Doings in my House, nor any of the Town Ladies to come to Gentlemen here.'

Amelia

Amelia answered, That she liked her the better; for indeed, in her present Disposition, *Amelia* was as much exasperated against wicked Women as the virtuous Mistresses of the House, or any other virtuous Woman could be.

The Bailiff's Wife then ushered *Amelia* up Stairs, and having unlocked the Prisoners Door, cried 'Captain, here is your Lady, Sir, come to see you.' At which Words *Booth* started up from his Chair, and caught *Amelia* in his Arms, embracing her for a considerable Time with so much Rapture, that the Bailiff's Wife, who was an Eye-witness of this violent Fondness, began to suspect whether *Amelia* had really told her Truth. However she had some little Awe of the Captain, and for fear of being in the wrong did not interfere, but shut the Door and turned the Key.

When *Booth* found himself alone with his Wife, and had vented the first Violence of his Rapture in Kisses and Embraces, he looked tenderly at her, and cried, 'Is it possible, *Amelia*, is it possible you can have this Goodness to follow such a Wretch as me to such a Place as this---

' or

‘ or do you come to upbraid me with my
‘ Guilt, and to sink me down to that Per-
‘ dition I so justly deserve ?

‘ Am I so given to upbraiding then,’
says she, in a gentle Voice, ‘ have I ever
‘ given you Occasion to think I would sink
‘ you to Perdition ?

‘ Far be it from me, my Love, to think
‘ so,’ answered he. ‘ And yet you may
‘ forgive the utmost Fears of an offend-
‘ ing, penitent Sinner. I know indeed
‘ the Extent of your Goodness, and yet I
‘ know my Guilt so great——

‘ Alas! Mr. *Booth*,’ said she, ‘ What
‘ Guilt is this which you mention, and
‘ which you writ to me of last Night——
‘ Sure by your mentioning to me so much,
‘ you intend to tell me more, nay indeed
‘ to tell me all.— And not leave my Mind
‘ open to Suspicions perhaps ten times worse
‘ than the Truth.

‘ Will you give me a patient hearing?’
said he.

‘ I will indeed,’ answered she, ‘ nay I
‘ am prepared to hear the worst you can
‘ unfold ;

‘ unfold ; nay perhaps the worst is short
 ‘ of my Apprehensions.

Booth then, after a little further Apology, began and related to her the whole that had pass’d between him and Miss *Mathews*, from their first Meeting in the Prison to their Separation the preceding Evening. All which, as the Reader knows it already, it would be tedious and unpardonable to transcribe from his Mouth. He told her likewise all that he had done and suffered, to conceal his Transgression from her Knowledge. This he assured her was the Business of his Visit last Night, the Consequence of which was, he declared in the most solemn Manner, no other than an absolute Quarrel with Miss *Mathews*, of whom he had taken a final Leave.

When he had ended his Narration, *Amelia*, after a short Silence, answered,——
 ‘ Indeed, I firmly believe every Word
 ‘ you have said —— but I cannot now for-
 ‘ give you the Fault you have confessed—
 ‘ and my Reason is — because I have for-
 ‘ given it long ago. Here, my Dear,’ said she, ‘ is an Instance that I am likewise capable of keeping a Secret.’ —— She then delivered her Husband a Letter which she
 had

had some Time ago received from Miss *Matthews*, and which was the same which that *Lady* had mentioned, and supposed, as *Booth* had never heard of it, that it had miscarried; for she sent it by the Penny-Post. In this Letter, which was sign'd by a feigned Name, she had acquainted *Amelia* with the Infidelity of her Husband, and had besides very greatly abused him; taxing him with many Falshoods; and, among the rest, with having spoken very slightly and disrespectfully of his Wife.

Amelia never shin'd forth to *Booth* in so amiable and great a Light; nor did his own Unworthiness ever appear to him so mean and contemptible, as at this Instant. However when he had read the Letter, he uttered many violent Protestations to her, that all which related to herself was absolutely false.

' I am convinced it is,' said she. ' I
' would not have a Suspicion of the con-
' trary for the World. I assure you I had,
' 'till last Night revived it in my Memo-
' ry, almost forgot the Letter; for as I
' well knew from whom it came, by her
' mentioning Obligations which she had
' conferred on you, and which you had
' more

‘ more than once spoken to me of: I
‘ made large Allowances for the Situation
‘ you was then in; and I was the more
‘ satisfied, as the Letter itself, as well as
‘ many other Circumstances, convinced me
‘ the Affair was at an End.’

Booth now utter'd the most extravagant Expressions of Admiration and Fondness that his Heart could dictate, and accompanied them with the warmest Embraces. All which Warmth and Tenderness she return'd; and Tears of Love and Joy gush'd from both their Eyes. So ravish'd indeed were their Hearts, that for some Time they both forgot the dreadful Situation of their Affairs.

This however was but a short Reverie. It soon recurr'd to *Amelia* that tho' she had the Liberty of leaving that House when she pleas'd, she could not take her beloved Husband with her. This Thought stung her tender Bosom to the Quick, and she could not so far command herself, as to refrain from many sorrowful Exclamations against the Hardship of their Destiny; but when she saw the Effect they had upon *Booth*, she stifled her rising Grief, forced a little Cheerfulness into her Countenance, and

and exerting all the Spirits she could raise within herself, expressed her Hopes of seeing a speedy End to their Sufferings. She then ask'd her Husband what she should do for him, and to whom she should apply for his Deliverance.

‘ You know, my Dear, cries *Booth*, that
‘ the Doctor is to be in Town some Time
‘ to Day. My Hopes of immediate Re-
‘ demption are only in him; and if that
‘ can be obtain’d, I make no Doubt but
‘ of the Success of that Affair which is in the
‘ Hands of a Gentleman who hath faithfully
‘ promised to serve me, and in whose Power
‘ I am so well assured it is to succeed.

Thus did this poor Man support his Hopes by a Dependence on that Ticket which he had so dearly purchased of one who pretended to manage the Wheels in the Great State Lottery of Preferment. A Lottery indeed which hath this to recommend it, that many poor Wretches feed their Imaginations with the Prospect of a Prize during their whole Lives, and never discover they have drawn a Blank.

Amelia, who was of a pretty sanguine Temper, and was entirely ignorant of
3 these

these Matters, was full as easy to be deceived into Hopes as her Husband; but in Reality at present she turn'd her Eyes to no distant Prospect; the Desire of regaining her Husband's Liberty having engrossed her whole Mind.

While they were discoursing on these Matters, they heard a violent Noise in the House, and immediately after several Persons passed by their Door up Stairs to the Apartment over their Head. This greatly terrified the gentle Spirit of *Amelia*, and she cried——‘ Good Heavens, my
‘ Dear, must I leave you in this horrid
‘ Place? I am terrified with a thousand
‘ Fears concerning you.’

Booth endeavoured to comfort her, saying, that he was in no Manner of Danger, and that he doubted not but that the Doctor would soon be with him.—‘ And stay,
‘ my Dear,’ cries he, ‘ now I recollect,
‘ suppose you should apply to my old
‘ Friend *James*; for I believe you are
‘ pretty well satisfied, that your Appre-
‘ hensions of him were groundless. I have
‘ no Reason to think but that he would be
‘ as ready to serve me as formerly.’

Amelia

Amelia turned pale as Ashes at the Name of *James*, and instead of making a direct Answer to her Husband, she laid hold of him, and cried, ‘ My Dear, I
‘ have one Favour to beg of you, and I
‘ insist on your granting it me.

Booth readily swore he would deny her nothing.

It is only this, my Dear, said she, that if that detested Colonel comes, you will not see him. Let the People of the House tell him you are not here.

He knows nothing of my being here, answer’d *Booth*; ‘ but why should I refuse
‘ to see him, if he should be kind enough
‘ to come hither to me? Indeed, my
‘ *Amelia*, you have taken a Dislike to that
‘ Man without sufficient Reason.

‘ I speak not upon that Account, cries
‘ *Amelia*; but I have had Dreams last
‘ Night about you two. Perhaps you
‘ will laugh at my Folly; but pray in-
‘ dulse it. Nay I insist on your Promise
‘ of not denying me.

‘ Dreams! my dear Creature, answer’d
 ‘ he. What Dream can you have had
 ‘ of us?’

‘ One too horrible to be mention’d, re-
 ‘ ply’d she.——I cannot think of it
 ‘ without Horror, and unless you will
 ‘ promise me not to see the Colonel ’till
 ‘ I return, I positively will never leave
 ‘ you.

‘ Indeed, my *Amelia*, said *Booth*, I ne-
 ‘ ver knew you unreasonable before.
 ‘ How can a Woman of your Sense talk
 ‘ of Dreams?’

‘ Suffer me to be once at least unrea-
 ‘ sonable, said *Amelia*; as you are so good-
 ‘ natur’d to say I am not often so. Con-
 ‘ sider, what I have lately suffer’d, and
 ‘ how weak my Spirits must be at this
 ‘ Time.

As *Booth* was going to speak, the Bailiff
 without any Ceremony enter’d the Room;
 and cried, ‘ No Offence, I hope, Madam,
 ‘ my Wife, it seems, did not know you.
 ‘ She thought the Captain had a Mind
 ‘ for a Bit of Flesh by the Bye. But
 ‘ I have

‘ I have quieted all Matters : for I
‘ know you very well ; I have seen that
‘ handsome Face many a Time, when I
‘ have been waiting upon the Captain for-
‘ merly. No Offence, I hope, Madam ;
‘ but if my Wife was as handsome as you
‘ are—I should not look for worse Goods
‘ abroad.

Booth conceived some Displeasure at this
Speech ; but he did not think proper to
expres more than a Pish.—And then
ask’d the Bailiff what was the Meaning of
the Noise they heard just now.

‘ I know of no Noise, answer’d the
‘ Bailiff. Some of my Men have been
‘ carrying a Piece of bad Luggage up
‘ Stairs ; a poor Rascal that resisted the
‘ Law and Justice ; so I gave him a Cut
‘ or two with a Hanger. If they should
‘ prove mortal, he must thank himself
‘ for it. If a Man will not behave like a
‘ Gentleman to an Officer, he must take
‘ the Consequence ; but I must say that
‘ for you, Captain, you behave yourself
‘ like a Gentleman ; and therefore I shall
‘ always use you as such ; and I hope you
‘ will find Bail soon with all my Heart.
‘ This is but a paultry Sum to what the

‘ last was ; and I do assure you, there is
 ‘ nothing else against you in the Office.’

The latter Part of the Bailiff’s Speech somewhat comforted *Amelia*, who had been a little frightned by the former ; and she soon after took Leave of her Husband, to go in Quest of the Doctor, who, as *Amelia* had heard that Morning, was expected in Town that very Day, which was somewhat sooner than he had intended at his Departure.

Before she went, however, she left a strict Charge with the Bailiff, who usher’d her very civilly down Stairs, that if one Colonel *James* came there to enquire for her Husband, he should deny that he was there.

She then departed ; and the Bailiff immediately gave a very strict Charge to his Wife, his Maid, and his Followers, that if one Colonel *James*, or any one from him, should enquire after the Captain, that they should let him know he had the Captain above Stairs : for he doubted not but that the Colonel was one of *Booth*’s Creditors ; and he hoped for a second Bail Bond by his Means.

C H A P. III.

Containing Matter pertinent to the History.

AMELIA in her Way to the Doctor's determin'd just to stop at her own Lodgings which lay a little out of the Road, and to pay a momentary Visit to her Children.

This was fortunate enough ; for had she call'd at the Doctor's House, she would have heard nothing of him, which would have caus'd in her some Alarm and Disappointment; for the Doctor was set down at Mrs. *Atkinson's*, where he was directed to *Amelia's* Lodgings, to which he went before he call'd at his own; and here *Amelia* now found him playing with her two Children.

The Doctor had been a little surprized at not finding *Amelia* at home, or any one that could give any Account of her. He was now more surprized to see her come in in such a Dress, and at the Disorder which he very plainly perceived in her pale and melancholy Countenance. He address'd her first (for indeed she was in

no great Haste to speak) and cry'd, ' My
' dear Child, what is the Matter? where
' is your Husband? Some Mischief I am
' afraid hath happen'd to him in my Ab-
' sence.

' O, my dear Doctor, answer'd *Amelia*,
' sure some good Angel hath sent you
' hither. My poor *Will* is arrested again.
' I left him in the most miserable Con-
' dition in the very House whence your
' Goodness formerly redeem'd him.

' Arrested! cries the Doctor. Then
' it must be for some very inconsiderable
' Trifle.

' I wish it was, said *Amelia*; but it is
' for no less than 50 l.

' Then, cries the Doctor, he hath been
' disingenuous with me. He told me
' he did not owe ten Pounds in the World
' for which he was liable to be sued.

' I know not what to say, cries *Amelia*.
' Indeed I am afraid to tell you the
' Truth.

How,

‘ How, Child,’ said the Doctor——‘ I
 ‘ hope you will never disguise it to any
 ‘ one, especially to me. Any Prevarica-
 ‘ tion, I promise you, will forfeit my
 ‘ Friendship for ever.’

‘ I will tell you the whole,’ cries *Ame-
 lia*, ‘ and rely entirely on your Goodness.’
 She then related the gaming Story, not
 forgetting to set in the fullest Light, and
 to lay the strongest Emphasis on his Pro-
 mise never to play again.

The Doctor fetched a deep Sigh when
 he had heard *Amelia*’s Relation, and cried,
 ‘ I am sorry, Child, for the Share you
 ‘ are to partake in your Husband’s Suf-
 ‘ ferings; but as for him, I really think he
 ‘ deserves no Compassion. You say he
 ‘ hath promised never to play again; but
 ‘ I must tell you he hath broke his Pro-
 ‘ mise to me already: for I had heard he
 ‘ was formerly addicted to this Vice, and
 ‘ had given him sufficient Caution against
 ‘ it. You will consider, Child, I am al-
 ‘ ready pretty largely engaged for him,
 ‘ every Farthing of which I am sensible
 ‘ I must pay. You know I would go
 ‘ to the utmost Verge of Prudence to
 L 4 ‘ serve

‘ serve you ; but I must not exceed my
 ‘ Ability, which is not very great ; and I
 ‘ have several Families on my Hands,
 ‘ who are by Misfortune alone brought to
 ‘ Want. I do assure you I cannot at pre-
 ‘ sent answer for such a Sum as this, with-
 ‘ out distressing my own Circumstances.’

‘ Then Heaven have Mercy upon us
 ‘ all,’ cries *Amelia* ; ‘ for we have no other
 ‘ Friend on Earth——My Husband is un-
 ‘ done ; and these poor little Wretches must
 ‘ be starved.’

The Doctor cast his Eyes on the Chil-
 dren, and then cried——‘ I hope not so.
 ‘ I told you I must distress my Circum-
 ‘ stances, and I will distress them this
 ‘ once on your Account, and on the Ac-
 ‘ count of these poor little Babes——But
 ‘ Things must not go on any longer in
 ‘ this Way——You must take an heroic
 ‘ Resolution. I will hire a Coach for you
 ‘ To-morrow Morning, which shall carry
 ‘ you all down to my Parsonage-House.
 ‘ There you shall have my Protection, ’till
 ‘ something can be done for your Hus-
 ‘ band ; of which, to be plain with you,
 ‘ I at present see no Likelihood.’

Amelia

Amelia fell upon her Knees in an Ecstasy of Thanksgiving to the Doctor, who immediately raised her up and placed her in her Chair. She then recollected herself and said—‘ O my worthy Friend, I have
‘ still another Matter to mention to you,
‘ in which I must have both your Advice
‘ and Assistance. My Soul blushes to give
‘ you all this Trouble; but what other
‘ Friend have I——indeed what other
‘ Friend could I apply to so properly on
‘ such an Occasion?’

The Doctor, with a very kind Voice and Countenance, desired her to speak. She then said—‘ O Sir, that wicked Colonel, whom I have mentioned to you
‘ formerly, hath picked some Quarrel with
‘ my Husband, (for she did not think proper to mention the Cause) ‘ and hath sent
‘ him a Challenge. It came to my Hand
‘ last Night after he was arrested; I opened and read it.’

‘ Give it me, Child,’ said the Doctor.

She answered she had burnt it; as was indeed true. ‘ But I remember it was an

‘ Appointment to meet at Sword and
‘ Pistol this Morning at *Hide-Park*.’

‘ Make yourself easy, my dear Child,’
cries the Doctor, ‘ I will take Care to pre-
‘ vent any Mischief.’

‘ But consider, my dear Sir,’ said she,
‘ this is a tender Matter. My Husband’s
‘ Honour is to be preserved as well as his
‘ Life.’

‘ And so is his Soul, which ought to be
‘ the dearest of all Things,’ cries the
Doctor. ‘ Honour! Nonsense. Can Ho-
‘ nour dictate to him to disobey the ex-
‘ press Commands of his Maker, in Com-
‘ pliance with a Custom established by a
‘ Set of Blockheads, founded on false
‘ Principles of Virtue, in direct Oppositi-
‘ on to the plain and positive Precepts of
‘ Religion, and tending manifestly to give
‘ a Sanction to Ruffians, and to protect
‘ them in all the Ways of Impudence and
‘ Villany?’

‘ All this, I believe, is very true,’ cries
Amelia; ‘ but yet you know, Doctor, the
‘ Opinion of the World.’

‘ You

‘ You talk simply, Child,’ cries the Doctor. ‘ What is the Opinion of the World opposed to Religion and Virtue? But you are in the wrong. It is not the Opinion of the World; it is the Opinion of the Idle, Ignorant, and Profligate. It is impossible it should be the Opinion of one Man of Sense, who is in Earnest in his Belief of our Religion. Chiefly indeed it hath been upheld by the Nonsense of Women; who either from their extreme Cowardice, and Desire of Protection, or, as Mr. *Bayle* thinks, from their excessive Vanity, have been always forward to countenance a Set of Hectors and Bravoës, and to despise all Men of Modesty and Sobriety; tho’ these are often, at the Bottom, not only the better but the braver Men.’

‘ You know, Doctor,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘ I have never presumed to argue with you; your Opinion is to me always Instruction, and your Word a Law.’

‘ Indeed, Child,’ cries the Doctor, ‘ I know you are a good Woman; and yet I must observe to you, that this very Desire of feeding the Passion of female

‘ Vanity with the Heroism of her Man,
 ‘ old *Homer* seems to make the Characte-
 ‘ ristic of a bad and loose Woman. He
 ‘ introduces *Helen* upbraiding her Gallant
 ‘ with having quitted the Fight, and left
 ‘ the Victory to *Menelaus*, and seeming to
 ‘ be sorry that she had left her Husband,
 ‘ only because he was the better Duellist
 ‘ of the two; but in how different a Light
 ‘ doth he represent the tender and chaste
 ‘ Love of *Andromache* to her worthy *Hector*!
 ‘ She dissuades him from exposing himself
 ‘ to Danger, even in a just Cause. This
 ‘ is indeed a Weakness; but it is an ami-
 ‘ able one, and becoming the true femi-
 ‘ nine Character; but a Woman, who out
 ‘ of heroic Vanity (for so it is) would ha-
 ‘ zard not only the Life, but the Soul too
 ‘ of her Husband in a Duel, is a Monster,
 ‘ and ought to be painted in no other Cha-
 ‘ racter but that of a Fury.’

‘ I assure you, Doctor,’ cries *Amelia*,
 ‘ I never saw this Matter in the odious
 ‘ Light, in which you have truly repre-
 ‘ sented it, before. I am ashamed to re-
 ‘ collect what I have formerly said on this
 ‘ Subject.—And yet whilst the Opinion
 ‘ of the World is as it is, one would wish
 ‘ to comply as far as possible—especially
 ‘ as

‘ as my Husband is an Officer of the
‘ Army. If it can be done therefore with
‘ Safety to his Honour——

‘ Again Honour!’ cries the Doctor,
‘ indeed I will not suffer that noble Word
‘ to be so basely and barbarously prostit-
‘ tuted. I have known some of these
‘ Men of Honour, as they call themselves, to
‘ be the most arrant Rascals in the Universe.’

‘ Well. I ask your Pardon, said she,—Re-
‘ putation then, if you please—or any
‘ other Word you like better—you know
‘ my Meaning very well.’

‘ I do know your Meaning,’ cries the
‘ Doctor, ‘ and *Virgil* knew it a great While
‘ ago. The next Time you see your Friend
‘ Mrs. *Atkinson*, ask her what it was made
‘ *Dido* fall in Love with *Æneas*.’

‘ Nay, dear Sir,’ said *Amelia*, ‘ do not
‘ rally me so unmercifully; think where
‘ my poor Husband is now.’

‘ He is,’ answered the Doctor, ‘ where
‘ I will presently be with him. In the
‘ mean Time, do you pack up every Thing
‘ in order for your Journey To morrow;
‘ for

‘ for, if you are wise, you will not trust
 ‘ your Husband a Day longer in this
 ‘ Town—therefore to packing—’

Amelia promised she would—though indeed she wanted not any Warning for her Journey on this Account; for when she packed up herself in the Coach, she packed up her All. However she did not think proper to mention this to the Doctor; for as he was now in pretty good Humour, she did not care to venture again discomposing his Temper.

The Doctor then set out for *Gray's Inn Lane*; and, as soon as he was gone, *Amelia* began to consider of her Incapacity to take a Journey in her present Situation, without even a clean Shift. At last she resolved, as she was possessed of seven Guineas and a Half, to go to her Friend and redeem some of her own and her Husband's Linen out of Captivity; indeed just so much, as would render it barely possible for them to go out of Town with any kind of Decency.' And this Resolution she immediately executed.

As soon as she had finished her Business with the Pawnbroker, (if a Man who lends
 under

under thirty *per Cent.* deserves that Name) he said to her, ‘ Pray, Madam, did you know that Man who was here Yesterday, when you brought the Picture?’ *Amelia* answered in the Negative. ‘ Indeed, Madam,’ said the Broker, ‘ he knows you, though he did not recollect you while you was here, as your Hood was drawn over your Face; but the Moment you was gone, he begged to look at the Picture, which I thinking no Harm permitted. He had scarce looked upon it, when he cried out—By Heaven and Earth it is her Picture. He then asked me if I knew you—Indeed, says I, I never saw the Lady before.’

In this last Particular, however, the Pawnbroker a little favoured of his Profession, and made a small Deviation from the Truth: for when the Man had asked him if he knew the Lady, he answered she was some poor undone Woman, who had pawned all her Cloaths to him the Day before; and I suppose, says he, this Picture is the last of her Goods and Chattels. This Hint we thought proper to give the Reader, as it may chance to be material.

Amelia answered coldly, that she had taken

taken so very little Notice of the Man, that she scarce remembered he was there,

‘ I assure you, Madam,’ says the Pawnbroker, ‘ he hath taken very great Notice of you; for the Man changed Countenance upon what I said, and presently after begged me to give him a Dram. Oho! thinks I to myself, are you thereabouts? I would not be so much in Love with some Folks, as some People are, for more Interest than I shall ever make of a thousand Pound.’

Amelia blushed, and said with some Peevishness that she knew nothing of the Man; but supposed he was some impertinent Fellow or other.

‘ Nay, Madam,’ answered the Pawnbroker, ‘ I assure you he is not worthy your regard. He is a poor Wretch, and I believe I am possessed of most of his Moveables. However I hope you are not offended; for indeed he said no Harm; but he was very strangely disordered, that is the Truth of it.’

Amelia was very desirous of putting an End to this Conversation, and altogether

as eager to return to her Children; she therefore bundled up her Things as fast as she could, and calling for a Hackney-Coach directed the Coachman to her Lodgings, and bid him drive her Home with all the Haste he could.

C H A P. IV.

In which Dr. Harrison visits Colonel James.

THE Doctor, when he left *Amelia*, intended to go directly to *Booth*; but he presently changed his Mind and determined first to call on the Colonel, as he thought it was proper to put an End to that Matter, before he gave *Booth* his Liberty.

The Doctor found the two Colonels, *James* and *Bath*, together. They both received him very civilly; for *James* was a very well bred Man; and *Bath* always shewed a particular Respect to the Clergy, he being indeed a perfect good Christian, except in the Articles of Fighting and Swearing.

Our Divine sat some time without mentioning the Subject of his Errand, in Hopes
that

that *Bath* would go away; but when he found no Likelihood of that, (for indeed *Bath* was of the two much the most pleased with his Company) he told *James* that he had something to say to him relating to Mr. *Booth*, which he believed he might speak before his Brother.

‘ Undoubtedly, Sir,’ said *James*; ‘ for there can be no Secrets between us which my Brother may not hear.’

‘ I come then to you, Sir,’ said the Doctor, ‘ from the most unhappy Woman in the World, to whose Afflictions you have very greatly and very cruelly added, by sending a Challenge to her Husband, which hath very luckily fallen into her Hands; for had the Man, for whom you designed it, received it, I am afraid you would not have seen me upon this Occasion.’

‘ If I writ such a Letter to Mr. *Booth*, Sir,’ said *James*, ‘ you may be assured I did not expect this Visit in answer to it.’

‘ I do not think you did,’ cries the Doctor; ‘ but you have great Reason to thank Heaven for ordering this Matter
‘ con-

' contrary to your Expectations. I know
 ' not what Trifle may have drawn this
 ' Challenge from you; but after what I
 ' have some Reason to know of you, Sir,
 ' I must plainly tell you, that if you had
 ' added to your Guilt already committed
 ' against this Man that of having his
 ' Blood upon your Hands, your Soul
 ' would have become as black as Hell
 ' itself.

' Give me leave to say,' cries the Colo-
 nel, ' this is a Language which I am not
 ' used to hear; and if your Cloth was not
 ' your Protection, you should not give
 ' it me with Impunity. After what you
 ' know of me, Sir! What do you presume
 ' to know of me to my Disadvantage?

' You say my Cloth is my Protection, Colo-
 nel, answered the Doctor, therefore pray lay
 ' aside your Anger; I do not come with any
 ' Design of affronting or offending you. —

' Very well,' cries *Bath*, ' that Decla-
 ' ration is sufficient from a Clergyman,
 ' let him say what he pleases.

' Indeed, Sir,' says the Doctor, very
 mildly, ' I consult equally the Good of
 ' you

‘ you both, and, in a spiritual Sense, more
‘ especially yours ; for you know you have
‘ injured this poor Man.

‘ So far on the contrary, cries *James*, that
‘ I have been his greatest Benefactor ; I scorn
‘ to upbraid him ; but you force me to it.
‘ Nor have I ever done him the least
‘ Injury.

‘ Perhaps not,’ said the Doctor ; ‘ I will
‘ alter what I have said.—But for this
‘ I apply to your Honour—Have you
‘ not intended him an Injury, the very
‘ Intention of which cancels every Obliga-
‘ tion ?

‘ How, Sir,’ answered the Colonel—
‘ What do you mean ?

‘ My Meaning,’ replied the Doctor, ‘ is
‘ almost too tender to mention.—Come,
‘ Colonel, examine your own Heart ; and
‘ then answer me on your Honour, if you
‘ have not intended to do him the highest
‘ Wrong which one Man can do another.

‘ I do not know what you mean by the
‘ Question,’ answered the Colonel.

‘ D—n

‘ D——n me, the Question is very transparent,’ cries *Bath*. ‘ From any other Man it would be an Affront with the strongest Emphasis, but from one of the Doctor’s Cloth it demands a categorical Answer.

‘ I am not a Papist, Sir,’ answered Colonel *James*, ‘ nor am I obliged to confess to my Priest. But if you have any thing to say, speak openly—for I do not understand your Meaning.

‘ I have explained my Meaning to you already,’ said the Doctor, ‘ in a Letter I wrote to you on the Subject—a Subject which I am sorry I should have any Occasion to write upon to a Christian.

‘ I do remember now,’ cries the Colonel, ‘ that I received a very impertinent Letter something like a Sermon, against Adultery ; but I did not expect to hear the Author own it to my Face.

‘ That brave Man then, Sir,’ answered the Doctor, ‘ stands before you who dares own he wrote that Letter, and dares affirm too, that it was writ on a just and
‘ strong

‘strong Foundation. But if the Hardness
‘of your Heart could prevail on you to
‘treat my good Intention with Contempt
‘and Scorn, what pray could induce you to
‘shew it, nay to give it Mr. *Booth*? What
‘Motive could you have for that, unless
‘you meant to insult him, and to provoke
‘your Rival to give you that Opportunity
‘of putting him out of the World, which
‘you have since wickedly sought by your
‘Challenge?’

‘I give him the Letter!’ said the Co-
‘lonel.

‘Yes, Sir, answered the Doctor, he shew-
‘ed me the Letter, and affirmed that you
‘gave it him at the Masquerade.

‘He is a lying Rascal then,’ said the
‘Colonel very passionately. ‘I scarce took
‘the Trouble of reading the Letter, and
‘lost it out of my Pocket.

Here *Bath* interfered, and explain’d this
Affair in the Manner in which it happen’d,
and with which the Reader is already ac-
quainted. He concluded by great Eulo-
giums on the Performance, and declared
it was one of the most enthusiastic (mean-
ing

ing perhaps ecclesiastic) Letters that ever was written. 'And d——n me,' says he, 'if I do not respect the Author with the utmost Emphasis of thinking.'

The Doctor now recollected what had passed with *Booth*, and perceived he had made a Mistake of one Colonel for another. This he presently acknowledged to Colonel *James*, and said that the Mistake had been his and not *Booth's*.

Bath now collected all his Gravity, and Dignity, as he called it, into his Countenance, and addressing himself to *James*, said——'And was that Letter writ to you, Brother?——I hope you never deserved any Suspicion of this Kind.'

'Brother,' cries *James*, 'I am accountable to myself for my Actions, and shall not render an Account either to you, or to that Gentleman.'

'As to me, Brother,' answered *Bath*, 'you say right; but I think this Gentleman may call you to an Account; nay I think it is his Duty so to do. And let me tell you, Brother, there is ONE much greater than he to whom you must give

‘ give an Account. Mrs. *Booth* is really
 ‘ a fine Woman, a Lady of most impe-
 ‘ rious and majestick Prefence. I have
 ‘ heard you often say, that you liked her ;
 ‘ and if you have quarrelled with her
 ‘ Husband upon this Account, by all the
 ‘ Dignity of Man, I think you ought to
 ‘ ask his Pardon.

‘ Indeed, Brother,’ cries *James*, ‘ I can
 ‘ bear this no longer——you will make me
 ‘ angry presently.

‘ Angry ! Brother *James*,’ cries *Bath*——
 ‘ angry !—I love you, Brother, and have
 ‘ Obligations to you. I will say no more
 ‘ —— but I hope you know I do not fear
 ‘ making any Man angry.

James answered, he knew it well ; and
 then the Doctor apprehending that while
 he was stopping up one Breach, he should
 make another, presently interfered and
 turned the Discourse back to *Booth*. ‘ You
 ‘ tell me, Sir,’ said he to *James*, ‘ that
 ‘ my Gown is my Protection ; let it then
 ‘ at least protect me where I have had no
 ‘ Design in offending ; where I have con-
 ‘ sulted your highest Welfare, as in truth
 ‘ I did in writing this Letter. And if you
 ‘ did

' did not in the least deserve any such
 ' Suspicion, still you have no Cause
 ' for Resentment. Caution against Sin,
 ' even to the Innocent, can never be un-
 ' wholesome. But this I assure you, what-
 ' ever Anger you have to me, you can
 ' have none to poor *Booth*, who was en-
 ' tirely ignorant of my writing to you,
 ' and who, I am certain, never entertain'd
 ' the least Suspicion of you; on the con-
 ' trary, reveres you with the highest E-
 ' steem, and Love and Gratitude. Let
 ' me therefore reconcile all Matters be-
 ' tween you, and bring you together be-
 ' fore he hath even heard of this Chal-
 ' lenge.

' Brother,' cries *Bath*, ' I hope I shall
 ' not make you angry—I lie when I
 ' say so; for I am indifferent to any Man's
 ' Anger—Let me be an Accessary to
 ' what the Doctor hath said. I think I
 ' may be trusted with Matters of this
 ' Nature, and it is a little unkind that if
 ' you intended to send a Challenge you
 ' did not make me the Bearer. But in-
 ' deed, as to what appears to me, this
 ' Matter may be very well made up; and
 ' as Mr. *Booth* doth not know of the
 ' Challenge, I don't see why he ever
 ' should,

‘ should, any more than your giving him
 ‘ the lie just now ; but that he shall never
 ‘ have from me, nor I believe from this
 ‘ Gentleman ; for indeed if he should, it
 ‘ would be incumbent upon him to cut
 ‘ your Throat.

‘ Lookee, Doctor,’ said *James*, ‘ I do
 ‘ not deserve the unkind Suspicion you
 ‘ just now threw out against me. I never
 ‘ thirsted after any Man’s Blood, and as
 ‘ for what hath passed, since this Discov-
 ‘ ery hath happened, I may perhaps not
 ‘ think it worth my while to trouble my-
 ‘ self any more about it.’

The Doctor was not contented with
 perhaps, he insisted on a firm Promise,
 to be bound with the Colonel’s Honour.
 This at length he obtained, and then de-
 parted well satisfied.

In Fact, the Colonel was ashamed to
 avow the real Cause of the Quarrel to
 this good Man, or indeed to his Brother
Bath, who would not only have con-
 demned him equally with the Doctor, but
 would possibly have quarrelled with him on
 his Sister’s Account, whom, as the Reader
 must have observed, he loved above all
 things ;

things ; and in plain Truth, though the Colonel was a brave Man, and dared to fight, yet he was altogether as willing to let it alone ; and this made him now and then give a little Way to the Wrongheadedness of Colonel *Bath*, who, with all the other Principles of Honour and Humanity made no more of cutting the Throat of a Man upon any of his Punctilio's than a Butcher doth of killing Sheep.

C H A P. V.

What passed at the Bailiff's House.

THE Doctor now set forwards to his Friend *Booth*, and as he past by the Door of his Attorney in the Way, he called upon him, and took him with him.

The Meeting between him and *Booth* need not be expatiated on. The Doctor was really angry, and tho' he deferred his Lecture to a more proper Opportunity, yet as he was no Dissembler (indeed he was incapable of any Disguise) he could not put on a Show of that Heartiness with which he had formerly used to receive his Friend.

Booth at last began himself in the following Manner. ‘ Doctor, I am really
 ‘ ashamed to see you ; and if you knew
 ‘ the Confusion of my Soul on this Oc-
 ‘ casion, I am sure you would pity rather
 ‘ than upbraid me——And yet I can say
 ‘ with great Sincerity, I rejoice in this
 ‘ last Instance of my Shame, since I am
 ‘ like to reap the most solid Advantage
 ‘ from it.’ The Doctor stared at this, and
Booth thus proceeded : ‘ Since I have been
 ‘ in this wretched Place, I have employ’d
 ‘ my Time almost entirely in reading over
 ‘ a Series of Sermons, which are contained
 ‘ in that Book,’ (meaning Dr. *Barrow*’s
 Works, which then lay on the Table be-
 fore him,) ‘ in Proof of the Christian Reli-
 ‘ gion, and so good an Effect have they
 ‘ had upon me, that I shall, I believe,
 ‘ be the better Man for them as long as I
 ‘ live. I have not a Doubt, (for I own I
 ‘ have had such) which remains now un-
 ‘ satisfied.—If ever an Angel might be
 ‘ thought to guide the Pen of a Writer,
 ‘ surely the Pen of that great and good
 ‘ Man had such an Assistant.’ The Doc-
 tor readily concurred in the Praises of
 Dr. *Barrow*, and added——‘ You say you
 ‘ have had your Doubts, young Gentle-
 ‘ man,

‘ man, indeed I did not know that—
‘ And pray, what were your Doubts?
‘ Whatever they were, Sir,’ said *Booth*,
‘ they are now satisfied, as I believe those of
‘ every impartial and sensible Reader will be,
‘ if he will, with due Attention, read over
‘ these excellent Sermons. Very well,’ an-
‘ swer’d the Doctor, ‘ tho’ I have conversed,
‘ I find, with a false Brother hitherto, I am
‘ glad you are reconciled to Truth at last,
‘ and I hope your future Faith will have
‘ some Influence on your future Life. I
‘ need not tell you, Sir,’ replied *Booth*,
‘ that will always be the Case, where Faith
‘ is sincere, as I assure you mine is. In-
‘ deed I never was a rash Disbeliever; my
‘ chief Doubt was founded on this, that
‘ as Men appeared to me to act entirely
‘ from their Passions, their Actions could
‘ have neither Merit nor Demerit. A very
‘ worthy Conclusion truly,’ cries the Doc-
‘ tor; ‘ but if Men act, as I believe they
‘ do, from their Passions, it would be
‘ fair to conclude that Religion to be true
‘ which applies immediately to the strongest
‘ of these Passions; Hope and Fear, chusing
‘ rather to rely on its Rewards and Pu-
‘ nishments, than on that native Beauty
‘ of Virtue which some of the antient Phi-
‘ losophers thought proper to recommend

‘ to their Disciples.—But we will defer
 ‘ this Discouffe till another Opportunity ;
 ‘ at present, as the Devil hath thought
 ‘ proper to fet you free, I will try if I can
 ‘ prevail on the Bailiff to do the same.

The Doctor had really not so much
 Money in Town as *Booth's* Debt amounted
 to, and therefore though he would o-
 therwise very willingly have paid it, he
 was forced to give Bail to the Action.
 For which Purpose, as the Bailiff was a
 Man of great Form, he was obliged to
 get another Person to be bound with him.
 This Person, however, the Attorney un-
 dertook to procure, and immediately set
 out in quest of him.

During his Absence the Bailiff came in-
 to the Room, and addressing himself to
 the Doctor, said, ‘ I think, Sir, your Name
 ‘ is *Dr. Harrison.*’ The Doctor immediately
 acknowledged his Name. Indeed the Bai-
 liff had seen it to a Bail-Bond before.
 ‘ Why then, Sir, said the Bailiff, there is a
 ‘ Man above in a dying Condition, that
 ‘ desires the Favour of speaking to you ;
 ‘ I believe he wants you to pray by
 ‘ him.’

The

The Bailiff himself was not more ready to execute his Office on all Occasions for his Fee, than the Doctor was to execute his for nothing. Without making any further Enquiry therefore into the Condition of the Man, he immediately went up Stairs.

As soon as the Bailiff returned down Stairs, which was immediately after he had lodged the Doctor in the Room, *Booth* had the Curiosity to ask him who this Man was. ‘Why I don’t know much of him,’ said the Bailiff, ‘I had him once in Custody before now, I remember it was when your Honour was here last; and now I remember too, he said then he knew your Honour very well. Indeed I had some Opinion of him at that Time; for he spent his Money very much like a Gentleman; but I have discovered since, that he is a poor Fellow, and worth nothing. He is a mere shy Cock. I have had the Stuff about me this Week, and could never get at him till this Morning; nay, I don’t believe we should ever have found out his Lodgings, had it not been for the Attorney that was here just now, who gave us Information. And so we took

M 4

‘ him.

‘ him this Morning by a comical Way
 ‘ enough. For we dressed up one of my
 ‘ Men in Women’s Cloaths, who told
 ‘ the People of the House, that he was his
 ‘ Sister just come to Town: for we were
 ‘ told by the Attorney, that he had such
 ‘ a Sister, upon which he was let up Stairs;
 ‘ and so kept the Door a-jar till I and an-
 ‘ other rush’d in. Let me tell you, Cap-
 ‘ tain, there are as good Stratagems made
 ‘ Use of in our Business as any in the
 ‘ Army.

‘ But pray, Sir, said *Booth*, did not
 you tell me this Morning that the poor
 Fellow was desperately wounded; nay,
 ‘ I think you told the Doctor that he was
 ‘ a dying Man?

‘ I had like to have forgot that, cries
 ‘ the Bailiff.—Nothing would serve the
 ‘ Gentleman but that he must make Re-
 ‘ sistance, and he gave my Man a Blow
 ‘ with a Stick; but I soon quieted him, by
 ‘ giving him a Wipe or two with a
 ‘ Hanger. Not that I believe I have done
 ‘ his Business neither; but the Fellow is
 ‘ faint-hearted, and the Surgeon I fancy
 ‘ frightens him more than he need.—
 ‘ But however, let the worst come to the
 ‘ worst,

‘ worst, the Law is all on my Side, and
‘ it is only *se fendendo*. The Attorney that
‘ was here just now told me so, and bid
‘ me fear nothing: for that he would
‘ stand my Friend, and undertake the
‘ Cause; and he is a devilish good one at
‘ a Defence at the *Old Baily* I promise you.
‘ I have known him bring off several that
‘ every Body thought would have been
‘ hang’d.

‘ But suppose you should be acquitted,
‘ said *Booth*; would not the Blood of this
‘ poor Wretch lie a little heavy at your
‘ Heart?

‘ Why should it, Captain, said the
‘ Bailiff. Is it not all done in a lawful
‘ Way? Why will People resist the Law
‘ when they know the Consequence? To
‘ be sure, if a Man was to kill another in
‘ an unlawful Manner as it were, and what
‘ the Law calls Murder, that is quite and
‘ clear another Thing. I should not care
‘ to be convicted of Murder any more
‘ than another Man. Why now, Captain,
‘ you have been abroad in the Wars they
‘ tell me, and to be sure must have killed
‘ Men in your Time. Pray was you

‘ ever afraid afterwards of seeing their
‘ Ghosts ?

‘ That is a different Affair, ‘cries *Booth*;
‘ but I would not kill a Man in cold Blood
‘ for all the World.

‘ There is no Difference at all, as I can
‘ see, cries the Bailiff. One is as much
‘ in the Way of Business as the other.
‘ When Gentlemen behave themselves like
‘ unto Gentlemen, I know how to treat
‘ them as such as well as any Officer the
‘ King hath.—And when they do not,
‘ why they must take what follows, and
‘ the Law doth not call it Murder.

Booth very plainly saw that the Bailiff had squared his Conscience exactly according to Law, and that he could not easily subvert his Way of Thinking. He therefore gave up the Cause, and desir’d the Bailiff to expedite the Bonds, which he promised to do, saying, he hoped he had used him with proper Civility this Time if he had not the last, and that he should be remember’d for it.

But before we close this Chapter, we shall endeavour to satisfy an Enquiry which
which

which may arise in our most favourite Readers, (for so are the most curious) how it came to pass that such a Person as was Dr. *Harrison* should employ such a Fellow as this *Murphy*.

The Case then was thus. This *Murphy* had been Clerk to an Attorney in the the very same Town in which the Doctor liv'd, and when he was out of his Time had set up with a Character fair enough, and had married a Maid Servant of Mrs. *Harris*, by which Means he had all the Business to which that Lady and her Friends, in which Number was the Doctor, could recommend him.

Murphy went on with his Business, and thrived very well, 'till he happen'd to make an unfortunate Slip, in which he was detected by a Brother of the same Calling. But tho' we call this by the gentle Name of a Slip, in Respect to its being so extremely common, it was a Matter in which the Law if it had ever come to its Ears would have passed a very severe Censure, being indeed no less than Perjury and Subornation of Perjury.

This Brother Attorney being a very good-natur'd Man, and unwilling to bespatter his own Profession, and considering perhaps that the Consequence did in no wise affect the Public, who had no Manner of Interest in the Alternative, whether *A.* in whom the Right was, or *B.* to whom Mr. *Murphy* by the Means aforesaid, had transferr'd it, succeeded in an Action. We mention this Particular, because as this Brother Attorney was a very violent Party Man, and a professed Stickler for the Public, to suffer any Injury to have been done to that, would have been highly inconsistent with his Principles.

This Gentleman therefore came to Mr. *Murphy*, and after shewing him that he had it in his Power to convict him of the aforesaid Crime, very generously told him that he had not the least Delight in bringing any Man to Destruction, nor the least Animosity against him. All that he insisted upon was, that he would not live in the same Town or County with one who had been guilty of such an Action. He then told Mr. *Murphy* that he would keep the Secret on two Conditions; the

the one was that he immediately quitted that Country, the other was, that he should convince him he deserved this Kindness by his Gratitude, and that *Murphy* should transfer to the other all the Business which he then had in those Parts, and to which he could possibly recommend him.

It is the Observation of a very wise Man, that it is a very common Exercise of Wisdom in this World, of two Evils to chuse the least. The Reader therefore cannot doubt but that Mr. *Murphy* complied with the Alternative proposed by his kind Brother, and accepted the Terms on which Secrecy was to be obtain'd.

This happen'd while the Doctor was abroad, and with all this, except the Departure of *Murphy*, not only the Doctor, but the whole Town (save his aforesaid Brother alone) were to this Day unacquainted.

The Doctor at his Return hearing that Mr. *Murphy* was gone, applied to the other Attorney in his Affairs, who still employ'd this *Murphy* as his Agent in
Town,

Town, partly perhaps out of Good-will to him, and partly from the Recommendation of Miss *Harris*; for as he had married a Servant of the Family, and a particular Favourite of her's, there can be no wonder that she who was entirely ignorant of the Affair above related, as well as of his Conduct in Town, should continue her Favour to him. It will appear therefore, I apprehend, no longer strange, that the Doctor who had seen this Man but three Times since his Removal to Town, and then conversed with him only on Business, should remain as ignorant of his Life and Character, as a Man generally is of the Character of the Hackney Coachman who drives him. Nor doth it reflect more on the Honour or Understanding of the Doctor under these Circumstances to employ *Murphy*, than it would if he had been driven about the Town by a Thief or a Murderer.

CHAPTER VI.

What passed between the Doctor and the sick Man.

WE left the Doctor in the last Chapter with the wounded Man, to whom the Doctor in a very gentle Voice spoke as follows: 'I

‘ I am sorry, Friend, to see you in this
‘ Situation, and am very ready to give
‘ you any Comfort or Assistance within
‘ my Power.

‘ I thank you kindly, Doctor, said the
‘ Man. Indeed I should not have pre-
‘ sumed to have sent to you had I not
‘ known your Character: for tho’ I be-
‘ lieve I am not at all known to you,
‘ I have lived many Years in that Town
‘ where, you yourself had a House: my
‘ Name is *Robinson*. I used to ride for
‘ the Attornies in those Parts, and I have
‘ been employ’d on your Business in my
‘ Time.

‘ I do not recollect you, nor your Name,’
said the Doctor, ‘ but consider, Friend, your
‘ Moments are precious, and your Business,
‘ as I am inform’d, is to offer up your
‘ Prayers to that Great Being, before
‘ whom you are shortly to appear.—
‘ But first let me exhort you earnestly to a
‘ most serious Repentance of all your Sins.

‘ O Doctor, said the Man—Pray, what
‘ is your Opinion of a Death-bed Re-
‘ pentance?’

‘ If

‘ If Repentance is sincere, cries the
‘ Doctor, I hope thorough the Mercies
‘ and Merits of our most powerful and
‘ benign Intercessor it will never come too
‘ late.

‘ But do not you think, Sir, cries the
‘ Man, that in order to obtain Forgive-
‘ nels of any great Sin we have commit-
‘ ted by an Injury done to our Neigh-
‘ bours, it is necessary, as far as in us lies,
‘ to make all the Amends we can to the
‘ Party injur’d, and to undo if possible
‘ the Injury we have done.

‘ Most undoubtedly, cries the Doctor,
‘ our Pretence to Repentance would other-
‘ wise be gross Hypocrisy, and an impu-
‘ dent Attempt to deceive and impose
‘ upon our Creator himself.

‘ Indeed I am of the same Opinion,
‘ cries the Penitent; ‘ and I think further,
‘ that this is thrown in my Way, and
‘ hinted to me by that great Being: for
‘ an Accident happened to me Yesterday,
‘ by which, as Things have fallen out
‘ since, I think I plainly discern the Hand
‘ of Providence. I went Yesterday, Sir,
‘ you

' you must know, to a Pawnbroker's, to
 ' pawn the last Moveable, which, except
 ' the poor Cloaths you see on my Back,
 ' I am worth in the World. While I was
 ' there, a young Lady came in to pawn
 ' her Picture. She had disguised herself
 ' so much, and pulled her Hood so over
 ' her Face, that I did not know her while
 ' she staid, which was scarce three Mi-
 ' nutes. As soon as she was gone, the
 ' Pawnbroker taking the Picture in his
 ' Hand, cried out—*Upon my Word this is*
 ' *the handsomest Face I ever saw in my Life.*
 ' I desired him to let me look on the Pic-
 ' ture, which he readily did—and I no
 ' sooner cast my Eyes upon it, than the
 ' strong Resemblance struck me, and I
 ' knew it to be Mrs. Booth.'

' Mrs. Booth! what Mrs. Booth?' cries
 the Doctor.

' Captain Booth's Lady, the Captain who
 ' is now below,' said the other.

' How!' cries the Doctor with great
 Impetuosity.

' Have Patience,' said the Man, ' and
 ' you shall hear all. I expressed some
 ' Sur-

‘ Surprize to the Pawnbroker, and asked
 ‘ the Lady’s Name. He answered that he
 ‘ knew not her Name, but that she was
 ‘ some undone Wretch, who had the Day
 ‘ before left all her Cloaths with him in
 ‘ pawn. My Guilt immediately flew in
 ‘ my Face, and told me I had been Ac-
 ‘ cessary to this Lady’s Undoing. The
 ‘ sudden Shock so affected me, that had
 ‘ it not been for a Dram which the Pawn-
 ‘ broker gave me, I believe I should have
 ‘ sunk on the Spot.’

‘ Accessary to her Undoing! How ac-
 ‘ cessary?’ said the Doctor. ‘ Pray tell
 ‘ me, for I am impatient to hear.’

‘ I will tell you all, as fast as I can,’ cries
 the sick Man. ‘ You know, good Doc-
 ‘ tor, that Mrs. *Harris* of our Town had
 ‘ two Daughters, this Mrs. *Booth* and an-
 ‘ other. Now, Sir, it seems the other
 ‘ Daughter had, some Way or other, dis-
 ‘ obliged her Mother, a little before the
 ‘ old Lady died; therefore she made a
 ‘ Will, and left all her Fortune, except
 ‘ one thousand Pound, to Mrs. *Booth*; to
 ‘ which Will Mr. *Murphy*, myself, and
 ‘ another, who is now dead, were the Wit-
 ‘ nesses. Mrs. *Harris* afterwards died sud-
 ‘ denly;

‘denly; upon which it was contrived,
‘by her other Daughter and Mr. *Mur-*
‘*phy* to make a new Will, in which
‘Mrs. *Boob* had a Legacy of 10*l.* and
‘all the rest was given to the other. To
‘this Will *Murphy*, myself, and the same
‘third Person, again set our Hands.’

‘Good Heaven! how wonderful is thy
‘Providence,’ cries the Doctor— ‘*Mur-*
‘*phy* say you?’

‘He himself, Sir,’ answered *Robinson*;
‘*Murphy*, who is the greatest Rogue I
‘believe now in the World.’

‘Pray, Sir, proceed,’ cries the Doctor.

‘For this Service, Sir,’ said *Robinson*,
‘myself and the third Person, one *Carter*,
‘received 200*l.* each. What Reward
‘*Murphy* himself had, I know not.
‘*Carter* died soon afterwards; and from
‘that Time, at several Payments, I have
‘by Threats extorted above 100*l.* more—
‘And this, Sir, is the whole Truth, which
‘I am ready to testify, if it would please
‘Heaven to prolong my Life.—

‘ I hope it will,’ cries the Doctor; ‘ but
‘ something must be done for Fear of Ac-
‘ cidents—I will send to Council imme-
‘ diately, to know how to secure your
‘ Testimony.—Whom can I get to send?—
‘ Stay, ay—he will do—but I know
‘ not where his House or his Chambers are
‘ —I will go myself—but I may be
‘ wanted here.’

While the Doctor was in this violent Agitation, the Surgeon made his Appearance. The Doctor stood still in a meditating Posture, while the Surgeon examined his Patient. After which the Doctor begged him to declare his Opinion, and whether he thought the wounded Man in any immediate Danger of Death. ‘ I do not know,’ answered the Surgeon, ‘ what you call immediate. He may live several Days———nay he may recover. It is impossible to give any certain Opinion in these Cases.’ He then launched forth into a Set of Terms, which the Doctor, with all his Scholarship, could not understand. To say the Truth, many of them were not to be found in any Dictionary or Lexicon.

One Discovery however the Doctor made, and that was, that the Surgeon was a very ignorant, conceited Fellow, and knew nothing of his Profession. He resolved therefore to get better Advice for the Sick ; but this he postponed at present, and applying himself to the Surgeon, said he should be very much obliged to him, if he knew where to find such a Counsellor, and would fetch him thither. ‘ I should not ask such a Favour of you, Sir,’ says the Doctor, ‘ if it was not on Business of the last Importance, or if I could find any other Messenger.’

‘ I fetch—Sir !’ said the Surgeon very angrily. ‘ Do you take me for a Footman, or a Porter ? I don’t know who you are ; but I believe you are full as proper to go on such an Errand as I am ;’ (for as the Doctor, who was just come off his Journey, was very roughly dressed, the Surgeon held him in no great Respect.) The Surgeon then called aloud from the Top of the Stairs, Let my Coachman draw up, and strutted off without any Ceremony, telling his Patient he would call again the next Day.

At

At this very Instant arrived *Murphy* with the other Bail, and finding *Booth* alone, he asked the Bailiff at the Door, what was become of the Doctor. ‘Why the Doctor,’ answer’d he, ‘is above Stairs, praying with————’ ‘How!’ cries *Murphy*. ‘How came you not to carry him directly to *Newgate*, as you promised me?’ ‘Why because he was wounded,’ cries the Bailiff. ‘I thought it was Charity to take Care of him; and besides, why should one make more Noise about the Matter than is necessary.’ ‘And Dr. *Harrison* with him?’ said *Murphy*, ‘Yes, he is,’ said the Bailiff; ‘he desired to speak with the Doctor very much, and they have been praying together almost this Hour.’—‘All is up, and undone,’ cries *Murphy*. ‘Let me come by, I have thought of something which I must do immediately.’

Now as by Means of the Surgeon’s leaving the Door open, the Doctor heard *Murphy*’s Voice naming *Robinson* peevishly, he drew softly to the Top of the Stairs, where he heard the foregoing Dialogue; and as soon as *Murphy* had uttered his last Words, and was moving
‘down-

downwards, the Doctor immediately fell from his Post, running as fast as he could, and crying stop the Villain, stop the Thief.

The Attorney wanted no better Hint to accelerate his Pace; and having the Start of the Doctor, got down Stairs, and out into the Street; but the Doctor was so close at his Heels, and being in Foot the nimbler of the two, he soon overtook him, and laid hold of him, as he would have done on either *Broughton* or *Slack* in the same Cause.

This Action in the Street, accompanied with the frequent Cry of stop Thief by the Doctor, during the Chace, presently drew together a large Mob, who began, as is usual, to enter immediately upon Business, and to make strict Enquiry into the Matter, in order to proceed to do Justice in their summary Way.

Murphy, who knew well the Temper of the Mob, cried out, 'If you are a Bailiff, shew me your Writ. Gentlemen, he pretends to arrest me here without a Writ.'

Upon this one of the sturdiest and forwardest of the Mob, and who by a superior Strength of Body, and of Lungs, presided in this Assembly, declared he would suffer no such Thing. ‘D——n me,’ says he, ‘away to the Pump with the Catch-pole directly——shew me your Writ, or let the Gentleman go——you shall not arrest a Man contrary to Law.’

He then laid his Hands on the Doctor, who still fast griping the Attorney, cried out: ‘He is a Villain—I am no Bailiff, but a Clergyman, and this Lawyer is guilty of Forgery, and hath ruined a poor Family.’

‘How!’ cries the Spokesman——a Lawyer!——that alters the Case——

‘Yes, faith,’ cries another of the Mob, ‘it is Lawyer *Murphy*. I know him very well.’

‘And hath he ruined a poor Family?’
 ‘Like enough, faith, if he’s a Lawyer.—
 ‘Away with him to the Justice immediately.’

The

The Bailiff now came up desiring to know what was the Matter ; to whom Doctor *Harrison* answered, that he had arrested that Villain for Forgery. ‘ How can you arrest him,’ cries the Bailiff, ‘ you are no Officer, nor have any Warrant? Mr. *Murphy* is a Gentleman, and he shall be used as such.’

‘ Nay to be sure,’ cries the Spokesman, there ought to be a Warrant ; that’s the Truth on’t.’

‘ There needs no Warrant,’ cries the Doctor. ‘ I accuse him of Felony ; and I know so much of the Law of *England*, that any Man may arrest a Felon without any Warrant whatever. This Villain hath undone a poor Family ; and I will die on the Spot before I part with him.’

‘ If the Law be so ’ cries the Orator, ‘ that is another Matter. And to be sure, to ruin a poor Man is the greatest of Sins. And being a Lawyer too, makes it so much the worse—He shall go before the Justice, d——n me if he
VOL. IV. N ‘ shan’t

‘shan’t go before the Justice. I says the
‘Word he shall.’

‘I say he is a Gentleman, and shall be
‘used according to Law,’ cries the Bailiff.
‘And though you are a Clergyman,’ said
he to *Harrison*, ‘you don’t shew yourself
‘as one by your Actions.’

‘That’s a Bailiff,’ cries one of the
‘Mob—one Lawyer will always stand
‘by another; but I think the Clergyman
‘is a very good Man, and acts becom-
‘ing a Clergyman to stand by the Poor.’

At which Words the Mob all gave a
great Shout, and several cried out: ‘Bring
‘him along, away with him to the Justice.’

And now a Constable appeared, and
with an authoritative Voice declared what
he was, produced his Staff, and demanded
the Peace.

The Doctor then delivered his Prisoner
over to the Officer, and charged him with
Felony; the Constable received him; the
Attorney submitted; the Bailiff was hush-
ed; and the Waves of the Mob immedi-
ately subsided.

The

The Doctor now balanced with himself how he should proceed ; at last he determined to leave *Booth* a little longer in Captivity, and not to quit Sight of *Murphy*, before he had lodged him safe with a Magistrate. They then all moved forwards to the Justice ; the Constable and his Prisoner marching first, the Doctor and the Bailiff following next, and about five Thousand Mob, (for no less Number were assembled in a very few Minutes) following in the Procession.

They found the Magistrate just sitting down to his Dinner ; however, when he was acquainted with the Doctor's Profession, he immediately admitted him, and heard his Business. Which he no sooner perfectly understood, with all its Circumstances, than he resolved, tho' it was then very late, and he had been fatigued all the Morning with public Business, to postpone all Refreshment 'till he had discharged his Duty. He accordingly adjourned the Prisoner and his Cause to the Bailiff's House, whither he himself with the Doctor immediately repaired, and whither the Attorney was followed by a much larger Number

268 A M E L I A. Book XII.
of Attendants than he had been honoured
with before.

C H A P. VII.

*In which the History draws towards a Con-
clusion.*

NOTHING could exceed the Asto-
nishment of *Booth* at the Behaviour
of the Doctor, at the Time when he sal-
lied forth in Pursuit of the Attorney; for
which it was so impossible for him to ac-
count in any Manner whatever. He re-
mained a long Time in the utmost Tor-
ture of Mind, till at last the Bailiff's Wife
came to him, and asked him if the Doc-
tor was not a Mad-man; and in Truth he
could hardly defend him from that Impu-
tation.

While he was in this Perplexity, the
Maid of the House brought him a Mes-
sage from *Robinson*, desiring the Favour
of seeing him above Stairs. With this he
immediately complied.

When these two were alone together,
and the Key turned on them (for the Bai-
liff's Wife was a most careful Person,
and

and never omitted that Ceremony in the Absence of her Husband, having always at her Tongue's End that excellent Proverb of Safe bind, safe find.) *Robinson* looking stedfastly upon *Booth*, said, 'I believe, Sir, you scarce remember me.'

Booth answered, that he thought he had seen his Face somewhere before; but could not then recollect when or where.

'Indeed, Sir,' answered the Man, 'it was a Place which no Man can remember with Pleasure. But do you not remember, a few Weeks ago, that you had the Misfortune to be in a certain Prison in this Town, where you lost a trifling Sum at Cards to a Fellow-prisoner?'

This Hint sufficiently awakened *Booth's* Memory, and he now recollected the Features of his old Friend *Robinson*. He answered him a little surlily, 'I know you now very well; but I did not imagine you would ever have reminded me of that Transaction.'

'Alas, Sir!' answered *Robinson*, 'whatever happened then was very trifling, compared to the Injuries I have done you;

‘ but if my Life be spared long enough,
 ‘ I will now undo it all ; and as I have
 ‘ been one of your worst Enemies, I will
 ‘ now be one of your best Friends.’

He was just entering upon his Story, when a Noise was heard below, which might be almost compared to what hath been heard in *Holland*, when the Dykes have given Way, and the Ocean in an Inundation breaks in upon the Land. It seemed indeed as if the whole World was bursting into the House at once.

Booth was a Man of great Firmness of Mind, and he had need of it all at this Instant. As for poor *Robinson*, the usual Concomitants of Guilt attended him, and he began to tremble in a violent Manner.

The first Person who ascended the Stairs was the Doctor, who no sooner saw *Booth* than he ran to him and embraced him, crying, ‘ My Child, I wish you Joy with
 ‘ all my Heart. Your Sufferings are all
 ‘ at an End ; and Providence hath done
 ‘ you the Justice at last, which it will one
 ‘ Day or other render to all Men.—You
 ‘ will hear all presently ; but I can now
 ‘ only

‘ only tell you, that your Sister is discovered, and the Estate is your own.’

Booth was in such Confusion, that he scarce made any Answer; and now appeared the Justice and his Clerk, and immediately afterwards the Constable with his Prisoner, the Bailiff, and as many more as could possibly crowd up Stairs.

The Doctor now addressed himself to the sick Man, and desired him to repeat the same Information before the Justice which he had made already; to which *Robinson* readily consented.

While the Clerk was taking down the Information, the Attorney expressed a very impatient Desire to send instantly for his Clerk; and expressed so much Uneasiness at the Confusion in which he had left his Papers at home, that a Thought suggested itself to the Doctor, that if his House was searched, some Lights, and Evidence, relating to this Affair, would certainly be found; he therefore desired the Justice to grant a Search-Warrant immediately, to search his House.

The Justice answered that he had no such Power. That if there was any Suspicion of stolen Goods, he could grant a Warrant to search for them.

‘How, Sir!’ said the Doctor, ‘can you grant a Warrant to search a Man’s House for a silver Tea-spoon, and not in a Case like this, where a Man is robbed of his whole Estate?’

‘Hold, Sir,’ says the sick Man, ‘I believe I can answer that Point; for I can swear he hath several Title Deeds of the Estate now in his Possession, which I am sure were stolen from the right Owner.’

The Justice still hesitated. He said Title Deeds favoured of the Realty, and it was not Felony to steal them. If indeed they were taken away in a Box, then it would be Felony to steal the Box.

‘Savour of the Realty! favour of the *Fartalty*,’ said the Doctor, ‘I never heard such incomprehensible Nonsense. This is impudent, as well as childish trifling with the Lives and Properties of Men.’

‘Well,

‘ Well, Sir,’ said *Robinson*, ‘ I now am
‘ sure I can do his Business ; for I know
‘ he hath a silver Cup in his Possession,
‘ which is the Property of this Gentleman,
(meaning *Booth*) ‘ and how he got it but
‘ by Stealth, let him account if he can.’

‘ That will do,’ cries the Justice with
great Pleasure. ‘ That will do ; and if
‘ you will charge him on Oath with that,
‘ I will instantly grant my Warrant to search
‘ his House for it.’ ‘ And I will go and see
‘ it executed,’ cries the Doctor: For it was a
Maxim of his, that no Man could descend
below himself in doing any Act which may
contribute to protect an innocent Person,
or to bring a Rogue to the Gallows.

The Oath was instantly taken, the War-
rant signed, and the Doctor attended the
Constable in the Execution of it.’

The Clerk then proceeded in taking
the Information of *Robinson*, and had
just finished it, when the Doctor returned
with the utmost Joy in his Countenance,
and declared that he had sufficient Evi-
dence of the Fact in his Possession. He
had indeed two or three Letters from Miss
Harris, in answer to the Attorney’s fre-

quent Demands of Money for Secrecy, that fully explained the whole Villainy.

The Justice now asked the Prisoner what he had to say for himself, or whether he chose to say any Thing in his own Defence.

‘ Sir,’ said the Attorney with great Confidence, I am not to defend myself here. It will be of no Service to me; for I know you neither can, nor will discharge me. But I am extremely innocent of all this Matter, as I doubt not but to make appear to the Satisfaction of a Court of Justice.’

The legal previous Ceremonies were then gone through of binding over the Prosecutor, &c. and then the Attorney was committed to *Newgate*; whither he was escorted amidst the Acclamations of the Populace.

When *Murphy* was departed, and a little Calm restored in the House, the Justice made his Compliments of Congratulation to *Booth*; who, as well as he could in his present Tumult of Joy, returned his Thanks to both the Magistrate and the

Doctor. They were now all preparing to depart, when Mr. *Bondum* stepped up to *Booth*, and said: ‘ Hold, Sir, you have forgot one Thing—you have not given Bail yet.’

This occasioned some Distress at this Time; for the Attorney’s Friend was departed; but when the Justice heard this, he immediately offered himself as the other Bondsman; and thus ended the Affair.

It was now past Six o’Clock, and none of the Gentlemen had yet dined. They very readily therefore accepted the Magistrate’s Invitation, and went all together to his House.

And now the very first Thing that was done, even before they set down to Dinner, was to dispatch a Messenger to one of the best Surgeons in Town, to take Care of *Robinson*; and another Messenger to *Booth*’s Lodgings, to prevent *Amelia*’s Concern at their staying so long.

The latter however was to little Purpose; for *Amelia*’s Patience had been worn out before, and she had taken a Hackney-Coach, and driven to the Bailiff’s, where

she arrived a little after the Departure of her Husband, and was thence directed to the Justice's.

Though there was no kind of Reason for *Amelia's* Fright at hearing that her Husband and Doctor *Harrison* were gone before the Justice; and though she indeed imagined that they were there in the Light of Complainants, not of Offenders; yet so tender were her Fears for her Husband, and so much had her gentle Spirits been lately agitated, that she had a thousand Apprehensions of she knew not what. When she arrived therefore at the House, she ran directly into the Room, where all the Company were at Dinner, scarce knowing what she did, or whither she was going.

She found her Husband in such a Situation, and discovered such Chearfulness in his Countenance, that so violent a Turn was given to her Spirits, that she was just able, with the Assistance of a Glass of Water, to support herself. She soon however recovered her Calmness, and in a little Time began to eat what might indeed be almost called her Breakfast.

The

The Justice now wished her Joy of what had happened that Day; for which she kindly thanked him, apprehending he meant the Liberty of her Husband. His Worship might perhaps have explained himself more largely, had not the Doctor given him a timely Wink; for this wise and good Man was fearful of making such a Discovery all at once to *Amelia*, lest it should overpower her; and luckily the Justice's Wife was not well enough acquainted with the Matter to say any thing more on it than barely to assure the Lady that she joined in her Husband's Congratulation.

Amelia was then in a clean white Gown, which she had that Day redeemed, and was indeed dressed all over with great Neatness and Exactness; with the Glow therefore which arose in her Features from finding her Husband released from his Captivity, she made so charming a Figure, that she attracted the Eyes of the Magistrate and of his Wife, and they both agreed when they were alone, that they had never seen so charming a Creature; nay *Booth* himself afterwards told her that he scarce ever remembered her to look so extremely beautiful as she did that Evening. Whe-

Whether *Amelia's* Beauty, or the Reflexion on the remarkable Act of Justice he had performed, or whatever Motive filled the Magistrate with extraordinary good Humour, and opened his Heart and Cellars, I will not determine; but he gave them so hearty a Welcome, and they were all so pleased with each other, that *Amelia*, for that one Night, trusted the Care of her Children to the Woman where they lodged, nor did the Company rise from Table till the Clock struck eleven.

They then separated. *Amelia* and *Booth* having been set down at their Lodgings retired into each other's Arms; nor did *Booth* that Evening, by the Doctor's Advice, mention one Word of the grand Affair to his Wife.

C H A P. VIII.

Thus this History draws nearer to a Conclusion.

IN the Morning early *Amelia* received the following Letter from Mrs. *Atkinson*.

' The Surgeon of the Regiment, to
' which the Captain my Husband late-
' ly

' ly belonged, and who came this E-
 ' vening to see the Captain, hath almost
 ' frightened me out of my Wits by a
 ' strange Story of your Husband being
 ' committed to Prison by a Justice of
 ' Peace for Forgery. For Heaven's Sake
 ' send me the Truth. If my Husband can be
 ' of any Service, weak as he is, he will be
 ' carried in a Chair to serve a Brother Officer
 ' for whom he hath a Regard, which I
 ' need not mention. Or if the Sum of
 ' 20*l.* will be of any Service to you, I will
 ' wait upon you with it the Moment I
 ' can get my Cloaths on, the Morning
 ' you receive this; for it is too late to
 ' send to Night. The Captain begs
 ' his hearty Service and Respects, and be-
 ' lieve me,

Dear Madam,

Your ever affectionate Friend,

and humble Servant,

' F. Atkinson.'

When *Amelia* read this Letter to *Booth*
 they were both equally surpris'd, she at
 the Commitment for Forgery, and he at
 seeing such a Letter from Mrs. *Atkinson*;
 for he was a Stranger yet to the Reconcili-
 ation that had happened.

Booth's

Booth's Doubts were first satisfied by *Amelia*, from which he received great Pleasure; for he really had a very great Affection and Fondness for Mr. *Atkinson*, who indeed so well deserved it. 'Well, my Dear,' said he to *Amelia* smiling, 'shall we accept this generous Offer?'

'O fy! no certainly,' answered she.

'Why not, cries *Booth*, it is but a Trifle; and yet it will be of great Service to us?'

'But consider, my Dear,' said she, 'how ill these poor People can spare it.'

'They can spare it for a little while,' said *Booth*, 'and we shall soon pay it them again?'

'When, my Dear?' said *Amelia*. 'Do, my dear *Will*, consider our wretched Circumstances. I beg you let us go into the Country immediately, and live upon Bread and Water, till Fortune pleases to smile upon us.'

'I am convinced that Day is not far off,' said *Booth*. 'However, give me Leave to send an Answer to Mrs. *Atkinson*, that we shall be glad of her Company immediately to Breakfast. 'You

‘ You know I never contradict you,’ said she, ‘ but I assure you it is contrary to my
‘ Inclinations to take this Money.

‘ Well, suffer me,’ cries he, ‘ to act this
‘ once contrary to your Inclinations.’ He then writ a short Note to Mrs. *Atkinson*, and dispatched it away immediately; which when he had done, *Amelia* said, ‘ I shall
‘ be glad of Mrs. *Atkinson*’s Company to
‘ Breakfast; but yet I wish you would
‘ oblige me in refusing this Money. Take
‘ five Guineas only. That is indeed such
‘ a Sum, as, if we never should pay it,
‘ would sit light on my Mind. The
‘ last Persons in the World from whom I
‘ would receive Favours of that Sort, are
‘ the poor and generous.

‘ You can receive Favours only from the
‘ the Generous,’ cries *Booth*; ‘ and, to be
‘ plain with you, there are very few who
‘ are generous that are not poor.

‘ What think you,’ said she, ‘ of Dr.
‘ *Harrison*?’

‘ I do assure you,’ said *Booth*, ‘ he is
‘ far from being rich. The Doctor hath
‘ an Income of little more than 600*l.* a
‘ Year;

' Year; and I am convinced he gives away
 ' four of it. Indeed he is one of the best
 ' Oeconomists in the World; but yet I
 ' am positive he never was at any Time
 ' possessed of 500*l.* since he hath been a
 ' Man. Consider, dear *Emely*, the late
 ' Obligations we have to this Gentleman,
 ' it would be unreasonable to expect more,
 ' at least at present; my Half-pay is mort-
 ' gaged for a Year to come.----How then
 ' shall we live?

' By our Labour,' answered she, ' I am
 ' able to labour, and I am sure I am not
 ' ashamed of it.

' And do you really think you can sup-
 ' port such a Life?

' I am sure I could be happy in it,' an-
 ' swered *Amelia*. ' And why not I as well
 ' as a thousand others, who have not the
 ' Happiness of such a Husband to make
 ' Life delicious? Why should I complain
 ' of my hard Fate, while so many, who
 ' are much poorer than I, enjoy theirs.
 ' Am I of a superior Rank of Being to
 ' the Wife of the honest Labourer? Am
 ' I not Partaker of one common Nature
 ' with her?

' My

‘ My Angel,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ it delights
‘ me to hear you talk thus, and for a Reason
‘ you little guess; for I am assured that
‘ one who can so heroically endure Ad-
‘ versity, will bear Prosperity with equal
‘ Greatness of Soul; for the Mind that
‘ cannot be dejected by the former, is not
‘ likely to be transported with the latter.’

‘ If it had pleased Heaven’, cried she,
‘ to have tried me, I think, at least I hope
‘ I should have preserved my Humility.

‘ Then, my Dear,’ said he, ‘ I will re-
‘ late you a Dream I had last Night. You
‘ know you lately mentioned a Dream of
‘ yours.

‘ Do so, said she, I am attentive.’

‘ I dreamt, said he, this Night that we
‘ were in the most miserable Situation
‘ imaginable. Indeed in the Situation we
‘ were Yesterday Morning, or rather
‘ worse, that I was laid in a Prison for
‘ Debt, and that you wanted a Morfel of
‘ Bread to feed the Mouths of your hun-
‘ gry Children. At length (for nothing
‘ you know is quicker than the Transition
‘ in Dreams) *Dr. Harrison* methought
‘ came

‘ came to me, with Chearfulness and Joy
 ‘ in his Countenance. The Prison Doors
 ‘ immediately flew open ; and Dr. *Harris-*
 ‘ *son* introduced you, gayly tho’ not richly
 ‘ dressed. That you gently chid me for
 ‘ staying so long ; all on a sudden appear’d
 ‘ a Coach with four Horses to it, in which
 ‘ was a Maid Servant with our two Chil-
 ‘ dren. We both immediately went into
 ‘ the Coach, and taking our Leave of the
 ‘ Doctor, fet out towards your Country
 ‘ House: for yours I dreamt it was.—
 ‘ I only ask you now if this was real, and
 ‘ the Transition almost as sudden, could
 ‘ you support it?—

Amelia was going to answer when Mrs.
Atkinson came into the Room, and after
 very little previous Ceremony presented
Booth with a Bank Note, which he received
 of her, saying, he would very soon repay
 it ; a Promise that a little offended *Amelia*,
 as she thought he had no Chance of keep-
 ing it.

The Doctor presently arrived, and the
 Company sat down to Breakfast, during
 which Mrs. *Atkinson* entertained them with
 the History of the Doctors that had attend-
 ed her Husband, and with many vast Eu-
 logiums

logiums on him who came last, by whose Advice *Atkinson* was recovered from every thing but the Weakness which his Distemper had occasioned.

When the Tea-Table was removed, *Booth* told the Doctor that he had acquainted his Wife with a Dream he had last Night. ‘ I dreamt, Doctor, said he, that
‘ she was restored to her Estate.

‘ Very well, said the Doctor; and if I
‘ am to be the *Onirobolos*, I believe the
‘ Dream will come to pass. To say the
‘ Truth, I have rather a better Opinion of
‘ Dreams than *Horace* had. Old *Homer*
‘ says they came from *Jupiter*; and as to
‘ your Dream, I have often had it in my
‘ waking Thoughts, that some time or
‘ other that Roguery (for so I was always
‘ convinced it was) would be brought to
‘ Light: For the same *Homer* says, as
‘ you, Madam, (meaning Mrs. *Atkinson*)
‘ very well know,

Εἴπερ γὰρ τε καὶ αὐτίκ' Ὀλύμπῳ ἔκ ἐτέλεσεν,
Ἐκ τε καὶ ὄψ' ἐτελεῖ: σὺν τε μεγάλῳ ἀπέτισαν
Σὺν σφῆσιν κεφαλῆσι, γυναιξί τε καὶ τεκέεσσιν *.

I have

* If *Jupiter* doth not immediately execute his Vengeance; he will however execute it at last; and their
Trans-

I have no *Greek Ears*, Sir, said Mrs. *Atkinson*. ‘ I believe I could understand
‘ it in the *Delphin Homer*.

I wish, cries he, my dear Child, (to
‘ *Amelia*) you would read a little in the
‘ *Delphin Aristotle*, or else in some Christian
‘ *Divine*, to learn a Doctrine which you
‘ will one Day have a Use for, I mean to
‘ bear the hardest of all human Conflicts,
‘ and support with an even Temper and
‘ without any violent Transports of Mind,
‘ a sudden Gust of Prosperity.

Indeed, cries *Amelia*, ‘ I should almost
‘ think my Husband and you, Doctor, had
‘ some very good News to tell me, by
‘ your using, both of you, the same Intro-
‘ duction. As far as I know myself, I
‘ think I can answer, I can support any
‘ Degree of Prosperity, and I think I
‘ yesterday shew’d I could: For I do
‘ assure you, it is not in the Power of
‘ Fortune to try me with such another
‘ Transition from Grief to Joy, as I con-
‘ ceived from seeing my Husband in Prison
‘ and at Liberty.

*Transgressions shall fall heavily on their own Heads,
and on their Wives and Children.*

‘ Well, you are a good Girl,’ cries the Doctor, ‘ and after I have put on my Spectacles I will try you.

The Doctor then took out a News Paper, and read as follows.

‘ Yesterday one *Murphy*, an eminent Attorney at Law, was committed to *Newgate*, for the Forgery of a Will under which an Estate hath been for many Years detain’d from the right Owner.’

Now in this Paragraph there is something very remarkable, and that is—— that it is true : but *opus est explanatum*. In the Delphin Edition of this News Paper, there is the following Note upon the Words Right Owner. ‘ The Right Owner of this Estate is a young Lady of the highest Merit, whose Maiden Name was *Harris*, and who some Time since was married to an idle Fellow, one Lieutenant *Booth*. And the best Historians assure us, that Letters from the elder Sister of this Lady, which manifestly prove the Forgery, and clear up the whole Affair, are in the Hands of an old Parson, call’d Dr. *Harrison*.

‘ And

‘ And is this really true, cries *Amelia* ?

‘ Yes, really, and sincerely, cries the
‘ Doctor. The whole Estate: for your
‘ Mother left it you all, and is as surely
‘ yours, as if you was already in Possession.

‘ Gracious Heaven, cries she, falling
‘ on her Knees, I thank you.’—And
then starting up, she ran to her Husband,
and embracing him, cried, ‘ My dear
‘ Love, I wish you Joy: and I ought
‘ in Gratitude to wish it you: for you are
‘ the Cause of mine. It is upon yours,
‘ and my Children’s Account, that I prin-
‘ cipally rejoice.

Mrs. *Atkinson* rose from her Chair, and
jumped about the Room for Joy, re-
peating,

*Tunc quod optanti Divum promittere Nemo
Auderet, volvenda Dies, en, attulit ultro* *.

Amelia now threw herself into a Chair,
complain’d she was a little faint, and

* *What none of all the Gods could grant thy Vows,
That, Tumus, this auspicious Day bestows.*

begg'd a Glafs of Water. The Doctor advis'd her to be blooded ; but ſhe refus'd, ſaying ſhe requir'd a Vent of another Kind.——She then deſir'd her Children to be brought to her, whom ſhe immediately caught in her Arms, and having profuſely cried over them for ſeveral Minutes, declar'd ſhe was eaſy. After which ſhe ſoon regain'd her uſual Temper and Complexion.

That Day they din'd together, and in the Afternoon they all, except the Doctor, viſited Captain *Atkinſon* ; he repair'd to the Bailiff's Houſe to viſit the ſick Man, whom he found very chearful, the Surgeon having aſſur'd him that he was in no Danger.

The Doctor had a long Spiritual Diſcourſe with *Robinſon*, who aſſur'd him that he ſincerely repented of his paſt Life, that he was reſolv'd to lead his future Days in a different Manner, and to make what Amends he could for his Sins to the Society by bringing one of the greateſt Rogues in it to Juſtice. There was a Circumſtance which much pleaſed the Doctor, and made him conclude that, however *Robinſon* had been corrupted by his old Maſter, he had naturally a good Diſpoſition. This was, that *Robinſon* declared he was chiefly induced to the Diſcovery by what

had happened at the Pawnbroker's, and by the Miseries which he there perceived he had been instrumental in bringing on *Booth* and his Family.

The next Day *Booth* and his Wife, at the Doctor's Instance, din'd with Colonel *James* and his Lady, where they were receiv'd with great Civility, and all Matters were accommodated, without *Booth* ever knowing a Syllable of the Challenge even to this Day.

The Doctor insisted very strongly on having Miss *Harris* taken into Custody, and said, if she was his Sister, he would deliver her to Justice. He added besides, that it was impossible to skreen her, and carry on the Prosecution, or indeed recover the Estate. *Amelia* at last begg'd the Delay of one Day only, in which Time she wrote a Letter to her Sister informing her of the Discovery and the Danger in which she stood, and begg'd her earnestly to make her Escape, with many Assurances that she would never suffer her to know any Distress. This Letter she sent away Express, and it had the desir'd Effect: for Miss *Harris* having receiv'd sufficient Information from the Attorney to the same Purpose, immediately set out for *Pool*, and from thence to *Fran e*, carrying with her all her Money,

most of her Cloaths, and some few Jewels. She had indeed pack'd up Plate and Jewels to the Value of 2000*l.* and upwards. But *Booth* to whom *Amelia* communicated the Letter, prevented her, by ordering the Man that went with the Express, (who had been a Serjeant of the Foot Guards recommended to him by *Atkinson*) to suffer the Lady to go whither she pleased, but not to take any Thing with her except her Cloaths, which he was carefully to search. These Orders were obey'd punctually, and with these she was oblig'd to comply.

Two Days after the Bird was flown, a Warrant from the Lord Chief Justice arriv'd to take her up, the Messenger of which return'd with the News of her Flight, highly to the Satisfaction of *Amelia*, and consequently of *Booth*, and indeed not greatly to the Grief of the Doctor.

About a Week afterwards *Booth* and *Amelia*, with their Children, and Captain *Atkinson* and his Lady, all set forwards together for *Amelia's* House, where they arriv'd amidst the Acclamations of all the Neighbours, and every public Demonstration of Joy.

They found the House ready prepar'd to receive them by *Atkinson's* Friend, the old Serjeant, and a good Dinner prepar'd for them by *Amelia's* old Nurse, who was

addressed with the utmost Duty by her Son and Daughter, most affectionately carefs'd by *Booth* and his Wife, and by *Amelia's* absolute Command seated next to herself at the Table. At which perhaps were assembled some of the best and happiest People then in the World.

C H A P. IX.

In which the History is concluded.

HA V I N G brought our History to a Conclusion, as to those Points in which we presume our Reader was chiefly interested, in the foregoing Chapter; we shall in this, by way of Epilogue, endeavour to satisfy his Curiosity, as to what hath since happened to the principal Personages of whom we have treated in the foregoing Pages.

Colonel *James* and his Lady, after living in a polite Manner for many Years together, at last agreed to live in as polite a Manner asunder. The Colonel hath kept Miss *Mathews* ever since, and is at length grown to doat on her (though now very disagreeable in her Person, and immensely fat) to such a Degree, that he submits to be treated by her in the most tyrannical Manner. He

He allows his Lady 800 *l.* a Year, with which she divides her Time between *Tunbridge*, *Bath* and *London*, and passes about nine Hours in the twenty-four at Cards. Her Income is lately increased by 3000 *l.* left her by her Brother Colonel *Bath*, who was killed in a Duel about six Years ago, by a Gentleman who told the Colonel he differed from him in Opinion.

The noble Peer and Mrs. *Ellison* have been both dead several Years, and both of the Consequences of their favourite Vices; Mrs. *Ellison* having fallen a Martyr to her Liquor, and the other to his Amours, by which he was at last become so rotten, that he stunk above Ground.

The Attorney, *Murphy*, was brought to his Trial at the *Old-Bailey*, where, after much quibbling about the Meaning of a very plain Act of Parliament, he was at length convicted of Forgery, and was soon afterwards hanged at *Tyburn*.

The Witness for some Time seemed to reform his Life, and received a small Pension from *Booth*; after which he returned to vicious Courses, took a Purse on the Highway, was detected and taken, and fol-

followed the last Steps of his old Master. So apt are Men, whose Manners have been once thoroughly corrupted, to return, from any Dawn of an Amendment, into the dark Paths of Vice.

As to Miss *Harris*, she lived three Years with a broken Heart at *Boulogne*, where she received annually fifty Pounds from her Sister, who was hardly prevailed on by Dr. *Harrison* not to send her a Hundred, and then died in a most miserable Manner.

Mr. *A:kinson* upon the whole hath led a very happy Life with his Wife; though he hath been sometimes obliged to pay proper Homage to her superior Understanding and Knowledge. This, however, he chearfully submits to, and she makes him proper Returns of Fondness. They have two fine Boys, of whom they are equally fond. He is lately advanced to the Rank of Captain, and last Summer both he and his Wife paid a Visit of three Months to *Booth* and his Wife.

Dr. *Harrison* is grown old in Years, and in Honour; beloved and respected by all his Parishioners, and by all his Neighbours. He divides his Time between his Parish, his old Town, and *Booth's*—at which last Place he had, two Years ago, a gentle Fit of the Gout, being the first At-
tack

tack of that Distemper. During this Fit *Amelia* was his Nurse, and her two oldest Daughters sat up alternately with him for a whole Week. The Eldest of those Girls, whose Name is *Amelia*, is his Favourite ; she is the Picture of her Mother, and it is thought the Doctor hath distinguished her in his Will ; for he hath declared that he will leave his whole Fortune, except some few Charities, among *Amelia's* Children.

As to *Booth* and *Amelia*, Fortune seems to have made them large Amends for the Tricks she played them in their Youth. They have, ever since the above Period of this History, enjoyed an uninterrupted Course of Health and Happiness. In about six Weeks after *Booth's* first coming into the Country, he went to *London*, and paid all his Debts of Honour ; after which, and a Stay of two Days only, he returned into the Country, and hath never since been thirty Miles from home. He hath two Boys and four Girls ; the eldest of the Boys ; he, who hath made his Appearance in this History, is just come from the University, and is one of the finest Gentlemen, and best Scholars of his Age. The second is just going from School, and is intended for the Church, that being his
own

own Choice. His eldest Daughter is a Woman grown, but we must not mention her Age. A Marriage was proposed to her the other Day with a young Fellow of a good Estate, but she never would see him more than once; 'for Dr. *Harrison*, says she, 'told me he was illiterate, and 'I am sure he is ill natured.' The second Girl is three Years younger than her Sister, and the others are yet Children.

If *Booth* hath lately had any Misfortune, it was that one of these younger Children had, for two Years, a violent Humour, which she contracted from her Nurse; but she was last Summer perfectly cured by the *Glastonbury Waters*.

Amelia is still the finest Woman in *England* of her Age. *Booth* himself often avers she is as handsome as ever. Nothing can equal the Serenity of their Lives. *Amelia* declared to me the other Day, that she did not remember to have seen her Husband out of Humour these ten Years; and upon my insinuating to her, that he had the best of Wives, she answered with a Smile, that she ought to be so, for that he had made her the happiest of Women.

F I N I S.











