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THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING
Volume 4

H. Fielding, Esq.

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TOM JONES

VOL IV

1749.

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THE HISTORY OF *TOM JONES*, A FOUNDLING.

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VOL. IV.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

——*Mores hominum multorum vidit*——

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THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK X.

In which the History goes forward about Twelve Hours.

CHAP. I.

Containing Instructions very necessary to be perused by modern Critics.

READER, it is impossible we should know what Sort of Person thou wilt be: For, perhaps, thou may'st be as learned in Human Nature as

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Shakeſpear himſelf was, and, perhaps, thou may'ſt be no wiſer than ſome of his Editors. Now leſt this latter ſhould be the Caſe, we think proper, before we go any farther together, to give thee a few wholeſome Admonitions; that thou may'ſt not as groſly miſunderſtand and miſrepreſent us, as ſome of the ſaid Editors have miſunderſtood and miſrepreſented their Author.

Firſt, then, we warn thee not too haſtily to condemn any of the Incidents in this our Hiſtory, as impertinent and foreign to our main Deſign, becauſe thou doſt not immediately conceive in what Manner ſuch Incident may conduce to that Deſign. This Work may, indeed, be conſidered as a great Creation of our own; and for a little Reptile of a Critic to preſume to find Fault with any of its Parts, without knowing the Manner in which the Whole is connected, and before he comes to the final Cataſtrophe, is a moſt preſumptuous Abſurdity. The Alluſion and Metaphor we have here made uſe of, we muſt acknowledge to be

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be infinitely too great for our Occaſion, but there is, indeed, no other, which is at all adequate to expreſs the Difference between an Author of the firſt Rate, and a Critic of the loweſt.

Another Caution we would give thee, my good Reptile, is, that thou doſt not find out too near a Reſemblance between certain Characters here introduced; as for Inſtance, between the Landlady who appears in the Seventh Book, and her in the Ninth. Thou art to know, Friend, that there are certain Characteriſtics, in which moſt Individuals of every Profeſſion and Occupation agree. To be able to preſerve theſe Characteriſtics, and at the ſame Time to diverſify their Operations, is one Talent of a good Writer. Again, to mark the nice Diſtinction between two Perſons actuated by the ſame Vice or Folly is another; and as this laſt Talent is found in very few Writers, ſo is the true Diſcernment of it found in as few Readers; though, I believe, the Obſervation of this forms a very principal Pleaſure in thoſe who are capable of the Diſcovery: Every Perſon, for Inſtance, can diſtinguiſh between Sir *Epicure Mammon*, and Sir *Fopling Flutter*; but to note the Difference between Sir *Fopling Flutter*

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ter and Sir *Courtly Nice*, requires a more exquisite Judgment: For want of which, vulgar Spectators of Plays very often do great Injustice in the Theatre; where I have sometimes known a Poet in Danger of being convicted as a Thief, upon much worse Evidence than the Resemblance of Hands hath been held to be in the Law. In reality, I apprehend every amorous Widow on the Stage would run the Hazard of being condemned as a servile Imitation of *Dido*, but that happily very few of our Play-house Critics understand enough of *Latin* to read *Virgil*.

In the next Place, we must admonish thee, my worthy Friend, (for, perhaps, thy Heart may be better than thy Head) not to condemn a Character as a bad one, because it is not perfectly a good one. If thou dost delight in these Models of Perfection, there are Books enow written to gratify thy Taste; but as we have not, in the Course of our Conversation, ever happened to meet with any such Person, we have not chosen to introduce any such here. To say the Truth, I a little question whether mere Man ever arrived at this consummate Degree of Excellence, as well

as

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as whether there hath ever exiſted a Monſter bad enough to verify that

———*nulla virtute redemptum*
A vitiis——— *

in *Juvenal:* Nor do I, indeed, conceive the good Purpoſes ſerved by inſerting Characters of ſuch angelic Perfection, or ſuch diabolical Depravity, in any Work of Invention: Since from contemplating either, the Mind of Man is more likely to be overwhelmed with Sorrow and Shame, than to draw any good Uſes from ſuch Patterns; for in the former Inſtance he may be both concerned and aſhamed to ſee a Pattern of Excellence, in his Nature, which he may reaſonably deſpair of ever arriving at; and in contemplating the latter, he may be no leſs affected with thoſe uneaſy Senſations, at ſeeing the Nature, of which he is a Partaker, degraded into ſo odious and deteſtable a Creature.

In Fact, if there be enough of Goodneſs in a Character to engage the Admiration and Affection of a well-diſpoſed Mind, though there ſhould appear ſome of thoſe little Blemiſhes, *quas humana parum cavit natura*, they will raiſe our Compaſſion ra-

* Whoſe Vices are not allayed with a ſingle Virtue?

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ther than our Abhorrence. Indeed, nothing can be of more moral Uſe than the Imperfections which are ſeen in Examples of this Kind; ſince ſuch form a Kind of Surprize, more apt to affect and dwell upon our Minds, than the Faults of very vicious and wicked Perſons. The Foibles and Vices of Men in whom there is great Mixture of Good, become more glaring Objects, from the Virtues which contraſt them, and ſhew their Deformity; and when we find ſuch Vices attended with their evil Conſequence to our favourite Characters, we are not only taught to ſhun them for our own Sake, but to hate them for the Miſchiefs they have already brought on thoſe we love.

And now, my Friend, having given you theſe few Admonitions, we will, if you pleaſe, once more ſet forward with our Hiſtory.

CHAP.

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CHAP. II.

Containing the Arrival of an Iriſh *Gentleman, with very extraordinary Adventures which enſued at the Inn.*

NOW the little trembling Hare, whom the Dread of all her numerous Enemies, and chiefly of that cunning, cruel, carnivorous Animal Man, had confined all the Day to her Lurking-place, ſports wantonly o'er the Lawns: Now on ſome hollow Tree the Owl, ſhrill Choriſter of the Night, hoots forth Notes which might charm the Ears of ſome modern Conoiſſeurs in Muſic: Now in the Imagination of the half drunk Clown, as he ſtaggers through the Church-yard, or rather Charnel-yard, to his Home, Fear paints the bloody Hobgoblin: Now Thieves and Ruffians are awake, and honeſt Watchmen faſt aſleep: In plain *Engliſh*, it was now Midnight; and the Company at the Inn, as well thoſe who have been already mentioned in this Hiſtory, as ſome others who arrived in the Evening, were all in Bed. *Suſan* Chambermaid, was now only ſtirring, ſhe being obliged to waſh the Kitchin, before ſhe

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ſhe retired to the Arms of the fond, expecting Oſtler.

In this Poſture were Affairs at the Inn, when a Gentleman arrived there Poſt. He immediately alighted from his Horſe, and coming up to *Suſan*, enquired of her, in a very abrupt and confuſed Manner, being almoſt out of Breath with Eagerneſs, whether there was any Lady in the Houſe. The Hour of Night, and the Behaviour of the Man, who ſtared very wildly all the Time, a little ſurprized *Suſan*, ſo that ſhe heſitated before ſhe made any Anſwer: Upon which the Gentleman, with redoubled Eagerneſs, begg'd her to give him a true Information, ſaying, he had loſt his Wife, and was come in Purſuit of her. 'Upon my Shoul, cries he, I have been 'near catching her already in two or three 'Places, if I had not found her gone juſt 'as I came up with her.

'If ſhe be in the Houſe, do carry me 'up in the Dark and ſhew her to me; and 'if ſhe be gone away before me, do tell 'me which Way I ſhall go after her to 'meet her, and upon my Shoul, I will 'make you the richeſt poor Woman in 'the Nation.' He then pulled out a Hand-

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Handful of Guineas, a Sight which would have bribed Perſons of much greater Conſequence than this poor Wench, to much worſe Purpoſes.

Suſan, from the Account ſhe had received of Mrs. *Waters*, made not the leaſt Doubt but that ſhe was the very identical Stray whom the right Owner purſued. As ſhe concluded, therefore, with great Appearance of Reaſon, that ſhe never could get Money in an honeſter Way than by reſtoring a Wife to her Huſband, ſhe made no Scruple of aſſuring the Gentleman, that the Lady he wanted was then in the Houſe, and was preſently afterward prevailed upon (by very liberal Promiſes, and ſome Earneſt paid into her Hands) to conduct him to the Bed-chamber of Mrs. *Waters*.

It hath been a Cuſtom long eſtabliſhed in the polite World, and that upon very ſolid and ſubſtantial Reaſons, that a Huſband ſhall never enter his Wife's Apartment without firſt knocking at the Door. The many excellent Uſes of this Cuſtom need ſcarce be hinted to a Reader who hath any Knowledge of the World: For by this Means the Lady hath Time to adjuſt herſelf, or to remove any diſagreeable

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Object out of the Way; for there are ſome Situations, in which nice and delicate Women would not be diſcovered by their Huſbands.

To ſay the Truth, there are ſeveral Ceremonies inſtituted among the poliſhed Part of Mankind, which, tho' they may, to coarſer Judgments, appear as Matters of mere Form, are found to have much of Subſtance in them, by the more diſcerning; and lucky would it have been, had the Cuſtom abovementioned been obſerved by our Gentleman in the preſent Inſtance. Knock, indeed, he did at the Door, but not with one of thoſe gentle Raps which is uſual on ſuch Occaſions. On the contrary, when he found the Door locked, he flew at it with ſuch Violence, that the Lock immediately gave Way, the Door burſt open, and he fell headlong into the Room.

He had no ſooner recovered his Legs, than forth from the Bed, upon his Legs likewiſe appeared——with Shame and Sorrow are we obliged to proceed——our Heroe himſelf, who, with a menacing Voice, demanded of the Gentleman who he was, and what he meant by daring to burſt open

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open his Chamber in that outrageous Manner.

The Gentleman at firſt thought he had committed a Miſtake, and was going to aſk Pardon and retreat, when, on a ſudden, as the Moon ſhone very bright, he caſt his Eyes on Stays, Gowns, Petticoats, Caps, Ribbons, Stockings, Garters, Shoes, Clogs, *&c.* all which lay in a diſordered Manner on the Floor. All theſe operating on the natural Jealouſy of his Temper, ſo enraged him, that he loſt all Power of Speech; and without returning any Anſwer to *Jones*, he endeavoured to approach the Bed.

Jones immediately interpoſing, a fierce Contention aroſe, which ſoon proceeded to Blows on both Sides. And now Mrs. *Waters* (for we muſt confeſs ſhe was in the ſame Bed) being, I ſuppoſe, awakened from her Sleep, and ſeeing two Men fighting in her Bedchamber, began to ſcream in the moſt violent Manner, crying out Murder! Robbery! and more frequently Rape! which laſt, ſome, perhaps, may wonder ſhe ſhould mention, who do not conſider that theſe Words of Exclamation are uſed by Ladies in a Fright, as Fa, la, la, ra, da, *&c.* are in Muſic, only

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as the Vehicles of Sound, and without any fixed Ideas.

Next to the Lady's Chamber was depoſited the Body of an *Iriſh* Gentleman, who arrived too late at the Inn to have been mentioned before. This Gentleman was one of thoſe whom the *Iriſh* call a Calabalaro, or Cavalier. He was a younger Brother of a good Family, and having no Fortune at Home, was obliged to look abroad in order to get one: For which Purpoſe he was proceeding to the *Bath* to try his Luck with Cards and the Women.

This young Fellow lay in Bed reading one of Mrs. *Eebn*'s Novels; for he had been inſtructed by a Friend, that he would find no more effectual Method of recommending himſelf to the Ladies than the improving his Underſtanding, and filling his Mind with good Literature. He no ſooner, therefore, heard the violent Uproar in the next Room, than he leapt from his Bolſter, and taking his Sword in one Hand, and the Candle which burnt by him in the other, he went directly to Mrs. *Waters*'s Chamber.

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If the Sight of another Man in his Shirt at first added some Shock to the Decency of the Lady, it made her presently Amends by considerably abating her Fears; for no sooner had the Calabalaro enter'd the Room, than he cry'd out: 'Mr. *Fitzpatrick*, what the 'Devil is the *Maning* of this?' Upon which the other immediately answered, 'O, Mr. *Macklachlan*, I am rejoiced you 'are here,—This Villain hath debauched 'my Wife, and is got into Bed with 'her.'—'What Wife? cries *Macklachlan*, 'do not I know Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* very well, 'and don't I see that the Lady, whom the 'Gentleman who stands here in his Shirt is 'lying in Bed with, is none of her?'

Fitzpatrick now perceiving, as well by the Glimpse he had of the Lady, as by her Voice, which might have been distinguished at a greater Distance than he now stood from her, that he had made a very unfortunate Mistake, began to ask many Pardons of the Lady; and then turning to *Jones* he said, 'I would have you take Notice I do 'not ask your Pardon, for you have *bate* 'me; for which I am resolved to have 'your Blood in the Morning.'

Jones

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Jones treated this Menace with much Contempt; and Mr. *Macklachlan* answered, 'Indeed, Mr. *Fitzpatrick*, you may be 'ashamed of your ownself, to disturb Peo-'ple at this Time of Night: If all the 'People in the Inn were not asleep, you 'would have awakened them as you have 'me. The Gentleman has served you 'very rightly. Upon my Conscience, tho' 'I have no Wife, if you had treated her 'so, I would have cut your Throat.'

Jones was so confounded with his Fears for his Lady's Reputation, that he knew neither what to say or do; but the Invention of Women is, as hath been observed, much readier than that of Men. She recollected that there was a Communication between her Chamber and that of Mr. *Jones*; relying, therefore, on his Honour and her own Assurance, she answered, 'I 'know not what you mean, Villains! I am 'Wife to none of you. Help! Rape! 'Murder! Rape!'—And now the Landlady coming into the Room, Mrs. *Waters* fell upon her with the utmost Virulence, saying, 'She thought herself in a sober 'Inn, and not in a Bawdy-House; but 'that a Set of Villains had broke into her 'Room,

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'Room, with an Intent upon her Honour, 'if not upon her Life; and both, she said, 'were equally dear to her.'

The Landlady now began to roar as loudly as the poor Woman in Bed had done before. She cry'd, 'She was undone, 'and that the Reputation of her House, 'which was never blown upon before, was 'utterly destroyed.' Then turning to the Men, she cry'd, 'What, in the Devil's 'Name, is the Reason of all this Distur-'bance in the Lady's Room?' *Fitzpatrick*, hanging down his Head, repeated, 'that 'he had committed a Mistake, for which 'he heartily asked Pardon,' and then retired with his Countryman. *Jones*, who was too ingenious to have missed the Hint given him by his Fair One, boldly asserted, 'That he had run to her Assistance upon 'hearing the Door broke open; with what 'Design he could not conceive, unless of 'robbing the Lady; which if they intend-'ed, he said, he had had the good For-'tune to prevent.' 'I never had a Rob-'bery committed in my House since I have 'kept it,' cries the Landlady: 'I wou'd have 'you to know, Sir, I harbour no High-'waymen here; I scorn the Word, thof 'I say it. None but honest, good Gen-'tlefolks,

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'tlefolks, are welcome to my Houſe; and, 'I thank good Luck, I have always had 'enow of ſuch Cuſtomers; indeed as many 'as I could entertain. Here hath been my 'Lord——' and then ſhe repeated over a Catalogue of Names and Titles, many of which we might, perhaps, be guilty of a Breach of Privilege by inſerting.

Jones, after much Patience, at length interrupted her, by making an Apology to Mrs. *Waters*, for having appeared before her in his Shirt, aſſuring her, 'That no-'thing but a Concern for her Safety could 'have prevailed on him to do it.' The Reader may inform himſelf of her Anſwer, and, indeed, of her whole Behaviour to the End of the Scene, by conſidering the Situation which ſhe affected, being that of a modeſt Lady, who was awakened out of her Sleep by three ſtrange Men in her Chamber. This was the Part which ſhe undertook to perform; and, indeed, ſhe executed it ſo well, that none of our Theatrical Actreſſes could exceed her, in any of their Performances, either on or off the Stage.

And hence, I think, we may very fairly draw an Argument, to prove how extreme-

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ly natural Virtue is to the Fair Sex: For tho' there is not, perhaps, one in ten thousand who is capable of making a good Actress; and even among these we rarely see two who are equally able to personate the same Character; yet this of Virtue they can all admirably well put on; and as well those Individuals who have it not, as those who possess it, can all act it to the utmost Degree of Perfection.

When the Men were all departed, Mrs. *Waters* recovering from her Fear, recovered likewise from her Anger, and spoke in much gentler Accents to the Landlady, who did not so readily quit her Concern for the Reputation of the House, in Favour of which she began again to number the many great Persons who had slept under her Roof; but the Lady stopt her short, and having absolutely acquitted her of having had any Share in the past Disturbance, begged to be left to her Repose, which, she said, she hoped to enjoy unmolested during the Remainder of the Night. Upon which the Landlady, after much Civility, and many Curt'sies, took her Leave.

CHAP.

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CHAP. III.

A Dialogue between the Landlady, and Susan *the Chambermaid, proper to be read by all Innkeepers, and their Servants; with the Arrival, and affable Behaviour of a beautiful young Lady; which may teach Persons of Condition how they may acquire the Love of the whole World.*

THE Landlady remembering that *Susan* had been the only Person out of Bed when the Door was burst open, resorted presently to her, to enquire into the first Occasion of the Disturbance, as well as who the strange Gentleman was, and when and how he arrived.

Susan related the whole Story which the Reader knows already, varying the Truth only in some Circumstances, as she saw convenient, and totally concealing the Money which she had received. But whereas her Mistress had in the Preface to her Enquiry spoken much in Compassion for the Fright which the Lady had been in concerning any intended Depredations on her Virtue, *Susan* could not help endeavouring to quiet the Concern which her Mistress seemed

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seemed to be under on that Account, by swearing heartily she saw *Jones* leap out from her Bed.

The Landlady fell into a violent Rage at these Words. 'A likely Story truly,' cried she, 'that a Woman should cry out, and 'endeavour to expose herself, if that was 'the Case! I desire to know what better 'Proof any Lady can give of her Virtue 'than her crying out, which, I believe, 'twenty People can witness for her she did? 'I beg, Madam, you would spread no such 'Scandal of any of my Guests: For it will 'not only reflect on them, but upon the 'House; and I am sure no Vagabonds, 'nor wicked beggarly People come here.

'Well,' says *Susan*, 'then I must not 'believe my own Eyes.' 'No, indeed must 'you not always,' answered her Mistress, 'I would not have believed my own Eyes 'against such good Gentlefolks. I have 'not had a better Supper ordered this half 'Year than they ordered last Night, and 'so easy and good-humoured were they, 'that they found no Fault with my *Worcestershire* Perry, which I sold them for '*Champagne*; and to be sure it is as well 'tasted, and as wholesome as the best *Cham-*

'*pagne*

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'*pagne* in the Kingdom, otherwiſe I would 'ſcorn to give it 'em, and they drank me 'two Bottles. No, no, I will never be-'lieve any Harm of ſuch ſober good 'Sort of People.

Suſan being thus ſilenced, her Miſtreſs proceeded to other Matters. 'And ſo you 'tell me,' continued ſhe, 'That the 'ſtrange Gentleman came Poſt, and there 'is a Footman without with the Horſes; 'why then, he is certainly ſome of your 'great Gentlefolks too. Why did not you 'aſk him whether he'd have any Supper? 'I think he is in the other Gentleman's 'Room, go up and aſk whether he called. 'Perhaps he'll order ſomething when he 'finds any Body ſtirring in the Houſe to 'dreſs it. Now don't commit any of your 'uſual Blunders, by telling him the Fire's 'out, and the Fowls alive. And if he 'ſhould order Mutton, don't blab out, that 'we have none. The Butcher, I know, 'killed a Sheep juſt before I went to Bed, 'and he never refuſes to cut it up warm 'when I deſire it. Go, remember there's 'all Sorts of Mutton and Fowls; go, open 'the Door, with, *Gentlemen d'ye call*, and 'if they ſay nothing, aſk what his Honour 'will be pleaſed to have for Supper. Don't 'forget

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'forget his Honour. Go; if you don't 'mind all these Matters better, you'll never 'come to any Thing.

Susan departed, and soon returned with an Account, that the two Gentlemen were got both into the same Bed. 'Two Gentlemen,' says the Landlady, 'in the same Bed! that's 'impossible, they are two errant Scrubs, 'I warrant them, and, I believe, young 'Squire *Allworthy* guessed right, that the 'Fellow intended to rob her Ladyship: 'For if he had broke open the Lady's 'Door with any of the wicked Designs of a 'Gentleman, he would never have sneaked 'away to another Room to save the Ex-'pence of a Supper and a Bed to himself. 'They are certainly Thieves, and their 'searching after a Wife is nothing but a 'Pretence.

In these Censures, my Landlady did Mr. *Fitzpatrick* great Injustice; for he was really born a Gentleman, though not worth a Groat; and tho', perhaps, he had some few Blemishes in his Heart as well as in his Head, yet being a sneaking, or a niggardly Fellow, was not one of them. In reality, he was so generous a Man, that whereas he had received a very handsome Fortune with

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with his Wife, he had now ſpent every Penny of it, except ſome little Pittance which was ſettled upon her; and in order to poſſeſs himſelf of this, he had uſed her with ſuch Cruelty, that together with his Jealouſy, which was of the bittereſt Kind, it had forced the poor Woman to run away from him.

This Gentleman then being well tired with his long Journey from *Cheſter* in one Day, with which, and ſome good dry Blows he had received in the Scuffle, his Bones were ſo ſore, that added to the Soreneſs of his Mind, it had quite deprived him of any Appetite for eating. And being now ſo violently diſappointed in the Woman, whom at the Maid's Inſtance, he had miſtaken for his Wife, it never once entered into his Head, that ſhe might nevertheleſs be in the Houſe, though he had erred in the firſt Perſon he had attacked. He therefore yielded to the Diſſuaſions of his Friend from ſearching any farther after her that Night, and accepted the kind Offer of Part of his Bed.

The Footman and Poſt-boy were in a different Diſpoſition. They were more ready to order than the Landlady was to

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provide; however, after being pretty well ſatisfied by them of the real Truth of the Caſe, and that Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was no Thief, ſhe was at length prevailed on to ſet ſome cold Meat before them, which they were devouring with great Greedineſs, when *Partridge* came into the Kitchin. He had been firſt awaked by the Hurry which we have before ſeen, and while he was endeavouring to compoſe himſelf again on his Pillow, a Screech-Owl had given him ſuch a Serenade at his Window, that he leapt in a moſt horrible Affright from his Bed, and huddling on his Cloaths with great Expedition, ran down to the Protection of the Company, whom he heard talking below in the Kitchin.

His Arrival detained my Landlady from returning to her Reſt: For ſhe was juſt about to leave the other two Gueſts to the Care of *Suſan*; but the Friend of young Squire *Allworthy* was not to be ſo neglected, eſpecially as he called for a Pint of Wine to be mulled. She immediately obeyed, by putting the ſame Quantity of Perry to the Fire: For this readily anſwered to the Name of every Kind of Wine.

The *Iriſh* Footman was retired to Bed, and the Poſt-boy was going to follow; but *Par-*

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Partridge invited him to ſtay, and partake of his Wine, which the Lad very thankfully accepted. The Schoolmaſter was indeed afraid to return to Bed by himſelf; and as he did not know how ſoon he might loſe the Company of my Landlady, he was reſolved to ſecure that of the Boy, in whoſe Preſence he apprehended no Danger from the Devil, or any of his Adherents.

And now arrived another Poſt-Boy at the Gate; upon which *Suſan* being ordered out, returned, introducing two young Women in Riding-habits, one of which was ſo very richly laced, that *Partridge* and the Poſt-boy inſtantly ſtarted from their Chairs, and my Landlady fell to her Curt'ſies, and her Ladyſhips, with great Eagerneſs.

The Lady in the rich Habit ſaid, with a Smile of great Condeſcenſion, 'If you will 'give me Leave, Madam, I will warm my 'ſelf a few Minutes at your Kitchin Fire, 'for it is really very cold; but I muſt in-'ſiſt on diſturbing no one from their Seats.' This was ſpoken on account of *Partridge*, who had retreated to the other End of the Room, ſtruck with the utmoſt Awe and Aſtoniſhment at the Splendor of the Lady's Dreſs. Indeed ſhe had a much better Title to Reſpect

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ſpect than this: For ſhe was one of the moſt beautiful Creatures in the World.

The Lady earneſtly deſired *Partridge* to return to his Seat, but could not prevail. She then pulled off her Gloves, and diſplayed two Hands, which had every Property in them, except that of melting, to the Fire. Her Companion, who was indeed her Maid, likewiſe pulled off her Gloves, and diſcovered what bore an exact Reſemblance, in Cold and Colour, to a Piece of frozen Beef.

'I wiſh, Madam,' quoth the latter, 'your Ladyſhip would not think of going 'any farther to Night. I am terribly a-'fraid your Ladyſhip will not be able to 'bear the Fatigue.

'Why ſure,' cries the Landlady, 'her 'Ladyſhip's Honour can never intend it. 'O bleſs me, farther to Night indeed! Let 'me beſeech your Ladyſhip not to think 'on't.——But to be ſure, your Ladyſhip 'can't. What will your Honour be plea-'ſed to have for Supper? I have Mutton 'of all Kinds, and ſome nice Chicken.'—

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'I think, Madam,' ſaid the Lady, 'it 'would be rather Breakfaſt than Supper; 'but I can't eat any Thing, and if I ſtay, 'ſhall only lie down for an Hour or two. 'However, if you pleaſe, Madam, you 'may get me a little Sack-whey made 'very ſmall and thin.

'Yes, Madam,' cries the Miſtreſs of the Houſe, 'I have ſome excellent White-'wine. 'You have no Sack then,' ſays the Lady.' 'Yes, an't pleaſe your Ho-'nour, I have; I may challenge the Coun-'try for that—But let me beg your La-'dyſhip to eat ſomething.

'Upon my Word, I can't eat a Morſel,' anſwered the Lady; 'and I ſhall be much 'obliged to you, if you will pleaſe to get my 'Apartment ready as ſoon as poſſible: For 'I am reſolved to be on Horſeback again in 'three Hours.

'Why *Suſan*,' cries the Landlady, 'is 'there a Fire lit yet in the *Wild-gooſe*?— 'I am ſorry, Madam, all my beſt Rooms 'are full. Several People of the firſt Qua-'lity are now in Bed. Here's a great young 'Squire,

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'Squire, and a many other great Gentle-
'folks of Quality.

Susan answered, 'That the *Irish* Gentle-
'men were got into the *Wild-goose*.

'Was ever any Thing like it,' says the Mistress! 'why the Devil would you not 'keep some of the best Rooms for the Qua-'lity, when you know scarce a Day passes 'without some calling here? — If they be 'Gentlemen, I am certain, when they know 'it is for her Ladyship, they will get up 'again.

'Not upon my Account,' says the Lady. 'I will have no Person disturbed for me. 'If you have a Room that is commonly 'decent, it will serve me very well, though 'it be never so plain. I beg, Madam, you 'will not give yourself so much Trouble 'on my Account. O, Madam,' cries the other, 'I have several very good Rooms 'for that Matter, but none good enough 'for your Honour's Ladyship. However, 'as you are so condescending to take up 'with the best I have, do, *Susan*, get a 'Fire in the *Rose* this Minute. Will your 'Ladyship be pleased to go up now, or 'stay till the Fire is lighted? I think, I

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'have sufficiently warmed myself,' answered the Lady, 'so if you please I will go 'now; I am afraid I have kept People, 'and particularly that Gentleman (meaning *Partridge*) too long in the Cold already. Indeed I cannot bear to think 'of keeping any Person from the Fire this 'dreadful Weather.' She then departed with her Maid, the Landlady marching with two lighted Candles before her.

When that good Woman returned, the Conversation in the Kitchin was all upon the Charms of the young Lady. There is indeed in perfect Beauty a Power which none almost can withstand: For my Landlady, though she was not pleased at the Negative given to the Supper, declared she had never seen so lovely a Creature. *Partridge* ran out into the most extravagant Encomiums on her Face, though he could not refrain from paying some Compliments to the Gold Lace on her Habit; the Post-boy sung forth the Praises of her Goodness, which were likewise ecchoed by the other Post-boy, who was now come in. 'She's 'a true good Lady, I warrant her,' says he: 'For she hath Mercy upon dumb Creatures; for she asked me every now and 'tan upon the Journey, if I did not think 'she

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'she should hurt the Horses by riding too
'fast; and when she came in, she charged
'me to give them as much Corn as ever
'they would eat.

Such Charms are there in Affability, and so sure is it to attract the Praises of all Kinds of People. It may indeed be compared to the celebrated Mrs. *Hussy* *. It is equally sure to set off every Female Perfection to the highest Advantage, and to palliate and conceal every Defect. A short Reflection which we could not forbear making in this Place, where my Reader hath seen the Lovelinesss of an affable Deportment; and Truth will now oblige us to contrast it, by shewing the Reverse.

CHAP. IV.

Containing infallible Nostrums for procuring universal Disesteem and Hatred.

THE Lady had no sooner laid herself on her Pillow, than the Waiting-woman returned to the Kitchin to regale

*A celebrated Mantua-maker in the *Strand*, famous for setting off the Shapes of Women.

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with ſome of thoſe Dainties which her Miſtreſs had refuſed.

The Company at her Entrance, ſhewed her the ſame Reſpect which they had before paid to her Miſtreſs, by riſing; but ſhe forgot to imitate her, by deſiring them to ſit down again. Indeed it was ſcarce poſſible they ſhould have done ſo: For ſhe placed her Chair in ſuch a Poſture, as almoſt to occupy the whole Fire. She then ordered a Chicken to be broiled that Inſtant, declaring if it was not ready in a Quarter of an Hour, ſhe would not ſtay for it. Now tho' the ſaid Chicken was then at Rooſt in the Stable, and required the ſeveral Ceremonies of catching, killing, and picking, before it was brought to the Grid-iron, my Landlady would nevertheleſs have undertaken to do all within the Time; but the Gueſt being unfortunately admitted behind the Scenes, muſt have been Witneſs to the *Fourberie*, the poor Woman was therefore obliged to confeſs that ſhe had none in the Houſe; but, Madam, ſaid ſhe, 'I can get any kind of 'Mutton in an Inſtant from the Butcher's.

'Do you think then,' anſwered the Waiting-Gentlewoman, 'that I have the Sto-

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'mach of a Horſe to eat Mutton at this 'Time of Night? Sure you People that 'keep Inns imagine your Betters are like 'yourſelves. Indeed I expected to get 'nothing at this wretched Place. I wonder 'my Lady would ſtop at it. I ſuppoſe 'none but Tradeſmen and Graſiers ever 'call here.' The Landlady fired at this Indignity offered to her Houſe; however ſhe ſuppreſſed her Temper, and contented herſelf with ſaying, 'Very good Qua-'lity frequented it, ſhe thanked Heaven!' 'Don't tell me,' cries the other, 'of Qua-'lity! I believe I know more of People of 'Quality than ſuch as you.—But, prithee, 'without troubling me with any of your 'Impertinence, do tell me what I can 'have for Supper; for tho' I cannot eat 'Horſe-fleſh, I am really hungry.' 'Why 'truly, Madam,' anſwered the Landlady, 'you could not have taken me again at 'ſuch a Diſadvantage: For I muſt con-'feſs, I have nothing in the Houſe, un-'leſs a cold Piece of Beef, which indeed 'a Gentleman's Footman, and the Poſt-'boy, have almoſt cleared to the Bone.' 'Woman, ſaid Mrs. *Abigail* (ſo for Short-'neſs we will call her) I intreat you not 'to make me ſick. If I had faſted a 'Month, I could not eat what had been 'touched

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'touched by the Fingers of ſuch Fellows: 'Is there nothing neat or decent to be 'had in this horrid Place?' 'What think 'you of ſome Eggs and Bacon, Madam,' 'ſaid the Landlady. 'Are your Eggs new 'laid? Are you certain they were laid To-'day? And let me have the Bacon cut 'very nice and thin; for I can't endure 'any Thing that's groſs.——Prithee try 'if you can do a little tolerably for once, 'and don't think you have a Farmer's 'Wife, or ſome of thoſe Creatures in the 'Houſe.'—The Landlady begun then to handle her Knife; but the other ſtopt her, ſaying, 'Good Woman, I muſt in-'ſiſt upon your firſt waſhing your Hands; 'for I am extremely nice, and have been 'always uſed from my Cradle to have eve-'ry thing in the moſt elegant Manner.

The Landlady, who governed herſelf with much Difficulty, began now the neceſſary Preparations; for as to *Suſan*, ſhe was utterly rejected, and with ſuch Diſdain, that the poor Wench was as hard put to it, to reſtrain her Hands from Violence, as her Miſtreſs had been to hold her Tongue. This indeed *Suſan* did not entirely: For tho' ſhe literally kept it within her Teeth, yet there it muttered many 'marry-come-ups,

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'as good Fleſh and Blood as yourſelf,' with other ſuch indignant Phraſes.

While the Supper was preparing, Mrs. *Abigail* began to lament ſhe had not ordered a Fire in the Parlour; but ſhe ſaid, that was now too late. 'However, ſaid ſhe, 'I 'have Novelty to recommend a Kitchin, for 'I do not believe I ever eat in one before.' Then turning to the Poſt-boys, ſhe aſked them, 'Why they were not in the Stable 'with their Horſes? If I muſt eat my 'hard Fare here, Madam,' cries ſhe to the Landlady, 'I beg the Kitchin may be kept 'clear, that I may not be ſurrounded with 'all the Black-guards in Town; as for you, 'Sir,' ſays ſhe to *Partridge*, 'you look 'ſomewhat like a Gentleman, and may ſit 'ſtill if you pleaſe, I don't deſire to diſturb 'any body but Mob.

'Yes, yes, Madam,' cries *Partridge*, 'I 'am a Gentleman, I do aſſure you, and I 'am not ſo eaſily to be diſturbed. *Non 'ſemper vox cauſalis eſt verbo nominativus.* This *Latin* ſhe took to be ſome Affront, and anſwered, 'You may be a Gentleman, 'Sir, but you don't ſhew yourſelf as one, 'to talk *Latin* to a Woman.' *Partridge* made a gentle Reply, and concluded with

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more *Latin*; upon which she tossed up her Nose, and contented herself by abusing him with the Name of a great Scholar.

The Supper being now on the Table, Mrs. *Abigail* eat very heartily, for so delicate a Person; and while a second Course of the same was by her Order preparing, she said, 'And so, Madam, you tell me your House 'is frequented by People of great Qua-'lity?'

The Landlady answered in the Affirmative, saying, 'There were a great many 'very good Quality and Gentlefolks in it 'now. There's young Squire *Allworthy*, 'as that Gentleman there knows.

'And pray who is this young Gentle-'man of Quality, this young Squire *All-'worthy?*' said *Abigail.*

'Who should he be,' answered *Partridge*, 'but the Son and Heir of the great 'Squire *Allworthy* of *Somersetshire.*

'Upon my Word,' said she, 'you tell me 'strange News: For I know Mr. *Allwor-'thy* of *Somersetshire* very well, and I know 'he hath no Son alive.

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The Landlady pricked her Ears at this, and *Partridge* looked a little confounded. However, after a short Hesitation, he answered, 'Indeed, Madam, it is true, 'every body doth not know him to be 'Squire *Allworthy*'s Son; for he was never 'married to his Mother; but his Son he 'certainly is, and will be his Heir too as 'certainly as his Name is *Jones*.' At that Word, *Abigail* let drop the Bacon, which she was conveying to her Mouth, and cried out, 'You surprize me, Sir. Is 'it possible Mr. *Jones* should be now in 'the House?' '*Quare non?*' answered *Partridge*, 'it is possible, and it is cer-'tain.'

Abigail now made Haste to finish the Remainder of her Meal, and then repaired back to her Mistress, when the Conversation passed, which may be read in the next Chapter.

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CHAP. V.

Shewing who the amiable Lady, and her unamiable Maid, were.

AS in the Month of *June*, the Damask Roſe, which Chance hath planted among the Lillies with their candid Hue mixes his Vermilion: Or, as ſome playſome Heifer in the pleaſant Month of *May* diffuſes her odoriferous Breath over the flowery Meadows: Or as, in the blooming Month of *April*, the gentle, conſtant Dove, perched on ſome fair Bough, ſits meditating her Mate; ſo looking a hundred Charms, and breathing as many Sweets, her Thoughts being fixed on her *Tommy*, with a Heart as good and innocent, as her Face was beautiful: *Sophia* (for it was ſhe herſelf) lay reclining her lovely Head on her Hand, when her Maid entered the Room, and running directly to the Bed, cried, Ma-'dam—Madam—who doth your Lady-'ſhip think is in the Houſe?' *Sophia* ſtarting up, cried, 'I hope my Father hath 'not overtaken us.' 'No, Madam, it is 'one worth a hundred Fathers; Mr. *Jones* 'himſelf is here at this very Inſtant.' 'Mr. *Jones!*' ſays *Sophia*, 'it is impoſſible,

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'I cannot be so fortunate.' Her Maid averred the Fact, and was presently detached by her Mistress to order him to be called; for she said she was resolved to see him immediately.

Mrs. *Honour* had no sooner left the Kitchin in the Manner we have before seen, than the Landlady fell severely upon her. The poor Woman had indeed been loading her Heart with foul Language for some Time, and now it scoured out of her Mouth, as Filth doth from a Mud-Cart, when the Board which confines it is removed. *Partridge* likewise shovelled in his Share of Calumny; and (what may surprize the Reader) not only bespattered the Maid, but attempted to sully the Lilly-white Character of *Sophia* herself. 'Never a Barrel the better Herring,' cries he. '*Noscitur a socio*, is a true Saying. It 'must be confessed indeed that the Lady in 'the fine Garments is the civiller of the 'two; but I warrant neither of them are a 'Bit better than they should be. A Couple 'of *Bath* Trulls, I'll answer for them; 'your Quality don't ride about at this 'Time o' Night without Servants.' 'Shod-'likins, and that's true,' cries the Landlady, 'you have certainly hit upon the very 'Matter; for Quality don't come into a 'House

'House without bespeaking a Supper, whether they eat any or no.'

While they were thus discoursing, Mrs. *Honour* returned, and discharged her Commission, by bidding the Landlady immediately wake Mr. *Jones*, and tell him a Lady wanted to speak with him. The Landlady referred her to *Partridge*, saying, 'he was the Squire's Friend; but, for her 'Part, she never called Men Folks, especially Gentlemen,' and then walked sullenly out of the Kitchin. *Honour* applied herself to *Partridge*; but he refused; 'For 'my Friend,' cries he, 'went to Bed very 'late, and he would be very angry to be 'disturbed so soon.' Mrs. *Honour* insisted still to have him called, saying, 'She was 'sure, instead of being angry, that he 'would be to the highest Degree delighted 'when he knew the Occasion.' 'Another 'Time, perhaps, he might,' cries *Partridge*; 'but *non omnia possumus omnes*. 'One Woman is enough at once for a reasonable Man.' 'What do you mean by 'one Woman, Fellow,' cries *Honour?* 'None of your Fellow,' answered *Partridge*. He then proceeded to inform her plainly, that *Jones* was in Bed with a Wench, and made use of an Expression too indelicate

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indelicate to be here inſerted; which ſo enraged Mrs. *Honour*, that ſhe called him ſaucy Jackanapes, and returned in a violent Hurry to her Miſtreſs, whom ſhe acquainted with the Succeſs of her Errand, and with the Account ſhe had received; which, if poſſible, ſhe exaggerated, being as angry with *Jones*, as if he had pronounced all the Words that came from the Mouth of *Partridge*. She diſcharged a Torrent of Abuſe on the Maſter, and adviſed her Miſtreſs to quit all Thoughts of a Man who had never ſhewn himſelf deſerving of her. She then ripped up the Story of *Molly Seagrim*, and gave the moſt malicious Turn to his formerly quitting *Sophia* herſelf; which, I muſt confeſs, the preſent Incident not a little countenanced.

The Spirits of *Sophia* were too much diſſipated by Concern to enable her to ſtop the Torrent of her Maid. At laſt, however, ſhe interrupted her, ſaying, 'I never can 'believe this; ſome Villain hath belied him. 'You ſay you had it from his Friend; but 'ſurely it is not the Office of a Friend to 'betray ſuch Secrets.' 'I ſuppoſe,' cries *Honour*, 'the Fellow is his Pimp, for I 'never ſaw ſo ill-looked a Villain. Beſides, 'ſuch

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'such profligate Rakes as Mr. *Jones* are 'never ashamed of these Matters.

To say the Truth, this Behaviour of *Partridge* was a little inexcusable; but he had not slept off the Effect of the Dose which he swallowed the Evening before; which had, in the Morning, received the Addition of above a Pint of Wine, or indeed rather of Malt Spirits; for the Perry was by no Means pure. Now that Part of his Head which Nature designed for the Reservoir of Drink, being very shallow, a small Quantity of Liquor overflowed it, and opened the Sluices of his Heart; so that all the Secrets there deposited run out. These Sluices were indeed naturally very ill secured. To give the best-natured Turn we can to his Disposition, he was a very honest Man; for as he was the most inquisitive of Mortals, and eternally prying into the Secrets of others, so he very faithfully paid them by communicating, in Return, every thing within his Knowledge.

While *Sophia* tormented with Anxiety, knew not what to believe, nor what Resolution to take, *Susan* arrived with the Sack-Whey. Mrs. *Honour* immediately advised her Mistress, in a Whisper, to pump this Wench,

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Wench, who probably could inform her of the Truth. *Sophia* approved it, and began as follows: 'Come hither, Child, now 'answer me truly what I am going to ask 'you, and I promise you I will very well 'reward you. Is there a young Gentleman 'in this House, a handsome young Gen-'tleman that—Here *Sophia* blushed and was confounded—'A young Gentleman,' cries *Honour*, 'that came hither in Com-'pany with that saucy Rascal who is now 'in the Kitchin?' *Susan* answered, 'There 'was'—'Do you know any Thing of any 'Lady,' continues *Sophia*, 'any Lady? 'I don't ask you whether she is handsome 'or no; perhaps she is not, that's nothing 'to the Purpose, but do you know of any 'Lady?' 'La, Madam,' cries *Honour*, 'you will make a very bad Examiner. 'Harkee, Child,' says she, 'Is not that 'very young Gentleman now in Bed with 'some nasty Trull or other?' 'Here *Su-'san* smiled, and was silent.' 'Answer 'the Question, Child,' says *Sophia*, 'and 'here's a Guinea for you.' 'A Guinea! 'Madam,' cries *Susan*; 'La, what's a 'Guinea? If my Mistress should know it, 'I shall certainly lose my Place that very 'Instant.' 'Here's another for you,' says *Sophia*, 'and I promise you faithfully your 'Mistress

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'Miſtreſs ſhall never know it.' *Suſan*, after a very ſhort Heſitation, took the Money, and told the whole Story, concluding with ſaying, 'If you have a great Curioſity, 'Madam, I can ſteal ſoftly into his Room, 'and ſee whether he be in his own Bed or 'no.' She according did this by *Sophia*'s Deſire, and returned with an Anſwer in the Negative.

Sophia now trembled and turned pale. Mrs. *Honour* begged her to be comforted, and not to think any more of ſo worthleſs a Fellow. 'Why there,' ſays *Suſan*, 'I hope, 'Madam, your Ladyſhip won't be offend-'ed; but pray, Madam, is not your La-'dyſhip's Name Madam *Sophia Weſtern?*' 'How is it poſſible you ſhould know me?' anſwered *Sophia*. 'Why that Man that 'the Gentlewoman ſpoke of, who is in the 'Kitchin, told about you laſt Night. But 'I hope your Ladyſhip is not angry with 'me.' 'Indeed, Child,' ſaid ſhe, 'I am 'not; pray tell me all, and I promiſe you 'I'll reward you.' 'Why, Madam,' continued *Suſan*, 'that Man told us all in the 'Kitchin, that Madam *Sophia Weſtern*— 'Indeed I don't know how to bring it out.' —Here ſhe ſtopt, till having received Encouragement from *Sophia*, and being vehemently

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mently preſſed by Mrs. *Honour*, ſhe proceeded thus:—'He told us, Madam, tho' 'to be ſure it is all a Lie, that your Lady-'ſhip was dying for Love of the young 'Squire, and that he was going to the 'Wars to get rid of you. I thought to 'myſelf then he was a falſe-hearted 'Wretch; but now to ſee ſuch a fine, 'rich, beautiful Lady as you be forſaken 'for ſuch an ordinary Woman; for to be 'ſure ſo ſhe is, and another Man's Wife 'into the Bargain. It is ſuch a ſtrange 'unnatural thing, in a Manner.'

Sophia gave her a third Guinea, and telling her ſhe would certainly be her Friend, if ſhe mentioned nothing of what had paſſed, nor informed any one who ſhe was, diſmiſſed the Girl with Orders to the Poſt-Boy to get the Horſes ready immediately.

Being now left alone with her Maid, ſhe told her truſty Waiting-woman, 'That 'ſhe never was more eaſy than at preſent. 'I am now convinced,' ſaid ſhe, 'he is 'not only a Villain, but a low deſpicable 'Wretch. I can forgive all rather than 'his expoſing my Name in ſo barbarous a 'Manner. That renders him the Object of 'my Contempt. Yes, *Honour*, I am now 'eaſy.

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'easy. I am indeed. I am very easy,' and then she burst into a violent Flood of Tears.

After a short Interval, spent chiefly by *Sophia*, in crying and assuring her Maid that she was perfectly easy, *Susan* arrived with an Account that the Horses were ready, when a very extraordinary Thought suggested itself to our young Heroine, by which Mr. *Jones* would be acquainted with her having been at the Inn, in a Way, which, if any Sparks of Affection for her remained in him, would be some Punishment, at least, for his Faults.

The Reader will be pleased to remember a little Muff, which hath had the Honour of being more than once remembered already in this History. This Muff, ever since the Departure of Mr. *Jones*, had been the constant Companion of *Sophia* by Day, and her Bedfellow by Night, and this Muff she had at this very Instant upon her Arm; whence she took it off with great Indignation, and having writ her Name with her Pencil upon a Piece of Paper which she pinned to it, she bribed the Maid to convey it into the empty Bed of Mr. *Jones*, in which, if he did not find it, she charged her

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her to take ſome Method of conveying it before his Eyes in the Morning.

Then having paid for what Mrs. *Honour* had eaten, in which Bill was included an Account for what ſhe herſelf might have eaten, ſhe mounted her Horſe, and once more aſſuring her Companion that ſhe was perfectly eaſy, continued her Journey.

CHAP. VI.

Containing, among other Things, the Ingenuity of Partridge, *the Madneſs of* Jones, *and the Folly of* Fitzpatrick.

IT was now paſt Five in the Morning, and other Company began to riſe and come to the Kitchin, among whom were the Serjeant and the Coachman, who being thoroughly reconciled, made a Libation, or, in the *Engliſh* Phraſe, drank a hearty Cup together.

In this Drinking nothing more remarkable happened, than the Behaviour of *Partridge*, who, when the Serjeant drank a Health to King *George*, repeated only the Word King: Nor could he be brought to

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utter more: For tho' he was going to fight againſt his own Cauſe, yet he could not be prevailed upon to drink againſt it.

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

'It is, Sir, an old Saying, and a true 'one, that a wiſe Man may ſometimes 'learn Counſel from a Fool; I wiſh there- 'fore I might be ſo bold as to offer you 'my Advice, which is to return home 'again, and leave theſe *Horrida Bella*, 'theſe bloody Wars, to Fellows who are 'contented to ſwallow Gunpowder, becauſe 'they have nothing elſe to eat. Now 'every body knows your Honour wants 'for nothing at home; when that's the 'Caſe, why ſhould any Man travel a- 'broad?'

'*Partridge*,' cries *Jones*, 'thou art cer- 'tainly a Coward, I wiſh therefore thou 'would'ſt return home thyſelf, and trouble 'me no more.'

'I

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'I ask your Honour's Pardon,' cries *Partridge*, 'I spoke on your Account more 'than my own; for as to me, Heaven 'knows my Circumstances are bad enough, 'and I am so far from being afraid, that I 'value a Pistol, or a Blunderbuss, or any 'such Thing, no more than a Pop gun. 'Every Man must die once, and what sig-'nifies the Manner how; besides, perhaps, 'I may come off with the Loss only of an 'Arm or a Leg. I assure you, Sir, I was 'never less afraid in my Life; and so if 'your Honour is resolved to go on, I am 'resolved to follow you. But, in that 'Case, I wish I might give my Opinion. 'To be sure it is a scandalous Way of tra-'velling, for a great Gentleman like you 'to walk afoot. Now here are two or 'three good Horses in the Stable, which 'the Landlord will certainly make no 'Scruple of trusting you with; but if he 'should, I can easily contrive to take 'them, and let the worst come to the 'worst, the King would certainly pardon 'you, as you are going to fight in his 'Cause.'

Now as the Honesty of *Partridge* was equal to his Understanding, and both dealt only

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only in small Matters, he would never have attempted a Roguery of this Kind, had he not imagined it altogether safe; for he was one of those who have more Consideration of the Gallows than of the Fitness of Things; but, in Reality, he thought he might have committed this Felony without any Danger: For, besides that he doubted not but the Name of Mr. *Allworthy* would sufficiently quiet the Landlord, he conceived they should be altogether safe, whatever Turn Affairs might take; as *Jones*, he imagined, would have Friends enough on one Side, and as his Friends would as well secure him on the other.

When Mr. *Jones* found that *Partridge* was in earnest in this Proposal, he very severely rebuked him, and that in such bitter Terms, that the other attempted to laugh it off, and presently turned the Discourse to other Matters, saying, he believed they were then in a Bawdy house, and that he had with much ado prevented two Wenches from disturbing his Honour in the Middle of the Night. 'Heyday!' says he, 'I 'believe they got into your Chamber whe-'ther I would or no, for here lies the Muff 'of one of them on the Ground.' Indeed, as *Jones* returned to his Bed in the Dark,

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Dark, he had never perceived the Muff on the Quilt, and in leaping into his Bed he had tumbled it on the Floor. This *Partridge* now took up, and was going to put into his Pocket, when *Jones* desired to see it. The Muff was so very remarkable, that our Heroe might possibly have recollected it without the Information annexed. But his Memory was not put to that hard Office, for at the same Instant he saw and read the Words *Sophia Western* upon the Paper which was pinned to it. His Looks now grew frantic in a Moment, and he eagerly cried out, 'Oh Heavens, how came this 'Muff here!' 'I know no more than your 'Honour,' cried *Partridge*; 'but I saw it 'upon the Arm of one of the Women who 'would have disturbed you, if I would 'have suffered them.' 'Where are they?' cries *Jones*, jumping out of Bed, and laying hold of his Clothes. 'Many Miles off, I 'believe, by this Time,' said *Partridge*. And now *Jones*, upon further Enquiry, was sufficiently assured that the Bearer of this Muff was no other than the lovely *Sophia* herself.

The Behaviour of *Jones* on this Occasion. His Thoughts, his Looks, his Words, his Actions, were such as *Beggar all Description.*

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tion. After many bitter Execrations on *Partridge*, and not fewer on himſelf, he ordered the poor Fellow, who was frightened out of his Wits, to run down and hire him Horſes at any rate; and a very few Minutes afterwards, having ſhuffled on his Clothes, he haſtened down Stairs to execute the Orders himſelf, which he had juſt before given.

But before we proceed to what paſſed on his Arrival in the Kitchin, it will be neceſſary to recur to what had there happened ſince *Partridge* had firſt left it on his Maſter's Summons.

The Serjeant was juſt marched off with his Party, when the two *Iriſh* Gentlemen aroſe, and came down Stairs; both complaining, that they had been ſo often waked by the Noiſes in the Inn, that they had never once been able to cloſe their Eyes all Night.

The Coach, which had brought the young Lady and her Maid, and which, perhaps, the Reader may have hitherto concluded was her own, was indeed a returned Coach belonging to Mr. *King* of *Bath*, one of the worthieſt and honeſteſt Men

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Men that ever dealt in Horſe-fleſh, and whoſe Coaches we heartily recommend to all our Readers who travel that Road. By which Means they may, perhaps, have the Pleaſure of riding in the very Coach, and being driven by the very Coachman, that is recorded in this Hiſtory.

The Coachman having but two Paſſengers, and hearing Mr. *Maclachlan* was bound to *Bath*, offered to carry him thither at a very moderate Price. He was induced to this by the Report of the Oſtler, who ſaid, that the Horſe which Mr. *Maclachlan* had hired from *Worceſter*, would be much more pleaſed with returning to his Friends there, than to proſecute a long Journey; for that the ſaid Horſe was rather a two-legged than a four-legged Animal.

Mr. *Maclachlan* immediately cloſed with the Propoſal of the Coachman, and, at the ſame Time, perſuaded his Friend *Fitzpatrick* to accept of the fourth Place in the Coach. This Conveyance the Soreneſs of his Bones made more agreeable to him than a Horſe, and being well aſſured of meeting with his Wife at *Bath*, he thought a little Delay would be of no Conſequence.

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Maclachlan, who was much the ſharper Man of the two, no ſooner heard that this Lady came from *Cheſter*, with the other Circumſtances which he learned from the Oſtler, than it came into his Head that ſhe might poſſibly be his Friend's Wife; and preſently acquainted him with this Suſpicion, which had never once occurred to *Fitzpatrick* himſelf. To ſay the Truth, he was one of thoſe Compoſitions which Nature makes up in too great a Hurry, and forgets to put any Brains in their Head.

Now it happens to this Sort of Men, as to bad Hounds, who never hit off a Fault themſelves; but no ſooner doth a Dog of Sagacity open his Mouth, than they immediately do the ſame, and without the Guide of any Scent, run directly forwards as faſt as they are able. In the ſame Manner, the very Moment Mr. *Maclachlan* had mentioned his Apprehenſion, Mr. *Fitzpatrick* inſtantly concurred, and flew directly up Stairs to ſurprize his Wife before he knew where ſhe was; and unluckily (as Fortune loves to play Tricks with thoſe Gentlemen who put themſelves entirely under her Conduct) ran his Head againſt ſeveral Doors and Poſts to no Purpoſe. Much kinder

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kinder was ſhe to me, when ſhe ſuggeſted that Simile of the Hounds, juſt before inſerted, ſince the poor Wife may, on theſe Occaſions, be ſo juſtly compared to a hunted Hare. Like that little wretched Animal ſhe pricks up her Ears to liſten after the Voice of her Purſuer; like her, flies away trembling when ſhe hears it; and like her, is generally overtaken and deſtroyed in the End.

This was not however the Caſe at preſent; for after a long fruitleſs Search, Mr. *Fitzpatrick* returned to the Kitchin, where, as if this had been a real Chace, entered a Gentleman hallowing as Hunters do when the Hounds are at a Fault. He was juſt alighted from his Horſe, and had many Attendants at his Heels.

Here, Reader, it may be neceſſary to acquaint thee with ſome Matters, which, if thou doſt know already, thou art wiſer than I take thee to be. And this Information thou ſhalt receive in the next Chapter.

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CHAP. VII.

In which are concluded the Adventures that happened at the Inn at Upton.

IN the first Place then, this Gentleman just arrived was no other Person than Squire *Western* himself, who was come hither in Pursuit of his Daughter; and had he fortunately been two Hours earlier, he had not only found her, but his Neice into the Bargain; for such was the Wife of Mr. *Fitzpatrick*, who had run away with her five Years before, out of the Custody of that sage Lady Madam *Western*.

Now this Lady had departed from the Inn much about at the same Time with *Sophia*: For having been waked by the Voice of her Husband, she had sent up for the Landlady, and being by her apprized of the Matter, had bribed the good Woman, at an extravagant Price, to furnish her with Horses for her Escape. Such Prevalence had Money in this Family; and tho' the Mistress would have turned away her Maid for a corrupt Hussy, if she had known as much as the Reader, yet she

was

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was no more Proof againſt Corruption herſelf than poor *Suſan* had been.

Mr. *Weſtern* and his Nephew were not known to one another; nor indeed would the former have taken any Notice of the latter, if he had known him; for this being a ſtolen Match, and conſequently an unnatural one in the Opinion of the good Squire, he had, from the Time of her committing it, abandoned the poor young Creature, who was then no more than Eighteen, as a Monſter, and had never ſince ſuffered her to be named in his Preſence.

The Kitchin was now a Scene of univerſal Confuſion, *Weſtern* enquiring after his Daughter, and *Fitzpatrick* as eagerly after his Wife, when *Jones* entered the Room, unfortunately having *Sophia*'s Muff in his Hand.

As ſoon as *Weſtern* ſaw *Jones*, he ſet up the ſame Holla as is uſed by Sportſmen when their Game is in View. He then immediately run up and laid hold of *Jones*, crying, 'We have got the Dog Fox, I 'warrant the Bitch is not far off.' The Jargon which followed for ſome Minutes, where many ſpoke different Things

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at the ſame Time, as it would be very difficult to deſcribe, ſo would it be no leſs unpleaſant to read.

Jones having, at length, ſhaken Mr. *Weſtern* off, and ſome of the Company having interfered between them, our Herce proteſted his Innocence as to knowing any thing of the Lady; when Parſon *Supple* ſtepped up, and ſaid, 'It is Folly to 'deny it; for why, the Marks of Guilt 'are in thy Hands. I will myſelf aſſeverate 'and bind it by an Oath, that the Muff 'thou beareſt in thy Hand belongeth unto 'Madam *Sophia*; for I have frequently 'obſerved her, of later Days, to bear it 'about her.' 'My Daughter's Muff!' cries the Squire, in a Rage. 'Hath he 'got my Daughter's Muff! Bear Witneſs, 'the Goods are found upon him. I'll have 'him before a Juſtice of Peace this Inſtant. 'Where is my Daughter, Villain?' 'Sir,' ſaid *Jones*, 'I beg you would be pacified. 'The Muff, I acknowledge, is the young 'Lady's; but, upon my Honour, I have 'never ſeen her.' At theſe Words *Weſtern* loſt all Patience, and grew inarticulate with Rage.

Some

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Some of the Servants had acquainted *Fitzpatrick* who Mr. *Weſtern* was. The good *Iriſhman* therefore thinking he had now an Opportunity to do an Act of Service to his Uncle, and by that Means might poſſibly obtain his Favour, ſtept up to *Jones*, and cried out, 'Upon my Conſcience, Sir, you may be aſhamed of denying your having ſeen the Gentleman's Daughter before my Face, when you know I found you there upon the Bed together.' Then turning to *Weſtern*, he offered to conduct him immediately to the Room where his Daughter was; which Offer being accepted, he, the Squire, the Parſon, and ſome others, aſcended directly to Mrs. *Waters*'s Chamber, which they entered with no leſs Violence than Mr. *Fitzpatrick* had done before.

The poor Lady ſtarted from her Sleep with as much Amazement as Terror, and beheld at her Bed-ſide a Figure which might very well be ſuppoſed to have eſcaped out of *Bedlam*. Such Wildneſs and Confuſion were in the Looks of Mr. *Weſtern*: who no ſooner ſaw the Lady, than he ſtarted back, ſhowing ſufficiently by his Manner,

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before he ſpoke, that this was not the Perſon ſought after.

So much more tenderly do Women value their Reputation than their Perſons, that tho' the latter ſeemed now in more Danger than before, yet as the former was ſecure, the Lady ſcreamed not with ſuch Violence as ſhe had done on the other Occaſion. However, ſhe no ſooner found herſelf alone, than ſhe abandoned all Thoughts of further Repoſe, and as ſhe had ſufficient Reaſon to be diſſatisfied with her preſent Lodging, ſhe dreſſed herſelf with all poſſible Expedition.

Mr. *Weſtern* now proceeded to ſearch the whole Houſe, but to as little Purpoſe as he had diſturbed poor Mrs. *Waters*. He then returned diſconſolate into the Kitchin, where he found *Jones* in the Cuſtody of his Servants.

This violent Uproar had raiſed all the People in the Houſe; tho' it was yet ſcarcely Day-light. Among theſe was a grave Gentleman, who had the Honour to be in the Commiſſion of the Peace for the County

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County of *Worceſter*. Of which Mr. *Weſtern* was no ſooner informed, than he offered to lay his Complaint before him. The Juſtice declined executing his Office, as he ſaid he had no Clerk preſent, nor no Book about Juſtice Buſineſs. And that he could not carry all the Law in his Head about ſtealing away Daughters, and ſuch Sort of Things.

Here Mr. *Fitzpatrick* offered to lend him his Aſſiſtance; informing the Company that he had been himſelf bred to the Law. (And indeed he had ſerved three Years as Clerk to an Attorney in the North of *Ireland*, when chuſing a genteeler Walk in Life, he quitted his Maſter, came over to *England*, and ſet up that Buſineſs, which requires no Apprenticeſhip, namely, that of a Gentleman, in which he had ſucceeded as hath been already partly mentioned.)

Mr. *Fitzpatrick* declared that the Law concerning Daughters was out of the preſent Caſe; that ſtealing a Muff was undoubtedly Felony, and the Goods being found upon the Perſon, were ſufficient Evidence of the Fact.

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The Magiſtrate, upon the Encouragement of ſo learned a Coadjutor, and upon the violent Interceſſion of the Squire, was at length prevailed upon to ſeat himſelf in the Chair of Juſtice, where being placed, upon viewing the Muff which *Jones* ſtill held in his Hand, and upon the Parſon's ſwearing it to be the Property of Mr. *Weſtern*, he deſired Mr. *Fitzpatrick* to draw up a Commitment, which he ſaid he would ſign.

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

Whether a natural Love of Juſtice, or the extraordinary Comelineſs of *Jones*, had wrought on *Suſan* to make the Diſcovery, I will not determine; but ſuch were the Effects of her Evidence, that the Magiſtrate, throwing himſelf back in his Chair, declared that the Matter was now altogether as clear on the Side of the Priſoner, as it had before been

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been againſt him; with which the Parſon concurred, ſaying, The Lord forbid he ſhould be inſtrumental in committing an innocent Perſon to Durance. The Juſtice then aroſe, acquitted the Priſoner, and broke up the Court.

Mr. *Weſtern* now gave every one preſent a hearty Curſe, and immediately ordering his Horſes, departed in Purſuit of his Daughter, without taking the leaſt Notice of his Nephew *Fitzpatrick*, or returning any Anſwer to his Claim of Kindred, notwithſtanding all the Obligations he had juſt received from that Gentleman. In the Violence, moreover, of his Hurry, and of his Paſſion, he luckily forgot to demand the Muff of *Jones*: I ſay luckily; for he would have died on the Spot rather than have parted with it.

Jones likewiſe, with his Friend *Partridge*, ſet forward the Moment he had paid his Reckoning, in Queſt of his lovely *Sophia*, whom he now reſolved never more to abandon the Purſuit of. Nor could he bring himſelf even to take Leave of Mrs. *Waters*; of whom he deteſted the very Thoughts, as ſhe had been, tho' not deſignedly, the Occaſion of his miſſing the

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happieſt Interview with *Sophia*, to whom he now vowed eternal Conſtancy.

As for Mrs. *Waters*, ſhe took the Opportunity of the Coach which was going to *Bath*; for which Place ſhe ſet out in Company with the two *Iriſh* Gentlemen, the Landlady kindly lending her her Clothes; in Return for which ſhe was contented only to receive about double their Value, as a Recompence for the Loan. Upon the Road ſhe was perfectly reconciled to Mr. *Fitzpatrick*, who was a very handſome Fellow, and indeed did all ſhe could to conſole him in the Abſence of his Wife.

Thus ended the many odd Adventures which Mr. *Jones* encountered at his Inn at *Upton*, where they talk, to this Day, of the Beauty and lovely Behaviour of the charming *Sophia*, by the Name of the *Somerſetſhire* Angel.

CHAP.

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CHAP. VIII.

In which the Hiſtory goes backward.

BEFORE we proceed any farther in our Hiſtory, it may be proper to look a little back, in order to account for the extraordinary Appearance of *Sophia* and her Father at the Inn at *Upton*.

The Reader may be pleaſed to remember, that in the Ninth Chapter of the Seventh Book of our Hiſtory, we left *Sophia*, after a long Debate between Love and Duty, deciding the Cauſe, as it uſually, I believe, happens, in Favour of the Former.

This Debate had ariſen, as we have there ſhewn, from a Viſit which her Father had juſt before made her, in order to force her Conſent to a Marriage with *Blifil*; and which he had underſtood to be fully implied in her Acknowledgment, *that ſhe neither muſt, nor could refuſe any abſolute Command of his.*

Now from this Viſit the Squire retired to his Evening Potation, overjoyed at the Succeſs he had had with his Daughter; and as he was of a ſocial Diſpoſition, and willing to have Partakers in his Happineſs, the

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the Beer was ordered to flow very liberally into the Kitchin; ſo that before Eleven in the Evening, there was not a ſingle Perſon ſober in the Houſe, except only Mrs. *Weſtern* herſelf, and the charming *Sophia*.

Early in the Morning a Meſſenger was diſpatched to ſummon Mr. *Blifil*: For tho' the Squire imagined that young Gentleman had been much leſs acquainted than he really was, with the former Averſion of his Daughter; as he had not, however, yet received her Conſent, he longed impatiently to communicate it to him, not doubting but that the intended Bride herſelf would confirm it with her Lips. As to the Wedding, it had the Evening before been fixed, by the Male Parties, to be celebrated on the next Morning ſave one.

Breakfaſt was now ſet forth in the Parlour, where Mr. *Blifil* attended, and where the Squire and his Siſter likewiſe were aſſembled; and now *Sophia* was ordered to be called.

O, *Shakeſpear*, had I thy Pen! O, *Hogarth*, had I thy Pencil! then would I draw the Picture of the poor Serving-Man, who, with pale Countenance, ſtaring Eyes, chattering

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chattering Teeth, faultering Tongue, and trembling Limbs,

(E'en such a Man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in Look, so woe-be-gone,
Drew *Priam*'s Curtains in the dead of Night,
And would have told him, half his *Troy* was burn'd)

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

'Not to be found!' cries the Squire, starting from his Chair; 'Zounds and 'D——nation! Blood and Fury! Where, 'when, how, what,——Not to be found! 'where?'

'La! Brother,' said Mrs. *Western*, with true political Coldness, 'you are always 'throwing yourself into such violent Pas-'sions for nothing. My Niece, I suppose, 'is only walked out into the Garden. I 'protest you are grown so unreasonable, 'that it is impossible to live in the House 'with you.'

'Nay, nay,' answered the Squire, returning as suddenly to himself, as he had gone from himself; 'if that be all the 'Matter, it signifies not much; but, upon 'my

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'my Soul, my Mind misgave me, when 'the Fellow said she was not to be found.' He then gave Orders for the Bell to be rung in the Garden, and sat himself contentedly down.

No two Things could be more the Reverse of each other than were the Brother and Sister, in most Instances; particularly in this, That as the Brother never foresaw any Thing at a Distance, but was most sagacious in immediately seeing every Thing the Moment it had happened; so the Sister eternally foresaw at a Distance, but was not so quick-sighted to Objects before her Eyes. Of both these the Reader may have observed Examples: And, indeed, both their several Talents were excessive: For as the Sister often foresaw what never came to pass, so the Brother often saw much more than was actually the Truth.

This was not however the Case at present. The same Report was brought from the Garden, as before had been brought from the Chamber, that Madam *Sophia* was not to be found.

The Squire himself now sallied forth, and begun to roar forth the Name of *Sophia* as loudly, and in as hoarse a Voice, as whilcom did

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did *Hercules* that of *Hylas*: And as the Poet tells us, that the whole Shore ecchoed back the Name of that beautiful Youth; ſo did the Houſe, the Garden, and all the neighbouring Fields, reſound nothing but the Name of *Sophia*, in the hoarſe Voices of the Men, and in the ſhrill Pipes of the Women; while Echo ſeemed ſo pleaſed to repeat the beloved Sound, that if there is really ſuch a Perſon, I believe *Ovid* hath belied her Sex.

Nothing reigned for a long Time but Confuſion; 'till at laſt the Squire having ſufficiently ſpent his Breath, returned to the Parlour, where he found Mrs. *Weſtern* and Mr. *Bliſil*, and threw himſelf, with the utmoſt Dejection in his Countenance, into a great Chair.

Here Mrs. *Weſtern* began to apply the following Conſolation:

" Brother, I am ſorry for what hath hap-
" pened; and that my Niece ſhould have
" behaved herſelf in a Manner ſo unbe-
" coming her Family; but it is all your
" own Doings, and you have no Body to
" thank but yourſelf. You know ſhe hath
" been

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" been educated always in a Manner di-
" rectly contrary to my Advice, and now
" you see the Consequence. Have I not
" a thousand Times argued with you about
" giving my Niece her own Will? But
" you know I never could prevail upon
" you: And when I had taken so much
" Pains to eradicate her headstrong Opi-
" nions, and to rectify your Errors in Po-
" licy, you know she was taken out of my
" Hands; so that I have nothing to an-
" swer for. Had I been trusted entirely
" with the Care of her Education, no such
" Accident as this had ever befallen you:
" So that you must comfort yourself by
" thinking it was all your own Doing;
" and, indeed, what else could be expected
" from such Indulgence?"——

" Zounds! Sister,' answered he, " you
" are enough to make one mad. Have
" I indulged her? Have I given her her
" Will?—It was no longer ago than last
" Night that I threatened, if she disobeyed
" me, to confine her to her Chamber upon
" Bread and Water, as long as she liv-
" ed.—You would provoke the Patience
" of *Job*."

Did

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" Did ever Mortal hear the like?" replied she. " Brother, if I had not the Patience of fifty *Jobs*, you would make me forget all Decency and Decorum. " Why would you interfere? Did I not " beg you, did I not entreat you to leave " the whole Conduct to me? You have " defeated all the Operations of the Campaign by one false Step. Would any " Man in his Senses have provoked a " Daughter by such Threats as these? " How often have I told you, that *English* " Women are not to be treated like *Circaſſian* * Slaves. We have the Protection " of the World: We are to be won by " gentle Means only, and not to be hectored, and bullied, and beat into Compliance. I thank Heaven, no *Salique* " Law governs here. Brother, you have " a Roughneſs in your Manner which no " Woman but myſelf would bear. I do not " wonder my Niece was frightned and terrified into taking this Meaſure; and to " ſpeak honeſtly, I think my Niece will be " juſtified to the World for what ſhe hath

* Poſſibly *Circaſſian.*

" done.

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" done. I repeat it to you again, Bro-
" ther, you muſt comfort yourſelf by re-
" membering that it is all your own Fault.
" How often have I adviſed--" Here *Weſtern* roſe haſtily from his Chair, and, venting two or three horrid Imprecations, ran out of the Room.

When he was departed, his Siſter expreſſed more Bitterneſs (if poſſible) againſt him, than ſhe had done while he was preſent; for the Truth of which ſhe appealed to Mr. *Blifil*, who, with great Complacence, acquieſced entirely in all ſhe ſaid; but excuſed all the Faults of Mr. *Weſtern*, 'as they muſt be conſidered,' he ſaid, 'to 'have proceeded from the too inordinate 'Fondneſs of a Father, which muſt be al-'lowed the Name of an amiable Weak-'neſs.' 'So much the more inexcuſable,' anſwer'd the Lady; 'for whom doth he 'ruin by his Fondneſs, but his own Child?' To which *Blifil* immediately agreed.

Mrs. *Weſtern* then began to expreſs great Confuſion on the Account of Mr. *Blifil*, and of the Uſage which he had received from a Family to which he intended ſo much Honour. On this Subject ſhe treated the

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the Folly of her Niece with great Severity; but concluded with throwing the whole on her Brother, who, she said, was inexcusable to have proceeded so far without better Assurances of his Daughter's Consent: 'But he was (says she) always of a violent, headstrong Temper; and I can 'scarce forgive myself for all the Advice 'I have thrown away upon him.'

After much of this Kind of Conversation, which, perhaps, would not greatly entertain the Reader, was it here particularly related, Mr. *Blifil* took his Leave, and returned home, not highly pleased with his Disappointment; which, however, the Philosophy which he had acquired from *Square*, and the Religion infused into him by *Thwackum*, together with somewhat else, taught him to bear rather better than more passionate Lovers bear these Kinds of Evils.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IX.

The Escape of Sophia.

IT is now Time to look after *Sophia*; whom the Reader, if he loves her half so well as I do, will rejoice to find escaped from the Clutches of her passionate Father, and from those of her dispassionate Lover.

Twelve Times did the iron Register of Time beat on the sonorous Bell-metal, summoning the Ghosts to rise, and walk their nightly Round.——In plainer Language, it was Twelve o' Clock, and all the Family, as we have said, lay buried in Drink and Sleep, except only Mrs. *Western*, who was deeply engaged in reading a political Pamphlet, and except our Heroine, who now softly stole down Stairs, and having unbarred and unlocked one of the House Doors, sallied forth, and hastened to the Place of Appointment.

Notwithstanding the many pretty Arts, which Ladies sometimes practise, to display their Fears on every little Occasion, (almost as many as the other Sex uses to conceal them)

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theirs) certainly there is a Degree of Courage, which not only becomes a Woman, but is often neceſſary to enable her to diſcharge her Duty. It is, indeed, the Idea of Fierceneſs, and not of Bravery, which deſtroys the Female Character: For who can read the Story of the juſtly celebrated *Arria*, without conceiving as high an Opinion of her Gentleneſs and Tenderneſs, as of her Fortitude? At the ſame Time, perhaps, many a Woman who ſhrieks at a Mouſe, or a Rat, may be capable of poiſoning a Huſband; or, what is worſe, of driving him to poiſon himſelf.

Sophia, with all the Gentleneſs which a Woman can have, had all the Spirit which ſhe ought to have. When, therefore, ſhe came to the Place of Appointment, and, inſtead of meeting her Maid, as was agreed, ſaw a Man ride directly up to her, ſhe neither ſcreamed out, nor fainted away: Not that her Pulſe then beat with its uſual Regularity; for ſhe was, at firſt, under ſome Surprize and Apprehenſion: But theſe were relieved almoſt as ſoon as raiſed, when the Man, pulling off his Hat, aſked her, in a very ſubmiſſive Manner, 'If her 'Ladyſhip did not expect to meet another 'Lady?' And then proceeded to inform her,

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her, 'that he was sent to conduct her to 'that Lady.'

Sophia could have no possible Suspicion of any Falshood in this Account: She therefore mounted resolutely behind the Fellow, who conveyed her safe to a Town about Five Miles distant, where she had the Satisfaction of finding the good Mrs. *Honour:* For as the Soul of the Waiting-Woman was wrapt up in those very Habiliments which used to enwrap her Body, she could by no Means bring herself to trust them out of her Sight. Upon these, therefore, she kept Guard in Person, while she detached the aforesaid Fellow after her Mistress, having given him all proper Instructions.

They now debated what Course to take, in order to avoid the Pursuit of Mr. *Western*, who, they knew, would send after them in a few Hours. The *London* Road had such Charms for *Honour*, that she was desirous of going on directly; alledging, that as *Sophia* could not be missed till Eight or Nine the next Morning, her Pursuers would not be able to overtake her, even though they knew which Way she had gone. But *Sophia* had too much at Stake to

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to venture any Thing to Chance; nor did ſhe dare truſt too much to her tender Limbs, in a Conteſt which was to be decided only by Swiftneſs. She reſolved, therefore, to travel acroſs the Country, for at leaſt Twenty or Thirty Miles, and then to take the direct Road to *London*. So, having hired her Horſes to go Twenty Miles one Way, when ſhe intended to go Twenty Miles the other, ſhe ſet forward with the ſame Guide, behind whom ſhe had ridden from her Father's Houſe; the Guide having now taken up behind him, in the Room of *Sophia*, a much heavier, as well as much leſs lovely Burthen; being, indeed, a huge Portmanteau, well ſtuffed with thoſe outſide Ornaments, by Means of which the fair *Honour* hoped to gain many Conqueſts, and, finally, to make her Fortune in *London* City.

When they had gone about Two Hundred Paces from the Inn, on the *London* Road, *Sophia* rode up to the Guide, and, with a Voice much fuller of Honey than was ever that of *Anacreon*, though his Mouth is ſuppoſed to have been a Bee-hive, begged him to take the firſt Turning which led towards *Briſtol*.

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Reader, I am not ſuperſtitious, nor any great Believer in modern Miracles. I do not, therefore, deliver the following as a certain Truth; for, indeed, I can ſcarce credit it myſelf: But the Fidelity of an Hiſtorian obliges me to relate what hath been confidently aſſerted. The Horſe, then, on which the Guide rode, is reported to have been ſo charmed by *Sophia*'s Voice, that he made a full Stop, and expreſt an Unwillingneſs to proceed any farther.

Perhaps, however, the Fact may be true, and leſs miraculous than it hath been repreſented; ſince the natural Cauſe ſeems adequate to the Effect: For as the Guide at that Moment deſiſted from a conſtant Application of his armed right Heel, (for, like *Hudibras*, he wore but one Spur) it is more than poſſible, that this Omiſſion alone might occaſion the Beaſt to ſtop, eſpecially as this was very frequent with him at other Times.

But if the Voice of *Sophia* had really an Effect on the Horſe, it had very little on the Rider. He anſwered ſomewhat ſurlily, 'That 'Meaſter had ordered him to go a different 'Way, and that he ſhould loſe his Place, 'if

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'if he went any other than that he was 'ordered.

Sophia finding all her Perſuaſions had no Effect, began now to add irreſiſtible Charms to her Voice; Charms, which according to the Proverb, makes the old Mare trot, inſtead of ſtanding ſtill; Charms! to which modern Ages have attributed all that irreſiſtible Force, which the Ancients imputed to perfect Oratory. In a Word, ſhe promiſed ſhe would reward him to his utmoſt Expectation.

The Lad was not totally deaf to theſe Promiſes; but he diſliked their being indefinite: For tho' perhaps he had never heard that Word, yet that in Fact was his Objection. 'He ſaid, Gentlevolks did not 'conſider the Caſe of poor Volks; that he 'had like to have been turned away the 'other Day, for riding about the Country 'with a Gentleman from Squire *Allwor-* '*thy*'s, who did not reward him as he 'ſhould have done.

'With whom? ſays *Sophia* eagerly — 'With a Gentleman from Squire *Allwor-* '*thy*'s, repeated the Lad, 'the Squire's 'Son, I think, they call 'un.'—'Whither? 'which

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'which Way did he go? says *Sophia*. 'Why a little o' one Side o' *Briſtol*, about 'twenty Miles off,' anſwered the Lad.— 'Guide me,' says *Sophia*, 'to the ſame Place, 'and I'll give thee a Guinea, or two, if 'one is not ſufficient.' 'To be certain, ſaid 'the Boy, it is honeſtly worth two, when 'your Ladyſhip conſiders what a Riſk I 'run; but, however, if your Ladyſhip 'will promiſe me the two Guineas, I'll 'e'en venture: To be certain it is a ſinful 'Thing to ride about my Maſter's Horſes; 'but one Comfort is, I can only be turned 'away, and two Guineas will partly make 'me Amends.

The Bargain being thus ſtruck, the Lad turned aſide into the *Briſtol* Road, and *Sophia* ſet forward in Purſuit of *Jones*, highly contrary to the Remonſtrances of Mrs. *Honour*, who had much more Deſire to ſee *London*, than to ſee Mr. *Jones*: For indeed ſhe was not his Friend with her Miſtreſs, as he had been guilty of ſome Neglect in certain pecuniary Civilities, which are by Cuſtom due to the Waiting-gentlewoman in all Love Affairs, and more eſpecially in thoſe of a clandeſtine Kind. This we impute rather to the Careleſſneſs of his Temper, than to any Want of Generoſity; but per-

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perhaps she derived it from the latter Motive. Certain it is that she hated him very bitterly on that Account, and resolved to take every Opportunity of injuring him with her Mistress. It was therefore highly unlucky for her, that she had gone to the very same Town and Inn whence *Jones* had started, and still more unlucky was she, in having stumbled on the same Guide, and on this accidental Discovery which *Sophia* had made.

Our Travellers arrived at *Hambrook* * at the Break of Day, where *Honour* was against her Will charged to enquire the Rout which Mr. *Jones* had taken. Of this, indeed, the Guide himself could have informed them; but *Sophia*, I know not for what Reason, never asked him the Question.

When Mrs. *Honour* had made her Report from the Landlord, *Sophia*, with much Difficulty, procured some indifferent Horses, which brought her to the Inn, where *Jones* had been confined rather by the Misfortune of meeting with a Surgeon, than by having met with a broken Head.

Here *Honour* being again charged with a Commission of Enquiry, had no sooner applied

* This was the Village where *Jones* met the Quaker.

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plied herſelf to the Landlady, and had deſcribed the Perſon of Mr. *Jones*, than that ſagacious Woman began, in the vulgar Phraſe, to ſmell a Rat. When *Sophia* therefore entered the Room, inſtead of anſwering the Maid, the Landlady addreſſing herſelf to the Miſtreſs, began the following Speech. 'Good-lack-a-day! why there 'now, who would have thought it! I pro-'teſt the loveliеſt Couple that ever Eye 'beheld. I-ſackins, Madam, it is no Won-'der the Squire run on ſo about your 'Ladyſhip. He told me indeed you was 'the fineſt Lady in the World, and to be 'ſure ſo you be. Mercy on him, poor 'Heart, I bepitied him, ſo I did, when he 'uſed to hug his Pillow, and call it his 'dear Madam *Sophia*.——I did all I could 'to diſſuade him from going to the Wars; 'I told him there were Men enow that 'were good for nothing elſe but to be kil-'led, that had not the Love of ſuch fine 'Ladies.' 'Sure,' ſays *Sophia*, 'the 'good Woman is diſtracted. 'No, no,' cries the Landlady, 'I am not diſtracted.' 'What doth your Ladyſhip think I don't 'know then? I aſſure you he told me all.' 'What ſaucy Fellow,' cries *Honour*, 'told 'you any Thing of my Lady?' 'No ſaucy 'Fellow,' anſwered the Landlady, 'but 'the

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'the young Gentleman you enquired after,
'and a very pretty young Gentleman he is
'and he loves Madam *Sophia Western* to
'the Bottom of his Soul.' 'He love my
'Lady! I'd have you to know, Woman,
'she is Meat for his Master. ——— Nay,
'*Honour*,' said *Sophia*, interrupting her,
'don't be angry with the good Woman,
'she intends no Harm.' 'No, marry don't
'I,' answered the Landlady, emboldened by the soft Accents of *Sophia*, and then launched into a long Narrative too tedious to be here set down, in which some Passages dropt, that gave a little Offence to *Sophia*, and much more to her Waiting-woman, who hence took Occasion to abuse poor *Jones* to her Mistress the Moment they were alone together, saying, 'that he
'must be a very pitiful Fellow, and could
'have no Love for a Lady, whose Name
'he would thus prostitute in an Ale-house.

Sophia did not see his Behaviour in so very disadvantageous a Light, and was perhaps more pleased with the violent Raptures of his Love (which the Landlady exaggerated as much as she had done every other Circumstance) than she was offended with the rest; and indeed she imputed the whole to

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the Extravagance, or rather Ebullience of his Paſſion, and to the Openneſs of his Heart.

This Incident, however, being afterward revived in her Mind, and placed in the moſt odious Colours by *Honour*, ſerved to heighten and give Credit to thoſe unlucky Occurrences at *Upton*, and aſſiſted the Waiting-woman in her Endeavours to make her Miſtreſs depart from that Inn without ſeeing *Jones*.

The Landlady finding *Sophia* intended to ſtay no longer than till her Horſes were ready, and that without either eating or drinking, ſoon withdrew; when *Honour* began to take her Miſtreſs to Taſk (for indeed ſhe uſed great Freedom) and after a long Harangue, in which ſhe reminded her of her Intention to go to *London*, and gave frequent Hints of the Impropriety of purſuing a young Fellow, ſhe at laſt concluded with this ſerious Exhortation: 'For Heaven's Sake, Madam, conſider 'what you are about, and whither you are 'going.

This Advice to a Lady who had already rode

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rode near forty Miles, and in no very agreeable Seaſon, may ſeem fooliſh enough. It may be ſuppoſed ſhe had well conſidered and reſolved this already; nay, Mrs. *Honour*, by the Hints ſhe threw out, ſeemed to think ſo; and this I doubt not is the Opinion of many Readers, who have, I make no Doubt, been long ſince well convinced of the Purpoſe of our Heroine, and have heartily condemned her for it as a wanton Baggage.

But in reality this was not the Caſe. *Sophia* had been lately ſo diſtracted between Hope and Fear, her Duty and Love to her Father, her Hatred to *Bliſil*, her Compaſſion, and (why ſhould we not confeſs the Truth) her Love for *Jones*; which laſt the Behaviour of her Father, of her Aunt, of every one elſe, and more particularly of *Jones* himſelf, had blown into a Flame, that her Mind was in that confuſed State, which may be truly ſaid to make us ignorant of what we do, or whither we go, or rather indeed indifferent as to the Conſequence of either.

The prudent and ſage Advice of her Maid, produced, however, ſome cool Re-

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flection; and she at length determined to go to *Gloucester*, and thence to proceed directly to *London*.

But unluckily a few Miles before she entered that Town, she met the Hack-Attorney, who, as is beforementioned, had dined there with Mr. *Jones*. This Fellow being well known to Mrs. *Honour*, stopt and spoke to her; of which *Sophia* at that Time took little Notice, more than to enquire who he was.

But having had a more particular Account from *Honour* of this Man afterwards at *Gloucester*, and hearing of the great Expedition he usually made in travelling, for which (as hath been before observed) he was particularly famous; recollecting likewise, that she had overheard Mrs. *Honour* inform him, that they were going to *Gloucester*, she began to fear lest her Father might, by this Fellow's Means, be able to trace her to that City; wherefore if she should there strike into the *London* Road, she apprehended he would certainly be able to overtake her. She therefore altered her Resolution; and having hired Horses to go a Week's Journey, a Way which she

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did not intend to travel, she again set forward after a light Refreshment, contrary to the Desire and earnest Entreaties of her Maid, and to the no less vehement Remonstrances of Mrs. *Whitefield*, who from good Breeding, or perhaps from good Nature (for the poor young Lady appeared much fatigued) press'd her very heartily to stay that Evening at *Gloucester*.

Having refreshed herself only with some Tea, and with lying about two Hours on the Bed, while her Horses were getting ready, she resolutely left Mrs. *Whitefield*'s about eleven at Night, and striking directly into the *Worcester* Road, within less than four Hours arrived at that very Inn where we last saw her.

Having thus traced our Heroine very particularly back from her Departure, till her Arrival at *Upton*, we shall in a very few Words, bring her Father to the same Place; who having received the first Scent from the Post-boy, who conducted his Daughter to *Hambrook*, very easily traced her afterwards to *Gloucester*; whence he pursued her to *Upton*, as he had learned Mr. *Jones* had taken that Rout (for *Partridge*, to

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to uſe the Squire's Expreſſion, left every where a ſtrong Scent behind him) and he doubted not in the leaſt but *Sophia* travelled, or, as he phraſed it, ran the ſame Way. He uſed indeed a very coarſe Expreſſion, which need not be here inſerted; as Fox-hunters, who alone would underſtand it, will eaſily ſuggeſt it to themſelves.

THE

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THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XI.

Containing about three Days.

CHAP. I.

A Cruſt for the Critics.

IN our laſt initial Chapter, we may be ſuppoſed to have treated that formidable Set of Men, who are called Critics, with more Freedom than becomes us; ſince they exact, and indeed generally receive, great Condeſcenſion from Authors. We ſhall in this, therefore, give the Reaſons

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ſons of our Conduct to this auguſt Body; and here we ſhall perhaps place them in a Light, in which they have not hitherto been ſeen.

This Word Critic is of *Greek* Derivation, and ſignifies Judgement. Hence I preſume ſome Perſons who have not underſtood the Original, and have ſeen the *Engliſh* Tranſlation of the Primitive, have concluded that it meant Judgment in the legal Senſe, in which it is frequently uſed as equivalent to Condemnation.

I am the rather inclined to be of that Opinion, as the greateſt Number of Critics hath of late Years been found amongſt the Lawyers. Many of theſe Gentlemen, from Deſpair, perhaps, of ever riſing to the Bench in *Weſtminſter-hall*, have placed themſelves on the Benches at the Playhouſe, where they have exerted their judicial Capacity, and have given Judgment, *i. e.* condemned without Mercy.

The Gentlemen would perhaps be well enough pleaſed, if we were to leave them thus compared to one of the moſt important and honourable Offices in the Commonwealth, and if we intended to apply to their

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their Favour we would do ſo; but as we deſign to deal very ſincerely and plainly too with them, we muſt remind them of another Officer of Juſtice of a much lower Rank; to whom, as they not only pronounce, but execute their own Judgment, they bear likewiſe ſome remote Reſemblance.

But in reality there is another Light in which theſe modern Critics may with great Juſtice and Propriety be ſeen; and this is that of a common Slanderer. If a Perſon who prys into the Characters of others, with no other Deſign but to diſcover their Faults, and to publiſh them to the World, deſerves the Title of a Slanderer of the Reputations of Men; why ſhould not a Critic, who reads with the ſame malevolent View, be as properly ſtiled the Slanderer of the Reputation of Books?

Vice hath not, I believe, a more abject Slave; Society produces not a more odious Vermin; nor can the Devil receive a Gueſt more worthy of him, nor poſſibly more welcome to him, than a Slanderer. The World, I am afraid, regards not this Monſter with half the Abhorrence which he deſerves, and I am more afraid to aſſign the Rea-

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Reaſon of this criminal Lenity ſhewn towards him; yet is is certain that the Thief looks innocent in the Compariſon; nay, the Murderer himſelf can ſeldom ſtand in Competition with his Guilt: For Slander is a more cruel Weapon than a Sword, as the Wounds which the former gives are always incurable. One Method, indeed, there is of killing, and that the baſeſt and moſt execrable of all, which bears an exact Analogy to the Vice here diſclaimed againſt, and that is Poiſon. A Means of Revenge ſo baſe, and yet ſo horrible, that it was once wiſely diſtinguiſhed by our Laws from all other Murders, in the peculiar Severity of the Puniſhment.

Beſides the dreadful Miſchiefs done by Slander, and the Baſeneſs of the Means by which this is effected, there are other Circumſtances that highly aggravate its atrocious Quality: For it often proceeds from no Provocation, and ſeldom promiſes itſelf any Reward, unleſs ſome black and infernal Mind may propoſe ſuch a Reward in the Thoughts of having procured the Ruin and Miſery of another.

Shake-

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Shakespear hath nobly touched this Vice, when he says,

Gold Errata

Who steals my ~~Purse~~ steals Trash, 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and hath been Slave to Thousands:
But he who filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that WHICH NOT ENRICHES HIM,
BUT MAKES ME POOR INDEED.

With all this my good Reader will doubtless agree; but much of it will probably seem too severe, when applied to the Slanderer of Books. But let it here be considered, that both proceed from the same wicked Disposition of Mind, and are alike void of the Excuse of Temptation. Nor shall we conclude the Injury done this Way to be very slight, when we consider a Book as the Author's Offspring, and indeed as the Child of his Brain.

The Reader who hath suffered his Muse to continue hitherto in a Virgin State, can have but a very inadequate Idea of this Kind of paternal Fondness. To such we may parody the tender Exclamation of *Macduff*.

Alas!

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Alas! Thou haſt written no Book. But the Author whoſe Muſe hath brought forth, will feel the pathetic Strain, perhaps will accompany me with Tears (eſpecially if his Darling be already no more) while I mention the Uneaſineſs with which the big Muſe bears about her Burden, the painful Labour with which ſhe produces it, and laſtly, the Care, the Fondneſs, with which the tender Father nouriſhes his Favourite, till it be brought to Maturity, and produced into the World.

Nor is there any paternal Fondneſs which ſeems leſs to ſavour of abſolute Inſtinct, and which may ſo well be reconciled to worldly Wiſdom as this. Theſe Children may moſt truly be called the Riches of their Father; and many of them have with true filial Piety fed their Parent in his old Age; ſo that not only the Affection, but the Intereſt of the Author may be highly injured by theſe Slanderers, whoſe poiſonous Breath brings his Book to an untimely End.

Laſtly, The Slander of a Book is, in Truth, the Slander of the Author: For as no one can call another Baſtard, without calling the Mother a Whore, ſo neither can any one give the Names of ſad Stuff, horrid

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rid Nonſenſe, *&c.* to a Book, without calling the Author a Blockhead; which tho' in a moral Senſe it is a preferable Appellation to that of Villain, is perhaps rather more injurious to his worldly Intereſt.

Now however ludicrous all this may appear to ſome, others, I doubt not, will feel and acknowledge the Truth of it; nay, may, perhaps, think I have not treated the Subject with decent Solemnity; but ſurely a Man may ſpeak Truth with a ſmiling Countenance. In reality, to depreciate a Book maliciouſly, or even wantonly, is at leaſt a very ill-natured Office; and a moroſe ſnarling Critic, may, I believe, be ſuſpected to be a bad Man.

I will therefore endeavour in the remaining Part of this Chapter, to explain the Marks of this Character, and to ſhew what Criticiſm I here intend to obviate: For I can never be underſtood, unleſs by the very Perſons here meant, to inſinuate, that there are no proper Judges of Writing, or to endeavour to exclude from the Commonwealth of Literature any of thoſe noble Critics, to whoſe Labours the learned World are ſo greatly indebted. Such were *Ariſtotle*, *Horace*, and *Longinus* among the Ancients,

Dacier

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Dacier and *Boſſu* among the *French*, and ſome perhaps among us; who have certainly been duly authorized to execute at leaſt a judicial Authority in *Foro Literario*.

But without aſcertaining all the proper Qualifications of a Critic, which I have touched on elſewhere, I think I may very boldly object to the Cenſures of any one paſt upon Works which he hath not himſelf read. Such Cenſurers as theſe, whether they ſpeak from their own Gueſs or Suſpicion, or from the Report and Opinion of others, may properly be ſaid to ſlander the Reputation of the Book they condemn.

Such may likewiſe be ſuſpected of deſerving this Character, who without aſſigning any particular Faults, condemn the whole in general defamatory Terms; ſuch as vile, dull, da—d Stuff, *&c.* and particularly by the Uſe of the Monoſyllable LOW; a Word which becomes the Mouth of no Critic who is not RIGHT HONOURABLE.

Again, tho' there may be ſome Faults juſtly aſſigned in the Work, yet if thoſe are not in the moſt eſſential Parts, or if they are compenſated by greater Beauties, it will favour rather of the Malice of a Slanderer,

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than of the Judgment of a true Critic, to paſs a ſevere Sentence upon the whole, merely on account of ſome vicious Part. This is directly contrary to the Sentiments of *Horace*.

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

But where the Beauties, more in Number, ſhine,
I am not angry, when a caſual Line
(That with ſome trivial Faults unequal flows)
A careleſs Hand, or human Frailty ſhows.
Mr. FRANCIS.

For as *Martial* ſays, *Aliter, non ſit, Avite, Liber. No Book can be otherwiſe compoſed.* All Beauty of Character, as well as of Countenance, and indeed of every Thing human, is to be tried in this Manner. Cruel indeed would it be if ſuch a Work as this Hiſtory, which hath employed ſome Thouſands of Hours in the compoſing, ſhould be liable to be condemned, becauſe ſome particular Chapter, or perhaps Chapters, may be obnoxious to very juſt and ſenſible Objections. And

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And yet nothing is more common than the moſt rigorous Sentence upon Books ſupported by ſuch Objections, which if they were rightly taken (and that they are not always) do by no Means go to the Merit of the whole. In the Theatre eſpecially, a ſingle Expreſſion which doth not coincide with the Taſte of the Audience, or with any individual Critic of that Audience, is ſure to be hiſſed; and one Scene which ſhould be diſapproved, would hazard the whole Piece. To write within ſuch ſevere Rules as theſe, is as impoſſible, as to live up to ſome ſplenetic Opinions; and if we judge according to the Sentiments of ſome Critics, and of ſome Chriſtians, no Author will be ſaved in this World, and no Man in the next.

CHAP. II.

The Adventures which Sophia *met with, after her leaving* Upton.

OUR Hiſtory, juſt before it was obliged to turn about, and travel backwards, had mentioned the Departure of *Sophia* and her Maid from the Inn; we ſhall now therefore purſue the Steps of that lovely Crea-

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Creature, and leave her unworthy Lover a little longer to bemoan his Ill-Luck, or rather his ill Conduct.

Sophia having directed her Guide to travel through Bye-Roads acroſs the Country, they now paſſed the *Severn*, and had ſcarce got a Mile from the Inn, when the young Lady, looking behind her, ſaw ſeveral Horſes coming after on full Speed. This greatly alarmed her Fears, and ſhe called to the Guide to put on as faſt as poſſible.

He immediately obeyed her, and away they rode a full Gallop. But the faſter they went, the faſter were they followed; and as the Horſes behind were ſomewhat ſwifter than thoſe before, ſo the former were at length overtaken. A happy Circumſtance for poor *Sophia*; whoſe Fears, joined to her Fatigue, had almoſt overpowered her Spirits; but ſhe was now inſtantly relieved by a female Voice, that greeted her in the ſofteſt Manner, and with the utmoſt Civility. This Greeting, *Sophia*, as ſoon as ſhe could recover her Breath, with like Civility, and with the higheſt Satisfaction to herſelf, returned.

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The Travellers who joined *Sophia*, and who had given her ſuch Terror, conſiſted, like her own Company, of two Females and a Guide. The two Parties proceeded three full Miles together before any one offered again to open their Mouths; when our Heroine having pretty well got the better of her Fear; but yet being ſomewhat ſurprized that the other ſtill continued to attend her, as ſhe purſued no great Road, and had already paſſed through ſeveral Turnings, accoſted the ſtrange Lady in a moſt obliging Tone; and ſaid, 'She 'was very happy to find they were both 'travelling the ſame Way.' The other, who, like a Ghoſt, only wanted to be ſpoke to, readily anſwered, 'That the Happineſs 'was entirely hers; that ſhe was a perfect 'Stranger in that Country, and was ſo over-'joyed at meeting a Companion of her 'own Sex, that ſhe had perhaps been guilty 'of an Impertinence which required great 'Apology, in keeping Pace with her.' More Civilities paſſed between theſe two Ladies; for Mrs. *Honour* had now given Place to the fine Habit of the Stranger, and had fallen into the Rear. But tho' *Sophia* had great Curioſity to know why the other Lady continued to travel on through the ſame

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ſame Bye-Roads with herſelf, nay, tho' this gave her ſome Uneaſineſs; yet Fear, or Modeſty, or ſome other Conſideration, reſtrained her from aſking the Queſtion.

The ſtrange Lady now laboured under a Difficulty which appears almoſt below the Dignity of Hiſtory to mention. Her Bonnet had been blown from her Head not leſs than five Times within the laſt Mile; nor could ſhe come at any Ribbon or Handkerchief to tye it under her Chin. When *Sophia* was informed of this, ſhe immediately ſupplied her with a Handkerchief for this Purpoſe; which while ſhe was pulling from her Pocket, ſhe perhaps too much neglected the Management of her Horſe, for the Beaſt now unluckily making a falſe Step, fell upon his Fore-Legs, and threw his Fair Rider from his Back.

Tho' *Sophia* came Head foremoſt to the Ground, ſhe happily received not the leaſt Damage; and the ſame Circumſtances which had perhaps contributed to her Fall, now preſerved her from Confuſion; for the Lane which they were then paſſing was narrow and very much over-grown with Trees, ſo that the Moon could here afford very little Light, and was moreover, at preſent, ſo obſcured in a Cloud, that it

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was almoſt perfectly dark. By theſe Means the young Lady's Modeſty, which was extremely delicate, eſcaped as free from Injury as her Limbs, and ſhe was once more reinſtated in her Saddle, having received no other Harm than a little Fright by her Fall.

Day light at length appeared in its full Luſtre; and now the two Ladies, who were riding over a Common Side by Side, looking ſtedfaſtly at each other, at the ſame Moment both their Eyes became fixed; both their Horſes ſtopt, and both ſpeaking together, with equal Joy pronounced, the one the Name of *Sophia*, the other that of *Harriet*.

This unexpected Encounter ſurprized the Ladies much more than I believe it will the ſagacious Reader, who muſt have imagined that the ſtrange Lady could be no other than Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, the Couſin of Miſs *Weſtern*, whom we before mentioned to have ſallied from the Inn a few Minutes after her.

So great was the Surprize and Joy which theſe two Couſins conceived at this Meeting (for they had formerly been moſt intimate Acquaintance and Friends, and had

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long lived together with their Aunt *Weſtern*) that it is impoſſible to recount half the Congratulations which paſſed between them, before either aſked a very natural Queſtion of the other, namely, whither ſhe was going.

This at laſt, however, came firſt from Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; but eaſy and natural as the Queſtion may ſeem, *Sophia* found it difficult to give it a very ready and certain Anſwer. She begged her Couſin therefore to ſuſpend all Curioſity till they arrived at ſome Inn, 'which I ſuppoſe,' ſays ſhe, 'can hardly be far diſtant; and believe me, '*Harriet*, I ſuſpend as much Curioſity on 'my Side; for indeed I believe our Aſto-'niſhment is pretty equal.'

The Converſation which paſſed between theſe Ladies on the Road, was, I apprehend, little worth relating; and leſs certainly was that between the two Waiting-women: For they likewiſe began to pay their Compliments to each other. As for the Guides, they were debarred from the Pleaſure of Diſcourſe, the one being placed in the Van, and the other obliged to bring up the Rear.

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In this Posture they travelled many Hours, till they came into a wide and well-beaten Road, which, as they turned to the Right, soon brought them to a very fair promising Inn; where they all alighted: But so fatigued was *Sophia*, that as she had sat her Horse during the last five or six Miles with great Difficulty, so was she now incapable of dismounting from him without Assistance. This the Landlord, who had hold of her Horse, presently perceiving, offered to lift her in his Arms from her Saddle; and she too readily accepted the Tender of his Service. Indeed Fortune seems to have resolved to put *Sophia* to the Blush that Day, and the second malicious Attempt succeeded better than the first; for my Landlord had no sooner received the young Lady in his Arms, than his Feet, which the Gout had lately very severely handled, gave way, and down he tumbled; but at the same Time, with no less Dexterity than Gallantry, contrived to throw himself under his charming Burthen, so that he alone received any Bruise from the Fall; for the greatest Injury which happened to *Sophia*, was a violent Shock given to her Modesty, by an immoderate Grin which, at her rising from the Ground, she observed in the Countenances of most of the Bye-Standers. This made her suspect what

had

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had really happened, and what we shall not here relate, for the Indulgence of those Readers who are capable of laughing at the Offence given to a young Lady's Delicacy. Accidents of this Kind we have never regarded in a comical Light; nor will we scruple to say, that he must have a very inadequate Idea of the Modesty of a beautiful young Woman, who would wish to sacrifice it to so paultry a Satisfaction as can arise from Laughter.

This Fright and Shock, joined to the violent Fatigue which both her Mind and Body had undergone, almost overcame the excellent Constitution of *Sophia*, and she had scarce Strength sufficient to totter into the Inn, leaning on the Arm of her Maid. Here she was no sooner seated than she called for a Glass of Water; but Mrs. *Honour*, very judiciously, in my Opinion, changed it into a Glass of Wine.

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* hearing from Mrs. *Honour*, that *Sophia* had not been in Bed during the two last Nights, and observing her to look very pale and wan with her Fatigue, earnestly entreated her to refresh herself with some Sleep. She was yet a Stranger to her History, or her Apprehensions; but had she known both, she would

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have given the ſame Advice; for Reſt was viſibly neceſſary for her; and their long Journey through Bye-Roads ſo entirely removed all Danger of Purſuit, that ſhe was herſelf perfectly eaſy on that Account.

Sophia was eaſily prevailed on to follow the Counſel of her Friend, which was heartily ſeconded by her Maid. Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* likewiſe offered to bear her Couſin Company, which *Sophia*, with much Complaiſance, accepted.

The Miſtreſs was no ſooner in Bed, than the Maid prepared to follow her Example. She began to make many Apologies to her Siſter *Abigail* for leaving her alone in ſo horrid a Place as an Inn; but the other ſtopped her ſhort, being as well inclined to a Nap as herſelf, and deſired the Honour of being her Bedfellow. *Sophia*'s Maid agreed to give her a Share of her Bed, but put in her Claim to all the Honour. So after many Curt'ſies and Compliments, to Bed together went the Waiting women, as their Miſtreſſes had done before them.

It was uſual with my Landlord (as indeed it is with the whole Fraternity to enquire particularly of all Coachmen, Footmen, Poſtboys, and others, into the Names of all

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all his Guests; what their Estate was, and where it lay. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the many particular Circumstances which attended our Travellers, and especially their retiring all to Sleep at so extraordinary and unusual an Hour as ten in the Morning, should excite his Curiosity. As soon therefore as the Guides entered the Kitchin, he began to examine who the Ladies were, and whence they came; but the Guides, tho' they faithfully related all they knew, gave him very little Satisfaction. On the contrary, they rather enflamed his Curiosity than extinguished it.

This Landlord had the Character, among all his Neighbours, of being a very sagacious Fellow. He was thought to see farther and deeper into Things than any Man in the Parish, the Parson himself not excepted. Perhaps his Look had contributed not a little to procure him this Reputation; for there was in this something wonderfully wise and significant, especially when he had a Pipe in his Mouth; which, indeed, he seldom was without. His Behaviour, likewise, greatly assisted in promoting the Opinion of his Wisdom In his Deportment he was solemn, if not sullen; and when he spoke, which was seldom, he always delivered himself in a slow

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Voice; and though his Sentences were ſhort, they were ſtill interrupted with many Hums and Ha's, Ay, Ays, and other Expletives: So that though he accompanied his Words with certain explanatory Geſtures, ſuch as ſhaking, or nodding the Head, or pointing with his Foreſinger, he generally left his Hearers to underſtand more than he expreſſed; nay, he commonly gave them a Hint, that he knew much more than he thought proper to diſcloſe. This laſt Circumſtance alone, may, indeed, very well account for his Character of Wiſdom, ſince Men are ſtrangely inclined to worſhip what they do not underſtand. A grand Secret, upon which ſeveral Impoſers on Mankind have totally relied for the Succeſs of their Frauds.

This politic Perſon now taking his Wife aſide, aſked her, 'What ſhe thought of 'the Ladies lately arrived?' 'Think of 'them!' ſaid the Wife, 'why what ſhould I 'think of them?' 'I know,' anſwered he, 'what I think. The Guides tell ſtrange 'Stories. One pretends to be come from '*Glouceſter*, and the other from *Upton*; 'and neither of them, for what I can find, 'can tell whither they are going. But 'what People ever travel acroſs the Coun-'try from *Upton* hither, eſpecially to *Lon-*
'*don?*

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'*don?* And one of the Maid-Servants, be-
'fore she alighted from her Horse, asked,
'if this was not the *London* Road? Now
'I have put all these Circumstances toge-
'ther, and whom do you think I have
'found them out to be?' 'Nay, answered
'she, you know I never pretend to guess
'at your Discoveries.'—— 'It is a good
'Girl,' replied he, chucking her under the
Chin; 'I must own you have always sub-
'mitted to my Knowledge of these Mat-
'ters. Why then, depend upon it; mind
'what I say,—depend upon it, they are
'certainly some of the Rebel Ladies, who,
'they say, travel with the young Cheva-
'lier; and have taken a round-about Way
'to escape the Duke's Army.'

'Husband,' quoth the Wife, 'you
'have certainly hit it; for one of them is
'dress't as fine as any Princess; and, to be
'sure, she looks for all the World like
'one.——But yet, when I consider one
'Thing.—— 'When you consider,' cries
the Landlord contemptuously—— 'Come,
'pray let's hear what you consider.'——
'Why it is,' answered the Wife, 'that
'she is too humble to be any very great
'Lady; for while our *Betty* was warming
'the Bed, she called her nothing but Child,
'and my Dear, and Sweetheart; and when

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'*Betty* offered to pull off her Shoes and 'Stockings, ſhe would not ſuffer her, ſay-'ing, ſhe would not give her the Trou-'ble.'

'Pugh!' anſwered the Huſband, 'This 'is nothing. Doſt think, becauſe you 'have ſeen ſome great Ladies rude and un-'civil to Perſons below them, that none of 'them know how to behave themſelves 'when they come before their Inferiors? 'I think I know People of Faſhion when 'I ſee them. I think I do. Did not ſhe 'call for a Glaſs of Water when ſhe came 'in? Another Sort of Women would have 'called for a Dram; you know they 'would. If ſhe be not a Woman of very 'great Quality, ſell me for a Fool; and, 'I believe, thoſe who buy me will have a 'bad Bargain. Now, would a Woman of 'her Quality travel without a Footman, 'unleſs upon ſome ſuch extraordinary Oc-'caſion?' 'Nay, to be ſure, Huſband,' cries ſhe, 'you know theſe Matters better 'than I, or moſt Folk.' 'I think I do 'know ſomething,' ſaid he. To be ſure,' anſwered the Wife, 'the poor little Heart 'looked ſo piteous, when ſhe ſat down in 'the Chair, I proteſt I could not help hav-'ing a Compaſſion for her, almoſt as much

'as

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'as if she had been a poor Body. But 'what's to be done, Husband? If an she 'be a Rebel, I suppose you intend to be-'tray her up to the Court. Well, she's a 'sweet-tempered, good-humoured Lady, be 'she what she will, and I shall hardly refrain 'from crying when I hear she is hanged or 'beheaded.' 'Pooh,' answered the Husband!—'But as to what's to be done it is 'not so easy a Matter to determine. I 'hope, before she goes away, we shall 'have the News of a Battle: for if the 'Chevalier should get the better, she may 'gain us Interest at Court, and make our 'Fortunes, without betraying her.' 'Why 'that's true,' replied the Wife; 'and I 'heartily hope she will have it in her 'Power. Certainly she's a sweet good 'Lady; it would go horribly against me to 'have her come to any Harm.' 'Pooh,' cries the Landlord, 'Women are always 'so tender-hearted. Why you would not 'harbour Rebels, would you?' 'No, cer-'tainly,' answered the Wife; 'and as for 'betraying her, come what will on't, No-'body can blame us. It is what any body 'would do in our Case.'

While our politic Landlord, who had not, we see, undeservedly the Reputation of

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of great Wiſdom among his Neighbours, was engaged in debating this Matter with himſelf, (for he paid little Attention to the Opinion of his Wife) News arrived that the Rebels had given the Duke the Slip, and had got a Day's March towards *London*; and ſoon after arrived a famous *Jacobite* Squire, who, with great Joy in his Countenance, ſhook the Landlord by the Hand, ſaying, 'All's our own, Boy, ten thouſand 'honeſt *Frenchmen* are landed in *Suffolk*. 'Our *England* for ever! Ten thouſand '*French*, my brave Lad! I am going to 'tap away directly.'

This News determined the Opinion of the wiſe Man, and he reſolved to make his Court to the young Lady, when ſhe aroſe; for he had now (he ſaid) diſcovered that ſhe was no other than Madam *Jenny Cameron* herſelf.

CHAP. III.

A very ſhort Chapter, in which however is a Sun, a Moon, a Star, and an Angel.

THE Sun (for he keeps very good Hours at this Time of the Year) had been ſome Time retired to Reſt, when *Sophia* aroſe greatly refreſhed by her Sleep; which,

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which, ſhort as it was, nothing but her extreme Fatigue could have occaſioned; for tho' ſhe had told her Maid, and perhaps herſelf too, that ſhe was perfectly eaſy, when ſhe left *Upton*, yet it is certain her Mind was a little affected with that Malady which is attended with all the reſtleſs Symptoms of a Fever, and is perhaps the very Diſtemper which Phyſicians mean (if they mean any thing) by the Fever on the Spirits.

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* likewiſe left her Bed at the ſame Time; and having ſummoned her Maid, immediately dreſſed herſelf. She was really a very pretty Woman, and had ſhe been in any other Company but that of *Sophia*, might have been thought beautiful; but when Mrs. *Honour* of her own Accord attended (for her Miſtreſs would not ſuffer her to be waked) and had equipped our Heroine, the Charms of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* who had performed the Office of the Morning Star, which had preceded greater Glories, ſhared the Fate of that Star, and were totally eclipſed the Moment thoſe Glories ſhone forth.

Perhaps *Sophia* never looked more beautiful than ſhe did at this Inſtant. We ought not therefore to condemn the Maid of

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of the Inn for her Hyperbole; who when she descended, after having lighted the Fire, declared, and ratified it with an Oath, that if ever there was an Angel upon Earth, she was now above Stairs.

Sophia had acquainted her Cousin with her Design to go to *London*; and Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* had agreed to accompany her; for the Arrival of her Husband at *Upton* had put an End to her Design of going to *Bath*, or to her Aunt *Western*. They had therefore no sooner finished their Tea, than *Sophia* proposed to set out, the Moon then shining extremely bright, and as for the Frost she defied it; nor had she any of those Apprehensions which many young Ladies would have felt at travelling by Night; for she had, as we have before observed, some little Degree of natural Courage; and this her present Sensations, which bordered somewhat on Despair, greatly encreased. Besides, as she had already travelled twice with Safety, by the Light of the Moon, she was the better emboldened to trust to it a third Time.

The Disposition of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* was more timorous; for tho' the greater Terrors had conquered the less, and the Presence

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ſence of her Huſband had driven her away at ſo unſeaſonable an Hour from *Upton*, yet being now arrived at a Place where ſhe thought herſelf ſafe from his Purſuit, theſe leſſer Terrors of I know not what, operated ſo ſtrongly, that ſhe earneſtly entreated her Couſin to ſtay till the next Morning, and not expoſe herſelf to the Dangers of travelling by Night.

Sophia, who was yielding to an Exceſs, when ſhe could neither laugh nor reaſon her Couſin out of theſe Apprehenſions, at laſt gave Way to them. Perhaps indeed, had ſhe known of her Father's Arrival at *Upton*, it might have been more difficult to have perſuaded her; for as to *Jones*, ſhe had, I am afraid, no great Horror at the Thoughts of being overtaken by him; nay, to confeſs the Truth, I believe ſhe rather wiſhed than feared it; though I might honeſtly enough have concealed this Wiſh from the Reader, as it was one of thoſe ſecret ſpontaneous Emotions of the Soul, to which the Reaſon is often a Stranger.

When our young Ladies had determined to remain all that Evening in their Inn, they were attended by the Landlady, who deſired

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desired to know what their Ladyſhips would be pleaſed to eat. Such Charms were there in the Voice, in the Manner, and in the affable Deportment of *Sophia*, that ſhe raviſhed the Landlady to the higheſt Degree; and that good Woman, concluding that ſhe had attended *Jenny Cameron*, became in a Moment a ſtaunch *Jacobite*, and wiſhed heartily well to the young Pretender's Cauſe, from the great Sweetneſs and Affability with which ſhe had been treated by his ſuppoſed Miſtreſs.

The two Couſins began now to impart to each other their reciprocal Curioſity, to know what extraordinary Accidents on both Sides occaſioned this ſo ſtrange and unexpected Meeting. At laſt Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, having obtained of *Sophia* a Promiſe of communicating likewiſe in her Turn, began to relate what the Reader, if he is deſirous to know her Hiſtory, may read in the enſuing Chapter.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IV.

The History of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

MRS. *Fitzpatrick*, after a Silence of a few Moments, fetching a deep Sigh, thus began:

'It is natural to the Unhappy to feel a 'secret Concern in recollecting those Pe'riods of their Lives which have been 'most delightful to them. The Remem'brance of past Pleasures affects us with a 'kind of tender Grief, like what we suffer 'for departed Friends; and the Ideas of 'both may be said to haunt our Imagina'tions.

'For this Reason, I never reflect without 'Sorrow on those Days (the happiest far of 'my Life) which we spent together, when 'both were under the Care of my Aunt '*Western*. Alas! why are Miss *Graveairs*, 'and Miss *Giddy* no more. You remem'ber, I am sure, when we knew each 'other by no other Names. Indeed you 'gave me the latter Appellation with too 'just Cause. I have since experienced how

'much

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'much I deſerved it. You, my *Sophia*, 'was always my Superior in every thing, 'and I heartily hope you will be ſo in your 'Fortune. I ſhall never forget the wiſe 'and matronly Advice you once gave me, 'when I lamented being diſappointed of a 'Ball, though you could not be then four-'teen Years old.—O my *Sophy*, how bleſt 'muſt have been my Situation, when I 'could think ſuch a Diſappointment a Mis-'fortune; and when indeed it was the 'greateſt I had ever known.

'And yet, my dear *Harriet*,' anſwered *Sophia*, 'it was then a ſerious Matter with 'with you. Comfort yourſelf therefore 'with thinking, that whatever you now 'lament may hereafter appear as trifling 'and contemptible as a Ball would at this 'Time.'

'Alas, my *Sophia*,' replied the other Lady, 'you yourſelf will think otherwiſe 'of my preſent Situation; for greatly muſt 'that tender Heart be altered, if my Mis-'fortunes do not draw many a Sigh, nay 'many a Tear, from you. The Know-'ledge of this ſhould perhaps deter me 'from relating what I am convinced will ſo 'much affect you.'——Here Mrs. *Fitz-patrick*

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patrick ſtopt, till at the repeated Entreaties of *Sophia*, ſhe thus proceeded.

'Though you muſt have heard much 'of my Marriage, yet as Matters may 'probably have been miſrepreſented, I will 'ſet out from the very Commencement of 'my unfortunate Acquaintance with my 'preſent Huſband; which was at *Bath*, 'ſoon after you left my Aunt, and re-'turned home to your Father.

'Among the gay young Fellows, who 'were at this Seaſon at *Bath*, Mr. *Fitz-'patrick* was one. He was handſome, 'degagé, extremely gallant, and in his 'Dreſs exceeded moſt others. In ſhort, 'my Dear, if you was unluckily to ſee 'him now, I could deſcribe him no better 'than by telling you he was the very Re-'verſe of every Thing which he is: For 'he hath ruſticated himſelf ſo long, that 'he is become an abſolute wild *Iriſhman*. 'But to proceed in my Story; the Quali-'fications which he then poſſeſſed ſo well 'recommended him, that though the Peo-'ple of Quality at this Time lived ſepa-'rate from the reſt of the Company, 'and excluded them from all their Parties, 'Mr. *Fitzpatrick* found Means to gain

"Admit-

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‘ Admittance. It was perhaps no eaſy
‘ Matter to avoid him; for he required
‘ very little or no Invitation; and as being
‘ handſome and genteel, he found it no
‘ difficult Matter to ingratiate himſelf with
‘ the Ladies, ſo, he having frequently
‘ drawn his Sword, the Men did not care
‘ publickly to affront him. Had it not
‘ been for ſome ſuch Reaſon, I believe he
‘ would have been ſoon expelled by his
‘ own Sex; for ſurely he had no ſtrict
‘ Title to be preferred to the *Engliſh*
‘ Gentry; nor did they ſeem inclined to
‘ ſhew him any extraordinary Favour.
‘ They all abuſed him behind his Back,
‘ which might probably proceed from
‘ Envy; for he was well received, and
‘ very particularly diſtinguiſhed by the
‘ Women.

‘ My Aunt, tho’ no Perſon of Quality
‘ herſelf, as ſhe had always lived about the
‘ Court, was enrolled in that Party: For
‘ by whatever Means you get into the Polite
‘ Circle, when you are once there, it is ſuf-
‘ ficient Merit for you that you are there.
‘ This Obſervation, young as you was, you
‘ could ſcarce avoid making from my
‘ Aunt, who was free, or reſerved, with

“ all

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'all People, just as they had more or less 'of this Merit.

'And this Merit, I believe, it was, 'which principally recommended Mr. *Fitz-* 'patrick to her Favour. In which he so 'well succeeded, that he was always one 'of her private Parties. Nor was he back- 'ward in returning such Distinction; for 'he soon grew so very particular in his 'Behaviour to her, that the Scandal Club 'first began to take Notice of it, and 'the better disposed Persons made a Match 'between them. For my own Part, I 'confess, I made no Doubt but that his 'Designs were strictly honourable, as the 'Phrase is; that is, to rob a Lady of her 'Fortune by Way of Marriage. My Aunt 'was, I conceived, neither young enough 'nor handsome enough, to attract much 'wicked Inclination; but she had matri- 'monial Charms in great Abundance.

'I was the more confirmed in this Opi- 'nion from the extraordinary Respect 'which he shewed to myself, from the first 'Moment of our Acquaintance. This I 'understood as an Attempt to lessen, if 'possible, that Disinclination which my 'Interest might be supposed to give me

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'towards the Match; and I know not, but 'in some Measure it had that Effect: for 'as I was well contented with my own 'Fortune, and of all People the least a 'Slave to interested Views, so I could not 'be violently the Enemy of a Man with 'whose Behaviour to me I was greatly 'pleased; and the more so, as I was the 'only Object of such Respect; for he be-'haved at the same Time to many Wo-'men of Quality without any Respect at 'all.

'Agreeable as this was to me, he soon 'changed it into another Kind of Beha-'viour, which was perhaps more so. He 'now put on much Softness and Tender-'ness, and languished and sighed abun-'dantly. At Times indeed, whether from 'Art or Nature I will not determine, he 'gave his usual Loose to Gayety and 'Mirth; but this was always in general 'Company, and with other Women; for 'even in a Country Dance, when he was 'not my Partner, he became grave and 'put on the softest Look imaginable, the 'Moment he approached me. Indeed he 'was in all Things so very particular to-'wards me, that I must have been blind 'not to have discovered it. And, and, 'and——

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'and—' And you was more pleaſed ſtill, 'my dear *Harriet*,' cries *Sophia*; 'you need 'not be aſhamed,' added ſhe ſighing, 'for 'ſure there are irreſiſtible Charms in Ten-'derneſs, which too many Men are able 'to affect.' 'True,' anſwered her Couſin, 'Men, who in all other Inſtances want 'common Senſe, are very *Machiavels* in 'the Art of Loving. I wiſh I did not 'know an Inſtance. — Well, Scandal now 'began to be as buſy with me as it had 'before been with my Aunt, and ſome 'good Ladies did not ſcruple to affirm that 'Mr. *Fitzpatrick* had an Intrigue with us 'both.

'But what may ſeem aſtoniſhing; my 'Aunt never ſaw, nor in the leaſt ſeemed 'to ſuſpect that which was viſible enough, 'I believe, from both our Behaviours. One 'would indeed think, that Love quite 'puts out the Eyes of an old Woman. 'In Fact, they ſo greedily ſwallow the Ad-'dreſſes which are made to them, that like 'an outragious Glutton, they are not at 'Leiſure to obſerve what paſſes amongſt 'others at the ſame Table. This I have 'obſerved in more Caſes than my own; 'and this was ſo ſtrongly verified by my 'Aunt, that tho' ſhe often found us to-

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'gether at her Return from the Pump, the 'leaſt canting Word of his, pretending Im-'patience at her Abſence, effectually ſmo-'thered all Suſpicion. One Artifice ſuc-'ceeded with her to Admiration. This 'was his treating me like a little Child, 'and never calling me by any other Name 'in her Preſence, but by that of pretty 'Miſs. This indeed did him ſome Diſſer-'vice with your humble Servant; but I 'ſoon ſaw through it, eſpecially as in her 'Abſence he behaved to me, as I have ſaid, 'in a different Manner. However, if I 'was not greatly diſobliged by a Conduct 'of which I had diſcovered the Deſign, I 'ſmarted very ſeverely for it: For my 'Aunt really conceived me to be what her 'Lover (as ſhe thought him) called me, 'and treated me, in all Reſpects, as a per-'fect Infant. To ſay the Truth, I won-'der ſhe had not inſiſted on my again wear-'ing Leading-ſtrings.

'At laſt, my Lover (for ſo he was) 'thought proper, in a moſt ſolemn Manner, 'to diſcloſe a Secret which I had known 'long before. He now placed all the Love 'which he had pretended to my Aunt to 'my Account. He lamented the Encou-'ragement ſhe had given him in very pa-'thetic

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'thetic Terms, and made a high Merit of 'the tedious Hours, in which he had un- 'dergone her Converſation.—What ſhall I 'tell you, my dear *Sophia ?*—Then I will 'confeſs the Truth. I was pleaſed with 'my Man. I was pleaſed with my Con- 'queſt. To rival my Aunt delighted me; 'to rival ſo many other Women charmed 'me. In ſhort, I am afraid, I did not be- 'have as I ſhould do, even upon the very 'firſt Declaration.——I wiſh I did not al- 'moſt give him poſitive Encouragement 'before we parted.

'The *Bath* now talked loudly, I might 'almoſt ſay, roared againſt me. Several 'young Women affected to ſhun my Ac- 'quaintance, not ſo much, perhaps, from 'any real Suſpicion, as from a Deſire of 'baniſhing me from a Company, in which 'I too much engroſſed their favourite Man. 'And here I cannot omit expreſſing my 'Gratitude to the Kindneſs intended me by 'Mr. *Naſh*; who took me one Day aſide, 'and gave me Advice, which if I had 'followed, I had been a happy Woman. "Child," ſays he, "I am ſorry to ſee the "Familiarity which ſubſiſts between you "and a Fellow who is altogether unworthy "of you, and I am afraid will prove your

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" Ruin. As for your old ſtinking Aunt, " if it was to be no Injury to you, and " my pretty *Sophy Weſtern* (I aſſure " you I repeat his Words) I ſhould be " heartily glad, that the Fellow was in " Poſſeſſion of all that belongs to her. I " never adviſe old Women: For if they " take it into their Heads to go to the De- " vil, it is no more poſſible, than worth " while, to keep them from him. Inno- " cence and Youth and Beauty are wor- " thy a better Fate, and I would ſave them " from his Clutches. Let me adviſe you " therefore, dear Child; never ſuffer this " Fellow to be particular with you again."

' —— Many more Things he ſaid to me, ' which I have now forgotten, and indeed ' I attended very little to them at that ' Time: For Inclination contradicted all ' he ſaid, and beſides I could not be per- ' ſuaded, that Women of Quality would ' condeſcend to Familiarity with ſuch a Per- ' ſon as he deſcribed.

' But I am afraid, my Dear, I ſhall tire ' you with a Detail of ſo many minute ' Circumſtances. To be conciſe therefore, ' imagine me married; imagine me, with ' my Huſband, at the Feet of my Aunt, ' and then imagine the maddeſt Woman in

' *Bedlam*

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'*Bedlam* in a raving Fit, and your Imagination will ſuggeſt to you no more than 'what really happened.

'The very next Day, my Aunt left the 'Place, partly to avoid ſeeing Mr. *Fitzpatrick* or my ſelf, and as much perhaps to 'avoid ſeeing any one elſe; for, tho' I am 'told ſhe hath ſince denied every thing 'ſtoutly, I believe ſhe was then a little 'confounded at her Diſappointment. Since 'that Time, I have written to her many 'Letters; but never could obtain an An'ſwer, which I muſt own ſits ſomewhat 'the heavier, as ſhe herſelf was, tho' un'deſignedly, the Occaſion of all my Suf'ferings: For had it not been under the 'Colour of paying his Addreſſes to her, 'Mr. *Fitzpatrick* would never have found 'ſufficient Opportunities to have engaged 'my Heart, which, in other Circumſtances, 'I ſtill flatter myſelf would not have been 'an eaſy Conqueſt to ſuch a Perſon. In'deed, I believe, I ſhould not have erred 'ſo groſly in my Choice, if I had relied 'on my own Judgment; but I truſted 'totally to the Opinion of others, and very 'fooliſhly took the Merit of a Man for 'granted, whom I ſaw ſo univerſally well 'received by the Women. What is the

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'Reaſon, my Dear, that we who have Underſtandings equal to the wiſeſt and greateſt of the other Sex ſo often make Choice 'of the ſilliſt Fellows for Companions and 'Favourites? It raiſes my Indignation to 'the higheſt Pitch, to reflect on the Numbers of Women of Senſe who have been 'undone by Fools.' Here ſhe pauſed a Moment; but *Sophia* making no Anſwer, ſhe proceeded as in the next Chapter.

CHAP. V.

In which the Hiſtory of Mrs. Fitzpatrick *is continued.*

'WE remained at *Bath* no longer than a Fortnight after our Wedding: 'For as to any Reconciliation with my 'Aunt, there were no Hopes; and of my 'Fortune, not one Farthing could be 'touched till I was at Age, of which I 'now wanted more than two Years. My 'Huſband therefore was reſolved to ſet out 'for *Ireland*; againſt which I remonſtrated 'very earneſtly, and inſiſted on a Promiſe 'which he had made me before our Marriage, that I ſhould never take this Journey againſt my Conſent; and indeed I 'never

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'never intended to consent to it; nor 'will any Body, I believe, blame me for 'that Resolution; but this, however, I never 'mentioned to my Husband, and peti- 'tioned only for the Reprieve of a Month; 'but he had fixed the Day, and to that 'Day he obstinately adhered.

'The Evening before our Departure, as 'we were disputing this Point with great 'Eagerness on both Sides, he started sud- 'denly from his Chair, and left me abrupt- 'ly, saying, he was going to the Rooms. 'He was hardly out of the House, when 'I saw a Paper lying on the Floor, which, 'I suppose, he had carelessly pulled from 'his Pocket, together with his Handker- 'chief. This Paper I took up, and find- 'ing it to be a Letter, I made no Scruple 'to open and read it, and indeed I read it 'so often, that I can repeat it to you al- 'most Word for Word. This then was the 'Letter.

To Mr. *Brian Fitzpatrick.*

Sir,

"YOURS received, and am surpri- "zed you should use me in this Man- "ner, as have never seen any of your Cash,

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" unleſs for one Linſey Woolſey Coat, and " your Bill now is upwards of 150 *l.* Con- " ſider, Sir, how often you have fobbed " me off with your being ſhortly to be " married to this Lady, and t'other Lady; " but I can neither live on Hopes or Pro- " miſes, nor will my Woollen-draper take " any ſuch in Payment. You tell me you " are ſecure of having either the Aunt or " the Niece, and that you might have mar- " ried the Aunt before this, whoſe Jointure " you ſay is immenſe, but that you prefer " the Niece on account of her ready Mo- " ney. Pray, Sir, take a Fool's Advice " for once, and marry the firſt you can " get. You will pardon my offering my " Advice, as you know I ſincerely wiſh " you well. Shall draw on you *per* next " Poſt, in favour of Meſſieurs *John Drugget* " and Company, at fourteen Days, which " doubt not your honouring, and am,

Sir,

Your humble Servant,

SAM. COSGRAVE.

' This was the Letter Word for Word. ' Gueſs, my dear Girl, gueſs how this Let- ' ter affected me. *You prefer the Niece on*

" *account*

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'*account of her Ready Money!* If every one 'of these Words had been a Dagger, I 'could with Pleasure have stabbed them in- 'to his Heart; but I will not recount my 'frantic Behaviour on the Occasion. I had 'pretty well spent my Tears before his 'Return home; but sufficient Remains of 'them appeared in my swollen Eyes. He 'threw himself sullenly into his Chair, and 'for a long Time we were both silent. At 'length in a haughty Tone, he said, "I "hope, Madam, your Servants have pack- "ed up all your Things; for the Coach "will be ready by Six in the Morning." 'My Patience was totally subdued by this 'Provocation, and I answered, No, Sir, 'there is a Letter still remains unpacked, 'and then throwing it on the Table, I fell 'to upbraiding him with the most bitter 'Language I could invent.

'Whether Guilt, or Shame, or Pru- 'dence, restrained him, I cannot say; but 'tho' he is the most passionate of Men, he 'exerted no Rage on this Occasion. He 'endeavoured on the contrary to pacify 'me by the most gentle Means. He swore 'the Phrase in the Letter to which I prin- 'cipally objected was not his, nor had he 'ever written any such. He owned in-

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'deed the having mentioned his Marriage
'and that Preference which he had given
'to myſelf, but denied with many Oaths
'the having aſſigned any ſuch Reaſon.
'And he excuſed the having mentioned
'any ſuch Matter at all, on account of the
'Straits he was in for Money, ariſing, he
'ſaid, from his having too long neglected
'his Eſtate in *Ireland*. And this, he ſaid,
'which he could not bear to diſcover to
'me, was the only Reaſon of his having
'ſo ſtrenuouſly inſiſted on our Journey.
'He then uſed ſeveral very endearing Ex-
'preſſions, and concluded by a very fond
'Careſs, and many violent Proteſtations of
'Love.

'There was one Circumſtance, which,
'tho' he did not appeal to it, had much
'Weight with me in his Favour, and
'that was the Word Jointure in the
'Taylor's Letter, whereas my Aunt never
'had been married, and this Mr. *Fitz-*
'*patrick* well knew.—As I imagined there-
'fore that the Fellow muſt have inſerted
'this of his own Head, or from Hearſay,
'I perſuaded myſelf he might have ventu-
'red likewiſe on that odious Line on no
'better Authority. What Reaſoning was
'this, my Dear? Was I not an Advocate
'rather than a Judge?—But why do I men-
'tion

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'tion such a Circumstance as this, or ap-
'peal to it for the Justification of my For-
'giveness!---In short, had he been guilty
'of twenty Times as much, half the Ten-
'derness and Fondness which he used,
'would have prevailed on me to have for-
'given him. I now made no farther Ob-
'jections to our setting out, which we did
'the next Morning, and in a little more
'than a Week arrived at the Seat of Mr.
'*Fitzpatrick*.

'Your Curiosity will excuse me from re-
'lating any Occurrences which past during
'our Journey: For it would indeed be highly
'disagreeable to travel it over again, and no
'less so to you to travel it over with me.

'This Seat then, is an ancient Man-
'sion-House; if I was in one of those
'merry Humours, in which you have
'so often seen me, I could describe it to
'you ridiculously enough. It looked as if
'it had been formerly inhabited by a Gen-
'tleman. Here was Room enough, and
'not the less Room on account of the Fur-
'niture: For indeed there was very little
'in it. An old Woman who seemed coe-
'val with the Building, and greatly re-
'sembled her whom *Chamont* mentions in

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'the *Orphan*, received us at the Gate, and 'in a Howl ſcarce human, and to me un-'intelligible, welcomed her Maſter home. 'In ſhort, the whole Scene was ſo gloomy 'and melancholy, that it threw my Spi-'rits into the loweſt Dejection; which my 'Huſband diſcerning, inſtead of relieving, 'encreaſed, by two or three malicious Ob-'ſervations. "There are good Houſes, "Madam," ſays he, "as you find, in "in other Places beſides *England*; but "perhaps you had rather be in a dirty "Lodgings at *Bath*."

'Happy, my Dear, is the Woman, who 'in any State of Life, hath a cheerful 'good-natured Companion to ſupport and 'comfort her; but why do I reflect on 'happy Situations only to aggravate my 'own Miſery! My Companion, far from 'clearing up the Gloom of Solitude, ſoon 'convinced me, that I muſt have been 'wretched with him in any Place, and in 'any Condition. In a Word, he was a 'ſurly Fellow, a Character you have per-'haps never ſeen: For indeed no Woman 'ever ſees it exemplified, but in a Father, 'a Brother, or a Huſband; and tho' you 'have a Father, he is not of that Character. 'This ſurly Fellow had formerly appeared to 'me the very Reverſe, and ſo he did ſtill to

'every

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'every other Perſon. Good Heaven! how is 'it poſſible for a Man to maintain a conſtant 'Lie in his Appearance abroad and in 'Company, and to content himſelf with 'ſhewing diſagreeable Truth only at home? 'Here, my Dear, they make themſelves 'Amends for the uneaſy Reſtraint which 'they put on their Tempers in the World; 'for I have obſerved the more merry and 'gay, and good-humoured my Huſband 'hath at any Time been in Company, the 'more ſullen and moroſe he was ſure to be-'come at our next private Meeting. How 'ſhall I deſcribe his Barbarity? To my 'Fondneſs he was cold and inſenſible. My 'little comical Ways, which you, my *So-'phy*, and which others have called ſo agree-'able, he treated with Contempt. In my 'moſt ſerious Moments he ſung and whiſt-'led; and whenever I was thoroughly de-'jected and miſerable, he was angry, and 'abuſed me: for though he was never 'pleaſed with my good Humour, nor aſ-'cribed it to my Satisfaction in him; yet 'my low Spirits always offended him, and 'thoſe he imputed to my Repentance of 'having (as he ſaid) married an *Iriſh-'man*.

'You

'You will eaſily conceive, my dear 'Graveairs; (I aſk your Pardon, I really 'forgot myſelf) that when a Woman makes 'an imprudent Match in the Senſe of the 'World; that is, when ſhe is not an ar- 'rant Proſtitute to pecuniary Intereſt, ſhe 'muſt neceſſarily have ſome Inclination and 'Affection for her Man. You will as ea- 'ſily believe that this Affection may poſ- 'ſibly be leſſened; nay, I do aſſure you, 'Contempt will wholly eradicate it. This 'Contempt I now began to entertain for 'my Huſband, whom I now diſcovered 'to be---I muſt uſe the Expreſſion— an 'errant Blockhead. Perhaps you will won- 'der I did not make this Diſcovery long 'before; but Women will ſuggeſt a thou- 'ſand Excuſes to themſelves for the Folly 'of thoſe they like: Beſides, give me Leave 'to tell you it requires a moſt penetrating 'Eye to diſcern a Fool through the Diſ- 'guiſes of Gayety and Good-breeding.

'It will be eaſily imagined, that when I 'once deſpiſed my Huſband, as I confeſs 'to you I ſoon did, I muſt conſequently 'diſlike his Company; and indeed I had 'the Happineſs of being very little troubled 'with it; for our Houſe was now moſt ele- 'gantly furniſhed, our Cellars well ſtocked,

'and

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'and Dogs and Horſes provided in great
'Abundance. As my Gentleman therefore
'entertained his Neighbours with great
'Hoſpitality, ſo his Neighbours reſorted to
'him with great Alacrity; and Sports and
'Drinking conſumed ſo much of his Time,
'that a ſmall Part of his Converſation, that
'is to ſay, of his Ill-humours, fell to my
'Share.

'Happy would it have been for me, if
'I could as eaſily have avoided all other
'diſagreeable Company; but alas! I was
'confined to ſome which conſtantly tor-
'mented me; and the more, as I ſaw no
'Proſpect of being relieved from them.
'Theſe Companions were my own rack-
'ing Thoughts, which plagued, and in a
'Manner haunted me Night and Day. In
'this Situation I paſt through a Scene, the
'Horrors of which can neither be painted
'nor imagined. Think, my Dear, figure,
'if you can, to yourſelf what I muſt have
'undergone. I became a Mother by the
'Man I ſcorned, hated, and deteſted. I
'went through all the Agonies and Mi-
'ſeries of a Lying-in, (ten Times more
'painful in ſuch a Circumſtance, than the
'worſt Labour can be, when one endures
'it for a Man one loves,) in a Deſart, or

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'rather indeed a Scene of Riot and Revel, 'without a Friend, without a Companion, 'or without any of thoſe agreeable Circum-'ſtances which often alleviate, and perhaps 'ſometimes more than compenſate the 'Sufferings of our Sex at this Seaſon.

CHAP. VI.

In which the Miſtake of the Landlord throws Sophia *into a dreadful Conſternation.*

MRS. *Fitzpatrick* was proceeding in her Narrative, when ſhe was interrupted by the Entrance of Dinner, greatly to the Concern of *Sophia:* For the Misfortunes of her Friend had raiſed her Anxiety, and left her no Appetite, but what Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* was to ſatisfy by her Relation.

The Landlord now attended with a Plate under his Arm, and with the ſame Reſpect in his Countenance and Addreſs, which he would have put on, had the Ladies arrived in a Coach and Six.

The married Lady ſeemed leſs affected with her own Misfortunes than was her Couſin: For the former eat very heartily, whereas

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whereas the latter could hardly ſwallow a Morſel. *Sophia* likewiſe ſhewed more Concern and Sorrow in her Countenance than appeared in the other Lady; who having obſerved theſe Symptoms in her Friend, begged her to be comforted, ſaying, 'Perhaps all may yet end better than either you or I expect.

Our Landlord thought he had now an Opportunity to open his Mouth, and was reſolved not to omit it. 'I am ſorry, Madam,' cries he, 'that your Ladyſhip can't eat; for to be ſure you muſt be hungry after ſo long faſting. I hope your Ladyſhip is not uneaſy at any Thing: For as Madam there ſays, all may end better than any body expects. A Gentleman who was here juſt now, brought excellent News, and perhaps ſome Folks who have given other Folks the Slip may get to *London* before they are overtaken, and if they do, I make no Doubt, but they will find People who will be very ready to receive them.

All Perſons under the Apprehenſion of Danger, convert whatever they ſee and hear into the Objects of that Apprehenſion. *Sophia* therefore immediately concluded from the

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the foregoing Speech, that she was known and pursued by her Father. She was now struck with the utmost Consternation, and for a few Minutes deprived of the Power of Speech; which she no sooner recovered, than she desired the Landlord to send his Servants out of the Room, and then addressing herself to him, said; 'I perceive, 'Sir, you know who we are; but I be-'seech you;—nay, I am convinced, if you 'have any Compassion or Goodness, you 'will not betray us.'

'I betray your Ladyship,' quoth the 'Landlord! No; (and then he swore several very hearty Oaths) 'I would sooner 'be cut into ten thousand Pieces. I hate 'all Treachery. I! I never betrayed any 'one in my Life yet, and I am sure I shall 'not begin with so sweet a Lady as your 'Ladyship. All the World would very 'much blame me if I should, since it will 'be in your Ladyship's Power so shortly to 'reward me. My Wife can witness for me, 'I knew your Ladyship the Moment you 'came into the House: I said it was your 'Honour, before I lifted you from your 'Horse, and I shall carry the Bruises I got 'in your Ladyship's Service to the Grave; 'but what signified that, as long as I saved

'your

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'your Ladyſhip. To be ſure ſome People 'this Morning would have thought of get-'ting a Reward; but no ſuch Thought 'ever entered into my Head. I would 'ſooner ſtarve than take any Reward for 'betraying your Ladyſhip.

'I promiſe you, Sir, ſays *Sophia*, if it 'be ever in my Power to reward you, you 'ſhall not loſe by your Generoſity.

'Alack-a-day, Madam!' anſwered the Landlord, 'in your Ladyſhip's Power! 'Heaven put it as much into your Will. 'I am only afraid your Honour will for-'get ſuch a poor Man as an Innkeeper; 'but if your Ladyſhip ſhould not; I 'hope you will remember what Reward 'I refuſed———refuſed! that is I would 'have refuſed, and to be ſure it may 'be called refuſing; for I might have 'had it certainly, and to be ſure you might 'have been in ſome Houſes;—but for my 'Part, I would not methinks for the World 'have your Ladyſhip wrong me ſo much, 'as to imagine I ever thought of betraying 'you, even before I heard the good News.

'What News pray?' ſays *Sophia*, ſome-what eagerly.

'Hath

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'Hath not your Ladyſhip heard it then?' cries the Landlord, 'nay, like enough: 'For I heard it only a few Minutes ago; 'and if I had never heard it, may the 'Devil fly away with me this Inſtant, if I 'would have betrayed your Honour; no, 'if I would, may I—Here he ſubjoined ſeveral dreadful Execrations, which *Sophia* at laſt interrupted, and begged to know what he meant by the News.—He was going to anſwer, when Mrs. *Honour* came runing into the Room, all pale and breathleſs, and cried out, 'Madam, we are all undone, 'all ruined, they are come, they are come!' Theſe Words almoſt froze up the Blood of *Sophia*; but Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* aſked *Honour*, who were come?—'Who? anſwered ſhe, 'why the *French*; ſeveral hundred thou-'ſands of them are landed, and we ſhall 'be all murdered and raviſhed.'

As a Miſer, who hath in ſome well-built City a Cottage value Twenty Shillings, when at a Diſtance he is alarmed with the News of a Fire, turns pale and trembles at his Loſs; but when he finds the beautiful Palaces only are burnt, and his own Cottage remains ſafe, he comes inſtantly to himſelf and ſmiles at his good Fortune: Or as (for we

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we diſlike ſomething in the former Simile) the tender Mother, when terrified with the Apprehenſion that her darling Boy is drowned, is ſtruck ſenſeleſs and almoſt dead with Conſternation; but when ſhe is told that little Maſter is ſafe, and the *Victory* only with Twelve hundred brave Men gone to the Bottom, Life and Senſe again return, maternal Fondneſs enjoys the ſudden Relief from all its Fears, and the general Benevolence which at another Time would have deeply felt the dreadful Cataſtrophe, lies faſt aſleep in her Mind.

So *Sophia*, than whom none was more capable of tend rly feeling the general Calamity of her Country, found ſuch immediate Satisfaction from the Relief of thoſe Terrors ſhe had of being overtaken by her Father, that the Arrival of the *French* ſcarce made any Impreſſion on her. She gently chid her Maid for the Fright into which ſhe had thrown her; and ſaid, 'ſhe was glad it 'was no worſe; for that ſhe had feared 'ſomebody elſe was come.'

'Ay, ay,' quoth the Landlord ſmiling, 'her Ladyſhip knows better things; ſhe 'knows the *French* are our very beſt Friends, 'and come over hither only for our good.

They

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'They are the People who are to make 'old *England* flouriſh again. I warrant 'her Honour thought the Duke was coming; and that was enough to put her 'into a Fright. I was going to tell your 'Ladyſhip the News.—His Honour's Majeſty, Heaven bleſs him, hath given the 'Duke the Slip; and is marching as faſt 'as he can to *London*, and ten thouſand '*French* are landed to join him on the 'Road.'

Sophia was not greatly pleaſed with this News, nor with the Gentleman who related it; but as ſhe ſtill imagined he knew her (for ſhe could not poſſibly have any Suſpicion of the real Truth) ſhe durſt not ſhew any Diſlike. And now the Landlord, having removed the Cloth from the Table, withdrew; but at his Departure frequently repeated his Hopes of being remembred hereafter.

The Mind of *Sophia* was not at all eaſy under the Suppoſition of being known at this Houſe; for ſhe ſtill applied to herſelf many Things which the Landlord had addreſſed to *Jenny Cameron*; ſhe therefore ordered her Maid to pump out of him by what Means he had become acquainted with

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with her Perſon, and who had offered him the Reward for betraying her; ſhe likewiſe ordered the Horſes to be in Readineſs by four in the Morning, at which Hour Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* promiſed to bear her Company, and then compoſing herſelf as well as ſhe could, ſhe deſired that Lady to continue her Story.

CHAP. VII.

In which Mrs. Fitzpatrick *concludes her Hiſtory.*

WHILE Mrs. *Honour*, in Purſuance of the Commands of her Miſtreſs, ordered a Bowl of Punch, and invited my Landlord and Landlady to partake of it, Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* thus went on with her Relation.

'Moſt of the Officers who were quar-
'tered at a Town in our Neighbourhood
'were of my Huſband's Acquaintance. A-
'mong theſe was a Lieutenant, a very pretty
'Sort of Man, and who was married to a
'Woman ſo agreeable both in her Temper
'and Converſation, that from our firſt know-
'ing

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'ing each other, which was ſoon after my 'Lying-in, we were almoſt inſeparable 'Companions; for I had the good For-'tune to make myſelf equally agreeable to 'her.

'The Lieutenant, who was neither a 'Sot nor a Sportſman, was frequently of 'our Parties; indeed he was very little 'with my Huſband, and no more than 'good Breeding conſtrained him to be, 'as he lived almoſt conſtantly at our 'Houſe. My Huſband often expreſ-'ſed much Diſſatisfaction at the Lieute-'nant's preferring my Company to his; 'he was very angry with me on that Ac-'count, and gave me many a hearty Curſe 'for drawing away his Companions; ſay-'ing, "I ought to be d——ned for hav-"ing ſpoiled one of the prettieſt Fellows "in the World, by making a Milk-ſop "of him.

'You will be miſtaken, my dear *Sophia*, 'if you imagine that the Anger of my 'Huſband aroſe from my depriving him 'of a Companion; for the Lieutenant was 'not a Perſon with whoſe Society a Fool 'could be pleaſed; and if I ſhould admit 'the Poſſibility of this, ſo little Right had 'my Huſband to place the Loſs of his

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'Companion to me, that I am convinced 'it was my Converſation alone which in-'duced him ever to come to the Houſe. 'No, Child, it was Envy, the worſt and 'moſt rancorous Kind of Envy, the Envy 'of Superiority of Underſtanding. The 'Wretch could not bear to ſee my Conver-'ſation preferred to his, by a Man of 'whom he could not entertain the leaſt 'Jealouſy. O my dear *Sophy*, you are a 'Woman of Senſe; if you marry a Man, 'as is moſt probable you will, of leſs Ca-'pacity than yourſelf, make frequent Trials 'of his Temper before Marriage, and ſee 'whether he can bear to ſubmit to ſuch a 'Superiority.—Promiſe me, *Sophy*, you 'will take this Advice; for you will here-'after find its Importance.' 'It is very 'likely I ſhall never marry at all,' anſwer-ed *Sophia*; 'I think, at leaſt, I ſhall never 'marry a Man in whoſe Underſtanding I ſee 'any Defects before Marriage; and I pro-'miſe you I would rather give up my own, 'than ſee any ſuch afterwards.'—'Give up 'your Underſtanding!' replied Mrs. *Fitz-'patrick*, 'Oh fie, Child, I will not believe 'ſo meanly of you. Every thing elſe I 'might myſelf be brought to give up; but 'never this. Nature would not have al-'lotted this Superiority to the Wife in ſo

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'many Inſtances, if ſhe had intended we 'ſhould have all ſurrendered it to the Huſ-'band. This indeed Men of Senſe never 'expect of us; of which the Lieutenant I 'have juſt mentioned was one notable Ex-'ample; for tho' he had a very good 'Underſtanding, he always acknowledged '(as was really true) that his Wife had a 'better. And this, perhaps, was one 'Reaſon of the Hatred my Tyrant bore 'her.

'Before he would be ſo governed by a 'Wife,' he ſaid, 'eſpecially ſuch an ugly 'B---- (for indeed ſhe was not a regular 'Beauty, but very agreeable, and extremely 'genteel) he would ſee all the Women 'upon Earth at the Devil,' which was a very uſual Phraſe with him. He ſaid, 'he 'wondered what I could ſee in her to be 'ſo charmed with her Company; ſince this 'Woman,' ſays he, 'hath come among 'us, there is an End of your beloved 'Reading, which you pretended to like ſo 'much, that you could not afford Time 'to return the Viſits of the Ladies, in this 'Country; and I muſt confeſs I had been 'guilty of a little Rudeneſs this Way; for 'the Ladies there are at leaſt no better than 'the mere Country Ladies here, and I 'think,

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'think, I need make no other Excuſe
'to you for declining any Intimacy with
'them.'

'This Correſpondence however conti-
'nued a whole Year, even all the while
'the Lieutenant was quartered in that
'Town; for which I was contented to pay
'the Tax of being conſtantly abuſed in
'the Manner above-mentioned by my
'Huſband; I mean when he was at
'home; for he was frequently abſent a
'Month at a Time at *Dublin*, and once
'made a Journey of two Months to *Lon-*
'*don*; in all which Journeys I thought it
'a very ſingular Happineſs that he never
'once deſired my Company; nay, by his
'frequent Cenſures on Men who could not
'travel, as he phraſed it, without a Wife
'tied up to their Tail, he ſufficiently inti-
'mated that had I been never ſo deſirous
'of accompanying him, my Wiſhes would
'have been in vain; but, Heaven knows,
'ſuch Wiſhes were very far from my
'Thoughts.

'At length my Friend was removed
'from me, and I was again left to my Soli-
'tude, to the tormenting Converſation
'with my own Reflections, and to apply

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'to Books for my only Comfort. I now 'read almoſt all Day long.—How many 'Books do you think I read in three 'Months?' 'I can't gueſs, indeed, Couſin,' anſwered *Sophia*.—'Perhaps half a Score!' 'Half a Score! half a thouſand, Child,' anſwered the other. 'I read a good deal 'in *Daniel*'s *Engliſh* Hiſtory of *France*; a 'great deal in *Plutarch*'s Lives; the *Ata-* 'lantis, *Pope*'s *Homer*, *Dryden*'s Plays, '*Chillingworth*, the Counteſs *D'Ancis*, and '*Lock*'s Human Underſtanding.

'During this Interval I wrote three very 'ſupplicating, and, I thought, moving 'Letters to my Aunt; but as I received 'no Anſwer to any of them, my Diſdain 'would not ſuffer me to continue my Ap- 'plication.'—Here ſhe ſtopt, and looking earneſtly at *Sophia*, ſaid, 'Methinks, my 'Dear, I read ſomething in your Eyes 'which reproaches me of a Neglect in an- 'other Place, where I ſhould have met 'with a kinder Return.' 'Indeed, dear '*Harriet*,' anſwered *Sophia*, 'your Story 'is an Apology for any Neglect; but in- 'deed I feel that I have been guilty of a 'Remiſſneſs, without ſo good an Excuſe.

'——Yet

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'——Yet pray proceed; for I long, tho'
'I tremble, to hear the End.'

Thus then Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* reſumed her Narrative. 'My Huſband now took a 'ſecond Journey to *England*, where he 'continued upwards of three Months. Dur-'ing the greater Part of this Time, I led a 'Life which nothing but having led a 'worſe, could make me think tolerable; 'for perfect Solitude can never be recon-'ciled to a ſocial Mind, like mine, but 'when it relieves you from the Compa y 'of thoſe you hate. What added to my 'Wretchedneſs, was the Loſs of my litt'e 'Infant: Not that I pretend to have had for 'it that extravagant Tenderneſs of which I 'believe I might have been capable under 'other Circumſtances; but I reſolved, in 'every Inſtance, to diſcharge the Duty of 'the tendereſt Mother, and this Care pre-'vented me from feeling the Weight of 'that, heavieſt of all Things, when it 'can be at all ſaid to lie heavy on our 'Hands.

'I had ſpent full ten Weeks almoſt en-'tirely by myſelf, having ſeen no body all 'that Time, except my Servants, and a 'very few Viſitors, when a young Lady,

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'a Relation of my Husband, came from 'a distant Part of *Ireland* to visit me. She 'had staid once before a Week at my 'House, and I then gave her a pressing 'Invitation to return; for she was a very 'agreeable Woman, and had improved 'good natural Parts by a proper Education. 'Indeed she was to me a most welcome 'Guest.

'A few Days after her Arrival, perceiv-'ing me in very low Spirits, without en-'quiring the Cause, which indeed she very 'well knew, the young Lady fell to com-'passionating my Case. She said, "Tho' Po-"liteness had prevented me from complaining "of my Husband's Behaviour to his Rela-"tions, yet they all were very sensible of "it, and felt great Concern upon that Ac-"count; but none more than herself:" 'and after some more general Discourse on 'this Head, which I own I could not for-'bear countenancing; at last, after much 'previous Precaution, and enjoined Con-'cealment, she communicated to me, as a 'profound Secret——that my Husband 'kept a Mistress.

'You will certainly imagine, I heard 'this News with the utmost Insensibility—

'Upon

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'Upon my Word, if you do, your Imagination will miſlead you. Contempt had not ſo kept down my Anger to my Huſband; but that Hatred roſe again on this occaſion. What can be the Reaſon of this? Are we ſo abominably ſelfiſh, that we can be concerned at others having the Poſſeſſion even of what we deſpiſe? Or are we not rather abominably vain, and is not this the greateſt injury done to our Vanity? What think you, *Sophia?*

'I don't know, indeed,' anſwered *Sophia*, 'I have never troubled myſelf with any of theſe deep Contemplations; but I think the Lady did very ill in communicating to you ſuch a Secret.

'And yet, my Dear, this Conduct is natural,' replied Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; 'and when you have ſeen and read as much as myſelf, you will acknowledge it to be ſo.'

'I am ſorry to hear it is natural,' returned *Sophia*; 'for I want neither Reading nor Experience, to convince me, that it is very diſhonourable and very ill-natured: Nay, it is ſurely as ill-bred to

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'tell a Husband or Wife of the Faults of 'each other, as to tell them of their own.'

'Well,' continued Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, 'my Husband at last returned; and if I 'am thoroughly acquainted with my own 'Thoughts, I hated him now more than 'ever; but I despised him rather less: 'For certainly nothing so much weakens 'our Contempt, as an Injury done to 'our Pride or our Vanity.

'He now assumed a Carriage to me, so 'very different from what he had lately 'worn, and so nearly resembling his Be-'haviour the first Week of our Marriage, 'that had I now had any Spark of Love 'remaining, he might, possibly, have re-'kindled my Fondness for him. But 'though Hatred may succeed to Con-'tempt, and may, perhaps, get the bet-'ter of it, Love, I believe, cannot. The 'Truth is, the Passion of Love is too rest-'less to remain contented, without the Gra-'tification which it receives from its Ob-'ject; and one can no more be inclined 'to love without loving, than we can have 'Eyes without seeing. When a Husband, 'therefore, ceases to be the Object of this 'Passion, it is most probable some other 'Man

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'Man—I say, my dear, if your Husband 'grows indifferent to you—if you once come 'to despise him—I say,—that is,—if you 'have the Passion of Love in you——Lud! 'I have bewildered myself so,——but one 'is apt, in these abstracted Considerations, 'to lose the Concatenation of Ideas, as Mr. '*Locke* says.——In short, the Truth is——. 'In short, I scarce know what it is; but, 'as I was saying, my Husband returned, 'and his Behaviour, at first, greatly sur-'prized me; but he soon acquainted me 'with the Motive, and taught me to 'account for it. In a Word, then, he 'had spent and lost all the ready Money 'of my Fortune; and as he could mort-'gage his own Estate no deeper, he was 'now desirous to supply himself with Cash 'for his Extravagance, by selling a little 'Estate of mine, which he could not do 'without my Assistance; and to obtain 'this Favour, was the whole and sole Mo-'tive of all the Fondness which he now 'put on.

'With this I peremptorily refused to 'comply. I told him, and I told him 'truly, that had I been possessed of the '*Indies* at our first Matriage, he might 'have commanded it all: For it had been

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'a conſtant Maxim with me, that where a 'Woman diſpoſes of her Heart, ſhe ſhould 'always depoſite her Fortune; but as he 'had been ſo kind, long ago, to reſtore 'the former into my Poſſeſſion, I was 'reſolved, likewiſe, to retain what little re-'mained of the latter.

'I will not deſcribe to you the Paſſion 'into which theſe Words, and the reſolute 'Air in which they were ſpoken, threw 'him: Nor will I trouble you with the 'whole Scene which ſucceeded between 'us. Out came, you may be well aſſured, 'the Story of the Miſtreſs; and out it 'did come, with all the Embelliſhments 'which Anger and Diſdain could beſtow 'upon it.

'Mr. *Fitzpatrick* ſeemed a little Thun-'der-ſtruck with this, and more confuſed 'than I had ſeen him; tho' his Ideas are 'always confuſed enough, Heaven knows. 'He did not, however, endeavour to ex-'culpate himſelf; but took a Method 'which almoſt equally confounded me. 'What was this but Recrimination! He 'affected to be jealous;——he may, for 'ought I know, be inclined enough to 'Jealouſy in his natural Temper: Nay, he 'muſt

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'muſt have had it from Nature, or the
'Devil muſt have put it into his Head:
'For I defy all the World to caſt a juſt
'Aſperſion on my Character: Nay, the
'moſt ſcandalous Tongues have never
'dared cenſure my Reputation. My Fame,
'I thank Heaven, hath been always as
'ſpotleſs as my Life; and let Falſhood
'itſelf accuſe that, if it dare. No, my
'dear *Graveairs*, however provoked, how-
'ever ill treated, however injured in my
'Love, I have firmly reſolved never to
'give the leaſt Room for Cenſure on this
'Account.——And yet, my dear, there
'are ſome People ſo malicious, ſome
'Tongues ſo venomous, that no Innocence
'can eſcape them. The moſt undeſigned
'Word, the moſt accidental Look, the
'leaſt Familiarity, or moſt innocent Free-
'dom, will be miſconſtrued, and magnified
'into I know not what, by ſome People.
'But I deſpiſe, my dear *Graveairs*, I de-
'ſpiſe all ſuch Slander. No ſuch Ma-
'lice, I aſſure you, ever gave me an
'uneaſy Moment. No, no, I promiſe
'you, I am above all that.——But
'where was I? O let me ſee, I told you,
'my Huſband was jealous——And of
'whom, pray?——Why of whom but
'the Lieutenant I mentioned to you be-
'fore. He was obliged to reſort above a

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'Year and more back, to find any Object
'for this unaccountable Paſſion, if, indeed,
'he really felt any ſuch, and was not an er-
'rant Counterfeit, in order to abuſe me.

'But I have tired you already with too
'many Particulars. I will now bring my
'Story to a very ſpeedy Concluſion. In
'ſhort, then, after many Scenes very unwor-
'thy to be repeated, in which my Couſin en-
'gaged ſo heartily on my Side, that Mr.
'*Fitzpatrick* at laſt turned her out of Doors;
'when he found I was neither to be ſoothed
'nor bullied into Compliance, he took a
'very violent Method indeed. Perhaps you
'will conclude he beat me; but this, tho'
'he hath approached very near to it, he
'never actually did. He confined me to
'my Room, without ſuffering me to have
'either Pen, Ink, Paper, or Book; and
'a Servant every Day made my Bed, and
'brought me my Food.

'When I had remained a Week under
'this Impriſonment, he made me a Viſit,
'and, with the Voice of a Schoolmaſter,
'or, what is often much the ſame, of a
'Tyrant, aſked me, "If I would yet com-
"ply?" 'I anſwered very ſtoutly, "That
"I would die firſt." "Then ſo you ſhall,
"and

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" and be d——n'd," cries he; " for you " ſhall never go alive out of this Room."

' Here I remained a Fortnight longer; ' and, to ſay the Truth, my Conſtancy ' was almoſt ſubdued, and I began to think ' of Submiſſion; when one Day, in the ' Abſence of my Huſband, who was gone ' abroad for ſome ſhort Time, by the great- ' eſt good Fortune in the World, an Acci- ' dent happened.——I——at a Time when ' I began to give Way to the utmoſt Deſ- ' pair——every Thing would be excuſable ' at ſuch a Time—at that very Time I re- ' ceived——But it would take up an Hour ' to tell you all Particulars——In one ' Word, then, (for I will not tire you with ' Circumſtances) Gold, the common Key ' to all Padlocks, opened my Door, and ' ſet me at Liberty.

' I now made Haſte to *Dublin*, where I ' immediately procured a Paſſage to *Eng-* ' *land*; and was proceeding to *Bath*, in ' Order to throw myſelf into the Protection ' of my Aunt, or of your Father, or of ' any Relation who would afford it me. ' My Huſband overtook me laſt Night, at ' the Inn where I lay, and which you left ' a few Minutes before me; but I had the ' good

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'good Luck to escape him, and to follow 'you.

'And thus, my Dear, ends my Histo-'ry: A tragical one, I am sure, it is to 'myself; but, perhaps, I ought rather to 'apologize to you for its Dulness.'

Sophia heaved a deep Sigh, and answered, 'Indeed, *Harriet*, I pity you from my 'Soul;——But what could you expect? 'Why, why, would you marry an *Irish-'man?*'

'Upon my Word,' replied her Cousin, 'your Censure is unjust. There are, a-'mong the *Irish*, Men of as much Worth 'and Honour, as any among the *English*: 'Nay, to speak the Truth, Generosity of 'Spirit is rather more common among 'them. I have known some Examples 'there too of good Husbands; and, I be-'lieve, these are not very plenty in *Eng-'land*. Ask me, rather, what I could ex-'pect when I married a Fool; and I will 'tell you a solemn Truth; I did not know 'him to be so.'——'Can no Man,' said *Sophia*, in a very low and alter'd Voice, 'do you think, make a bad Husband, 'who is not a Fool?' 'That,' answered the

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the other, 'is too general a Negative; but 'none, I believe, is so likely as a Fool to 'prove so. Among my Acquaintance, the 'silliest Fellows are the worst Husbands; 'and I will venture to assert, as a Fact, 'that a Man of Sense rarely behaves very 'ill to a Wife, who deserves very well.'

CHAP. VIII.

A dreadful Alarm in the Inn, with the Arrival of an unexpected Friend of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

SOPHIA now, at the Desire of her Cousin, related——not what follows, but what hath gone before in this History: For which Reason the Reader will, I suppose, excuse me, for not repeating it over again.

One Remark, however, I cannot forbear making on her Narrative, namely, that she made no more mention of *Jones*, from the Beginning to the End, than if there had been no such Person alive. This I will neither endeavour to account for, nor to excuse. Indeed, if this may be called a Kind of Dishonesty, it seems the more inexcusable,

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ble, from the apparent Openneſs and explicit Sincerity of the other Lady.—But ſo it was.

Juſt as *Sophia* arrived at the Concluſion of her Story, there arrived in the Room where the two Ladies were ſitting, a Noiſe, not unlike, in Loudneſs, to that of a Pack of Hounds juſt let out from their Kennel; nor, in Shrillneſs, to Cats when caterwauling; or, to Screech-Owls; or, indeed, more like (for what Animal can reſemble a human Voice) to thoſe Sounds, which, in the pleaſant Manſions of that Gate, which ſeems to derive its Name from a Duplicity of Tongues, iſſue from the Mouths, and ſometimes from the Noſtrils of thoſe fair River Nymphs, ycleped of old the *Napææ*, or the *Naïades*; in the vulgar Tongue tranſlated Oyſter-Wenches: For when, inſtead of the antient Libations of Milk and Honey and Oil, the rich Diſtillation from the Juniper-Berry, or, perhaps, from Malt, hath, by the early Devotion of their Votaries, been poured forth in great Abundance, ſhould any daring Tongue, with unhallowed Licenſe prophane; i. e. depreciate the delicate fat *Milton* Oyſter, the Plaice ſound and firm, the Flounder as much alive as when in the Water, the

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Shrimp as big as a Prawn, the fine Cod alive but a few Hours ago, or any other of the various Treaſures, which thoſe Water-Deities, who fiſh the Sea and Rivers, have committed to the Care of the Nymphs, the angry *Naïades* lift up their immortal Voices, and the prophane Wretch is ſtruck deaf for his Impiety.

Such was the Noiſe, which now burſt from one of the Rooms below; and ſoon the Thunder, which long had rattled at a Diſtance, began to approach nearer and nearer, 'till, having aſcended by Degrees up Stairs, it at laſt entered the Apartment where the Ladies were. In ſhort, to drop all Metaphor and Figure, Mrs. *Honour* having ſcolded violently below Stairs, and continued the ſame all the Way up, came in to her Miſtreſs in a moſt outrageous Paſſion, crying out, 'What doth your Ladyſhip 'think? Would you imagine, that this im-'pudent Villain, the Maſter of this Houſe, 'hath had the Impudence to tell me, nay, 'to ſtand it out to my Face, that your La-'dyſhip is that naſty, ſtinking Wh——re, '(*Jenny Cameron* they call her) that runs a-'bout the Country with the Pretender? 'Nay, the lying, ſaucy Villain, had the 'Aſſurance to tell me, that your Ladyſhip 'had

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'had owned yourſelf to be ſo: But I 'have clawed the Raſcal; I have left 'the Marks of my Nails in his impu-'dent Face. My Lady!' ſays I, 'you 'ſaucy Scoundrel: My Lady is Meat for 'no Pretenders. She is a young Lady of 'as good Faſhion, and Family, and For-'tune, as any in *Somerſetſhire*. Did you 'never hear of the great Squire *Weſtern*, 'Sirrah? She is his only Daughter; ſhe 'is,——and Heireſs to all his great Eſtate. 'My Lady to be called a naſty *Scotch* 'Wh——re by ſuch a Varlet———To 'be ſure, I wiſh I had knocked his Brains 'out with the Punch-bowl.

The principal Uneaſineſs with which *Sophia* was affected on this Occaſion, *Honour* had herſelf cauſed, by having in her Paſſion diſcovered who ſhe was. However, as this Miſtake of the Landlord ſufficiently accounted for thoſe Paſſages which *Sophia* had before miſtaken, ſhe acquired ſome Eaſe on that Account; nor could ſhe, upon the whole, forbear ſmiling. This enraged *Honour*, and ſhe cried, 'Indeed, Madam, I 'did not think your Ladyſhip would have 'made a laughing Matter of it. To be 'called Whore by ſuch an impudent low 'Raſcal. Your Ladyſhip may be angry 'with

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'with me, for ought I know, for taking 'your Part, since proffered Service, they 'say, stinks; but to be sure I could never 'bear to hear a Lady of mine called 'Whore.---Nor will I bear it. I am sure 'your Ladyship is as virtuous a Lady as 'ever sat Foot on *English* Ground, and I 'will claw any Villain's Eyes out who dares 'for to offer to presume for to say the least 'Word to the contrary. No body ever 'could say the least ill of the Character of 'any Lady that ever I waited upon.'

Hinc illæ Lachrymæ; in plain Truth, *Honour* had as much Love for her Mistress as most Servants have, that is to say——— But besides this, her Pride obliged her to support the Character of the Lady she waited on; for she thought her own was in a very close Manner connected with it. In Proportion as the Character of her Mistress was raised, hers likewise, as she conceived, was raised with it; and, on the contrary, she thought the one could not be lowered without the other.

On this Subject, Reader, I must stop a Moment to tell thee a Story. 'The fa-'mous *Nell Gwynn*, stepping one Day from 'a House where she had made a short Vi-

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'ſit into her Coach, ſaw a great Mob aſ-
'ſembled, and her Footman all bloody and
'dirty; the Fellow being aſked, by his
'Miſtreſs, the Reaſon of his being in that
'Condition, anſwered, 'I have been fight-
'ing, Madam, with an impudent Raſcal who
'called your Ladyſhip a Wh—re. 'You
'Blockhead,' replied Mrs. *Gwynn*, 'at
'this Rate you muſt fight every Day of
'your Life; why, you Fool, all the World
'knows it.' "Do they?" cries the Fel-
low, in a muttering Voice, after he had
ſhut the Coach Door, 'they ſhan't call
'me a Whore's Footman for all that.'

Thus the Paſſion of Mrs. *Honour* appears natural enough, even if it were to be no otherwiſe accounted for; but, in reality, there was another Cauſe of her Anger; for which we muſt beg Leave to remind our Reader of a Circumſtance mentioned in the above Simile. There are indeed certain Liquors, which being applied to our Paſſions, or to Fire, produce Effects the very Reverſe of thoſe produced by Water, as they ſerve to kindle and inflame, rather than to extinguiſh. Among theſe, the generous Liquor called Punch is one. It was not therefore without Reaſon, that the learned

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ed Dr. *Cheney* uſed to call drinking Punch pouring liquid Fire down your Throat.

Now Mrs. *Honour* had unluckily poured ſo much of this liquid Fire down her Throat, that the Smoke of it began to aſcend into her Pericranium, and blinded the Eyes of Reaſon which is there ſuppoſed to keep her Reſidence, while the Fire itſelf from the Stomach eaſily reached the Heart, and there inflamed the noble Paſſion of Pride. So that upon the whole, we ſhall ceaſe to wonder at the violent Rage of the Waiting-woman; tho' at firſt Sight we muſt confeſs the Cauſe ſeems inadequate to the Effect.

Sophia, and her Couſin both, did all in their Power to extinguiſh theſe Flames which had roared ſo loudly all over the Houſe. They at length prevailed; or, to carry the Metaphor one Step farther, the Fire having conſumed all the Fuel which the Language affords, to wit, every reproachful Term in it, at laſt went out of its own Accord.

But tho' Tranquility was reſtored above Stairs, it was not ſo below; where my Land-

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Landlady highly resenting the Injury done to the Beauty of her Husband, by the Flesh-Spades of Mrs. *Honour*, called aloud for Revenge and Justice. As to the poor Man who had principally suffered in the Engagement, he was perfectly quiet. Perhaps the Blood which he lost might have cooled his Anger: For the Enemy had not only applied her Nails to his Cheeks, but likewise her Fist to his Nostrils, which lamented the Blow with Tears of Blood in great Abundance. To this we may add Reflections on his Mistake; but indeed nothing so effectually silenced his Resentment, as the Manner in which he now discovered his Error; for as to the Behaviour of Mrs. *Honour*, it had the more confirmed him in his Opinion: but he was now assured by a Person of great Figure, and who was attended by a great Equipage, that one of the Ladies was a Woman of Fashion, and his intimate Acquaintance.

By the Orders of this Person, the Landlord now ascended, and acquainted our fair Travellers, that a great Gentleman below desired to do them the Honour of waiting on them. *Sophia* turned pale, and trembled at this Message, tho' the Reader will conclude it was too civil, notwithstanding the

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the Landlord's Blunder, to have come from her Father; but Fear hath the common Fault of a Juſtice of Peace, and is apt to conclude haſtily from every ſlight Circumſtance, without examining the Evidence on both Sides.

To eaſe the Reader's Curioſity, therefore, rather than his Apprehenſions, we proceed to inform him, that an *Iriſh* Peer had arrived very late that Evening at the Inn in his Way to *London*. This Nobleman having ſallied from his Supper at the Hurricane before commemorated, had ſeen the Attendant of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, and upon a ſhort Enquiry was informed, that her Lady, with whom he was very particularly acquainted was above. This Information he had no ſooner received, than he addreſſed himſelf to the Landlord, pacified him, and ſent him up Stairs with Compliments rather civiler than thoſe which were delivered.

It may perhaps be wondered at, that the Waiting-woman herſelf was not the Meſſenger employed on this Occaſion; but we are ſorry to ſay, ſhe was not at preſent qualified for that, or indeed for any other Office. The Rum (for ſo the Landlord choſe to call the Diſtillation from Malt) had baſe-

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baſely taken the Advantage of the Fatigue which the poor Woman had undergone, and had made terrible Depredations on her noble Faculties, at a Time when they were very unable to reſiſt the Attack.

We ſhall not deſcribe this tragical Scene too fully; but we thought ourſelves obliged by that hiſtoric Integrity which we profeſs, ſhortly to hint a Matter which we would otherwiſe have been glad to have ſpared. Many Hiſtorians indeed, for Want of this Integrity, or of Diligence, to ſay no worſe, often leave the Reader to find out theſe little Circumſtances in the Dark, and ſometimes to his great Confuſion and Perplexity.

Sophia was very ſoon eaſed of her cauſeleſs Fright by the Entry of the noble Peer, who was not only an intimate Acquaintance of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; but in reality a very particular Friend of that Lady. To ſay Truth, it was by his Aſſiſtance, that ſhe had been enabled to eſcape from her Huſband; for this Nobleman had the ſame gallant Diſpoſition with thoſe renowned Knights, of whom we read in heroic Story, and had delivered many an impriſoned Nymph from Durance. He was indeed as bitter

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bitter an Enemy to the ſavage Authority too often exerciſed by Huſbands and Fathers, over the young and lovely of the other Sex, as ever Knight Errant was to the barbarous Power of Enchanters: nay, to ſay Truth, I have often ſuſpected that thoſe very Enchanters with which Romance every where abounds, were in reality no other than the Huſbands of thoſe Days; and Matrimony itſelf was perhaps the enchanted Caſtle in which the Nymphs were ſaid to be confined.

This Nobleman had an Eſtate in the Neighbourhood of *Fitzpatrick*, and had been for ſome Time acquainted with the Lady. No ſooner therefore did he hear of her Confinement, than he earneſtly applied himſelf to procure her Liberty; which he preſently effected, not by ſtorming the Caſtle, according to the Example of ancient Heroes; but by corrupting the Governor, in Conformity with the modern Art of War; in which Craft is held to be preferable to Valour, and Gold is found to be more irreſiſtable than either Lead or Steel.

This Circumſtance, however, as the Lady did not think material enough to relate to her Friend, ſo we would not at that Time

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impart it to the Reader. We rather chose to leave him a while under a Supposition, that she had found, or coined, or by some very extraordinary, perhaps supernatural Means, had possessed herself of the Money with which she had bribed her Keeper, than to interrupt her Narrative by giving a Hint of what seemed to her of too little Importance to be mentioned.

The Peer after a short Conversation, could not forbear expressing some Surprize at meeting the Lady in that Place, nor could he refrain from telling her, he imagined she had been gone to *Bath*. Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* very freely answered, 'That she 'had been prevented in her Purpose by the 'Arrival of a Person she need not mention. 'In short,' says she, 'I was overtaken by 'my Husband (for I need not affect to 'conceal what the World knows too well 'already). I had the good Fortune to 'escape in a most surprizing Manner, and 'am now going to *London* with this young 'Lady, who is a near Relation of mine, 'and who hath escaped from as great a 'Tyrant as my own.

His Lordship concluding that this Tyrant was likewise a Husband, made a Speech

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Speech full of Compliments to both the Ladies, and as full of Invectives againſt his own Sex; nor indeed did he avoid ſome oblique Glances at the matrimonial Inſtitution itſelf, and at the unjuſt Powers given by it to Man over the more ſenſible, and more meritorious Part of the Species. He ended his Oration with an Offer of his Protection, and of his Coach and Six, which was inſtantly accepted by Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, and at laſt, upon her Perſuaſions, by *Sophia*.

Matters being thus adjuſted, his Lordſhip took his Leave, and the Ladies retired to Reſt, where Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* entertained her Couſin with many high Encomiums on the Character of the noble Peer, and enlarged very particularly on his great Fondneſs for his Wife; ſaying, ſhe believed he was almoſt the only Perſon of high Rank, who was entirely conſtant to the Marriage Bed. 'Indeed, added ſhe, my dear *Sophy*, 'that is a very rare Virtue amongſt Men of 'Condition. Never expect it when you 'marry; for, believe me, if you do, you 'will certainly be deceived.'

A gentle Sigh ſtole from *Sophia* at theſe Words, which perhaps contributed to form

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a Dream of no very pleaſant Kind; but as ſhe never revealed this Dream to any one, ſo the Reader cannot expect to ſee it related here.

CHAP. IX.

The Morning introduced in ſome pretty Writing. A Stage Coach. The Civility of Chambermaids. The heroic Temper of Sophia. *Her Generoſity. The Return to it. The Departure of the Company, and their Arrival at* London; *with ſome Remarks for the Uſe of Travellers.*

THOSE Members of the Society, who are born to furniſh the Bleſſings of Life, now begin to light their Candles, in order to purſue their daily Labours, for the Uſe of thoſe who are born to enjoy theſe Bleſſings. The ſturdy Hind now attends the Levee of his Fellow Labourer the Ox; the cunning Artificer, the diligent mechanic ſpring from their hard Mattreſs; and now the bonny Houſe-maid begins to repair the diſordered Drum-Room, while the riotous Authors of that Diſorder, in broken interrupted Slumbers, tumble and toſs, as if the

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the Hardneſs of Down diſquieted their Repoſe.

In ſimple Phraſe, the Clock had no ſooner ſtruck Seven, than the Ladies were ready for their Journey, and at their Deſire, his Lordſhip and his Equipage were prepared to attend them.

And now a Matter of ſome Difficulty aroſe; and this was how his Lordſhip himſelf ſhould be conveyed: For tho' in Stage, Coaches, where Paſſengers are properly conſidered as ſo much Luggage, the ingenious Coachman ſtows half a Dozen with perfect Eaſe into the Place of four: for well he contrives that the fat Hoſteſs, or well-fed Alderman, may take up no more Room than the ſlim Miſs, or taper Maſter; it being the Nature of Guts, when well ſqueezed, to give Way, and to lie in a narrow Compaſs; yet in theſe Vehicles which are called, for Diſtinction-ſake, Gentlemens Coaches, tho' they are often larger than the others, this Method of packing is never attempted.

His Lordſhip would have put a ſhort End to the Difficulty, by very gallantly deſiring to mount his Horſe; but Mrs.

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Fitzpatrick would by no Means conſent to it. It was therefore concluded that the *Abigails* ſhould by Turns relieve each other on one of his Lordſhip's Horſes, which was preſently equipped with a Side-Saddle for that Purpoſe.

Every thing being ſettled at the Inn, the Ladies diſcharged their former Guides, and *Sophia* made a preſent to the Landlord, partly to repair the Bruiſe which he had received under herſelf, and partly on Account of what he had ſuffered under the Hands of her enraged Waiting-woman. And now *Sophia* firſt diſcovered a Loſs which gave her ſome Uneaſineſs; and this was of the hundred Pound Bank Bill which her Father had given her at their laſt Meeting; and which, within a very inconſiderable Trifle, was all the Treaſure ſhe was at preſent worth. She ſearched every where, and ſhook and tumbled all her Things to no Purpoſe, the Bill was not to be found: And ſhe was at laſt fully perſuaded that ſhe had loſt it from her Pocket when ſhe had the Misfortune of tumbling from her Horſe in the dark Lane, as before recorded. A Fact that ſeemed the more probable, as ſhe now recollected ſome Diſcompoſure in her Pockets which had happened at that Time,

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Time, and the great Difficulty with which ſhe had drawn forth her Handkerchief the very Inſtant before her Fall, in order to relieve the Diſtreſs of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*.

Misfortunes of this Kind, whatever Inconveniencies they may be attended with, are incapable of ſubduing a Mind in which there is any Strength, without the Aſſiſtance of Avarice. *Sophia* therefore, tho' nothing could be worſe timed than this Accident, at ſuch a Seaſon, immediately got the better of her Concern, and with her wonted Serenity and Cheerfulneſs of Countenance, returned to her Company. His Lordſhip conducted the Ladies into the Vehicle, as he did likewiſe Mrs. *Honour*, who, after many Civilities, and more Dear Madams, at laſt yielded to the well-bred Importunities of her Siſter *Abigail*, and ſubmitted to be complimented with the firſt Ride in the Coach; in which indeed ſhe would afterwards have been contented to have purſued her whole Journey, had not her Miſtreſs, after ſeveral fruitleſs Intimations, at length forced her to take her Turn on Horſeback.

The Coach now having received its Company, began to move forwards, attended

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by many Servants, and by two led Captains, who had before rode with his Lordſhip, and who would have been diſmiſſed from the Vehicle upon a much leſs worthy Occaſion, than was this of accommodating two Ladies. In this they acted only as Gentlemen; but they were ready at any Time to have performed the Office of a Footman, or indeed would have condeſcended lower, for the Honour of his Lordſhip's Company, and for the Convenience of his Table.

My Landlord was ſo pleaſed with the Preſent he had received from *Sophia*, that he rather rejoiced in than regretted his Bruiſe, or his Scratches. The Reader will perhaps be curious to know the *Quantum* of this Preſent, but we cannot ſatisfy his Curioſity. Whatever it was, it ſatisfied the Landlord for his bodily Hurt; but he lamented he had not known before how little the Lady valued her Money; 'For 'to be ſure,' ſays he, 'one might have 'charged every Article double, and ſhe 'would have made no Cavil at the Reckon-'ing.'

His Wife however was far from drawing this Concluſion; whether ſhe really felt any Injury

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Injury done to her Husband more than he did himself, I will not say; certain it is, she was much less satisfied with the Generosity of *Sophia*. Indeed,' cries she, 'my 'Dear, the Lady knows better how to dis- 'pose of her Money than you imagine. 'She might very well think we should not 'put up such a Business without some Sa- 'tisfaction, and the Law would have cost 'her an infinite deal more than this poor 'little Matter, which I wonder you would 'take.' 'You are always so bloodily wise,' quoth the Husband, 'It would have cost 'her more, would it? Dost fancy I don't 'know that as well as thee? But would any 'of that more, or so much, have come 'into our Pockets? Indeed, if Son *Tom* 'the Lawyer had been alive, I could have 'been glad to have put such a pretty Bu- 'siness into his Hands. He would have 'got a good Picking out of it; but I have 'no Relation now who is a Lawyer, and 'why should I go to Law for the Benefit 'of Strangers? Nay, to be sure,' answered she, 'you must know best.' 'I believe I 'do,' replied he. 'I fancy when Money 'is to be got, I can smell it out as well as 'another. Every body, let me tell you, 'would not have talked People out of this. 'Mind that, I say, every body would not

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'have cajoled this out of her, mind that.' The Wife then joined in the Applauſe of her Huſband's Sagacity; and thus ended the ſhort Dialogue between them on this Occaſion.

We will therefore take our Leave of theſe good People, and attend his Lordſhip and his fair Companions, who made ſuch good Expedition, that they performed a Journey of ninety Miles in two Days, and on the ſecond Evening arrived in *London*, without having encountered any one Adventure on the Road worthy the Dignity of this Hiſtory to relate. Our Pen, therefore, ſhall imitate the Expedition which it deſcribes, and our Hiſtory ſhall keep Pace with the Travellers who are its Subject. Good Writers will indeed do well to imitate the ingenious Traveller in this Inſtance, who always proportions his Stay at any Place, to the Beauties, Elegancies, and Curioſities, which it affords. At *Eſhur*, at *Stowe*, at *Wilton*, at *Eaſtbury*, and at *Prior*'s *Park*, Days are too ſhort for the raviſhed Imagination; while we admire the wondrous Power of Art in improving Nature. In ſome of theſe, Art chiefly engages our Admiration; in others, Nature and Art contend for our Applauſe; but in the laſt, the former ſeems to

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triumph. Here Nature appears in her richeſt Attire, and Art dreſſed with the modeſteſt Simplicity, attends its benignant Miſtreſs. Here Nature indeed pours forth the choiceſt Treaſures which ſhe hath laviſhed on this World; and here Human Nature preſents you with an Object which can be only exceeded in the other.

The ſame Taſte, the ſame Imagination, which luxuriouſly riots in theſe elegant Scenes, can be amuſed with Objects of far inferior Note. The Woods, the Rivers, the Lawns of *Devon* and of *Dorſet*, attract the Eye of the ingenious Traveller, and retard his Pace, which Delay he afterwards compenſates by ſwiftly ſcouring over the gloomy Heath of *Bagſhot*, or that pleaſant Plain which extends itſelf Weſtward from *Stockbridge*, where no other Object than one ſingle Tree only in ſixteen Miles preſents itſelf to the View, unleſs the Clouds, in Compaſſion to our tired Spirits, kindly open their variegated Manſions to our Proſpect.

Not ſo travels the Money-meditating Tradeſman, the ſagacious Juſtice, the dignified Doctor, the warm-clad Grazier, with all the numerous Offspring of Wealth and Dulneſs. On they jogg, with equal Pace, through the verdant Meadows, or over the

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barren Heath, their Horſes meaſuring four Miles and a half *per* Hour with the utmoſt Exactneſs; the Eyes of the Beaſt and of his Maſter being alike directed forwards, and employed in contemplating the ſame Objects in the ſame manner. With equal Rapture the good Rider ſurveys the proudeſt Boaſts of the Architect, and thoſe fair Buildings, with which ſome unknown Name hath adorned the rich Cloathing-Town; where heaps of Bricks are piled up as a Kind of Monument, to ſhew that Heaps of Money have been piled there before.

And now, Reader, as we are in Haſte to attend our Heroine, we will leave to thy Sagacity to apply all this to the *Bœotian* Writers, and to thoſe Authors who are their Oppoſites. This thou wilt be abundantly able to perform without our Aid. Beſtir thyſelf therefore on this Occaſion; for tho' we will always lend thee proper Aſſiſtance in difficult Places, as we do not, like ſome others, expect thee to uſe the Arts of Divination to diſcover our Meaning; yet we ſhall not indulge thy Lazineſs where nothing but thy own Attention is required, for thou art highly miſtaken if thou doſt imagine that we intended, when we begun this great Work, to leave thy Sagacity nothing to do, or that without ſometimes

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times exercising this Talent, thou wilt be able to travel through our Pages with any Pleasure or Profit to thyself.

CHAP. X.

Containing a Hint or two concerning Virtue, and a few more concerning Suspicion.

OUR Company being arrived at *London*, were set down at his Lordship's House, where while they refreshed themselves after the Fatigue of their Journey, Servants were dispatched to provide a Lodging for the two Ladies; for as her Ladyship was not then in Town, Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* would by no Means consent to accept a Bed in the Mansion of the Peer.

Some Readers will perhaps condemn this extraordinary Delicacy, as I may call it, of Virtue, as too nice and scrupulous; but we must make Allowances for her Situation, which must be owned to have been very ticklish; and when we consider the Malice of censorious Tongues, we must allow, if it was a Fault, the Fault was an Excess on the right Side, and which every Woman who is in the self-same Situation will do well

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well to imitate. The moſt formal Appearance of Virtue, when it is only an Appearance, may perhaps, in very abſtracted Conſiderations, ſeem to be rather leſs commendable than Virtue itſelf without this Formality; but it will however be always more commended; and this, I believe, will be granted by all, that it is neceſſary, unleſs in ſome very particular Caſes, for every Woman to ſupport either the one or the other.

A Lodging being prepared, *Sophia* accompanied her Couſin for that Evening; but reſolved early in the Morning to enquire after the Lady, into whoſe Protection, as we have formerly mentioned, ſhe had determined to throw herſelf, when ſhe quitted her Father's Houſe. And this ſhe was the more eager in doing, from ſome Obſervations ſhe had made during her Journey in the Coach.

Now as we would by no Means fix the odious Character of Suſpicion on *Sophia*, we are almoſt afraid to open to our Reader the Conceits which filled her Mind concerning Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; of whom ſhe certainly entertained at preſent ſome Doubts; which, as they are very apt to enter

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enter into the Boſoms of the worſt of People, we think proper not to mention more plainly, till we have firſt ſuggeſted a Word or two to our Reader touching Suſpicion in general.

Of this there have always appeared to me to be two Degrees. The firſt of theſe I chuſe to derive from the Heart, as the extreme Velocity of its Diſcernment ſeems to denote ſome previous inward Impulſe, and the rather, as this ſuperlative Degree often forms its own Objects; ſees what is not, and always more than really exiſts. This is that quick-ſighted Penetration, whoſe Hawk's Eyes no Symptom of Evil can eſcape; which obſerves not only upon the Actions, but upon the Words and Looks of Men; and as it proceeds from the Heart of the Obſerver, ſo it dives into the Heart of the Obſerved, and there eſpies Evil, as it were, in the firſt Embryo; nay ſometimes before it can be ſaid to be conceived. An admirable Faculty, if it were infallible; but as this Degree of Perfection is not even claimed by more than one mortal Being, ſo from the Fallibility of ſuch acute Diſcernment have ariſen many ſad Miſchiefs and moſt grievous Heart-akes to Innocence and Virtue. I cannot help therefore regarding this

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this vaſt Quickſightedneſs into Evil, as a vicious Exceſs, and as a very pernicious Evil in itſelf. And I am the more inclined to this Opinion, as I am afraid it always proceeds from a bad Heart, for the Reaſons I have above-mentioned, and for one more, namely, becauſe I never knew it the Property of a good one. Now from this Degree of Suſpicion I entirely and abſolutely acquit *Sophia*.

A ſecond Degree of this Quality ſeems to ariſe from the Head. This is indeed no other than the Faculty of ſeeing what is before your Eyes, and of drawing Concluſions from what you ſee. The former of theſe is unavoidable by thoſe who have any Eyes, and the latter is perhaps no leſs certain and neceſſary a Conſequence of our having any Brains. This is altogether as bitter an Enemy to Guilt, as the former is to Innocence, nor can I ſee it in an unamiable Light, even though, through human Fallibility, it ſhould be ſometimes miſtaken. For Inſtance, if a Huſband ſhould accidentally ſurprize his Wife in the Lap or in the Embraces of ſome of thoſe pretty young Gentlemen who profeſs the Art of Cuckoldom, I ſhould not highly, I think, blame him for concluding

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ſomething more than what he ſaw, from the Familiarities which he really had ſeen, and which we are at leaſt favourable enough to, when we call them innocent Freedoms. The Reader will eaſily ſuggeſt great Plenty of Inſtances to himſelf, I ſhall add but one more, which however unchriſtian it may be thought by ſome, I cannot help eſteeming to be ſtrictly juſtifiable; and this is a Suſpicion that a Man is capable of doing what he hath done already, and that it is poſſible for one who hath been a Villain once, to act the ſame Part again. And to confeſs the Truth of this Degree of Suſpicion, I believe *Sophia* was guilty. From this Degree of Suſpicion ſhe had, in Fact, conceived an Opinion, that her Couſin was really not better than ſhe ſhould be.

The Caſe, it ſeems, was this: Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* wiſely conſidered, that the Virtue of a young Lady is, in the World, in the ſame Situation with a poor Hare, who is certain, whenever it ventures abroad, to meet its Enemies: For it can hardly meet any other. No ſooner therefore was ſhe determined to take the firſt Opportunity of quitting the Protection of her Huſband, than ſhe reſolved to caſt herſelf under the Pro-

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Protection of ſome other Man; and whom could ſhe ſo properly chuſe to be her Guardian as a Perſon of Quality, of Fortune, of Honour; and who, beſides a gallant Diſpoſition which inclines Men to Knight-Errantry; that is, to be the Champions of Ladies in Diſtreſs, had often declared a violent Attachment to herſelf, and had already given her all the Inſtances of it in his Power?

But as the Law hath fooliſhly omitted this Office of Vice-Huſband, or Guardian to an eloped Lady; and as Malice is apt to denominate him by a more diſagreeable Appellation; it was concluded that his Lordſhip ſhould perform all ſuch kind Offices to the Lady in ſecret, and without publicly aſſuming the Character of her Protector. Nay, to prevent any other Perſon from ſeeing him in this Light, it was agreed that the Lady ſhould proceed directly to *Bath*, and that his Lordſhip ſhould firſt go to *London*, and thence ſhould go down to that Place by the Advice of his Phyſicians.

Now all this *Sophia* very plainly underſtood, not from the Lips or Behaviour of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; but from the Peer, who was infinitely leſs expert at retaining a Secret,

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cret, than was the good Lady; and perhaps the exact Secrecy which Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* had observed on this Head in her Narrative, served not a little to heighten those Suspicions which were now risen in the Mind of her Cousin.

Sophia very easily found out the Lady she sought, for indeed there was not a Chairman in Town to whom her House was not perfectly well known; and as she received, in Return of her first Message, a most pressing Invitation, she immediately accepted it. Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* indeed did not desire her Cousin to stay with her with more Earnestness than Civility required. Whether she had discerned and resented the Suspicion above-mentioned, or from what other Motive it arose, I cannot say; but certain it is, she was full as desirous of parting with *Sophia*, as *Sophia* herself could be of going.

The young Lady, when she came to take Leave of her Cousin, could not avoid giving her a short Hint of Advice. She begged her, for Heaven's Sake, to take Care of herself, and to consider in how dangerous a Situation she stood; adding, she hoped some Method would be found of reconciling her to her Husband. 'You must remember, 'my

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'my Dear, says she, the Maxim which 'my Aunt *Western* hath so often repeated 'to us both; *That whenever the matrimo-* 'nial Alliance is broke, and War declared 'between Husband and Wife, she can hardly 'make a disadvantageous Peace for herself on 'any Conditions. These are my Aunt's 'very Words, and she hath had a great 'deal of Experience in the World.' Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* answered, with a contemptuous Smile, 'Never fear me, Child, take Care 'of yourself; for you are younger than me. 'I will come and visit you in a few Days; 'but, dear *Sophy*, let me give you one 'Piece of Advice: Leave the Character 'of *Graveairs* in the Country; for, believe 'me, it will sit very aukwardly upon you 'in this Town.'

Thus the two Cousins parted, and *Sophia* repaired directly to Lady *Bellarston*, where she found a most hearty, as well as most polite Welcome. The Lady had taken a great Fancy to her when she had seen her formerly with her Aunt *Western*. She was indeed extremely glad to see her, and was no sooner acquainted with the Reasons which induced her to leave the Squire and fly to *London*, than she highly applauded her

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her Senſe and Reſolution; and after expreſſing the higheſt Satisfaction in the Opinion which *Sophia* had declared ſhe entertained of her Ladyſhip, by chuſing her Houſe for an Aſylum, ſhe promiſed her all the Protection which it was in her Power to give.

As we have now brought *Sophia* into ſafe Hands, the Reader will, I apprehend, be contented to depoſite her there a while, and to look a little after other Perſonages, and particularly poor *Jones*, whom we have left long enough to do Pennance for his paſt Offences, which, as is the Nature of Vice, brought ſufficient Puniſhment upon him themſelves.

BOOK

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THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XII.

Containing the same individual Time with the former.

CHAP. I.

Shewing what is to be deemed Plagiarism in a modern Author, and what is to be considered as lawful Prize.

THE learned Reader must have observed, that in the Course of this mighty Work, I have often translated Passages out of the best antient Authors, without quoting the Original, or without

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out taking the leaſt Notice of the Book from whence they were borrowed.

This Conduct in Writing is placed in a very proper Light by the ingenious Abbé *Bannier*, in his Preface to his Mythology, a Work of great Erudition, and of equal Judgment. "It will be eaſy," ſays he, "for the Reader to obſerve, that I have "frequently had greater Regard to him, "than to my own Reputation: For an "Author certainly pays him a conſiderable "Compliment, when, for his Sake, he "ſuppreſſes learned Quotations that come "in his Way, and which would have coſt "him but the bare Trouble of tranſlat-"ing."

To fill up a Work with theſe Scraps may indeed be conſidered as a downright Cheat on the learned World, who are by ſuch Means impoſed upon to buy a ſecond Time in Fragments and by Retail what they have already in Groſs, if not in their Memories, upon their Shelves; and it is ſtill more cruel upon the Illiterate, who are drawn in to pay for what is of no manner of Uſe to them. A Writer who intermixes great Quantity of *Greek* and *Latin* with his Works, deals by the Ladies and fine Gentlemen in the ſame paultry

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paultry Manner with which they are treated by the Auctioneers, who often endeavour ſo to confound and mix up their Lots, that, in order to purchaſe the Commodity you want, you are obliged at the ſame Time to purchaſe that which will do you no Service.

And yet as there is no Conduct ſo fair and diſintereſted, but that it may be miſunderſtood by Ignorance, and miſrepreſented by Malice, I have been ſometimes tempted to preſerve my own Reputation, at the Expence of my Reader, and to tranſcribe the Original, or at leaſt to quote Chapter and Verſe, whenever I have made Uſe either of the Thought or Expreſſion of another. I am indeed in ſome Doubt that I have often ſuffered by the contrary Method; and that by ſuppreſſing the original Author's Name, I have been rather ſuſpected of Plagiariſm, than reputed to act from the amiable Motive above-aſſigned by that juſtly celebrated *Frenchman.*

Now to obviate all ſuch Imputations for the future, I do here confeſs and juſtify the Fact. The Antients may be conſidered as a rich Common, where every Perſon who hath the ſmalleſt Tenement in *Parnaſſus* hath a free Right to fatten his Muſe. Or, to

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to place it in a clearer Light, we Moderns are to the Antients what the Poor are to the Rich. By the Poor here I mean, that large and venerable Body which, in *Engliſh*, we call The Mob. Now, whoever hath had the Honour to be admitted to any Degree of Intimacy with this Mob, muſt well know that it is one of their eſtabliſhed Maxims, to plunder and pillage their rich Neighbours without any Reluctance; and that this is held to be neither Sin nor Crime among them. And ſo conſtantly do they abide and act by this Maxim, that in every Pariſh almoſt in the Kingdom, there is a Kind of Confederacy ever carrying on againſt a certain Perſon of Opulence called the Squire, whoſe Property is conſidered as Free-Booty by all his poor Neighbours; who, as they conclude that there is no Manner of Guilt in ſuch Depredations, look upon it as a Point of Honour and moral Obligation to conceal, and to preſerve each other from Puniſhment on all ſuch Occaſions.

In like Manner are the Ancients, ſuch as *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Cicero*, and the reſt, to be eſteemed among us Writers, as ſo many wealthy Squires, from whom we, the Poor of *Parnaſſus*, claim an immemorial Cuſtom of taking whatever we can come at. This Liberty I de-

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mand, and this I am as ready to allow again to my poor Neighbours in their Turn. All I profeſs, and all I require from my Brethren, is to maintain the ſame ſtrict Honeſty among ourſelves, which the Mob ſhew to one another. To ſteal from one another, is indeed highly criminal and indecent; for this may be ſtrictly ſtiled defrauding the Poor (ſometimes perhaps thoſe who are poorer than ourſelves) or, to ſee it under the moſt opprobrious Colours, robbing the Spittal.

Since therefore upon the ſtricteſt Examination, my own Conſcience cannot lay any ſuch pitiful Theft to my Charge, I am contented to plead guilty to the former Accuſation; nor ſhall I ever ſcruple to take to my ſelf any Paſſage which I ſhall find in an ancient Author to my Purpoſe, without ſetting down the Name of the Author from whence it was taken. Nay, I abſolutely claim a Property in all ſuch Sentiments the Moment they are tranſcribed into my Writings, and I expect all Readers henceforwards to regard them as purely and entirely my own. This Claim however I deſire to be allowed me only on Condition, that I preſerve ſtrict Honeſty towards my poor Brethren, from whom if ever I borrow any of that little of which they are poſſeſſed, I ſhall never fail to

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to put their Mark upon it, that it may be at all Times ready to be reſtored to the right Owner.

The Omiſſion of this was highly blameable in one Mr. *Moore*, who having formerly borrowed ſome Lines of *Pope* and Company, took the Liberty to tranſcribe ſix of them into his Play of the *Rival Modes*. Mr. *Pope* however very luckily found them in the ſaid Play, and laying violent Hands on his own Property, tranſferred it back again into his own Works; and for a further Puniſhment, impriſoned the ſaid *Moore* in the loathſome Dungeon of the *Dunciad*, where his unhappy Memory now remains, and eternally will remain, as a proper Puniſhment for ſuch his unjuſt Dealings in the poetical Trade.

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CHAP. II.

In which, tho' the Squire doth not find his Daughter, ſomething is found which puts an End to his Purſuit.

THE Hiſtory now returns to the Inn at *Upton*, whence we ſhall firſt trace the Footſteps of Squire *Weſtern*; for as he will ſoon arrive at an End of his Journey, we ſhall have then full Leiſure to attend our Heroe.

The Reader may be pleaſed to remember, that the ſaid Squire departed from the Inn in great Fury, and in that Fury he purſued his Daughter. The Hoſtler having informed him that ſhe had croſſed the *Severn*, he likewiſe paſt that River with his Equipage, and rode full Speed, vowing the utmoſt Vengeance againſt poor *Sophia*, if he ſhould but overtake her.

He had not gone far, before he arrived at a Croſs-way. Here he called a ſhort Council of War, in which, after hearing different Opinions, he at laſt gave the Direction

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rection of his Purſuit to Fortune, and ſtruck directly into the *Worceſter* Road.

In this Road he proceeded about two Miles, when he began to bemean himſelf moſt bitterly, frequently crying out, 'What 'Pity is it! Sure never was ſo unlucky 'a Dog as myſelf!' and then burſt forth a Volley of Oaths and Execrations.

The Parſon attempted to adminiſter Comfort to him on this Occaſion. 'Sor-'row not, Sir,' ſays he, 'like thoſe with-'out Hope. Howbeit we have not yet 'been able to overtake young Madam, 'we may account it ſome good Fortune, 'that we have hitherto traced her Courſe 'aright. Peradventure ſhe will ſoon be 'fatigated with her Journey, and will tarry 'in ſome Inn, in order to renovate her 'corporeal Functions; and in that Caſe, in 'all moral Certainty, you will very briefly 'be *compos voti*.

'Pogh! D—n the Slut,' anſwered the Squire, 'I am lamenting the Loſs of ſo 'fine a Morning for Hunting. It is con-'founded hard to loſe one of the beſt Scent-'ing Days, in all Appearance, which hath

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'been this Season, and especially after so 'long a Frost.

Whether Fortune, who now and then shews some Compassion in her wantonest Tricks, might not take Pity of the Squire; and as she had determined not to let him overtake his Daughter, might not resolve to make him Amends some other Way, I will not assert; but he had hardly uttered the Words just before commemorated, and two or three Oaths at their Heels, when a Pack of Hounds began to open their melodious Throats at a small Distance from them, which the Squire's Horse and his Rider both perceiving, both immediately pricked up their Ears, and the Squire crying, 'She's gone, she's gone! Damn me if she is not gone!' instantly clapped Spurs to the Beast, who little needed it, having indeed the same Inclination with his Master; and now the whole Company crossing into a Corn-field, rode directly towards the Hounds, with much Hollowing and Hooping, while the poor Parson, blessing himself, brought up the Rear.

Thus Fable reports, that the fair *Grimalkin*, whom *Venus*, at the Desire of a passionate Lover, converted from a Cat into a fine Woman,

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Woman, no ſooner perceived a Mouſe, than mindful of her former Sport, and ſtill retaining her priſtine Nature, ſhe leapt from the Bed of her Huſband to purſue the little Animal.

What are we to underſtand by this? Not that the Bride was diſpleaſed with the Embraces of her amorous Bridegroom: For tho' ſome have remarked that Cats are ſubject to Ingratitude, yet Women and Cats too will be pleaſed and purr on certain Occaſions. The Truth is, as the ſagacious Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange* obſerves, in his deep Reflections, that 'if we ſhut Nature out 'at the Door, ſhe will come in at the Win-'dow; and that Puſs, tho' a Madam, will 'be a Mouſer ſtill.' In the ſame Manner we are not to arraign the Squire of any Want of Love for his Daughter: For in reality he had a great deal; we are only to conſider that he was a Squire and a Sportſman, and then we may apply the Fable to him, and the judicious Reflections likewiſe.

The Hounds ran very hard, as it is called, and the Squire purſued over Hedge and Ditch, with all his uſual Vociferation and Alacrity, and with all his uſual Plea-

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ſure; nor did the Thoughts of *Sophia* ever once intrude themſelves to allay the Satisfaction he enjoyed in the Chace, which, he ſaid, was one of the fineſt he ever ſaw, and which he ſwore was very well worth going fifty Miles for. As the Squire forgot his Daughter, the Servants, we may eaſily believe, forgot their Miſtreſs; and the Parſon, after having expreſs'd much Aſtoniſhment in *Latin* to himſelf, at length likewiſe abandoned all farther Thoughts of the young Lady, and jogging on at a Diſtance behind, began to meditate a Portion of Doctrine for the enſuing *Sunday*.

The Squire who owned the Hounds was highly pleaſed with the Arrival of his Brother Squire and Sportſman: For all Men approve Merit in their own Way, and no Man was more expert in the Field than Mr. *Weſtern*, nor did any other better know how to encourage the Dogs with his Voice, and to animate the Hunt with his Holla.

Sportſmen, in the Warmth of a Chace, are too much engaged to attend to any Manner of Ceremony; nay, even to the Offices of Humanity: For if any of them meet with an Accident by tumbling into a Ditch, or into a River, the reſt paſs on regardleſs,

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gardleſs, and generally leave him to his Fate; during this Time, therefore, the two Squires, tho' often cloſe to each other, interchanged not a ſingle Word. The Maſter of the Hunt, however, often ſaw and approved the great Judgment of the Stranger in drawing the Dogs when they were at a Fault, and hence conceived a very high Opinion of his Underſtanding, as the Number of his Attendants inſpired no ſmall Reverence to his Quality. As ſoon therefore as the Sport was ended by the Death of the little Animal which had occaſioned it, the two Squires met, and in all Squire-like Greeting, ſaluted each other.

The Converſation was entertaining enough, and what we may perhaps relate in an Appendix, or on ſome other Occaſion; but as it nowiſe concerns this Hiſtory, we cannot prevail on ourſelves to give it a Place here. It concluded with a ſecond Chace, and that with an Invitation to Dinner. This being accepted, was followed by a hearty Bout of Drinking, which ended in as hearty a Nap on the Part of Squire *Weſtern*.

Our Squire was by no Means a Match either for his Hoſt, or for Parſon *Supple*, at his Cups that Evening; for which the vio-

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lent Fatigue of Mind as well as Body that he had undergone, may very well account, without the leaſt Derogation from his Honour. He was indeed, according to the vulgar Phraſe, whiſtled drunk; for before he had ſwallowed the third Bottle, he became ſo entirely overpowered, that tho' he was not carried off to Bed till long after, the Parſon conſidered him as abſent, and having acquainted the other Squire with all relating to *Sophia*, he obtained his Promiſe of ſeconding thoſe Arguments which he intended to urge the next Morning for Mr. *Weſtern*'s Return.

No ſooner therefore had the good Squire ſhaken off his Evening, and began to call for his Morning Draught, and to ſummon his Horſes in order to renew his Purſuit, than Mr. *Supple* began his Diſſuaſives, which the Hoſt ſo ſtrongly ſeconded, that they at length prevailed, and Mr. *Weſtern* agreed to return home; being principally moved by one Argument, *viz.* That he knew not which Way to go, and might probably be riding farther from his Daughter inſtead of towards her. He then took Leave of his Brother Sportſman, and expreſſing great Joy that the Froſt was broken (which might perhaps be no ſmall Motive to his haſtening home)

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home) set forwards, or rather backwards, for *Somersetshire*; but not before he had first dispatched Part of his Retinue in quest of his Daughter, after whom he likewise sent a Volley of the most bitter Execrations which he could invent.

CHAP. III.

The Departure of Jones *from* Upton, *with what past between him and* Partridge *on the Road.*

AT length we are once more come to our Heroe; and to say Truth, we have been obliged to part with him so long, that considering the Condition in which we left him, I apprehend many of our Readers have concluded we intended to abandon him for ever; he being at present in that Situation in which prudent People usually desist from enquiring any farther after their Friends, lest they should be shocked by hearing such Friends had hanged themselves.

But, in reality, if we have not all the Virtues, I will boldly say, neither have we all the Vices of a prudent Character; and tho' it is not easy to conceive Circumstances

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ſtances much more miſerable than thoſe of poor *Jones* at preſent, we ſhall return to him, and attend upon him with the ſame Diligence as if he was wantoning in the brighteſt Beams of Fortune.

Mr. *Jones* then, and his Companion *Partridge*, left the Inn a few Minutes after the Departure of Squire *Weſtern*, and purſued the ſame Road on Foot; for the Oſtler told them, that no Horſes were by any Means to be at that Time procured at *Upton*. On they marched with heavy Hearts; for tho' their Diſquiet proceeded from very different Reaſons, yet diſpleaſed they were both; and if *Jones* ſighed bitterly, *Partridge* grunted altogether as ſadly at every Step.

When they came to the Croſs-roads where the Squire had ſtopt to take Council, *Jones* ſtopt likewiſe, and turning to *Partridge*, aſked his Opinion which Track they ſhould purſue. 'Ah, Sir!' anſwered *Partridge*, 'I wiſh your Honour would follow 'my Advice.' 'Why ſhould I not?' replied *Jones*; 'for it is now indifferent to 'me whither I go, or what becomes of me? 'My Advice then,' ſaid *Partridge*, 'is that 'you immediately face about and return 'home:

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'home: For who that had ſuch a Home 'to return to, as your Honour, would 'travel thus about the Country like a Va-'gabond? I aſk Pardon, *ſed vox ea ſola* '*reperta eſt.*

'Alas!' cries *Jones*, 'I have no Home 'to return to; — but if my Friend, my 'Father would receive me, could I bear 'the Country from which *Sophia* is flown-- 'Cruel *Sophia*! Cruel! No. Let me blame 'myſelf—No, let me blame thee. D—na-'tion ſeize thee, Fool, Blockhead! thou 'haſt undone me, and I will tear thy Soul 'from thy Body—At which Words he laid 'violent Hands on the Collar of poor *Par-'tridge*, and ſhook him more heartily than 'an Ague Fit, or his own Fears had ever 'done before.

Partridge fell trembling on his Knees, and begged for Mercy, vowing he had meant no Harm—when *Jones*, after ſtaring wildly on him for a Moment, quitted his Hold; and diſcharged a Rage on himſelf, that had it fallen on the other, would certainly have put an End to his Being, which indeed the very Apprehenſion of it had almoſt effected.

We

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We would beſtow ſome Pains here in minutely deſcribing all the mad Pranks which *Jones* played on this Occaſion, could we be well aſſured that the Reader would take the ſame Pains in peruſing them; but as we are apprehenſive that after all the Labour which we ſhould employ in painting this Scene, the ſaid Reader would be very apt to ſkip it entirely over, we have ſaved ourſelf that Trouble. To ſay the Truth, we have, from this Reaſon alone, often done great Violence to the Luxuriance of our Genius, and have left many excellent Deſcriptions out of our Work, which would otherwiſe have been in it. And this Suſpicion, to be honeſt, ariſes, as is generally the Caſe, from our own wicked Heart; for we have, ourſelves, been very often moſt horridly given to jumping, as we have run through the Pages of voluminous Hiſtorians.

Suffice it then ſimply to ſay, that *Jones*, after having played the Part of a Madman for many Minutes, came, by Degrees, to himſelf; which no ſooner happened, than turning to *Partridge*, he very earneſtly begged his Pardon for the Attack he had made on him in the Violence of his Paſſion; but concluded, by deſiring him never to men-

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mention his Return again; for he was resolved never to see that Country any more.

Partridge easily forgave, and faithfully promised to obey the Injunction now laid upon him. And then *Jones* very briskly cried out: 'Since it is absolutely 'impossible for me to pursue any farther 'the Steps of my Angel—I will pursue 'those of Glory. Come on, my brave 'Lad, now for the Army:——It is a glo-'rious Cause, and I would willingly sacri-'fice my Life in it, even tho' it was worth 'my preserving.' And so saying, he immediately struck into the different Road from that which the Squire had taken, and, by mere Chance, pursued the very same thro' which *Sophia* had before passed.

Our Travellers now marched a full Mile, without speaking a Syllable to each other, tho' *Jones*, indeed, muttered many Things to himself; as to *Partridge*, he was profoundly silent: For he was not, perhaps, perfectly recovered from his former Fright; besides, he had Apprehensions of provoking his Friend to a second Fit of Wrath; especially as he now began to entertain a Conceit, which may not, perhaps, create any great Wonder in the Reader. In short, he began

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began now to ſuſpect that *Jones* was abſolutely out of his Senſes.

At length, *Jones* being weary of Soliloquy, addreſſed himſelf to his Companion, and blamed him for his Taciturnity: For which the poor Man very honeſtly accounted, from his Fear of giving Offence. And now this Fear being pretty well removed, by the moſt abſolute Promiſes of Indemnity, *Partridge* again took the Bridle from his Tongue; which, perhaps, rejoiced no leſs at regaining its Liberty, than a young Colt, when the Bridle is ſlipt from his Neck, and he is turned looſe into the Paſtures.

As *Partridge* was inhibited from that Topic which would have firſt ſuggeſted itſelf, he fell upon that which was next uppermoſt in his Mind, namely, the Man of the Hill. 'Certainly, Sir, ſays he, that could never 'be a Man, who dreſſes himſelf, and lives 'after ſuch a ſtrange Manner, and ſo un-'like other Folks. Beſides his Diet, as 'the old Woman told me, is chiefly upon 'Herbs, which is a fitter Food for a Horſe 'than a Chriſtian: Nay, Landlord at *Upton* ſays, that the Neighbours thereabouts 'have very fearful Notions about him. 'It runs ſtrangely in my Head, that it 'muſt

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'must have been some Spirit, who, perhaps, might be sent to forewarn us: And who knows, but all that Matter which he told us, of his going to Fight, and of his being taken Prisoner, and of the great Danger he was in of being hanged, might be intended as a Warning to us, considering what we are going about: Besides, I dreamt of nothing all last Night, but of Fighting; and methought the Blood ran out of my Nose, as Liquor out of a Tap. Indeed, Sir, *infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*'

'Thy Story, *Partridge*,' answered *Jones*, 'is almost as ill applied as thy *Latin*. Nothing can be more likely to happen than Death, to Men who go into Battle. Perhaps we shall both fall in it,—and what then?' 'What then!' replied *Partridge*; 'Why then there is an End of us, is there not? When I am gone, all is over with me. What matters the Cause to me, or who gets the Victory, if I am killed? I shall never enjoy any Advantage from it. What are all the ringing of Bells, and Bonfires, to one that is six Foot under Ground? There will be an End of poor *Partridge*.' 'And an End of poor *Partridge*,' cries *Jones*, 'there must

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'must be one Time or other. If you 'love *Latin*, I will repeat you some fine 'Lines out of *Horace*, which would in-'spire Courage into a Coward.

Dulce & decorum est pro Patria mori.
Mors & fugacem persequitur virum
Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.

'I wish you would construe them,' cries *Partridge*, 'for *Horace* is a hard Author; 'and I cannot understand as you repeat 'them.'

'I will repeat you a bad Imitation, or 'rather Paraphrase of my own,' said *Jones*; 'for I am but an indifferent Poet.

'Who would not die in his dear Coun-try's Cause?
'Since if base Fear his dastard Step with-draws,
'From Death he cannot fly:—One com-mon Grave
'Receives, at last, the Coward and the Brave.'

'That's very certain,' cries *Partridge*. 'Ay, sure, *Mors omnibus communis:* But 'there

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'there is a great Difference between dying
'in ones Bed a great many Years hence,
'like a good Christian, with all our
'Friends crying about us; and being shot
'To-Day or Tomorrow, like a Mad-Dog;
'or, perhaps, hacked in twenty Pieces
'with a Sword, and that too, before we
'have repented of all our Sins. O Lord
'have Mercy upon us! To be sure, the
'Soldiers are a wicked Kind of People.
'I never loved to have any Thing to do
'with them. I never could bring myself
'hardly to look upon them as Christians.
'There is nothing but Cursing and Swear-
'ing among them. I wish your Honour
'would repent: I heartily wish you would
'repent, before it is too late; and not
'think of going among them.——Evil
'Communication corrupts good Manners.
'That is my principal Reason. For as for
'that Matter, I am no more afraid than
'another Man, not I; as to Matter of
'that. I know all human Flesh must die;
'but yet a Man may live many Years for
'all that. Why I am a middle-aged Man
'now, and yet I may live a great Num-
'ber of Years. I have read of several
'who have lived to be above a hundred,
'and some a great deal above a hundred.
'Not that I hope, I mean that I promise
'myself, to live to any such Age as that
'nei-

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'neither——But if it be only to eighty or 'ninety: Heaven be praiſed, that is a 'great Ways off yet; and I am not afraid of 'dying then, no more than another Man: 'But, ſurely, to tempt Death before a 'Man's Time is come, ſeems to me down-'right Wickedneſs and Preſumption. Be-'ſides, if it was to do any Good indeed; 'but let the Cauſe be what it will, 'what mighty Matter of Good can two 'People do? And, for my Part, I un-'derſtand nothing of it. I never fired 'off a Gun above ten Times in my Life; 'and then it was not charged with Bullets. 'And for the Sword, I never learned to 'fence, nor know nothing of the Matter. 'And then there are thoſe Cannons, which 'certainly it muſt be thought the higheſt 'Preſumption to go in the Way of; 'and no Body but a Madman——I aſk 'Pardon; upon my Soul, I meant no 'Harm: I beg I may not throw your Ho-'nour into another Paſſion.

'Be under no Apprhenſion, *Partridge*,' cries *Jones*, 'I am now ſo well convinced of 'thy Cowardice, that thou couldſt not pro-'voke me on any Account.' 'Your Ho-'nour,' anſwered he, 'may call me Coward 'or any thing elſe you pleaſe. If loving 'to ſleep in a whole Skin makes a Man a 'Coward,

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'Coward, *non immunes ab illis malis ſumus.* 'I never read in my Grammar, that a Man 'can't be a good Man without fighting. '*Vir bonus eſt quis? Qui conſulta Patrum,* 'qui leges juraque ſervat. Not a Word of 'Fighting; and I am ſure the Scripture is 'ſo much againſt it, that a Man ſhall never 'perſuade me he is a good Chriſtian while 'he ſheds Chriſtian-blood.

CHAP. IV.

The Adventure of a Beggar-Man.

JUST as *Partridge* had uttered that good and pious Doctrine, with which the laſt Chapter concluded, they arrived at another Croſs-way, when a lame Fellow in Rags, aſked them for Alms; upon which *Partridge* gave him a ſevere Rebuke, ſaying, 'Every Pariſh ought to keep their own 'Poor.' *Jones* then fell a laughing, and aſked *Partridge*, if he was not aſhamed with ſo much Charity in his Mouth to have no Charity in his Heart. 'Your Religion, 'ſays he, ſerves you only for an Excuſe 'for your Faults, but is no Incentive to 'your Virtue. Can any Man who is really 'a Chriſtian abſtain from relieving one of 'his

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'his Brethren in such a miserable Condition?' and at the same time putting his Hand in his Pocket, he gave the poor Object a Shilling.

'Master,' cries the fellow, after thanking him, 'I have a curious Thing here in 'my Pocket, which I found about two 'Miles off, if your Worship will please to 'buy it. I should not venture to pull it 'out to every one; but as you are so good 'a Gentleman, and so kind to the Poor, 'you won't suspect a Man of being 'a Thief only because he is poor.' He then pulled out a little gilt Pocket-book, and delivered it into the Hands of *Jones*.

Jones presently opened it, and (guess, Reader, what he felt,) saw in the first Page the Words *Sophia Western*, written by her own fair Hand. He no sooner read the Name, than he prest it close to his Lips; nor could he avoid falling into some very frantic Raptures, notwithstanding his Company; but, perhaps, these very Raptures made him forget he was not alone.

While *Jones* was kissing and mumbling the Book, as if he had had an excellent brown butter'd Crust in his Mouth, or as if

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if he had really been a Bookworm, or an Author, who hath nothing to eat but his own Works, a Piece of Paper fell from its Leaves to the Ground, which *Partridge* took up, and delivered to *Jones*, who presently perceived it to be a Bank-bill. It was, indeed, the very Bill which *Western* had given his Daughter, the Night before her Departure; and a *Jew* would have jumped to purchase it at five Shillings less than 100*l.*

The Eyes of *Partridge* sparkled at this News, which *Jones* now proclaimed aloud; and so did (tho' with somewhat a different Aspect) those of the poor Fellow who had found the Book; and who (I hope from a Principle of Honesty) had never opened it: But we should not deal honestly by the Reader, if we omitted to inform him of a Circumstance, which may be here a little material, *viz.* That the Fellow could not read.

Jones, who had felt nothing but pure Joy and Transport from the finding the Book, was affected with a Mixture of Concern at this new Discovery: For his Imagination instantly suggested to him, that the Owner of the Bill might possibly want it,

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it, before he ſhould be able to convey it to her. He then acquainted the Finder, that he knew the Lady to whom the Book belonged, and would endeavour to find her out as ſoon as poſſible, and return it her.

The Pocket-Book was a late Preſent from Mrs. *Weſtern* to her Niece: It had coſt five and twenty Shillings, having been bought of a celebrated Toyman, but the real Value of the Silver, which it contained in its Claſp, was about 18 *d.* and that Price the ſaid Toyman, as it was altogether as good as when it firſt iſſued from his Shop, would now have given for it. A prudent Perſon would, however, have taken proper Advantage of the Ignorance of this Fellow, and would not have offer'd more than a Shilling, or perhaps Sixpence for it; nay, ſome perhaps would have given nothing, and left the Fellow to his Action of Trover, which ſome learned Serjeants may doubt whether he could, under theſe Circumſtances, have maintained.

Jones, on the contrary, whoſe Character was on the Outſide of Generoſity, and may perhaps not very unjuſtly have been ſuſpected of Extravagance, without any Heſi-

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ſitation, gave a Guinea in Exchange for the Book. The poor Man, who had not for a long Time before, been poſſeſſed of ſo much Treaſure, gave Mr. *Jones* a thouſand Thanks, and diſcovered little leſs of Tranſport in his Muſcles, than *Jones* had before ſhewn, when he had firſt read the Name of *Sophia Weſtern.*

The Fellow very readily agreed to attend our Travellers to the Place where he had found the Pocket-Book. Together, therefore, they proceeded directly thither; but not ſo faſt as Mr. *Jones* deſired; for his Guide unfortunately happened to be lame, and could not poſſibly travel faſter than a Mile an Hour. As this Place, therefore, was at above three Miles Diſtance, though the Fellow had ſaid otherwiſe, the Reader need not be acquainted how long they were in walking it.

Jones opened the Book a hundred Times during their Walk, kiſſed it as often, talked much to himſelf, and very little to his Companions. At all which the Guide expreſt ſome Signs of Aſtoniſhment to *Partridge*; who more than once ſhook his Head, and cry'd, poor Gentleman! *orandum eſt ut ſit mens ſana in corpore ſano.*

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At length, they arrived at the very Spot, where *Sophia* unhappily dropt the Pocket-Book, and where the Fellow had as happily found it. Here *Jones* offered to take Leave of his Guide, and to improve his Pace; but the Fellow, in whom that violent Surprize and Joy which the first Receipt of the Guinea had occasioned, was now considerably abated, and who had now had sufficient Time to recollect himself, put on a discontented Look, and, scratching his Head, said, 'He hoped his Worship would 'give him something more. Your Wor-'ship,' said he, 'will, I hope, take it in-'to your Consideration, that if I had not 'been honest I might have kept the 'Whole.' And, indeed, this the Reader must confess to have been true. 'If the 'Paper there,' said he, 'be worth 100*l.* 'I am sure the finding it deserves more 'than a Guinea. Besides, suppose your 'Worship should never see the Lady, nor 'give it her—and though your Worship 'looks and talks very much like a Gen-'tleman, yet I have only your Worship's 'bare Word: And, certainly, if the right 'Owner ben't to be found, it all belongs 'to the first Finder. I hope your Wor-'ship will consider all these Matters. I 'am

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'am but a poor Man, and therefore 'don't desire to have all; but it is but 'reasonable I should have my Share.

'Your Worship looks like a good Man, 'and, I hope, will consider my Honesty: 'For I might have kept every Farthing, 'and no Body ever the wiser.' 'I pro-'mise thee, upon my Honour,' cries *Jones*, 'that I know the right Owner, and will 'restore it her.' 'Nay, your Worship,' answered the Fellow, 'may do as you 'please as to that, if you will but give 'me my Share, that is one half of the 'Money, your Honour may keep the rest 'yourself if you please;' and concluded with swearing by a very vehement Oath, 'that he would never mention a Syllable 'of it to any Man living.

'Lookee, Friend,' cries *Jones*, 'the 'right Owner shall certainly have again all 'that she lost; and as for any further Gra-'tuity, I really cannot give it you at pre-'sent; but let me know your Name, and 'where you live, and it is more than pos-'sible, you may hereafter have further Rea-'son to rejoice at this Morning's Adven-'ture.'

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'I don't know what you mean by Ven-
'ture,' cries the Fellow; 'it ſeems, I
'muſt venture whether you will return the
'Lady her Money or no: But I hope
'your Worſhip will conſider——' 'Come,
'come,' ſaid *Partridge*, 'tell his Honour
'your Name, and where you may be
'found; I warrant you will never repent
'having put the Money into his Hands.'
The Fellow ſeeing no Hopes of recovering the Poſſeſſion of the Pocket-Book, at laſt complied in giving in his Name and Place of Abode, which *Jones* writ upon a Piece of Paper with the Pencil of *Sophia*; and then placing the Paper in the ſame Page where ſhe had writ her Name, he cry'd out: 'There, Friend, you are the happieſt Man
'alive, I have joined your Name to that
'of an Angel.' 'I don't know any
'Thing about Angels,' anſwered the Fellow; 'but I wiſh you would give me a
'little more Money, or elſe return me the
'Pocket-Book.' *Partridge* now waxed wroth; he called the poor Cripple by ſeveral vile and opprobrious Names, and was abſolutely proceeding to beat him, but *Jones* would not ſuffer any ſuch Thing: And now telling the Fellow he would certainly find ſome Opportunity of ſerving him, Mr.

Jones

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Jones departed as fast as his Heels would carry him; and *Partridge*, into whom the Thoughts of the hundred Pound had infused new Spirits, followed his Leader; while the Man who was obliged to stay behind, fell to cursing them both, as well as his Parents; 'For had they, says he, 'sent me to Charity-School to learn to 'write and read and cast Account, I should 'have known the Value of these Matters 'as well as other People.'

CHAP. V.

Containing more Adventures which Mr. Jones *and his Companion met on the Road.*

OUR Travellers now walked so fast, that they had very little Time or Breath for Conversation; *Jones* meditating all the Way on *Sophia*, and *Partridge* on the Bank-Bill, which, though it gave him some Pleasure, caused him at the same Time to repine at Fortune, which, in all his Walks, had never given him such an Opportunity of shewing his Honesty. They had proceeded above three Miles, when *Partridge* being unable any longer to keep up with *Jones*, called to him, and begged him a little to

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slacken his Pace; with this he was the more ready to comply, as he had for some Time lost the Footsteps of the Horses, which the Thaw had enabled him to trace during several Miles, and he was now upon a wide Common where were several Roads.

He here therefore stopt to consider which of these Roads he should pursue, when on a sudden they heard the Noise of a Drum that seemed at no great Distance. This Sound presently alarmed the Fears of *Partridge*, and he cried out, 'Lord have 'Mercy upon us all; they are certainly a 'coming!' 'Who is coming?' cries *Jones*, for Fear had long since given Place to softer Ideas in his Mind, and since his Adventure with the lame Man, he had been totally intent on pursuing *Sophia*, without entertaining one Thought of an Enemy. 'Who?' cries *Partridge*, 'why the Rebels; but 'why should I call them Rebels, they may 'be very honest Gentlemen, for any thing 'I know to the contrary. The Devil take 'him that affronts them, I say. I am 'sure, if they have nothing to say to me, 'I will have nothing to say to them but in 'a civil Way. For Heaven's Sake, Sir, 'don't affront them if they should come, 'and perhaps they may do us no Harm; 'but

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'but would it not be the wiſer Way to 'creep into ſome of yonder Buſhes till they 'are gone by? What can two unarmed 'Men do perhaps againſt fifty thouſand? 'Certainly nobody but a Madman; I 'hope your Honour is not offended; but 'certainly no Man who hath *Mens ſana in* '*Corpore ſano*'——Here *Jones* interrupted this Torrent of Eloquence, which Fear had inſpired, ſaying, 'That by the Drum he 'perceived they were near ſome Town.' He then made directly towards the Place whence the Noiſe proceeded, bidding *Partridge* 'take Courage, for that he would 'lead him into no Danger; and adding, 'it was impoſſible the Rebels ſhould be ſo 'near.'

Partridge was a little comforted with this laſt Aſſurance; and tho' he would more gladly have gone the contrary Way, he followed his Leader, his Heart beating Time, but not after the Manner of Heroes, to the Muſic of the Drum, which ceaſed not till they had traverſed the Common, and were come into a narrow Lane.

And now *Partridge*, who kept even Pace with *Jones*, diſcovered ſomething painted flying in the Air, a very few Yards before

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him, which fancying to be the Colours of the Enemy, he fell a bellowing, 'O 'Lord, Sir, here they are, there is the 'Crown and Coffin. Oh Lord! I never 'saw any thing so terrible; and we are 'within Gun-shot of them already.'

Jones no sooner looked up than he plainly perceived what it was which *Partridge* had thus mistaken. '*Partridge*,' says he, 'I 'fancy you will be able to engage this 'whole Army yourself; for by the Colours 'I guess what the Drum was which we 'heard before, and which beats up for Re-'cruits to a Puppet-show.

'A Puppet-show!' answered *Partridge*, 'with most eager Transport. And is 'it really no more than that? I love a 'Puppet-show of all the Pastimes upon 'Earth. Do, good Sir, let us tarry and 'see it. Besides I am quite famished to 'Death; for it is now almost dark, and I 'have not eat a Morsel since three o' Clock 'in the Morning.'

They now arrived at an Inn, or indeed an Alehouse, where *Jones* was prevailed upon to stop, the rather as he had no longer any Assurance of being in the Road he desired. They walked both directly into the Kitchin, where

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where *Jones* began to enquire if no Ladies had paſſed that Way in the Morning, and *Partridge* as eagerly examined into the State of their Proviſions; and indeed his Enquiry met with the better Succeſs; for *Jones* could not hear News of *Sophia*; but *Partridge*, to his great Satisfaction, found good Reaſon to expect very ſhortly the agreeable Sight of an excellent ſmoaking Diſh of Eggs and Bacon.

In ſtrong and healthy Conſtitutions Love hath a very different Effect from what it cauſes in the puny Part of the Species. In the latter it generally deſtroys all that Appetite which tends towards the Conſervation of the Individual; but in the former, tho' it often induces Forgetfulneſs, and a Neglect of Food, as well as of every thing elſe, yet place a good Piece of well-powdered Buttock before a hungry Lover, and he ſeldoms fails very handſomely to play his Part. Thus it happened in the preſent Caſe; for tho' *Jones* perhaps wanted a Prompter, and might have travelled much farther, had he been alone, with an empty Stomach, yet no ſooner did he ſit down to the Bacon and Eggs, than he fell to as heartily and voraciouſly as *Partridge* himſelf.

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Before our Travellers had finiſhed their Dinner, Night came on, and as the Moon was now paſt the full, it was extremely dark. *Partridge* therefore prevailed on *Jones* to ſtay and ſee the Puppet-ſhow, which was juſt going to begin, and to which they were very eagerly invited by the Maſter of the ſaid Show, who declared that his Figures were the fineſt which the World had ever produced, and that they had given great Satisfaction to all the Quality in every Town in *England*.

The Puppet-ſhow was performed with great Regularity and Decency. It was called the fine and ſerious Part of the *Provok'd Huſband*; and it was indeed a very grave and ſolemn Entertainment, without any low Wit or Humour, or Jeſts; or, to do it no more than Juſtice, without any thing which could provoke a Laugh. The Audience were all highly pleaſed. A grave Matron told the Maſter ſhe would bring her two Daughters the next Night, as he did not ſhew any Stuff; and an Attorney's Clerk, and an Exciſeman, both declared, that the Characters of Lord and Lady *Townly* were well preſerved, and highly in Nature. *Partridge* likewiſe concurred with this Opinion.

The

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The Maſter was ſo highly elated with theſe Encomiums, that he could not refrain from adding ſome more of his own. He ſaid, 'The preſent Age was not improved 'in any Thing ſo much as in their Puppet-'ſhows; which, by throwing out Punch 'and his Wife *Joan*, and ſuch idle Trum-'pery, were at laſt brought to be a rational 'Entertainment. I remember,' ſaid he, 'when I firſt took to the Buſineſs, there 'was a great deal of low Stuff that did 'very well to make Folks laugh; but was 'never calculated to improve the Morals 'of young People, which certainly ought 'to be principally aimed at in every Puppet-'ſhow: For why may not good and in-'ſtructive Leſſons be conveyed this Way, 'as well as any other? My Figures are as 'big as the Life, and they repreſent the 'Life in every Particular; and I queſtion 'not but People riſe from my little *Drama* 'as much improved as they do from the 'great.' 'I would by no Means degrade the 'Ingenuity of your Profeſſion,' anſwered *Jones*; 'but I ſhould have been glad to have 'ſeen my old Acquaintance Maſter *Punch* 'for all that; and ſo far from improving, 'I think, by leaving out him and his merry

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'Wife *Joan*, you have ſpoiled your Pup-
'pet-ſhow.'

The Dancer of Wires conceived an immediate and high Contempt for *Jones*, from theſe Words. And with much Diſdain in his Countenance, he replied, 'Very pro-
'bably, Sir, that may be your Opinion;
'but I have the Satisfaction to know the
'beſt Judges differ from you, and it is im-
'poſſible to pleaſe every Taſte. I confeſs,
'indeed, ſome of the Quality at *Bath*, two
'or three Years ago, wanted mightily to
'bring Punch again upon the Stage. I
'believe I loſt ſome Money for not agree-
'ing to it; but let others do as they will,
'a little Matter ſhall never bribe me to de-
'grade my own Profeſſion, nor will I ever
'willingly conſent to the ſpoiling the Decen-
'cy and Regularity of my Stage, by intro-
'ducing any ſuch low Stuff upon it.

'Right, Friend,' cries the Clerk, 'you
'are very right. Always avoid what is
'low. There are ſeveral of my Acquain-
'tance in *London*, who are reſolved to drive
'every thing which is low from the Stage.
'Nothing can be more proper,' cries the Exciſeman, pulling his Pipe from his Mouth. 'I remember,' added he, '(for
'I

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'I then lived with my Lord) I was in the 'Footman's Gallery, the Night when this 'Play of the Provok'd Husband was acted 'first. There was a great deal of low Stuff 'in it about a Country Gentleman come up 'to Town to stand for Parliament Man; 'and there they brought a Parcel of his 'Servants upon the Stage, his Coachman I 'remember particularly; but the Gentle-'men in our Gallery could not bear any 'thing so low, and they damned it. I ob-'serve, Friend, you have left all that Mat-'ter out, and you are to be commended 'for it.'

'Nay, Gentlemen,' cries *Jones*, 'I can 'never maintain my Opinion against so 'many; indeed if the Generality of his 'Audience dislike him, the learned Gentle-'man who conducts the Show may have 'done very right in dismissing Punch from 'his Service.'

The Master of the Show then began a se-cond Harangue, and said much of the great Force of Example, and how much the in-ferior Part of Mankind would be deterred from Vice, by observing how odious it was in their Superiors; when he was unluckily interrupted by an Incident, which, though perhaps

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perhaps we might have omitted it at another Time, we cannot help relating at present, but not in this Chapter.

CHAP. VI.

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

A Violent Uproar now arose in the Entry, where my Landlady was well cuffing her Maid both with her Fist and Tongue. She had indeed missed the Wench from her Employment, and, after a little Search, had found her on the Puppet show Stage in Company with the *Merry Andrew*, and in a Situation not very proper to be described.

Tho' *Grace* (for that was her Name) had forfeited all Title to Modesty, yet had she not Impudence enough to deny a Fact in which she was actually surprized; she therefore took another Turn, and attempted to mitigate the Offence. 'Why do you beat 'me in this Manner, Mistress?' cries the Wench. 'If you don't like my Doings, 'you may turn me away. If I am a 'W—e

'W—e (for the other had liberally bestowed 'that Appellation on her) my Betters are 'so as well as I? What was the fine Lady 'in the Puppet-show just now. I suppose 'she did not lie all Night out from her 'Husband for nothing.'

The Landlady now burst into the Kitchin, and fell foul on both her Husband and the poor Puppet-mover. 'Here, Husband,' says she, 'you see the Consequence of harbour-'ing these People in your House. If one 'doth draw a little Drink the more for 'them, one is hardly made Amends by 'the Litter they make; and then to have 'one's House made a Bawdyhouse of by 'such lousy Vermin. In short, I desire 'you would be gone to-morrow Morning; 'for I will tolerate no more such Doings. 'It is only the Way to teach our Servants 'Idleness and Nonsense; for to be sure no-'thing better can be learned by such idle 'Shows as these. I remember when Pup-'pet-shows were made of good Scripture 'Stories, as *Jephtha*'s Rash Vow, and such 'good Things, and when wicked People 'were carried away by the Devil. There 'was some Sense in those Matters; but as 'the Parson told us last *Sunday*, nobody 'believes in the Devil now-a-days; and 'here

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'here you bring about a Parcel of Puppets 'dreſt up like Lords and Ladies, only to 'turn the Heads of poor Country Wenches, 'and when their Heads are once turned 'topſy turvy, no wonder every thing elſe 'is ſo.'

Virgil, I think, tells us, that when the Mob are aſſembled in a riotous and tumultuous Manner, and all Sorts of miſſile Weapons fly about, if a Man of Gravity and Authority appears amongſt them, the Tumult is preſently appeaſed, and the Mob, which when collected into one Body, may be well compared to an Aſs, erect their long Ears at the grave Man's Diſcourſe.

On the contrary, when a Set of grave Men and Philoſophers are diſputing; when Wiſdom herſelf may in a Manner be conſidered as preſent, and adminiſtring Arguments to the Diſputants, ſhould a Tumult ariſe among the Mob, or ſhould one Scold, who is herſelf equal in Noiſe to a mighty Mob, appear among the ſaid Philoſophers; their Diſputes ceaſe in a Moment, Wiſdom no longer performs her miniſterial Office, and the Attention of every one is immediately attracted by the Scold alone.

Thus

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Thus the Uproar aforeſaid, and the Arrival of the Landlady, ſilenced the Maſter of the Puppet-ſhow, and put a ſpeedy and final End to that grave and ſolemn Harangue, of which we have given the Reader a ſufficient Taſte already. Nothing indeed could have happened ſo very inopportune as this Accident; the moſt wanton Malice of Fortune could not have contrived ſuch another Stratagem to confound the poor Fellow, while he was ſo triumphantly deſcanting on the good Morals inculcated by his Exhibitions. His Mouth was now as effectually ſtopt, as that of a Quack muſt be, if in the Midſt of a Declamation on the great Virtues of his Pills and Powders, the Corpſe of one of his Martyrs ſhould be brought forth, and depoſited before the Stage, as a Teſtimony of his Skill.

Inſtead, therefore, of anſwering my Landlady, the Puppet-ſhow Man ran out to puniſh his *Merry Andrew*; and now the Moon beginning to put forth her Silver Light, as the Poets call it (tho' ſhe looked at that Time more like a Piece of Copper) *Jones* called for his Reckoning, and ordered *Partridge*, whom my Landlady had juſt awaked from a profound Nap, to prepare for his Journey;

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Journey; but *Partridge* having lately carried two Points, as my Reader hath seen before, was emboldened to attempt a third, which was to prevail with *Jones* to take up a Lodging that Evening in the House where he then was. He introduced this with an affected Surprize at the Intention which Mr. *Jones* declared of removing; and after urging many excellent Arguments against it, he at last insisted strongly, that it could be to no manner of Purpose whatever: For that unless *Jones* knew which Way the Lady was gone, every Step he took might very possibly lead him the farther from her; 'for you find, Sir,' said he, 'by all the 'People in the House, that she is not gone 'this Way. How much better, therefore, 'would it be to stay till the Morning, when 'we may expect to meet with Some-body 'to enquire of?'

This last Argument had indeed some Effect on *Jones*, and while he was weighing it, the Landlord threw all the Rhetoric of which he was Master into the same Scale. 'Sure, Sir,' said he, 'your Servant gives 'you most excellent Advice: For who 'would travel by Night at this Time of 'the Year?' He then began in the usual Stile to trumpet forth the excellent Accommodation

modation which his Houſe afforded; and my Landlady likewiſe opened on the Occaſion—But not to detain the Reader with what is common to every Hoſt and Hoſteſs, it is ſufficient to tell him, *Jones* was at laſt prevailed on to ſtay and refreſh himſelf with a few Hours Reſt, which indeed he very much wanted; for he had hardly ſhut his Eyes ſince he had left the Inn where the Accident of the broken Head had happened.

As ſoon as *Jones* had taken a Reſolution to proceed no farther that Night, he preſently retired to Reſt, with his two Bedfellows the Pocket-Book, and the Muff; but *Partridge*, who at ſeveral Times had refreſhed himſelf with ſeveral Naps, was more inclined to Eating than to Sleeping, and more to Drinking than to either.

And now the Storm which *Grace* had riſen being at an End, and my Landlady being again reconciled to the Puppet-man, who on his Side forgave the indecent Reflections which the good Woman in her Paſſion had caſt on his Performances, a Face of perfect Peace and Tranquillity reigned in the Kitchin; where there aſſembled round the Fire, the Landlord and Landlady of the Houſe, the Maſter of the Puppet-

Puppet-ſhow, the Attorney's Clerk, the Exciſeman, and the ingenious Mr. *Partridge*; in which Company paſt the agreeable Converſation which will be found in the next Chapter.

CHAP. VII.

Containing a Remark or two of our own, and many more of the good Company aſſembled in the Kitchin.

THOUGH the Pride of *Partridge* did not ſubmit to acknowledge himſelf a Servant, yet he condeſcended in moſt Particulars to imitate the Manners of that Rank. One Inſtance of this was his greatly magnifying the Fortune of his Companion, as he called *Jones*: ſuch is a general Cuſtom with all Servants among Strangers, as none of them would willingly be thought the Attendant on a Beggar: For the higher the Situation of the Maſter is, the higher conſequently is that of the Man in his own Opinion; the Truth of which Obſervation appears from the Behaviour of all the Footmen of the Nobility.

But tho' Title and Fortune communicate a Splendor all around them, and the Footmen

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men of Men of Quality and of Eſtate think themſelves entitled to a Part of that Reſpect which is paid to the Quality and Eſtates of their Maſters; it is clearly otherwiſe with Regard to Virtue and Underſtanding. Theſe Advantages are ſtrictly perſonal, and ſwallow themſelves all the Reſpect which is paid to them. To ſay the Truth, this is ſo very little, that they cannot well afford to let any others partake with them. As theſe therefore reflect no Honour on the Domeſtic, ſo neither is he at all diſhonoured by the moſt deplorable Want of both in his Maſter. Indeed it is otherwiſe in the Want of what is called Virtue in a Miſtreſs, the Conſequence of which we have before ſeen: For in this Diſhonour there is a Kind of Contagion, which, like that of Poverty, communicates itſelf to all who approach it.

Now for theſe Reaſons we are not to wonder that Servants (I mean among the Men only) ſhould have ſo great Regard for the Reputation of the Wealth of their Maſters, and little or none at all for their Character in other Points, and that tho' they would be aſhamed to be the Footman of a Beggar, they are not ſo to attend upon a Rogue, or a Blockhead; and do

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do conſequently make no Scruple to ſpread the Fame of the Iniquities and Follies of their ſaid Maſters as far as poſſible, and this often with great Humour and Merriment. In reality, a Footman is often a Wit, as well as a Beau, at the Expence of the Gentleman whoſe Livery he wears.

After *Partridge*, therefore, had enlarged greatly on the vaſt Fortune to which Mr. *Jones* was Heir, he very freely communicated an Apprehenſion which he had begun to conceive the Day before, and for which, as we hinted at that very Time, the Behaviour of *Jones* ſeemed to have furniſhed a ſufficient Foundation. In ſhort, he was now pretty well confirmed in an Opinion, that his Maſter was out of his Wits, with which Opinion he very bluntly acquainted the good Company round the Fire.

With this Sentiment the Puppet-ſhow Man immediately coincided. 'I own,' ſaid he, 'the Gentleman ſurprized me very 'much, when he talked ſo abſurdly about 'Puppet-ſhows. It is indeed hardly to be 'conceived that any Man in his Senſes 'ſhould be ſo much miſtaken; what you 'ſay now, accounts very well for all his 'monſtrous Notions. Poor Gentleman, I 'am

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'am heartily concerned for him; indeed 'he hath a ſtrange Wildneſs about his 'Eyes, which I took Notice of before, 'tho' I did not mention it.

The Landlord agreed with this laſt Aſſertion, and likewiſe claimed the Sagacity of having obſerved it. 'And certainly, added he, 'it muſt be ſo: for no one but a 'Madman would have thought of leaving 'ſo good a Houſe, to ramble about the 'Country at that Time of Night.

The Exciſeman pulling his Pipe from his Mouth, ſaid, 'He thought the Gentleman 'looked and talked a little wildly,' and then 'turning to *Partridge*, 'If he be a Mad-'man,' ſays he, 'he ſhould not be ſuffer-'ed to travel thus about the Country, for 'poſſibly he may do ſome Miſchief. It is 'Pity he was not ſecured and ſent home 'to his Relations.

Now ſome Conceits of this Kind were likewiſe lurking in the Mind of *Partridge:* For as he was now perſuaded that *Jones* had run away from Mr. *Allworthy*, he promiſed himſelf the higheſt Rewards, if he could by any Means convey him back. But Fear of *Jones*, of whoſe Fierceneſs and Strength

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Strength he had ſeen, and indeed felt ſome Inſtances, had however repreſented any ſuch Scheme as impoſſible to be execu'ed, and had diſcouraged him from applying himſelf to form any regular Plan for the Purpoſe. But no ſooner did he hear the Sentiments of the Exciſeman, than he embraced that Opportunity of declaring his own, and expreſſed a hearty Wiſh that ſuch a Matter could be brought about.

'Could be brought about?' ſays the Exciſeman;' why there is nothing eaſier.

'Ah! Sir,' anſwered *Partridge*;' 'you 'don't know what a Devil of a Fellow he 'is. He can take me up with one Hand, 'and throw me out at Window, and he 'would too, if he did but imagine—

'Pogh!' ſays the Exciſeman. 'I be-'lieve I am as good a Man as he. Beſides 'here are five of us.

'I don't know what five,' cries the 'Landlady, 'my Huſband ſhall have no-'thing to do in it. Nor ſhall any violent 'Hands be laid upon any Body in my 'Houſe. The young Gentleman is as 'pretty a young Gentleman as ever I ſaw

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'in my Life, and I believe he is no more 'mad than any of us. What do you tell 'of his having a wild Look with his Eyes? 'They are the prettieſt Eyes I ever ſaw, 'and he hath the prettieſt Look with them; 'and a very modeſt civil young Man he is. 'I am ſure I have bepitied him heartily 'ever ſince. The Gentleman there in the 'Corner told us he was croſt in Love. 'Certainly it is enough to make any Man, 'eſpecially ſuch a ſweet young Gentleman 'as he is, to look a little otherwiſe than he 'did before. Lady, indeed! What the 'Devil would the Lady have better than 'ſuch a handſome Man with a great Eſtate? 'I ſuppoſe ſhe is one of your Quality-folks, 'one of your Townly Ladies that we ſaw 'laſt Night in the Puppet-ſhow, who don't 'know what they would be at.

The Attorney's Clerk likewiſe declared he would have no Concern in the Buſineſs, without the Advice of Council. 'Suppoſe,' ſays he, 'an Action of falſe Impriſonment 'ſhould be brought againſt us, what De-'fence could we make? Who knows what 'may be ſufficient Evidence of Madneſs to 'a Jury? But I only ſpeak upon my own 'Account; for it don't look well for a 'Lawyer to be concerned in theſe Matters,

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'unleſs it be as a Lawyer. Juries are al-
'ways leſs favourable to us than to other
'People. I don't therefore diſſuade you,
'Mr. *Thompſon* (to the Exciſeman) nor the
'Gentleman, nor any Body elſe.

The Exciſeman ſhook his Head at this Speech, and the Puppet-ſhow-Man ſaid, 'Madneſs was ſometimes a difficult Matter 'for a Jury to decide: For I remember,' ſays he, 'I was once preſent at a Trial of 'Madneſs, where twenty Witneſſes ſwore 'that the Perſon was as mad as a *March* 'Hare; and twenty others, that he was as 'much in his Senſes as any Man in *Eng-* 'land.—And indeed it was the Opinion of 'moſt People, that it was only a Trick of 'his Relations to rob the poor Man of his 'Right.

'Very likely!' cries the Landlady, 'I my-
'ſelf knew a poor Gentleman who was
'kept in a Mad-houſe all his Life by his
'Family, and they enjoyed his Eſtate, but
'it did them no Good: For tho' the Law
'gave it them, it was the Right of ano-
'ther.

'Pogh!' cries the Clerk, with great Contempt, 'Who hath any Right but what 'the

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'the Law gives them? If the Law gave 'me the beſt Eſtate in the County, I ſhould 'never trouble myſelf much who had the 'Right.

'If it be ſo,' ſays *Partridge*, *Fælix quem 'faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*

My Landlord, who had been called out by the Arrival of a Horſeman at the Gate, now returned into the Kitchin, and with an affrighted Countenance cried out, 'What 'do you think, Gentlemen? the Rebels 'have given the Duke the Slip, and are 'got almoſt to *London*—It is certainly true, 'for a Man on Horſeback juſt now told 'me ſo.

'I am glad of it with all my Heart,' cries *Partridge*, 'then there will be no fight-'ing in theſe Parts.

'I am glad,' cries the Clerk, 'for a 'better Reaſon; for I would always have 'Right take Place.

'Ay but,' anſwered the Landlord, 'I 'have heard ſome People ſay this Man 'hath no Right.

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'I will prove the contrary in a Moment,' cries the Clerk; 'if my Father dies seiz-'ed of a Right; do you mind me, seized 'of a Right, I say; Doth not that Right 'descend to his Son? And doth not one 'Right descend as well as another?

'But how can he have any Right to 'make us Papists?' says the Landlord.

'Never fear that,' cries *Partridge*. 'As 'to the Matter of Right, the Gentleman 'there hath proved it as clear as the Sun; 'and as to the Matter of Religion, it is 'quite out of the Case. The Papists them-'selves don't expect any such Thing. A 'Popish Priest, whom I know very well, 'and who is a very honest Man, told me 'upon his Word and Honour they had no 'such Design.

'And another Priest of my Acquaint-'ance,' said the Landlady, 'hath told me 'the same Thing—But my Husband is al-'ways so afraid of Papishes. I know a 'great many Papishes that are very honest 'Sort of People, and spend their Money 'very freely; and it is always a Maxim 'with

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'with me, that one Man's Money is as 'good as another's.

'Very true,' Miſtreſs, 'ſaid the Puppet-'ſhow-Man, 'I don't care what Religion 'comes, provided the Preſbyterians are 'not uppermoſt, for they are Enemies to 'Puppet-ſhows.

'And ſo you would ſacrifice your Reli-'gion to your Intereſt?' cries the Exciſe-man; 'and are deſirous to ſee Popery 'brought in, are you?

Not I truly,' anſwered the other, 'I hate 'Popery as much as any Man; but yet it 'is a Comfort to one, that one ſhould be 'able to live under it, which I could not 'do among Preſbyterians. To be ſure 'every Man values his Livelihood firſt, that 'muſt be granted; and I warrant if you 'would confeſs the Truth, you are more 'afraid of loſing your Place than any Thing 'elſe; but never fear, Friend, there will 'be an Exciſe under another Government 'as well as under this.

'Why certainly,' replied the Exciſeman, 'I ſhould be a very ill Man if I did not 'honour the King, whoſe Bread I eat.

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'That is no more than natural, as a Man 'may say: For what signifies it to me 'that there would be an Excise-office under 'another Government, since my Friends 'would be out, and I could expect no 'better than to follow them. No, no, 'Friend, I shall never be bubbled out of 'my Religion in Hopes only of keeping 'my Place under another Government; 'for I should certainly be no better, and 'very probably might be worse.

'Why, that is what I say,' cries the Landlord, 'whenever Folks say who knows 'what may happen? Odsooks! should not 'I be a Blockhead to lend my Money to 'I know not who, because mayhap he may 'return it again? I am sure it is safe in 'my own Bureau, and there I will keep it.

The Attorney's Clerk had taken a great Fancy to the Sagacity of *Partridge*. Whether this proceeded from the great Discernment which the former had into Men, as well as Things, or whether it arose from the Sympathy between their Minds; for they were both truly *Jacobites* in Principle; they now shook Hands heartily, and drank Bumpers of Strong Beer to Healths

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Healths which we think proper to bury in Oblivion.

These Healths were afterwards pledged by all present, and even by my Landlord himself, tho' reluctantly; but he could not withstand the Menaces of the Clerk, who swore he would never set his Foot within his House again, if he refused. The Bumpers which were swallowed on this Occasion soon put an End to the Conversation. Here, therefore, we will put an End to the Chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

In which Fortune seems to have been in a better Humour with Jones *than we have hitherto seen her.*

AS there is no wholesomer, so perhaps there are few stronger Sleeping Potions than Fatigue. Of this *Jones* might be said to have taken a very large Dose, and it operated very forcibly upon him. He had already slept nine Hours, and might perhaps have slept longer, had he not been awakened by a most violent Noise at his Chamber Door, where the Sound of

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many heavy Blows was accompanied with as many Exclamations of Murder. *Jones* presently leapt from his Bed, where he found the Master of the Puppet-show belabouring the Back and Ribs of his poor Merry Andrew, without either Mercy or Moderation.

Jones instantly interposed on Behalf of the Suffering Party, and pinned the insulting Conqueror up to the Wall: For the Puppet-show-Man was no more able to contend with *Jones*, than the poor party-coloured Jester had been to contend with this Puppet-man.

But tho' the Merry Andrew was a little Fellow, and not very strong, he had nevertheless some Choler about him. He therefore no sooner found himself delivered from the Enemy, than he began to attack him with the only Weapon at which he was his Equal. From this he first discharged a Volley of general abusive Words, and thence proceeded to some particular Accusations—'D—n your Bl—d, you Rascal,' says he, 'I have not only supported you, for you 'owe all the Money you get to me; but 'I have saved you from the Gallows. Did 'you not want to rob the Lady of her 'fine

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'fine Riding-Habit, no longer ago than 'Yesterday, in the Back-lane here? Can 'you deny that you wished to have had 'her alone in a Wood to strip her, to strip 'one of the prettiest Ladies that ever was 'seen in the World? and here you have 'fallen upon me, and have almost mur-'dered me for doing no Harm to a Girl 'as willing as myself, only because she likes 'me better than you.

Jones no sooner heard this, than he quitted the Master, laying at the same time the most violent Injunctions of Forbearance from any further Insult on the Merry Andrew, and then taking the poor Wretch with him into his own Apartment, he soon learnt Tidings of his *Sophia*, whom the Fellow, as he was attending his Master with his Drum the Day before, had seen pass by. He easily prevailed with the Lad to shew him the exact Place, and then having summoned *Partridge*, he departed with the utmost Expedition.

It was almost eight of the Clock before all Matters could be got ready for his Departure: For *Partridge* was not in any Hurry; nor could the Reckoning be presently adjusted; and when both these were

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settled and over, *Jones* would not quit the Place before he had perfectly reconciled all Differences between the Master and the Man.

When this was happily accomplished, he set forwards, and was by the trusty Merry Andrew conducted to the Spot by which *Sophia* had past; and then having handsomely rewarded his Conductor, he again pushed on with the utmost Eagerness, being highly delighted with the extraordinary Manner in which he received his Intelligence. Of this *Partridge* was no sooner acquainted, than he, with great Earnestness, began to prophesy, and assured *Jones*, that he would certainly have good Success in the End: For, he said, 'two such Accidents could never have happened to direct him after his Mistress, if Providence had not designed to bring them together at last.' And this was the first Time that *Jones* lent any Attention to the superstitious Doctrines of his Companion.

They had not gone above two Miles, when a violent Storm of Rain overtook them, and as they happened to be at the same Time in Sight of an Alehouse, *Partridge*, with much earnest Entreaty, prevailed with *Jones* to enter, and weather the Storm.

Hunger

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Hunger is an Enemy (if indeed it may be called one) which partakes more of the *English* than of the *French* Diſpoſition; for tho' you ſubdue this never ſo often, it will always rally again in Time; and ſo it did with *Partridge*, who was no ſooner arrived within the Kitchin, than he began to aſk the ſame Queſtions which he had aſked the Night before. The Conſequence of this was an excellent cold Chine being produced upon the Table, upon which not only *Partridge*, but *Jones* himſelf, made a very hearty Breakfaſt, tho' the latter began to grow again uneaſy, as the People of the Houſe could give him no freſh Information concerning *Sophia*.

Their Meal being over, *Jones* was again preparing to ſally, notwithſtanding the Violence of the Storm ſtill continued; but *Partridge* begged heartily for another Mugg, and at length caſting his Eyes on a Lad at the Fire, who had entered into the Kitchin, and who at that Inſtant was looking as earneſtly at him, he turned ſuddenly to *Jones*, and cried, 'Maſter, give me your Hand, 'a ſingle Mugg ſhan't ſerve the Turn this 'Bout. Why here's more News of Ma-'dam *Sophia* come to Town. The Boy

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'there ſtanding by the Fire is the very Lad
'that rode before her. I can ſwear to my
'own Plaiſter on his Face.' 'Heavens
'bleſs you, Sir, cries the Boy, it is your
'own Plaiſter ſure enough; I ſhall have
'always Reaſon to remember your Good-
'neſs; for it hath almoſt cured me.'

At theſe Words *Jones* ſtarted from his Chair, and bidding the Boy follow him immediately, departed from the Kitchin into a private Apartment; for ſo delicate was he with regard to *Sophia*, that he never willingly mentioned her Name in the Preſence of many People; and tho' he had, as it were, from the Overflowings of his Heart, given *Sophia* as a Toaſt among the Officers, where he thought it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould be known; yet even there the Reader may remember how difficultly he was prevailed upon to mention her Sir-name.

Hard therefore was it, and perhaps in the Opinion of many ſagacious Readers, very abſurd and monſtrous, that he ſhould principally owe his preſent Misfortune to the ſuppoſed Want of that Delicacy with which he ſo abounded; for in reality *Sophia* was much more offended at the Freedoms which ſhe thought, and not without good Reaſon, he

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he had taken with her Name and Character, than at any Freedoms, in which, under his preſent Circumſtances, he had indulged himſelf with the Perſon of another Woman; and to ſay Truth, I believe *Honour* would never have prevailed on her to leave *Upton* without ſeeing her *Jones*, had it not been for thoſe two ſtrong Inſtances of a Levity in his Behaviour, ſo void of all Reſpect, and indeed ſo highly inconſiſtent with any Degree of Love and Tenderneſs in great and delicate Minds.

But ſo Matters fell out, and ſo I muſt relate them; and if any Reader is ſhocked at their appearing unnatural, I cannot help it. I muſt remind ſuch Perſons, that I am not writing a Syſtem, but a Hiſtory, and I am not obliged to reconcile every Matter to the received Notions concerning Truth and Nature. But if this was never ſo eaſy to do, perhaps it might be more prudent in me to avoid it. For Inſtance, as the Fact at preſent before us now ſtands, without any Comment of mine upon it, tho' it may at firſt Sight offend ſome Readers, yet upon more mature Conſideration, it muſt pleaſe all; for wiſe and good Men may conſider what happened to *Jones* at *Upton* as a juſt Puniſhment for his Wickedneſs, with Regard

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gard to Women, of which it was indeed the immediate Conſequence; and ſilly and bad perſons may comfort themſelves in their Vices, by flattering their own Hearts that the Characters of Men are rather owing to Accident than to Virtue. Now perhaps the Reflections which we ſhould be here inclined to draw, would alike contradict both theſe Concluſions, and would ſhew that theſe Incidents contribute only to confirm the great, uſeful and uncommon Doctrine, which it is the Purpoſe of this whole Work to inculcate, and which we muſt not fill up our Pages by frequently repeating, as an ordinary Parſon fills his Sermon by repeating his Text at the End of every Paragraph.

We are contented that it muſt appear, however unhappily *Sophia* had erred in her Opinion of *Jones*, ſhe had ſufficient Reaſon for her Opinion; ſince, I believe, every other young Lady would, in her Situation, have erred in the ſame Manner. Nay, had ſhe followed her Lover at this very Time, and had entered this very Alehouſe the Moment he was departed from it, ſhe would have found the Landlord as well acquainted with her Name and Perſon as the Wench at *Upton* had appeared to be.

For

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For while *Jones* was examining his Boy in Whispers in an inner Room, *Partridge*, who had no such Delicacy in his Disposition, was in the Kitchin very openly catechising the other Guide who had attended Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; by which Means the Landlord, whose Ears were open enough on all such Occasions, became perfectly well acquainted with the Tumble of *Sophia* from her Horse, *&c.* with the Mistake concerning *Jenny Cameron*, with the many Consequences of the Punch, and, in short, with almost every thing which had happened at the Inn, whence we dispatched our Ladies in a Coach and Six, when we last took our Leaves of them.

CHAP. IX.

Containing little more than a few odd Observations.

JONES had been absent a full half Hour, when he returned into the Kitchin in a Hurry, desiring the Landlord to let him know that Instant what was to pay. And now the Concern which *Partridge* felt at being obliged to quit a warm Chimney-corner, and a Cup of excellent Liquor, was some-

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somewhat compensated by hearing that he was to proceed no farther on Foot; for *Jones*, by Golden Arguments, had prevailed with the Boy to attend him back to the Inn whither he had before conducted *Sophia*; but to this however the Lad consented, upon Condition that the other Guide would wait for him at the Alehouse; because, as the Landlord at *Upton* was an intimate Acquaintance of the Landlord at *Gloucester*, it might some Time or other come to the Ears of the latter, that his Horses had been let to more than one Person, and so the Boy might be brought to Account for Money which he wisely intended to put in his own Pocket.

We were obliged to mention this Circumstance, trifling as it may seem, since it retarded Mr. *Jones* a considerable Time in his setting out; for the Honesty of this latter Boy was somewhat high—that is, somewhat high-priced, and would indeed have cost *Jones* very dear, had not *Partridge*, who, as we have said, was a very cunning Fellow, artfully thrown in half a Crown to be spent at that very Alehouse, while the Boy was waiting for his Companion. This Half Crown the Landlord no sooner got Scent of, than he opened after it with such vehement

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vehement and perſuaſive Outcry, that the Boy was ſoon overcome, and conſented to take half a Crown more for his Stay. Here we cannot help obſerving, that as there is ſo much of Policy in the loweſt Life, great Men often overvalue themſelves on thoſe Refinements in Impoſture, in which they are frequently excelled by ſome of the loweſt of the Human Species.

The Horſes being now produced, *Jones* directly kept into the Side-Saddle, on which his dear *Sophia* had rid. The Lad indeed very civilly offered him the Uſe of his; but he choſe the Side-Saddle, probably becauſe it was ſofter. *Partridge*, however, tho' full as effeminate as *Jones*, could not bear the Thoughts of degrading his Manhood, he therefore accepted the Boy's offer; and now *Jones*, being mounted on the Side-Saddle of his *Sophia*, the Boy on that of Mrs. *Honour*, and *Partridge* beſtriding the third Horſe, they ſet forwards on their Journey, and within four Hours arrived at the Inn where the Reader hath already ſpent ſo much Time. *Partridge* was in very high Spirits during the whole Way, and often mentioned to *Jones* the many good Omens of his future Succeſs, which had lately befriended him; and which

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which the Reader, without being the leaſt ſuperſtitious, muſt allow to have been peculiarly fortunate. *Partridge* was moreover better pleaſed with the preſent Purſuit of his Companion, than he had been with his Purſuit of Glory; and from theſe very Omens, which aſſured the Pedagogue of Succeſs, he likewiſe firſt acquired a clear Idea of the Amour between *Jones* and *Sophia*; to which he had before given very little Attention, as he had originally taken a wrong Scent concerning the Reaſons of *Jones*'s Departure; and as to what happened at *Upton*, he was too much frightened juſt before and after his leaving that Place, to draw any other Concluſions from thence, than that *Jones* was a downright Madman: A Conceit which was not at all diſagreeable to the Opinion he before had of his extraordinary Wildneſs, of which, he thought, his Behaviour on their quitting *Glouceſter*, ſo well juſtified all the Accounts he had formerly received. He was now however pretty well ſatisfied with his preſent Expedition, and henceforth began to conceive much worthier Sentiments of his Friend's Underſtanding.

The Clock had juſt ſtruck Three when they arrived, and *Jones* immediately beſpoke

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ſpoke Poſt Horſes; but unluckily there was not a Horſe to be procured in the whole Place; which the Reader will not wonder at, when he conſiders the Hurry in which the whole Nation, and eſpecially this Part of it, was at this time engaged, when Expreſſes were paſſing and repaſſing every Hour of the Day and Night.

Jones endeavoured all he could to prevail with his former Guide to eſcorte him to *Coventry*; but he was inexorable. While he was arguing with the Boy in the Inn-yard, a Perſon came up to him, and ſaluting him by his Name, enquired how all the good Family did in *Somerſetſhire*; and now *Jones* caſting his Eyes upon this Perſon, preſently diſcovered him to be Mr. *Dowling* the Lawyer, with whom he had dined at *Glouceſter*, and with much Courteſy returned his Salutation.

Dowling very earneſtly preſſed Mr. *Jones* to go no further that Night; and backed his Solicitations with many unanſwerable Arguments, ſuch as, that it was almoſt dark, that the Roads were very dirty, and that he would be able to travel much better by Day-light, with many others equally good, ſome of which *Jones* had probably ſug-

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ſuggeſted to himſelf before; but as they were then ineffectual, ſo they were ſtill, and he continued reſolute in his Deſign, even tho' he ſhould be obliged to ſet out on Foot.

When the good Attorney found he could not prevail on *Jones* to ſtay, he as ſtrenuouſly applied himſelf to perſuade the Guide to accompany him. He urged many Motives to induce him to undertake this ſhort Journey, and at laſt concluded with ſaying, 'Do you think the Gentleman 'won't very well reward you for your 'Trouble?'

Two to one are odds at every other thing, as well as at Foot-ball. But the Advantage which this united Force hath in Perſuaſion or Entreaty, muſt have been viſible to a curious Obſerver; for he muſt have often ſeen, that when a Father, a Maſter, a Wife, or any other Perſon in Authority, have ſtoutly adhered to a Denial againſt all the Reaſons which a ſingle Man could produce, they have afterwards yielded to the Repetition of the ſame Sentiments by a ſecond or third Perſon, who hath undertaken the Cauſe without attempting to advance any thing new in its Behalf.

And

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And hence perhaps proceeds the Phraſe of ſeconding an Argument or a Motion, and the great Conſequence of which this is in all Aſſemblies of public Debate. Hence likewiſe probably it is, that in our Courts of Law we often hear a learned Gentleman (generally a Serjeant) repeating for an Hour together what another learned Gentleman who ſpoke before him had juſt been ſaying.

Inſtead of accounting for this, we ſhall proceed in our uſual Manner to exemplify it in the Conduct of the Lad above-mentioned, who ſubmitted to the Perſuaſions of Mr. *Dowling*, and promiſed once more to admit *Jones* into his Side-Saddle; but inſiſted on firſt giving the poor Creatures a good Bait, ſaying, they had travelled a great Ways, and been rid very hard. Indeed this Caution of the Boy was needleſs; for *Jones*, notwithſtanding his Hurry and Impatience, would have ordered this of himſelf; for he by no Means agreed with the Opinions of thoſe who conſider Animals as mere Machines, and when they bury their Spurs in the Belly of their Horſe, imagine the Spur and the Horſe to have an equal Capacity of feeling Pain.

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While the Beasts were eating their Corn, or rather were supposed to eat it; (for as the Boy was taking Care of himself in the Kitchin, the Ostler took great Care that his Corn should not be consumed in the Stable) Mr. *Jones*, at the earnest Desire of Mr. *Dowling*, accompanied that Gentleman into his Room, where they sat down together over a Bottle of Wine.

CHAP. X.

In which Mr. Jones *and* Mr. Dowling *drink a Bottle together.*

MR. *Dowling*, pouring out a Glass of Wine, named the Health of the good Squire *Allworthy*; adding, 'If you 'please, Sir, we will likewise remember his 'Nephew and Heir, the young Squire: 'Come, Sir, here's Mr. *Blifil* to you, a 'very pretty young Gentleman; and who, 'I dare swear, will hereafter make a very 'considerable Figure in his Country. I 'have a Borough for him myself in my 'Eye.'

'Sir,' answered *Jones*, 'I am convinced 'you don't intend to affront me, so I shall 'not

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'not reſent it; but, I promiſe you, you 'have joined two Perſons very improperly 'together; for one is the Glory of the 'Human Species, and the other is a Raſ-'cal who diſhonours the Name of a 'Man.'

Dowling ſtaredat this. He ſaid, 'He 'thought both the Gentlemen had a very 'unexceptionable Character. As for Squire '*Allworthy* himſelf,' ſays he, 'I never had 'the Happineſs to ſee him; but all the 'World talks of his Goodneſs. And, in-'deed, as to the young Gentleman, I ne-'ver ſaw him but once, when I carried him 'the News of the Loſs of his Mother; 'and then I was ſo hurried, and drove, and 'tore with the Multiplicity of Buſineſs, 'that I had hardly Time to converſe with 'him; but he looked ſo like a very honeſt 'Gentleman, and behaved himſelf ſo pret-'tily, that I proteſt I never was more de-'lighted with any Gentleman ſince I was 'born.'

'I don't wonder,' anſwered *Jones*, 'that 'he ſhould impoſe upon you in ſo ſhort 'an Acquaintance; for he hath the Cun-'ning of the Devil himſelf, and you may 'live with him many Years without diſco-'vering

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'vering him. I was bred up with him 'from my Infancy, and we were hardly 'ever aſunder; but it is very lately only, 'that I have diſcovered half the Villainy 'which is in him. I own I never greatly 'liked him. I thought he wanted that 'Generoſity of Spirit, which is the ſure 'Foundation of all that is great and no-'ble in Human Nature. I ſaw a Selfiſh-'neſs in him long ago which I deſpiſed; 'but it is lately, very lately, that I have 'found him capable of the baſeſt and black-'eſt Deſigns; for, indeed, I have at laſt 'found out, that he hath taken an Ad-'vantage of the Openneſs of my own 'Temper, and hath concerted the deepeſt 'Project, by a long Train of wicked Ar-'tifice, to work my Ruin, which at laſt 'he hath effected.'

'Ay! ay! cries *Dowling*, 'I proteſt then, 'it is a Pity ſuch a Perſon ſhould inherit 'the great Eſtate of your Uncle *Allwor-'thy*.'

'Alas, Sir,' cries *Jones*, 'you do me 'an Honour to which I have no Title. It 'is true, indeed, his Goodneſs once allow-'ed me the Liberty of calling him by a 'much nearer Name; but as this was a vo-'luntary

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luntary Act of Goodneſs only, I can com-
'plain of no Injuſtice when he thinks pro-
'per to deprive me of this Honour; ſince
'the Loſs cannot be more unmerited than
'the Gift originally was. I aſſure you,
'Sir, I am no Relation of Mr. *Allworthy*;
'and if the World, who are incapable of
'ſetting a true Value on his Virtue, ſhould
'think, in his Behaviour by me, he hath
'dealt hardly by a Relation, they do an
'Injuſtice to the beſt of Men: For
'I——but I aſk your Pardon, I ſhall trou-
'ble you with no Particulars relating to
'myſelf; only as you ſeemed to think me
'a Relation of Mr. *Allworthy*, I thought
'proper to ſet you right in a Matter that
'might draw ſome Cenſures upon him,
'which I promiſe you I would rather loſe
'my Life, than give Occaſion to.'
'

'I proteſt, Sir,' cried *Dowling*, you talk
'very much like a Man of Honour; but
'inſtead of giving me any Trouble, I pro-
'teſt it would give me great Pleaſure to
'know how you came to be thought a Re-
'lation of Mr. *Allworthy*'s, if you are not.
'Your Horſes won't be ready this half
'Hour, and as you have ſufficient Oppor-
'tunity, I wiſh you would tell me how
'all that happened; for I proteſt it ſeems

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'very surprizing that you should pass for 'a Relation of a Gentleman, without be-'ing so.'

Jones, who in the Compliance of his Disposition (tho' not in his Prudence) a little resembled his lovely *Sophia*, was easily prevailed on to satisfy Mr. *Dowling*'s Curiosity, by relating the History of his Birth and Education, which he did, like *Othello*,

———even from his boyish Years,
To th' very Moment he was bad to tell;

the which to hear, *Dowling*, like *Desdemona*, did *seriously incline*;

He swore 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.

Mr. *Dowling* was indeed very greatly affected with this Relation; for he had not divested himself of Humanity by being an Attorney. Indeed nothing is more unjust than to carry our Prejudices against a Profession into private Life, and to borrow our Idea of a Man from our Opinion of his Calling. Habit, it is true, lessens the Horror of those Actions which the Profession makes

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makes neceſſary, and conſequently habitual; but in all other Inſtances, Nature works in Men of all Profeſſions alike; nay, perhaps, even more ſtrongly with thoſe who give her, as it were, a Holiday, when they are following their ordinary Buſineſs. A Butcher, I make no doubt, would feel Compunction at the Slaughter of a fine Horſe; and though a Surgeon can conceive no Pain in cutting off a Limb, I have known him compaſſionate a Man in a Fit of the Gout. The common Hangman, who hath ſtretched the Necks of Hundreds, is known to have trembled at his firſt Operation on a Head: And the very Profeſſors of Human Blood, who in their Trade of War butcher Thouſands, not only of their Fellow Profeſſors, but often of Women and Children, without Remorſe; even theſe, I ſay, in Times of Peace, when Drums and Trumpets are laid aſide, often lay aſide all their Ferocity, and become very gentle Members of civil Society. In the ſame Manner an Attorney may feel all the Miſeries and Diſtreſſes of his Fellow Creatures, provided he happens not to be concerned againſt them.

Jones, as the Reader knows, was yet unacquainted with the very black Colours in which he had been repreſented to Mr. *Allworthy*;

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worthy; and as to other Matters he did not shew them in the most disadvantageous Light: For though he was unwilling to cast any Blame on his former Friend and Patron, yet he was not very desirous of heaping too much upon himself. *Dowling* therefore observed, and not without Reason, that very ill Offices must have been done him by some Body: 'For certainly,' cries he, 'the Squire would never have disinherited you only for a few Faults, which 'any young Gentleman might have committed. Indeed, I cannot properly say 'disinherited; for to be sure by Law you 'cannot claim as Heir. That's certain; 'that no Body need go to Council for. 'Yet when a Gentleman had in a Manner 'adopted you thus as his own Son, you 'might reasonably have expected some very 'considerable Part, if not the Whole; 'nay, if you had expected the Whole, I 'I should not have blamed you: For certainly every one is for getting as much 'as they can, and they are not to be blamed on that Account.'

'Indeed you wrong me,' said *Jones*; 'I should have been contented with very 'little: I never had any View upon Mr. '*Allworthy*'s Fortune; nay, I believe, I 'may

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'may truly say, I never once considered 'what he could or might give me. This 'I solemnly declare, if he had done a Pre-'judice to his Nephew in my Favour, I 'would have undone it again. I had ra-'ther enjoy my own Mind than the For-'tune of another Man. What is the poor 'Pride arising from a magnificent House, 'a numerous Equipage, a splendid Table, 'and from all the other Advantages or 'Appearances of Fortune, compared to 'the warm, solid Content, the swelling Sa-'tisfaction, the thrilling Transports, and 'the exulting Triumphs, which a good 'Mind enjoys, in the Contemplation of a 'generous, virtuous, noble, benevolent 'Action? I envy not *Blifil* in the Pros-'pect of his Wealth; nor shall I envy 'him in the Possession of it. I would not 'think myself a Rascal half an Hour, 'to exchange Situations. I believe, in-'deed, Mr. *Blifil* suspected me of the 'Views you mention; and I suppose these 'Suspicions, as they arose from the Base-'ness of his own Heart, so they occasion-'ed his Baseness to me. But, I thank Hea-'ven, I know, I feel,——I feel my Inno-'cence, my Friend; and I would not part 'with that Feeling for the World.——For 'as long as I know I have never done,

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'nor even designed an Injury to any Being whatever,

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura
Quod latus mundi nebulæ, malusque
Jupiter urget.
Pone, sub curru nimiam propinqui
Solis, in Terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagem amabo
Dulce loquentem.' *

Erata Lalagen

He then filled a Bumper of Wine, and drank it off to the Health of his dear *Lalage*; and filling *Dowling*'s Glass likewise up to the Brim, insisted on his pledging him. 'Why then here's Miss *Lalage*'s 'Health, with all my Heart,' cries *Dowling*. 'I have heard her toasted often, I

* Place me where never Summer Breeze
Unbinds the Glebe, or warms the Trees;
Where ever lowering Clouds appear,
And angry *Jove* deforms th' inclement Year.

Place me beneath the burning Ray,
Where rolls the rapid Carr of Day;
Love and the Nymph shall charm my Toils,
The Nymph who sweetly speaks, and sweetly smiles.
Mr. *Francis*.

'protest,

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'protest, though I never saw her; but 'they say she's extremely handsome.'

Though the *Latin* was not the only Part of this Speech which *Dowling* did not perfectly understand, yet there was somewhat in it, that made a very strong Impression upon him. And though he endeavoured, by winking, nodding, sneering, and grinning, to hide the Impression from *Jones*, (for we are as often ashamed of thinking right as of thinking wrong) it is certain he secretly approved as much of his Sentiments as he understood, and really felt a very strong Impulse of Compassion for him. But we may possibly take some other Opportunity of commenting upon this, especially if we should happen to meet Mr. *Dowling* any more in the Course of our History. At present we are obliged to take our Leave of that Gentleman a little abruptly, in Imitation of Mr. *Jones*; who was no sooner informed, by *Partridge*, that his Horses were ready, than he deposited his Reckoning, wished his Companion a good Night, mounted, and set forward towards *Coventry*, though the Night was dark, and it just then began to rain very hard.

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CHAP. XI.

The Disasters which befel Jones *on his Departure for* Coventry; *with the sage Remarks of* Partridge.

NO Road can be plainer than that from the Place they now were to *Coventry*; and though neither *Jones* nor *Partridge*, nor the Guide, had ever travelled it before, it would have been almost impossible to have missed their Way, had it not been for the two Reasons mentioned in the Conclusion of the last Chapter.

These two Circumstances, however, happening both unfortunately to intervene, our Travellers deviated into a much less frequented Track; and after riding full Six Miles, instead of arriving at the stately Spires of *Coventry*, they found themselves still in a very dirty Lane, where they saw no Symptoms of approaching the Suburbs of a large City.

Jones now declared that they must certainly have lost their Way; but this the Guide insisted upon was impossible; a Word

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Word which, in common Converſation, is often uſed not only to ſignify improbable, but often what is really very likely, and, ſometimes, what hath certainly happened: An hyperbolical Violence like that which is ſo frequently offered to the Words Infinite and Eternal; by the former of which it is uſual to expreſs a Diſtance of half a Yard; and by the latter, a Duration of five Minutes. And thus it is as uſual to aſſert the Impoſſibility of loſing what is already actually loſt. This was, in fact, the Caſe at preſent: For notwithſtanding all the confident Aſſertions of the Lad to the contrary, it is certain they were no more in the right Road to *Coventry*, than the fraudulent, griping, cruel, canting Miſer is in the right Road to Heaven.

It is not, perhaps, eaſy for a Reader who hath never been in thoſe Circumſtances, to imagine the Horror with which Darkneſs, Rain, and Wind fill Perſons who have loſt their Way in the Night; and who, conſequently, have not the pleaſant Proſpect of warm Fires, dry Cloaths, and other Refreſhments, to ſupport their Minds in ſtruggling with the Inclemencies of the Weather. A very imperfect Idea of this Horror will, however, ſerve ſufficiently to account

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account for the Conceits which now filled the Head of *Partridge*, and which we ſhall preſently be obliged to open.

Jones grew more and more poſitive that they were out of their Road; and the Boy himſelf, at laſt, acknowledged he believed they were not in the right Road to *Coventry*; tho' he affirmed, at the ſame Time, it was impoſſible they ſhould have miſt the Way. But *Partridge* was of a different Opinion. He ſaid, 'When they firſt ſet 'out he imagined ſome Miſchief or other 'would happen.——Did not you obſerve, 'Sir,' ſaid he to *Jones*, 'that old Woman 'who ſtood at the Door juſt as you was 'taking Horſe? I wiſh you had given her 'a ſmall Matter, with all my Heart; for 'ſhe ſaid then you might repent it, and at 'that very Inſtant it began to rain, and 'the Wind hath continued riſing ever 'ſince. Whatever ſome People may think, 'I am very certain it is in the Power of 'Witches to raiſe the Wind whenever they 'pleaſe. I have ſeen it happen very often 'in my Time: And if ever I ſaw a Witch 'in all my Life, that old Woman was 'certainly one. I thought ſo to myſelf 'at that very Time; and if I had had any 'Halfpence in my Pocket, I would have 'given

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'given her some: For to be sure it is al-
'ways good to be charitable to those Sort
'of People, for Fear what may happen;
'and many a Person hath lost his Cattle
'by saving a Halfpenny.'

Jones, tho' he was horridly vexed at the Delay which this Mistake was likely to occasion in his Journey, could not help smiling at the Superstition of his Friend, whom an Accident now greatly confirmed in his Opinion. This was a Tumble from his Horse; by which, however, he received no other Injury than what the Dirt conferred on his Cloaths.

Partridge had no sooner recovered his Legs, than he appealed to his Fall, as conclusive Evidence of all he had asserted: But *Jones*, finding he was unhurt, answered with a Smile: 'This Witch of yours, *Par-*
'*tridge*, is a most ungrateful Jade, and
'doth not, I find, distinguish her Friends
'from others in her Resentment. If the
'old Lady had been angry with me for
'neglecting her, I don't see why she should
'tumble you from your Horse, after all
'the Respect you have expressed for her.'

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'It is ill jesting,' cries *Partridge*, 'with 'People who have Power to do these 'Things; for they are often very mali- 'cious. I remember a Farrier, who pro- 'voked one of them, by asking her when 'the Time she had bargained with the De- 'vil for would be out; and within three 'Months from that very Day one of his 'best Cows was drowned. Nor was she 'satisfied with that; for a little Time 'afterwards he lost a Barrel of Best- 'Drink: For the old Witch pulled out 'the Spicket, and let it run all over the 'Cellar, the very first Evening he had 'tapped it, to make merry with some of 'his Neighbours. In short, nothing ever 'thrived with him afterwards; for she wor- 'ried the poor Man so, that he took to 'Drinking; and in a Year or two his 'Stock was seized, and he and his Family 'are now come to the Parish.'

The Guide, and perhaps his Horse too, were both so attentive to this Discourse, that, either thro' Want of Care, or by the Malice of the Witch, they were now both sprawling in the Dirt.

Partridge

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Partridge entirely imputed this Fall, as he had done his own, to the ſame Cauſe. He told Mr. *Jones*, 'it would certainly be 'his Turn next,' and earneſtly intreated him 'to return back, and find out the old 'Woman, and pacify her. We ſhall very 'ſoon, added he, reach the Inn: For tho' 'we have ſeemed to go forward, I am very 'certain we are in the identical Place in 'which we were an Hour ago; and I dare 'ſwear if it was Day-light, we might now 'ſee the Inn we ſet out from.'

Inſtead of returning any Anſwer to this ſage Advice, *Jones* was entirely attentive to what had happened to the Boy, who received no other Hurt than what had before befallen *Partridge*, and which his Cloaths very eaſily bore, as they had been for many Years inured to the like. He ſoon regained his Side-Saddle, and, by the hearty Curſes and Blows which he beſtowed on his Horſe, quickly ſatisfied Mr. *Jones* that no Harm was done.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XII.

Relates that Mr. Jones *continued his Journey contrary to the Advice of* Partridge, *with what happened on that Occasion.*

THEY now discovered a Light at some Distance, to the great Pleasure of *Jones*, and to the no small Terror of *Partridge*, who firmly believed himself to be bewitched, and that this Light was a *Jack* with a Lanthorn, or somewhat more mischievous.

But how were these Fears increased, when, as they approached nearer to this Light, (or Lights as they now appeared) they heard a confused Sound of Human Voices; of singing, laughing, and hallowing, together with a strange Noise that seemed to proceed from some Instruments; but could hardly be allowed the Name of Music. Indeed, to favour a little the Opinion of *Partridge*, it might very well be called Music bewitched.

It is impossible to conceive a much greater Degree of Horror than what now seized on

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on *Partridge*; the Contagion of which had reached the Poſt-boy; who had been very attentive to many Things that the other had uttered. He now therefore joined in petitioning *Jones* to return; ſaying he firmly believed what *Partridge* had juſt before ſaid, that tho' the Horſes ſeemed to go on, they had not moved a Step forwards during at leaſt the laſt half Hour.

Jones could not help ſmiling in the midſt of his Vexation, at the Fears of theſe poor Fellows. 'Either we advance,' ſays he, 'towards the Lights, or the Lights 'have advanced towards us; for we are 'now at a very little Diſtance from them; 'but how can either of you be afraid of 'a Set of People who appear only to be 'merry-making?

'Merry-making, Sir!' cries *Partridge*, 'who could be merry-making at this Time 'of Night, and in ſuch a Place, and ſuch 'Weather? They can be nothing but 'Ghoſts or Witches, or ſome Evil Spirits 'or other, that's certain.

'Let them be what they will,' cries *Jones*, 'I am reſolved to go up to them, 'and enquire the Way to *Coventry*. All 'Witches,

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'Witches, *Partridge*, are not such ill-natured Hags, as that we had the Misfortune to meet with last.

'Oh Lord, Sir!' cries *Partridge*, 'there 'is no knowing what Humour they will 'be in; to be sure it is always best to be 'civil to them; but what if we should 'meet with something worse than Witches, 'with Evil Spirits themselves—Pray, Sir, 'be advised; pray, Sir, do. If you had 'read so many terrible Accounts as I have 'of these Matters, you would not be so 'Fool-hardy—The Lord knows whither we 'have got already, or whither we are go-'ing: For sure such Darkness was never 'seen upon Earth, and I question whether 'it can be darker in the other World.

Jones put forwards as fast as he could, notwithstanding all these Hints and Cautions, and poor *Partridge* was obliged to follow: For tho' he hardly dared advance, he dared still less to stay behind by himself.

At length they arrived at the Place whence the Lights and different Noises had issued. This *Jones* perceived to be no other than a Barn where a great Number of Men and Women were assembled, and were diverting

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verting themſelves with much apparent Jollity.

Jones no ſooner appeared before the great Doors of the Barn, which were open, than a maſculine and very rough Voice from within demanded who was there? —— To which *Jones* gently anſwered, A Friend; and immediately aſked the Road to *Coventry*.

'If you are a Friend,' cries another of the Men in the Barn, 'you had better a-'light till the Storm is over (for indeed it was now more violent than ever), 'you 'are very welcome to put up your Horſe, 'for there is ſufficient Room for him at one 'End of the Barn.

'You are very obliging, returned *Jones*; 'and I will accept your Offer for a few 'Minutes, whilſt the Rain continues; and 'here are two more who will be glad of 'the ſame Favour.' This was accorded with more Good-will than it was accepted: For *Partridge* would rather have ſubmitted to the utmoſt Inclemency of the Weather, than have truſted to the Clemency of thoſe whom he took for Hobgoblins; and the poor Poſt-boy was now infected

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infected with the ſame Apprehenſions; but they were both obliged to follow the Example of *Jones*; the one becauſe he durſt not leave his Horſe, and the other becauſe he feared nothing ſo much as being left by himſelf.

Had this Hiſtory been writ in the Days of Superſtition, I ſhould have had too much Compaſſion for the Reader to have left him ſo long in Suſpence, whether *Beelzebub* or *Satan* was about actually to appear in Perſon, with all his Helliſh Retinue; but as theſe Doctrines are at preſent very unfortunate and have but few if any Believers, I have not been much aware of conveying any ſuch Terrors. To ſay Truth, the whole Furniture of the infernal Regions hath long been appropriated by the Managers of Playhouſes, who ſeem lately to have lain them by as Rubbiſh, capable only of affecting the Upper Gallery; a Place in which few of our Readers ever ſit.

However, tho' we do not ſuſpect raiſing any great Terror on this Occaſion, we have Reaſon to fear ſome other Apprehenſions may here ariſe in our Reader, into which we would not willingly betray him, I mean that

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that we are going to take a Voyage into Fairy Land, and to introduce a Set of Beings into our History, which scarce any one was ever childish enough to believe, tho' many have been foolish enough to spend their Time in writing and reading their Adventures.

To prevent therefore any such Suspicions, so prejudicial to the Credit of an Historian, who professes to draw his Materials from Nature only, we shall now proceed to acquaint the Reader who these People were, whose sudden Appearance had struck such Terrors into *Partridge*, had more than half frightened the Post-Boy, and had a little surprized even Mr. *Jones* himself.

The People then assembled in this Barn were no other than a Company of *Egyptians*, or as they are vulgarly called *Gypsies*, and they were now celebrating the Wedding of one of their Society.

It is impossible to conceive a happier Set of People than appeared here to be met together. The utmost Mirth indeed shewed itself in every Countenance; nor was their Ball totally void of all Order and Decorum. Perhaps it had more than a Country

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try Assembly is sometimes conducted with: For these People are subject to a formal Government and Laws of their own, and all pay Obedience to one great Magistrate whom they call their King.

Greater Plenty likewise was no where to be seen, than what flourished in this Barn. Here was indeed no Nicety nor Elegance, nor did the keen Appetite of the Guests require any. Here was good Store of Bacon, Fowls, and Mutton, to which every one present provided better Sauce himself, than the best and dearest *French* Cook can prepare.

Æneas is not described under more Consternation in the Temple of *Juno*,

Dum stupet obtutuq; hæret defixus in uno.

than was our Heroe at what he saw in this Barn. While he was looking every where round him with Astonishment, a venerable Person approached him with many friendly Salutations, rather of too hearty a Kind to be called courtly. This was no other than the King of the *Gypsies* himself. He was very little distinguished in Dress from his Subjects, nor had he any *Regalia* of Majesty

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Majeſty to ſupport his Dignity; and yet there ſeemed (as Mr. *Jones* ſaid) to be ſomewhat in his Air which denoted Authority, and inſpired the Beholders with an Idea of Awe and Reſpect; tho' all this was perhaps imaginary in *Jones*, and the Truth may be, that ſuch Ideas are incident to Power, and almoſt inſeparable from it.

There was ſomewhat in the open Countenance and courteous Behaviour of *Jones*, which being accompanied with much Comelineſs of Perſon, greatly recommended him at firſt Sight to every Beholder. Theſe were perhaps a little heightened in the preſent Inſtance, by that profound Reſpect which he paid to the King of the *Gypſies*, the Moment he was acquainted with his Dignity, and which was the ſweeter to his *Gypſeian* Majeſty, as he was not uſed to receive ſuch Homage from any but his own Subjects.

The King ordered a Table to be ſpread with the choiceſt of their Proviſions for his Accommodation, and having placed himſelf at his Right Hand, his Majeſty began to diſcourſe our Heroe in the following Manner:

'Me

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'Me doubt not, Sir, but you have often 'seen some of my People, who are what you 'call de Parties detache: For dey go about 'every where; but me fancy you imagine 'not we be so considrable Body as we be, 'and may be you will surprise more, when 'you hear de *Gypsy* be as orderly and 'well govern People as any upon Face 'of de Earth.

'Me have Honour, as me say, to be 'deir King, and no Monarch can do boast 'of more dutiful Subject, ne no more af-'fectionate. How far me deserve deir 'Goodwill, me no say, but dis me can 'say, dat me never design any Ting but 'to do dem Good. Me shall no do boast 'of dat neider: For what can me do o-'derwise dan consider of de Good of dose 'poor People who go about all Day to 'give me always de best of what dey get. 'Dey love and honour me darefore, be-'cause me do love and take Care of dem; 'dat is all, me know no oder Reason.

'About a tousand or two tousand Year ago, 'me cannot tell to a Year or two, as can 'neider write nor read, there was a great 'what you call,—a Volution among de '*Gypsy*;

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'*Gypſy*; for dere was de Lord *Gypſy* in 'dose Days; and deſe Lord did quarrel 'vid one anoder about de Place; but de 'King of de *Gypſy* did demoliſh dem all, 'and made all his Subject equal vid each 'oder; and ſince dat time dey have agree 'very well: for dey no tink of being 'King, and may be it be better for dem 'as dey be: For me aſſure you it be ver 'troubleſome ting to be King, and always 'to do Juſtice; me have often wiſh to be 'de private *Gypſy* when me have been 'forced to puniſh my dear Friend and Re-'lation; for dough we never put to Death, 'our Puniſhments be ver ſevere. Dey 'make de *Gypſy* aſhamed of demſelves, 'and dat be ver terrible Puniſhment; me 'ave ſcarce ever known de *Gypſy* ſo puniſh 'do Harm any more.

The King then proceeded to expreſs ſome Wonder that there was no ſuch Puniſhment as Shame in other Governments. Upon which *Jones* aſſured him to the contrary: For that there were many Crimes for which Shame was inflicted by the *Engliſh* Laws, and that it was indeed one Conſequence of all Puniſhment. 'Dat be ver ſtrange,' ſaid the King: 'For me know and hears 'good deal of your People, dough me no 'live

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'live among dem, and me ave often hear
'dat Sham is de Conſequence and de Cauſe
'too of many your Rewards. Are your
'Rewards and Puniſhments den de ſame
'Ting?

While his Majeſty was thus diſcourſing with *Jones*, a ſudden Uproar aroſe in the Barn, and as it ſeems, upon this Occaſion: The Curteſy of theſe People had by Degrees removed all the Apprehenſions of *Partridge*, and he was prevailed upon not only to ſtuff himſelf with their Food, but to taſte ſome of their Liquors, which by Degrees entirely expelled all Fear from his Compoſition, and in its Stead introduced much more agreeable Senſations.

A young Female *Gypſy*, more remarkable for her Wit than her Beauty, had decoyed the honeſt Fellow aſide, pretending to tell his Fortune. Now when they were alone together in a remote Part of the Barn, whether it proceeded from the ſtrong Liquor, which is never ſo apt to inflame inordinate Deſire as after moderate Fatigue, or whether the fair *Gypſy* herſelf threw aſide the Delicacy and Decency of her Sex, and tempted the Youth *Partridge* with expreſs Solicitations; but they were diſcovered in a very improper

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per Manner by the Husband of the *Gypsy*, who from Jealousy, it seems, had kept a watchful Eye over his Wife, and had dogged her to the Place, where he found her in the Arms of her Gallant.

To the great Confusion of *Jones*, *Partridge* was now hurried before the King; who heard the Accusation, and likewise the Culprit's Defence, which was indeed very trifling: For the poor Fellow was confounded by the plain Evidence which appeared against him, and had very little to say for himself. His Majesty then turning towards *Jones*, said, 'Sir, you have hear 'what dey say, what Punishment do you 'tink your Man deserve?

Jones answered, 'He was sorry for what 'had happened, and that *Partridge* should 'make the Husband all the Amends in his 'Power: He said, he had very little Money 'about him at that Time, and putting his 'Hand into his Pocket, offered the Fellow 'a Guinea.' To which he immediately answered, 'He hoped his Honour would not 'think of giving him less than five.

This Sum after some Altercation was reduced to two, and *Jones* having stipulated

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for the full Forgiveneſs of both *Partridge* and the Wife, was going to pay the Money; when his Majeſty reſtraining his Hand, turned to the Witneſs, and aſked him, 'At what Time he had firſt diſcover-'ed the Criminals?' To which he anſwered, 'That he had been deſired by the Huſ-'band to watch the Motions of his Wife 'from her firſt ſpeaking to the Stranger, 'and that he had never loſt Sight of her 'afterwards till the Crime had been com-'mitted.' The King then aſked, 'If the 'Huſband was with him all that Time in 'his lurking Place?' To which he anſwered in the Affirmative. His *Egyptian* Majeſty then addreſſed himſelf to the Huſband as follows, 'Me be ſorry to ſee any *Gypſy* 'dat have no more Honour dan to ſell de 'Honour of his Wife for Money. If you 'had had de Love for your Wife, you 'would have prevented dis Matter, and 'not endeavour to make her de Whore 'dat you might diſcover her. Me do or-'der dat you have no Money given you, 'for you deſerve Puniſhment not Reward; 'me do order derefore, dat you be de in-'famous *Gypſy*, and do wear Pair of Horns 'upon your Forehead for one Month, and 'dat your Wife be called de Whore, and 'pointed at all dat Time: For you be

'de

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'de infamous *Gypsy*, but she be no less de 'infamous Whore.

The *Gypsies* immediately proceeded to execute the Sentence, and left *Jones* and *Partridge* alone with his Majesty.

Jones greatly applauded the Justice of the Sentence; upon which the King turning to him said, 'Me believe you be sur-'prize: For me suppose you have ver bad 'Opinion of my People; me suppose you 'thing us all de Tieves.'

'I must confess, Sir,' said *Jones*, 'I 'have not heard so favourable an Account 'of them as they seem to deserve.'

'Me vil tell you,' said the King, 'how 'the Difference is between you and us. 'My People rob your People, and your 'People rob one anoder.'

Jones afterwards proceeded very gravely to sing forth the Happiness of those Subjects who lived under such a Magistrate.

Indeed their Happiness appears to have been so compleat, that we are aware lest some Advocate for arbitrary Power should hereafter quote the Case of those People, as an

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Inſtance of the great Advantages which attend that Government above all others.

And here we will make a Conceſſion, which would not perhaps have been expected from us, That no limited Form of Government is capable of riſing to the ſame Degree of Perfection, or of producing the ſame Beneſits to Society with this. Mankind have never been ſo happy, as when the greateſt Part of the then known World was under the Dominion of a ſingle Maſter; and this State of their Felicity continued during the Reigns of five ſucceſſive Princes *. This was the true Æra of the Golden Age, and the only Golden Age which ever had any Exiſtence, unleſs in the warm Imaginations of the Poets, from the Expulſion from *Eden* down to this Day.

In reality, I know but of one ſolid Objection to abſolute Monarchy. The only Defect in which excellent Conſtitution ſeems to be the Difficulty of finding any Man adequate to the Office of an abſolute Monarch: For this indiſpenſably requires three Qualities very difficult, as it appears from Hiſtory, to be found in princely Natures: Firſt, a ſufficient Quantity of Moderation in the Prince, to be contented with all the

* *Nerva, Trajan, Adrian,* and the two *Antonini.*

Power

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Power which is poſſible for him to have. 2dly, Enough of Wiſdom to know his own Happineſs. And, 3dly, Goodneſs ſufficient to ſupport the Happineſs of others, when not only compatible with, but inſtrumental to his own.

Now if an abſolute Monarch with all theſe great and rare Qualifications ſhould be allowed capable of conferring the greateſt Good on Society, it muſt be ſurely granted, on the contrary, that abſolute Power veſted in the Hands of one who is deficient in them all, is likely to be attended with no leſs a Degree of Evil.

In ſhort our own Religion furniſhes us with adequate Ideas of the Bleſſing, as well as Curſe which may attend abſolute Power. The Pictures of Heaven and of Hell will place a very lively Image of both before our Eyes: For though the Prince of the latter can have no Power, but what he originally derives from the omnipotent Sovereign in the former; yet it plainly appears from Scripture, that abſolute Power in his infernal Dominions is granted to their Diabolical Ruler. This is indeed the only abſolute Power which can by Scripture be derived from Heaven. If there-

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fore the ſeveral Tyrannies upon Earth can prove any Title to a divine Authority, it muſt be derived from this original Grant to the Prince of Darkneſs, and theſe ſubordinate Deputations muſt conſequently come immediately from him whoſe Stamp they ſo expreſly bear.

To conclude, as the Examples of all Ages ſhew us that Mankind in general deſire Power only to do Harm, and when they obtain it, uſe it for no other Purpoſe; it is not conſonant with even the leaſt Degree of Prudence to hazard an Alternative, where our Hopes are poorly kept in Countenance by only two or three Exceptions out of a thouſand Inſtances to alarm our Fears. In this Caſe it will be much wiſer to ſubmit to a few Inconveniencies ariſing from the diſpaſſionate Deafneſs of Laws, than to remedy them by applying to the paſſionate open Ears of a Tyrant.

Nor can the Example of the *Gypſies*, tho' poſſibly they may have long been happy under this Form of Government, be here urged; ſince we muſt remember the very material Reſpect in which they differ from all other People, and to which perhaps this their Happineſs is entirely owing, namely, that they have no falſe Honours among them; and

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and that they look on Shame as the moſt grievous Puniſhment in the World.

CHAP. XIII.

A Dialogue between Jones *and* Partridge.

THE honeſt Lovers of Liberty will we doubt not pardon that long Digreſſion into which we were led at the Cloſe of the laſt Chapter, to prevent our Hiſtory from being applied to the Uſe of the moſt pernicious Doctrine, which Prieſtcraft had ever the Wickedneſs or the Impudence to preach.

We will now proceed with Mr. *Jones*, who when the Storm was over, took Leave of his *Egyptian* Majeſty, after many Thanks for his courteous Behaviour and kind Entertainment, and ſet out for *Coventry*; to which Place (for it was ſtill dark) a *Gypſy* was ordered to conduct him.

Jones having, by Reaſon of his Deviation, travelled eleven Miles inſtead of ſix, and moſt of thoſe through very execrable Roads, where no Expedition could have been made, in Queſt of a Midwife, did not arrive at *Coventry* till near Twelve. Nor

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could he poſſibly get again into the Saddle till paſt Two; for Poſt-Horſes were now not eaſy to get; nor were the Hoſtler or Poſt-Boy, in half ſo great a Hurry as himſelf, but choſe rather to imitate the tranquil Diſpoſition of *Partridge*; who being denied the Nouriſhment of Sleep, took all Opportunities to ſupply its Place with every other Kind of Nouriſhment, and was never better pleaſed than when he arrived at an Inn, nor ever more diſſatisfied than when he was again forced to leave it.

Jones now travelled Poſt; we will follow him therefore, according to our Cuſtom, and to the Rules of *Longinus*, in the ſame Manner. From *Coventry* he arrived at *Daventry*, from *Daventry* at *Stratford*, and from *Stratford* at *Dunſtable*, whither he came the next Day a little after Noon, and within a few Hours after *Sophia* had left it; and though he was obliged to ſtay here longer than he wiſhed, while a Smith, with great Deliberation, ſhoed the Poſt-Horſe he was to ride, he doubted not but to overtake his *Sophia* before ſhe ſhould ſet out from *St. Albans*; at which Place he concluded, and very reaſonably, that his Lordſhip would ſtop and dine.

And

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And had he been right in this Conjecture, he moſt probably would have overtaken his Angel at the aforeſaid Place; but unluckily my Lord had appointed a Dinner to be prepared for him at his own Houſe in *London*, and in order to enable him to reach that Place in proper Time, he had ordered a Relay of Horſes to meet him at *St. Albans*. When *Jones* therefore arrived there, he was informed that the Coach and Six had ſet out two Hours before.

If freſh Poſt-Horſes had been now ready, as they were not, it ſeemed ſo apparently impoſſible to overtake the Coach before it reached *London*, that *Partridge* thought he had now a proper Opportunity to remind his Friend of a Matter which he ſeemed entirely to have forgotten; what this was the Reader will gueſs, when we inform him that *Jones* had eat nothing more than one poached Egg ſince he had left the Alehouſe where he had firſt met the Guide returning from *Sophia*; for with the Gypſies, he had only feaſted his Underſtanding.

The Landlord ſo entirely agreed with the Opinion of Mr. *Partridge*, that he no ſooner heard the latter deſire his Friend to ſtay and dine, than he very readily put in his

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Word, and retracting his Promise before given of furnishing the Horses immediately, he assured Mr. *Jones* he would lose no Time in bespeaking a Dinner, which, he said, could be got ready sooner than it was possible to get the Horses up from Grass, and to prepare them for their Journey by a Feed of Corn.

Jones was at length prevailed on, chiefly by the latter Argument of the Landlord; and now a Joint of Mutton was put down to the Fire. While this was preparing, *Partridge* being admitted into the same Apartment with his Friend or Master, began to harangue in the following Manner.

'Certainly, Sir, if ever Man deserved a 'young Lady, you deserve young Madam '*Western*; for what a vast Quantity of 'Love must a Man have, to be able to live 'upon it without any other Food, as you 'do. I am positive I have eat thirty times 'as much within these last twenty four 'Hours as your Honour, and yet I am al-'most famished; for nothing makes a Man 'so hungry as travelling, especially in this 'cold raw Weather. And yet I can't tell 'how it is, but your Honour is seemingly 'in perfect good Health, and you never 'looked

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'looked better nor freſher in your Life. It 'muſt be certainly Love that you live 'upon.'

'And a very rich Diet too, *Partridge*,' anſwered *Jones*. 'But did not Fortune 'ſend me an excellent Dainty Yeſterday? 'Doſt thou imagine I cannot live more 'than twenty-four Hours on this dear 'Pocket-Book?'

'Undoubtedly,' cries *Partridge*, 'there 'is enough in that Pocket-book to purchaſe 'many a good Meal. Fortune ſent it to 'your Honour very opportunely for pre-'ſent Uſe, as your Honour's Money muſt 'be almoſt out by this Time.

'What do you mean?' anſwered *Jones*; 'I hope you don't imagine I ſhould be diſ-'honeſt enough, even if it belonged to any 'other Perſon, beſides Miſs *Weſtern*——

'Diſhoneſt!' replied *Partridge*; 'Hea-'ven forbid I ſhould wrong your Honour 'ſo much; but where's the Diſhoneſty in 'borrowing a little for preſent ſpending, 'ſince you will be ſo well able to pay the 'Lady hereafter. No indeed, I would 'have your Honour pay it again, as ſoon

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'as it is convenient, by all Means; but 'where can be the Harm in making uſe of 'it now you want it. Indeed if it belong-'ed to a poor Body, it would be another 'thing; but ſo great a Lady to be ſure can 'never want it, eſpecially now as ſhe is 'along with a Lord, who it can't be 'doubted will let her have whatever ſhe 'hath Need of. Beſides, if ſhe ſhould want 'a little, ſhe can't want the whole, therefore 'I would give her a little; but I would be 'hanged before I mentioned the having 'found it at firſt, and before I got ſome 'Money of my own; for *London*, I have 'heard, is the very worſt of Places to be 'in without Money. Indeed, if I had not 'known to whom it belonged, I might 'have thought it was the Devil's Money, 'and have been afraid to uſe it; but as 'you know otherwiſe, and came honeſtly 'by it, it would be an Affront to Fortune 'to part with it all again, at the very 'Time when you want it moſt; you can 'hardly expect ſhe ſhould ever do you ſuch 'another good Turn; for *Fortuna nun-quam perpetuo eſt bona.* You will do as 'you pleaſe, notwithſtanding all I ſay; but 'for my Part, I would be hanged before I 'mentioned a Word of the Matter.'

'By

'By what I can see, *Partridge*,' cries *Jones*, 'hanging is a Matter *non longe alienum à Scævolæ studiis*.' 'You should say '*alienus*,' says *Partridge*—I remember the 'Passage; it is an Example under *Communis*, *Alienus*, *immunis*, *variis casibus serviunt*.' If you do remember it,' cries *Jones*, 'I find you don't understand it; 'but I tell thee, Friend, in plain *English*, that he who finds another's Property, and wilfully detains it from the 'known Owner, deserves *in Foro Conscientiæ*, to be hanged no less than if he had 'stolen it. And as for this very identical 'Bill, which is the Property of my Angel, 'and was once in her dear Possession, I 'will not deliver it into any Hands but her 'own, upon any Consideration whatever; 'No, tho' I was as hungry as thou art, 'and had no other Means to satisfy my 'craving Appetite; this I hope to do be-'fore I sleep; but if it should happen 'otherwise, I charge thee, if thou wouldst 'not incur my Displeasure for ever, not to 'shock me any more by the bare Mention 'of such detestable Baseness.'

'I should not have mentioned it now,' cries *Partridge*, 'if it had appeared so to 'me;

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'me; for I'm ſure I ſcorn any Wickedneſs as much as another; but perhaps you know better; and yet I might have imagined that I ſhould not have lived ſo many Years, and have taught School ſo long, without being able to diſtinguiſh between *Fas & Nefas*; but it ſeems we are to live and learn. I remember my old Schoolmaſter, who was a prodigious great Scholar, uſed often to ſay, *Polly Matete cry Town is my Daſkalon.* The *Engliſh* of which, he told us, was, That a Child may ſometimes teach his Grandmother to ſuck Eggs. I have lived to a fine Purpoſe truly, if I am to be taught my Grammar at this Time of Day. Perhaps, young Gentleman, you may change your Opinion if you live to my Years: For I remember I thought myſelf as wiſe when I was a Stripling of one or two and twenty as I am now. I am ſure I always taught *alienus*, and my Maſter read it ſo before me.'

There were not many Inſtances in which *Partridge* could provoke *Jones*, nor were there many in which *Partridge* himſelf could have been hurried out of his Reſpect. Unluckily however they had both hit on one of theſe. We have already ſeen *Partridge* could

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could not bear to have his Learning attacked, nor could *Jones* bear some Passage or other in the foregoing Speech. And now looking upon his Companion with a contemptuous and disdainful Air (a thing not usual with him) he cried, 'Partridge, 'I see thou art a conceited old Fool, and I 'wish thou art not likewise an old Rogue. 'Indeed if I was as well convinced of the 'the latter as I am of the former, thou 'shouldst travel no farther in my Com-'pany.'

The sage Pedagogue was contented with the Vent which he had already given to his Indignation; and, as the vulgar Phrase is, immediately drew in his Horns. He said, He was sorry he had uttered any thing which might give Offence, for that he had never intended it; but *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*

As *Jones* had the Vices of a warm Disposition, he was entirely free from those of a cold one; and if his Friends must have confest his Temper to have been a little too easily ruffled, his Enemies must at the same Time have confest, that it as soon subsided; nor did it at all resemble the Sea, whose Swelling is more violent and dangerous after

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ter a Storm is over, than while the Storm itself subsists. He instantly accepted the Submission of *Partridge*, shook him by the Hand, and with the most benign Aspect imaginable, said twenty kind Things, and at the same Time very severely condemned himself, tho' not half so severely as he will most probably be condemned by many of our good Readers.

Partridge was now highly comforted, as his Fears of having offended were at once abolished, and his Pride completely satisfied by *Jones* having owned himself in the wrong, which Submission he instantly applied to what had principally nettled him, and repeated, in a muttering Voice, 'To 'be sure, Sir, your Knowledge may be 'superior to mine in some Things; but as 'to the Grammar, I think I may challenge 'any Man living. I think, at least, I have 'that at my Finger's End.'

If any thing could add to the Satisfaction which the poor Man now enjoyed, he received this Addition by the Arrival of an excellent Shoulder of Mutton, that at this Instant came smoaking to the Table. On which, having both plentifully feasted, they again

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again mounted their Horſes, and ſet forward for *London*.

CHAP. XIV.

What happened to Mr. Jones *in his Journey from St.* Albans.

THEY were got about two Miles beyond *Barnett*, and it was now the Duſk of the Evening, when a genteel looking Man, but upon a very ſhabby Horſe, rode up to *Jones*, and aſked him whether he was going to *London*, to which *Jones* anſwered in the affirmative. The Gentleman replied, 'I ſhould be obliged 'to you, Sir, if you will accept of my 'Company; for it is very late, and I am 'a Stranger to the Road.' *Jones* readily complied with the Requeſt; and on they travelled together, holding that Sort of Diſcourſe which is uſual on ſuch Occaſions.

Of this, indeed, Robbery was the principal Topic; upon which Subject the Stranger expreſſed great Apprehenſions; but *Jones* declared he had very little to loſe, and conſequently as little to fear. Here *Partridge* could not forbear putting in his Word. 'Your Honour,' ſaid he, 'may 'think

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'think it a little, but I am ſure, if I had a 'hundred Pound Bank Note in my 'Pocket, as you have, I ſhould be very 'ſorry to loſe it; but, for my Part, I ne-'ver was leſs afraid in my Life; for we 'are four of us, and if we all ſtand by one 'another, the beſt Man in *England* can't 'rob us. Suppoſe he ſhould have a Piſtol, 'he can kill but one of us, and a Man can 'die but once, that's my Comfort, a Man 'can die but once.'

Beſides the Reliance on ſuperior Numbers, a kind of Valour which hath raiſed a certain Nation among the Moderns to a high Pitch of Glory, there was another Reaſon for the extraordinary Courage which *Partridge* now diſcovered; for he had at preſent as much of that Quality as was in the Power of Liquor to beſtow.

Our Company were now arrived within a Mile of *Highgate*, when the Stranger turned ſhort upon *Jones*, and pulling out a Piſtol, demanded that little Bank Note which *Partridge* had mentioned.

Jones was at firſt ſomewhat ſhocked at this unexpected Demand; however, he preſently recollected himſelf, and told the Highway-

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Highwayman, all the Money he had in his Pocket was entirely at his Service; and ſo ſaying, he pulled out upwards of three Guineas, and offered to deliver it; but the other anſwered with an Oath, That would not do. *Jones* anſwered coolly, He was very ſorry for it, and returned the Money into his Pocket.

The Highwayman then threatned, if he did not deliver the Bank Note that Moment, he muſt ſhoot him; holding his Piſtol at the ſame Time very near to his Breaſt. *Jones* inſtantly caught hold of the Fellow's Hand, which trembled ſo that he could ſcarce hold the Piſtol in it, and turned the Muzzle from him. A Struggle then enſued, in which the former wreſted the Piſtol from the Hand of his Antagoniſt, and both came from their Horſes on the Ground together, the Highwayman upon his Back, and the victorious *Jones* upon him.

The poor Fellow now began to implore Mercy of the Conqueror; for, to ſay the Truth, he was in Strength by no Means a Match for *Jones*. 'Indeed, Sir,' ſays he, 'I could have had no Intention to ſhoot 'you, for you will find the Piſtol was not 'loaded. This is the firſt Robbery I ever attempted,

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'attempted, and I have been driven by 'Diſtreſs to this.'

At this Inſtant, at about an hundred and fifty Yards Diſtance, lay another Perſon on the Ground, roaring for Mercy in a much louder Voice than the Highwayman. This was no other than *Partridge* himſelf, who endeavouring to make his Eſcape from the Engagement, had been thrown from his Horſe, and lay flat on his Face, not daring to look up, and expecting every Minute to be ſhot.

In this Poſture he lay, till the Guide, who was no otherwiſe concerned than for his Horſes, having ſecured the ſtumbling Beaſt, came up to him and told him, his Maſter had got the better of the Highwayman.

Partridge leapt up at this News, and ran back to the Place, where *Jones* ſtood with his Sword drawn in his Hand to guard the poor Fellow; which *Partridge* no ſooner ſaw, than he cried out, 'Kill the Villain, 'Sir, run him through the Body, kill him 'this Inſtant.'

Luckily however for the poor Wretch he had fallen into more merciful Hands; for

Jones

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Jones having examined the Piſtol, and found it to be really unloaded, began to believe all the Man had told him before *Partridge* came up; namely, that he was a Novice in the Trade, and that he had been driven to it by the Diſtreſs he mentioned, the greateſt indeed imaginable, that of five hungry Children, and a Wife lying in of a ſixth, in the utmoſt Want and Miſery. The Truth of all which the Highwayman moſt vehemently aſſerted, and offered to convince Mr. *Jones* of, if he would take the Trouble to go to his Houſe, which was not above two Miles off; ſaying, 'That he 'deſired no Favour, but upon Condition 'of proving all he had alledged.'

Jones at firſt pretended that he would take the Fellow at his Word, and return with him, declaring that his Fate ſhould depend entirely on the Truth of his Story. Upon this the poor Fellow immediately expreſſed ſo much Alacrity, that *Jones* was perfectly ſatisfied with his Veracity, and began now to entertain Sentiments of Compaſſion for him. He returned the Fellow his empty Piſtol, adviſed him to think of honeſter Means of relieving his Diſtreſs, and gave him a couple of Guineas for the immediate

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mediate Support of his Wife and his Family; adding, 'he wished he had more for 'his Sake, but the hundred Pound that had 'been mentioned, was not his own.'

Our Readers will probably be divided in their Opinions concerning this Action; some may applaud it perhaps as an Act of extraordinary Humanity, while those of a more saturnine Temper will consider it as a Want of Regard to that Justice which every Man owes his Country. *Partridge* certainly saw it in that Light; for he testified much Dissatisfaction on the Occasion, quoted an old Proverb, and said, He should not wonder if the Rogue attacked them again before they reached *London*.

The Highwayman was full of Expressions of Thankfulness and Gratitude. He actually dropt Tears, or pretended so to do. He vowed he would immediately return home, and would never afterwards commit such a Transgression; whether he kept his Word or no, perhaps may appear hereafter.

Our Travellers having remounted their Horses, arrived in Town without encountering any new Mishap. On the Road much pleasant Discourse passed between

Jones

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Jones and *Partridge*, on the Subject of their laſt Adventure. In which *Jones* expreſt a great Compaſſion for thoſe Highwaymen who are, by unavoidable Diſtreſs, driven, as it were, to ſuch illegal Courſes, as generally bring them to a ſhameful Death. 'I mean,' ſaid he, 'thoſe only 'whoſe higheſt Guilt extends no farther 'than to Robbery, and who are never 'guilty of Cruelty nor Inſult to any Perſon, 'which is a Circumſtance that, I muſt ſay, 'to the Honour of our Country, diſtinguiſhes the Robbers of *England* from thoſe 'of all other Nations; for Murder is, 'amongſt thoſe, almoſt inſeparably incident to Robbery.'

'No doubt,' anſwered *Partridge*, 'it is 'better to take away one's Money than 'one's Life, and yet it is very hard upon 'honeſt Men, that they can't travel about 'their Buſineſs without being in Danger of 'theſe Villains. And to be ſure it would be 'better that all Rogues were hanged out of 'the Way, than that one honeſt Man ſhould 'ſuffer. For my own Part, indeed, I 'ſhould not care to have the Blood of any 'of them on my own Hands; but it is 'very proper for the Law to hang them 'all. What Right hath any Man to take

'Sixpence

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'Sixpence from me, unless I give it him? 'Is there any Honesty in such a Man?'

'No surely,' cries *Jones*, 'no more 'than there is in him who takes the Horses 'out of another Man's Stable, or who ap- 'plies to his own Use the Money which 'he finds, when he knows the right 'Owner.'

These Hints stopt the Mouth of *Partridge*, nor did he open it again till *Jones* having thrown some sarcastical Jokes on his Cowardice, he offered to excuse himself on the Inequality of Fire Arms, saying, 'A 'thousand naked Men are nothing to one 'Pistol; for though, it is true, it will kill 'but one at a single Discharge, yet who 'can tell but that one may be himself.'

The End of the Fourth Volume.

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