



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

1st ed.

4 Vols. 75

1 vol. 1. 2nd ed. in vol. 12

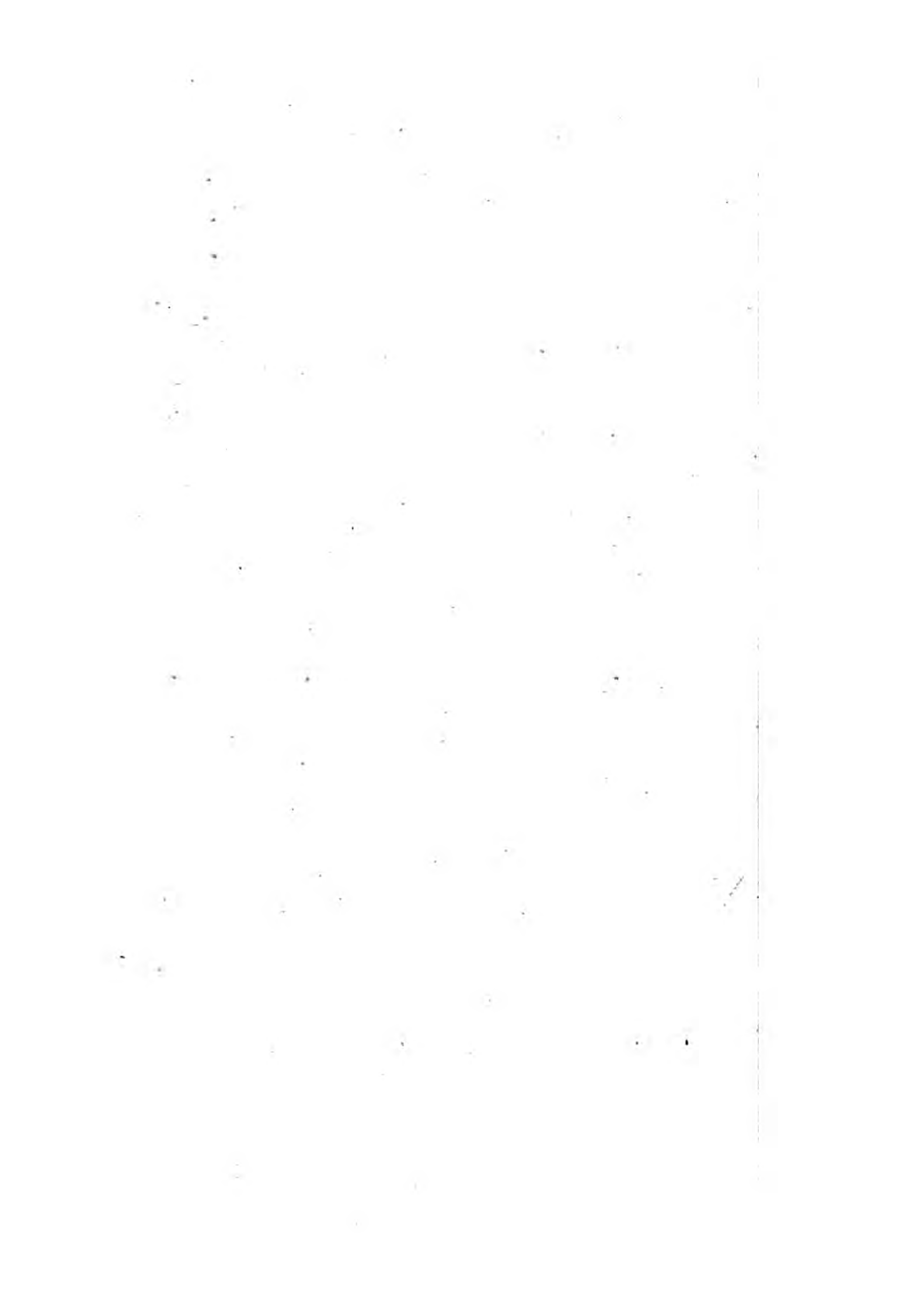
John

100

100

100

100



A M E L I A.

BY

Henry Fielding, Esq;

*Felices ter & amplius
Quos irrupta tenet Copula.*

Γυναικὸς οὐδὲν χεῖρ' ἀνὴρ λήιζεται
Ἐσθλῆς ἄμεινον, εὐδὲ ῥίγιον κακῆς.

In F O U R V O L U M E S.

V O L. I.



L O N D O N :

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

M.DCC.LII.



T O

RALPH ALLEN, Esq;

S I R,

THE following Book is sincerely designed to promote the Cause of Virtue, and to expose some of the most glaring Evils, as well public as private, which at present infest this Country; tho' there is scarce, as I remember, a single Stroke of Satire aimed at any one Person throughout the whole.

A 2

The

DEDICATION.

The best Man is the properest Patron of such an Attempt. This, I believe, will be readily granted; nor will the public Voice, I think, be more divided, to whom they shall give that Appellation. Should a Letter indeed be thus inscribed, *DETUR OPTIMO*, there are few Persons who would think it wanted any other Direction.

I will not trouble you with a Preface concerning the Work; nor endeavour to obviate any Criticisms which can be made on it. The good-natured Reader, if his Heart should be here affected, will be inclined to pardon many Faults for the Pleasure he will receive from a tender Sensation; and for Readers of a different Stamp, the more Faults they can discover, the
more,

DEDICATION.

more, I am convinced, they will be pleased.

Nor will I assume the fulsome Stile of a common Dedicator. I have not their usual Design in this Epistle; nor will I borrow their Language. Long, very long may it be before a most dreadful Circumstance shall make it possible for any Pen to draw a just and true Character of yourself, without incurring a Suspicion of Flattery in the Bosoms of the Malignant. This Task, therefore, I shall defer till that Day (if I should be so unfortunate as ever to see it) when every good Man shall pay a Tear for the Satisfaction of his Curiosity; a Day which at present, I believe, there is but one good Man in the World who can think of with Unconcern,

DEDICATION.

Accept then, Sir, this small Token
of that Love, that Gratitude, and that
Respect, with which I shall always
esteem it my GREATEST HONOUR to
be,

S I R,

Your most obliged,

And most obedient

Humble Servant,

Bow Street,

Dec. 12.

1751.

Henry Fielding.

THE
CONTENTS.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

CONTAINING *the Exordium, &c.*
Page I.

CHAP. II.

*The History sets out. Observations on the
Excellency of the English Constitution, and
curious Examinations before a Justice of
Peace.* — — P. 3

CHAP. III.

Containing the Inside of a Prison. P. 15

CHAP. IV.

*Disclosing further Secrets of the Prison-
House.* ——— P. 24

CHAP.

viii CONTENTS.

CHAP. V.

*Containing certain Adventures which befel
Mr. Booth in the Prison.* P. 34

CHAP. VI.

*Containing the extraordinary Behaviour of
Miss Mathews on her meeting with Booth,
and some Endeavours to prove by Reason and
Authority, that it is possible for a Woman
to appear to be what she really is not.* p. 42

CHAP. VIII.

In which Miss Mathews begins her History.
P. 50

CHAP. IX.

The History of Miss Mathews continued.
p. 60

CHAP. X.

*In which Miss Mathews concludes her Rela-
tion.* — — P. 70

CHAP. XI.

*Table Talk consisting of a facetious Discourse
that passed in the Prison.* P. 83

BOOK

C O N T E N T S. ix

B O O K II.

C H A P. I.

In which Captain Booth begins to relate his History. — — — P. 94

C H A P. II.

Mr. Booth continues his Story. In this Chapter there are some Passages that may serve as a Kind of Touchstone, by which a young Lady may examine the Heart of her Lover. I would advise, therefore, that every Lover be obliged to read it over in the Presence of his Mistress, and that she carefully watch his Emotions while he is reading. — — — P. 102

C H A P. III.

The Narrative continued. More of the Touchstone. — — — P. 111

C H A P. IV.

The Story of Mr. Booth continued: In this Chapter the Reader will perceive a Glimpse of the Character of a very good Divine; with some Matters of a very tender kind.
P. 119

C H A P.

x C O N T E N T S.

C H A P. V.

Containing strange Revolutions of Fortune.
p. 126

C H A P. VI.

Containing many surprising Adventures.
P. 133

C H A P. VII.

The Story of Booth continued. More surprising Adventures.
P. 143

C H A P. VIII.

In which our Readers will probably be divided in their Opinion of Mr. Booth's Conduct.
P. 152

C H A P. IX.

Containing a Scene of a different Kind from any of the preceding.
p. 161

B O O K

C O N T E N T S. xi

B O O K III.

C H A P. I.

In which Mr. Booth resumes his Story.

P. 172

C H A P. II.

Containing a Scene of the tender Kind.

P. 176

C H A P. III.

*In which Mr. Booth sets forward on his
Journey.* —

P. 187

C H A P. IV.

A Sea-piece. —

P. 193

C H A P. V.

*The Arrival of Booth at Gibraltar, with
what there befel him.*

P. 203

C H A P. VI.

*Containing Matters which will please some
Readers.* —

P. 210

C H A P.

C H A P. VII.

*The Captain continuing his Story, recounts
some Particulars which we doubt not to
many good People will appear unnatural.*

P. 217

C H A P. VIII.

The Story of Booth continued.

p. 228

C H A P. IX.

Containing very extraordinary Matters.

P. 243

C H A P. X.

Containing a Letter of a very curious Kind.

P. 252

C H A P. XI.

*In which Mr. Booth relates his Return to
England.* ————— p. 262

C H A P. XII.

In which Mr. Booth concludes his Story.

P. 271

A M E L I A.

A M E L I A.

B O O K I.

C H A P. I.

Containing the Exordium, &c.

THE various Accidents which beset a very worthy Couple, after their uniting in the State of Matrimony, will be the Subject of the following History. The Distresses which they waded through, were some of them so exquisite, and the Incidents which produced these so extraordinary, that they seemed to require not only the utmost Malice, but the utmost Invention which Superstition hath ever attributed to Fortune: Tho' whether any such Being interfered in the case, or, indeed, whether there be any such Being in the Universe, is a Matter which I by no Means presume to determine in the Affirmative. To speak a bold Truth, I am, after much mature Deliberation, inclined to suspect, that the Pub-

lic Voice hath in all Ages done much Injustice to Fortune, and hath convicted her of many Facts in which she had not the least Concern. I question much, whether we may not by natural Means account for the Success of Knaves, the Calamities of Fools, with all the Miseries in which Men of Sense sometimes involve themselves by quitting the Directions of Prudence, and following the blind Guidance of a predominant Passion; in short, for all the ordinary Phenomena which are imputed to Fortune; whom, perhaps, Men accuse with no less Absurdity in Life, than a bad Player complains of ill Luck at the Game of Chess.

But if Men are sometimes guilty of laying improper Blame on this imaginary Being, they are altogether as apt to make her Amends, by ascribing to her Honours which she as little deserves. To retrieve the ill Consequences of a foolish Conduct, and by struggling manfully with Distress to subdue it, is one of the noblest Efforts of Wisdom and Virtue. Whoever, therefore, calls such a Man fortunate, is guilty of no less Impropriety in Speech, than he would be, who should call the Statuary or the Poet fortunate, who carved a *Venus* or who writ an *Iliad*.

Life

Life may as properly be called an Art as any other; and the great Incidents in it are no more to be considered as mere Accidents, than the several Members of a fine Statue, or a noble Poem. The Critics in all these are not content with seeing any Thing to be great, without knowing why and how it came to be so. By examining carefully the several Gradations which conduce to bring every Model to Perfection, we learn truly to know that Science in which the Model is formed: As Histories of this Kind, therefore, may properly be called Models of Human Life; so by observing minutely the several Incidents which tend to the Catastrophe or Completion of the whole, and the minute Causes whence those Incidents are produced, we shall best be instructed in this most useful of all Arts, which I call the Art of Life.

C H A P. II.

The History sets out. Observations on the Excellency of the English Constitution, and curious Examinations before a Justice of Peace.

ON the first of *April*, in the Year —, the Watchman of a certain Parish (I know not particularly which) within the

Liberty of *Westminster*, brought several Persons whom they had apprehended the preceding Night, before *Jonathan Tbrasber*, Esq; one of the Justices of the Peace for that Liberty.

But here, Reader, before we proceed to the Trials of these Offenders, we shall, after our usual Manner, premise some Things which it may be necessary for thee to know.

It hath been observed, I think, by many, as well as the celebrated Writer of three Letters, that no human Institution is capable of consummate Perfection. An Observation which perhaps that Writer at least gathered from discovering some Defects in the Polity even of this well regulated Nation. And, indeed, if there should be any such Defect in a Constitution which my Lord *Coke* long ago told us, *the Wisdom of all the wise Men in the World, if they had all met together at one time, could not have equalled*, which some of our *wisest* Men who were met together long before, said was too good to be altered in any Particular; and which, nevertheless, hath been mending ever since, by a very great Number of the said *wise Men*: if, I say,

say, this Constitution should be imperfect, we may be allowed, I think, to doubt whether any such faultless Model can be found among the Institutions of Men.

It will probably be objected, that the small Imperfections which I am about to produce, do not lie in the Laws themselves, but in the ill Execution of them; but, with Submission, this appears to me to be no less an Absurdity, than to say of any Machine that it is excellently made, tho' incapable of performing its Functions. Good Laws should execute themselves in a well regulated State; at least, if the same Legislature which provides the Laws, doth not provide for the Execution of them, they act as *Graham* would do, if he should form all the Parts of a Clock in the most exquisite Manner, yet put them so together that the Clock could not go. In this Case, surely we might say that there was a small Defect in the Constitution of the Clock.

To say the Truth, *Graham* would soon see the Fault, and would easily remedy it. The Fault indeed could be no other than that the Parts were improperly disposed.

Perhaps, Reader, I have another Illustration, which will set my Intention in still a clearer Light before you. Figure to yourself then a Family, the Master of which should dispose of the several œconomical Offices in the following Manner; *viz.* should put his Butler in the Coach-box, his Steward behind his Coach, his Coachman in the Butlery, and his Footman in the Stewardship; and in the same ridiculous Manner should misemploy the Talents of every other Servant, it is easy to see what a Figure such a Family must make in the World.

As ridiculous as this may seem, I have often considered some of the lower Offices in our civil Government to be disposed in this very Manner. To begin, I think, as low as I well can, with the Watchmen in our Metropolis; who being appointed to guard our Streets by Night from Thieves and Robbers, an Office which at least requires Strength of Body, are chosen out of those poor old decrepit People, who are from their Want of bodily Strength rendered incapable of getting a Livelihood by Work. These Men, armed only with a Pole, which some of them are
scarce

scarce able to lift, are to secure the Persons and Houses of his Majesty's Subjects from the Attacks of Gangs of young, bold, stout, desperate and well-armed Villains.

*Quæ non viribus istis
Munera conveniunt.*

If the poor old Fellows should run away from such Enemies, no one I think can wonder, unless he should wonder that they are able even to make their Escape.

The higher we proceed among our public Officers and Magistrates, the less Defects of this kind will, perhaps, be observable. Mr. *Thrasher*, however, the Justice before whom the Prisoners above-mentioned were now brought, had some few Imperfections in his magistratical Capacity. I own, I have been sometimes inclined to think, that this Office of a Justice of Peace requires some Knowledge of the Law: for this simple Reason; because in every Case which comes before him, he is to judge and act according to Law. Again, as these Laws are contained in a great Variety of Books; the Statutes which relate to the Office of a Justice of Peace, making of themselves at least two large

Volumes in Folio; and that Part of his Jurisdiction which is founded on the common Law being dispersed in above a hundred Volumes, I cannot conceive how this Knowledge should be acquired without reading; and yet certain it is, Mr. *Thrasher* never read one Syllable of the Matter.

This perhaps was a Defect; but this was not all: for where mere Ignorance is to decide a Point, it will always be an even Chance whether it decides right or wrong; but sorry am I to say, Right was often in a much worse Situation than this, and Wrong hath often had Five hundred to one on his Side before that Magistrate; who, if he was ignorant of the Law of *England*, was yet well versed in the Laws of Nature. He perfectly well understood that fundamental Principle so strongly laid down in the Institutes of the learned *Rochefoucault*; by which the Duty of Self-love is so strongly enforced, and every Man is taught to consider himself as a Loadstone, and to attract all things to that Centre. To speak the Truth plainly, the Justice was never indifferent in a Cause, but when he could get nothing on either Side.

Such

Such was the Justice to whose tremendous Bar, Mr. *Gotobed* the Constable on the Day above-mentioned, brought several Delinquents, who, as we have said, had been apprehended by the Watch for diverse Outrages.

The first who came upon his Trial was as bloody a Spectre as ever the Imagination of a Murderer or a Tragic Poet conceived. This poor Wretch was charged with a Battery by a much stouter Man than himself: indeed the accused Person bore about him some Evidence that he had been in an Affray, his Cloaths being very bloody; but certain open Sluices on his own Head sufficiently shewed whence all the scarlet Stream had issued; whereas the Accuser had not the least Mark or Appearance of any Wound. The Justice asked the Defendant, What he meant by breaking the King's Peace—To which he answered,—‘ Upon my Shoul I do love the
‘ King very well, and I have not been after
‘ breaking any Thing of his that I do
‘ know; but upon my Shoul this Man
‘ hath brake my Head, and my Head did
‘ brake his Stick; that is all, Gra.’ He

B 5

then

then offered to produce several Witnesses against this improbable Accufation; but the Justice presently interrupted him, faying, ‘Sirrah, your Tongue betrays your Guilt. You are an *Irishman*, and that is always fufficient Evidence with me.’

The fecond Criminal was a poor Woman, who was taken up by the Watch as a Street-walker. It was alledged againft her that fhe was found walking the Streets after Twelve o’Clock, and the Watchman declared he believed her to be a common Strumpet. She pleaded in her Defence (as was really the Truth) that fhe was a Servant, and was fent by her Miftrefs, who was a little Shopkeeper, and upon the Point of Delivery, to fetch a Midwife; which fhe offered to prove by feveral of the Neighbours, if fhe was allowed to fend for them. The Justice asked her why fhe had not done it before. To which fhe answered, fhe had no Money, and could get no Meflenger. The Justice then called her feveral fcurrilous Names; and declaring fhe was guilty within the Statute of Street-walking, ordered her to *Bridewell* for a Month.

A genteel young Man and Woman were then set forward, and a very grave looking Person swore he caught them in a Situation which we cannot as particularly describe here as he did before the Magistrate; who, having received a Wink from his Clerk, declared with much Warmth that the Fact was incredible and impossible. He presently discharged the accused Parties, and was going, without any Evidence, to commit the Accuser for Perjury; but this the Clerk dissuaded him from, saying, he doubted whether a Justice of Peace had any such Power. The Justice at first differed in Opinion; and said, 'He had seen a Man stand in the Pillory about Perjury; nay, he had known a Man in Goal for it too; and how came he there, if he was not committed thither? Why that is true, Sir,' answered the Clerk. 'And yet I have been told by a very great Lawyer, that a Man can't be committed for Perjury before he is indicted; and the Reason is, I believe, because it is not against the Peace before the Indictment makes it so.' 'Why that may be,' cries the Justice; 'and indeed Perjury is but scandalous Words, and I know a Man can't have no Warrant

‘ for those, unless you put for *rioting* *
 ‘ them into the Warrant.’

The Witness was now about to be discharged, when the Lady whom he had accused, declared she would swear the Peace against him; for that he had called her a Whore several times. ‘ Oho! you will swear the Peace, Madam, will you?’ cries the Justice, ‘ Give her the Peace, presently; and pray, Mr. *Constable*, secure the Prisoner, now we have him, while a Warrant is made to take him up.’ All which was immediately performed, and the poor Witness for want of Sureties was sent to Prison.

A young Fellow, whose Name was *Booth*, was now charged with beating the

* *Opus est Interprete.* By the Laws of *England* abusive Words are not punishable by the Magistrate; some Commissioners of the Peace therefore, when one Scold hath applied to them for a Warrant against another, from a too eager Desire of doing Justice, have construed a little harmless Scolding into a Riot, which is in Law an outrageous Breach of the Peace, committed by several Persons, by three at the least, nor can a less Number be convicted of it. Under this Word rioting, or riotting (for I have seen it spelt both ways) many thousands of old Women have been arrested and put to Expence, sometimes in Prison, for a little intemperate Use of their Tongues. This Practice began to decrease in the Year 1749.

Watchman, in the Execution of his Office, and breaking his Lanthorn. This was deposed by two Witneſſes; and the ſhattered Remains of a broken Lanthorn, which had been long preſerved for the Sake of its Teſtimony, were produced to corroborate the Evidence. The Juſtice, perceiving the Criminal to be but ſhabbily dreſt, was going to commit him without aſking any further Queſtions. At length, however, at the earneſt Requeſt of the Accuſed, the worthy Magiſtrate ſubmitted to hear his Defence. The young Man then alledged, as was in Reality the Caſe, ' That as he was walking home to his ' Lodging, he ſaw two Men in the Street ' cruelly beating a third, upon which he ' had ſtopt and endeavoured to aſſiſt the ' Perſon who was ſo unequally attacked; ' that the Watch came up during the Af- ' fray, and took them all four into Cuſtody; ' that they were immediately carried to the ' Round-houſe, where the two original ' Aſſailants, who appeared to be Men of ' Fortune, found Means to make up the ' Matter, and were diſcharged by the ' Conſtable; a Favour which he himſelf, ' having no Money in his Pocket, was ' unable to obtain. He utterly denied ' having aſſaulted any of the Watchmen, ' and

‘and solemnly declared, that he was offered his Liberty at the Price of Half a Crown.’

Tho’ the bare Word of an Offender can never be taken against the Oath of his Accuser; yet the Matter of this Defence was so pertinent, and delivered with such an Air of Truth and Sincerity, that had the Magistrate been endued with much Sagacity, or had he been very moderately gifted with another Quality very necessary to all who are to administer Justice, he would have employed some Labour in cross-examining the Watchmen; at least he would have given the Defendand the Time he desired to send for the other Persons who were present at the Affray; neither of which he did. In short, the Magistrate had too great an Honour for Truth to suspect that she ever appeared in sordid Apparel; nor did he ever sully his sublime Notions of that Virtue, by uniting them with the mean Ideas of Poverty and Distress.

There remained now only one Prisoner, and that was the poor Man himself in whose Defence the last mentioned Culprit was

was engaged. His Trial took but a very short time. A Cause of Battery and broken Lanthorn was instituted against him, and proved in the same Manner; nor would the Justice hear one Word in Defence: but tho' his Patience was exhausted, his Breath was not; for against this last Wretch he poured forth a great many Vollies of Menaces and Abuse.

The Delinquents were then all dispatched to Prison, under a Guard of Watchmen; and the Justice and the Constable adjourned to a neighbouring Alehouse, to take their Morning Repast.

C H A P. III.

Containing the Inside of a Prison.

MR. *Booth* (for we shall not trouble you with the rest) was no sooner arrived in the Prison, than a Number of Persons gathered round him, all demanding *Garnish*; to which Mr. *Booth* not making a ready Answer, as indeed he did not understand the Word, some were going to lay hold of him, when a Person of apparent Dignity came up and insisted that no one should affront the Gentleman.

tleman. This Person then, who was no less than the Master or Keeper of the Prison, turning towards Mr. *Booth*, acquainted him, that it was the Custom of the Place for every Prisoner, upon his first Arrival there, to give something to the former Prisoners to make them drink. This, he said, was what they called Garnish; and concluded with advising his new Customer to draw his Purse upon the present Occasion. Mr. *Booth* answered, that he would very readily comply with this laudable Custom, was it in his Power; but that in reality he had not a Shilling in his Pocket, and what was worse, he had not a Shilling in the World.—‘Oho! if that be the Case,’ cries the Keeper, ‘it is another Matter, and I have nothing to say.’ Upon which he immediately departed, and left poor *Booth* to the Mercy of his Companions, who without loss of Time applied themselves to *un casing*, as they term’d it, and with such Dexterity, that his Coat was not only stript off, but out of Sight in a Minute.

Mr. *Booth* was too weak to resist, and too wise to complain of this Usage. As soon therefore as he was at Liberty, and declared free of the Place, he summoned his

his Philosophy, of which he had no inconsiderable Share, to his Assistance, and resolved to make himself as easy as possible under his present Circumstances.

Could his own Thoughts indeed have suffered him a Moment to forget where he was, the Dispositions of the other Prisoners might have induced him to believe that he had been in a happier Place: For much the greater part of his Fellow-Sufferers, instead of wailing and repining at their Condition, were laughing, singing and diverting themselves with various kinds of Sports and Gambols.

The first Person who accosted him was called *Blear-Eyed Moll*; a Woman of no very comely Appearance. Her Eye (for she had but one) whence she derived her Nick-name was such, as that Nick-name bespoke; besides which it had two remarkable Qualities; for first, as if Nature had been careful to provide for her own Defect, it constantly looked towards her blind Side; and secondly, the Ball consisted almost entirely of white, or rather yellow, with a little grey Spot in the Corner, so small that it was scarce discernible. Nose she had none; for *Venus*, envious per-

perhaps at her former Charms, had carried off the gristly Part; and some earthly Damsel, perhaps from the same Envy, had levelled the Bone with the rest of her Face: Indeed it was far beneath the Bones of her Cheeks, which rose proportionally higher than is usual. About half a dozen ebeny Teeth fortified that large and long Canal, which Nature had cut from Ear to Ear, at the Bottom of which was a Chin, preposterously short, Nature having turned up the Bottom, instead of suffering it to grow to its due Length.

Her Body was well adapted to her Face; she measured full as much round the middle as from Head to Foot; for besides the extreme Breadth of her Back, her vast Breasts had long since forsaken their native Home, and had settled themselves a little below the Girdle.

I wish certain Actresses on the Stage, when they are to perform Characters of no amiable Cast, would study to dress themselves with the Propriety, with which *Blear-Eyed-Moll* was now arrayed. For the Sake of our squeamish Reader, we shall not descend to Particulars. Let it suffice to say, nothing more ragged, or more
to

dirty, was ever emptied out of the Round-house at St. Giles's.

We have taken the more Pains to describe this Person for two remarkable Reasons; the one is, that this unlovely Creature was taken in the Fact with a very pretty young Fellow; the other, which is more productive of moral Lesson, is, that however wretched her Fortune may appear to the Reader, she was one of the merriest Persons in the whole Prison.

Blear-Eyed-Moll then came up to Mr. *Booth* with a Smile, or rather Grin on her Countenance, and asked him for a Dram of Gin; and when *Booth* assured her that he had not a Penny of Money, she replied, '---D——n your Eyes, I thought
' by your Look you had been a clever Fel-
' low, and upon the snaffling Lay* at least;
' but D——n your Body and Eyes, I find
' you are some sneaking Budge † Rascal.' She then launched forth a Volley of dreadful Oaths, interlarded with some Language, not proper to be repeated here, and was going to lay hold on poor *Booth*, when a tall Prisoner, who had been very earnestly

* A Cant Term for Robbery on the High-way.

† Another Cant Term for Pilfering.

eyeing *Booth* for some Time, came up, and taking her by the Shoulder, flung her off at some Distance, cursing her for a B---h, and bidding her let the Gentleman alone.

This Person was not himself of the most inviting Aspect. He was long visaged, and pale, with a red Beard of above a Fortnight's Growth. He was attired in a brownish black Coat, which would have shewed more Holes than it did, had not the Linen which appeared through it, been entirely of the same Colour with the Cloth.

This Gentleman, whose Name was *Robinson*, addressed himself very civilly to Mr. *Booth*, and told him he was sorry to see one of his Appearance in that Place: 'For as to your being without your Coat, Sir,' says he, 'I can easily account for that; and indeed Dress is the least Part which distinguishes a Gentleman.' At which Words he cast a significant Look on his own Coat, as if he desired they should be applied to himself. He then proceeded in the following Manner:

'I perceive, Sir, you are but just arrived in this dismal Place, which is, indeed, rendered

rendered more detestable by the Wretches who inhabit it, than by any other Circumstance; but even these a wise Man will soon bring himself to bear with Indifference: For what is, is; and what must be, must be. The Knowledge of this, which, simple as it appears, is in truth the Highth of all Philosophy, renders a wise Man superior to every Evil which can befall him. I hope, Sir, no very dreadful Accident is the Cause of your coming hither; but whatever it was, you may be assured it could not be otherwise: For all Things happen by an inevitable Fatality; and a Man can no more resist the Impulse of Fate, than a Wheelbarrow can the Force of its Driver.'

Besides the Obligation which Mr. *Robinson* had conferred on Mr. *Booth*, in delivering him from the Insults of *Blear-ey'd Moll*, there was something in the Manner of *Robinson*, which, notwithstanding the Meanness of his Dress, seemed to distinguish him from the Crowd of Wretches who swarmed in those Regions; and above all, the Sentiments which he had just declared, very nearly coincided with those of Mr. *Booth*: This Gentleman was what they call a Freethinker, that is to say, a
Deist,

Deist, or, perhaps, an Atheist; for tho' he did not absolutely deny the Existence of a God; yet he entirely denied his Providence. A Doctrine which, if it is not downright Atheism, hath a direct Tendency towards it; and, as Dr. *Clarke* observes, may soon be driven into it. And as to Mr. *Booth*, tho' he was in his Heart an extreme Well-wisher to Religion (for he was an honest Man) yet his Notions of it were very slight and uncertain. To say Truth, he was in the wavering Condition so finely described by *Claudian*;

labefacta cadebat

*Religio, causæq; viam non sponte sequebar
Alierius; vacuo quæ currere semina motu
Affirmat; magnumq; novas per inane figuras
Fortuna non arte regi, quæ numina sensu
Ambiguo, vel nulla putat, vel nescia nostri.*

This Way of thinking, or rather of doubting, he had contracted from the same Reasons which *Claudian* assigns, and which had induced *Brutus* in his latter Days, to doubt the Existence of that Virtue which he had all his Life cultivated. In short, poor *Booth* imagined, that a larger Share of Misfortunes had fallen to his Lot than he had merited; and this led him, who (tho' a

good classical Scholar) was not deeply learned in religious Matters, into a disadvantageous Opinion of Providence. A dangerous Way of reasoning, in which our Conclusions are not only too hasty, from an imperfect View of Things; but we are likewise liable to much Error from Partiality to ourselves; viewing our Virtues and Vices as through a Perspective, in which we turn the Glass always to our own Advantage, so as to diminish the one, and as greatly to magnify the other.

From the above Reasons, it can be no Wonder that Mr. *Booth* did not decline the Acquaintance of this Person, in a Place which could not promise to afford him any better. He answered him, therefore, with great Courtesy, as indeed he was of a very good and gentle Disposition; and after expressing a civil Surprize at meeting him there, declared himself to be of the same Opinion with regard to the Necessity of human Actions; adding, however, that he did not believe Men were under any blind Impulse or Direction of Fate; but that every Man acted merely from the Force of that Passion which was uppermost in his Mind, and could do no otherwise.

A Discourse now ensued between the two Gentlemen, on the Necessity arising from the Impulse of Fate, and the Necessity arising from the Impulse of Passion, which, as it will make a pretty Pamphlet of itself, we shall reserve for some future Opportunity. When this was ended, they set forward to survey the Goal, and the Prisoners, with the several Cases of whom Mr. *Robinson*, who had been some time under Confinement, undertook to make Mr. *Booth* acquainted.

C H A P. IV.

Disclosing further Secrets of the Prison-House.

THE first Persons whom they past by were three Men in Fetters, who were enjoying themselves very merrily over a Bottle of Wine and a Pipe of Tobacco. These, Mr. *Robinson* informed his Friend, were three Street-robbers, and were all certain of being hanged the ensuing Sessions. So inconsiderable an Object, said he, is Misery to light Minds, when it is at any Distance.

A little farther they beheld a Man prostrate on the Ground, whose heavy Groans, and frantic Actions, plainly indicated the highest Disorder of Mind. This Person was, it seems, committed for a small Felony; and his Wife, who then lay-in, upon hearing the News, had thrown herself from a Window two Pair of Stairs high, by which means he had, in all Probability, lost both her and his Child.

A very pretty Girl then advanced towards them, whose Beauty Mr. *Booth* could not help admiring the Moment he saw her; declaring, at the same time, he thought she had great Innocence in her Countenance. *Robinson* said she was committed thither as an idle and disorderly Person, and a common Street-walker. As she past by Mr. *Booth*, she damn'd his Eyes, and discharged a Volley of Words, every one of which was too indecent to be repeated.

They now beheld a little Creature sitting by herself in a Corner and crying bitterly. This Girl, Mr. *Robinson* said, was committed, because her Father-in-Law, who was in the Granadier Guards, had sworn

VOL. I. C that

that he was afraid of his Life, or of some bodily Harm, which she would do him, and she could get no Sureties for keeping the Peace: for which Reason Justice *Thrasber* had committed her to Prison.

A great Noise now arose, occasioned by the Prisoners all flocking to see a Fellow whipt for petty Larceny, to which he was condemned by the Court of Quarter Sessions; but this soon ended in the Disappointment of the Spectators: for the Fellow, after being stript, having advanced another Sixpence, was discharged untouched.

This was immediately followed by another Bustle. *Blear-Eyed Moll*, and several of her Companions, having got Possession of a Man who was committed for certain odious unmanlike Practices, not fit to be named, were giving him various Kinds of Discipline, and would probably have put an End to him, had he not been rescued out of their Hands by Authority.

When this Bustle was a little allayed, Mr. *Booth* took Notice of a young Woman in Rags sitting on the Ground, and supporting the Head of an old Man in her
Lap,

Lap, who appeared to be giving up the Ghost. These, Mr. *Robinson* informed him, were Father and Daughter; that the latter was committed for stealing a Loaf, in order to support the former, and the former for receiving it knowing to be stolen.

A well-drest Man then walked surlily by them, whom Mr. *Robinson* reported to have been committed on an Indictment found against him for a most horrid Perjury; but, says he, we expect him to be bailed To-day. Good Heaven! cries *Booth*, can such Villains find Bail, and is no Person charitable enough to bail that poor Father and Daughter? Oh! Sir, answered *Robinson*, the Offence of the Daughter, being Felony, is held not to beailable in Law; whereas Perjury is a Misdemeanor only; and therefore Persons who are even indicted for it, are nevertheless capable of being bailed. Nay of all Perjuries that of which this Man is indicted, is the worst: for it was with an Intention of taking away the Life of an innocent Person by Form of Law. As to Perjuries in civil Matters, they are not so very criminal. They are not, said *Booth*; and yet even these are a most flagitious Offence, and worthy the highest Punishment. Surely they ought

to be distinguished, answered *Robinson*, from the others: for what is taking away a little Property from a Man compared to taking away his Life, and his Reputation, and ruining his Family into the Bargain?—I hope there can be no Comparison in the Crimes, and I think there ought to be none in the Punishment. However, at present, the Punishment of all Perjury is only Pillory, and Transportation for seven Years; and as it is a traversable andailable Offence, Methods are often found to escape any Punishment at all*.

Booth exprest great Astonishment at this, when his Attention was suddenly diverted by the most miserable Object that he had yet seen. This was a Wretch almost naked, and who bore in his Countenance, joined to an Appearance of Honesty, the Marks of Poverty, Hunger, and Disease. He had, moreover, a wooden Leg, and two or three Scars on his Forehead. The Case of this poor Man is indeed unhappy enough, said *Robinson*. He hath served his Country,

* By removing the Indictment by Certiorari into the King's bench, the Trial is so long postponed, and the Costs are so highly increased, that Prosecutors are often tired out, and some incapacitated from pursuing.
Verbum sapienti.

lost his Limb, and received several Wounds at the Siege of *Gibraltar*. When he was discharged from the Hospital abroad, he came over to get into that of *Chelsea*, but could not immediately, as none of his Officers were then in *England*; in the meantime, he was one Day apprehended and committed hither on Suspicion of stealing three Herrings from a Fishmonger. He was tried several Months ago for this Offence, and acquitted; indeed his Innocence manifestly appeared at the Trial; but he was brought back again for his Fees, and here he hath lain ever since.

Booth exprest great Horror at this Account, and declared if he had only so much Money in his Pocket, he would pay his Fees for him; but added, that he was not posselt of a single Farthing in the World.

Robinson hesitated a Moment, and then said, with a Smile, ‘ I am going to make
‘ you, Sir, a very odd Proposal after your
‘ last Declaration; but what say you to a
‘ Game at Cards, it will serve to pass a
‘ tedious Hour, and may divert your
‘ Thoughts from more unpleasent Specu-
‘ lations?’

I do not imagine *Booth* would have agreed to this: for tho' some Love of Gaming had been formerly amongst his Faults; yet he was not so egregiously addicted to that Vice, as to be tempted by the shabby Plight of *Robinson*, who had, if I may so express myself, no Charms for a Gamester. If he had, however, any such Inclinations, he had no Opportunity to follow them: for before he could make any Answer to *Robinson's* Proposal, a strapping Wench came up to *Booth*, and taking hold of his Arm, asked him to walk aside with her; saying, 'What a Pox, are you such a fresh Cull that you do not know this Fellow? Why he is a Gambler, and committed for cheating at Play. There is not such a Pickpocket in the whole *Quad* *.'

A Scene of Altercation now ensued, between *Robinson* and the Lady, which ended in a Bout at Fisticuffs, in which the Lady was greatly superior to the Philosopher.

While the two Combatants were engaged, a grave looking Man, rather better dressed than the Majority of the Company,

* A cant Word for a Prison.

came

came up to Mr. *Booth*, and taking him aside, said, 'I am sorry, Sir, to see a Gentleman, as you appear to be, in such Intimacy with that Rascal, who makes no Scruple of disowning all revealed Religion. As for Crimes, they are human Errors, and signify but little; nay, perhaps the worse a Man is by Nature, the more Room there is for Grace. The Spirit is active, and loves best to inhabit those Minds where it may meet with the most Work. Whatever your Crime be, therefore, I would not have you despair; but rather rejoice at it: for perhaps it may be the Means of your being called.' He ran on for a considerable Time with this Cant, without waiting for an Answer, and ended in declaring himself a Methodist.

Just as the Methodist had finished his Discourse, a beautiful young Woman was ushered into the Goal. She was genteel and well drest, and did not in the least resemble those Females whom Mr. *Booth* had hitherto seen. The Constable had no sooner delivered her at the Gate, than she asked, with a commanding Voice, for the Keeper; and, when he arrived, she said to him, 'Well, Sir, whither am I to be conducted?'

‘ ducted? I hope I am not to take up my
‘ Lodging with these Creatures.’ The
Keeper answered, with a Kind of surly
Respect, ‘ Madam, we have Rooms for
‘ those that can afford to pay for them.’
At these Words she pulled a handsome
Purse from her Pocket, in which many
Guineas chinked, saying, with an Air of
Indignation, ‘ that she was not come thither
‘ on account of Poverty.’ The Keeper no
sooner viewed the Purse, than his Features
became all softened in an Instant, and with all
the Courtesy of which he was Master, he
desired the Lady to walk with him, assur-
ing her that she should have the best Apart-
ment in his House.

Mr. *Booth* was now left alone; for the
Methodist had forsaken him, having, as
the Phrase of the Sect is, *searched* him to
the Bottom. In fact, he had thoroughly ex-
amined every one of Mr. *Booth*’s Pockets;
from which he had conveyed away a Pen-
knife and an Iron Snuff-box, these being
all the Moveables which were to be found.

Booth was standing near the Gate of the
Prison when the young Lady above-men-
tioned was introduced into the Yard. He
viewed her Features very attentively, and
was

was persuaded that he knew her. She was indeed so remarkably handsome, that it was hardly possible for any who had ever seen her to forget her. He enquired of one of the Under-keepers, if the Name of the Prisoner lately arrived was not *Mathews*; to which he was answered that her Name was not *Mathews* but *Vincent*, and that she was committed for Murder.

The latter Part of this Information made Mr. *Booth* suspect his Memory more than the former: for it was very possible that she might have changed her Name; but he hardly thought she could so far have changed her Nature as to be guilty of a Crime so very incongruous with her former gentle Manners: for Miss *Mathews* had both the Birth and Education of a Gentlewoman. He concluded, therefore, that he was certainly mistaken, and rested satisfied without any further Enquiry.

C H A P. V.

*Containing certain Adventures which befel
Mr. Booth in the Prison.*

THE Remainder of the Day Mr. *Booth* spent in melancholy Contemplation on his present Condition. He was destitute of the common Necessaries of Life, and consequently unable to subsist where he was; nor was there a single Person in Town to whom he could with any reasonable Hope apply for his Delivery. Grief for some time banished the Thoughts of Food from his Mind; but in the Morning, Nature began to grow uneasy for want of her usual Nourishment: for he had not eat a Morsel during the last forty Hours. A penny Loaf, which is, it seems, the ordinary Allowance to the Prisoners in *Bridewell*, was now delivered him; and while he was eating this, a Man brought him a little Packet sealed up, informing him that it came by a Messenger who said it required no Answer.

Mr. *Booth* now opened his Packet, and after unfolding several Pieces of blank Paper successively, at last discovered a
Guinea,

Guinea, wrapt with great Care in the innermost Paper. He was vastly surpris'd at this Sight, as he had few, if any Friends, from whom he could expect such a Favour, slight as it was; and not one of his Friends, as he was apprized, knew of his Confinement. As there was no Direction to the Packet, nor a Word of Writing contained in it, he began to suspect that it was delivered to the wrong Person; and, being one of most untainted Honesty, he found out the Man who gave it to him, and again examined him concerning the Person who brought it, and the Message delivered with it. The Man assured *Booth* that he had made no Mistake; saying, 'If your Name is *Booth*, Sir, I am positive you are the Gentleman to whom the Parcel I gave you belongs.'

The most scrupulous Honesty would, perhaps, in such a Situation, have been well enough satisfied in finding no Owner for the Guinea; especially when Proclamation had been made in the Prison, that Mr. *Booth* had received a Packet without any Direction, to which if any Person had any Claim, and would discover the Contents, he was ready to deliver it to such Claimant. No such Claimant being found,

(I mean none who knew the Contents ; for many swore that they expected just such a Packet, and believed it to be their Property) Mr. *Booth* very calmly resolved to apply the Money to his own Use.

The first Thing after Redemption of the Coat, which Mr. *Booth*, hungry as he was, thought of, was to supply himself with Snuff, which he had long, to his great Sorrow, been without. On this Occasion he presently missed that Iron Box which the Methodist had so dextrously conveyed out of his Pocket, as we mentioned in the last Chapter.

He no sooner missed this Box, than he immediately suspected that the Gambler was the Person who had stolen it ; nay, so well was he assured of this Man's Guilt, that it may perhaps be improper to say he barely suspected it. Tho' Mr. *Booth* was, as we have hinted, a Man of a very sweet Disposition ; yet was he rather over-warm. Having, therefore, no Doubt concerning the Person of the Thief, he eagerly sought him out, and very bluntly charged him with the Fact.

The

The Gambler, whom I think we should now call the Philosopher, received this Charge without the least visible Emotion either of Mind or Muscle. After a short Pause of a few Moments, he answered with great Solemnity as follows : ‘Young Man, I am entirely unconcerned at your groundless Suspicion. He that censures a Stranger, as I am to you, without any Cause, makes a worse Compliment to himself than to the Stranger. You know yourself, Friend ; you know not me. It is true indeed you heard me accused of being a Cheat and a Gamester ; but who is my Accuser ? Look at my Apparel, Friend, do Thieves and Gamesters wear such Cloaths as these ? Play is my Folly, not my Vice ; it is my Impulse, and I have been a Martyr to it. Would a Gamester have asked another to play when he could have lost Eighteen Pence and won nothing ? However, if you are not satisfied you may search my Pockets ; the Outside of all but one will serve your Turn, and in that one there is the Eighteen Pence I told you of.’ He then turned up his Cloaths ; and his Pockets entirely resembled the Pitchers of the *Belides*.

Booth

Booth was a little staggered at this Defence. He said, the real Value of the Iron Box was too inconsiderable to mention ; but that he had a capricious Value for it, for the Sake of the Person who gave it him : ‘ for tho’ it is not,’ said he ‘ worth Six-
‘ pence, I would willingly give a Crown
‘ to any one who would bring it me
‘ again.’

Robinson answered, ‘ if that be the Case,
‘ you have nothing more to do but to
‘ signify your Intention in the Prison ; and
‘ I am well convinced you will not be long
‘ without regaining the Possession of your
‘ Snuff box.’

This Advice was immediately followed, and with Success, the Methodist presently producing the Box ; which, he said, he had found, and should have returned it before, had he known the Person to whom it belonged ; adding, with uplifted Eyes, that the Spirit would not suffer him knowingly to detain the Goods of another, however inconsiderable the Value was. ‘ Why
‘ so, Friend ?’ said *Robinson*. ‘ Have I not
‘ heard you often say, the wickeder any
‘ Man was, the better, provided he was
‘ what

‘ what you call a Believer.’ ‘ You mistake
‘ me,’ cries *Cooper* (for that was the Name
of the Methodist) ‘ no Man can be wicked
‘ after he is possessed by the Spirit. There is
‘ a wide Difference between the Days of Sin
‘ and the Days of Grace. I have been a
‘ Sinner myself.’ ‘ I believe thee,’ cries
Robinson, with a Sneer. ‘ I care not,’ an-
swered the other, ‘ what an Atheist be-
‘ lieves. I suppose you would insinuate
‘ that I stole the Snuff-box; but I value
‘ not your Malice: the Lord knows my
‘ Innocence.’ He then walked off with
the Reward; and *Booth* turning to *Robin-
son*, very earnestly asked Pardon for his
groundless Suspicion; which the other,
without any Hesitation, accorded him,
saying, ‘ You never accused Me, Sir; you
‘ suspected some Gambler, with whose
‘ Character I have no Concern. I should
‘ be angry with a Friend or Acquaintance
‘ who should give a hasty Credit to any
‘ Allegation against me; but I have no
‘ Reason to be offended with you for be-
‘ lieving what the Woman, and the Rascal
‘ who is just gone, and who is committed
‘ here for a Pickpocket, which you did
‘ not perhaps know, told you to my Dis-
‘ advantage. And if you thought me to
‘ be a Gambler, you had just Reason to
‘ suspect

' suspect any Ill of me: for I myself am
 ' confined here by the Perjury of one of
 ' those Villains; who having cheated me
 ' of my Money at Play, and hearing that
 ' I intended to apply to a Magistrate
 ' against him, himself began the Attack,
 ' and obtained a Warrant against me of
 ' Justice *Thrasber*, who, without hearing
 ' one Speech in my Defence, committed
 ' me to this Place.'

Booth testified great Compassion at this Account; and he having invited *Robinson* to Dinner, they spent that Day together. In the Afternoon *Booth* indulged his Friend with a Game at Cards; at first for Half-pence, and afterwards for Shillings, when Fortune so favoured *Robinson*, that he did not leave the other a single Shilling in his Pocket.

A surprising Run of Luck in a Gamester is often mistaken for somewhat else, by Persons who are not over zealous Believers in the Divinity of Fortune. I have known a Stranger at *Bath*, who hath happened fortunately (I might almost say unfortunately) to have four by Honours in his Hand almost every time he dealt, for a whole Evening, thunned universally by the

the whole Company the next Day. And certain it is, that Mr. *Booth*, tho' of a Temper very little inclined to Suspicion, began to waver in his Opinion, whether the Character given by Mr. *Robinson* of himself, or that which the others gave of him, was the truer.

In the Morning Hunger paid him a second Visit, and found him again in the same Situation as before. After some Deliberation, therefore, he resolved to ask *Robinson* to lend him a Shilling or two of that Money which was lately his own. And this Experiment, he thought, would confirm him either in a good or evil Opinion of that Gentleman.

To this Demand *Robinson* answered with great Alacrity, that he should very gladly have complied, had not Fortune played one of her Jade Tricks with him: 'for, since my winning of you,' said he, 'I have been stript not only of your Money, but my own.' He was going to harangue farther; but *Booth* with great Indignation turned from him.

This poor Gentleman had very little time to reflect on his own Misery, or the
Rascality,

Rascality, as it appeared to him, of the other, when the same Person, who had the Day before delivered him the Guinea from the unknown Hand, again accosted him, and told him a Lady in the House (so he expressed himself) desired the Favour of his Company.

Mr. *Booth* immediately obeyed the Message, and was conducted into a Room in the Prison, where he was presently convinced that Mrs. *Vincent* was no other than his old Acquaintance Miss *Mathews*.

C H A P. VI.

Containing the extraordinary Behaviour of Miss Mathews on her meeting with Booth, and some Endeavours to prove by Reason and Authority, that it is possible for a Woman to appear to be what she really is not.

EIGHT or nine Years had past since any Interview between Mr. *Booth* and Miss *Mathews*; and their meeting now in so extraordinary a Place affected both of them with an equal Surprize.

After some immaterial Ceremonies, the Lady acquainted Mr. *Booth*, that having heard

heard there was a Person in the Prison who knew her by the Name of *Mathews*, she had great Curiosity to enquire who he was, whereupon he had been shewn to her from the Window of the House; that she immediately recollected him, and being informed of his distressful Situation, for which she expressed great Concern, she had sent him that Guinea which he had received the Day before; and then proceeded to excuse herself for not having desired to see him at that time, when she was under the greatest Disorder and Hurry of Spirits.

Booth made many handsome Acknowledgments of her Favour; and added, that he very little wondered at the Disorder of her Spirits, concluding, that he was heartily concerned at seeing her there; but I hope, Madam, said he——

Here he hesitated; upon which, bursting into an Agony of Tears, she cried out, ‘O Captain, Captain, many extraordinary Things have past since last I saw you. O gracious Heaven! did I ever expect that this would be the next Place of our meeting!’

She

She then flung herself into her Chair, where she gave a Loose to her Passion, whilst he, in the most affectionate and tender Manner, endeavoured to sooth and comfort her; but Passion itself did probably more for its own Relief than all his friendly Consolations. Having vented this in a large Flood of Tears, she became pretty well composed; but *Booth* unhappily mentioning her Father, she again relapsed into an Agony, and cried out, 'Why? why will you repeat the Name of that dear Man? I have disgraced him, Mr. *Booth*, I am unworthy the Name of his Daughter.'—Here Passion again stopped her Words, and discharged itself in Tears.

After this second Vent of Sorrow or Shame; or, if the Reader pleases, of Rage, she once more recovered from her Agonies. To say the Truth, these are, I believe, as critical Discharges of Nature, as any of those which are so called by the Physicians; and do more effectually relieve the Mind than any Remedies with which the whole *Materia Medica* of Philosophy can supply it.

When Mrs. *Vincent* had recovered her Faculties, she perceived *Booth* standing silent,

silent, with a Mixture of Concern and Astonishment in his Countenance; then addressing herself to him with an Air of most bewitching Softness, of which she was a perfect Mistress, she said, ‘ I do not wonder at your Amazement, Captain *Booth*; nor indeed at the Concern which you so plainly discover for me; for I well know the Goodness of your Nature; but O Mr. *Booth*! believe me, when you know what hath happened since our last Meeting, your Concern will be raised, however your Astonishment may cease. O, Sir, you are a Stranger to the Cause of my Sorrows.’

‘ I hope, I am, Madam, answered he; for I cannot believe what I have heard in the Prison—surely Murder—At which Words she started from her Chair, repeating, Murder! ‘ Oh! ’tis Music in my Ears.— You have heard then the Cause of my Commitment, my Glory, my Delight, my Reparation!—Yes, my old Friend, this is the Hand, this is the Arm that drove the Penknife to his Heart. Unkind Fortune, that not one Drop of his Blood reached my Hand.—Indeed, Sir, I never would have washed it from it.—But tho’ I have not the Happiness to see it on my
Hand,

‘ Hand, I have the glorious Satisfaction
 ‘ of remembring I saw it run in Rivers on
 ‘ the Floor; I saw it forsake his Cheeks.
 ‘ I saw him fall a Martyr to my Revenge.
 ‘ And is the killing a Villain to be called
 ‘ Murder? Perhaps the Law calls it so.—
 ‘ Let it call it what it will, or punish me
 ‘ as it pleases.—Punish me!—no, no—
 ‘ That is not in the Power of Man — not
 ‘ of that Monster Man, Mr. *Booth*. I am
 ‘ undone, am revenged, and have now no
 ‘ more Business for Life; let them take it
 ‘ from me when they will.’

Our poor Gentleman turned pale with
 Horror at this Speech, and the Ejaculation
 of *Good Heavens!* *what do I hear!* burst
 spontaneously from his Lips! Nor can we
 wonder at this, tho’ he was the bravest of
 Men; for her Voice, her Looks, her
 Gestures, were properly adapted to the Sen-
 timents she expressed. Such indeed was her
 Image, that neither could *Shakespeare* de-
 scribe, nor *Hogarth* paint, nor *Clive* could
 act a Fury in higher Perfection.

‘What do you hear?’ reiterated she. ‘You
 ‘ hear the Resentment of the most injured
 ‘ of Women. You have heard, you say,
 ‘ of the Murder; but do you know the
 ‘ Cause,

‘ Cause, Mr. *Booth*? Have you, since your
 ‘ Return to *England*, visited that Country
 ‘ where we formerly knew one another?
 ‘ Tell me, do you know my wretched
 ‘ Story? Tell me that, my Friend.’

Booth hesitated for an Answer; indeed he had heard some imperfect Stories, not much to her Advantage. She waited not till he had formed a Speech; but cried, ‘ Whatever you may have
 ‘ heard, you cannot be acquainted with all
 ‘ the strange Accidents which have occa-
 ‘ sioned your seeing me in a Place, which,
 ‘ at our last Parting, was so unlikely that
 ‘ I should ever have been found in; nor
 ‘ can you know the Cause of all that I have
 ‘ uttered, and which, I am convinced, you
 ‘ never expected to have heard from my
 ‘ Mouth. If these Circumstances raise
 ‘ your Curiosity, I will satisfy it.’

He answered, that Curiosity was too mean a Word to express his ardent Desire of knowing her Story. Upon which, with very little previous Ceremony, she began to relate what is written in the following Chapter.

But

But before we put an End to this, it may be necessary to whisper a Word or two to the Critics, who have perhaps begun to express no less Astonishment than Mr. *Booth*, that a Lady, in whom we had remarked a most extraordinary Power of displaying Softness, should the very next Moment after the Words were out of our Mouth, express Sentiments becoming the Lips of a *Dalila*, *Jezebel*, *Medea*, *Semiramis*, *Parysatis*, *Tanaquil*, *Livilla*, *Messalina*, *Agrippina*, *Brunichilde*, *Elfrida*, *Lady Macbeth*, *Joan of Naples*, *Christina of Sweden*, *Katharine Hays*, *Sarah Malcolm*, *Con. Philips* *, or any other Heroine of the tender Sex, which History sacred or prophane, antient or modern, false or true, hath recorded.

We desire such Critics to remember, that it is the same *English* Climate, in which on the lovely 10th of *June*, under a serene Sky, the amorous *Jacobite* kissing the odouriferous *Zephyr's* Breath, gathers a Nosegay of white *Roses* to deck the whiter Breast of *Celia*; and in which, on the 11th of *June*, the very next Day, the boisterous *Boreas*, roused by the hollow Thunder, rushes horrible through the Air, and driving the wet Tempest before him, levels the

* Tho' last, not least.

Hope of the Husbandman with the Earth,
dreadful Remembrance of the Consequences
of the Revolution.

Again let it be remembered, that it is the self same *Celia*, all tender, soft, and delicate; who with a Voice, the Sweetness of which the Sirens might envy, warbles the harmonious Song in Praise of the young Adventurer; and again, the next Day, or, perhaps, the next Hour, with fiery Eyes, wrinkled Brows, and foaming Lips, roars forth Treason and Nonsense in a political Argument with some Fair one, of a different Principle.

Or, if the Critic be a Whig, and consequently dislikes such kind of Similes, as being too favourable to Jacobitism, let him be contented with the following Story :

I happened in my Youth to sit behind two Ladies in a Side-Box at a Play, where, in the Balcony on the opposite Side was placed the inimitable *B——y C———s*, in Company with a young Fellow of no very formal, or indeed sober Appearance. One of the Ladies, I remember, said to the other---‘ Did you ever see any thing look
‘ so modest and so innocent as that Girl

‘ over the way? What Pity it is such a
 ‘ Creature should be in the Way of Ruin,
 ‘ as I am afraid she is, by her being alone
 ‘ with that young Fellow!’ Now this
 Lady was no bad Physiognomist; for
 it was impossible to conceive a greater
 Appearance of Modesty, Innocence and
 Simplicity, than what Nature had displayed
 in the Countenance of that Girl; and yet,
 all Appearances notwithstanding, I myself
 (remember Critic it was in my Youth) had
 a few Mornings before seen that very iden-
 tical Picture of all those ingaging Qualities
 in Bed with a Rake at a Bagnio, smoaking
 Tobacco, drinking Punch, talking Ob-
 scenity, and swearing and cursing with all
 the Impudence and Impiety of the lowest
 and most abandoned Trull of a Soldier.

C H A P. VIII.

In which Miss Mathews begins her History.

MISS *Mathews* having barred the
 Door on the Inside, as securely as
 it was before barred on the Outside, pro-
 ceeded as follows :

‘ You may imagine, I am going to begin
 ‘ my History at the Time when you left
 the

‘ the Country; but I cannot help reminding
‘ you of something which happened before.
‘ You will soon recollect the Incident; but
‘ I believe you little know the Consequence
‘ either at that time or since. Alas! I
‘ could keep a Secret then: now I have no
‘ Secrets; the World knows all; and it is
‘ not worth my while to conceal any thing.
‘ Well!—You will not wonder, I believe.
‘ —I protest I can hardly tell it you even
‘ now.—But I am convinced you have
‘ too good an Opinion of yourself to be
‘ surpris’d at any Conquest you may have
‘ made.—Few Men want that good O-
‘ pinion—and perhaps very few had ever
‘ more Reason for it. Indeed, *Will*, you
‘ was a charming Fellow in those Days;
‘ nay you are not much altered for the
‘ worse now, at least in the Opinion of
‘ some Women: for your Complexion and
‘ Features are grown much more masculine
‘ than they were.’ Here *Booth* made her a
low Bow, most probably with a Compli-
ment; and, after a little Hesitation, she
again proceeded—‘ Do you remember a
‘ Contest which happened at an Assembly,
‘ betwixt myself and Miss *Johnson*, about
‘ standing uppermost? You was then my
‘ Partner; and young *Williams* danced with
‘ the other Lady. The Particulars are not

‘ now worth mentioning, tho’ I suppose
 ‘ you have long since forgot them. Let it
 ‘ suffice that you supported my Claim, and
 ‘ *Williams* very sneakingly gave up that of
 ‘ his Partner, who was with much Diffi-
 ‘ culty afterwards prevailed to dance with
 ‘ him. You said,---I am sure I repeat the
 ‘ Words exactly, that “ you would not
 ‘ for the World affront any Lady there ;
 ‘ but that you thought you might, with-
 ‘ out any such Danger declare, that there
 ‘ was no Assembly in which that Lady,
 ‘ meaning your humble Servant, was not
 ‘ worthy of the uppermost Place ; nor
 ‘ will I, said you, suffer the first Duke in
 ‘ *England*, when she is at the uppermost
 ‘ End of the Room, and hath called her
 ‘ Dance, to lead his Partner above her.”

‘ What made this the more pleasing to
 ‘ me was, that I secretly hated Miss *John-*
 ‘ *son*. Will you have the Reason ? Why
 ‘ then I will tell you honestly, she was my
 ‘ Rival ;—that Word perhaps astonishes
 ‘ you, as you never, I-believe, heard of any
 ‘ one who made his Addresses to me ; and
 ‘ indeed my Heart was till that Night en-
 ‘ tirely indifferent to all Mankind. I mean
 ‘ then that she was my Rival for Praise,
 ‘ for Beauty, for Dress, for Fortune, and
 ‘ con-

' consequently for Admiration. My Tri-
 ' umph on this Conquest is not to be ex-
 ' pressed, any more than my Delight in
 ' the Person to whom I chiefly owed it.
 ' The former, I fancy, was visible to the
 ' whole Company; and I desired it should
 ' be so; but the latter was so well con-
 ' cealed, that no one, I am confident, took
 ' any Notice of it. And yet you appeared
 ' to me that Night to be an Angel.
 ' You looked, you danced, you spoke—
 ' every Thing charmed me.'

' Good Heavens!' cries *Booth*, ' is it pos-
 ' sible you should do me so much unme-
 ' rited Honour, and I should be Dunc
 ' enough not to perceive the least Sym-
 ' ptom!'

' I assure you,' answered she, ' I did all I
 ' could to prevent you; and yet I almost
 ' hated you for not seeing through what I
 ' strove to hide. Why, Mr. *Booth*, was
 ' you not more quick-sighted?—I will
 ' answer for you—your Affections were
 ' more happily disposed of to a much
 ' better Woman than myself, whom you
 ' married soon afterwards. I should ask
 ' you for her, Mr. *Booth*; I should have
 ' asked you for her before; but I am un-

‘ worthy of asking for her, or of calling her
‘ my Acquaintance.’

Booth stopt her short, as she was running into another Fit of Passion, and begged her to omit all former Matters, and acquaint him with that Part of her History to which he was an entire Stranger.

She then renewed her Discourse as follows: ‘ You know, Mr. *Booth*, I soon
‘ afterwards left that Town, upon the
‘ Death of my Grandmother, and returned
‘ home to my Father’s House; where I
‘ had not been long arrived before some
‘ Troops of Dragoons came to quarter in
‘ our Neighbourhood. Among the Officers
‘ there was a Cornet, whose detested
‘ Name was *Hebbers*, a Name I could
‘ scarce repeat, had I not at the same time
‘ the Pleasure to reflect that he is now no
‘ more. My Father, you know, who is
‘ a hearty Well-wisher to the present Government,
‘ used always to invite the Officers to his House; so did he these. Nor
‘ was it long before this Cornet, in so particular a Manner recommended himself
‘ to the poor old Gentleman (I cannot
‘ think of him without Tears) that our
‘ House

‘ House became his principal Habitation ;
‘ and he was rarely at his Quarters, unless
‘ when his superior Officers obliged him to
‘ be there. I shall say nothing of his Per-
‘ son, nor could that be any Recommen-
‘ dation to a Man ; it was such, however,
‘ as no Woman could have made Objection
‘ to. Nature had certainly wrapt up her
‘ odious Work in a most beautiful Covering.
‘ To say the Truth, he was the handsomest
‘ Man, except one only, that I ever saw—
‘ I assure you, I have seen an handsomer
‘ — but—well.—He had besides all the
‘ Qualifications of a Gentleman, was
‘ genteel, and extremely polite, spoke
‘ *French* well, and danced to a Miracle ;
‘ but what chiefly recommended him to
‘ my Father was his Skill in Music, of
‘ which you know that dear Man was the
‘ most violent Lover. I wish he was not
‘ too susceptible of Flattery on that Head ;
‘ for I have heard *Hebbers* often greatly
‘ commend my Father’s Performance, and
‘ have observed, that he was wonderfully
‘ pleased with such Commendations. To
‘ say the Truth, it is the only Way I can
‘ account for the extraordinary Friendship
‘ which my Father conceived for this Per-
‘ son ; such a Friendship that he at last
‘ became a Part of our Family.’

‘ This very Circumstance, which, as I
‘ am convinced, strongly recommended
‘ him to my Father, had the very contrary
‘ Effect with me ; I had never any Delight
‘ in Music, and it was not without much
‘ Difficulty I was prevailed on to learn to
‘ play on the Harpsichord, in which I had
‘ made a very slender Progress. As this Man,
‘ therefore, was frequently the Occasion of
‘ my being importuned to play against my
‘ Will, I began to entertain some Dislike
‘ for him on that Account ; and as to his
‘ Person, I assure you, I long continued
‘ to look on it with great Indifference.

‘ How strange will the Art of this
‘ Man appear to you presently, who had
‘ sufficient Address to convert that very
‘ Circumstance which had at first oc-
‘ casioned my Dislike, into the first Seeds
‘ of Affection for him.

‘ You have often, I believe, heard my
‘ Sister *Betty* play on the Harpsichord ; she
‘ was indeed reputed the best Performer
‘ in the whole Country.

‘ I was the farthest in the World from
‘ regarding this Perfection of hers with
‘ Envy.

‘ Envy. In Reality, perhaps, I despised
‘ all Perfection of this Kind; at least, as I
‘ had neither Skill nor Ambition to excel
‘ this Way, I looked upon it as a Matter
‘ of mere Indifference.

‘ *Hebbers* first put this Emulation in my
‘ Head. He took great Pains to persuade
‘ me, that I had much greater Abilities of
‘ the musical Kind than my Sister; and
‘ that I might, with the greatest Ease, if I
‘ pleased, excel her; offering me, at the
‘ same time, his Assistance, if I would re-
‘ solve to undertake it.

‘ When he had sufficiently inflamed my
‘ Ambition, in which perhaps he found
‘ too little Difficulty, the continual Praises
‘ of my Sister, which before I had disre-
‘ garded, became more and more nauseous
‘ in my Ears; and the rather as Music be-
‘ ing the favourite Passion of my Father,
‘ I became apprehensive (not without fre-
‘ quent Hints from *Hebbers* of that Nature)
‘ that she might gain too great a Preference
‘ in his Favour.

‘ To my Harpsichord then I applied
‘ myself Night and Day, with such In-
‘ dustry and Attention, that I soon began

' to perform in a tolerable Manner. I do
 ' not absolutely say I excelled my Sister ;
 ' for many were of a different Opinion ;
 ' but indeed there might be some Parti-
 ' ality in all that.

' *Hebbers*, at least, declared himself on
 ' my Side, and no Body could doubt his
 ' Judgment. He asserted openly, that I
 ' played in the better Manner of the two ;
 ' and one Day, when I was playing to him
 ' alone, he affected to burst into a Rap-
 ' ture of Admiration, and, squeezing me
 ' gently by the Hand, said, ' There, Ma-
 ' dam, I now declare you excel your
 ' Sister as much in Music, as,' added he,
 in a whispering Sigh, ' you do her and
 ' all the World in every other Charm.'

' No Woman can bear any Superiority
 ' in whatever thing she desires to excel in.
 ' I now began to hate all the Admirers of
 ' my Sister, to be uneasy at every Com-
 ' mendation bestowed on her Skill in Mu-
 ' sic, and consequently to love *Hebbers* for
 ' the Preference which he gave to mine.

' It was now that I began to survey the
 ' handsome Person of *Hebbers* with Plea-
 ' sure. And here, Mr. *Booth*, I will be-
 ' tray

‘ tray to you the grand Secret of our Sex.
‘ — Many Women, I believe, do with
‘ great Innocence, and even with great
‘ Indifference, converse with Men of the
‘ finest Persons; but this I am confident
‘ may be affirmed with Truth, that when
‘ once a Woman comes to ask this Question
‘ of herself; Is the Man whom I like for
‘ some other Reason, handsome? Her
‘ Fate and his too very strongly depend
‘ on her answering in the Affirmative.

‘ *Hebbers* no sooner perceived that he
‘ made an Impression on my Heart, of
‘ which, I am satisfied, I gave him too un-
‘ deniable Tokens, than he affected, on a
‘ sudden, to shun me in the most appa-
‘ rent Manner. He wore the most melan-
‘ choly Air in my Presence, and, by his
‘ dejected Looks and Sighs, firmly per-
‘ suaded me, that there was some secret
‘ Sorrow labouring in his Bosom; nor will
‘ it be difficult for you to imagine to what
‘ Cause I imputed it.

‘ Whilst I was wishing for his Declara-
‘ tion of a Passion, in which, I thought, I
‘ could not be mistaken, and, at the same
‘ Time, trembling, whenever we met, with
‘ the Apprehension of this very Declara-
‘ tion,

‘ration, the Widow *Cary* came from *Lon-*
 ‘*don* to make us a Visit, intending to stay
 ‘the whole Summer at our House.

‘Those who know Mrs. *Cary*, will
 ‘scarce think I do her an Injury, in say-
 ‘ing, she is far from being handsome;
 ‘and yet she is as finished a Coquette as
 ‘if she had the highest Beauty to support
 ‘that Character. But, perhaps, you have
 ‘seen her; and, if you have, I am convinced
 ‘you will readily subscribe to my Opi-
 ‘nion.’

Booth answered, he had not; and then
 she proceeded as in the following Chapter.

C H A P. IX.

The History of Miss Mathews continued.

‘THIS young Lady had not been
 ‘three Days with us, before *Hebbers*
 ‘grew so particular with her, that it was
 ‘generally observed, and my poor Father,
 ‘who, I believe, loved the Cornet as if he
 ‘had been his-Son, began to jest on the
 ‘Occasion, as one who would not be dis-
 ‘pleased at throwing a good Jointure into
 ‘the Arms of his Friend.

‘You

‘ You will easily guess, Sir, the Dispo-
‘ sition of my Mind on this Occasion ; but
‘ I was not permitted to suffer long under
‘ it ; for one Day, when *Hebbers* was alone
‘ with me, he took an Opportunity of ex-
‘ pressing his Abhorrence at the Thoughts
‘ of marrying for Interest, contrary to his
‘ Inclinations. I was warm on the Sub-
‘ ject, and, I believe, went so far as to say,
‘ *That none but Fools and Villains did so.* He
‘ replied, with a Sigh, *Yes, Madam, but*
‘ *what would you think of a Man whose*
‘ *Heart is all the while bleeding for another*
‘ *Woman, to whom he would willingly sacrifice*
‘ *the World ; but, because he must sacrifice*
‘ *her Interest as well as his own, never durst*
‘ *even give her a Hint of that Passion which*
‘ *was preying on his very Vitals ? Do you be-*
‘ *lieve, Miss Fanny, there is such a Wretch*
‘ *on Earth ?* I answered, with an assumed
‘ Coldness, *I did not believe there was ;* he
‘ then took me gently by the Hand, and,
‘ with a Look so tender that I can not de-
‘ scribe it, vowed he was himself that
‘ Wretch. Then starting, as if conscious
‘ of an Error committed, he cried with a
‘ faltering Voice, *What am I saying ? Par-*
‘ *don me, Miss Fanny ; since I beg only your*
‘ *Pity, I never will ask for more. — At these*
‘ Words,

‘ Words, hearing my Father coming up, I
 ‘ betrayed myself entirely, if, indeed, I had
 ‘ not done it before. I hastily withdrew
 ‘ my Hand, crying, *Husb! for Heaven’s*
 ‘ *Sake, my Father is just coming in;* my
 ‘ Blushes, my Look, and my Accent tell-
 ‘ ing him, I suppose, all which he wished
 ‘ to know.

‘ A few Days now brought Matters to
 ‘ an Eclaircissement between us; the being
 ‘ undeceived in what had given me so
 ‘ much Uneasiness, gave me a Pleasure too
 ‘ sweet to be resisted. To triumph over
 ‘ the Widow, for whom I had, in a very
 ‘ short Time, contracted a most inveterate
 ‘ Hatred, was a Pride not to be described.
 ‘ *Hebbers* appeared to me to be the Cause
 ‘ of all this Happiness. I doubted not
 ‘ but that he had the most disinterested
 ‘ Passion for me, and thought him every
 ‘ way worthy of its Return. I did return
 ‘ it, and accepted him as my Lover.

‘ He declared the greatest Apprehensions
 ‘ of my Father’s Suspicion, though I am
 ‘ convinced these were causeless, had his
 ‘ Designs been honourable. To blind
 ‘ these, I consented that he should carry
 ‘ on sham Addresses to the Widow, who
 ‘ was

‘ was now a constant Jest between us; and
‘ he pretended, from Time to Time, to
‘ acquaint me faithfully with every Thing
‘ that past at his Interviews with her; nor
‘ was this faithless Woman wanting in her
‘ Part of the Deceit. She carried herself
‘ to me all the while with a Shew of Af-
‘ fection, and pretended to have the ut-
‘ most Friendship for me. But such are
‘ the Friendships of Women!’

At this Remark, *Booth*, though enough affected at some Parts of the Story, had great Difficulty to refrain from Laughter; but, by good Luck, he escaped being perceived; and the Lady went on without Interruption.

‘ I am come now to a Part of my Nar-
‘ rative in which it is impossible to be par-
‘ ticular, without being tedious; for as to
‘ the Commerce between Lovers, it is, I
‘ believe, much the same in all Cases; and
‘ there is, perhaps, scarce a single Phrase
‘ that hath not been repeated ten Millions
‘ of Times.

‘ One Thing, however, as I strongly re-
‘ marked it then, so I will repeat it to you
‘ now. In all our Conversations, in Mo-
‘ ments

‘ ments when he fell into the warmest
‘ Raptures, and exprest the greateſt Unea-
‘ ſineſs at the Delay of his Joys, he ſeldom
‘ mentioned the Word Marriage; and ne-
‘ ver once ſolicited a Day for that Purpoſe.
‘ Indeed Women cannot be cautioned too
‘ much againſt ſuch Lovers; for though I
‘ have heard, and perhaps, truly, of ſome
‘ of our Sex of a Virtue ſo exalted, that it
‘ is Proof againſt every Temptation; yet
‘ the Generality, I am afraid, are too
‘ much in the Power of a Man to whom
‘ they have owned an Affection. What is
‘ called being upon a good Footing, is, per-
‘ haps, being upon a very dangerous one;
‘ and a Woman who hath given her Con-
‘ ſent to marry, can hardly be ſaid to be
‘ ſafe till ſhe is married.

‘ And now, Sir, I haſten to the Period
‘ of my Ruin. We had a Wedding in our
‘ Family; my muſical Siſter was married
‘ to a young Fellow as muſical as herſelf.
‘ Such a Match, you may be ſure, amongſt
‘ other Feſtivities, muſt have a Ball. Oh!
‘ Mr. *Booth*, ſhall Modeſty forbid me to
‘ remark to you what paſt on that Occa-
‘ ſion? But why do I mention Modeſty,
‘ who have no Pretenſions to it? Every
‘ Thing was ſaid, and practiſed, on that
‘ Occaſion,

‘ Occasion, as if the Purpose had been to
‘ inflame the Mind of every Woman pre-
‘ sent. That Effect, I freely own to you,
‘ it had with me. Music, Dancing, Wine,
‘ and the most luscious Conversation, in
‘ which my poor dear Father innocently
‘ joined, raised Ideas in me of which I shall
‘ for ever repent; and I wished; (why
‘ should I deny it?) that it had been my
‘ Wedding, instead of my Sister’s.

‘ The Villain *Hebbers* danced with me
‘ that Night, and he lost no Opportunity
‘ of improving the Occasion. In short,
‘ the dreadful Evening came. My Fa-
‘ ther, though it was a very unusual Thing
‘ with him, grew intoxicated with Liquor;
‘ most of the Men were in the same Con-
‘ dition; nay, I myself drank more than
‘ I was accustomed to, enough to inflame,
‘ though not to disorder. I lost my for-
‘ mer Bed-fellow, my Sister, and, --- you
‘ may, I think, guess the rest, --- the Vil-
‘ lain found Means to steal to my Cham-
‘ ber, and I was undone.

‘ Two Months I passed in this detested
‘ Commerce, buying, even then, my guilt-
‘ ty, half-tasted Pleasures at too dear a Rate,
‘ with

‘ with continual Horror and Apprehen-
 ‘ sion; but what have I paid since, what do
 ‘ I pay now, Mr. *Booth*? O may my Fate
 ‘ be a Warning to every Woman to keep
 ‘ her Innocence, to resist every Tempta-
 ‘ tion, since she is certain to repent of the
 ‘ foolish Bargain. May it be a Warning
 ‘ to her to deal with Mankind with Care
 ‘ and Caution; to shun the least Ap-
 ‘ proaches of Dishonour, and never to
 ‘ confide too much in the Honesty of a
 ‘ Man, nor in her own Strength, where
 ‘ she has so much at Stake; let her remem-
 ‘ ber she walks on a Precipice, and the
 ‘ bottomless Pit is to receive her, if she
 ‘ slips; nay, if she makes but one false
 ‘ Step.

‘ I ask your Pardon, Mr. *Booth*, I might
 ‘ have spared these Exhortations, since no
 ‘ Woman hears me; but you will not
 ‘ wonder at seeing me affected on this Oc-
 ‘ sion.’

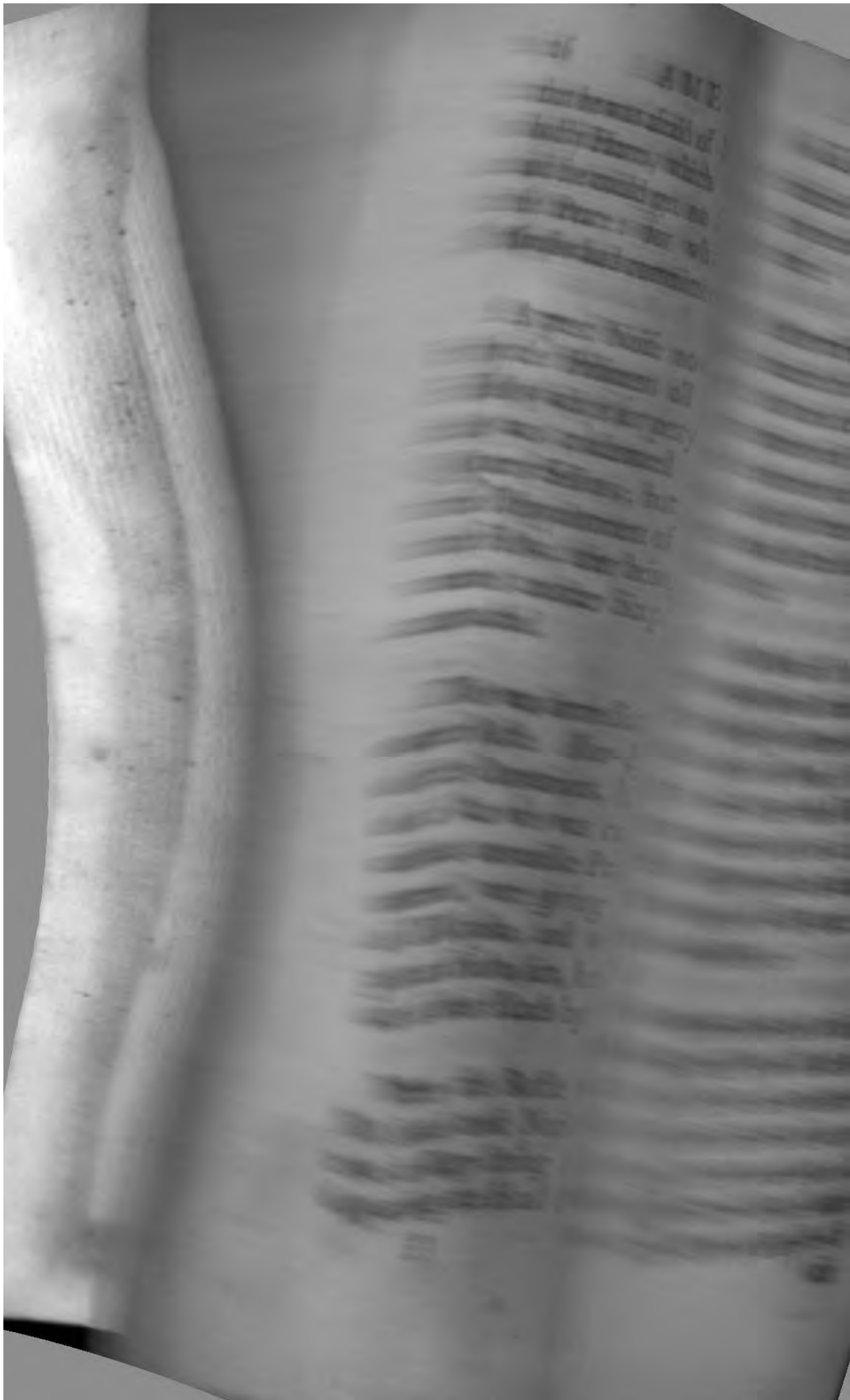
Booth declared he was much more sur-
 prised at her being able so well to preserve
 her Temper in recounting her Story.

‘ O Sir, answered she, I am at length
 ‘ reconciled to my Fate; and I can now
 ‘ die

‘ die with Pleasure, since I die revenged:
‘ I am not one of those mean Wretches
‘ who can sit down and lament their Mis-
‘ fortunes. If I ever shed Tears, they are
‘ the Tears of Indignation--but I will
‘ proceed.

‘ It was my Fate now to solicit Mar-
‘ riage; and I failed not to do it in the
‘ most earnest Manner. He answered me
‘ at first with Procrastinations, declaring
‘ from time to time he would mention it
‘ to my Father, and still excusing himself
‘ for not doing it. At last he thought on
‘ an Expedient to obtain a longer Reprieve:
‘ This was by pretending that he should
‘ in a very few Weeks be preferred to the
‘ Command of a Troop; and then he said,
‘ he could with some Confidence propose
‘ the Match.

‘ In this Delay I was persuaded to ac-
‘ quiesce; and was indeed pretty easy; for
‘ I had not yet the least Mistrust of his
‘ Honour; but what Words can paint my
‘ Sensations! when one Morning he came
‘ into my Room, with all the Marks of
‘ Dejection in his Countenance, and
‘ throwing an open Letter on the Table,
‘ said, There is News, Madam, in that Let-
‘ ter.



*me to mention a Thing of
 Father?---My Eyes were
 at once--- I fell into a
 of Madness. Tell not
 Impossibilities, nor Times,
 ---my Honour, my
 All are at Stake.---I will
 no Delay---make me your
 or I will proclaim you
 the whole Earth for the
 ns.---He answered, with
 What will you proclaim,
 Honour will you injure?---
 altered when I offered to
 fell into a violent Agony,
 a Fit; nor do I remem-
 more that past, till I found
 Arms of my poor af-
 what was then my Si-
 emble even now from the
 must stop a Moment. I
 er. Booth attempted all
 sooth her; and she soon
 Powers, and proceeded in*

C H A P.

‘ ter which I am unable to tell you ; nor
 ‘ can it give you more Concern than it
 ‘ hath given me.

‘ This Letter was from his Captain,
 ‘ to acquaint him, that the Rout, as they
 ‘ call it, was arrived, and that they were
 ‘ to march within two Days. And this I
 ‘ am since convinced was what he expect-
 ‘ ed, instead of the Preferment which had
 ‘ been made the Pretence of delaying our
 ‘ Marriage.

‘ The Shock which I felt at reading
 ‘ this was inexpressible, occasioned indeed
 ‘ principally by the Departure of a Villain
 ‘ whom I loved. However, I soon ac-
 ‘ quired sufficient Presence of Mind to
 ‘ remember the main Point ; and I now
 ‘ insisted peremptorily on his making me
 ‘ immediately his Wife, whatever might
 ‘ be the Consequence.

‘ He seemed thunderstruck at this Pro-
 ‘ posal, being, I suppose, destitute of any
 ‘ Excuse : But I was too impatient to wait
 ‘ for an Answer, and cried out with much
 ‘ Eagerness, *Sure you cannot hesitate a Mo-*
 ‘ *ment upon this Matter---Hesitate! Madam!*
 ‘ replied he---*What you ask is impossible---Is*
 ‘ *this*

‘ *this a Time for me to mention a Thing of*
 ‘ *this kind to your Father?---My Eyes were*
 ‘ *now opened all at once---I fell into a*
 ‘ *Rage little short of Madness. Tell not*
 ‘ *me, I cried, of Impossibilities, nor Times,*
 ‘ *nor of my Father,-----my Honour, my*
 ‘ *Reputation, my All are at Stake.---I will*
 ‘ *have no Excuse, no Delay---make me your*
 ‘ *Wife this instant, or I will proclaim you*
 ‘ *over the Face of the whole Earth for the*
 ‘ *greatest of Villains.---He answered, with*
 ‘ *a kind of Sneer, What will you proclaim,*
 ‘ *Madam?--Whose Honour will you injure?---*
 ‘ *My Tongue faltered when I offered to*
 ‘ *reply, and I fell into a violent Agony,*
 ‘ *which ended in a Fit; nor do I remem-*
 ‘ *ber any thing more that past, till I found*
 ‘ *myself in the Arms of my poor af-*
 ‘ *frighted Father.*

‘ *O Mr. Booth! what was then my Si-*
 ‘ *tuation. I tremble even now from the*
 ‘ *Reflection.—I must stop a Moment. I*
 ‘ *can go no farther.’ Booth attempted all*
 ‘ *in his Power to sooth her; and she soon*
 ‘ *recovered her Powers, and proceeded in*
 ‘ *her Story.*

C H A P. X.

In which Miss Mathews concludes her Relation.

‘ **B**EFORE I had recovered my Senses,
 ‘ I had sufficiently betrayed myself
 ‘ to that best of Men, who instead of up-
 ‘ braiding me, or exerting any Anger, en-
 ‘ deavoured to comfort me all he could;
 ‘ with Assurances that all should yet be
 ‘ well. This Goodness of his affected
 ‘ me with inexpressible Sensations; I pro-
 ‘ strated myself before him, embraced and
 ‘ kissed his Knees, and almost dissolved in
 ‘ Tears, and a Degree of Tendernefs
 ‘ hardly to be conceived — But I am
 ‘ running into too minute Descriptions.

‘ *Hebbers* seeing me in a Fit had left me,
 ‘ and sent one of the Servants to take
 ‘ Care of me. He then ran away like a
 ‘ Thief from the House, without taking
 ‘ his Leave of my Father, or once thank-
 ‘ ing him for all his Civilities. He did
 ‘ not stop at his Quarters, but made di-
 ‘ rectly to *London*, apprehensive, I believe,
 ‘ either of my Father or Brother’s Resent-
 ‘ ment; for I am convinced he is a Cow-
 ‘ ard. Indeed his Fear of my Brother
 ‘ was utterly groundless; for I believe he
 ‘ would

‘ would rather have thanked any Man
‘ who had destroyed me ; and I am sure I
‘ am not in the least behind Hand with
‘ him in good Wifhes.

‘ All his Inveteracy to me had, how-
‘ ever, no Effect on my Father, at least at
‘ that time ; for though the good Man
‘ took sufficient Occasions to reprimand
‘ me for my past Offence, he could not
‘ be brought to abandon me. A Treaty
‘ of Marriage was now fet on Foot, in
‘ which my Father himself offered me to
‘ *Hebbers*, with a Fortune superior to that
‘ which had been given with my Sister; nor
‘ could all my Brother’s Remonstrances
‘ against it, as an Act of the highest Injus-
‘ tice, avail.

‘ *Hebbers* entered into the Treaty, tho’
‘ not with much Warmth. He had even
‘ the Assurance to make additional De-
‘ mands on my Father, which being com-
‘ plied with, every thing was concluded,
‘ and the Villain once more received into
‘ the House. He soon found Means to
‘ obtain my Forgiveness of his former
‘ Behaviour ; indeed he convinced me, so
‘ foolishly blind is female Love, that he
‘ had never been to blame.

‘ When

“ When every thing was ready for our
“ Nuptials, and the Day of the Ceremony
“ was to be appointed, in the midst of my
“ Happiness, I received a Letter from an
“ unknown Hand, acquainting me (guess,
“ Mr. *Booth*, how I was shocked at receiv-
“ ing it) that Mr. *Hebbers* was already mar-
“ ried to a Woman, in a distant Part of the
“ Kingdom.

“ I will not tire you with all that past
“ at our next Interview. I communicated
“ the Letter to *Hebbers*, who, after some
“ little Hesitation, owned the Fact; and
“ not only owned it, but had the Address to
“ improve it to his own Advantage, to make
“ it the Means of satisfying me concern-
“ ing all his former Delays; which, to say
“ the Truth, I was not so much displeas-
“ ed at imputing to any Degree of Villany,
“ as I should have been to impute it
“ to the Want of a sufficient Warmth
“ of Affection; and tho’ the Disappoint-
“ ment of all my Hopes, at the very
“ Instant of their expected Fruition, threw
“ me into the most violent Disorders; yet
“ when I came a little to myself, he had
“ no great Difficulty to persuade me that
“ in every Instance, with regard to me,
“ *Hebbers* had acted from no other Motive
“ than

‘ than from the most ardent and ungo-
‘ vernable Love. And there is, I believe,
‘ no Crime which a Woman will not for-
‘ give, when she can derive it from that
‘ Fountain. In short, I forgave him all,
‘ and am willing to persuade myself I am
‘ not weaker than the rest of my Sex.
‘ Indeed, Mr. *Booth*, he hath a bewitching
‘ Tongue, and is Master of an Address
‘ that no Woman could resist. I do assure
‘ you the Charms of his Person are his
‘ least Perfection, at least in my Eye.’

Here *Booth* smiled, but happily without her perceiving it.

‘ A fresh Difficulty (continued she) now
‘ arose. This was to excuse the Delay of
‘ the Ceremony to my Father, who every
‘ Day very earnestly urged it. This made
‘ me so very uneasy that I at last listened
‘ to a Proposal, which if any one, in the
‘ Days of my Innocence, or even a few
‘ Days before, had assured me I could have
‘ submitted to have thought of, I should
‘ have treated the Supposition with the
‘ highest Contempt and Indignation; nay I
‘ scarce reflect on it now with more Horror
‘ than Astonishment. In short I agreed
‘ to run away with him. To leave my
‘ VOL. I. E Father,

‘ Father, my Reputation, every thing
‘ which was or ought to have been dear to
‘ me, and to live with this Villain as a
‘ Mistress, since I could not be his Wife.

‘ Was not this an Obligation of the
‘ highest and tenderest Kind, and had I
‘ not Reason to expect every Return in the
‘ Man’s Power on whom I had conferred
‘ it ?

‘ I will make short of the Remainder of
‘ my Story : for what is there of a Woman
‘ worth relating, after what I have told
‘ you ?

‘ Above a Year I lived with this Man in
‘ an obscure Court in *London*, during which
‘ time I had a Child by him, whom Heaven,
‘ I thank it, hath been pleased to take to
‘ itself.

‘ During many Months he behaved to
‘ me with all the apparent Tenderness and
‘ even Fondness imaginable; but alas!
‘ how poor was my Enjoyment of this
‘ compared to what it would have been in
‘ another Situation ? When he was present,
‘ Life was barely tolerable; but when
‘ he was absent, nothing could equal the
‘ Misery

' Misery I endured, I past my Hours al-
 ' most entirely alone: for no Company,
 ' but what I despised, would consort with
 ' me. Abroad I scarce ever went, lest I
 ' should meet any of my former Acquaint-
 ' ance; for their Sight would have plunged
 ' a thousand Daggers in my Soul. My
 ' only Diversion was going very seldom to
 ' a Play, where I hid myself in the Gal-
 ' lery, with a Daughter of the Woman of
 ' the House. A Girl indeed of good Sense,
 ' and many good Qualities: but how much
 ' beneath me was it to be the Companion
 ' of a Creature so low! O Heavens! When
 ' I have seen my Equals glittering in a Side-
 ' box, how have the Thoughts of my lost
 ' Honour torn my Soul!'

' Pardon me, dear Madam,' cries *Booth*,
 ' for interrupting you; but I am under
 ' the utmost Anxiety to know what be-
 ' came of your poor Father, for whom I
 ' have so great a Respect, and who, I am
 ' convinced, must so bitterly feel your
 ' Loss.'

' O Mr. *Booth*,' answered she ' he was
 ' scarce ever out of my Thoughts. His
 ' dear Image still obtruded itself in my
 ' Mind, and I believe would have broken

‘ my Heart, had I not taken a very pre-
‘ posterous Way to ease myself. I am
‘ indeed almost ashamed to tell you; but
‘ Necessity put it in my Head.—You will
‘ think the Matter too trifling to have been
‘ remembered, and so it surely was; nor
‘ should I have remembered it on any
‘ other Occasion. You must know then,
‘ Sir, that my Brother was always my in-
‘ veterate Enemy, and altogether as fond
‘ of my Sister. He once prevailed with
‘ my Father to let him take my Sister with
‘ him in the Chariot, and by that Means
‘ I was disappointed of going to a Ball
‘ which I had set my Heart on. The Dis-
‘ appointment, I assure you, was great at
‘ the time; but I had long since forgotten
‘ it. I must have been a very bad Woman,
‘ if I had not: for it was the only Thing
‘ in which I can remember that my Father
‘ ever disobliged me. However, I now
‘ revived this in my Mind, which I artifi-
‘ cially worked up into so high an Injury,
‘ that I assure you it afforded me no little
‘ Comfort. When any tender Idea in-
‘ truded into my Bosom, I immediately
‘ raised this Fantom of an Injury in my
‘ Imagination, and it considerably lessened
‘ the Fury of that Sorrow which I should
‘ have otherwise felt for the Loss of so
‘ good

‘ good a Father; who died within a few
‘ Months of my Departure from him.

‘ And now, Sir, to draw to a Conclu-
‘ sion. One Night as I was in the Gallery
‘ at *Drury-Lane* Play-house, I saw below
‘ me, in a Side-box——(she was once be-
‘ low me in every Place) that Widow
‘ whom I mentioned to you before——I
‘ had scarce cast my Eyes on this Woman,
‘ before I was so shocked with the Sight,
‘ that it almost deprived me of my Senses;
‘ for the Villain *Hebbers* came presently in,
‘ and seated himself behind her.

‘ He had been almost a Month from
‘ me, and I believed him to be at his
‘ Quarters in *Yorkshire*. Guess what were
‘ my Sensations, when I beheld him sitting
‘ by that base Woman, and talking to her
‘ with the utmost Familiarity. I could
‘ not long endure this Sight; and having
‘ acquainted my Companion that I was
‘ taken suddenly ill, I forced her to go
‘ home with me at the End of the second
‘ Act.

‘ After a restless and sleep’ess Night,
‘ when I rose the next Morning I had the
‘ Comfort to receive a Visit from the

‘ Woman of the House, who, after a very
 ‘ short Introduction, asked me when I had
 ‘ heard from the Captain, and when I ex-
 ‘ pected to see him? I had not Strength
 ‘ or Spirits to make her any Answer; and
 ‘ she proceeded thus: *Indeed I did not*
 ‘ *think the Captain would have used me so.*
 ‘ *My Husband was an Officer of the Army, as*
 ‘ *well as himself; and if a Body is a little low*
 ‘ *in the World, I am sure that is no Reason*
 ‘ *for Folks to trample on a Body. I defy the*
 ‘ *World to say as I ever was guilty of an ill*
 ‘ *Thing. For Heaven’s Sake, Madam, says*
 ‘ *I, what do you mean! Mean!* cries she,
 ‘ *I am sure if I had not thought you had been*
 ‘ *Captain Hebbers’s Lady, his lawful Lady*
 ‘ *too, you should never have set Footing in*
 ‘ *my House. I would have Captain Hebbers*
 ‘ *know, that tho’ I am reduced to let Lodgings,*
 ‘ *I never have entertained any but Persons of*
 ‘ *Character—*In this Manner, Sir, she ran
 ‘ on, saying many shocking things not worth
 ‘ repeating, till my Anger at last got the
 ‘ better of my Patience as well as my Sor-
 ‘ row, and I pushed her out of the Room.

‘ She had not been long gone before her
 ‘ Daughter came to me, and after many
 ‘ Expressions of Tenderness and Pity ac-
 ‘ quainted me, that her Mother had just
 ‘ found

‘ found out, by Means of the Captain’s
‘ Servant, that the Captain was married to
‘ another Lady ; *which if you did not know*
‘ *before, Madam, said she, I am sorry to be*
‘ *the Messenger of such ill News.*

‘ Think, Mr. Booth, what I must have
‘ endured to see myself humbled before
‘ such a Creature as this, the Daughter of
‘ a Woman who lets Lodgings ! How-
‘ ever, having recollected myself a little, I
‘ thought it would be in vain to deny any
‘ thing ; so knowing this to be one of the
‘ best natured and most sensible Girls in
‘ the World, I resolv’d to tell her my
‘ whole Story, and for the future to make
‘ her my Confidante. I answer’d her,
‘ therefore, with a good deal of Assu-
‘ rance, that she need not regret telling
‘ me this Piece of ill News, for I had
‘ known it before I came to her House.

‘ *Pardon me, Madam, replied the Girl,*
‘ *You cannot possibly have known it so long ;*
‘ *for he hath not been married above a Week :*
‘ *last Night was the first Time of his appear-*
‘ *ing in public with his Wife at the Play.*
‘ *Indeed I knew very well the Cause of your*
‘ *Uneasiness there ; but would not mention—*

‘ *His Wife at the Play!* answered I eagerly, *What Wife! whom do you mean?*’

‘ *I mean the Widow Carey, Madam,* replied she, *to whom the Captain was married a few Days since. His Servant was here last Night to pay for your Lodging; and he told it my Mother.*

‘ I know not what Answer I made, or whether I made any; I presently fell dead on the Floor, and it was with great Difficulty I was brought back to Life by the poor Girl: for neither the Mother, nor the Maid of the House, would lend me any Assistance, both seeming to regard me rather as a Monster than a Woman.

‘ Scarce had I recovered the Use of my Senses, when I received a Letter from the Villain, declaring he had not Assurance to see my Face, and very kindly advising me to endeavour to reconcile myself to my Family; concluding with an Offer, in case I did not succeed, to allow me twenty Pounds a-Year to support me in some remote Part of the Kingdom.

‘ I

‘ I need not mention my Indignation at
‘ these Proposals. In the highest Agony
‘ of Rage, I went in a Chair to the detested
‘ House, where I easily got Access to the
‘ Wretch I had devoted to Destruction,
‘ whom I no sooner found within my
‘ Reach, than I plunged a drawn Penknife,
‘ which I had prepared in my Pocket for
‘ the Purpose, into his accursed Heart.
‘ For this Fact I was immediately seized,
‘ and soon after committed hither; and for
‘ this Fact I am ready to die, and shall
‘ with Pleasure receive the Sentence of the
‘ Law.

‘ Thus, Sir,’ said she, ‘ I have related
‘ to you my unhappy Story; and if I have
‘ tired your Patience, by dwelling too long
‘ on those Parts which affected me the
‘ most, I ask your Pardon.’

Booth made a proper Speech on this Oc-
casion, and having expressed much Con-
cern at her present Situation, concluded
that he hoped her Sentence would be milder
than she seemed to expect.

Her Reply to this was full of so much
Bitterness and Indignation, that we do not

think proper to record the Speech at length; in which, having vented her Passion, she all at once put on a serene Countenance, and with an Air of great Complacency, said, ‘ Well, Mr. *Booth*, I think I have
 ‘ now a Right to satisfy my Curiosity, at
 ‘ the Expence of your Breath. I may
 ‘ say it is not altogether a vain Curiosity;
 ‘ for perhaps I have had Inclination enough
 ‘ to interest myself in whatever concerns
 ‘ you;—but no Matter for that—Those
 ‘ Days (added she with a Sigh) are now
 ‘ over.’

Booth, who was extremely good-natured and not ill-bred, told her that she should not command him twice whatever was in his Power; and then, after the usual Apology, was going to begin his History, when the Keeper arrived and acquainted the Lady that Dinner was ready, at the same time saying, ‘ I suppose, Madam, as
 ‘ the Gentleman is an Acquaintance of yours,
 ‘ he must dine with us too.’

Miss *Mathews* told the Keeper that she had only one Word to mention in private to the Gentleman, and that then they would both attend him.—She then pulled her Purse from her Pocket, in which were

up-

‘ tleman happens to be present ; I do assure
 ‘ you, Madam, your Cause cannot be in
 ‘ abler Hands. He is, I believe, the best
 ‘ Man in *England* at a Defence ; I have
 ‘ known him often succeed against the
 ‘ most positive Evidence.’

‘ Fy, Sir,’ answered *Murphy*, ‘ you know
 ‘ I hate all this ; but if the Lady will
 ‘ trust me with her Cause, I will do the
 ‘ best in my Power. Come, Madam,
 ‘ don’t be discouraged ; a Bit of Man-
 ‘ slaughter and cold Iron, I hope, will be
 ‘ the worst : or perhaps we may come off
 ‘ better, with a Slice of Chance-Medley, or
 ‘ *se Defendendo.*’

‘ I am very ignorant of the Law, Sir,’
 cries the Lady.

‘ Yes, Madam,’ answered *Murphy*, ‘ it
 ‘ can’t be expected you should under-
 ‘ stand it. There are very few of us who
 ‘ profess it, that understand the whole ;—
 ‘ nor is it necessary we should. There is a
 ‘ great deal of Rubbish of little Use about
 ‘ Indictments and Abatements, and Bars,
 ‘ and Ejectments, and Trovers, and such
 ‘ Stuff, with which People cram their
 ‘ Heads to little Purpose. The Chapter
 ‘ of

of Evidence is the main Business; that is
 ' the Sheet-Anchor: that is the Rudder,
 ' which brings the Vessel safe in Portum.
 ' Evidence is indeed the Whole, the *Sum-*
 ' *ma totidis*, for *de non apparentibus et non in-*
 ' *sistentibus eandem est ratio.*'

' If you address yourself to me, Sir,'
 said the Lady, ' you are much too learned,
 ' I assure you, for my Understanding.'

' *Tace, Madam,*' answered *Murphy*, ' is
 ' *Latin* for a Candle: I commend your
 ' Prudence. I shall know the Particulars
 ' of your Case when we are alone.'

' I hope the Lady,' said *Robinson*, ' hath
 ' no Suspicion of any Person here. I hope
 ' we are all Persons of Honour at this
 ' Table.'

' D——n my Eyes!' answered a well-
 dressed Woman, ' I can answer for my-
 ' self and the other Ladies; though I ne-
 ' ver saw the Lady in my Life, she need not
 ' be shy of us, d——n my Eyes! I scorn
 ' to rap* against any Lady.'

' D——n me, Madam!' cried another
 Female, ' I honour what you have done.'

* A Cant Word, meaning to swear, or rather to
 perjure yourself.

‘ I once put a Knife into a Cull myself —
 ‘ fo my Service to you, Madam, and I
 ‘ wish you may come off with *se Diffidendo*
 ‘ with all my Heart.’

‘ I beg, good Woman,’ said Miss *Mathews*,
 ‘ you would talk on some other
 ‘ Subject, and give yourself no Concern
 ‘ about my Affairs.’

‘ You see, Ladies,’ cried *Murphy*,
 ‘ the Gentlewoman doth not care to talk
 ‘ on this Matter before Company; fo pray
 ‘ do not press her.’

‘ Nay, I value the Lady’s Acquaintance
 ‘ no more than she values mine,’ cries
 the first Woman who spoke—— ‘ I have
 ‘ kept as good Company as the Lady, I
 ‘ believe, every Day in the Week. Good
 ‘ Woman! I don’t use to be so treated—
 ‘ If the Lady says such another Word
 ‘ to me, d—n me, I’ll darken her Day-
 ‘ lights, and sow up her Sees for her —
 ‘ Marry, come up, good Woman!— the
 ‘ Lady’s a Whore as well as myself; and
 ‘ though I am sent hither to Mill Doll,
 ‘ d—n my Eyes, I have Money enough to
 ‘ buy it off as well as the Lady herself.’

Action

Action might perhaps soon have ensued this Speech, had not the Keeper interposed his Authority, and put an End to any further Dispute. Soon after which, the Company broke up; and none but himself, Mr. *Murphy*, Captain *Booth*, and Miss *Mathews* remained together.

Miss *Mathews* then, at the Entreaty of the Keeper, began to open her Case to Mr. *Murphy*, whom she admitted to be her Solicitor, though she still declared she was indifferent as to the Event of the Trial.

Mr. *Murphy* having heard all the Particulars with which the Reader is already acquainted (as far as related to the Murder) shook his Head, and said, ‘ There is
‘ but one Circumstance, Madam, which I
‘ wish was out of the Case; and that we
‘ must put out of it: I mean the carrying
‘ the Penknife drawn into the Room with
‘ you; for that seems to imply Malice pre-
‘ pensive, as we call it in the Law: This
‘ Circumstance therefore must not ap-
‘ pear against you; and if the Servant who
‘ was in the Room observed this, he must
‘ be bought off at all Hazards. All here,
‘ you say, are Friends; therefore I tell you
‘ openly,

‘ openly, you must furnish me with Money
 ‘ sufficient for this Purpose. Malice is all
 ‘ we have to guard against.’

‘ I would not presume, Sir,’ cries *Booth*,
 ‘ to inform you in the Law; but I have
 ‘ heard in Case of stabbing, a Man may be
 ‘ indicted upon the Statute; and it is ca-
 ‘ pital, though no Malice appears.’

‘ You say true, Sir,’ answered *Mur-*
phy, ‘ a Man may be indicted *contra*
 ‘ *Formam Statutis*; and that Method, I al-
 ‘ low you, requires no Malice; I presume
 ‘ you are a Lawyer, Sir?’

‘ No, indeed, Sir,’ answered *Booth*, ‘ I
 ‘ know nothing of the Law.’

‘ Then, Sir, I will tell you—If a Man
 ‘ be indicted *contra Formam Statutis*, as we
 ‘ say, no Malice is necessary; because the
 ‘ Form of the Statute makes Malice; and
 ‘ then what we have to guard against is
 ‘ having struck the first Blow—Pox on’t, it
 ‘ is unlucky this was done in a Room—
 ‘ If it had been in the Street, we could
 ‘ have had five or six Witnesses to have
 ‘ proved the first Blow, cheaper, than I am
 ‘ afraid we shall get this one; for when a
 ‘ Man

‘Man knows, from the unhappy Circumstances of the Case, that you can procure no other Witness but himself, he is always dear. It is so in all other Ways of Business—I am very *implicite*, you see; but we are all among Friends. The safest Way is to furnish me with Money enough to offer him a good round Sum at once; and, I think, (it is for your Good I speak) fifty Pounds is the least that can be offered him.— I do assure you, I would offer him no less, was it my own Case.’

‘And do you think, Sir,’ said she, ‘that I would save my Life at the Expence of hiring another to perjure himself?’

‘Ay, surely do I,’ cries *Murphy*; ‘for where is the Fault, admitting there is some Fault in Perjury, as you call it; and to be sure, it is such a Matter, as every Man would rather wish to avoid than not: And yet, as it may be managed, there is not so much as some People are apt to imagine in it; for he need not kiss the Book, and then pray where’s the Perjury? But if the Crier is sharper than ordinary, what is it he kisses? Is it any thing but a Bit of Calves-skin? I am sure a Man must be a very bad Christian himself,

‘ himself, who would not do so much as
 ‘ that to save the Life of any Christian
 ‘ whatever, much more of so pretty a La-
 ‘ dy—Indeed, Madam, if we can make out
 ‘ but a tolerable Case, so much Beauty will
 ‘ go a great ways with the Judge and the
 ‘ Jury too.’

The latter Part of this Speech, notwith-
 standing the Mouth it came from, caused
 Miss *Mathews* to suppress much of the In-
 dignation which began to arise at the for-
 mer; and she answered with a Smile,
 ‘ Sir, you are a great Casuist in these Mat-
 ‘ ters; but we need argue no longer con-
 ‘ cerning them; for if fifty Pounds would
 ‘ save my Life, I assure you I could not
 ‘ command that Sum. The little Money
 ‘ I have in my Pocket is all I can call
 ‘ my own; and, I apprehend, in the Situ-
 ‘ ation I am in, I shall have very little of
 ‘ that to spare.’

‘ Come, come, Madam,’ cries *Mur-*
phy, ‘ Life is sweet, let me tell you, and
 ‘ never sweeter than when we are near
 ‘ losing it. I have known many a Man
 ‘ very brave and undaunted at his first
 ‘ Commitment, who, when Business began
 ‘ to thicken a little upon him, hath chang-
 ‘ ed

‘ ed his Note.—It is no Time to be saving
‘ in your Condition.’

The Keeper, who, after the Liberality of Miss *Mathews*, and on seeing a Purse of Guineas in her Hand, had conceived a great Opinion of her Wealth, no sooner heard that the Sum which he had in Intention intirely confiscated for his own Use, was attempted to be broke in upon, thought it high time to be upon his Guard. ‘ To be sure,’ cries he, ‘ Mr. *Murphy*, ‘ Life is sweet, as you say, that must be ‘ acknowledged; to be sure Life is sweet; ‘ but sweet as it is, no Persons can advance ‘ more than they are worth to save it. And ‘ indeed, if the Lady can command no ‘ more Money than that little she mentions, ‘ she is to be commended for her Unwilling- ‘ nefs to part with any of it; for, to be ‘ sure, as she says, she will want every Far- ‘ thing of that, to live like a Gentlewoman ‘ till she comes to her Trial. And, to be ‘ sure, as sweet as Life is, P’ople ought to ‘ take Care to be able to live sweetly while ‘ they do live: Besides, I can’t help say- ‘ ing, the Lady shews herself to be what she ‘ is; by her Abhorrence of Perjury, which ‘ is certainly a very dreadful Crime. And, ‘ though the not kissing the Book doth,
‘ as

‘ as you say, make a great deal of Differ-
‘ ence; and, if a Man had a great while to
‘ live and repent, perhaps he might swal-
‘ low it well enough; yet when People
‘ comes to be near their End, (as who can
‘ venture to foretel what will be the Lady’s
‘ Case!) they ought to take care not to over-
‘ burthen their Conscience. I hope the
‘ Lady’s Case will not be found Murder;
‘ for I am sure I always wish well to all my
‘ Prisoners, who shew themselves to be
‘ Gentlemen, or Gentlewomen; yet one
‘ should always fear the worst.’

‘ Indeed, Sir, you speak like an Oracle,’
answered the Lady; ‘ and one Subornation of
‘ Perjury would sit heavier on my Consci-
‘ ence, than twenty such Murders as I am
‘ guilty of.’

‘ Nay, to be sure, Madam,’ answered
the Keeper, ‘ no body can pretend to tell
‘ what Provocation you must have had;
‘ and certainly, it can never be imagined,
‘ that a Lady who behaves herself so hand-
‘ somely as you have done ever since you
‘ have been under my Keys, should be
‘ guilty of killing a Man without being
‘ very highly provoked to do it.’

Mr.

Mr. *Murphy* was, I believe, going to answer, when he was called out of the Room; after which, nothing passed between the remaining Persons worth relating, till *Booth* and the Lady retired back again into the Lady's Apartment.

Here they fell immediately to commenting on the foregoing Discourse; but as their Comments were, I believe, the same with what most Readers have made on the same Occasion, we shall omit them. At last Miss *Mathews* reminding her Companion of his Promise of relating to her what had befallen him since the Interruption of their former Acquaintance, he began, as is written in the next Book of this History.

A M E L I A.

B O O K II.

C H A P. I.

In which Captain Booth begins to relate his History.

THE Tea-table being removed, and Mr. *Booth* and the Lady left alone, he proceeded as follows.

‘ Since you desire, Madam, to know
‘ the Particulars of my Courtship to that
‘ best and dearest of Women, whom I
‘ afterwards married; I will endeavour to
‘ recollect them as well as I can, at least
‘ all those Incidents which are most worth
‘ relating to you.

‘ If the vulgar Opinion of the Fatality
‘ in Marriage had ever any Sanction, it
‘ surely,

‘ surely, had such in my Marriage with my
‘ *Amelia*. I knew her in the first Dawn
‘ of her Beauty; and, I believe, Madam,
‘ she had as much as ever fell to the Share
‘ of a Woman; but though I always ad-
‘ mired her, it was long without any Spark
‘ of Love. Perhaps the general Admira-
‘ tion which at that Time pursued her, the
‘ Respect paid her by Persons of the high-
‘ est Rank, and the numberless Addresses
‘ which were made her by Men of great
‘ Fortune, prevented my aspiring at the
‘ Possession of those Charms, which seemed
‘ so absolutely out of my Reach. How-
‘ ever it was, I assure you, the Accident
‘ which deprived her of the Admiration
‘ of others, made the first great Impression
‘ on my Heart in her Favour. The In-
‘ jury done to her Beauty by the overturn-
‘ ing of a Chaise, by which, as you may
‘ well remember, her lovely Nose was
‘ beat all to pieces, gave me an Assurance
‘ that the Woman who had been so much
‘ adored for the Charms of her Person,
‘ deserved a much higher Adoration to
‘ be paid to her Mind: For that she was
‘ in the latter Respect infinitely more su-
‘ perior to the rest of her Sex, than she had
‘ ever been in the former.

‘ I admire your Taste extremely,’ cried the Lady. ‘ I remember perfectly well the great Heroism with which your *Amelia* bore that Misfortune.’

‘ Good Heavens ! Madam, ‘ answered he, ‘ What a Magnanimity of Mind did her Behaviour demonstrate ! If the World have extolled the Firmness of Soul in a Man who can support the Loss of Fortune ; of a General, who can be composed after the Loss of a Victory ; or of a King, who can be contented with the Loss of a Crown ; with what Astonishment ought we to behold, with what Praises to honour a young Lady, who can with Patience and Resignation submit to the Loss of exquisite Beauty, in other Words, to the Loss of Fortune, Power, Glory ; every Thing which human Nature is apt to court and rejoice in ! What must be the Mind, which can bear to be deprived of all these in a Moment, and by an unfortunate trifling Accident ; which could support all this, together with the most exquisite Torments of Body, and with Dignity, with Resignation, without complaining, almost without a Tear, undergo the most painful and
‘ dreadful

‘ dreadful Operations of Surgery in such
‘ a Situation.’ Here he stopt, and a Tor-
‘ rent of Tears gushed from his Eyes ; such
‘ Tears as are apt to flow from a truly noble
‘ Heart, at the hearing of any Thing sur-
‘ prisingly great and glorious; and which
‘ may perhaps arise from a sudden Transport
‘ at seeing so high an Honour done to that
‘ Nature of which we participate. As soon
‘ as he was able he again proceeded thus :

‘ Would you think, Miss *Mathews*, that
‘ the Misfortune of my *Amelia* was capa-
‘ ble of any Aggravation. I assure you,
‘ she hath often told me it was aggravated
‘ with a Circumstance which outweighed
‘ all the other Ingredients. This was the
‘ cruel Insults she received from some of
‘ her most intimate Acquaintance, several
‘ of whom, after many Distortions and
‘ Grimaces, have turned their Heads aside,
‘ unable to support their secret Triumph,
‘ and burst into a loud Laugh in her hearing.’

‘ Good Heaven !’ cry’d Miss *Mathews*,
‘ What detestable Actions will this con-
‘ temptible Passion of Envy prevail on our
‘ Sex to commit ?’

‘ An Occasion of this kind, as she hath
‘ since told me, made the first Impression

‘ on her gentle Heart in my Favour. I
‘ was one Day in Company with several
‘ young Ladies, or rather young Devils,
‘ where poor *Amelia*’s Accident was the
‘ Subject of much Mirth and Pleasantry.
‘ One of these said, *She hoped Miss would*
‘ *not hold her Head so high for the future.*
Another answered, *I don’t know, Madam,*
‘ *what she may do with her Head, but I am*
‘ *convinced she will never more turn up her Nose*
‘ *at her Betters.* Another cry’d, *What*
‘ *a very proper Match might now be made*
‘ *between Amelia and a certain Captain, who*
‘ had unfortunately received an Injury in the
‘ same Part, though from no shameful Cause.
‘ Many other Sarcasms were thrown out,
‘ very unworthy to be repeated. I was
‘ hurt with perceiving so much Malice in
‘ human Shape, and cry’d out very blunt-
‘ ly, *Indeed, Ladies, you need not express such*
‘ *Satisfaction at poor Miss Emily’s Accident :*
‘ *For without any Nose at all, she will be the*
‘ *handsomest Woman in England.* This speech
‘ of mine was afterwards variously repeat-
‘ ed, by some to my Honour, and by others
‘ represented in a contrary Light ; indeed
‘ it was often reported to be much ruder
‘ than it was. However, it at Length
‘ reached *Amelia*’s Ears. She said she was
‘ very much obliged to me ; since I could
‘ have

‘ have so much Compassion for her as to be
‘ rude to a Lady on her Account.

‘ About a Month after the Accident,
‘ when *Amelia* began to see general Com-
‘ pany, in a Mask, I had the Honour to
‘ drink Tea with her. We were alone
‘ together, and I begged her to indulge
‘ my Curiosity by shewing me her Face.
‘ She answered in a most obliging Manner,
“ Perhaps, Mr. *Booth*, you will as little
“ know me when my Mask is off as when it
“ is on; and at the same instant unmasked.”
‘ ——— A thousand tender Ideas rushed all
‘ at once on my Mind. I was unable to
‘ contain myself, and eagerly kissing her
‘ Hand, I cried---Upon my Soul, Madam,
‘ you never appeared to me so lovely as at
‘ this Instant. Nothing more remarkable
‘ passed at this Visit; but I sincerely believe
‘ we were neither of us hereafter indifferent
‘ to each other.

‘ Many Months, however, passed after
‘ this, before I ever thought seriously of
‘ making her my Wife. Not that I wanted
‘ sufficient Love for *Amelia*. Indeed it
‘ arose from the vast Affection I bore her.
‘ I considered my own as a desperate For-
‘ tune, hers as entirely dependent on her

‘ Mother, who was a Woman, you know,
 ‘ of violent Passions, and very unlikely to
 ‘ consent to a Match so highly contrary
 ‘ to the Interest of her Daughter. The
 ‘ more I loved *Amelia*, the more firmly I
 ‘ resolved within myself never to propose
 ‘ Love to her seriously. Such a Dupe was
 ‘ my Understanding to my Heart; and so
 ‘ foolishly did I imagine I could be Master
 ‘ of a Flame to which I was every Day
 ‘ adding Fuel.

‘ O Miss *Mathews*! we have heard of
 ‘ Men entirely Masters of their Passions,
 ‘ and of Hearts which can carry this Fire
 ‘ in them, and conceal it at their Pleasure.
 ‘ Perhaps there may be such; but if there
 ‘ are, those Hearts may be compared, I
 ‘ believe, to Damps, in which it is more
 ‘ difficult to keep Fire alive than to pre-
 ‘ vent its blazing: In mine, it was placed
 ‘ in the Midst of combustible Matter.

‘ After several Visits, in which Looks
 ‘ and Sighs had been interchanged on both
 ‘ Sides, but without the least Mention of
 ‘ Passion in private, one Day the Discourse
 ‘ between us, when alone, happened to
 ‘ turn on Love; I say happened, for I pro-
 ‘ test it was not designed on my Side, and
 ‘ I



‘ I am as firmly convinced not on hers. I
‘ was now no longer Master of myself; I
‘ declared myself the most wretched of all
‘ Martyrs to this tender Passion; that I
‘ had long concealed it from its Object.
‘ At length, after mentioning many Parti-
‘ culars, suppressing, however, those which
‘ must have necessarily brought it home to
‘ *Amelia*, I concluded with begging her to
‘ be the Confidante of my Amour, and to
‘ give me her Advice on that Occasion.

‘ *Amelia*, (O I shall never forget the dear
‘ Perturbation!) appeared all Confusion at
‘ this Instant. She trembled, turned pale,
‘ and discovered how well she understood
‘ me, by a thousand more Symptoms than
‘ I could take Notice of, in a State of
‘ Mind so very little different from her
‘ own. At last, with faltering Accents,
‘ she said, I had made a very ill Choice of
‘ a Counsellor, in a Matter in which she
‘ was so ignorant.---Adding, at last, *I be-
‘ lieve, Mr. Booth, you Gentlemen want very
‘ little Advice in these Affairs, which you all
‘ understand better than we do.*

‘ I will relate no more of our Conversa-
‘ tion at present; indeed I am afraid I tire
‘ you with too many Particulars.

‘ O no,’ answered she, ‘ I should be glad
 ‘ to hear every Step of an Amour which
 ‘ had so tender a Beginning. Tell me every
 ‘ Thing you said or did, if you can re-
 ‘ member it.’

He then proceeded, and so will we in
 the next Chapter.

C H A P. II.

*Mr. Booth continues his Story. In this
 Chapter there are some Passages that
 may serve as a Kind of Touchstone, by
 which a young Lady may examine the Heart
 of her Lover. I would advise, therefore,
 that every Lover be obliged to read it over
 in the Presence of his Mistress, and that
 she carefully watch his Emotions while he
 is reading.*

‘ **I** Was under the utmost Concern,’ cries
 ‘ *Booth*, ‘ when I retired from my Visit,
 ‘ and had reflected coolly on what I had
 ‘ said. I now saw plainly that I had made
 ‘ downright Love to *Amelia*; and I feared,
 ‘ such was my Vanity, that I had already
 ‘ gone too far, and been too successful.
 ‘ Feared! do I say, could I fear what I
 ‘ hoped?’

‘ hoped ? How shall I describe the Anxiety
‘ of my Mind !’

‘ You need give yourself no great Pain,’
cried Miss *Mathews*, ‘ to describe what I
‘ can so easily guess. To be honest with
‘ you, Mr. *Booth*, I do not agree with your
‘ Lady’s Opinion, that the Men have a su-
‘ perior Understanding in the Matters of
‘ Love. Men are often blind to the Pas-
‘ sions of Women ; but every Woman is as
‘ quick-sighted as a Hawk on these Occa-
‘ sions ; nor is there one Article in the
‘ whole Science which is not understood by
‘ all our Sex.’

‘ However, Madam,’ said Mr. *Booth*,
‘ I now undertook to deceive *Amelia*. I
‘ abstained three Days from seeing her ; to
‘ say the Truth, I endeavoured to work
‘ myself up to a Resolution of leaving her
‘ for ever ; but when I could not so far
‘ subdue my Passion——But why do I
‘ talk Nonsense, of subduing Passion ? I
‘ should say when no other Passion could
‘ surmount my Love, I returned to visit
‘ her, and now I attempted the strangest
‘ Project which ever entered into the silly
‘ Head of a Lover. This was to persuade
‘ *Amelia* that I was really in Love in an-
‘ other Place, and had literally expressed

‘ my Meaning, when I asked her Advice,
 ‘ and desired her to be my Confidante.

‘ I therefore forged a Meeting to have been
 ‘ between me and my imaginary Mistrefs,
 ‘ since I had laft seen *Amelia*, and related
 ‘ the Particulars as well as I could invent
 ‘ them, which had paff at our Converfa-
 ‘ tion.

‘ Poor *Amelia* prefently fwallowed this
 ‘ Bait, and, as ſhe hath told me ſince, ab-
 ‘ ſolutely believed me to be in earneft. Poor
 ‘ dear Love! how ſhould the fincereft of
 ‘ Hearts have any Idea of Deceit? for with
 ‘ all her Simplicity I aſſure you ſhe is the
 ‘ moſt ſenſible Woman in the World.’

‘ It is highly generous and good in you,’
 (ſaid Miſs *Mathews*, with a ſly ſneer) ‘ to
 ‘ impute to Honesty what others would
 ‘ perhaps call Credulity.’

‘ I proteſt, Madam,’ answered he, ‘ I
 ‘ do her no more than Juſtice. A good
 ‘ Heart will at all times betray the beſt
 ‘ Head in the World.—Well, Madam,
 ‘ my Angel was now, if poſſible, more
 ‘ confuſed than before. She looked ſo ſilly,
 ‘ you can hardly believe it---

‘ Yes,

‘ Yes, yes, I can,’ answered the Lady, with a Laugh, ‘ I can believe it. — Well, well, ‘ go on.’ ‘ After some Hesitation,’ cried he, ‘ my *Amelia* said faintly to me, “ Mr. “ *Booth*; you use me very ill, you desire “ me to be your Confidante, and conceal “ from me the Name of your Mistress.”

‘ Is it possible then, Madam, answered ‘ I, that you cannot guess her, when I tell ‘ you she is one of your Acquaintance, and ‘ lives in this Town?’

“ My Acquaintance,” said she, “ La! Mr. “ *Booth*. — In this Town. I—I—I thought “ I could have guessed for once; but I have “ an ill Talent that way—I will never at- “ tempt to guess any thing again.” ‘ Indeed ‘ I do her an Injury when I pretend to re- ‘ present her Manner. Her Manner, Look, ‘ Voice, every thing was inimitable; such ‘ Sweetness, Softness, Innocence, Modesty. ‘ —Upon my Soul, if ever Man could ‘ boast of his Resolution, I think I might ‘ now, that I abstained from falling pro- ‘ strate at her Feet and adoring her. How- ‘ ever, I triumphed; Pride, I believe, tri- ‘ umphed, or perhaps Love got the better ‘ of Love. We once more parted, and

‘ I promised, the next time I saw her, to
 ‘ reveal the Name of my Mistress.

‘ I now had, I thought, gained a com-
 ‘ plete Victory over myself; and no small
 ‘ Compliments did I pay to my own Re-
 ‘ solution. In short I triumphed as Cow-
 ‘ ards and Niggards do when they flatter
 ‘ themselves with having given some sup-
 ‘ posed Instance of Courage or Generosity;
 ‘ and my Triumph lasted as long; that is
 ‘ to say, till my ascendent Passion had a
 ‘ proper Opportunity of displaying itself
 ‘ in its true and natural Colours.

‘ Having hitherto succeeded so well in
 ‘ my own Opinion, and obtained this
 ‘ mighty Self-conquest, I now entertained
 ‘ a Design of exerting the most romantic
 ‘ Generosity, and of curing that unhappy
 ‘ Passion which I perceived I had raised in
 ‘ *Amelia*.

‘ Among the Ladies who had expressed
 ‘ the greatest Satisfaction at my *Amelia*’s
 ‘ Misfortune, Miss *Osborne* had distin-
 ‘ guished herself in a very eminent Degree;
 ‘ she was indeed the next in Beauty to my
 ‘ Angel, nay she had disputed the Pre-
 ‘ ference, and had some among her Ad-
 ‘ mirers,

‘ mirers, who were blind enough to give
‘ it in her Favour.’

‘ Well,’ cries the Lady, ‘ I will allow
‘ you to call them blind ; but Miss *Osborne*
‘ was a charming Girl.’

‘ She certainly was handsome,’ answered
he, ‘ and a very considerable Fortune ; so I
‘ thought my *Amelia* would have little Dif-
‘ ficulty in believing me, when I fixed on her
‘ as my Mistress. And I concluded, that
‘ my thus placing my Affections on her
‘ known Enemy would be the surest Me-
‘ thod of eradicating every tender Idea
‘ with which I had been ever honoured by
‘ *Amelia*.’

‘ Well then, to *Amelia* I went ; she re-
‘ ceived me with more than usual Coldness
‘ and Reserve. In which, to confess the
‘ Truth, there appeared to me more of
‘ Anger than Indifference, and more of
‘ Dejection than of either. After some
‘ short Introduction I revived the Discourse
‘ of my Amour, and presently mentioned
‘ Miss *Osborne* as the Lady whose Name
‘ I had concealed ; adding, that the true
‘ Reason why I did not mention her be-
‘ fore, was, that I apprehended there was

‘ some little Distance between them, which
 ‘ I hoped to have the Happiness of accom-
 ‘ modating.

‘ *Amelia* answered with much Gravity ”
 “ If you know, Sir, that there is any Di-
 “ stance between us, I suppose you know
 “ the Reason of that Distance ; and then I
 “ think I could not have expected to be
 “ affronted by her Name. I would not
 “ have you think, Mr. *Booth*, that I hate
 “ Miss *Osborne*. No ! Heaven is my Wit-
 “ ness, I despise her too much.—Indeed
 “ when I reflect how much I loved the
 “ Woman who hath treated me so cruelly,
 “ I own it gives me Pain—When I lay, as
 “ I then imagined, and as all about me
 “ believed, on my Death-bed, in all the
 “ Agonies of Pain and Misery, to become
 “ the Object of Laughter to my dearest
 “ Friend.—O Mr. *Booth*, it is a cruel Re-
 “ flection ! And could I after this have
 “ expected from you :—But why not from
 “ you, to whom I am a Person entirely
 “ indifferent, if such a Friend could treat
 “ me so barbarously ?”

‘ During the greatest Part of this Speech
 ‘ the Tears streamed from her bright Eyes.
 ‘ I could endure it no longer. I caught
 ‘ up

‘ up the Word indifferent, and repeated it,
‘ faying, Do you think then, Madam,
‘ that Mifs *Emily* is indifferent to me ?’

“ Yes surely I do,” answered she, “ I
“ know I am ; indeed why should I not
“ be indifferent to you ?”

‘ Have my Eyes,’ said I, ‘ then, de-
‘ clared nothing ?’

“ O there is no need of your Eyes,” an-
swered she. “ Your Tongue hath declared
“ that you have singled out of all Woman-
“ kind my greatest, I will say, my basest
“ Enemy.—I own I once thought that
“ Character would have been no Recom-
“ mendation to you.—But why did I think
“ so ? I was born to be miserable and to
“ deceive myself.”

‘ I then fell on my Knees before her ;
‘ and forcing her Hand, cried out, O my
‘ *Amelia*, I can bear no longer. You are
‘ the only Mistress of my Affections ; you
‘ are the Deity I adore. In this Stile I ran
‘ on for above two or three Minutes, what
‘ it is impossible to repeat, till a Torrent
‘ of contending Passions, together with the
‘ Surprise, overpowered her gentle Spi-
‘ rits,

‘ rits, and she fainted away dead in my
‘ Arms.

‘ To describe my Sensation till she re-
‘ turned to herself, is not in my Power.—
‘ You need not,’ cried Miss *Mathews*.—
‘ Oh! happy *Amelia*! why had I not been blest
‘ with such a Passion?’—‘ I am convinc-
‘ ed, Madam,’ continued he, ‘ you can-
‘ not expect all the Particulars of the tender
‘ Scene which ensued. I was not enough
‘ in my Senses to remember it all. Let it
‘ suffice, that from this Day we perfectly
‘ understood each other. That Behaviour
‘ with which *Amelia*, while ignorant of
‘ its Motive, had been so much displeas’d,
‘ when she became sensible of that Motive,
‘ proved the strongest Recommendation to
‘ her Favour; and she was pleas’d to call
‘ it generous.

‘ Generous!’ repeated the Lady, ‘ and
‘ so it was almost beyond the Reach of
‘ human Nature. I question whether you
‘ ever had an Equal.’

Perhaps the critical Reader may have
the same Doubt with Miss *Mathews*; and,
lest he should, we will here make a Gap
in our History, to give him an Opportu-
nity

nity of accurately considering whether this Conduct of Mr. *Booth* was natural or no; and consequently whether we have in this Place maintained or deviated from that strict Adherence to Truth which we profess above all other Historians.

C H A P. III.

The Narrative continued. More of the Touchstone.

BOOTH made a proper Acknowledgment of Miss *Mathews's* Civility, and then renewed his Story.

‘ We were upon the Footing of Lovers;
‘ and *Amelia* threw off her Reserve more
‘ and more, till at length I found all that
‘ Return of my Affection which the ten-
‘ derest Lover can require.

‘ My Situation would now have been in
‘ Paradise, had not my Happiness been
‘ interrupted with the same Reflexions I
‘ have already mentioned; had I not, in
‘ short, concluded, that I must derive all
‘ my Joys from the almost certain Ruin of
‘ that dear Creature to whom I should owe
‘ them.

‘ This

‘ This Thought haunted me Night and
 ‘ Day ; till I, at last, grew unable to sup-
 ‘ port it : I therefore resolved, in the
 ‘ strongest Manner, to lay it before *A-*
 ‘ *melia*.

‘ One Evening then, after the highest
 ‘ Professions of the most disinterested Love,
 ‘ in which Heaven knows my Sincerity, I
 ‘ took an Occasion to speak to *Amelia*, in
 ‘ the following Manner.

“ Too true is it, I am afraid, my dear-
 “ est Creature, that the highest human
 “ Happiness is imperfect. How rich
 “ would be my Cup, was it not for one
 “ bitter Drop, which poisons the whole !
 “ O *Amelia*, what must be the Conse-
 “ quence of my ever having the Honour
 “ to call you mine !—You know my Situa-
 “ tion in Life, and you know your own :
 “ I have nothing more than the poor Pro-
 “ vision of an Ensign’s Commission to de-
 “ pend on ; your sole Dependance is on
 “ your Mother ; should any Act of Dis-
 “ obedience defeat your Expectations,
 “ how wretched must your Lot be with
 “ Me ! O *Amelia*, how ghastly an Object to
 “ my Mind is the Apprehension of your
 “ Distress ! Can I bear to reflect a Mo-
 ‘ ment

“ ment on the Certainty of your foregoing
“ all the Conveniencies of Life; on the Pos-
“ sibility of your suffering all its most dread-
“ ful Inconveniencies! What must be my
“ Misery then, to see you in such a Situa-
“ tion, and to upbraid myself with being
“ the accursed Cause of bringing you to
“ it! Suppose too in such a Season I
“ should be summoned from you. Could
“ I submit to see you encounter all the
“ Hazards, the Fatigues of War, with me!
“ You could not yourself, however wil-
“ ling, support them a single Campaign.
“ What then, must I leave you to starve
“ alone, deprived of the Tendernefs of a
“ Husband, deprived too of the Tender-
“ ness of the best of Mothers, through my
“ Means? A Woman on whom I myself
“ doat, for being the Parent, the Nurse,
“ and the Friend of my *Amelia*.—But, O
“ my sweet Creature, carry your Thoughts
“ a little farther. Think of the tenderest
“ Consequences, the dearest Pledges of our
“ Love. Can I bear to think of entail-
“ ing Beggary on the Posterity of my *A-*
“ *melia*? On *our*—O Heavens! on *our*
“ Children?—On the other side, is it pos-
“ sible even to mention the Word—I will
“ not, must not, cannot, cannot, part
“ with

“ with you.—What must we do, *Amelia* ?
“ it is now I sincerely ask your Advice.”

‘ What Advice can I give you,’ said she, ‘ in such an Alternative ? Would to Heaven we had never met.’

‘ These Words were accompanied with
‘ a Sigh, and a Look inexpressibly tender,
‘ the Tears at the same Time overflow-
‘ ing all her lovely Cheeks. I was en-
‘ deavouring to reply, when I was inter-
‘ rupted by what soon put an End to the
‘ Scene.

‘ Our Amour had already been buzzed
‘ all over the Town ; and it came at last
‘ to the Ears of Mrs. *Harris* : I had, in-
‘ deed, observed of late a great Altera-
‘ tion in that Lady’s Behaviour towards
‘ me, whenever I visited at the House ;
‘ nor could I, for a long Time, before
‘ this Evening, ever obtain a private In-
‘ terview with *Amelia* ; and now, it seems,
‘ I owed it to her Mother’s Intention of
‘ over-hearing all that passed between
‘ us.

‘ At the Period then abovementioned,
‘ Mrs. *Harris* burst from the Closet, where
‘ she

‘ she had hid herself, and surpris’d her
‘ Daughter, reclining on my Bosom, in
‘ all that tender Sorrow I have just
‘ described. I will not attempt to paint
‘ the Rage of the Mother, or the Daugh-
‘ ter’s and my Confusion. “ Here are
“ very fine Doings, indeed,” cries Mrs.
‘ *Harris*; “ You have made a fine Use,
“ *Amelia*, of my Indulgence, and the
“ Trust I repos’d in you.—As for you,
“ Mr. *Booth*, I will not accuse you; you
“ have us’d my Child, as I ought to
“ have expected; I may thank myself for
“ what hath happened;” ‘ with much
‘ more of the same kind, before she would
‘ suffer me to speak; but, at last, I ob-
‘ tain’d a Hearing, and offer’d to excuse
‘ my poor *Amelia*, who was ready to sink
‘ into the Earth under the Oppression of
‘ Grief, by taking as much Blame as I
‘ could on myself.’ Mrs. *Harris* an-
‘ swer’d, “ No, Sir, I must say you are
‘ innocent in Comparison of her; nay, I
‘ can say, I have heard you use dissuasive
‘ Arguments; and I promise you they are
‘ true ones. I have, I thank Heaven,
‘ one dutiful Child, and I shall henceforth
‘ think her my only one:” ‘ She then
‘ forc’d the poor, trembling, fainting
‘ *Amelia* out of the Room; which when
‘ she

‘ she had done, she began very coolly to
‘ reason with me on the Folly, as well as
‘ Iniquity, which I had been guilty of,
‘ and repeated to me almost every Word
‘ I had before urged to her Daughter. In
‘ fine, she, at last, obtained of me a Pro-
‘ mise that I would soon go to my Regi-
‘ ment, and submit to any Misery, ra-
‘ ther than that of being the Ruin of *A-*
‘ *melia*.

‘ I now, during many Days, endured
‘ the greatest Torments which the human
‘ Mind is, I believe, capable of feeling :
‘ And I can honestly say I try’d all the
‘ Means, and applied every Argument which
‘ I could raise to cure me of my Love.
‘ And to make these the more effectual,
‘ I spent every Night in walking back-
‘ wards and forwards in Sight of Mrs.
‘ *Harris’s* House, where I never failed to
‘ find some Object or other, which raised
‘ some tender Idea of my lovely *Amelia*,
‘ and almost drove me to Distraction.’

‘ And, don’t you think, Sir,’ said Miss
Mathews, ‘ you took a most preposterous
‘ Method to cure yourself?’

‘ Alas,

‘ Alas, Madam,’ answered he, ‘ you
 ‘ cannot see it in a more absurd Light than
 ‘ I do ; but those know little of real Love
 ‘ or Grief, who do not know how much
 ‘ we deceive ourselves when we pretend to
 ‘ aim at the Cure of either. It is with
 ‘ these as it is with some Distempers of
 ‘ the Body, nothing is, in the least, agree-
 ‘ able to us but what serves to heighten the
 ‘ Disease.

‘ At the End of a Fortnight, when I
 ‘ was driven almost to the highest Degree
 ‘ of Despair, and could contrive no Me-
 ‘ thod of conveying a Letter to *Amelia*,
 ‘ how was I surpris’d when Mrs. *Harris*’s
 ‘ Servant brought me a Card, with an In-
 ‘ vitation from the Mother herself, to drink
 ‘ Tea that Evening at her House !

‘ You will easily believe, Madam, that
 ‘ I did not fail so agreeable an Appoint-
 ‘ ment ; on my Arrival I was introduced
 ‘ into a large Company of Men and Wo-
 ‘ men, Mrs. *Harris* and my *Amelia* being
 ‘ part of the Company.

‘ *Amelia* seem’d in my Eyes to look
 ‘ more beautiful than ever, and behaved
 ‘ with all the Gaiety imaginable. The old
 ‘ Lady

‘ Lady treated me with much Civility ;
‘ but the young Lady took little Notice
‘ of me, and address’d most of her Dif-
‘ course to another Gentleman present.
‘ Indeed, she now and then gave me a
‘ Look of no discouraging Kind ; and I
‘ observ’d her Colour change more than
‘ once, when her Eyes met mine : Cir-
‘ cumstances which, perhaps, ought to
‘ have afforded me sufficient Comfort ;
‘ but they could not allay the thousand
‘ Doubts and Fears with which I was a-
‘ larm’d : For my anxious Thoughts sug-
‘ gested no less to me than that *Amelia*
‘ had made her Peace with her Mother at
‘ the Price of abandoning me for ever, and
‘ of giving her Ear to some other Lover.
‘ All my Prudence now vanish’d at once ;
‘ and I would that Instant have gladly run
‘ away with *Amelia*, and have married her
‘ without the least Consideration of any
‘ Consequences.

‘ With such Thoughts I had tormented
‘ myself for near two Hours, till most of
‘ the Company had taken their Leave. This
‘ I was myself incapable of doing ; nor do I
‘ know when I should have put an End to
‘ my Visit, had not Dr. *Harrison* taken me
‘ away

‘ away almost by Force, telling me in a
‘ Whisper, that he had something to say to
‘ me of great Consequence.—You know
‘ the Doctor, Madam—’

‘ Very well,’ Sir, answered Miss *Mathews*,
‘ and one of the best Men in the World
‘ he is, and an Honour to the sacred Order
‘ to which he belongs.’

‘ You will judge,’ replied *Booth*, ‘ by the
‘ Sequel, whether I have reason to think
‘ him so.’——He then proceeded as in the
next Chapter.

C H A P. IV.

*The Story of Mr. Booth continued: In this
Chapter the Reader will perceive a Glimpse
of the Character of a very good Divine;
with some Matters of a very tender kind.*

‘ **T**HE Doctor conducted me into
‘ his Study; and then desiring me
‘ to sit down, began, as near as I can re-
‘ member, in these Words, or at least to
‘ this Purpose :

“ You cannot imagine, young Gentle-
“ man, that your Love for Miss *Emily* is
“ any

“ any Secret in this Place ; I have known it
“ some Time, and have been, I assure you,
“ very much your Enemy in this Affair.”

‘ I answered, that I was very much oblig-
‘ ed to him.

“ Why so you are,” replied he, “ and so
“ perhaps you will think yourself when you
“ know all.--- I went about a Fortnight
“ ago to Mrs. *Harris*, to acquaint her
“ with my Apprehensions on her Daugh-
“ ter’s Account : for tho’ the Matter was
“ much talked of, I thought it might pos-
“ sibly not have reached her Ears. I will
“ be very plain with you. I advised her
“ to take all possible Care of the young
“ Lady, and even to send her to some
“ Place, where she might be effectually
“ kept out of your Reach, while you re-
“ mained in the Town.”

‘ And do you think, Sir,’ said I, ‘ that
‘ this was acting a kind Part by me? Or do
‘ you expect that I should thank you on
‘ this Occasion?’

“ Young Man,” answered he, “ I did
“ not intend you any Kindness ; nor do I
“ desire any of your Thanks. My Inten-
“ tion

“ tion was to preserve a worthy Lady
“ from a young Fellow of whom I had
“ heard no good Character, and whom I
“ imagined to have a Design of stealing
“ a human Creature for the Sake of her
“ Fortune.”

‘ It was very kind of you, indeed,’ answered I, ‘ to entertain such an Opinion of
‘ me.’

“ Why, Sir,” replied the Doctor, “ it
“ is the Opinion which, I believe, most
“ of you young Gentlemen, of the Order
“ of the Rag deserve. I have known some
“ Instances, and have heard of more, where
“ such young Fellows have committed
“ Robbery under the name of Marriage:
“ for, as little famed as the Army is for
“ Religion, nothing is, I believe, more
“ common than for the Officers to make
“ good Christians of their Wives, and
“ to teach them true Repentance.”

‘ I was going to interrupt him with
‘ some Anger, when he desired me to have
‘ a little Patience, and then informed me,
‘ that he had visited Mrs. *Harris*, with the
‘ abovementioned Design the Evening
‘ after the Discovery I have related; that

‘ Mrs. *Harris*, without waiting for his In-
‘ formation, had recounted to him all which
‘ had happened the Evening before; and
‘ indeed she must have an excellent Me-
‘ mory, for I think she repeated every
‘ Word I said; and added, that she had
‘ confined her Daughter to her Chamber,
‘ where she kept her a close Prisoner, and
‘ had not seen her since.

‘ I cannot express, nor would Modesty
‘ suffer me if I could, all that now past.
‘ The Doctor took me by the Hand, and
‘ burst forth into the warmest Commenda-
‘ tions of the Sense and Generosity which
‘ he was pleased to say discovered them-
‘ selves in my Speech. You know, Madam,
‘ his strong and singular Way of expressing
‘ himself on all Occasions, especially when
‘ he is affected with any Thing. *Sir*, said
‘ he, *if I knew half a Dozen such In-*
‘ *stances in the Army, the Painter should put*
‘ *red Liveries upon all the Saints in my*
‘ *Closet.*

‘ From this Instant the Doctor told me,
‘ he had become my Friend and zealous
‘ Advocate with Mrs. *Harris*, on whom he
‘ had at last prevailed, though not without
‘ the greatest Difficulty, to consent to my
mar-

‘ marrying *Amelia*, upon Condition that I
‘ settled every Penny which the Mother
‘ should lay down; and that she would
‘ retain a certain Sum in her Hands, which
‘ she would at any time deposite for my
‘ Advancement in the Army.

‘ You will, I hope, Madam, conceive,
‘ that I made no Hesitation at these Con-
‘ ditions; nor need I mention the Joy which
‘ I felt on this Occasion, or the Acknow-
‘ ledgment I paid the Doctor, who is in-
‘ deed, as you say, one of the best of
‘ Men.

‘ The next Morning I had Permission
‘ to visit *Amelia*, who received me in such a
‘ Manner, that I now concluded my Hap-
‘ piness to be complete.

‘ Every thing was now agreed on all Sides,
‘ and Lawyers employed to prepare the Wri-
‘ tings, when an unexpected Cloud arose
‘ suddenly in our serene Sky, and all our
‘ Joys were obscured in a Moment.

‘ When Matters were, as I apprehend-
‘ ed, drawing near a Conclusion, I re-
‘ ceived an Express that a Sister, whom I
‘ tenderly loved, was seized with a violent

‘ Fever, and earnestly desired me to come
‘ to her. I immediately obeyed the Sum-
‘ mons, and, as it was then about Two
‘ in the Morning, without staying even
‘ to take Leave of *Amelia*, for whom I left
‘ a short Billet, acquainting her with the
‘ Reason of my Absence.

‘ The Gentleman’s House where my
‘ Sister then was, stood at fifty Miles dis-
‘ tance, and tho’ I used the utmost Expe-
‘ dition, the unmerciful Distemper had,
‘ before my Arrival, entirely deprived the
‘ poor Girl of her Senses, as it soon after
‘ did of her Life.

‘ Not all the Love I bore *Amelia*, nor
‘ the tumultuous Delight with which the
‘ approaching Hour of possessing her fill-
‘ ed my Heart, could for a while allay
‘ my Grief at the Loss of my beloved
‘ *Nancy*. Upon my Soul, I cannot yet men-
‘ tion her Name without Tears. Never
‘ Brother and Sister had, I believe, a
‘ higher Friendship for each other. Poor
‘ dear Girl! whilst I sat by her in her Light-
‘ head Fits, she repeated scarce any other
‘ Name but mine: And it plainly appeared
‘ that when her dear Reason was ravish’d
‘ away from her, it had left my Image on
her

‘ her Memory, and that the last Use she
‘ had made of it was to think on me.’—
“ Send for my dear *Billy* immediately,”
‘ she cry’d, “ I know he will come to me
“ in a Moment. Will no Body fetch him
“ to me? Pray don’t kill me before I see
“ him once more—You durst not use me
“ so if he was here.”—‘ Every Accent still
‘ rings in my Ears.—Oh Heavens! to hear
‘ this, and at the same Time to see the poor
‘ delirious Creature deriving the greatest
‘ Horrors from my Sight, and mistaking
‘ me for a Highwayman who had a little
‘ before robbed her.—But I ask your Par-
‘ don, the Sensations I felt are to be known
‘ only from Experience, and to you must
‘ appear dull and insipid.—At last she
‘ seem’d for a Moment to know me, and
‘ cry’d, “ O Heavens! my dearest Bro-
“ ther!” ‘ upon which she fell into imme-
‘ diate Convulsions, and died away in my
‘ Arms.’

Here *Booth* stop’d a Moment, and wip’d
his Eyes; and Miss *Mathews*, perhaps out
of Complaisance, wip’d hers.

C H A P. V.

Containing strange Revolutions of Fortune.

B OOTH proceeded thus.

‘ This Loss, perhaps, Madam, you
 ‘ will think had made me miserable e-
 ‘ nough; but Fortune did not think so;
 ‘ for on the Day when my *Nancy* was to
 ‘ be buried, a Courier arrived from Dr.
 ‘ *Harrison* with a Letter, in which the
 ‘ Doctor acquainted me, that he was just
 ‘ come from Mrs. *Harris*, when he dispatch-
 ‘ ed the Express; and earnestly desired me
 ‘ to return the very Instant I received his
 ‘ Letter, as I valued my *Amelia*. *Tho’ if*
 ‘ *the Daughter*, added he, *should take after*
 ‘ *her Mother (as most of them do) it will be,*
 ‘ *perhaps, wiser in you to stay away.*

‘ I presently sent for the Messenger into
 ‘ my Room, and with much Difficulty
 ‘ extorted from him, that a great Squire
 ‘ in his Coach and Six was come to
 ‘ Mrs. *Harris’s*, and that the whole Town
 ‘ said he was shortly to be married to
 ‘ *Amelia*.

‘ I now soon perceived how much fu-
‘ perior my Love for *Amelia* was to every
‘ other Passion; poor *Nancy*’s Idea disap-
‘ peared in a Moment: I quitted the dear
‘ lifeless Corpse, over which I had shed a
‘ thousand Tears, left the Care of her Fu-
‘ neral to others, and posted, I may al-
‘ most say flew, back to *Amelia*, and
‘ alighted at the Doctor’s House, as he
‘ had desired me in his Letter.

‘ The good Man presently acquainted
‘ me with what had happened in my Ab-
‘ sence. Mr. *Winckworth* had, it seems,
‘ arrived the very Day of my Departure
‘ with a grand Equipage, and, without
‘ Delay, had made formal Proposals to
‘ Mrs. *Harris*, offering to settle any Part
‘ of his vast Estate, in whatever Manner
‘ she pleased, on *Amelia*. These Pro-
‘ posals the old Lady had, without any
‘ Deliberation, accepted, and had insisted,
‘ in the most violent Manner, on her
‘ Daughter’s Compliance, which *Amelia*
‘ had as peremptorily refused to give;
‘ insisting on her Part, on the Consent
‘ which her Mother had before given to
‘ our Marriage, in which she was heartily
‘ seconded by the Doctor, who declared

‘ to her, as he now did to me,’ “ that we
“ ought as much to be esteemed Man
“ and Wife, as if the Ceremony had al-
“ ready past between us.”

‘ These Remonstrances, the Doctor told
‘ me, had worked no Effect on Mrs. *Harris*,
‘ who still persisted in her avowed Resolu-
‘ tion of marrying her Daughter to *Winck-*
‘ *worth*, whom the Doctor had likewise
‘ attacked, telling him that he was paying
‘ his Addressees to another Man’s Wife;
‘ but all to no Purpose, the young Gentle-
‘ man was too much in Love to hearken
‘ to any Dissuasives.

‘ We now entered into a Consultation
‘ what Means to employ. The Doctor
‘ earnestly protested against any Violence
‘ to be offered to the Person of *Winck-*
‘ *worth*, which, I believe, I had rashly
‘ threatened; declaring, that if I made any
‘ Attempt of that Kind, he would for ever
‘ abandon my Cause. I made him a solemn
‘ Promise of Forbearance. At last, he de-
‘ termined to pay another Visit to Mrs.
‘ *Harris*, and if he found her obdurate, he
‘ said he thought himself at Liberty to join
‘ us together without any further Consent
‘ of the Mother; which every Parent, he
‘ said,

‘ said, had a Right to refuse, but not to
‘ retract when given, unless the Party him-
‘ self, by some Conduct of his, gave a
‘ Reason.

‘ The Doctor having made his Visit
‘ with no better Success than before, the
‘ Matter now debated was, how to get
‘ Possession of *Amelia* by Stratagem: for she
‘ was now a closer Prisoner than ever, was
‘ her Mother’s Bed-fellow by Night, and
‘ never out of her Sight by Day.

‘ While we were deliberating on this
‘ Point, a Wine Merchant of the Town
‘ came to visit the Doctor, to inform him
‘ that he had just bottled off a Hogshead
‘ of excellent old Port, of which he offered
‘ to spare him a Hamper, saying, that he
‘ was that Day to send in twelve Dozen to
‘ Mrs. *Harris*.

‘ The Doctor now smiled at a Conceit
‘ which came into his Head; and, taking
‘ me aside, asked me if I had Love
‘ enough for the young Lady to venture
‘ into the House in a Hamper. I joyfully
‘ leapt at the Proposal, to which the Mer-
‘ chant, at the Doctor’s Intercession, con-
‘ sented: for I believe, Madam, you know

‘ the great Authority which that worthy
‘ Man had over the whole Town. The
‘ Doctor, moreover, promised to procure
‘ a Licence, and to perform the Office for
‘ us at his House, if I could find any
‘ Means of conveying *Amelia* thither.

‘ In this Hamper then I was carried to
‘ the House, and deposited in the Entry,
‘ where I had not lain long before I was
‘ again removed and packed up in a Cart,
‘ in order to be sent five Miles into the
‘ Country : for I heard the Orders given
‘ as I lay in the Entry ; and there I like-
‘ wise heard that *Amelia* and her Mother
‘ were to follow me the next Morning.

‘ I was unloaded from my Cart, and
‘ set down with the rest of the Lumber, in
‘ a great Hall. Here I remained above
‘ three Hours, impatiently waiting for the
‘ Evening, when I determined to quit a
‘ Posture, which was become very uneasy,
‘ and break my Prison ; but Fortune con-
‘ trived to release me sooner, by the fol-
‘ lowing Means. The House where I now
‘ was had been left in the Care of one
‘ Maid-servant. This faithful Creature
‘ came into the Hall, with the Footman
‘ who had driven the Cart. A Scene of
‘ the

‘ the highest Fondness having past between
‘ them, the Fellow propos’d, and the
‘ Maid consented, to open the Hamper
‘ and drink a Bottle together, which they
‘ agreed their Mistress would hardly miss
‘ in such a Quantity. They presently be-
‘ gan to execute their Purpose. They
‘ opened the Hamper, and to their great
‘ Surprize discovered the Contents.

‘ I took an immediate Advantage of the
‘ Consternation which appeared in the
‘ Countenances of both the Servants, and
‘ had sufficient Presence of Mind to im-
‘ prove the Knowledge of those Secrets to
‘ which I was privy. I told them that
‘ it entirely depended on their Behaviour,
‘ to me whether their Mistress should ever
‘ be acquainted, either with what they had
‘ done, or with what they had intended to
‘ do: for that if they would keep my Se-
‘ cret, I would reciprocally keep theirs.
‘ I then acquainted them with my Purpose
‘ of lying concealed in the House, in order
‘ to watch an Opportunity of obtaining a
‘ private Interview with *Amelia*.

‘ In the Situation in which these two
‘ Delinquents stood, you may be assured
‘ it was not difficult for me to seal up

‘ their Lips. In short they agreed to what-
‘ ever I proposed. I lay that Evening in
‘ my dear *Amelia*’s Bed-chamber, and was
‘ in the Morning conveyed into an old
‘ lumber Garret, where I was to wait till
‘ *Amelia* (whom the Maid promised, on
‘ her Arrival, to inform of my Place of
‘ Concealment) could find some Opportu-
‘ nity of seeing me.’

‘ I ask Pardon for interrupting you,’
cries Miss *Mathews*, ‘ but you bring to my
‘ Remembrance a foolish Story which I
‘ heard at that time, tho’ at a great Di-
‘ stance from you: That an Officer had,
‘ in Confederacy with Miss *Harris*, broke
‘ open her Mother’s Cellar, and stole
‘ away a great Quantity of her Wine. I
‘ mention it only to shew you what Sort
‘ of Foundations most Stories have.’

Booth told her he had heard some such
thing himself, and then continued his Story
as in the next Chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

Containing many surprising Adventures.

‘ **H**ERE,’ continued he, ‘ I remained
‘ the whole Day in Hopes of a Hap-
‘ piness, the expected Approach of which,
‘ gave me such Delight, that I would not
‘ have exchanged my poor Lodgings for
‘ the finest Palace in the Universe.

‘ A little after it was dark Mrs. *Harris*
‘ arrived, together with *Amelia* and her
‘ Sister. I cannot express how much my
‘ Heart now began to flutter; for as my
‘ Hopes every Moment encreased, strange
‘ Fears which I had not felt before began
‘ now to intermingle with them.

‘ When I had continued full two Hours
‘ in these Circumstances, I heard a Wo-
‘ man’s Step tripping up Stairs, which I
‘ fondly hoped was my *Amelia*; but all on
‘ a sudden the Door flew open, and Mrs.
‘ *Harris* herself appeared at it, with a
‘ Countenance pale as Death, her whole
‘ Body trembling, I suppose, with Anger;
‘ she fell upon me in the most bitter Lan-
‘ guage. It is not necessary to repeat what

‘ she said, nor indeed can I, I was so
‘ shocked and confounded on this Occa-
‘ sion.—In a Word the Scene ended with
‘ my departing without seeing *Amelia*.’

‘ And pray,’ cries Miss *Mathews*, ‘ how
‘ happened this unfortunate Discovery?’

‘ *Booth* answered, ‘ That the Lady at
‘ Supper ordered a Bottle of Wine, which
‘ neither myself,’ cries he, ‘ nor the Servants,
‘ had Presence of Mind to provide. Being
‘ told there was none in the House, tho’
‘ she had been before informed that the
‘ things came all safe, she had sent for the
‘ Maid, who being unable to devise any
‘ Excuse, had fallen on her Knees, and
‘ after confessing her Design of opening a
‘ Bottle, which she imputed to the Fellow,
‘ betrayed poor me to her Mistress.

‘ Well, Madam, after a Lecture of about
‘ a Quarter of an Hour’s Duration from
‘ Mrs. *Harris*, I suffered her to conduct
‘ me to the outward Gate of her Court-
‘ yard, whence I set forward in a disconso-
‘ late Condition of Mind, towards my
‘ Lodgings. I had five Miles to walk in
‘ a dark and rainy Night; but how can I
‘ mention these trifling Circumstances as
‘ any

‘ any Aggravation of my Disappoint-
 ‘ ment.’

‘ How was it possible,’ cried Miss *Mathews*, ‘ that you could be got out of the
 ‘ House without seeing Miss *Harris*?’

‘ I assure you, Madam,’ answered *Booth*,
 ‘ I have often wondered at it myself; but
 ‘ my Spirits were so much sunk at the Sight
 ‘ of her Mother, that no Man was ever a
 ‘ greater Coward than I was at that Instant.
 ‘ Indeed I believe my tender Concern for
 ‘ the Terrors of *Amelia* were the principal
 ‘ Cause of my Submission. However it was,
 ‘ I left the House, and walked about a hun-
 ‘ dred Yards, when, at the Corner of the
 ‘ Garden Wall, a female Voice, in a Whis-
 ‘ per, cried out, “Mr. *Booth*.” The Person
 ‘ was extremely near me, but it was so dark
 ‘ I could scarce see her; nor did I, in the
 ‘ Confusion I was in, immediately recog-
 ‘ nize the Voice. I answered in a Line of
 ‘ *Congreve*’s, which burst from my Lips
 ‘ spontaneously; for I am sure I had no
 ‘ Intention to quote Plays at that time,

‘ *Who calls the wretched thing that was*
 ‘ *Alphonso*?’

‘ Upon

‘ Upon which a Woman leapt into my
‘ Arms, crying out,——“ O it is indeed
‘ “ my *Alphonso*, my only *Alphonso* !”——“ O
‘ Miss *Mathews* ! guess what I felt when I
‘ found I had my *Amelia* in my Arms. I
‘ embraced her with an Extasy not to be
‘ described, at the same instant pouring a
‘ thousand Tenderneffes into her Ears ;
‘ at least if I could exprefs so many to her
‘ in a Minute ; for in that time the Alarm
‘ began at the House, Mrs. *Harris* had mist
‘ her Daughter, and the Court was pre-
‘ sently full of Lights and Noifes of all
‘ Kinds.

‘ I now lifted *Amelia* over a Gate, and
‘ jumping after her, we crept along to-
‘ gether by the Side of a Hedge, a diffe-
‘ rent Way from what led to the Town,
‘ as I imagined that would be the Road
‘ through which they would purfue us.
‘ In this Opinion I was right : for we heard
‘ them pafs along that Road, and the
‘ Voice of Mrs. *Harris* herself, who ran
‘ with the reft, notwithstanding the Dark-
‘ nefs and the Rain. By thefe Means we
‘ luckily made our Escape, and clambring
‘ over Hedge and Ditch, my *Amelia* per-
‘ forming the Part of a Heroine all the
‘ Way,

‘ Way, we at length arrived at a little
‘ green Lane, where stood a vast spreading
‘ Oak, under which we sheltered ourselves
‘ from a violent Storm.

‘ When this was over, and the Moon
‘ began to appear, *Amelia* declared she
‘ knew very well where she was; and a
‘ little farther, striking into another Lane,
‘ to the Right, she said, that would lead
‘ us to a House where we should be both
‘ safe and unsuspected. I followed her
‘ Directions, and we at length came to a
‘ little Cottage about three Miles distant
‘ from Mrs. *Harris*’s House.

‘ As it now rained very violently, we
‘ entered this Cottage, in which we espied
‘ a Light, without any Ceremony. Here
‘ we found an elderly Woman sitting by
‘ herself at a little Fire, who had no sooner
‘ viewed us, than she instantly sprung from
‘ her Seat, and starting back, gave the
‘ strongest Tokens of Amazement; upon
‘ which *Amelia*, presently recollecting her,
‘ said, “ Be not surpris’d, Nurse, tho’
‘ you see me in a strange Pickle I own.”
‘ The old Woman, after having several
‘ times blessed herself, and expressed the
‘ most tender Concern for the Lady, who
‘ stood

‘ stood dripping before her, began to be-
‘ stir herself in making up the Fire; at the
‘ same time entreating *Amelia* that she
‘ might be permitted to furnish her with
‘ some Cloaths, which, she said, tho’ not
‘ fine, were clean and wholesome, and much
‘ dryer than her own. I seconded this
‘ Motion so vehemently, that *Amelia*, tho’
‘ she declared herself under no Apprehen-
‘ sion of catching Cold, (she hath indeed
‘ the best Constitution in the World) at
‘ last consented, and I retired without
‘ Doors, under a Shed, to give my Angel
‘ an Opportunity of dressing herself in the
‘ only Room which the Cottage afforded
‘ below Stairs.

‘ At my Return into the Room, *Amelia*
‘ insisted on my exchanging my Coat for
‘ one which belonged to the old Woman’s
‘ Son.’——‘I am very glad,’ cried Miss
Mathews, ‘ to find she did not forget you.
‘ I own I thought it somewhat cruel to
‘ turn you out into the Rain!’——‘O
‘ Miss *Mathews*,’ continued he, taking no
Notice of her Observation, ‘I had now
‘ an Opportunity of contemplating the vast
‘ Power of exquisite Beauty; which no-
‘ thing almost can add to or diminish.
‘ *Amelia*, in the poor Rags of her old
‘ Nurse,

‘ Nurse, looked scarce less beautiful than
 ‘ I have seen her appear at a Ball or an
 ‘ Assembly—Well, well,’ cries Miss *Ma-*
thews, ‘ to be sure she did;—but pray go
 ‘ on with your Story.’

‘ The old Woman,’ continued he, ‘ after
 ‘ having equipped us as well as she could,
 ‘ and placed our wet Cloaths before the
 ‘ Fire, began to grow inquisitive; and,
 ‘ after some Ejaculations, she cried—“ O
 ‘ my dear young Madam, my Mind mis-
 ‘ gives me hugely, and pray who is
 ‘ this fine young Gentleman? Oh! Miss
 ‘ *Emmy*, Miss *Emmy*, I am afraid Madam
 ‘ knows nothing of all this Matter.”
 ‘ Suppose he should be my Husband,
 ‘ Nurse,” answered *Amelia*,—“ Oh!
 ‘ good! an if he be,” replies the Nurse,
 ‘ I hope he is some great Gentleman or
 ‘ other, with a vast Estate, and a Coach
 ‘ and Six: for to be sure if an he was the
 ‘ greatest Lord in the Land you would
 ‘ deserve it all.”—‘ But why do I attempt
 ‘ to mimic the honest Creature. In short
 ‘ she discovered the greatest Affection for
 ‘ my *Amelia*; with which I was much
 ‘ more delighted than I was offended at
 ‘ the Suspicions she shewed of me, or the
 ‘ many bitter Curses which she denounced
 ‘ against

‘ against me, if I ever proved a bad Huf-
‘ band to fo sweet a young Lady.

‘ I fo well improved the Hint given me
‘ by *Amelia*, that the old Woman had no
‘ Doubt of our being really married; and
‘ comforting herfelf that if it was not as
‘ well as it might have been, yet Madam
‘ had enough for us both, and that Hap-
‘ piness did not always depend on great
‘ Riches, ſhe began to rail at the old Lady
‘ for having turned us out of Doors, which
‘ I ſcarce told an Untruth in aſſerting.
‘ And when *Amelia* ſaid, “ She hoped her
‘ Nurse would not betray her” — The good
‘ Woman answered with much Warmth, —
‘ “ Betray you, my dear young Madam! no
‘ that I would not if the King would give
‘ me all he is worth. No, not if Madam
‘ herfelf would give me the great Houſe,
‘ and the whole Farm belonging to it.”

‘ The good Woman then went out and
‘ fetched a Chicken from the Rooſt, which
‘ ſhe killed, and began to pick, without
‘ asking any Questions. Then ſummon-
‘ ing her Son, who was in Bed, to her
‘ Aſſiſtance, ſhe began to prepare this
‘ Chicken for our Supper. This ſhe after-
‘ wards ſet before us in fo neat, I may al-
‘ moſt

‘ most say elegant a Manner, that who-
‘ ever would have disdained it, either doth
‘ not know the Sensation of Hunger, or
‘ doth not deserve to have the Blessing of
‘ satisfying it. Our Food was attended
‘ with some Ale, which our kind Hostess
‘ said she intended not to have tap’d till
‘ *Christmas*; “ but,” added she, “ I little
“ thought ever to have the Honour of see-
“ ing my dear honoured Lady in this poor
“ Place.”

‘ For my own Part, no human Being
‘ was then an Object of Envy to me, and
‘ even *Amelia* seemed to be in pretty good
‘ Spirits; she softly whispered to me, *that*
‘ *she perceived there might be Happiness in a*
‘ *Cottage.*’

‘ A Cottage!’ cries Miss *Mathews* sigh-
ing, ‘ A Cottage with the Man one loves
‘ is a Palace.’

‘ When Supper was ended,’ continued
Booth, ‘ the good Woman began to think
‘ of our further Wants, and very earnestly
‘ recommended her Bed to us, saying it
‘ was a very neat, tho’ homely one, and
‘ that she could furnish us with a Pair of
‘ clean Sheets. She added some Persua-
fives

‘ gives which painted my Angel all over
‘ with Vermillion. As for myself I be-
‘ haved so awkwardly and foolishly, and so
‘ readily agreed to *Amelia’s* Resolution of
‘ sitting up all Night, that if it did not
‘ give the Nurse any Suspicion of our
‘ Marriage, it ought to have inspired her
‘ with the utmost Contempt for me.

‘ We both endeavoured to prevail with
‘ Nurse to retire to her own Bed, but
‘ found it utterly impossible to succeed ;
‘ she thanked Heaven she understood
‘ Breeding better than that. And so well
‘ bred was the good Woman, that we could
‘ scarce get her out of the Room the
‘ whole Night. Luckily for us we both
‘ understood *French*, by means of which
‘ we consulted together, even in her Pre-
‘ sence, upon the Measures we were to
‘ take in our present Exigency. At length,
‘ it was resolved that I should send a Let-
‘ ter by this young Lad whom I have just
‘ before mentioned, to our worthy Friend
‘ the Doctor, desiring his Company at our
‘ Hut, since we thought it utterly unsafe
‘ to venture to the Town, which we knew
‘ would be in an Uproar on our Account
‘ before the Morning.

Here *Booth* made a full Stop, smiled, and then said, he was going to mention so ridiculous a Distress, that he could scarce think of it without laughing.—What this was the Reader shall know in the next Chapter.

C H A P. VII.

The Story of Booth continued. More surprising Adventures.

‘ FROM what Trifles, dear Miss *Mathews,*’ cried *Booth,* ‘ may some of our greatest Distresses arise ! Do you not perceive I am going to tell you we had neither Pen, Ink, nor Paper in our present Exigency.

‘ A verbal Message was now our only Resource ; however, we contrived to deliver it in such Terms, that neither Nurse nor her Son could possibly conceive any Suspicion from it of the present Situation of our Affairs. Indeed, *Amelia* whisper’d me, I might safely place any Degree of Confidence in the Lad ; for he had been her Foster Brother, and she had a great Opinion of his Integrity. He was in
‘ Truth

‘ Truth a Boy of very good natural Parts;
‘ and Dr. *Harrison*, who had received him
‘ into his Family, at *Amelia*’s Recommenda-
‘ tion, had bred him up to write and read
‘ very well, and had taken some Pains to
‘ infuse into him the Principles of Honesty
‘ and Religion. He was not, indeed, even
‘ now discharged from the Doctor’s Ser-
‘ vice; but had been at home with his
‘ Mother for some time on Account of the
‘ Small-Pox, from a very grievous At-
‘ tack of which he was lately recovered.

‘ I have said so much’, continued *Booth*,
‘ of the Boy’s Character, that you may not
‘ be surpris’d at some Stories which I shall
‘ tell you of him hereafter.

‘ I am going now, Madam, to relate
‘ to you one of those strange Accidents,
‘ which are produced by such a Train of
‘ Circumstances, that mere Chance hath
‘ been thought incapable of bringing them
‘ together; and which have therefore given
‘ Birth, in superstitious Minds, to For-
‘ tune, and to several other imaginary Be-
‘ ings.

‘ We were now impatiently expecting
‘ the Arrival of the Doctor, our Messen-
ger

‘ gergone much more than a sufficient Time,
‘ which to us, you may be assured, ap-
‘ peared not in the least shorter than it was,
‘ when Nurse, who had gone out of Doors
‘ on some Errand, came running hastily tous,
‘ crying out, “ O my dear young Madam,
‘ her Ladyship’s Coach is just at the Door.”
‘ *Amelia* turned pale as Death at these
‘ Words ; indeed I feared she would have
‘ fainted, if I could be said to fear, who had
‘ scarce any of my Senses left, and was in
‘ a Condition little better than my An-
‘ gel’s.

‘ While we were both in this dreadful
‘ Situation, *Amelia* fallen back in her Chair
‘ with the Countenance in which Ghosts
‘ are painted, myself at her Feet, with a
‘ Complexion of no very different Co-
‘ lour, and Nurse screaming out, and
‘ throwing Water in *Amelia*’s Face, Mrs.
‘ *Harris* entered the Room. At the Sight
‘ of this Scene, she threw herself likewise
‘ into a Chair, and called immediately for a
‘ Glas of Water, which Miss *Betty* her
‘ Daughter supplied her with : For, as to
‘ Nurse, nothing was capable of making
‘ any Impression on her, whilst she appre-
‘ hended her young Mistress to be in Dan-
‘ ger.

‘ The Doctor had now entered the
‘ Room, and coming immediately up to
‘ *Amelia*, after some Expressions of Sur-
‘ prize, he took her by the Hand, called
‘ her his little Sugar-plumb, and assured
‘ her there were none but Friends present.
‘ He then led her tottering across the Room
‘ to Mrs. *Harris*. *Amelia* then fell upon
‘ her Knees before her Mother, but the
‘ Doctor caught her up saying, “ Use
‘ that Posture, Child, only to the Al-
‘ mighty ;” ‘ but I need not mention this
‘ Singularity of his to you who know him
‘ so well, and must have heard him often
‘ dispute against addressing ourselves to
‘ Man in the humblest Posture which we
‘ use towards the Supreme Being.

‘ I will tire you with no more Parti-
‘ culars ; we were soon satisfied that the
‘ Doctor had reconciled all Matters with
‘ Mrs. *Harris*, and we now proceeded di-
‘ rectly to Church, the Doctor having be-
‘ fore provided a Licence for us.

‘ But where is the strange Accident,’
cries Miss *Mathews*? ‘ Sure you raised
‘ more Curiosity than you have satis-
‘ fied.’

‘ Indeed,

‘ Indeed, Madam, answered he, ‘ your
‘ Reproof is just; I had like to have
‘ forgotten it; but you cannot wonder
‘ at me when you reflect on that interest-
‘ ing Part of my Story, which I am now
‘ relating.—But before I mention this Ac-
‘ cident, I must tell you what happened
‘ after *Amelia’s* Escape from her Mother’s
‘ House. Mrs. *Harris* at first ran out into
‘ the Lane among her Servants, and pur-
‘ sued us (so she imagined) along the Road
‘ leading to the Town; but that being
‘ very dirty, and a violent Storm of Rain
‘ coming, she took shelter in an Alehouse,
‘ about half a Mile from her own House,
‘ whither she sent for her Coach; She
‘ then drove together with her Daughter
‘ to Town; where soon after her Arrival,
‘ she sent for the Doctor, her usual Privy
‘ Counsellor in all her Affairs. They sat
‘ up all Night together, the Doctor en-
‘ deavouring by Arguments and Persua-
‘ sions to bring Mrs. *Harris* to Reason;
‘ but all to no Purpose, tho’, as he hath
‘ informed me, Miss *Betty* seconded him
‘ with the warmest Entreaties.

Here Miss *Mathews* laughed; of which
Booth begging to know the Reason, she, at
H 2 last,

last, after many Apologies, said, ' It was
' the first good Thing she ever heard of Miss
' *Betty*; nay, and,' said she, ' asking
' your Pardon for my Opinion of your
' Sister, since you will have it, I always
' conceived her to be the deepest of Hy-
' pocrites.'

Booth fetched a Sigh, and said, he was
afraid she had not always acted so kindly;—
and then after a little Hesitation proceeded.

' You will be pleased, Madam, to re-
' member, the Lad was sent with a verbal
' Message to the Doctor; which Message
' was no more than to acquaint him where
' we were, and to desire the Favour of
' his Company, or that he would send a
' Coach to bring us to whatever Place he
' would please to meet us at. This Mes-
' sage was to be delivered to the Doctor
' himself, and the Messenger was ordered,
' if he found him not at home, to go to
' him wherever he was. He fulfilled his
' Orders, and told it to the Doctor in the
' Presence of Mrs. *Harris*.'

' Oh! the Idiot,' cries Miss *Mathews*.
' Not at all,' answered *Booth*: ' He is a
' very sensible Fellow, as you will, per-
' haps,

haps, say hereafter. He had not the least Reason to suspect that any Secrecy was necessary: For we took the utmost Care he should not suspect it.—Well, Madam, this Accident, which appeared so unfortunate, turned in the highest Degree to our Advantage. Mrs. *Harris* no sooner heard the Message delivered, than she fell into the most violent Passion imaginable, and accused the Doctor of being in the Plot, and of having confederated with me in the Design of carrying off her Daughter.

The Doctor, who had hitherto used only soothing Methods, now talked in a different Strain. He confessed the Accusation, and justified his Conduct. He said, he was no Meddler in the Family-affairs of others, nor should he have concerned himself with hers, but at her own Request; but that since Mrs. *Harris* herself had made him an Agent in this Matter, he would take Care to acquit himself with Honour, and above all things to preserve a young Lady for whom he had the highest Esteem; “for she is,” cries he, and by Heavens he said true, “the most worthy, generous, and noble of all human Beings.” You have yourself, Madam, said he, consented to the Match. I have, with your

‘ Request, made the Match; and then he
‘ added some Particulars relating to his
‘ Opinion of me, which my Modesty for-
‘ bids me to repeat.’—‘ Nay, but,’ cries
Miss *Mathews*, ‘ I insist on that Conquest
‘ of your Modesty for once.—We Women
‘ do not love to hear one another’s Praises,
‘ and I will be made amends by hearing
‘ the Praises of a Man, and of a Man,
‘ whom perhaps,’ added she with a Leer, ‘ I
‘ shall not, perhaps, think much the better
‘ of upon that Account.’—‘ In Obedience
‘ to your Commands then, Madam,’ con-
tinued he, ‘ the Doctor was so kind to say,
‘ he had enquired into my Character, and
‘ had found that I had been a dutiful Son,
‘ and an affectionate Brother. Relations,
‘ said he, in which, whoever discharges his
‘ Duty well, gives us a well-grounded Hope,
‘ that he will behave as properly in all the
‘ rest.—He concluded with saying, that
‘ *Amelia’s* Happiness, her Heart, nay, her
‘ very Reputation, were all concerned in
‘ this Matter, to which, as he had been made
‘ instrumental, he was resolved to carry her
‘ thro’ it; and then taking the Licence from
‘ his Pocket, declared to Mrs. *Harris* that
‘ he would go that Instant and marry her
‘ Daughter wherever he found her. This
‘ Speech, the Doctor’s Voice, his Look, and
‘ his

his Behaviour, all which are sufficiently calculated to inspire Awe, and even Terror, when he pleases, frightened poor Mrs. *Harris*, and wrought a more sensible Effect than it was in his Power to produce by all his Arguments and Entreaties; and I have already related the Consequence which soon after ensued.

Thus the strange Accident of our wanting Pen, Ink, and Paper, and our not trusting the Boy with our Secret, occasioned the Discovery to Mrs. *Harris*: that Discovery put the Doctor upon his Metal, and produced that blessed Event which I have recounted to you, and which, as my Mother hath since confessed, nothing but the Spirit which he had exerted after the Discovery, could have brought about.

Well, Madam, you now see me married to *Amelia*; in which Situation you will, perhaps, think my Happiness incapable of Addition. Perhaps it was so; and yet I can with Truth say, that the Love which I then bore *Amelia* was not comparable to what I bear her now. 'Happy *Amelia*!' cried Miss *Mathews*. 'If all Men were like you, all Women

H 4

would

‘ would be blessed; nay the whole World
 ‘ would be so in a great Measure: for up-
 ‘ on my Soul, I believe that from the
 ‘ damned Inconstancy of your Sex to ours
 ‘ proceeds half the Miseries of Mankind.’

That we may give the Reader some
 Leisure to consider well the foregoing Sen-
 timent, we will here put an End to this
 Chapter.

C H A P. VIII.

*In which our Readers will probably be divided
 in their Opinion of Mr. Booth's Conduct.*

BOOOTH proceeded as follows :

‘ The first Months of our Marriage
 ‘ produced nothing remarkable enough to
 ‘ mention. I am sure I need not tell Miss
 ‘ *Mathews* that I found in my *Amelia* every
 ‘ Perfection of human Nature. Mrs. *Har-*
 ‘ *ris* at first gave us some little Uneasiness.
 ‘ She had rather yielded to the Doctor than
 ‘ given a willing Consent to the Match;
 ‘ however, by Degrees, she became more
 ‘ and more satisfied, and at last seemed
 ‘ perfectly reconciled. This we ascribed a
 ‘ good deal to the kind Offices of Miss
 ‘ *Betty,*

‘ *Betty*, who had always appeared to be
 ‘ my Friend. She had been greatly as-
 ‘ sisting to *Amelia* in making her Escape,
 ‘ which I had no Opportunity of mention-
 ‘ ing to you before, and in all things be-
 ‘ haved so well, outwardly at least, to my-
 ‘ self as well as her Sister, that we regarded
 ‘ her as our sincerest Friend.

‘ About half a-Year after our Marriage;
 ‘ two additional Companies were added to
 ‘ our Regiment, in one of which I was
 ‘ preferred to the Command of a Lieu-
 ‘ tenant. Upon this Occasion Miss *Betty*
 ‘ gave the first Intimation of a Disposition
 ‘ which we have since too severely expe-
 ‘ rienced.’

‘ Your Servant, Sir,’ says Miss *Ma-*
thews, ‘ then I find I was not mistaken in
 ‘ my Opinion of the Lady.—No, no, shew
 ‘ me any Goodness in a censorious Prude
 ‘ and’—

As Miss *Mathews* hesitated for a Simile
Booth proceeded. ‘ You will please to re-
 ‘ member, Madam, there was formerly an
 ‘ Agreement between myself and Mrs. *Har-*
ris, that I should settle all my *Amelia*’s For-
 ‘ tune on her, except a certain Sum, which

‘ was to be laid out in my Advancement
 ‘ in the Army; but as our Marriage was
 ‘ carried on in the Manner you have heard,
 ‘ no such Agreement was ever executed.
 ‘ And since I was become *Amelia*’s Husband,
 ‘ not a Word of this Matter was ever
 ‘ mentioned by the old Lady; and as for
 ‘ myself, I declare I had not yet awakened
 ‘ from that delicious Dream of Bliss in
 ‘ which the Possession of *Amelia* had lulled
 ‘ me.’

Here Miss *Mathews* sigh’d, and cast the
 tenderest of Looks on *Booth*, who thus
 continued his Story.

‘ Soon after my Promotion, Mrs. *Har-*
 ‘ *ris* one Morning took an Occasion to
 ‘ speak to me on this Affair. She said,
 ‘ that as I had been promoted *Gratis* to a
 ‘ Lieutenancy, she would assist me with
 ‘ Money to carry me yet a Step higher;
 ‘ and if more was required than was for-
 ‘ merly mentioned, it should not be want-
 ‘ ing, since she was so perfectly satisfied
 ‘ with my Behaviour to her Daughter.
 ‘ Adding, that she hoped I had still the
 ‘ same Inclination to settle on my Wife
 ‘ the Remainder of her Fortune.

‘ I answered with very warm Acknow-
‘ ledgments of my Mother’s Goodness,
‘ and declared, if I had the World I was
‘ ready to lay it at my *Amelia*’s Feet.—
‘ And so, Heaven knows, I would ten
‘ thousand Worlds.

‘ Mrs. *Harris* seemed pleased with the
‘ Warmth of my Sentiments, and said,
‘ she would immediately send to her Law-
‘ yer and give him the necessary Orders;
‘ and thus ended our Conversation on this
‘ Subject.

‘ From this time there was a very vi-
‘ sible Alteration in Miss *Betty*’s Behaviour.
‘ She grew reserved to her Sister as well as
‘ to me. She was fretful and captious on
‘ the slightest Occasion; nay she affected
‘ much to talk on the ill Consequences of
‘ an imprudent Marriage, especially before
‘ her Mother; and if ever any little Ten-
‘ derness or Endearments escaped me in
‘ public towards *Amelia*, she never failed
‘ to make some malicious Remark on the
‘ short Duration of violent Passions; and
‘ when I have expressed a fond Sentiment
‘ for my Wife, her Sister would kindly
‘ wish

‘ with she might hear as much seven Years
‘ hence.

‘ All these Matters have been since sug-
‘ gested to us by Reflection: for while
‘ they actually pass, both *Amelia* and my-
‘ self had our Thoughts too happily engaged
‘ to take any or much Notice of what dis-
‘ covered itself in the Mind of any other
‘ Person.

‘ Unfortunately for us, Mrs. *Harris’s*
‘ Lawyer happened at this time to be at
‘ *London*, where Business detained him up-
‘ wards of a Month; and as Mrs. *Harris*
‘ would on no Occasion employ any other,
‘ our Affair was under an entire Suspen-
‘ sion till his Return.

‘ *Amelia*, who was now big with Child,
‘ had often expressed the deepest Concern
‘ at her Apprehensions of my being some-
‘ time commanded abroad, a Circumstance
‘ which she declared, if it should ever
‘ happen to her, even tho’ she should not
‘ then be in the same Situation as at present,
‘ would infallibly break her Heart. These
‘ Remonstrances were made with such
‘ Tenderness, and so much affected me,
‘ that to avoid any Probability of such an
‘ Event,

‘ Event, I endeavoured to get an Ex-
 ‘ change into the Horse-guards, a Body
 ‘ of Troops which very rarely goes abroad
 ‘ unless where the King himself commands
 ‘ in Person. I soon found an Officer for
 ‘ my Purpose, the Terms were agreed on,
 ‘ and Mrs. *Harris* had ordered the Money
 ‘ which I was to pay to be ready, notwith-
 ‘ standing the Opposition made by Miss
 ‘ *Betty*, who openly dissuaded her Mother
 ‘ from it; alledging that the Exchange was
 ‘ highly to my Disadvantage; that I could
 ‘ never hope to rise in the Army after it;
 ‘ not forgetting, at the same time, some
 ‘ Insinuations very prejudicial to my Re-
 ‘ putation as a Soldier.

‘ When every thing was agreed on, and
 ‘ the two Commissions were actually made
 ‘ out, but not signed by the King, one
 ‘ Day, at my Return from hunting, *A-*
 ‘ *melia* flew to me, and eagerly embrac-
 ‘ ing me, cried out, “ O *Billy*, I have
 ‘ News for you, which delights my
 ‘ Soul. Nothing sure was ever so fortu-
 ‘ nate as the Exchange you have made.
 ‘ The Regiment you was formerly in is
 ‘ ordered for *Gibraltar*.”

‘ I received this News with far less
 ‘ Transport than it was delivered. I an-
 ‘ swered

‘ swered coldly, since the Case was so, I
 ‘ heartily hoped the Commissions might
 ‘ be both signed. *What do you say*, replied
 ‘ Amelia eagerly,—*Sure you told me every*
 ‘ *thing was entirely settled. That Look of*
 ‘ *yours frightens me to Death.*—But I am
 ‘ running into too minute Particulars. In
 ‘ short, I received a Letter by that very
 ‘ Post, from the Officer with whom I had
 ‘ exchanged, insisting that tho’ his Majesty
 ‘ had not signed the Commissions, still that
 ‘ the Bargain was valid, and partly urging it
 ‘ as a Right, and partly desiring it as a Fa-
 ‘ vour, that he might go to *Gibraltar* in my
 ‘ Room.

‘ This Letter convinced me in every
 ‘ Point. I was now informed that the
 ‘ Commissions were not signed, and con-
 ‘ sequently that the Exchange was not
 ‘ compleated. Of Consequence the other
 ‘ could have no Right to insist on going;
 ‘ and as for granting him such a Favour, I
 ‘ too clearly saw I must do it at the Ex-
 ‘ pence of my Honour. I was now re-
 ‘ duced to a Dilemma, the most dreadful
 ‘ which I think any Man can experience;
 ‘ in which I am not ashamed to own, I
 ‘ found Love was not so over-matched by
 ‘ Honour as he ought to have been. The
 ‘ Thoughts

‘ Thoughts of leaving *Amelia*, in her present Condition, to Misery, perhaps to Death or Madness, were insupportable ; nor could any other Consideration but that, which now tormented me on the other Side, have combated them a Moment.’

‘ No Woman upon Earth,’ cries Miss *Mathews*, ‘ can despise Want of Spirit in a Man more than myself ; and yet I cannot help thinking you was rather too nice on this Occasion.’

‘ You will allow, Madam,’ answered *Booth*, ‘ that whoever offends against the Laws of Honour in the least Instance, is treated as the highest Delinquent. Here is no Excuse, no Pardon ; and he doth nothing who leaves any thing undone. But if the Conflict was so terrible with myself alone, what was my Situation in the Presence of *Amelia* ? How could I support her Sighs, her Tears, her Agonies, her Despair ! Could I bear to think myself the cruel Cause of her Sufferings, for so I was ! Could I endure the Thought of having it in my Power to give her instant Relief, for so it was, and refuse it her !

‘ Miss

‘ Miss *Betty* was now again become my
‘ Friend. She had scarce been civil to me
‘ for a Fortnight last past, yet now she
‘ commended me to the Skies, and as se-
‘ verely blamed her Sister, whom she ar-
‘ raigned of the most contemptible Weak-
‘ ness, in preferring my Safety to my Ho-
‘ nour: she said many ill-natured Things
‘ on the Occasion, which I shall not now
‘ repeat.

‘ In the Midst of this Hurricane the
‘ good Doctor came to dine with Mrs.
‘ *Harris*, and at my Desire delivered his
‘ Opinion on the Matter.’

Here Mr. *Booth* was interrupted in his
Narrative, by the Arrival of a Person
whom we shall introduce in the next
Chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P. IX.

Containing a Scene of a different Kind from any of the preceding.

THE Gentleman who now arrived was the Keeper ; or if you please, (for so he pleased to call himself) the Governor of the Prison.

He used so little Ceremony at his Approach, that the Bolt, which was very slight on the Inside, gave way, and the Door immediately flew open. He had no sooner entered the Room than he acquainted Miss *Mathews* that he had brought her very good News, for which he demanded a Bottle of Wine, as his Due.

This Demand being complied with, he acquainted Miss *Mathews* that the wounded Gentleman was not dead, nor was his Wound thought to be mortal : That Loss of Blood, and, perhaps, his Fright had occasioned his fainting away ; ‘ but I believe, Madam,’ said he, ‘ if you take the proper Measures, you may be bailed Tomorrow. I expect the Lawyer here this Evening, and if you put the Business into
‘ his

‘ his Hands, I warrant it will be done.
 ‘ Money to be sure must be parted with,
 ‘ that’s to be sure. People to be sure will
 ‘ expect to touch a little in such Cafes.
 ‘ For my own Part, I never desire to keep
 ‘ a Prisoner longer than the Law allows,
 ‘ not I: I always inform them they can
 ‘ be bailed as soon as I know it. I never
 ‘ make any Bargain, not I; I always love
 ‘ to leave those Things to the Gentlemen
 ‘ and Ladies themselves. I never suspect
 ‘ Gentlemen and Ladies of wanting Ge-
 ‘ nerosity.’

Miss *Mathews* made a very slight Answer
 to all these friendly Professions. She said
 she had done nothing she repented of, and
 was indifferent as to the Event. ‘ All I
 ‘ can say,’ cries she, ‘ is, that if the Wretch
 ‘ is alive, there is no greater Villain in
 ‘ Life than himself;’ and instead of men-
 tioning any thing of the Bail, she begged
 the Keeper to leave her again alone with
 Mr. *Booth*. The Keeper replied, ‘ Nay,
 ‘ Madam, perhaps it may be better to stay
 ‘ a little longer here, if you have not Bail
 ‘ ready, than to buy them too dear. Be-
 ‘ sides, a Day or two hence, when the
 ‘ Gentleman is past all Danger of Re-
 ‘ covery, to be sure some Folks that would

‘ ex-

‘ expect an extraordinary Fee now, can’t
‘ expect to touch any thing. And to be
‘ sure you shall want nothing here. The
‘ best of all things are to be had here for
‘ Money, both eatable and drinkable ; tho’
‘ I say it, I shan’t turn my Back to any of the
‘ Taverns for either Eatables or Wind. The
‘ Captain there need not have been so shy
‘ of owning himself when he first came in ;
‘ we have had Captains and other great Gen-
‘ tlemen here before now ; and no shame to
‘ them, tho’ I say it. Many a great Gen-
‘ tleman is sometimes found in Places that
‘ don’t become them half so well, let me
‘ tell them that, Captain *Booth*, let me
‘ tell them that.’

‘ I see, Sir,’ answered *Booth*, a little dis-
composed, ‘ that you are acquainted with
‘ my Title as well as my Name.’

‘ Ay, Sir,’ cries the Keeper, ‘ and I
‘ honour you the more for it. I love the
‘ Gentlemen of the Army. I was in the
‘ Army myself formerly ; in the Lord of
‘ *Oxford’s* Horse. It is true I rode pri-
‘ vate ; but I had Money enough to have
‘ bought in Quarter-Master, when I took
‘ it into my Head to marry, and my Wife
‘ she did not like that I should continue a
‘ Soldier.’

‘ Soldier, she was all for a private Life;
‘ and so I came to this Business.’

‘ Upon my Word, Sir,’ answered *Booth*,
‘ you consulted your Wife’s Inclinations
‘ very notably; but pray, will you satisfy my
‘ Curiosity in telling me how you became
‘ acquainted that I was in the Army? For
‘ my Dress, I think, could not betray me.

‘ Betray!’ replied the Keeper. ‘ There
‘ is no betraying here, I hope—I am not
‘ a Person to betray People.—But you are
‘ so shy and peery, you would almost
‘ make one suspect there was more in the
‘ Matter. And if there be, I promise you,
‘ you need not be afraid of telling it
‘ me. You will excuse me giving you a
‘ Hint; but the sooner the better, that’s
‘ all. Others may be before-hand with
‘ you, and first come first serv’d on these
‘ Occasions, that’s all. Informers are
‘ odious, there’s no doubt of that, and no
‘ one would care to be an Informer if he
‘ could help it, because of the ill Usage
‘ they always receive from the Mob; yet it
‘ is dangerous to trust too much; and when
‘ Safety and a good Part of the Reward too
‘ are on one Side, and the Gallows on the
‘ other’

‘ other—I know which a wise Man would
‘ chuse.’

‘ What the Devil dō you mean by all
‘ this?’ cries *Booth*.

‘ No Offence, I hope,’ answered the
Keeper; ‘ I speak for your Good, and if
‘ you have been upon the snaffling Lay—
‘ you understand me, I’m sure.’

‘ Not I,’ answered *Booth*, ‘ upon my
‘ Honour.’

‘ Nay, nay,’ replied the Keeper, with
a contemptuous Sneer, ‘ if you are so
‘ peery as that comes to, you must take
‘ the Consequence.—But for my Part, I
‘ know I would not trust *Robinson* with
‘ Two-Pence untold.’

‘ What do you mean,’ cries *Booth*?
‘ Who is *Robinson*?’

‘ And you don’t know *Robinson*!’ an-
swered the Keeper with great Emotion. To
which *Booth* replying in the Negative; the
Keeper, after some silent Tokens of A-
mazement, cried out; ‘ Well, Captain, I
‘ must say you are the best at it, of all
‘ the

‘ the Gentlemen I ever saw. However,
‘ I will tell you this: The Lawyer and
‘ Mr. *Robinson* have been laying their
‘ Heads together about you above half an
‘ Hour this Afternoon. I overheard them
‘ mention Captain *Booth*, several Times;
‘ and for my Part, I would not answer
‘ that Mr. *Murphy* is not now gone
‘ about the Business; but if you will im-
‘ peach any to me of the Road, or any
‘ thing else, I will step away to his Wor-
‘ ship *Thrasher* this Instant, and I am sure
‘ I have Interest enough with him to get
‘ you admitted an Evidence.’

‘ And so,’ cries ‘ *Booth*, you really take
‘ me for a Highwayman.’

‘ No Offence, Captain, I hope,’ said
the Keeper: ‘ As Times go, there are many
‘ worse Men in the World than those.
‘ Gentlemen may be driven to Distress,
‘ and when they are, I know no more
‘ genteeler Way than the Road. It hath
‘ been many a brave Man’s Case, to my
‘ Knowledge, and Men of as much Ho-
‘ nour too as any in the World.’

‘ Well,

‘ Well, Sir,’ said *Booth*, ‘ I assure you
‘ I am not that Gentleman of Honour you
‘ imagine me.’

Miss Mathews, who had long understood the Keeper no better than *Mr. Booth*, no sooner heard his Meaning explained, than she was fired with greater Indignation than the Gentleman had expressed. ‘ How dare you, Sir,’ said she to the Keeper, ‘ insult a Man of Fashion, and who hath had the Honour to bear his Majesty’s Commission in the Army, as you yourself own you know. If his Misfortunes have sent him hither, sure we have no Laws that will protect such a Fellow as you in insulting him.’ ‘ Fellow!’ mutter’d the Keeper—‘ I would not advise you, Madam, to use such Language to me.’—‘ Do you dare threaten me,’ reply’d *Miss Mathews* in a Rage; ‘ Venture in the least Instance to exceed your Authority, with Regard to me, and I will prosecute you with the utmost Vengeance.’

A Scene of very high Altercation now ensued, till *Booth* interposed, and quieted the Keeper, who was, perhaps, enough inclined

clined to an Accommodation; for, in Truth, he waged unequal War. He was besides unwilling to incense Miss *Mathews*, whom he expected to be bailed out the next Day, and who had more Money left than he intended she should carry out of the Prison with her; and as for any violent or unjustifiable Methods, the Lady had discovered much too great a Spirit to be in Danger of them. The Governor therefore, in a very gentle Tone, declared, that if he had given any Offence to the Gentleman, he heartily asked his Pardon: That if he had known him to be really a Captain, he should not have entertained any such Suspicions; but that Captain was a very common Title in that Place, and belonged to several Gentlemen that had never been in the Army, or at most had rid private like himself. ‘To be sure, Captain,’ said he, ‘as you yourself own, your Dress is not very military;’ (for he had on a plain Fustian Suit) ‘and besides, as the Lawyer says, *Noscitur a sociis* is a very good Rule. And I don’t believe there is a greater Rascal upon Earth than that same *Robinson* that I was talking of. Nay, I assure you, I wish there may be no Mischief hatching against you. But if there is, I will do all I can with the
‘ Lawyer

‘ Lawyer to prevent it. To be sure Mr.
 ‘ *Murphy* is one of the clearest Men in
 ‘ the World at the Law: That even his
 ‘ Enemies must own; and as I recommend
 ‘ him to all the Business I can, (and it is
 ‘ not a little to be sure that arises in this
 ‘ Place) why, one good Turn deserves ano-
 ‘ ther. And I may expect that he will not
 ‘ be concerned in any Plot to ruin any
 ‘ Friend of mine; at least, when I desire
 ‘ him not. I am sure he could not be an
 ‘ honest Man if he would.’

Booth was then satisfied that Mr. *Robin-*
son, whom he did not yet know by Name,
 was the Gamester who had won his Money
 at Play. And now, Miss *Mathews*, who
 had very impatiently borne this long In-
 terruption, prevailed on the Keeper to with-
 draw. As soon as he was gone, Mr. *Booth*
 began to felicitate her upon the News of
 the wounded Gentleman being in a fair
 Likelihood of Recovery. To which, after
 a short Silence, she answered, ‘ There is
 ‘ something, perhaps, which you will not
 ‘ easily guess, that makes your Congratu-
 ‘ lations more agreeable to me than the
 ‘ first Account I heard of the Villain’s
 ‘ having escaped the Fate he deserves: For,
 ‘ I do assure you, at first, it did not make
 VOL. I. I ‘ me

‘ me Amends for the Interruption of my
 ‘ Curiosity. Now, I hope, we shall be
 ‘ disturbed no more, till you have finish’d
 ‘ your whole Story.—You left off, I think,
 ‘ somewhere in the Struggle about leaving
 ‘ *Amelia*, the happy *Amelia*.’—‘ And can
 ‘ you call her happy at such a Period,’
 cries *Booth*? ‘ Happy, ay happy, in any
 ‘ Situation,’ answer’d Miss *Mathews*, ‘ with
 ‘ such a Husband. I, at least, may well
 ‘ think so, who have experienced the very
 ‘ Reverse of her Fortune; but I was not
 ‘ born to be happy. I may say with the
 ‘ Poet:

‘ *The blackest Ink of Fate was sure my Lot,*
 ‘ *And when Fate writ my Name, it made*
 a Blot.

‘ Nay, nay, dear Miss *Mathews*,’ an-
 swered *Booth*, ‘ you must, and shall banish
 ‘ such gloomy Thoughts. Fate hath, I
 ‘ hope, many happy Days in Store for
 ‘ you’.——‘ Do you believe it, Mr. *Booth*,’
 replied she, ‘ indeed you know the con-
 ‘ trary—You must know—For you can’t
 ‘ have forgot. No *Amelia* in the World
 ‘ can have quite obliterated—Forgetfulness
 ‘ is not in our own Power. If it
 ‘ was, indeed, I have Reason to think—
 ‘ But

‘ But I know not what I am saying.---Pray,
‘ do proceed in that Story.’

Booth so immediately complied with this Request, that it is possible he was pleased with it. To say the Truth, if all which unwittingly dropt from Miss *Matthews* was put together, some Conclusions might, it seems, be drawn from the whole, which could not convey a very agreeable Idea to a constant Husband. *Booth* therefore proceeded to relate what is written in the Third Book of this History.

A M E L I A.

B O O K III.

C H A P. I.

In which Mr. Booth resumes his Story.

‘ I F I am not mistaken, Madam,’ continued *Booth*, ‘ I was just going to acquaint you with the Doctor’s Opinion, when we were interrupted by the Keeper.’

‘ The Doctor having heard Counsel on both Sides, that is to say, Mrs. *Harris* for my staying, and Miss *Betty* for my going, at last delivered his own Sentiments. As for *Amelia*, she sat silent, drown’d in her Tears; nor was I myself in a much better Situation.’

“ As

“ As the Commissions are not signed,”
“ said the Doctor,” “ I think you may be
“ said to remain in your former Regi-
“ ment; and therefore I think you ought
“ to go on this Expedition; your Du-
“ ty to your King and Country, whose
“ Bread you have eaten, requires it; and
“ this is a Duty of too high a Nature to
“ admit the least Deficiency. Regard to
“ your Character likewise requires your
“ going: For the World, which might
“ justly blame your staying at home if the
“ Case was even fairly stated, will not deal
“ so honestly by you: You must expect
“ to have every Circumstance against you
“ heightened, and most of what makes
“ for your Defence omitted; and thus you
“ will be stigmatiz’d as a Coward, without
“ any Palliation. As the malicious Dis-
“ position of Mankind is too well known,
“ and the cruel Pleasure which they take
“ in destroying the Reputations of others;
“ the Use we are to make of this Know-
“ ledge is to afford no Handle to Re-
“ proach: For bad as the World is, it sel-
“ dom falls on any Man who hath not
“ given some slight Cause for Censure,
“ tho’ this, perhaps, is often aggravated
“ Ten thousand Fold; and when we blame

“ the Malice of the Aggravation, we
 “ ought not to forget our own Impru-
 “ dence in giving the Occasion. Remem-
 “ ber, my Boy, your Honour is at stake;
 “ and you know how nice the Honour of
 “ a Soldier is in these Cases. This is a
 “ Treasure, which he must be your Enemy
 “ indeed who would attempt to rob you
 “ of. Therefore you ought to consider
 “ every one as your Enemy, who by de-
 “ siring you to stay would rob you of your
 “ Honour.”

“ Do you hear that, Sister ?” ‘ cries Miss
 ‘ Betty.’---“ Yes, I do hear it,” ‘ an-
 ‘ swered *Amelia*, with more Spirit than I
 ‘ ever saw her exert before,’ “ and would
 “ preserve his Honour at the Expence of
 “ my Life. I will preserve it, if it should be
 “ at that Expence; and since it be Dr. *Har-*
 “ *rison's* Opinion that he ought to go, I
 “ give my Consent. Go, my dear Huf-
 “ band,” cry'd she, falling upon her Knees,
 “ may every Angel of Heaven guard and
 “ preserve you.”---‘ I cannot repeat her
 ‘ Words without being affected,’ said he,
 ‘ wiping his Eyes, ‘ the Excellence of that
 ‘ Woman, no Words can paint; Miss *Ma-*
 ‘ *thews*, she hath every Perfection in Hu-
 ‘ man Nature.

‘ I will

‘ I will not tire you with the Repetition
‘ of any more that past on that Occasion ;
‘ nor with the Quarrel that ensued be-
‘ tween Mrs. *Harris* and the Doctor ; for
‘ the old Lady could not submit to my
‘ leaving her Daughter in her present Con-
‘ dition. She fell severely on the Army, and
‘ cursed the Day in which her Daughter
‘ was married to a Soldier, not sparing the
‘ Doctor for having had some Share in the
‘ Match. I will omit likewise the tender
‘ Scene which past between *Amelia* and my
‘ self previous to my Departure.

‘ Indeed I beg you will not,’ cried Miss
Mathews, ‘ nothing delights me more than
‘ Scenes of Tenderness. I should be glad
‘ to know, if possible, every Syllable which
‘ was uttered on both Sides.’

‘ I will indulge you then,’ cries *Booth*,
‘ as far as is in my Power. Indeed, I
‘ believe, I am able to recollect much the
‘ greatest Part ; for the Impression is never
‘ to be effaced from my Memory.’

He then proceeded as Miss *Mathews*
desired ; but lest all our Readers should
not be of her Opinion, we will, according

to our usual Custom, endeavour to accommodate ourselves to every Taste, and shall therefore place this Scene in a Chapter by itself, which we desire all our Readers who do not love, or who perhaps do not know the Pleasure of Tenderneſs, to paſs over; ſince they may do this without any Prejudice to the Thread of the Narrative.

C H A P. II.

Containing a Scene of the tender Kind.

‘ **T**H E Doctor, Madam,’ continued
 ‘ *Booth*, ‘ ſpent his Evening at Mrs.
 ‘ *Harris’s* Houſe, where I ſat with him
 ‘ whilſt he ſmoak’d his Pillow Pipe, as his
 ‘ Phraſe is. *Amelia* was retired above half
 ‘ an Hour, to her Chamber, before I went
 ‘ to her. At my Entrance, I found her
 ‘ on her Knees, a Poſture in which I never
 ‘ diſturbed her. In a few Minutes ſhe
 ‘ aroſe, came to me, and embracing me,
 ‘ ſaid, ſhe had been praying for Reſolution
 ‘ to ſupport the cruelleſt Moment ſhe had
 ‘ ever undergone, or could poſſibly under-
 ‘ go. I reminded her how much more
 ‘ bitter a Farewel would be on a Death-
 ‘ Bed, when we never could meet in this
 ‘ World,

‘ World, at least, again. I then endeavoured to lessen all those Objects which tempted her most, and particularly the Danger I was to encounter; upon which Head I seemed a little to comfort her;--- but the probable Length of my Absence, and the Length of my Voyage were Circumstances which no Oratory of mine could even palliate.’ “ Oh! Heavens,” said she, bursting into Tears, “ can I bear to think that Hundreds, Thousands, for ought I know, of Miles or Leagues, that Lands and Seas are between us. What is the Prospect from that Mount in our Garden, where I have sat so many happy Hours with my *Billy*? what is the Distance between that and the farthest Hill which we see from thence, compared to the Distance which will be between us? You cannot wonder at this Idea; you must remember, my *Billy*, at this Place, this very Thought came formerly into my foreboding Mind. I then begged you to leave the Army. Why would you not comply? Did I not tell you then that the smallest Cottage we could survey from the Mount, would be with you a Paradise to me; it would be so still, why can’t my *Billy* think so? Am I so much his Superior in Love?

“ Where is the Dishonour, *Billy*? or if
 “ there be any, will it reach our Ears in
 “ our little Hutt? Are Glory and Fame,
 “ and not his *Amelia*, the Happiness of
 “ my Husband? Go then, purchase them
 “ at my Expence. You will pay a few
 “ Sighs, perhaps a few Tears at parting,
 “ and then new Scenes will drive away the
 “ Thoughts of poor *Amelia* from your Bo-
 “ som; but what Assistance shall I have in
 “ my Affliction? Not that any Change of
 “ Scene could drive you one Moment from
 “ my Remembrance; yet here every Ob-
 “ ject I behold will place your lov’d Idea
 “ in the liveliest Manner before my Eyes.
 “ This is the Bed in which you have re-
 “ posed; that is the Chair on which you
 “ sat. Upon these Boards you have stood.
 “ These Books you have read to me. Can
 “ I walk among our Beds of Flowers, with-
 “ out viewing your Favourites, nay those
 “ which you have planted with your own
 “ Hands? Can I see one Beauty from our
 “ beloved Mount, which you have not
 “ pointed out to me?”---“ Thus she went
 “ on, the Woman, Madam, you see still
 “ prevailing.”---“ Since you mention it,”
 “ says Miss *Mathews*, with a Smile, “ I own
 “ the same Observation occurred to me.
 “ It is too natural to us to consider our-
 “ selves

‘ selves only, Mr. *Booth*.’---‘ You shall
‘ hear,’ he cry’d,---‘ At last, the Thoughts
‘ of her present Condition suggested them-
‘ selves.’---“ But if,” said she, “ my
“ Situation, even in Health, will be so
“ intolerable, how shall I, in the Danger and
“ Agonies of Child-birth, support your
“ Absence !”---‘ Here she stop’d, and
‘ looking on me with all the Tenderness
‘ imaginable, cried out,’ “ And am I
“ then such a Wretch to wish for your
“ Presence at such a Season ; ought I not
“ to rejoice that you are out of the Hear-
“ ing of my Cries, or the Knowledge of
“ my Pains ? If I die, will you not have
“ escaped the Horrors of a Parting Ten
“ thousand Times more dreadful than
“ this ? Go, go, my *Billy* ; the very Cir-
“ cumstance which made me most dread
“ your Departure, hath perfectly re-
“ conciled me to it. I perceive clearly
“ now that I was only wishing to support
“ my own Weakness with your Strength,
“ and to relieve my own Pains at the Price
“ of yours. Believe me, my Love, I am
“ ashamed of myself.”---‘ I caught her
‘ in my Arms with Raptures not to be ex-
‘ prest in Words, called her my Heroine ;
‘ sure none ever better deserved that Name ;
‘ after which we remained for sometime

‘ speechless, and lock’d in each other’s
‘ Embraces.’---‘ I am convinced,’ said Miss
Mathews, with a Sigh, ‘ there are Moments
‘ in Life worth purchasing with Worlds.’--

‘ At length the fatal Morning came. I
‘ endeavoured to hide every Pang of my
‘ Heart, and to wear the utmost Gaiety
‘ in my Countenance. *Amelia* acted the
‘ same Part. In these assumed Characters
‘ we met the Family at Breakfast; at their
‘ Breakfast, I mean: for we were both full
‘ already. The Doctor had spent above an
‘ Hour that Morning in Discourse with
‘ Mrs. *Harris*, and had in some Measure
‘ reconciled her to my Departure. He
‘ now made use of every Art to relieve the
‘ poor distressed *Amelia*; not by inveighing
‘ against the Folly of Grief, or by seriously
‘ advising her not to grieve; both which
‘ were sufficiently performed by Miss *Betty*.
‘ The Doctor, on the contrary, had Re-
‘ course to every Means which might cast
‘ a Veil over the Idea of Grief, and raise
‘ comfortable Images in my Angel’s Mind.
‘ He endeavoured to lessen the supposed
‘ Length of my Absence, by discoursing
‘ on Matters which were more distant in
‘ Time. He said, he intended next Year
‘ to rebuild a Part of his Parsonage-house.
‘ ---And

“ —And you, Captain,” says he, “ shall
 “ lay the Corner-stone, I promise you ;”
 ‘ with many other Instances of the like
 ‘ Nature, which produced, I believe, some
 ‘ good Effect on us both.

‘ *Amelia* spoke but little ; indeed more
 ‘ Tears than Words dropt from her ; how-
 ‘ ever, she seemed resolved to bear her Af-
 ‘ fliction with Resignation. But when the
 ‘ dreadful News arrived that the Horfes
 ‘ were ready, and I, having taken my
 ‘ Leave of all the rest, at last approached
 ‘ her ; she was unable to support the Con-
 ‘ flict with Nature any longer ; and cling-
 ‘ ing round my Neck, she cried, —“ Fare-
 “ wel, farewell for ever : for I shall never
 “ never, see you more.” At which Words
 ‘ the Blood entirely forsook her lovely
 ‘ Cheeks, and she became a lifeless Corps
 ‘ in my Arms.

‘ *Amelia* continued so long motionless,
 ‘ that the Doctor, as well as Mrs. *Harris*,
 ‘ began to be under the most terrible Ap-
 ‘ prehensions : so they informed me after-
 ‘ wards ; for at that time I was incapable
 ‘ of making any Observation. I had in-
 ‘ deed very little more Use of my Senses
 ‘ than the dear Creature whom I supported.

‘ At length, however, we were all delivered from our Fears; and Life again visited the loveliest Mansion that human Nature ever afforded it.

‘ I had been, and yet was, so terrified with what had happened, and *Amelia* continued yet so weak and ill, that I determined, whatever might be the Consequence, not to leave her that Day: which Resolution she was no sooner acquainted with, than she fell on her Knees, crying, “ Good Heaven, I thank thee for this Reprieve at least. Oh! that every Hour of my future Life could be crammed into this dear Day.

‘ Our good Friend the Doctor remained with us. He said, he had intended to visit a Family in some Affliction; but I don’t know, says he, why I should ride a dozen Miles after Affliction, when we have enough here. Of all Mankind the Doctor is the best of Comforters. As his excessive Good-nature makes him take vast Delight in the Office; so his great Penetration into the human Mind, joined to his great Experience, renders him the most wonderful Proficient in it; and he so well knows when to sooth, when
‘ to

‘ to reason, and when to ridicule, that he
 ‘ never applies any of those Arts impro-
 ‘ perly, which is almost universally the
 ‘ Case with the Physicians of the Mind,
 ‘ and which it requires very great Judg-
 ‘ ment and Dexterity to avoid.

‘ The Doctor principally applied him-
 ‘ self to ridiculing the Dangers of the
 ‘ Siege, in which he succeeded so well, that
 ‘ he sometimes forced a Smile even into
 ‘ the Face of *Amelia*. But what most com-
 ‘ forted her, were the Arguments he used
 ‘ to convince her of the Probability of
 ‘ my speedy, if not immediate Return.
 ‘ He said, the general Opinion was, that
 ‘ the Place would be taken before our Ar-
 ‘ rival there. In which Case, we should
 ‘ have nothing more to do, than to make
 ‘ the best of our way Home again.

‘ *Amelia* was so lulled by these Arts,
 ‘ that she passed the Day much better than
 ‘ I expected. Though the Doctor could
 ‘ not make Pride strong enough to con-
 ‘ quer Love; yet, he exalted the former
 ‘ to make some Stand against the latter;
 ‘ infomuch that my poor *Amelia*, I believe
 ‘ more than once, flattered herself to speak
 ‘ the

‘ the Language of the World, that her
‘ Reason had gained an entire Victory over
‘ her Passion; till Love brought up a Re-
‘ inforcement, if I may use that Term, of
‘ tender Ideas, and bore down all before
‘ him.

‘ In the Evening, the Doctor and I
‘ passed another half Hour together, when
‘ he proposed to me to endeavour to leave
‘ *Amelia* asleep in the Morning, and pro-
‘ mised me to be at Hand when she awak-
‘ ed, and to support her with all the Af-
‘ sistance in his Power. He added, That
‘ nothing was more foolish, than for Friends
‘ to take Leave of each other. It is true
‘ indeed, says he, in the common Ac-
‘ quaintance and Friendship of the World,
‘ this is a very harmless Ceremony; but
‘ between two Persons, who really love
‘ each other, the Church of *Rome* never
‘ invented a Penance half so severe as this,
‘ which we absurdly impose on ourselves.

‘ I greatly approved the Doctor’s Pro-
‘ posal; thanked him, and promised, if
‘ possible, to put it in Execution. He then
‘ shook me by the Hand, and wished me
‘ heartily well, saying, in his blunt Way;
‘ Well, Boy, I hope to see thee crowned
‘ with

“ with Laurels at thy Return ; one Com-
“ fort I have, at least, that Stone Walls
“ and a Sea will prevent thee from run-
“ ing away.”

‘ When I had left the Doctor, I repair-
‘ ed to my *Amelia*, whom I found in her
‘ Chamber, employed in a very different
‘ Manner from what she had been the
‘ preceding Night ; she was busy in pack-
‘ ing up some Trinkets in a Casket, which
‘ she desired me to carry with me. This
‘ Casket was her own Work, and she had
‘ just fastened it as I came to her.

‘ Her Eyes very plainly discovered what
‘ had passed while she was engaged in her
‘ Work ; however, her Countenance was
‘ now serene, and she spoke, at least,
‘ with some Chearfulness. But after some
‘ time, “ You must take Care of this Casket,
‘ *Billy*, said she.”—“ You must indeed,
‘ *Billy*—for—Here Passion almost choaked
‘ her, till a Flood of Tears gave her Re-
‘ lief, and then she proceeded—“ For I
‘ shall be the happiest Woman that ever
‘ was born when I see it again.”—I told
‘ her, with the Blessing of God that Day
‘ would soon come.” “ Soon !” answered
‘ she,

she,—“ No, *Billy*, not soon ; a Week is an
 “ Age :—but yet the happy Day may
 “ come. It shall, it must, it will !—Yes,
 “ *Billy*, we shall meet never to part again :
 “ ---even in this World I hope”----‘ Par-
 ‘ don my Weakness, Miss *Mathews*, but
 ‘ upon my Soul I cannot help it,’ cried he,
 wiping his Eyes—‘ Well, I wonder at
 ‘ your Patience, and I will try it no longer.
 ‘ *Amelia*, tired out with so long a Struggle
 ‘ between Variety of Passions, and having
 ‘ not closed her Eyes during three succes-
 ‘ five Nights, towards the Morning fell
 ‘ into a profound Sleep. In which Sleep I
 ‘ left her---and having dressed myself with all
 ‘ the Expedition imaginable, singing, whist-
 ‘ ling, hurrying, attempting by every Me-
 ‘ thod to banish Thought, I mounted my
 ‘ Horse, which I had over-night ordered
 ‘ to be ready, and galloped away from
 ‘ that House where all my Treasure was
 ‘ deposited.

‘ Thus, Madam, I have, in Obedience
 ‘ to your Commands, run through a Scene,
 ‘ which if it hath been tiresome to you,
 ‘ you must yet acquit me of having ob-
 ‘ truded upon you. This I am convinced
 ‘ of, that no one is capable of tasting such
 ‘ a Scene, who hath not a Heart full of
 ‘ Ten-

‘ Tendernefs, and perhaps not even then,
‘ unless he hath been in the same Situation.’

C H A P. III.

*In which Mr. Booth sets forward on his
Journey.*

‘ **W**ELL, Madam, we have now
‘ taken our Leave of *Amelia*. I
‘ rode a full Mile before I once suffered
‘ myself to look back; but now being
‘ come to the Top of a little Hill, the last
‘ Spot I knew which could give me a
‘ Prospect of Mrs. *Harris’s* House, my
‘ Resolution failed; I stopt and cast my
‘ Eyes backward. Shall I tell you what I
‘ felt at that Instant? I do assure you I am
‘ not able. So many tender Ideas crowded
‘ at once into my Mind, that, if I may
‘ use the Expression, they almost dissolved
‘ my Heart. And now, Madam, the
‘ most unfortunate Accident came first
‘ into my Head. This was, that I had
‘ in the Hurry and Confusion left the dear
‘ Casket behind me. The Thought of
‘ going back at first suggested itself; but
‘ the Consequences of that were too ap-
‘ parent. I therefore resolved to send my
‘ Man, and in the mean time to ride on
‘ softly

‘ softly on my Road. He immediately
‘ executed my Orders, and after some time,
‘ feeding my Eyes with that delicious and
‘ yet Heart-felt Prospect, I at last turned my
‘ Horse to descend the Hill, and proceeded
‘ about a hundred Yards, when, consider-
‘ ing with myself, that I should lose no
‘ time by a second Indulgence, I again
‘ turned back, and once more feasted my
‘ Sight with the same painful Pleasure, till
‘ my Man returned, bringing me the
‘ Casket, and an Account that *Amelia* still
‘ continued in the sweet Sleep I left her.---
‘ I now suddenly turned my Horse for the
‘ last time, and with the utmost Resolu-
‘ tion pursued my Journey.

‘ I perceived my Man at his Return—
‘ But before I mention any thing of him,
‘ it may be proper, Madam, to acquaint
‘ you who he was. He was the Foster-
‘ brother of my *Amelia*. This young Fel-
‘ low had taken it into his Head to go in-
‘ to the Army; and he was desirous to
‘ serve under my Command. The Doctor
‘ consented to discharge him; his Mo-
‘ ther at last yielded to his Importunities;
‘ and I was very easily prevailed on to list
‘ one of the handsomest young Fellows in
‘ *England*.

‘ You

‘ You will easily believe I had some little
‘ Partiality to one whose Milk *Amelia* had
‘ sucked ; but as he had never seen the
‘ Regiment, I had no great Opportunity
‘ to shew him any great Mark of Favour.
‘ Indeed he waited on me as my Servant ;
‘ and I treated him with all the Tender-
‘ ness which can be used to one in that
‘ Station.

‘ When I was about to change into the
‘ Horse-guards, the poor Fellow began to
‘ droop, fearing that he should no longer
‘ be in the same Corps with me, tho’ cer-
‘ tainly that would not have been the Case.
‘ However, he had never mentioned one
‘ Word of his Dissatisfaction.—He is in-
‘ deed a Fellow of a noble Spirit ; but
‘ when he heard that I was to remain where
‘ I was, and that we were to go to *Gi-*
‘ *braltar* together, he fell into Transports
‘ of Joy little short of Madness. In short,
‘ the poor Fellow had imbibed a very
‘ strong Affection for me ; tho’ this was
‘ what I knew nothing of till long after.

‘ When he returned to me then, as I
‘ was saying, with the Casket, I observed
‘ his Eyes all over blubbered with Tears.
‘ I

‘ I rebuked him a little too rashly on this
‘ Occasion. Heyday! says I, what is the
‘ Meaning of this? I hope I have not a
‘ Milkfop with me. If I thought you
‘ would shew such a Face to the Enemy, I
‘ would leave you behind.—*Your Honour*
‘ *need not fear that*, answered he, *I shall*
‘ *find no Body there that I shall love well*
‘ *enough to make me cry*. I was highly
‘ pleased with this Answer, in which I
‘ thought I could discover both Sense and
‘ Spirit. I then asked him what had oc-
‘ casioned those Tears since he had left me;
‘ (for he had no Sign of any at that time)
‘ and whether he had seen his Mother at
‘ Mrs. Harris’s. He answered in the Ne-
‘ gative, and begged that I would ask him
‘ no more Questions; adding, that he was
‘ not very apt to cry, and he hoped he
‘ should never give me such another Op-
‘ portunity of blaming him. I mention
‘ this only as an Instance of his Affection
‘ towards me: for I never could account
‘ for those Tears, any otherwise than by
‘ placing them to the Account of that
‘ Distress in which he left me at that time.
‘ We travelled full forty Miles that Day
‘ without baiting, when arriving at the Inn
‘ where I intended to rest that Night, I re-
‘ tired immediately to my Chamber, with
‘ my

‘ my dear *Amelia*’s Casket, the opening
 ‘ which was the nicest Repast, and to which
 ‘ every other Hunger gave way.

‘ It is impossible to mention to you all
 ‘ the little Matters with which *Amelia* had
 ‘ furnished this Casket. It contained Me-
 ‘ dicines of all Kinds, which her Mother,
 ‘ who was the *Lady Bountiful* of that
 ‘ Country, had supplied her with. The
 ‘ most valuable of all to me was a Lock of
 ‘ her dear Hair, which I have from that
 ‘ time to this worn in my Bosom. What
 ‘ would I have then given for a little Pic-
 ‘ ture of my Angel, which she had lost
 ‘ from her Chamber about a Month before?
 ‘ and which we had the highest Reason in
 ‘ the World to imagine her Sister had taken
 ‘ away : for the Suspicion lay only between
 ‘ her and *Amelia*’s Maid, who was of all
 ‘ Creatures the honestest, and whom her
 ‘ Mistress had often trusted with Things of
 ‘ much greater Value : for the Picture,
 ‘ which was set in Gold, and had two or
 ‘ three little Diamonds round it, was worth
 ‘ about twelve Guineas only ; whereas
 ‘ *Amelia* left Jewels in her Care of much
 ‘ greater Value.’

‘ Sure,’ cries Miss *Mathews*, ‘ she could
 ‘ not be such a paultry Pilferer.’

Not

‘ Not on account of the Gold or the
‘ Jewels,’ cries *Booth*. ‘ We imputed it to
‘ mere Spite, with which I assure you she
‘ abounds ; and she knew that next to
‘ *Amelia* herself, there was nothing which
‘ I valued so much as this little Picture :
‘ for such a Resemblance did it bear of the
‘ Original, that *Hogarth* himself did never,
‘ I believe, draw a stronger Likeness. Spite
‘ therefore was the only Motive to this
‘ cruel Depredation ; and indeed her Be-
‘ haviour on the Occasion sufficiently con-
‘ vinced us both of the Justice of our Sus-
‘ picion, tho’ we neither of us durst accuse
‘ her ; and she herself had the Assurance to
‘ insist very strongly (tho’ she could not
‘ prevail) with *Amelia* to turn away her
‘ innocent Maid, saying, she would not
‘ live in the House with a Thief.

Miss *Mathews* now discharged some
Curse on Miss *Betty*, not much worth re-
peating, and then Mr. *Booth* proceeded in
his Relation.

C H A P.

C H A P. IV.

A Sea-piece.

‘ THE next Day we joined the Regi-
 ‘ ment, which was soon after to em-
 ‘ bark. Nothing but Mirth and Jollity
 ‘ were in the Countenance of every Officer
 ‘ and Soldier; and as I now met several
 ‘ Friends whom I had not seen for above a
 ‘ Year before, I passed several happy
 ‘ Hours, in which poor *Amelia’s* Image
 ‘ seldom obtruded itself to interrupt my
 ‘ Pleasure. To confess the Truth, dear
 ‘ Miss *Mathews*, the tenderest of Passions
 ‘ is capable of subsiding; nor is Absence
 ‘ from our dearest Friends so unsupport-
 ‘ able as it may at first appear. Distance
 ‘ of Time and Place do really cure what
 ‘ they seem to aggravate; and taking
 ‘ Leave of our Friends resembles taking
 ‘ Leave of the World, concerning which
 ‘ it hath been often said, that it is not
 ‘ Death but Dying which is terrible.’—
 Here Miss *Mathews* burst into a Fit of
 Laughter, and cried, ‘ I sincerely ask
 ‘ your Pardon; but I cannot help laughing
 ‘ at the Gravity of your Philosophy.’
Booth answered, that the Doctrine of the

Passions had been always his favourite Study ; that he was convinced every Man acted entirely from that Passion which was uppermost ; ‘ Can I then think,’ said he, ‘ without entertaining the utmost Contempt for myself, that any Pleasure upon Earth could drive the Thoughts of *Amelia* one Instant from my Mind ?

‘ At length we embarked aboard a Transport, and sailed for *Gibraltar* ; but the Wind, which was at first fair, soon chopped about ; so that we were obliged, for several Days, to beat to Windward, as the Sea Phrase is. During this time the Taste which I had of a Sea-faring Life did not appear extremely agreeable. We rolled up and down in a little narrow Cabbin, in which were three Officers, all of us extremely Sea-sick ; our Sickness being much aggravated by the Motion of the Ship, by the View of each other, and by the Stench of the Men. But this was but a little Taste indeed of the Misery which was to follow : for we were got about six Leagues to the Westward of *Scilly*, when a violent Storm arose at North-east, which soon raised the Waves to the Height of Mountains. The Horror of this is not to be adequately

adequately described to those who have never seen the like. The Storm began in the Evening, and as the Clouds brought on the Night apace, it was soon entirely dark; nor had we during many Hours any other Light than what was caused by the jarring Elements, which frequently sent forth Flashes, or rather Streams of Fire; and whilst these presented the most dreadful Objects to our Eyes, the roaring of the Winds, the dashing of the Waves against the Ship and each other, formed a Sound altogether as horrible for our Ears; while our Ship, sometimes lifted up as it were to the Skies, and sometimes swept away at once as into the lowest Abyfs, seemed to be the Sport of the Winds and Seas. The Captain himself almost gave all for lost, and exprest his Apprehension of being inevitably cast on the Rocks of *Scilly*, and beat to Pieces. And now, while some on board were addressing themselves to the Supreme Being, and others applying for Comfort to strong Liquors, my whole Thoughts were entirely engaged by my *Amelia*. A thousand tender Ideas crowded into my Mind. I can truly say, that I had not a single Consideration about myself, in which she was not

‘ concerned. Dying to me was leaving
‘ her, and the Fear of never seeing her
‘ more was a Dagger stuck in my Heart.
‘ Again, all the Terrors with which this
‘ Storm, if it reached her Ears, must fill
‘ her gentle Mind on my Account, and
‘ the Agonies which she must undergo,
‘ when she heard of my Fate, gave me
‘ such intolerable Pangs, that I now re-
‘ pented my Resolution, and wished, I own
‘ I wished, that I had taken her Advice, and
‘ preferred Love and a Cottage to all the
‘ dazzling Charms of Honour.

‘ While I was tormenting myself with
‘ those Meditations, and had concluded
‘ myself as certainly lost, the Master came
‘ into the Cabbin, and with a chearful
‘ Voice, assured us that we had escaped
‘ the Danger, and that we had certainly
‘ past to the Westward of the Rock. This
‘ was comfortable News to all present ; and
‘ my Captain, who had been some time
‘ on his Knees, leapt suddenly up and
‘ testified his Joy with a great Oath.

‘ A Person unused to the Sea would
‘ have been astonished at the Satisfaction
‘ which now discovered itself in the
‘ Master or in any on board : for the Storm
‘ still

‘ still raged with great Violence, and the
‘ Day-light which now appeared, presented
‘ us with Sights of Horror sufficient to terri-
‘ fy Minds which were not absolute Slaves to
‘ the Passion of Fear ; but so great is the
‘ Force of Habit, that what inspires a
‘ Landman with the highest Apprehension
‘ of Danger, gives not the least Concern
‘ to a Sailor, to whom Rocks and Quick-
‘ sands are almost the only Objects of Ter-
‘ ror.

‘ The Master, however, was a little
‘ mistaken in the present Instance ; for he
‘ had not left the Cabbin above an Hour,
‘ before my Man came running to me,
‘ and acquainted me that the Ship was
‘ half full of Water ; that the Sailors were
‘ going to hoist out the Boat and save
‘ themselves, and begged me to come
‘ that Moment along with him, as I ten-
‘ dered my Preservation. With this Ac-
‘ count, which was conveyed to me
‘ in a Whifper, I acquainted both the
‘ Captain and Ensign ; and we all together
‘ immediately mounted the Deck, where
‘ we found the Master making use of all
‘ his Oratory to persuade the Sailors that
‘ the Ship was in no Danger ; and at the
‘ same time employing all his Authority

‘ to set the Pumps a-going, which he af-
‘ fured them would keep the Water under,
‘ and save his dear *Lovely Peggy*, (for that
‘ was the Name of the Ship) which he
‘ swore he loved as dearly as his own
‘ Soul.

‘ Indeed this fufficiently appeared; for
‘ the Leak was fo great, and the Water
‘ flowed in fo plentifully, that his *Lovely*
‘ *Peggy* was half filled, before he could be
‘ brought to think of quitting her; but
‘ now the Boat was brought along-side the
‘ Ship; and the Master himfelf, notwith-
‘ ftanding all his Love for her, quitted his
‘ Ship; and leapt into the Boat. Every
‘ Man prefent attempted to follow his Ex-
‘ ample, when I heard the Voice of my
‘ Servant roaring forth my Name in a
‘ Kind of Agony. I made directly to the
‘ Ship Side, but was too late: for the
‘ Boat being already over-laden put directly
‘ off. And now, Madam, I am going
‘ to relate to you an Instance of heroic
‘ Affection in a poor Fellow towards
‘ his Master, to which Love itfelf, even
‘ among Perfons of fuperior Education,
‘ can produce but few fimilar Instances.
‘ My poor Man being unable to get me
‘ with him into the Boat, leapt fuddenly
‘ into

' into the Sea and swam back to the Ship ;
 ' and when I gently rebuked him for his
 ' Rashness, he answered, he chose rather
 ' to die with me, than to live to carry the
 ' Account of my Death to my *Amelia* ; at
 ' the same time bursting into a Flood of
 ' Tears, he cried, " Good Heavens ! what
 ' will that poor Lady feel when she hears
 ' of this ! " ' This tender Concern for my
 ' dear Love endeared the poor Fellow
 ' more to me than the gallant Instance
 ' which he had just before given of his
 ' Affection towards myself.

' And now, Madam, my Eyes were
 ' shocked with a Sight, the Horror of
 ' which can scarce be imagined : for the
 ' Boat had scarce got four hundred Yards
 ' from the Ship, when it was swallowed up
 ' by the merciless Waves, which now ran so
 ' high, that out of the Number of Persons
 ' which were in the Boat none recovered the
 ' Ship ; tho' many of them we saw miser-
 ' ably perish before our Eyes, some of
 ' them very near us, without any Possibi-
 ' lity of giving them the least Assistance.

' But whatever we felt for them, we felt,
 ' I believe, more for ourselves, expecting
 ' every Minute when we should share the

‘ same Fate. Among the rest one of our
 ‘ Officers appeared quite stupified with
 ‘ Fear. I never indeed saw a more mi-
 ‘ serable Example of the great Power of
 ‘ that Passion: I must not, however,
 ‘ omit doing him Justice, by saying that I
 ‘ afterwards saw the same Man behave well
 ‘ in an Engagement, in which he was
 ‘ wounded. Tho’ there likewise he was
 ‘ said to have betrayed the same Passion of
 ‘ Fear in his Countenance, and somewhere
 ‘ else too, which I cannot so properly name
 ‘ before you.

‘ The other of our Officers was no less
 ‘ stupified (if I may so express myself)
 ‘ with Fool-hardiness, and seemed almost
 ‘ insensible of his Danger. To say the
 ‘ Truth, I have, from this and some other
 ‘ Instances which I have seen, been almost
 ‘ inclined to think, that the Courage as
 ‘ well as Cowardice of Fools proceeds from
 ‘ not knowing what is or what is not the
 ‘ proper Object of Fear: Indeed, we
 ‘ may account for the extreme Hardiness
 ‘ of some Men, in the same Manner as for
 ‘ the Terrors of Children at a Bugbear.
 ‘ The Child knows not but that the Bugbear
 ‘ is the proper Object of Fear, the Block-
 ‘ head knows not that a Cannon Ball is so.

‘ As



‘ As to the remaining Part of the Ship’s
‘ Crew, and the Soldiery, most of them
‘ were dead drunk ; and the rest were en-
‘ deavouring, as fast as they could, to pre-
‘ pare for Death in the same Manner.

‘ In this dreadful Situation we were
‘ taught that no human Condition should
‘ inspire Men with absolute Despair : for
‘ as the Storm had ceased for some time,
‘ the Swelling of the Sea began consider-
‘ ably to abate ; and we now perceived the
‘ Man of War which convoyed us, at no
‘ great Distance a-Stern. Those aboard
‘ her easily perceived our Distress, and
‘ made towards us. When they came
‘ pretty near, they hoisted out two
‘ Boats to our Assistance. These no sooner
‘ approached the Ship, than they were
‘ instantaneously filled, and I myself got a
‘ Place in one of them, chiefly by the
‘ Aid of my honest Servant, of whose Fi-
‘ delity to me on all Occasions I cannot
‘ speak or think too highly. Indeed I got
‘ into the Boat so much the more easily as
‘ a great Number on board the Ship were
‘ rendered by Drink incapable of taking
‘ any Care for themselves. There was
‘ time, however, for the Boat to pass and
‘ repass ; so that when we came to call

‘ over Names, three only, of all that re-
‘ mained in the Ship, after the Loss of her
‘ own Boat, were missing.

‘ The Captain, Ensign, and myself were
‘ received with many Congratulations by
‘ our Officers on board the Man of War.
‘ — The Sea Officers too, all except the
‘ Captain, paid us their Compliments, tho’
‘ these were of the rougher Kind, and not
‘ without several Jokes on our Escape.
‘ As for the Captain himself, we scarce
‘ saw him during many Hours; and when he
‘ appeared he presented a View of Majesty,
‘ beyond any that I had ever seen. The
‘ Dignity which he preserved, did indeed
‘ give me rather the Idea of a *Mogul*, or
‘ a *Turkish* Emperor, than of any of the
‘ Monarchs of Christendom. To say the
‘ Truth, I could resemble his Walk on the
‘ Deck to nothing but to the Image of
‘ Captain *Gulliver* strutting among the *Lil-*
‘ *liputians*; he seemed to think himself a
‘ Being of an Order superior to all around
‘ him, and more especially to us of the
‘ Land Service. Nay such was the Be-
‘ haviour of all the Sea Officers and Sailors
‘ to us and our Soldiers, that instead of
‘ appearing to be Subjects of the same
‘ Prince, engaged in one Quarrel, and
‘ joined

‘ joined to support one Cause; we Land-
‘ Men rather seemed to be Captives on
‘ board an Enemy’s Vessel. This is a
‘ grievous Misfortune, and often proves so
‘ fatal to the Service, that it is great Pity
‘ some Means could not be found of curing
‘ it.’

Here Mr. *Booth* stopt a while, to take
Breath. We will therefore give the same
Refreshment to the Reader.

C H A P. V.

*The Arrival of Booth at Gibraltar, with what
there befel him.*

‘ THE Adventures,’ continued *Booth*,
‘ which happened to me from this
‘ Day till my Arrival at *Gibraltar*, are not
‘ worth recounting to you. After a
‘ Voyage, the Remainder of which was
‘ tolerably prosperous, we arrived in that
‘ Garrison, the natural Strength of which
‘ is so well known to the whole World.

‘ About a Week after my Arrival, it
‘ was my Fortune to be ordered on a Sally-
‘ Party, in which my left Leg was broke
‘ with a Musket Ball; and I should most

‘ certainly have either perish’d miserably,
‘ or must have owed my Preservation to
‘ some of the Enemy, had not my faithful
‘ Servant carried me off on his Shoulders,
‘ and afterwards, with the Assistance of one
‘ of his Comrades, brought me back into
‘ the Garrison.

‘ The Agony of my Wound was so great,
‘ that it threw me into a Fever, from
‘ whence my Surgeon apprehended much
‘ Danger. I now began again to feel for
‘ my *Amelia*, and for myself on her Ac-
‘ count: And the Disorder of my Mind
‘ occasioned by such melancholy Contem-
‘ plations, very highly aggravated the Dis-
‘ temper of my Body; insomuch that it
‘ would probably have proved fatal, had it
‘ not been for the Friendship of one Cap-
‘ tain *James*, an Officer of our Regiment,
‘ and an old Acquaintance, who is un-
‘ doubtedly one of the pleasantest Compa-
‘ nions, and one of the best-natured Men
‘ in the World. This worthy Man, who
‘ had a Head and a Heart perfectly ade-
‘ quate to every Office of Friendship, stay’d
‘ with me almost Day and Night during
‘ my Illness; and by strengthening my
‘ Hopes, raising my Spirits, and cheering
‘ my

‘ my Thoughts, preserved me from De-
‘ struction.

‘ The Behaviour of this Man alone is
‘ a sufficient Proof of the Truth of my
‘ Doctrine, that all Men act entirely from
‘ their Passions; for *Bob James* can never
‘ be supposed to act from any Motive of
‘ Virtue or Religion; since he constantly
‘ laughs at both; and yet his Conduct to-
‘ wards me alone demonstrates a Degree
‘ of Goodness, which, perhaps, none of
‘ the Votaries of either Virtue or Religion
‘ can equal.’

‘ You need not take much Pains,’ an-
‘ swered Miss *Mathews*, with a Smile, ‘ to
‘ convince me of your Doctrine. I have
‘ been always an Advocate for the same.
‘ I look upon the two Words you men-
‘ tion, to serve only as Cloaks under which
‘ Hypocrisy may be the better enabled to
‘ cheat the World. I have been of that
‘ Opinion ever since I read that charming
‘ Fellow *Mandevil*.’

‘ Pardon me, Madam,’ answered *Booth*,
‘ I hope you do not agree with *Mandevil*
‘ neither, who hath represented human
‘ Nature as a Picture of the highest De-
‘ formity.

' conformity. He hath left out of his System
 ' the best Passion which the Mind can
 ' possess, and attempts to derive the Effects
 ' or Energies of that Passion, from the
 ' base Impulses of Pride or Fear. Where-
 ' as, it is as certain that Love exists in the
 ' Mind of Man, as that its opposite Ha-
 ' tred doth, and the same Reasons will e-
 ' qually prove the Existence of the one as
 ' the Existence of the other.'

' I don't know, indeed,' replied the La-
 ' dy, ' I never thought much about the
 ' Matter This I know, that when I read
 ' *Mandevil*, I thought all he said was true;
 ' and I have been often told, that he
 ' proves Religion and Virtue to be only
 ' mere Names. However, if he denies
 ' there is any such Thing as Love, that is
 ' most certainly wrong.—I am afraid I can
 ' give him the Lye myself.'

' I will join with you, Madam, in that,'
 answered *Booth*, ' at any Time.'

' Will you join with me?' answered she,
 looking eagerly at him—' O Mr. *Booth*, I
 ' know not what I was going to say—
 ' What—Where did you leave off?—I
 ' would

‘ would not interrupt you—but I am impatient to know something.’

‘ What, Madam?’ cries *Booth*, ‘ if I can give you any Satisfaction’——

‘ No, no,’ said she, ‘ I must hear all, I would not for the World break the Thread of your Story—Besides, I am afraid to ask—Pray, pray, Sir, go on.’

‘ Well, Madam, ’ cries *Booth*, ‘ I think I was mentioning the extraordinary Acts of Friendship done me by Captain *James*; nor can I help taking Notice of the almost unparallel’d Fidelity of poor *Atkinson* (for that was my Man’s Name) who was not only constant in the Assiduity of his Attendance, but during the Time of my Danger demonstrated a Concern for me which I can hardly account for, as my prevailing on his Captain to make him a Serjeant was the first Favour he ever received at my Hands, and this did not happen till I was almost perfectly recovered of my broken Leg. Poor Fellow! I shall never forget the extravagant Joy his Haibert gave him; I remember it the more because it was
‘ one

‘ one of the happiest Days of my own
‘ Life; for it was upon this Day that I
‘ received a Letter from my dear *Amelia*,
‘ after a long Silence, acquainting me that
‘ she was out of all Danger from her Ly-
‘ ing-in.

‘ I was now once more able to perform
‘ my Duty; when (so unkind was the
‘ Fortune of War) the second Time I
‘ mounted Guard, I received a violent
‘ Contusion from the bursting of a Bomb.
‘ I was felled to the Ground, where I lay
‘ breathless by the Blow, till honest *Atkin-*
‘ *son* came to my Assistance, and conveyed
‘ me to my Room, where a Surgeon im-
‘ mediately attended me.

‘ The Injury I had now received, was
‘ much more dangerous in my Surgeon’s
‘ Opinion than the former; it caused me to
‘ spit Blood, and was attended with a Fe-
‘ ver, and other bad Symptoms; so that
‘ very fatal Consequences were appre-
‘ hended.

‘ In this Situation the Image of my *A-*
‘ *melia* haunted me Day and Night; and
‘ the Apprehension of never seeing her more
‘ were so intolerable, that I had Thoughts
‘ of

‘ of resigning my Commission, and return-
‘ ing home, weak as I was, that I might
‘ have, at least, the Satisfaction of dying
‘ in the Arms of my Love. Captain
‘ *James*, however, persisted in dissuading
‘ me from any such Resolution. He told
‘ me my Honour was too much concern-
‘ ed, attempted to raise my Hopes of Re-
‘ covery to the utmost of his Power ;
‘ but chiefly he prevailed on me by sug-
‘ gesting, that if the worst which I appre-
‘ hended, should happen, it was much bet-
‘ ter for *Amelia*, that she should be absent
‘ than present in so melancholy an Hour.”
“ I know,” cry’d he, “ the extreme Joy
“ which must arise in you from meeting
“ again with *Amelia*, and the Comfort of
“ expiring in her Arms ; but consider
“ what she herself must endure upon the
“ dreadful Occasion, and you would not
“ wish to purchase any Happiness at the
“ Price of so much Pain to her.” ‘ This
‘ Argument, at length, prevailed on me ;
‘ and it was after many long Debates re-
‘ solved, that she should not even know
‘ my present Condition till my Doom
‘ either for Life or Death was absolutely
‘ fixed.’

‘ Oh!

‘ Oh ! Heavens ! how great ! how generous !’ cried Miss *Mathews*. ‘ *Booth*, thou art a noble Fellow ; and I scarce think there is a Woman upon Earth worthy so exalted a Passion.’

Booth made a modest Answer to the Compliment which Miss *Mathews* had paid him. This drew more Civilities from the Lady ; and these again more Acknowledgments. All which we shall pass by, and proceed with our History.

C H A P. VI.

Containing Matters which will please some Readers.

‘ T W O Months, and more, had I continued in a State of Incertainty, sometimes with more flattering, and sometimes with more alarming Symptoms ; when one Afternoon poor *Atkinson* came running into my Room, all pale and out of Breath, and begged me not to be surpris'd at his News. I asked him eagerly what was the Matter, and if it was any thing concerning *Amelia*?---I had scarce utter'd the dear Name, when she

‘ her-

‘ herself rushed into the Room, and ran
 ‘ hastily to me, crying,’ “ Yes, it is, it is
 ‘ your *Amelia* herself.”

‘ There is nothing so difficult to de-
 ‘ scribe, and generally so dull when de-
 ‘ scribed, as Scenes of excessive Tender-
 ‘ nefs.

‘ Can you think so?’ says Miss *Ma-*
thews, ‘ surely there is nothing so charm-
 ‘ ing!—O! Mr. *Booth*, our Sex is d---n’d
 ‘ by the Want of Tendernefs in yours---
 ‘ O were they all like you---certainly no
 ‘ Man was ever your Equal.’

‘ Indeed, Madam,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ you ho-
 ‘ nour me too much---But---well---when
 ‘ the first Transports of our Meeting were
 ‘ over, *Amelia* began gently to chide me
 ‘ for having concealed my Illness from her;
 ‘ for in three Letters which I had writ
 ‘ her since the Accident had happened,
 ‘ there was not the least Mention of it, or
 ‘ any Hint given by which she could pos-
 ‘ sibly conclude I was otherwise than in
 ‘ perfect Health. And when I had ex-
 ‘ cused myself, by assigning the true Reason,
 ‘ she cry’d,---“ O Mr. *Booth*! and do you
 ‘ know so little of your *Amelia*, as to think
 ‘ I

“ I could or would survive you!---Would
 “ it not be better for one dreadful Sight to
 “ break my Heart all at once, than to break
 “ it by Degrees?--O *Billy!* can any thing
 “ pay me for the Loss of this Embrace-----
 “ But I ask your Pardon-----how ridicu-
 “ lous doth my Fondness appear in your
 “ Eyes?’

‘ How often,’ answered she, ‘ shall I
 ‘ assert the contrary?-----What would you
 ‘ have me say, Mr. *Booth?* Shall I tell
 ‘ you I envy Mrs. *Booth* of all the Women
 ‘ in the World? Would you believe me if
 ‘ I did? I hope you-----What am I say-
 ‘ ing?-----Pray make no farther Apology,
 ‘ but go on.’

‘ After a Scene,’ continued he, ‘ too ten-
 ‘ der to be conceived by many, *Amelia* in-
 ‘ formed me that she had received a Letter
 ‘ from an unknown Hand, acquainting
 ‘ her with my Misfortune, and advising
 ‘ her, if she ever desired to see me more to
 ‘ come directly to *Gibraltar*. She said, she
 ‘ should not have delayed a Moment after
 ‘ receiving this Letter, had not the same
 ‘ Ship brought her one from me written
 ‘ with rather more than usual Gaiety, and
 ‘ in which there was not the least Mention
 ‘ of

‘ of my Indisposition. This, she said, greatly
‘ puzzled her and her Mother, and the
‘ worthy Divine endeavoured to persuade
‘ her to give Credit to my Letter, and to
‘ impute the other to a Species of Wit
‘ with which the World greatly abounds.
‘ This consists entirely in doing various
‘ Kinds of Mischief to our Fellow-creatures;
‘ by belying one, deceiving another, ex-
‘ posing a third, and drawing in a fourth
‘ to expose himself; in short, by making
‘ some the Objects of Laughter, others of
‘ Contempt; and indeed not seldom, by
‘ subjecting them to very great Inconveni-
‘ ences, perhaps to Ruin, for the Sake of
‘ a Jest.

‘ Mrs. *Harris* and the Doctor derived
‘ the Letter from this Species of Wit.
‘ Miss *Betty*, however, was of a different
‘ Opinion, and advised poor *Amelia* to ap-
‘ ply to an Officer whom the Governor had
‘ sent over in the same Ship, by whom the
‘ Report of my Illness was so strongly con-
‘ firmed, that *Amelia* immediately resolved
‘ on her Voyage.

‘ I had a great Curiosity to know the
‘ Author of this Letter; but not the least
‘ Traces of discovering it. The only Per-
‘ son

‘ son with whom I lived in any great Inti-
 ‘ macy was Captain *James*; and he, Ma-
 ‘ dam, from what I have already told you,
 ‘ you will think to be the last Person I
 ‘ could suspect; besides, he declared upon
 ‘ his Honour, that he knew nothing of the
 ‘ Matter; and no Man’s Honour is, I be-
 ‘ lieve, more sacred. There was indeed
 ‘ an Ensign of another Regiment who
 ‘ knew my Wife, and who had sometimes
 ‘ visited me in my Illness; but he was a
 ‘ very unlikely Man to interest himself
 ‘ much in any Affairs which did not con-
 ‘ cern him; and he too declared he knew
 ‘ nothing of it.’

‘ And did you never discover this Secret?’
 cried Miss *Mathews*.

‘ Never to this Day,’ answered *Booth*.

‘ I fancy,’ said she, ‘ I could give a
 ‘ shrewd Guess——What so likely as that
 ‘ Mrs. *Booth*, when you left her, should have
 ‘ given her Foster-brother Orders to send
 ‘ her Word of whatever befel you?—Yet
 ‘ stay---that could not be neither: for then
 ‘ she would not have doubted whether she
 ‘ should leave dear *England* on the Receipt
 ‘ of the Letter.—No, it must have been
 ‘ by

‘ by some other Means ;—yet that I owned
 ‘ appeared extremely natural to me : for if
 ‘ I had been left by such a Husband, I
 ‘ think I should have pursued the same
 ‘ Method.’

‘ No, Madam,’ cried *Booth*, ‘ it must
 ‘ have been conveyed by some other Chan-
 ‘ nel ; for my *Amelia*, I am certain, was en-
 ‘ tirely ignorant of the Manner ; and as
 ‘ for poor *Atkinson*, I am convinced he
 ‘ would not have ventured to take such a
 ‘ Step without acquainting me. Besides, the
 ‘ poor Fellow had, I believe, such a Re-
 ‘ gard for my Wife, out of Gratitude for
 ‘ the Favours she hath done his Mother,
 ‘ that I make no Doubt he was highly re-
 ‘ joiced at her Absence from my melan-
 ‘ choly Scene. Well, whoever writ it is
 ‘ a Matter very immaterial ; yet as it
 ‘ seemed so odd and unaccountable an In-
 ‘ cident I could not help mentioning it.

‘ From the Time of *Amelia*’s Arrival
 ‘ nothing remarkable happened till my
 ‘ perfect Recovery, unless I should observe
 ‘ her remarkable Behaviour, so full of Care
 ‘ and Tenderneſs that it was perhaps with-
 ‘ out a Parallel.

‘ O no, Mr. *Booth*,’ cries the Lady.—‘ It
‘ is fully equalled, I am sure, by your Gra-
‘ titude. There is nothing, I believe, so
‘ rare as Gratitude in your Sex, especially
‘ in Husbands. So kind ’a Remembrance
‘ is indeed more than a Return to such an
‘ Obligation : for where is the mighty Ob-
‘ ligation which a Woman confers, who
‘ being possessed of an inestimable Jewel is
‘ so kind to herself as to be careful and
‘ tender of it? I do not say this to lessen
‘ your Opinion of Mrs. *Booth*. I have no
‘ Doubt but that she loves you as well as
‘ she is capable. But I would not have
‘ you think so meanly of our Sex, as to
‘ imagine there are not a thousand Wo-
‘ men susceptible of true Tendernefs to-
‘ wards a meritorious Man.—Believe me,
‘ Mr. *Booth*, if I had received such an Ac-
‘ count of an Accident having happened to
‘ such a Husband, a Mother and a Parson
‘ would not have held me a Moment. I
‘ should have leapt into the first Fishing-
‘ boat I could have found, and bid Defiance
‘ to the Winds and Waves.—O there is
‘ no true Tendernefs but in a Woman of
‘ Spirit. I would not be understood all this
‘ while to reflect on Mrs. *Booth*. I am
‘ only defending the Cause of my Sex ; for
‘ upon

‘ upon my Soul such Compliments to a
 ‘ Wife are a Satire on all the rest of Wo-
 ‘ mankind.’

‘ Sure you jest, Miss *Mathews*,’ answer-
 ed *Booth*, with a Smile. ‘ However, if you
 ‘ please, I will proceed in my Story.’

C H A P. VII.

*The Captain continuing his Story, recounts
 some Particulars which we doubt not to
 many good People will appear unnatural.*

‘ I WAS scarce sooner recovered from my
 ‘ Indisposition than *Amelia* herself fell
 ‘ ill. This, I am afraid, was occasioned
 ‘ by the Fatigues which I could not prevent
 ‘ her from undergoing on my Account ;
 ‘ for as my Disease went off with violent
 ‘ Sweats, during which the Surgeon strictly
 ‘ ordered that I should lie by myself, my
 ‘ *Amelia* could not be prevailed upon to
 ‘ spend many Hours in her own Bed.
 ‘ During my restless Fits she would some-
 ‘ times read to me several Hours together ;
 ‘ indeed it was not without Difficulty that
 ‘ she ever quitted my Bed-side. These
 ‘ Fatigues, added to the Uneasiness of her
 ‘ Mind, overpowered her weak Spirits,
 VOL. I. L and

‘ and threw her into one of the worst Dif-
 ‘ orders that can poffibly attend a Woman.
 ‘ A Diforder very common among the
 ‘ Ladies, and our Phyficians have not
 ‘ agreed upon its Name. Some call it the
 ‘ Fever on the Spirits, fome a nervous
 ‘ Fever, fome the Vapours, and fome the
 ‘ Hyfterics.’

‘ O fay no more,’ cries Mifs *Mathews*,
 ‘ I pity you, I pity you from my Soul. A
 ‘ Man had better be plagued with all the
 ‘ Curses of *Egypt* than with a vapourifh
 ‘ Wife.’

‘ Pity me, Madam,’ answered *Booth*!
 ‘ Pity rather that dear Creature, who,
 ‘ from her Love and Care of my unworthy
 ‘ Self, contracted a Diftemper, the Horrors
 ‘ of which are fcarce to be imagined. It is
 ‘ indeed a Sort of Complication of all Dif-
 ‘ eafes together, with almoft Madnefs
 ‘ added to them. In this Situation, the
 ‘ Siege being at an End, the Governor
 ‘ gave me Leave to attend my Wife to
 ‘ *Montpelier*, the Air of which was judged
 ‘ to be moft likely to reftore her to Health.
 ‘ Upon this Occafion fhe wrote to her
 ‘ Mother to defire a Remittance, and fet
 ‘ forth the melancholy Condition of her
 ‘ Health, and her Neceffity for Money, in
 ‘ fuch

such Terms as would have touched any
 Bosom not void of Humanity, tho' a
 Stranger to the unhappy Sufferer. Her
 Sister answered it, and I believe I have
 a Copy of the Answer in my Pocket. I
 keep it by me as a Curiosity, and you
 would think it more so, could I shew you
 my *Amelia's* Letter.' He then searched his
 Pocket-book, and finding the Letter,
 among many others, he read it in the fol-
 lowing Words :

“ Dear Sister,

“ MY Mamma being much disordered,
 “ hath commanded me to tell you,
 “ she is both shocked and surpris'd at your
 “ extraordinary Request, or, as she chuses
 “ to call it, Order for Money. You know,
 “ my Dear, she says, that your Marriage
 “ with this Red-coat Man was entirely
 “ against her Consent, and the Opinion of
 “ all your Family, (I am sure I may here
 “ include myself in that Number) and yet
 “ after this fatal Act of Disobedience, she
 “ was prevail'd on to receive you as her
 “ Child ; not, however, nor are you so to
 “ understand it, as the Favourite which
 “ you was before. She forgave you ; but
 “ this was as a Christian and a Parent ;
 L 2 “ still

“ still preserving in her own Mind a just
“ Sense of your Disobedience, and a just
“ Resentment on that Account. And yet,
“ notwithstanding this Resentment, she
“ desires you to remember, that when you
“ a second time ventured to oppose her
“ Authority, and nothing would serve you
“ but taking a Ramble (an indecent one I
“ can't help saying) after your Fellow,
“ she thought fit to shew the Excess of a
“ Mother's Tenderness, and furnished you
“ with no less than Fifty Pounds for your
“ foolish Voyage. How can she then be
“ otherwise than surpris'd at your present
“ Demand? Which, should she be so weak
“ to comply with, she must expect to be
“ every Month repeated, in order to supply
“ the Extravagance of a young rakish Of-
“ ficer.—You say she will compassionate
“ your Sufferings; yes, surely she doth
“ greatly compassionate them, and so do
“ I too, tho' you was neither so kind, nor
“ so civil as to suppose I should. But I
“ forgive all your Sights to me, as well
“ now as formerly. Nay, I not only for-
“ give, but I pray daily for you.—But, dear
“ Sister, what could you expect less than
“ what hath happened? You should have
“ believed your Friends, who were wiser
“ and older than you. I do not here
“ mean

“ mean myself, tho’ I own I am eleven
“ Months and some odd Weeks your Su-
“ perior ; tho’ had I been younger, I might
“ perhaps have been able to advise you : for
“ Wisdom and what some may call Beauty
“ do not always go together. You will
“ not be offended at this : for I know in
“ your Heart you have always held your
“ Head above some People, whom per-
“ haps other People have thought better
“ of ; but why do I mention what I scorn
“ so much ?—No, my dear Sister, Heaven
“ forbid it should ever be said of me, that
“ I value myself upon my Face—not but
“ if I could believe Men perhaps—but I
“ hate and despise Men—you know I do,
“ my Dear, and I wish you had despised
“ them as much ; but *jaeta est alia*, as the
“ Doctor says.————You are to make
“ the best of your Fortune. What For-
“ tune I mean my Mamma may please
“ to give you : for you know all is in her
“ Power. Let me advise you then to
“ bring your Mind to your Circumstances,
“ and remember (for I can’t help writing
“ it, as it is for your own Good) the Va-
“ pours are a Distemper which very ill be-
“ come a Knapfack. Remember, my
“ Dear, what you have done ; remember
“ what my Mamma hath done ; remem-

“ ber we have something of yours to keep,
 “ and do not consider yourself as an only
 “ Child---No, nor as a favourite Child,
 “ but be pleased to remember,

“ Dear Sister,

“ Your most affectionate Sister,

“ And most obedient humble Servant.

“ E. HARRIS.”

‘ O brave Miss *Betty*,’ cried Miss *Ma-*
thews, ‘ I always held her in high Esteem;
 ‘ but I protest she exceeds even what I
 ‘ could have expected from her.’

‘ This Letter, Madam,’ cries *Booth*,
 ‘ you will believe was an excellent Cordial
 ‘ for my poor Wife’s Spirits. So dreadful
 ‘ indeed was the Effect it had upon her,
 ‘ that as she had read it in my Absence,
 ‘ I found her at my Return home in the
 ‘ most violent Fits; and so long was it be-
 ‘ fore she recovered her Senses, that I
 ‘ despaired of that blest Event ever hap-
 ‘ pening, and my own Senses very narrow-
 ‘ ly escaped from being sacrificed to my
 ‘ Despair. However, she came at last to
 ‘ herself,

‘ herself, and I began to consider of every
 ‘ Means of carrying her immediately to
 ‘ *Montpelier*, which was now become much
 ‘ more necessary than before.

‘ Tho’ I was greatly shocked at the Bar-
 ‘ barity of the Letter; yet I apprehended
 ‘ no very ill Consequence from it: for as
 ‘ it was believed all over the Army that
 ‘ I had married a great Fortune, I had
 ‘ received Offers of Money, if I wanted it,
 ‘ from more than one. Indeed, I might
 ‘ have easily carried my Wife to *Montpe-*
 ‘ *lier* at any time; but she was extremely
 ‘ averse to the Voyage, being desirous of
 ‘ our returning to *England*, as I had Leave
 ‘ to do; and she grew daily so much bet-
 ‘ ter, that had it not been for the Receipt
 ‘ of that cursed—which I have just read to
 ‘ you, I am persuaded she might have been
 ‘ able to return to *England* in the next
 ‘ Ship.

‘ Among others there was a Colonel in
 ‘ the Garrison, who had not only offered,
 ‘ but importuned me to receive Money of
 ‘ him: I now therefore repaired to him;
 ‘ and as a Reason of altering my Resolu-
 ‘ tion, I produced the Letter, and at the
 ‘ same time acquainted him with the true

‘ State of my Affairs. The Colonel read
‘ the Letter, shook his Head, and after
‘ some Silence, said, he was sorry I had
‘ refused to accept his Offer before; but
‘ that he had now so ordered Matters, and
‘ disposed of his Money, that he had not
‘ a Shilling left to spare from his own Oc-
‘ casions.

‘ Answers of the same Kind I had from
‘ several others; but not one Penny could
‘ I borrow of any: for I have been since
‘ firmly persuaded that the honest Colonel
‘ was not content with denying me him-
‘ self; but took effectual Means, by spread-
‘ ing the Secret I had so foolishly trusted
‘ him with, to prevent me from succeeding
‘ elsewhere: for such is the Nature of Men,
‘ that whoever denies himself to do you a
‘ Favour, is unwilling that it should be
‘ done to you by any other.

‘ This was the first time I had ever felt
‘ that Distress which arises from the Want
‘ of Money; a Distress very dreadful in-
‘ deed in a married State: for what can be
‘ more miserable than to see any thing ne-
‘ cessary to the Preservation of a beloved
‘ Creature, and not be able to supply it?

‘ Per-

‘ Perhaps you may wonder, Madam,
‘ that I have not mentioned Captain *James*
‘ on this Occasion; but he was at that
‘ time laid up at *Algiers*, whither he had
‘ been sent by the Governor, in a Fever.
‘ However, he returned time enough to
‘ supply me, which he did with the utmost
‘ Readiness, on the very first Mention of
‘ my Distress; and the good Colonel, not-
‘ withstanding his having disposed of his
‘ Money, discounted the Captain’s Draught.
‘ You see, Madam, an Instance in the ge-
‘ nerous Behaviour of my Friend *James*,
‘ how false are all universal Satires against
‘ human Kind. He is indeed one of the
‘ worthiest Men the World ever pro-
‘ duced.

‘ But, perhaps, you will be more pleased
‘ still with the extravagant Generosity of
‘ my Serjeant. The Day before the Re-
‘ turn of Mr *James*, the poor Fellow came
‘ to me, with Tears in his Eyes, and begged
‘ I would not be offended at what he was
‘ going to mention. He then pulled a
‘ Purse from his Pocket, which contained,
‘ he said, the Sum of Twelve Pounds,
‘ and which he begged me to accept, cry-
‘ ing he was sorry it was not in his Power.

' to lend me whatever I wanted. I was so
 ' struck with this Instance of Generosity
 ' and Friendship in such a Person, that I
 ' gave him an Opportunity of pressing me
 ' a second Time before I made him an
 ' Answer. Indeed I was greatly surpris'd
 ' how he came to be worth that little
 ' Sum, and no less at his being acquainted
 ' with my own Wants. In both which
 ' Points he presently satisfied me. As to
 ' the first, it seems he had plundered a *Spa-*
 ' *nish* Officer of fifteen Pistoles; and as to
 ' the second, he confessed he had it from
 ' my Wife's Maid, who had overheard
 ' some Discourse between her Mistress and
 ' me. Indeed People, I believe, always
 ' deceive themselves who imagine they can
 ' conceal distress Circumstances from their
 ' Servants: for these are always extremely
 ' quick-sighted on such Occasions.'

' Good Heaven!' cries Miss *Mathews*,
 ' how astonishing is such Behaviour in so
 ' low a Fellow!'

' I thought so myself,' answered *Booth*;
 ' and yet I know not, on a more strict Exa-
 ' mination into the Matter, why we should
 ' be more surpris'd to see Greatness of
 ' Mind discover itself in one Degree, or
 ' Rank

' Rank of Life, than in another. Love, Be-
 ' nevolence, or what you will please to call
 ' it, may be the reigning Passion in a Beg-
 ' gar as well as in a Prince; and wherever it
 ' is, its Energies will be the same.

' To confess the Truth, I am afraid, we
 ' often compliment what we call upper
 ' Life, with too much Injustice, at the
 ' Expence of the lower. As it is no rare
 ' thing to see Instances which degrade hu-
 ' man Nature, in Persons of the highest
 ' Birth and Education; so I apprehend, that
 ' Examples of whatever is really great
 ' and good, have been sometimes found
 ' amongst those who have wanted all such
 ' Advantages. In Reality, Palaces, I make
 ' no Doubt, do sometimes contain nothing
 ' but Dreariness and Darknes, and the
 ' Sun of Righteousness hath shone forth
 ' with all its Glory in a Cottage.'

C H A P. VIII.

The Story of Booth continued.

MR. *Booth* thus went on.

‘ We now took Leave of the Garrison,
 ‘ and having landed at *Marseilles*, arrived
 ‘ at *Montpelier*, without any thing happen-
 ‘ ing to us worth Remembrance, except
 ‘ the extreme Sea-sickness of poor *Amelia* ;
 ‘ but I was afterwards well repaid for the
 ‘ Terrors which it occasioned me, by the
 ‘ good Consequences which attended it :
 ‘ for I believe it contributed even more
 ‘ than the Air of *Montpelier*, to the perfect
 ‘ Re-establishment of her Health.’

‘ I ask your Pardon for interrupting you,’
 cries Miss *Mathews*, ‘ but you never satisf-
 ‘ fied me whether you took the Serjeant’s
 ‘ Money.—You have made me half in-
 ‘ Love with that charming Fellow.’

‘ How can you imagine, Madam,’ an-
 swered *Booth*, ‘ I should have taken from
 ‘ a poor Fellow what was of so little Con-
 ‘ sequence to me, and at the same time of
 ‘ so

‘ so much to him?—Perhaps now you will
 ‘ derive this from the Passion of Pride.’

‘ Indeed,’ says she, ‘ I neither derive
 ‘ it from the Passion of Pride, nor from
 ‘ the Passion of Folly; but methinks you
 ‘ should have accepted the Offer, and I
 ‘ am convinced you hurt him very much
 ‘ when you refused it. But pray proceed
 ‘ in your Story.’ Then *Booth* went on as
 follows.

‘ As *Amelia* recovered her Health and
 ‘ Spirits daily, we began to pass our Time
 ‘ very pleasantly at *Montpelier*: for the
 ‘ greatest Enemy to the *French* will ac-
 ‘ knowledge, that they are the best People
 ‘ in the World to live amongst for a little
 ‘ while. In some Countries it is almost as
 ‘ easy to get a good Estate as a good Ac-
 ‘ quaintance. In *England*, particularly,
 ‘ Acquaintance is of almost as slow Growth
 ‘ as an Oak; so that the Age of Man
 ‘ scarce suffices to bring it to any Perfection,
 ‘ and Families seldom contract any great
 ‘ Intimacy till the Third, or at least the Se-
 ‘ cond Generation. So shy indeed are we
 ‘ *English* of letting a Stranger into our
 ‘ Houses, that one would imagine we regard-
 ‘ ed all such as Thieves. Now the *French* are
 ‘ the

the very Reverse. Being a Stranger among
 them entitles you to the better Place,
 and to the greater Degree of Civility; and
 if you wear but the Appearance of a
 Gentleman, they never suspect you are
 not one. Their Friendship indeed seldom
 extends so far as their Purse; nor is such
 Friendship usual in other Countries. To
 say the Truth, Politeness carries Friend-
 ship far enough in the ordinary Occasions
 of Life, and those who want this Ac-
 complishment rarely make Amends for it
 by their Sincerity: for Bluntness, or
 rather Rudeness, as it commonly deserves
 to be called, is not always so much a
 Mark of Honesty as it is taken to be.

The Day after our Arrival we became
 acquainted with *Monf. L'Abbe Bagillard*.
 He was a *Frenchman* of great Wit and
 Vivacity, with a greater Share of Learn-
 ing than Gentlemen are usually possessed
 of. As he lodged in the same House
 with us, we were immediately acquaint-
 ed, and I liked his Conversation so well,
 that I never thought I had too much of
 his Company. Indeed I spent so much of
 my Time with him, that *Amelia* (I know
 not whether I ought to mention it) grew
 uneasy at our Familiarity, and complain-
 ed

ed of my being too little with her, from my violent Fondness for my new Acquaintance; for our Conversation turning chiefly upon Books, and principally *Latin* ones (for we read several of the Classics together) she could have but little Entertainment by being with us. When my Wife had once taken it into her Head that she was deprived of my Company by Mr. *Bagillard*, it was impossible to change her Opinion; and tho' I now spent more of my Time with her than I had ever done before, she still grew more and more dissatisfied, till, at last, she very earnestly desired me to quit my Lodgings, and insisted upon it with more Vehemence than I had ever known her express before. To say the Truth, if that excellent Woman could ever be thought unreasonable, I think she was so on this Occasion.

But in what Light soever her Desires appeared to me, as they manifestly arose from an Affection of which I had daily the most endearing Proofs, I resolved to comply with her, and accordingly removed to a distant Part of the Town: For it is my Opinion that we can have but little Love for the Person whom we will never indulge

‘ indulge in an unreasonable Demand. Indeed,
‘ I was under a Difficulty with Regard to
‘ Monf. *Bagillard*; for as I could not pos-
‘ sibly communicate to him the true Rea-
‘ son for quitting my Lodgings; so I
‘ found it as difficult to deceive him by a
‘ counterfeit one; besides, I was apprehen-
‘ sive I should have little less of his Com-
‘ pany than before. I could, indeed, have
‘ avoided this Dilemma by leaving *Mont-*
‘ *pelier*; for *Amelia* had perfectly recovered
‘ her Health; but I had faithfully pro-
‘ mised Captain *James* to wait his Return
‘ from *Italy*, whither he was gone some
‘ Time before from *Gibraltar*; nor was it
‘ proper for *Amelia* to take any long Jour-
‘ ney, she being now near six Months gone
‘ with Child.

‘ This Difficulty, however, proved to
‘ be less than I had imagined it; for my
‘ *French* Friend, whether he suspected any
‘ thing from my Wife’s Behaviour, tho’
‘ she never, as I observed, shew’d him
‘ the least Incivility, became suddenly as
‘ cold on his Side. After our leaving the
‘ Lodgings he never made above two or
‘ three formal Visits; indeed his Time was
‘ soon after entirely taken up by an Intrigue
‘ with

‘ with a certain Countess, which blazed all
 ‘ over *Marseilles*.

‘ We had not been long in our new A-
 ‘ partments before an *English* Officer ar-
 ‘ rived at *Montpelier*, and came to lodge
 ‘ in the same House with us. This Gen-
 ‘ tleman, whose Name was *Bath*, was of
 ‘ the Rank of a Major, and had so much
 ‘ Singularity in his Character, that, per-
 ‘ haps, you never heard of any like him.
 ‘ He was far from having any of those
 ‘ bookish Qualifications, which had be-
 ‘ fore caused my *Amelia*’s Disquiet. It is
 ‘ true, his Discourse generally turned on
 ‘ Matters of no feminine Kind, War and
 ‘ martial Exploits being the ordinary To-
 ‘ pics of his Conversation: however, as he
 ‘ had a Sister with whom *Amelia* was great-
 ‘ ly pleased, an Intimacy presently grew
 ‘ between us, and we four lived in one Fa-
 ‘ mily.

‘ The Major was a great Dealer in the
 ‘ Marvellous, and was constantly the lit-
 ‘ tle Hero of his own Tale. This made
 ‘ him very entertaining to *Amelia*, who of
 ‘ all Persons in the World hath the truest
 ‘ Taste and Enjoyment of the Ridiculous;
 ‘ for whilst no one sooner discovers it in the
 ‘ Character

‘ Character of another, no one so well con-
‘ ceals her Knowledge of it from the ri-
‘ diculous Person. I cannot help men-
‘ tioning a Sentiment of hers on this
‘ Head, as I think it doth her great Ho-
‘ nour.’ “If I had the same Contempt,”
‘ said she, “for ridiculous People with the
“ Generality of the World, I should rather
“ think them the Objects of Tears than
“ Laughter; but, in Reality, I have
“ known several who in some Parts of
“ their Characters have been extremely
“ ridiculous, in others have been alto-
“ gether as amiable. For Instance,” ‘ said
‘ she, “here is the Major who tells of
“ many Things which he has never seen,
“ and of others which he hath never done,
“ and both in the most extravagant Ex-
“ cess; and yet how amiable is his Beha-
“ viour to his poor Sister, whom he hath
“ not only brought over hither for her
“ Health, at his own Expence, but is
“ come to bear her Company.” ‘ I be-
‘ lieve, Madam, I repeat her very Words;
‘ for I am very apt to remember what she
‘ says.

‘ You will easily believe, from a Cir-
‘ cumstance I have just mentioned in the
‘ Major’s Favour, especially when I have
‘ told

' told you that his Sister was one of the
 ' best of Girls, that it was entirely neces-
 ' sary to hide from her all kind of Laughter
 ' at any Part of her Brother's Behaviour.
 ' To say the Truth, this was easy enough
 ' to do; for the poor Girl was so blinded
 ' with Love and Gratitude, and so highly
 ' honoured and revered her Brother, that
 ' she had not the least Suspicion that there
 ' was a Person in the World capable of
 ' laughing at him.

' Indeed, I am certain she never made
 ' the least Discovery of our Ridicule; for
 ' I am well convinced she would have re-
 ' sented it: For besides the Love she bore
 ' her Brother, she had a little Family
 ' Pride, which would sometimes appear.
 ' To say the Truth, if she had any Fault,
 ' it was that of Vanity; but she was a
 ' very good Girl upon the whole; and
 ' none of us are entirely free from
 ' Faults.'

' You are a good-natured Fellow, *Will*,'
 answered Miss *Mathews*, ' but Vanity is a
 ' Fault of the first Magnitude in a Wo-
 ' man, and often the Occasion of many
 ' others.'

To

To this *Booth* made no Answer; but continued his Story.

‘ In this Company we passed two or
 ‘ three Months very agreeably till the Ma-
 ‘ jor and I both betook ourselves to our
 ‘ several Nurseries; my Wife being brought
 ‘ to Bed of a Girl, and Miss *Bath* confined
 ‘ to her Chamber by a Surfeit, which had
 ‘ like to have occasioned her Death.’

Here Miss *Mathews* burst into a loud Laugh, of which when *Booth* asked the Reason, she said she could not forbear at the Thoughts of two such Nurses: ‘ And did
 ‘ you really,’ says she, ‘ make your Wife’s
 ‘ Caudle yourself?’

‘ Indeed, Madam,’ said he, ‘ I did, and
 ‘ do you think that so extraordinary?’

‘ Indeed I do,’ answered she, ‘ I thought
 ‘ the best Husbands had looked on their
 ‘ Wives lying in as a Time of Festival
 ‘ and Jollity. What did you not even get
 ‘ drunk in the Time of your Wife’s De-
 ‘ livery? Tell me honestly how you em-
 ‘ ploy’d yourself at this Time:

‘ Why

‘ Why then honestly,’ replied he, ‘ and
‘ in Defiance of your Laughter, I lay be-
‘ hind her Bolster, and supported her in
‘ my Arms, and upon my Soul, I believe
‘ I felt more Pain in my Mind than she
‘ underwent in her Body. And now an-
‘ swer me as honestly : Do you really
‘ think it a proper Time of Mirth, when
‘ the Creature one loves to Distraction is
‘ undergoing the most racking Torments,
‘ as well as in the most imminent Danger ?
‘ And—but I need not express any more
‘ tender Circumstances.

‘ I am to answer honestly,’ cry’d she.—
‘ Yes, and sincerely,’ cries *Booth*.—‘ Why
‘ then honestly and sincerely,’ says she,
‘ may I never see Heaven, if I don’t think
‘ you an Angel of a Man.’

‘ Nay, Madam,’ answered *Booth*—‘ but,
‘ indeed, you do me too much Honour,
‘ there are many such Husbands—Nay,
‘ have we not an Example of the like Ten-
‘ derness in the Major ? Tho’ as to him, I
‘ believe, I shall make you laugh. While
‘ my Wife lay in, Miss *Bath* being extreme-
‘ ly ill, I went one Day to the Door of
‘ her Apartment, to enquire after her
‘ Health,

‘ Health, as well as for the Major, whom
‘ I had not seen during a whole Week. I
‘ knocked softly at the Door, and being
‘ bid open it, I found the Major in his
‘ Sister’s Antichamber warming her Poffet.
‘ His Dress was certainly whimsical enough,
‘ having on a Woman’s Bed-Gown, and a
‘ very dirty Flannel Night-Cap, which
‘ being added to a very odd Person (for
‘ he is a very aukward thin Man near seven
‘ Feet high) might have formed, in the Opi-
‘ nion of most Men, a very proper Ob-
‘ ject of Laughter. The Major started
‘ from his Seat at my entring into the
‘ Room, and with much Emotion, and a
‘ great Oath, cry’d out, “ Is it you, Sir ?
‘ I then enquired after his and his Sister’s
‘ Health. He answer’d, that his Sister was
‘ better, and he was very well,” “ Tho’
“ I did not expect, Sir,” ‘ cry’d he, with
‘ not a little Confusion,” “ to be seen by you
“ in this Situation.” ‘ I told him, I thought
‘ it impossible he could appear in a Si-
‘ tuation more becoming his Character.’
“ You do not ?” ‘ answered he.’ “ By
“ G— I am very much obliged to you
“ for that Opinion ; but I believe, Sir,
“ however my Weakness may prevail on
“ me to descend from it, no Man can be
“ more conscious of his own Dignity than
“ myself.”

“ myself.” “ His Sister then called to
 ‘ him from the inner Room; upon which
 ‘ he rang the Bell for her Servant, and
 ‘ then after a Stride or two across the
 ‘ Room, he said with an elated Aspect,
 “ I would not have you think, Mr. *Booth*,
 “ because you have caught me in this
 “ Dishabille, by coming upon me a little
 “ too abruptly, I can’t help saying, a lit-
 “ tle too abruptly, that I am my Sister’s
 “ Nurse. I know better what is due to
 “ the Dignity of a Man, and I have
 “ shewn it in a Line of Battle.——I
 “ think I have made a Figure there,
 “ Mr. *Booth*, and becoming my Cha-
 “ racter; by G—— I ought not to be
 “ despised too much, if my Nature is not
 “ totally without its Weaknesses.” “ He
 ‘ utter’d this, and some more of the same
 ‘ kind, with great Majesty, or as he call’d
 ‘ it, Dignity. Indeed, he used some hard
 ‘ Words that I did not understand; for
 ‘ all his Words are not to be found in a
 ‘ Dictionary. Upon the whole, I could
 ‘ not easily refrain from Laughter; how-
 ‘ ever, I conquered myself, and soon after
 ‘ retired from him, astonished that it was
 ‘ possible for a Man to possess true Good-
 ‘ ness, and be, at the same time, ashamed
 ‘ of it.

‘ But

‘ But if I was surpris’d at what had
‘ past at this Visit, how much more was
‘ I surpris’d the next Morning, when he
‘ came very early to my Chamber, and
‘ told me he had not been able to sleep
‘ one Wink at what had past between us!
‘ There were some Words of yours,”
‘ says he,” “ which must be further ex-
‘ plained before we part. You told me,
‘ Sir, when you found me in that Situa-
‘ tion, which I cannot bear to recollect,
‘ that you thought I could not appear in
‘ one more becoming my Character; these
‘ were the Words, I shall never forget
‘ them. Do you imagine that there is
‘ any of the Dignity of a Man wanting
‘ in my Character? Do you think that I
‘ have, during my Sister’s Illness, behaved
‘ with a Weakness that favours too much
‘ of Effeminacy. I know how much it is
‘ beneath a Man to whine and whimper
‘ about a trifling Girl as well as you, or
‘ any Man; and if my Sister had died, I
‘ should have behaved like a Man on the
‘ Occasion. I would not have you think
‘ I confin’d myself from Company merely
‘ upon her Account. I was very much
‘ disorder’d myself. And when you sur-
‘ pris’d me in that Situation, I repeat
‘ again

“ again in that Situation, her Nurse had
 “ not left the Room three Minutes, and
 “ I was blowing the Fire for fear it should
 “ have gone out.”—“ In this Manner he
 “ ran on almost a Quarter of an Hour, be-
 “ fore he would suffer me to speak. At
 “ last, looking stedfastly in his Face, I
 “ asked him if I must conclude that he
 “ was in earnest.”—“ In earnest,” ‘ says
 ‘ he, repeating my Words; “ Do you
 “ then take my Character for a Jest!”
 ‘ Looke, Sir, said I, very gravely, I
 ‘ think we know one another very well;
 ‘ and I have no Reason to suspect you
 ‘ should impute it to Fear, when I tell you,
 ‘ I was so far from intending to affront
 ‘ you, that I meant you one of the high-
 ‘ est Compliments. Tenderness for Wo-
 ‘ men is so far from lessening, that it
 ‘ proves a true manly Character. The
 ‘ manly *Brutus* shewed the utmost Tender-
 ‘ ness to his *Porcia*; and the great King
 ‘ of *Sweden*, the bravest, and even fiercest
 ‘ of Men, shut himself up three whole
 ‘ Days in the midst of a Campaign, and
 ‘ would see no Company on the Death of
 ‘ a favourite Sister. At these Words, I
 ‘ saw his Features soften; and he cry’d out,
 “ D——n me, I admire the King of
 “ *Sweden* of all the Men in the World;
 VOL. I. M “ and

“ and he is a Rascal that is ashamed of
 “ doing any thing which the King of
 “ *Sweden* did.—And yet if any King of
 “ *Sweden* in *France* was to tell me that his
 “ Sister had more Merit than mine; by
 “ G—— I’d knock his Brains about his
 “ Ears. Poor little *Betsy*! she is the ho-
 “ nestest, worthiest Girl that ever was
 “ born. Heaven be praised, she is reco-
 “ vered; for, if I had lost her, I never
 “ should have enjoyed another happy Mo-
 “ ment.”—‘ In this Manner he ran on
 ‘ some time, till the Tears began to over-
 ‘ flow—which when he perceived, he stopt;
 ‘ perhaps he was unable to go on; for he
 ‘ seemed almost choaked;—after a short
 ‘ Silence, however, having wip’d his Eyes
 ‘ with his Handkerchief, he fetched a deep
 ‘ Sigh, and cry’d, “ I am ashamed you
 “ should see this, Mr. *Booth*; but d——n
 “ me, Nature will get the better of Dig-
 “ nity.” ‘ I now comforted him with the
 ‘ Example of *Xerxes*, as I had before done
 ‘ with that of the King of *Sweden*; and
 ‘ soon after we sat down to Breakfast to-
 ‘ gether with much cordial Friendship:
 ‘ For I assure you, with all his Oddity
 ‘ there is not a better-natured Man in the
 ‘ World than the Major.’

‘ Good-

‘ Good-natured, indeed !’ cries Miss *Mathews*, with great Scorn.—‘ A Fool !
 ‘ How can you mention such a Fellow
 ‘ with Commendation ?’

Booth spoke as much as he could in Defence of his Friend ; indeed he had represented him in as favourable a Light as possible, and had particularly left out those hard Words, with which, as he hath observed a little before, the Major interlarded his Discourse. *Booth* then proceeded as in the next Chapter.

C H A P. IX.

Containing very extraordinary Matters.

‘ **M**ISS *Bath*,’ continued *Booth*, ‘ now
 ‘ recovered so fast, that she was
 ‘ abroad as soon as my Wife. Our little
 ‘ Party *Quarrée* began to grow agreeable
 ‘ again ; and we mix’d with the Company
 ‘ of the Place more than we had done
 ‘ before. *Monf. Bagillard* now again re-
 ‘ newed his Intimacy ; for the Countess
 ‘ his Mistress was gone to *Paris*. At
 ‘ which my Wife at first shewed no Dis-
 ‘ satisfaction ; and I imagined that as she
 M 2 ‘ had

' had a Friend and Companion of her
 ' own Sex (for Miss *Bath* and she had con-
 ' tracted the highest Fondness for each
 ' other) that she would the less miss my
 ' Company. However, I was disappoint-
 ' ed in this Expectation; for she soon be-
 ' gan to express her former Uneasiness,
 ' and her Impatience for the Arrival of
 ' Captain *James*, that we might entirely
 ' quit *Montpelier*.

' I could not avoid conceiving some lit-
 ' tle Displeasure at this Humour of my
 ' Wife, which I was forced to think a
 ' little unreasonable.—‘A little, do you
 ' call it,’ says Miss *Mathews*, ‘Good
 ' Heavens! what a Husband are you!’—
 ' How little worthy,’ answered he, ‘as
 ' you will say hereafter of such a Wife as
 ' my *Amelia*. One Day as we were sitting
 ' together, I heard a violent Scream, upon
 ' which my Wife starting up, cry'd out,
 ' ‘Sure that's Miss *Bath's* Voice,” ‘and
 ' immediately ran towards the Chamber
 ' whence it proceeded. I followed her;
 ' and when we arrived, we there beheld
 ' the most shocking Sight imaginable;
 ' Miss *Bath* lying dead on the Floor, and
 ' the Major all bloody kneeling by her,
 ' and roaring out for Assistance. *Amelia*,
 ' tho'

‘ tho’ she was herself in little better Con-
‘ dition than her Friend, ran hastily to
‘ her, bared her Neck, and attempted to
‘ loosen her Stays, while I ran up and
‘ down, scarce knowing what I did, cal-
‘ ling for Water and Cordials, and dis-
‘ patching several Servants one after another
‘ for Doctors and Surgeons.

‘ Water, Cordials, and all necessary Im-
‘ plements being brought, Miss *Bath* was,
‘ at length, recovered, and placed in her
‘ Chair, when the Major seated himself by
‘ her. And now the young Lady being
‘ restored to Life, the Major, who, till
‘ then, had engaged as little of his own,
‘ as of any other Person’s Attention, be-
‘ came the Object of all our Considera-
‘ tions, especially his poor Sister’s, who had
‘ no sooner recovered sufficient Strength,
‘ than she began to lament her Brother,
‘ crying out, that he was killed; and bit-
‘ terly bewailing her Fate, in having re-
‘ vived from her Swoon to behold so
‘ dreadful a Spectacle. While *Amelia* ap-
‘ plied herself to sooth the Agonies of her
‘ Friend, I began to enquire into the Con-
‘ dition of the Major. In which I was
‘ assisted by a Surgeon, who now arrived.
‘ The Major declared with great Chearful-

' nefs; that he did not apprehend his
 ' Wound to be in the leaft dangerous, and
 ' therefore begged his Sifter to be com-
 ' forted, faying, he was convinced the Sur-
 ' geon would foon give her the fame
 ' Affurance; but that good Man was
 ' not fo liberal of Affurances as the Major
 ' had expected; for as foon as he had
 ' probed the Wound, he afforded no more
 ' than Hopes, declaring that it was a very
 ' ugly Wound; but added, by Way of
 ' Confolation, that he had cured many
 ' much worfe.

' When the Major was drest, his Sifter
 ' feemed to poffefs his whole Thoughts,
 ' and all his Care was to relieve her Grief.
 ' He solemnly protested, that it was no
 ' more than a Flesh Wound, and not very
 ' deep, nor could, as he apprehended, be
 ' in the leaft dangerous; and as for the
 ' cold Expreffions of the Surgeon, he very
 ' well accounted for them from a Motive
 ' too obvious to be mentioned. From
 ' thefe Declarations of her Brother, and
 ' the Interpofition of her Friends; and
 ' above all, I believe, from that vaft Vent
 ' which ſhe had given to her Fright, Miſ
 ' *Bath* feemed a little pacify'd; *Amelia*
 ' therefore at laſt prevailed; and as Ter-
 '

“ror abated, Curiosity became the superior
 “Passion, I therefore now began to en-
 “quire what had occasioned that Accident,
 “whence all the Uproar arose.

“The Major took me by the Hand; and
 “looking very kindly at me,” said, “My
 “dear Mr. *Booth*, I must begin by asking
 “your Pardon; for I have done you an
 “Injury, for which nothing but the Height
 “of Friendship in me can be an Excuse;
 “and therefore nothing but the Height
 “of Friendship in you can forgive.”
 “This Preamble, Madam, you will easily
 “believe, greatly alarmed all the Com-
 “pany, but especially me.—I answered,
 “dear Major, I forgive you, let it be what
 “it will; but what is it possible you can
 “have done to injure me?” “That,” re-
 “plied he,” “which I am convinced a
 “Man of your Honour and Dignity of
 “Nature, by G—— must conclude to be
 “one of the highest Injuries. I have taken
 “out of your own Hands the doing your-
 “self Justice. I am afraid I have killed
 “the Man who hath injured your Ho-
 “nour. I mean that Villain *Bagillard*---
 “but I cannot proceed; for you, Madam,”
 “said he to my Wife,” “are concerned;
 “and I know what is due to the Dignity

“ of your Sex.”---“ *Amelia*, I observed,
 ‘ turn’d pale at these Words, but eagerly
 ‘ begg’d him to proceed.’---“ Nay, Ma-
 “ dam,” ‘ answered he,’ “ if I am com-
 “ manded by a Lady, it is a part of my
 “ Dignity to obey.” ‘ He then proceed-
 ‘ ed to tell us, that *Bagillard* had rallied
 ‘ him upon a Supposition that he was pur-
 ‘ suing my Wife, with a View of Gal-
 ‘ lantry; telling him that he could never
 ‘ succeed; giving Hints that if it had been
 ‘ possible, he should have succeeded himself;
 ‘ and ending with calling my poor *Ame-
 ‘ lia* an accomplished Prude; upon which
 ‘ the Major gave *Bagillard* a Box in the
 ‘ Ear, and both immediately drew their
 ‘ Swords.

‘ The Major had scarce ended his Speech,
 ‘ when a Servant came into the Room, and
 ‘ told me there was a Friar below who
 ‘ desired to speak with me in great Haste.
 ‘ I shook the Major by the Hand, and
 ‘ told him I not only forgave him, but
 ‘ was extremely obliged to his Friendship;
 ‘ and then going to the Fryar, I found
 ‘ that he was *Bagillard*’s Confessor, from
 ‘ whom he came to me, with an earnest
 ‘ Desire of seeing me, that he might ask
 ‘ my Pardon, and receive my Forgive-
 ‘ nefs

' neſs before he dy'd, for the Injury he
 ' had intended me. My Wife at firſt op-
 ' poſed my going from ſome ſudden Fears
 ' on my Account; but when ſhe was
 ' convinced they were groundleſs, ſhe con-
 ' ſented.

' I found *Bagillard* in his Bed; for
 ' the Major's Sword had paſſed up to the
 ' very Hilt through his Body. After
 ' having very earneſtly aſked my Pardon,
 ' he made me many Compliments on the
 ' Poſſeſſion of a Woman, who, joined to
 ' the moſt exquisite Beauty, was Miſtreſs
 ' of the moſt impregnable Virtue; as a
 ' Proof of which, he acknowledged the
 ' Vehemence as well as ill Succeſs of his
 ' Attempts; and to make *Amelia's* Virtue
 ' appear the brighter, his Vanity was ſo pre-
 ' dominant, he could not forbear running
 ' over the Names of ſeveral Women of
 ' Faſhion who had yielded to his Paſſion,
 ' which, he ſaid, had never raged ſo vio-
 ' lently for any other as for my poor *Ame-*
 ' *lia*; and that this Violence, which he had
 ' found wholly unconquerable, he hoped
 ' would procure his Pardon at my Hands.
 ' It is unneceſſary to mention what I ſaid on
 ' the Occaſion. I aſſured him of my en-
 ' tire Forgiveneſs; and ſo we parted. To

‘ say the Truth, I afterwards thought my
‘ self almost obliged to him for a Meet-
‘ ing with *Amelia*, the most luxuriously de-
‘ licate that can be imagined.

‘ I now ran to my Wife, whom I em-
‘ braced with Raptures of Love and Ten-
‘ derness. When the first Torrent of these
‘ was a little abated, “ Confess to me, my
“ Dear,” ‘ said she, ‘ “ could your Good-
“ nefs prevent you from thinking me a
“ little unreasonable in expressing so much
“ Uneasiness at the Loss of your Com-
“ pany, while I ought to have rejoiced in
“ the Thoughts of your being so well en-
“ tertained? I know you must; and then
“ consider what I must have felt, while I
“ knew I was daily lessening myself in your
“ Esteem, and forced into a Conduct, which
“ I was sensible must appear to you, who was
“ ignorant of my Motive, to be mean,
“ vulgar, and selfish. And yet what other
“ Course had I to take, with a Man whom
“ no Denial, no Scorn could abash.—But
“ if this was a cruel Task, how much
“ more wretched still was the Constraint I
“ was obliged to wear in his Presence before
“ you, to shew outward Civility to the Man
“ whom my Soul detested, for fear of any
“ fatal Consequence from your Suspicion;
“ and this too, while I was afraid he would
“ con-

“ contrive it to be an Encouragement.--Do
 “ you not pity your poor *Amelia* when you
 “ reflect on her Situation?”—‘ Pity! cry’d
 ‘ I, my Love, is Pity an adequate Ex-
 ‘ pression for Esteem, for Adoration?—
 ‘ But how, my Love, could he carry this
 ‘ on so secretly—by Letters?’ “ O no,
 “ he offered me many; but I never would
 “ receive but one, and that I return’d him.
 “ Good G—— I would not have such a
 “ Letter in my Possession for the Universe,
 “ I thought my Eyes contaminated with
 “ reading it.”—‘ O brave,’ cry’d Miss
Mathews, ‘ Heroic, I protest.

‘ *Had I a Wish that did not bear*
 ‘ *The Stamp and Image of my Dear,*
 ‘ *I’d pierce my Heart through every Vein,*
 ‘ *And die to let it out again.*

‘ And can you really,’ cry’d he, ‘ laugh
 ‘ at so much Tendernefs?’ ‘ I laugh at
 ‘ Tendernefs! O Mr. *Booth*,’ answered
 she, ‘ Thou knowest but little of *Calista*.
 ‘ I thought formerly,’ cry’d he, ‘ I knew
 ‘ a great deal, and thought you of all
 ‘ Women in the World to have the great-
 ‘ est——of all Women!—Take Care,
 ‘ Mr. *Booth*,’ said she.—‘ By Heaven, if
 ‘ you thought so, you thought truly.--But
 M. 6 ‘ what

‘ what is the Object of my Tenderness,--such
 ‘ an Object as’----‘ Well, Madam,’ says
 he, ‘ I hope you will find one.’--‘ I thank
 ‘ you for that Hope, however,’ says she,
 ‘ cold as it is; but pray go on with your
 ‘ Story;’ which Command he immediately
 obeyed.

C H A P. X.

Containing a Letter of a very curious Kind.

‘ **T**HE Major’s Wound,’ continued
Booth, ‘ was really as slight as he
 ‘ believed it; so that in a very few Days
 ‘ he was perfectly well; nor was *Bagil-*
 ‘ *lard,* tho’ run through the Body, long
 ‘ apprehended to be in any Danger of his
 ‘ Life. The Major then took me aside, and
 ‘ wishing me heartily joy of *Bagillard’s*
 ‘ Recovery, told me I should now, by the
 ‘ Gift of Heaven, have an Opportunity
 ‘ of doing myself Justice. I answered I
 ‘ could not think of any such Thing;
 ‘ For that when I imagined he was on his
 ‘ Death-bed, I had heartily and sincerely
 ‘ forgiven him.” “ Very right,” ‘ replied
 ‘ the Major,’ “ and consistent with your
 ‘ Honour, when he was on his Death-
 ‘ Bed; but that Forgiveness was only
 ‘ con-

“ conditional, and is revoked by his Re-
 “ covery.” “ I told him I could not
 “ possibly revoke it; for that my Anger
 “ was really gone.”---“ What hath An-
 “ ger,” “ cry’d he,” “ to do with the Mat-
 “ ter? The Dignity of my Nature hath
 “ been always my Reason for drawing my
 “ Sword; and when that is concerned, I
 “ can as readily fight with the Man I
 “ love, as with the Man I hate.”---“ I
 “ will not tire you with the Repetition of
 “ the whole Argument, in which the Ma-
 “ jor did not prevail; and I really believe,
 “ I sunk a little in his Esteem upon that
 “ Account, till Captain *James*, who arrived
 “ soon after, again perfectly reinstated me
 “ in his Favour.

“ When the Captain was come, there
 “ remained no Cause of our longer Stay at
 “ *Montpelier*; for as to my Wife, she was
 “ in a better State of Health than I had ever
 “ known her, and Miss *Bath* had not only
 “ recovered her Health, but her Bloom, and
 “ from a pale Skeleton, was become a
 “ plump, handsome, young Woman. *James*
 “ was again my Cashier; for far from
 “ receiving any Remittance, it was now a
 “ long time since I had received any Let-
 “ ter from *England*, tho’ both myself and my
 “ dear

‘ dear *Amelia* had written several both to
‘ my Mother and Sister; and now at our
‘ Departure from *Montpelier*, I bethought
‘ myself of writing to my good Friend
‘ the Doctor, acquainting him with our
‘ Journey to *Paris*, whither I desired he
‘ would direct his Answer.

‘ At *Paris* we all arrived, without encoun-
‘ tring any Adventure on the Road worth
‘ relating; nor did any thing of Conse-
‘ quence happen here during the first Fort-
‘ night: for as you know neither Captain
‘ *James* nor *Miss Bath*, it is scarce worth
‘ telling you, that an Affection, which
‘ afterwards ended in a Marriage, began
‘ now to appear between them, in which
‘ it may appear odd to you that I made
‘ the first Discovery of the Lady’s Flame,
‘ and my Wife of the Captain’s.

‘ The seventeenth Day after our Arrival
‘ at *Paris*, I received a Letter from the
‘ Doctor, which I have in my Pocket-book;
‘ and if you please I will read it you: for I
‘ would not willingly do any Injury to his
‘ Words.

The

The Lady, you may easily believe, desired to hear the Letter, and *Booth* read it as follows.

“ My dear Children,

“ **F**OR I will now call you so, as you
“ have neither of you now any other
“ Parent in this World. Of this melan-
“ choly News I should have sent you
“ earlier Notice, if I had thought you
“ ignorant of it, or indeed if I had known
“ whither to have writ. If your Sister hath
“ received any Letters from you, she hath
“ kept them a Secret, and perhaps out of
“ Affection to you hath repositied them in
“ the same Place where she keeps her
“ Goodness, and, what I am afraid is
“ much dearer to her, her Money. The
“ Reports concerning you have been
“ various; so is always the Case in Mat-
“ ters where Men are ignorant: for when
“ no Man knows what the Truth is, every
“ Man thinks himself at Liberty to report
“ what he pleases. Those who wish you
“ well, Son *Booth*, say simply that you are
“ dead; others that you ran away from
“ the Siege, and was cashiered. As for
“ my Daughter, all agree that she is a Saint
“ above;

“ above ; and there are not wanting those
 “ who hint that her Husband sent her
 “ thither. From this Beginning you will
 “ expect, I suppose, better News than I
 “ am going to tell you ; but pray, my
 “ dear Children, why may not I, who
 “ have always laughed at my own Af-
 “ flictions, laugh at yours, without the
 “ Censure of much Malevolence ? I wish
 “ you could learn this Temper from me ;
 “ for, take my Word for it, nothing truer
 “ ever came from the Mouth of a Heathen
 “ than that Sentence,

“ — *Leve fit quod bene fertur Onus* *.

“ And tho’ I must confess, I never
 “ thought *Aristotle* (whom I do not take
 “ for so great a Blockhead as some who
 “ have never read him) doth not very well
 “ resolve the Doubt which he hath raised
 “ in his *Ethics*, *viz.* How can a Man in
 “ the Midst of King *Priam*’s Misfortunes
 “ be called happy ? yet I have long thought
 “ that there is no Calamity so great that a
 “ Christian Philosopher may not reasonably
 “ laugh at it. If the Heathen *Cicero*,
 “ doubting of Immortality (for so wise a
 “ Man must have doubted of that which
 “ had such slender Arguments to support
 “ it) could assert it as the Office of Wil-

* The Burden becomes light by being well born.

“ dom *Humanas res despiciere atque infra se*
 “ *positas arbitrari* *.

“ Which Passage, with much more to
 “ the same Purpose, you will find in the
 “ Third Book of his *Tusculan Questions*.

“ With how much greater Confidence
 “ may a good Christian despise and even
 “ deride all temporary and even transitory
 “ Evils! If the poor Wretch, who is
 “ trudging on to his miserable Cottage,
 “ can laugh at the Storms and Tempests,
 “ the Rain and Whirlwinds which sur-
 “ round him, while his richest Hope is
 “ only that of Rest, how much more
 “ cheerfully must a Man pass through
 “ such transient Evils whose Spirits are
 “ buoyed up with the certain Expectation
 “ of finding a noble Palace, and the most
 “ sumptuous Entertainment ready to re-
 “ ceive him? I do not much like the Si-
 “ mile; but I cannot think of a better.
 “ And yet, inadequate as the Simile is, we
 “ may, I think, from the Actions of Man-
 “ kind, conclude that they will consider it
 “ as much too strong; for in the Case I
 “ have put off the Entertainment, is there

* To look down on all human Affairs as Matters below his Consideration.

“ any

“ any Man so tender or poor-spirited as
“ not to despise and often to deride the
“ fiercest of those Inclemencies which I
“ have mentioned? but in our Journey to
“ the glorious Mansions of everlasting Bliss,
“ how severely is every little Rub, every
“ trifling Accident lamented; and if For-
“ tune showers down any of her heavier
“ Storms upon us, how wretched do we
“ presently appear to ourselves and to
“ others! The Reason of this can be no
“ other than that we are not in Earnest in
“ our Faith; at the best we think with
“ too little Attention on this our great
“ Concern. While the most paultry Mat-
“ ters of this World, even those pitiful
“ Trifles, those childish Gewgaws, Riches
“ and Honours, are transacted with the
“ utmost Earnestness, and most serious
“ Application, the grand and weighty Af-
“ fair of Immortality is postponed and
“ disregarded, nor ever brought into the
“ least Competition with our Affairs here.
“ If one of my Cloth should begin a Dif-
“ course of Heaven in the Scenes of Business
“ or Pleasure; in the *Court of Requests*, at
“ *Garaway's* or at *White's*, would he gain
“ a Hearing, unless perhaps of some sorry
“ Jester who would desire to ridicule him?
“ Would he not presently acquire the Name
“ of the mad Parson, and be thought by
“ all

“ all Men worthy of *Bedlam*? Or would
 “ he not be treated as the *Romans* treated
 “ their *Aretalogi**, and considered in the
 “ Light of a Buffoon. But why should
 “ I mention those Places of Hurry and
 “ worldly Pursuit?—What Attention do
 “ we engage even in the Pulpit? Here, if
 “ a Sermon be prolonged a little beyond
 “ the usual Hour, doth it not set half the
 “ Audience asleep? as I question not I have
 “ by this Time both my Children.—Well
 “ then, like a good-natured Surgeon, who
 “ prepares his Patient for a painful Opera-
 “ tion, by endeavouring as much as he
 “ can to deaden his Sensation, I will now
 “ communicate to you, in your slumbring
 “ Condition, the News with which I
 “ threatened you. Your good Mother,
 “ you are to know, is dead at last, and hath
 “ left her whole Fortune to her elder
 “ Daughter.—This is all the ill News I
 “ have to tell you. Confess now, if you
 “ are awake, did you not expect it was
 “ much worse? Did not you apprehend
 “ that your charming Child was dead?
 “ Not in the least so, he is in per-
 “ fect Health, and the Admiration of
 “ every Body; what is more, he will

* A Set of beggarly Philosophers, who diverted Great Men at their Table with burlesque Discourses on Virtue.

“ be taken Care of, with the Tenderness
 “ of a Parent, till your Return. What
 “ Pleasure must this give you! If indeed
 “ any thing can add to the Happiness of
 “ a married Couple, who are extremely
 “ and deservedly fond of each other, and
 “ as you write me, in perfect Health. A
 “ superstitious Heathen would have dreaded
 “ the Malice of *Nemesis* in your Situation;
 “ but as I am a Christian I shall venture
 “ to add another Circumstance to your
 “ Felicity, by assuring you that you have
 “ besides your Wife a faithful and zealous
 “ Friend.—Do not therefore, my dear
 “ Children, fall into that Fault which the
 “ excellent *Thucydides* observes, is too com-
 “ mon in human Nature, *to bear heavily*
 “ *the being deprived of the smaller Good, with-*
 “ *out conceiving at the same time any Grati-*
 “ *tude for the much greater Blessings which*
 “ *we are suffered to enjoy.* I have only farther
 “ to tell you, my Son, that when you call
 “ at Mr. *Morand's, Rue Dauphine,* you will
 “ find yourself worth a hundred Pounds.
 “ Good Heaven! how much richer are
 “ you than Millions of People who are in
 “ want of nothing! Farewel, and know
 “ me for

“ Your sincere and affectionate Friend.”

‘ There,

‘ There, Madam,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ how do
‘ you like the Letter ?’

‘ Oh ! extremely,’ answered she, ‘ the
‘ Doctor is a charming Man, I always
‘ loved dearly to hear him preach. I re-
‘ member to have heard of Mrs. *Harris*’s
‘ Death above a Year before I left the
‘ Country ; but never knew the Particulars
‘ of her Will before. I am extremely
‘ sorry for it, upon my Honour.’

‘ Oh fy ! Madam,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ have
‘ you so soon forgot the chief Purport of
‘ the Doctor’s Letter ?’

‘ Ay ay,’ cried she, ‘ these are very
‘ pretty Things to read, I acknowledge ;
‘ but the Loss of Fortune is a serious
‘ Matter ; and I am sure a Man of Mr.
‘ *Booth*’s Understanding must think so.’
‘ One Consideration, I must own, Madam,’
answered he, ‘ a good deal baffled all the
‘ Doctor’s Arguments. This was the
‘ Concern for my little growing Family,
‘ who must one Day feel the Loss ; nor
‘ was I so easy upon *Amelia*’s Account as
‘ upon my own, tho’ she herself put on the
‘ utmost Chearfulness, and stretched her In-
‘ vention

‘vention to the utmost to comfort me.—
 ‘But sure, Madam, there is something
 ‘in the Doctor’s Letter to admire beyond
 ‘the Philosophy of it; what think you of
 ‘that easy, generous, friendly Manner in
 ‘which he sent me the hundred Pounds?’

‘Very noble and great indeed,’ replied
 she ‘but pray go on with your Story; for
 ‘I long to hear the whole.’

C H A P. XI.

*In which Mr. Booth relates his Return to
 England.*

‘NOTHING remarkable, as I re-
 ‘member, happened during our
 ‘Stay at *Paris*, which we left soon after
 ‘and came to *London*. Here we rested
 ‘only two Days, and then, taking Leave
 ‘of our Fellow-travellers, we set out for
 ‘*Wiltshire*, my Wife being so impatient to
 ‘see the Child, which she had left behind
 ‘her, that the Child she carried with her
 ‘was almost killed with the Fatigue of the
 ‘Journey.

‘We arrived at our Inn late in the
 ‘Evening. *Amelia*, tho’ she had no great
 ‘Reason to be pleased with any Part of her

‘ Sister’s Behaviour, resolv’d to behave to
‘ her, as if nothing wrong had ever hap-
‘ pened. She therefore sent a kind Note to
‘ her the Moment of our Arrival, giving
‘ her her Option whether she would come to
‘ us at the Inn, or whether we should that
‘ Evening wait on her. The Servant, after
‘ waiting an Hour, brought us an Answer,
‘ excusing her from coming to us so late, as
‘ she was disordered with a Cold, and de-
‘ siring my Wife by no Means to think of
‘ venturing out after the Fatigue of her Jour-
‘ ney, saying, she would on that Account
‘ defer the great Pleasure of seeing her
‘ till the Morning, without taking any more
‘ Notice of your humble Servant, than if
‘ no such Person had been in the World,
‘ tho’ I had very civilly sent my Compli-
‘ ments to her. I should not mention this
‘ Trifle, if it was not to shew you the Na-
‘ ture of the Woman, and that it will be a
‘ kind of Key to her future Conduct.

‘ When the Servant returned, the good
‘ Doctor, who had been with us almost all
‘ the time of his Absence, hurried us away
‘ to his House, where we presently found
‘ a Supper and a Bed prepared for us. My
‘ Wife was eagerly desirous to see her
‘ Child that Night; but the Doctor
‘ would

‘ would not suffer it; and as he was at Nurse
‘ at a distant Part of the Town, and the
‘ Doctor assured her he had seen him in
‘ perfect Health that Evening, she suffered
‘ herself at last to be dissuaded.

‘ We spent that Evening in the most
‘ agreeable Manner: for the Doctor’s Wit
‘ and Humour, joined to the highest
‘ Chearfulness and Good-nature, made him
‘ the most agreeable Companion in the
‘ World; and he was now in the highest
‘ Spirits, which he was pleased to place to
‘ our Account. We sat together to a very
‘ late Hour: for so excellent is my Wife’s
‘ Constitution, that she declared she was
‘ scarce sensible of any Fatigue from her
‘ late Journies.

‘ *Amelia* slept not a Wink all Night, and
‘ in the Morning early the Doctor accom-
‘ panied us to the little Infant. The
‘ Transports we felt on this Occasion are
‘ really unspeakable, nor can any but a
‘ fond Parent conceive, I am certain, the
‘ least Idea of them. Our Imaginations
‘ suggested a hundred agreeable Circum-
‘ stances, none of which had perhaps any
‘ Foundation. We made Words and
‘ Meaning out of every Sound, and in
‘ every

‘ every Feature found out some Resem-
‘ blance to my *Amelia*, as she did to me.

‘ But I ask your Pardon for dwelling
‘ on such Incidents; and will proceed to
‘ Scenes which to most Persons will be
‘ more entertaining.

‘ We went hence to pay a Visit to Miss
‘ *Harris*, whose Reception of us was, I
‘ think, truly ridiculous; and as you
‘ know the Lady, I will endeavour to de-
‘ scribe it particularly. At our first Ar-
‘ rival we were ushered into a Parlour,
‘ where we were suffered to wait almost an
‘ Hour. At length the Lady of the House ap-
‘ peared in deep Mourning, with a Face,
‘ if possible, more dismal than her Dress,
‘ in which, however, there was every Ap-
‘ pearance of Art. Her Features were
‘ indeed skrewed up to the very Height of
‘ Grief. With this Face, and in the most
‘ solemn Gait, she approached *Amelia*, and
‘ coldly saluted her. After which she
‘ made me a very distant formal Courtesy,
‘ and we all sat down. A short Silence
‘ now ensued, which Miss *Harris* at length
‘ broke, with a deep Sigh, and said,
‘ “ Sister, here is a great Alteration in this
‘ “ Place since you saw it last; Heaven hath
‘ VOL. I. N “ been

“ been pleased to take my poor Mother to
 “ itself.”—(Here she wiped her Eyes, and
 then continued) “ I hope I know my Duty,
 “ and have learned a proper Resignation
 “ to the divine Will ; but something is to
 “ be allowed to Grief for the best of Mo-
 “ thers ; for so she was to us both : and if
 “ at last she made any Distinction, she must
 “ have had her Reasons for so doing. I am
 “ sure I can truly say I never wished, much
 “ less desired it.” ‘ The Tears now stood in
 ‘ poor *Amelia’s* Eyes ; indeed she had paid
 ‘ too many already for the Memory of so
 ‘ unnatural a Parent. She answered with
 ‘ the Sweetness of an Angel, that she was
 ‘ far from blaming her Sister’s Emotions
 ‘ on so tender an Occasion ; that she heartily
 ‘ joined with her in her Grief : for that
 ‘ nothing which her Mother had done in
 ‘ the latter Part of her Life, could efface
 ‘ the Remembrance of that Tenderness
 ‘ which she had formerly shewn her. Her
 ‘ Sister caught hold of the Word Efface,
 ‘ and rung the Changes upon it.—“ Ef-
 “ face !” cried she, “ O Miss *Emily* (for
 “ you must not expect me to repeat Names
 “ that will be for ever odious) I wish in-
 “ deed every thing could be effaced.—
 “ Effaced ! O that that was possible ; we
 “ might then have still enjoyed my poor
 “ Mother :

“ Mother : for I am convinced she never
 “ recovered her Grief on a certain Occa-
 “ sion.”—Thus she ran on, and after
 ‘ many bitter Strokes upon her Sister, at
 ‘ last directly charged her Mother’s Death
 ‘ on my Marriage with *Amelia*. I could
 ‘ be silent then no longer. I reminded her
 ‘ of the perfect Reconciliation between us
 ‘ before my Departure, and the great
 ‘ Fondness which she expressed for me;
 ‘ nor could I help saying in very plain
 ‘ Terms, that if she had ever changed
 ‘ her Opinion of me, as I was not
 ‘ conscious of having deserved such a
 ‘ Change by my own Behaviour, I was
 ‘ well convinced to whose good Offices I
 ‘ owed it. Guilt hath very quick Ears to
 ‘ an Accusation. Miss *Harris* immediately
 ‘ answered to the Charge. She said such
 ‘ Suspicions were no more than she expect-
 ‘ ed ; that they were of a Piece with every
 ‘ other Part of my Conduct, and gave
 ‘ her one Consolation, that they served
 ‘ to account for her Sister *Emily*’s Un-
 ‘ kindness, as well to herself as to her poor
 ‘ deceased Mother, and in some Measure
 ‘ lessened the Guilt of it with Regard to
 ‘ her, since it was not easy to know how
 ‘ far a Woman is in the Power of her
 ‘ Husband. My dear *Amelia* reddened at

“ this Reflexion on me; and begged her
“ Sister to name any single Instance of Un-
“ kindness or Disrespect, in which she had
“ ever offended. To this the other an-
“ swered, (I am sure I repeat her Words,
“ tho’ I cannot mimic either the Voice or
“ Air with which they were spoken)—
“ Pray, Miss *Emily*, which is to be the
“ Judge, yourself or that Gentleman? I
“ remember the time when I could have
“ trusted to your Judgment in any Affair;
“ but you are now no longer Mistress of
“ yourself, and are not answerable for your
“ Actions. Indeed it is my constant Prayer
“ that your Actions may not be imputed to
“ you.---It was the constant Prayer of that
“ blessed Woman, my dear Mother, who
“ is now a Saint above; a Saint whose
“ Name I can never mention without a
“ Tear, tho’ I find you can hear it with-
“ out one.---I cannot help observing some
“ Concern on so melancholy an Occasion;
“ it seems due to Decency; but perhaps (for
“ I always wish to excuse you) you are
“ forbid to cry.” The Idea of being bid or
“ forbid to cry struck so strongly on my
“ Fancy, that Indignation only could have
“ prevented me from laughing. But my
“ Narrative, I am afraid, begins to grow
“ tedious.---In short, after hearing, for near
“ an

‘ an Hour, every malicious Insinuation
 ‘ which a fertile Genius could invent, we
 ‘ took our Leave, and separated as Persons
 ‘ who would never willingly meet again.

‘ The next Morning, after this Inter-
 ‘ view, *Amelia* received a long Letter from
 ‘ Miss *Harris*; in which, after many bitter
 ‘ Invectives against me, she excused her
 ‘ Mother, alledging that she had been
 ‘ driven to do as she did, in order to
 ‘ prevent *Amelia*’s Ruin, if her Fortune had
 ‘ fallen into my Hands. She likewise very
 ‘ remotely hinted that she would be only a
 ‘ Trustee for her Sister’s Children, and told
 ‘ her, that on one Condition only she would
 ‘ consent to live with her as a Sister.
 ‘ This was, if she could by any Means
 ‘ be separated from that Man, as she was
 ‘ pleased to call me, who had caused so
 ‘ much Mischief in the Family.

‘ I was so enraged at this Usage, that
 ‘ had not *Amelia* intervened, I believe I
 ‘ should have applied to a Magistrate for
 ‘ a Search-warrant for that Picture, which
 ‘ there was so much Reason to suspect she
 ‘ had stolen; and which, I am convinced,
 ‘ upon a Search, we should have found
 ‘ in her Possession.’

‘ Nay, it is possible enough,’ cries Miss *Mathews*; ‘ for I believe there is no Wick-
‘ edness of which the Lady is not capable.’

‘ This agreeable Letter was succeeded by
‘ another of the like comfortable kind,
‘ which informed me that the Company in
‘ which I was, being an additional one
‘ raised in the Beginning of the War, was
‘ reduced; so that I was now a Lieutenant
‘ on Half-pay.

‘ Whilst we were meditating on our
‘ present Situation, the good Doctor came
‘ to us. When we related to him the
‘ Manner in which my Sister had treated
‘ us, he cried out, “ Poor Soul! I pity
‘ her heartily;” for this is the severest Re-
‘ sentment he ever expresses; indeed I have
‘ often heard him say, that a wicked Soul
‘ is the greatest Object of Compassion in
‘ the World.’----A Sentiment which we
shall leave the Reader a little time to di-
gest.

CHAP.

C H A P. XII.

In which Mr. Booth concludes his Story.

‘ THE next Day the Doctor set out
 ‘ for his Parsonage, which was about
 ‘ thirty Miles distant, whither *Amelia* and
 ‘ myself accompanied him, and where
 ‘ we stayed with him all the Time of his
 ‘ Residence there, being almost three
 ‘ Months.

‘ The Situation of the Parish under my
 ‘ good Friend’s Care is very pleasant. It
 ‘ is placed among Meadows washed by a
 ‘ clear Trout Stream, and flanked on both
 ‘ Sides with Downs. His House indeed
 ‘ would not much attract the Admiration
 ‘ of the Virtuoso. He built it himself,
 ‘ and it is remarkable only for its Plain-
 ‘ ness; with which the Furniture so well
 ‘ agrees, that there is no one thing in it that
 ‘ may not be absolutely necessary, except
 ‘ Books, and the Prints of Mr. *Hogarth*,
 ‘ whom he calls a moral Painter, and says
 ‘ no Clergyman should be without all his
 ‘ Works, in the Knowledge of which he
 ‘ would have him instruct his Parishioners,
 ‘ as he himself often doth.

‘ Nothing, however, can be imagined
‘ more agreeable than the Life that the
‘ Doctor leads in this homely House, which
‘ he calls his earthly Paradise. All his
‘ Parishioners, whom he treats as his
‘ Children, regard him as their common
‘ Father. Once in a Week he constantly
‘ visits every House in the Parish, ex-
‘ amines, commends, and rebukes, as he
‘ finds Occasion. This is practised like-
‘ wise by his Curate in his Absence; and so
‘ good an Effect is produced by this their
‘ Care, that no Quarrels ever proceed
‘ either to Blows or Law-suits; no Beggar
‘ is to be found in the whole Parish; nor
‘ did I ever hear a very profane Oath all
‘ the Time I lived in it.

‘ But to return, from so agreeable a Di-
‘ gression, to my own Affairs, that are
‘ much less worth your Attention. In the
‘ midst of all the Pleasures I tasted in this
‘ sweet Place, and in the most delightful
‘ Company, the Woman and Man whom
‘ I loved above all Things, melancholy Re-
‘ flexions concerning my unhappy Circum-
‘ stances would often steal into my Thoughts.
‘ My Fortune was now reduced to less
‘ than Forty Pounds a Year; I had already

“ mission ; but my Daughter seems to have
“ a violent Objection to it ; and to be plain,
“ I fancy you yourself will find no Glory
“ make you amends for your Absence from
“ her. And for my Part,” said he, “ I
“ never think those Men wise who for any
“ worldly Interest forego the greatest Hap-
“ piness of their Lives. If I mistake not,”
“ said he, “ a Country Life, where you
“ could be always together, would make
“ you both much happier People.”

‘ I answered, that of all Things I pre-
‘ ferred it most ; and I believed *Amelia*
‘ was of the same Opinion.

‘ The Doctor, after a little Hesitation,
‘ proposed to me to turn Farmer, and
‘ offered to let me his Parsonage, which
‘ was then become vacant. He said, it was
‘ a Farm which required but little Stock,
‘ and that little should not be wanting.

‘ I embraced this Offer very eagerly,
‘ and with great Thankfulness, and im-
‘ mediately repaired to *Amelia* to commu-
‘ nicate it to her, and to know her Senti-
‘ ments.

‘ *Amelia*

‘ *Amelia* received the News with the
‘ highest Transports of Joy; she said that
‘ her greatest Fear had always been of my
‘ entering again into the Army. She was
‘ so kind as to say, that all Stations of Life
‘ were equal to her, unless as one af-
‘ farded her more of my Company than
‘ another.’ “ And as to our Children,”
‘ said she,’ “ let us breed them up to an
“ humble Fortune; and they will be con-
“ tented with it: For none,” ‘ added my
‘ Angel,’ “ deserve Happiness, or indeed,
“ are capable of it, who make any parti-
“ cular Station a necessary Ingredient.”

‘ Thus, Madam, you see me degraded
‘ from my former Rank in Life; no longer
‘ Captain *Booth*, but Farmer *Booth* at your
‘ Service.

‘ During my first Year’s Continuance in
‘ this new Scene of Life, nothing, I think,
‘ remarkable happened; the History of
‘ one Day would, indeed, be the History
‘ of the whole Year.’

‘ Well, pray then,’ said Miss *Mathews*,
‘ do let us hear the History of that Day;
‘ I have a strange Curiosity to know how
‘ you

‘ you could kill your Time ; and do, if
 ‘ possible, find out the very best Day you
 ‘ can.’

‘ If you command me, Madam,’ answered *Booth*, ‘ you must yourself be ac-
 ‘ countable for the Dulness of the Narra-
 ‘ tive. Nay, I believe, you have imposed
 ‘ a very difficult Task on me ; for the great-
 ‘ est Happiness is incapable of Descrip-
 ‘ tion.’

‘ Nay, nay,’ replied she, ‘ I can guess at
 ‘ your greatest Happiness, but describe as
 ‘ much as you can.’

‘ I rose then, Madam,” cry’d *Booth*,——

‘ O the Moment you waked, undoubted-
 ‘ ly,’ said Miss *Mathews*.——

‘ Perhaps not so, Madam,’ said he,
 ‘ but usually I rose between Five and
 ‘ Six.’

‘ I will have no *usually*,” cry’d Miss *Ma-
 thews*, you are confined to a Day, and it
 ‘ is to be the best and happiest in the
 ‘ Year.’

‘ Nay,

‘ Nay, Madam,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ then I
‘ must tell you the Day in which *Amelia*
‘ was brought to Bed, after a painful and
‘ dangerous Labour; for that I think
‘ was the happiest Day of my Life.’

‘ I protest,’ said she, ‘ you are become
‘ Farmer *Booth*, indeed. What a Happi-
‘ nefs have you painted to my Imagina-
‘ tion! You put me in Mind of a News-
‘ Paper, where my Lady such-a-one is de-
‘ livered of a Son, to the great Joy of
‘ some illustrious Family.

‘ Why then, I do assure you, Miss *Ma-*
‘ *thews*,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ I scarce know a
‘ Circumstance that distinguished one Day
‘ from another. The whole was one con-
‘ tinued Series of Love, Health, and
‘ Tranquillity. Our Lives resembled a
‘ calm Sea.’ —

‘ The dullest of all Ideas,’ cries the
Lady.

‘ I know,’ said he, ‘ it must appear dull
‘ in Description; for who can describe the
‘ Pleasures which the Morning Air gives
‘ to one in perfect Health; the Flow of
‘ Spirits

‘ Spirits which springs up from Exercise ;
 ‘ the Delights which Parents feel from
 ‘ the Prattle, and innocent Follies of their
 ‘ Children ; the Joy with which the ten-
 ‘ der Smile of a Wife inspires a Husband ;
 ‘ or lastly, the chearful, solid Comfort
 ‘ which a fond Couple enjoy in each
 ‘ other’s Conversation.—All these Plea-
 ‘ sures, and every other of which our Si-
 ‘ tuation was capable, we tasted in the
 ‘ highest Degree. Our Happiness was,
 ‘ perhaps, too great ; for Fortune seemed
 ‘ to grow envious of it, and interposed
 ‘ one of the most cruel Accidents that could
 ‘ have befallen us, by robbing us of our
 ‘ dear Friend the Doctor.’

‘ I am sorry for it,’ said Miss *Ma-*
thews. ‘ He was indeed a valuable
 ‘ Man, and I never heard of his Death
 ‘ before.’

‘ Long may it be before any one hears
 ‘ of it,’ cries *Booth.* ‘ He is, indeed,
 ‘ dead to us ; but will, I hope, enjoy
 ‘ many happy Years of Life. You know,
 ‘ Madam, the Obligations he had to his
 ‘ Patron the Earl ; indeed, it was impos-
 ‘ sible to be once in his Company without
 ‘ hear-

' hearing of them; I am sure you will
 ' neither wonder that he was chosen to
 ' attend the young Lord in his Travels as his
 ' Tutor, nor that the good Man, however
 ' disagreeable it might be (as in Fact it was)
 ' to his Inclinations, should comply with
 ' the earnest Request of his Friend and Pa-
 ' tron.

' By this Means I was bereft not only
 ' of the best Companion in the World,
 ' but of the best Counsellor; a Loss of
 ' which I have since felt the bitter Con-
 ' sequence: For no greater Advantage, I
 ' am convinced, can arrive to a young Man
 ' who hath any Degree of Understanding,
 ' than an intimate Converse with one of
 ' riper Years, who is not only able to ad-
 ' vise, but who knows the Manner of ad-
 ' vising. By this means alone Youth can
 ' enjoy the Benefit of the Experience of
 ' Age, and that at a Time of Life when
 ' such Experience will be of more Service
 ' to a Man, than when he hath lived long
 ' enough to acquire it of himself.

' From Want of my sage Counsellor
 ' I now fell into many Errors. The first
 ' of these was in enlarging my Business,
 ' by

‘ by adding a Farm of 100 *l.* a Year to
 ‘ the Parsonage ; in renting which I had
 ‘ also as bad a Bargain as the Doctor had
 ‘ before given me a good one. The Con-
 ‘ sequence of which was, that whereas at
 ‘ the End of the first Year, I was worth
 ‘ upwards of Fourscore Pounds, at the
 ‘ End of the Second, I was near half that
 ‘ Sum worse (as the Phrase is) than no-
 ‘ thing.

‘ A second Folly I was guilty of, in
 ‘ uniting Families with the Curate of the
 ‘ Parish, who had just married, as my
 ‘ Wife and I thought, a very good Sort of
 ‘ a Woman. We had not, however, lived
 ‘ one Month together before I plainly per-
 ‘ ceived this good Sort of Woman had
 ‘ taken a great Prejudice against my *Ame-*
 ‘ *lia* ; for which, if I had not known some-
 ‘ thing of the human Passions, and that
 ‘ high Place which Envy holds among
 ‘ them, I should not have been able
 ‘ to account : For so far was my An-
 ‘ gel from having given her any Cause
 ‘ of Dislike, that she had treated her
 ‘ not only with Civility but Kind-
 ‘ nefs.

‘ Besides

‘ Besides Superiority in Beauty, which,
‘ I believe, all the World would have al-
‘ lowed to *Amelia*, there was ano-
‘ ther Cause of this Envy, which I am
‘ almost ashamed to mention, as it may
‘ well be called my greatest Folly. You
‘ are to know then, Madam, that from a
‘ Boy I had been always fond of driving
‘ a Coach, in which I valued myself on
‘ having some Skill. This, perhaps, was
‘ an innocent, but I allow it to have been
‘ a childish Vanity. As I had an Oppor-
‘ tunity, therefore, of buying an old
‘ Coach and Harnes very cheap, (indeed
‘ they cost me but Twelve Pound) and as
‘ I considered that the same Horses which
‘ drew my Waggon, would likewise draw
‘ my Coach, I resolved on indulging my-
‘ self in the Purchase.

‘ The Consequence of setting up this
‘ poor old Coach is inconceivable. Be-
‘ fore this, as my Wife and myself had
‘ very little distinguished ourselves from
‘ the other Farmers and their Wives, ei-
‘ ther in our Dress, or our Way of Liv-
‘ ing, they treated us as their Equals;
‘ but now they began to consider us as ele-
‘ vating ourselves into a State of Superiori-
‘ ty,

' ty, and immediately began to envy, hate,
 ' and declare War against us. The neigh-
 ' bouring little Squires too were uneasy to
 ' see a poor Renter become their Equal in
 ' a Matter in which they placed so much
 ' Merit; and not doubting but it arose in
 ' me from the same Ostentation, they be-
 ' gan to hate me likewise, and to turn my
 ' Equipage into Ridicule; asserting that
 ' my Horses, which were as well matched
 ' as any in the Kingdom, were of different
 ' Colours and Sizes; with much more of
 ' that Kind of Wit, the only Basis of which
 ' is lying.

' But what will appear most surprizing
 ' to you, Madam, was, that the Curate's
 ' Wife, who being lame, had more Use
 ' of the Coach than my *Amelia*, (indeed,
 ' she seldom went to Church in any other
 ' Manner) was one of my bitterest Ene-
 ' mies on the Occasion. If she had ever
 ' any Dispute with *Amelia*, which all the
 ' Sweetness of my poor Girl could not
 ' sometimes avoid, she was sure to intro-
 ' duce with a malicious Sneer; ' *Tho' my*
 ' *Husband doth not keep a Coach, Madam.*
 ' Nay, she took this Opportunity to upbraid
 ' my Wife with the Loss of her Fortune, at-
 ' ledging; ' *That some Folks might have*
 ' *had*

‘ had as good Pretensions to a Coach as other
‘ Folks, and a better too, as they brought a
‘ better Fortune to their Husbands. But
‘ that all People had not the Art of making
‘ Brick without Straw.’

‘ You will wonder, perhaps, Madam,
‘ how I can remember such Stuff, which,
‘ indeed, was a long time only Matter of
‘ Amusement to both *Amelia* and myself;
‘ but we, at last, experienced the mis-
‘ chievous Nature of Envy, and that it
‘ tends rather to produce tragical than co-
‘ mical Events. My Neighbours now
‘ began to conspire against me. They
‘ nick-named me in Derision, THE SQUIRE
‘ FARMER. Whatever I bought, I was sure
‘ to buy dearer; and when I sold, I was
‘ obliged to sell cheaper than any other.
‘ In fact, they were all united; and while
‘ they every Day committed Trespasses on
‘ my Lands with Impunity, if any of my
‘ Cattle escaped into their Fields, I was
‘ either forced to enter into a Law-suit, or
‘ to make amends four-fold for the Damage
‘ sustained.

‘ The Consequences of all this could be
‘ no other than that Ruin which ensued.
‘ Without tiring you with Particulars, be-
‘ fore

' fore the End of four Years, I became in-
 ' volved in Debt near 300*l.* more than
 ' the Value of all my Effects. My Land-
 ' lord seized my Stock for Rent; and to
 ' avoid immediate Confinement in Prison,
 ' I was forced to leave the Country, with
 ' all that I hold dear in the World, my
 ' Wife, and my poor little Family.

' In this Condition, I arrived in Town
 ' five or six Days ago. I had just taken
 ' a Lodging in the Verge of the Court,
 ' and had writ my dear *Amelia* word,
 ' where she might find me, when she had
 ' settled her Affairs in the best Manner she
 ' could. That very Evening, as I was re-
 ' turning Home from a Coffee-house, a
 ' Fray happening in the Street, I endea-
 ' vour'd to assist the injured Party, when
 ' I was seized by the Watch, and after being
 ' confined all Night in the Round-House,
 ' was conveyed in the Morning before a
 ' Justice of Peace, who committed me
 ' hither; where I should probably have
 ' starved, had I not, from your Hands,
 ' found a most unaccountable Preservation.
 ' —And here, give me leave to assure
 ' you, my dear Miss *Matbews*, that what-
 ' ever Advantage I may have reaped from
 ' your Misfortune, I sincerely lament it ;
 ' nor

‘ nor would I have purchas’d any Relief
‘ to myself at the Price of seeing you in
‘ this dreadful Place.’

He spake these last Words with great
Tendernefs: For he was a Man of con-
summate Good-nature, and had formerly
had much Affection for this young Lady;
indeed, more than the Generality of People
are capable of entertaining for any Person
whatsoever.

The END of VOL. I.



