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THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING
Volume 6

H. Fielding, Esq.

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THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING.

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VOL. VI.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

——Mores hominum multorum vidit——

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THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XVI.

Containing the Space of Five Days.

CHAP. I.

Of Prologues.

I Have heard of a Dramatic Writer who uſed to ſay, he would rather write a Play than a Prologue; in like manner, I think, I can with leſs Pains write one of

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the Books of this Hiſtory, than the Prefatory Chapter to each of them.

To ſay the Truth, I believe many a hearty Curſe hath been devoted on the Head of that Author, who firſt inſtituted the Method of prefixing to his Play that Portion of Matter which is called the Prologue; and which at firſt was Part of the Piece itſelf, but of latter Years hath had uſually ſo little Connexion with the Drama before which it ſtands, that the Prologue to one Play might as well ſerve for any other. Thoſe indeed of more modern Date, ſeem all to be written on the ſame three Topics, *viz.* an Abuſe of the Taſte of the Town, a Condemnation of all Cotemporary Authors, and an Elogium on the Performance juſt about to be repreſented. The Sentiments in all theſe are very little varied, nor is it poſſible they ſhould; and indeed I have often wondered at the great Invention of Authors, who have been capable of finding ſuch various Phraſes to expreſs the ſame thing.

In like manner I apprehend, ſome future Hiſtorian (if any one ſhall do me the Honour of imitating my Manner) will, after much ſcratching his Pate, beſtow ſome good Wiſhes

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Wiſhes on my Memory, for having firſt eſtabliſhed theſe ſeveral initial Chapters; moſt of which, like Modern Prologues, may as properly be prefixed to any other Book in this Hiſtory as to that which they introduce, or indeed to any other Hiſtory as to this.

But however Authors may ſuffer by either of theſe Inventions, the Reader will find ſufficient Emolument in the one, as the Spectator hath long found in the other.

Firſt, it is well known, that the Prologue ſerves the Critic for an Opportunity to try his Faculty of Hiſſing, and to tune his Cat-call to the beſt Advantage; by which means, I have known thoſe Muſical Inſtruments ſo well prepared, that they have been able to play in full Concert at the firſt riſing of the Curtain.

The ſame Advantages may be drawn from theſe Chapters, in which the Critic will be always ſure of meeting with ſomething that may ſerve as a Whetſtone to his noble Spirit; ſo that he may fall with a more hungry Appetite for Cenſure on the Hiſtory itſelf. And here his Sagacity muſt make it needleſs to obſerve how artfully theſe Chapters are calculated for that excellent Purpoſe;

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for in these we have always taken Care to interspersé somewhat of the sour or acid Kind, in order to sharpen and stimulate the said Spirit of Criticism.

Again, the indolent Reader, as well as Spectator, finds great Advantage from both these; for as they are not obliged either to see the one or read the others, and both the Play and the Book are thus protracted, by the former they have a Quarter of an Hour longer allowed them to sit at Dinner, and by the Latter they have the Advantage of beginning to read at the fourth or fifth Page instead of the first; a Matter by no means of trivial Consequence to Persons who read Books with no other View than to say they have read them, a more general Motive to reading than is commonly imagined; and from which not only Law Books, and Good Books, but the Pages of *Homer* and *Virgil*, of *Swift* and *Cervantes* have been often turned over.

Many other are the Emoluments which arise from both these, but they are for the most part so obvious that we shall not at present stay to enumerate them; especially since it occurs to us that the principal Merit of

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of both the Prologue and the Preface is that they be ſhort.

CHAP. II.

A whimſical Adventure which befel the Squire, with the diſtreſſed Situation of Sophia.

WE muſt now convey the Reader to Mr. *Weſtern*'s Lodgings which were in *Piccadilly*, where he was placed by the Recommendation of the Landlord at the *Hercules Pillars* at *Hide-Park-Corner*; for at that Inn, which was the firſt he ſaw on his Arrival in Town, he placed his Horſes, and in thoſe Lodgings, which were the firſt he heard of, he depoſited himſelf.

Here when *Sophia* alighted from the Hackney-Coach, which brought her from the Houſe of Lady *Bellaſton*, ſhe deſired to retire to the Apartment provided for her, to which her Father very readily agreed, and whither he attended her himſelf. A ſhort Dialogue, neither very material nor pleaſant to relate minutely, then paſſed between them, in which he preſſed her vehemently to give her Conſent to the Marriage with *Blifil*, who, as he acquainted her, was

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to be in Town in a few Days; but inſtead of complying, ſhe gave a more peremptory and reſolute Refuſal than ſhe had ever done before. This ſo incenſed her Father, that after many bitter Vows that he would force her to have him whether ſhe would or no, he departed from her with many hard Words and Curſes, locked the Door and put the Key into his Pocket.

While *Sophia* was left with no other Company than what attend the cloſeſt State Priſoner, namely, Fire and Candle, the Squire ſat down to regale himſelf over a Bottle of Wine, with his Parſon and the Landlord of the *Hercules Pillars*, who, as the Squire ſaid, would make an excellent third Man, and could inform them of the News of the Town, and how Affairs went; for to be ſure, ſays he, he knows a great deal ſince the Horſes of a many of the Quality ſtand at his Houſe.

In this agreeable Society, Mr. *Weſtern* paſt that Evening and great part of the ſucceeding Day, during which Period nothing happened of ſufficient Conſequence to find a Place in this Hiſtory. All this time *Sophia* paſt by herſelf; for her Father ſwore ſhe ſhould never come out of her Chamber alive,

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alive, unleſs ſhe firſt conſented to marry *Blifil*; nor did he ever ſuffer the Door to be unlocked unleſs to convey her Food, on which Occaſions he always attended himſelf.

The ſecond Morning after his Arrival, while he and the Parſon were at Breakfaſt together on a Toaſt and Tankard, he was informed that a Gentleman was below to wait on him.

'A Gentleman!' quoth the Squire, 'who the Devil can he be? Do, Doctor, 'go down and ſee who 'tis. Mr. *Blifil* can 'can hardly be come to Town yet. ——— 'Go down, do, and know what his Buſi-'neſs is.

The Doctor returned with an Account that it was a very well dreſt Man, and by the Ribbon in his Hat, he took him for an Officer of the Army; that he ſaid he had ſome particular Buſineſs, which he could deliver to none but Mr. *Weſtern* himſelf.

'An Officer!' cries the Squire, 'what 'can any ſuch Fellow have to do with me? 'If he wants an Order for Baggage-Wag-'gons, I am no Juſtice of Peace here,

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'nor can I grant a Warrant.——Let un 'come up then, if he muſt ſpeak to me.

A very genteel Man now entered the Room; who, having made his Compliments to the Squire, and deſired the Favour of being alone with him, delivered himſelf as follows.

"Sir, I come to wait upon you by the "Command of my Lord *Fellamar*, but "with a very different Meſſage from what "I ſuppoſe you expect, after what paſt the "other Night,"

'My Lord who?' cries the Squire, 'I 'never heard the Name o' un.'

'His Lordſhip,' ſaid the Gentleman, 'is willing to impute every thing to the 'Effect of Liquor, and the moſt trifling 'Acknowledgment of that Kind will ſet 'every thing right; for as he hath the moſt 'violent Attachment to your Daughter, 'you, Sir, are the laſt Perſon upon Earth, 'from whom he would reſent an Affront; 'and happy is it for you both that he hath 'given ſuch public Demonſtrations of his 'Courage, as to be able to put up an Af-'fair of this Kind, without Danger of any 'Im-

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'Imputation on his Honour. All he de-
'ſires therefore, is, that you will before
'me, make ſome Acknowledgment, the
'ſlighteſt in the World will be ſufficient,
'and he intends this Afternoon to pay his
'Reſpects to you, in order to obtain your
'Leave of viſiting the young Lady on the
'Footing of a Lover.

'I don't underſtand much of what you
'ſay, Sir,' ſaid the Squire; 'but I ſup-
'poſe, by what you talk about my Daugh-
'ter, that this is the Lord which my Lady
'Couſin *Bellaſton* mentioned to me, and ſaid
'ſomething about his courting my Daugh-
'ter. If ſo be, that how, that be the Caſe
'—you may give my Service to his Lord-
'ſhip, and tell un the Girl is diſpoſed of al-
'ready.

'Perhaps, Sir,' ſaid the Gentleman,
'you are not ſufficiently apprized of the
'Greatneſs of this Offer. I believe ſuch
'a Perſon, Title, and Fortune, would be
'no where refuſed.

'Lookee, Sir,' anſwered the Squire,
'to be very plain, my Daughter is beſpoke
'already; but if ſhe was not, I would not
'marry her to a Lord upon any Account;

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'I hate all Lords; they are a Parcel of 'Courtiers and *Hannoverians*, and I will 'have nothing to do with them.'——

'Well, Sir,' said the Gentleman, 'if 'that is your Resolution, the Message I 'am to deliver to you, is, that my Lord 'desires the Favour of your Company this 'Morning in *Hide-Park*.'

'You may tell my Lord,' answered the Squire, 'that I am busy and cannot come. 'I have enough to look after at home, and 'can't stir abroad on any Account.'

'I am sure, Sir,' quoth the other, 'you 'are too much a Gentleman to send 'such a Message; you will not, I am con-'vinced, have it said of you, that after 'having affronted a noble Peer, you refuse 'him Satisfaction. His Lordship would 'have been willing, from his great Regard 'to the young Lady, to have made up 'matters in another way; but unless he is 'is to look on you as a Father, his Ho-'nour will not suffer his putting up such 'an Indignity as you must be sensible you 'offered him.'

'I

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'I offered him!' cries the Squire; 'it 'is a d—m'd Lie, I never offered him any 'Thing.'

Upon theſe Words the Gentleman returned a very ſhort verbal Rebuke, and this he accompanied at the ſame time with ſome manual Remonſtrances, which no ſooner reached the Ears of Mr. *Weſtern*, than that worthy Squire began to caper very briſkly about the Room, bellowing at the ſame time with all his Might, as if deſirous to ſummon a greater Number of Spectators to behold his Agility.

The Parſon, who had left great part of the Tankard unfiniſhed, was not retired far; he immediately attended therefore on the Squire's Vociferation, crying, 'Bleſs 'me! Sir, what's the Matter?'—'Mat-'ter!' quoth the Squire, 'here's a High-'way-Man, I believe, who wants to rob 'and murder me ——— for he hath fallen 'upon me with that Stick there in his Hand, 'when I wiſh I may be d—n'd if I gid un 'the leaſt Provocation.'

'How, Sir,' ſaid the Captain, 'did you 'not tell me, I ly'd.'

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'No, as hope to be saved, answered the 'Squire.—I believe I might say, "'Twas "a Lie that I had offered any Affront to "my Lord,"—'but I never said the Word '*you lie.*—I understand myself better, and 'you might have understood yourself bet-'ter than to fall upon a naked Man. If 'I had had a Stick in my Hand, you 'would not have dared strike me. I'd 'have knocked thy Lanthorn Jaws about 'thy Ears. Come down into Yard this 'Minute, and I'll take a Bout with thee 'at single Stick for a broken Head, that 'I will; or I will go into naked Room and 'box thee for a Belly full. At unt half a 'Man, at unt I'm sure.'

The Captain, with some Indignation, replied, 'I see, Sir, you are below my 'Notice, and I shall inform his Lordship 'you are below his.——I am sorry I have 'dirtied my Fingers with you.—At which Words he withdrew, the Parson interposing to prevent the Squire from stopping him, in which he easily prevailed, as the other, though he made some Efforts for the Purpose, did not seem very violently bent on Success. However, when the Captain was departed, the Squire sent many Curses and some Menaces after him; but as these did not

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not ſet out from his Lips till the Officer was at the Bottom of the Stairs, and grew louder and louder as he was more and more remote, they did not reach his Ears, or at leaſt did not retard his Departure.

Poor *Sophia* however, who, in her Priſon, heard all her Father's Outcries from firſt to laſt, began now firſt to thunder with her Foot, and afterwards to ſcream as loudly as the old Gentleman himſelf had done before, though in a much ſweeter Voice. Theſe Screams ſoon ſilenced the Squire, and turned all his Conſideration towards his Daughter, whom he loved ſo tenderly, that the leaſt Apprehenſion of any Harm happening to her, threw him preſently into Agonies: For except in that ſingle Inſtance in which the whole future Happineſs of her Life was concerned, ſhe was ſovereign Miſtreſs of his Inclinations.

Having ended his Rage againſt the Captain, with ſwearing he would take the Law of him, the Squire now mounted up Stairs to *Sophia*, whom, as ſoon as he had unlocked and opened the Door, he found all pale and breathleſs. The Moment however that ſhe ſaw her Father, ſhe collected all her Spirits, and catching him hold by the Hand,

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Hand, she cry'd passionately, 'O my dear 'Sir, I am almost frightned to Death; I 'hope to Heaven no Harm hath happen-'ed to you.'—'No, no, cries the Squire, 'no great Harm. The Rascal hath not 'hurt me much, but rat me if I don't ha 'the Laa o'un.' 'Pray, dear Sir, says she, 'tell me what's the Matter, who is it that 'hath insulted you?' 'I don't know the Name 'o'un, answer'd *Western*, some Officer Fel-'low I suppose that we are to pay for beating 'us, but I'll make him pay this Bout, if the 'Rascal hath got any thing, which I sup-'pose he hath not. For thof he was drest 'out so vine, I question whether he hath 'got a Voot of Land in the World.' 'But, dear Sir, cries she, what was the 'Occasion of your Quarrel?' 'What 'should it be, *Sophy?* answered the Squire, 'but about you, *Sophy?* All my Misfor-'tunes are about you; you will be the 'Death of your poor Father at last. Here's 'a Varlet of a Lord, the Lord knows who 'forsooth! who hath a taan a Liking to 'you, and because I would not gi un my 'Consent, he sent me a Kallenge. Come, 'do be a good Girl, *Sophy*, and put an 'End to all your Father's Troubles; come 'do, consent to ha un; he will be in Town 'within this Day or two; do but promise 'me to marry un as soon as he comes, and 'you

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'you will make me the happieſt Man in 'the World, and I will make you the 'happieſt Woman; you ſhall have the 'fineſt Cloaths in *London*, and the fineſt 'Jewels, and a Coach and Six at your 'Command. I promiſed *Allworthy* alrea-'dy to give up half my Eſtate,—Odrab-'bet it! I ſhould hardly ſtick at giving up 'the whole.' 'Will my Papa be ſo kind, ſays 'ſhe, as to hear me ſpeak?'—'Why wout 'aſk, *Sophy?* cries he, when doſt know that 'I had rather hear thy Voice, than the Mu-'ſic of the beſt Pack of Dogs in *England*. '—Hear thee, my dear little Girl! I hope 'I ſhall hear thee as long as I live; for if I 'was ever to loſe that Pleaſure, I would not 'gee a Braſs Varden to live a Moment lon-'ger. Indeed, *Sophy*, you do not know 'how I love you, indeed you don't, or 'you never could have run away, and left 'your poor Father, who hath no other Joy, 'no other Comfort upon Earth but his lit-'tle *Sophy*.' At theſe Words the Tears ſtood in his Eyes; and *Sophia*, (with the Tears ſtreaming from hers) anſwered, 'Indeed, my 'dear Papa, I know you have loved me ten-'derly, and Heaven is my Witneſs how ſin-'cerely I have returned your Affection; nor 'could any thing but an Apprehenſion of be-'ing forced into the Arms of this Man, have 'driven me to run from a Father whom I

'love

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'love so passionately, that I would, with 'Pleasure, sacrifice my Life to his Happi-'ness; nay, I have endeavoured to reason 'myself into doing more, and had almost 'worked up a Resolution, to endure the 'most miserable of all Lives, to comply 'with your Inclination. It was that Re-'solution alone to which I could not force 'my Mind; nor can I ever.' Here the Squire began to look wild, and the Foam appeared at his Lips, which *Sophia* observing, begged to be heard out, and then proceeded, 'If my Father's Life, his Health, 'or any real Happiness of his was at Stake, 'here stands your resolved Daughter, may 'Heaven blast me, if there is a Misery I would 'not suffer to preserve you. — No, that 'most detested, most loathsome of all Lots 'would I embrace. I would give my 'Hand to *Blifil* for your Sake.' — 'I tell 'thee, it will preserve me, answers the Fa-'ther; it will gee me Health, Happiness, 'Life, every thing, — Upon my Soul I 'shall die if dost refuse me; I shall break 'my Heart, I shall upon my Soul.'—'Is 'it possible, says she, you can have such a 'Desire to make me miserable?' 'I tell 'thee noa, answered he loudly, my whole 'Desire is to make thee happy; me! d—n 'me if there is a Thing upon Earth I 'would

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'would not do to ſee thee happy.'—'And 'will not my dear Papa allow me to have 'the leaſt Knowledge of what will make 'me ſo? If it be true that Happineſs conſiſts 'in Opinion; what muſt be my Condition, 'when I ſhall think myſelf the moſt miſe-'rable of all the Wretches upon Earth.' 'Better think yourſelf ſo, ſaid he, than 'know it by being married to a poor baſ-'tardly Vagabond.' 'If it will content 'you, Sir, ſaid *Sophia*, I will give you 'the moſt ſolemn Promiſe never to marry 'him nor any other one while my Papa 'lives, without his Conſent. Let me de-'dicate my whole Life to your Service; 'let me be again your poor *Sophy*, and my 'whole Buſineſs and Pleaſure be, as it hath 'been, to pleaſe and divert you.' 'Lookey, 'Sophy, anſwered the Squire, I am not to 'be chouſed in this Manner. Your Aunt '*Weſtern* would then have Reaſon to think 'me the Fool ſhe doth. No, no, *Sophy*, I'd 'have you to know I have a got more Wiſ-'dom, and know more of the World than 'to take the Word of a Woman in a Mat-'ter where a Man is concerned.' 'How, 'Sir, have I deſerved this Want of Confi-'dence? ſaid ſhe, have I ever broke a ſin-'gle Promiſe to you? Or have I ever been 'found guilty of a Falſhood from my Cra-

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'dle?' 'Lookee, *Sophy*, cries he, that's 'neither here nor there. I am determin'd 'upon this Match, and have him you ſhall, 'd—n me if ſhat unt. D—n me if ſhat unt, 'though doſt hang thyſelf the next Morn-'ing.' At repeating which Words he clinched his Fiſt, knit his Brows, bit his Lips, and thundered ſo loud, that the poor afflicted, terrified *Sophia* ſunk trembling into her Chair, and had not a Flood of Tears come immediately to her Relief, perhaps worſe had followed.

Weſtern beheld the deplorable Condition of his Daughter with no more Contrition or Remorſe, than the Turnkey of *Newgate* feels at viewing the Agonies of a tender Wife, when taking her laſt Farewel of her condemned Huſband; or rather he looked down on her with the ſame Emotions which ariſe in an honeſt fair Tradeſman, who ſees his Debtor dragged to Priſon for 10*l.* which, though a juſt Debt, the Wretch is wickedly unable to pay. Or, to hit the Caſe ſtill more nearly, he felt the ſame Compunction with a Bawd when ſome poor Innocent whom ſhe hath enſnared into her Hands, falls into Fits at the firſt Propoſal of what is called ſeeing Company. Indeed this Reſemblance would be exact, was it not

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not that the Bawd hath an Intereſt in what ſhe doth, and the Father, though perhaps he may blindly think otherwiſe, can in Reality have none in urging his Daughter to almoſt an equal Proſtitution.

In this Condition he left his poor *Sophia*, and departing with a very vulgar Obſervation on the Effect of Tears, he locked the Room, and returned to the Parſon, who ſaid every Thing he durſt in Behalf of the young Lady, which though perhaps it was not quite ſo much as his Duty required, yet was it ſufficient to throw the Squire into a violent Rage, and into many indecent Reflections on the whole Body of the Clergy, which we have too great an Honour for that ſacred Function to commit to Paper.

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CHAP. III.

What happened to Sophia *during her Confinement.*

THE Landlady of the Houſe where the Squire lodged had begun very early to entertain a ſtrange Opinion of her Gueſts. However as ſhe was informed that the Squire was a Man of a vaſt Fortune, and as ſhe had taken Care to exact a very extraordinary Price for her Rooms, ſhe did not think proper to give any Offence; for though ſhe was not without ſome Concern for the Confinement of poor *Sophia*, of whoſe great Sweetneſs of Temper and Affability, the Maid of the Houſe had made ſo favourable a Report, which was confirmed by all the Squire's Servants, yet ſhe had much more Concern for her own Intereſt, than to provoke one, whom, as ſhe ſaid, ſhe perceived to be a very haſtiſh Kind of a Gentleman.

Though *Sophia* eat but little, yet ſhe was regularly ſerved with her Meals; indeed I believe if ſhe had liked any one Rarity, that the Squire, however angry, would have

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have ſpared neither Pains nor Coſt to have procured it for her; ſince however ſtrange it may appear to ſome of my Readers, he really doated on his Daughter, and to give her any Kind of Pleaſure was the higheſt Satisfaction of his Life.

The Dinner Hour being arrived, black *George* carried her up a Pullet, the Squire himſelf (for he had ſworn not to part with the Key) attending the Door. As *George* depoſited the Diſh, ſome Compliments paſſed between him and *Sophia* (for he had not ſeen her ſince ſhe left the Country, and ſhe treated every Servant with more Reſpect than ſome Perſons ſhew to thoſe who are in a very ſlight Degree their Inferiors) *Sophia* would have had him take the Pullet back, ſaying, ſhe could not eat; but *George* begged her to try, and particularly recommended her to the Eggs, of which he ſaid it was full.

All this Time the Squire was waiting at the Door; but *George* was a great Favourite with his Maſter, as his Employment was in Concerns of the higheſt Nature, namely, about the Game, and was accuſtomed to take many Liberties. He had officiouſly carried up the Dinner, being, as he ſaid, very

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deſirous to ſee his young Lady; he made therefore no Scruple of keeping his Maſter ſtanding above ten Minutes, while Civilities were paſſing between him and *Sophia*, for which he received only a good-humoured Rebuke at the Door when he returned.

The Eggs of Pullets, Partridges, Pheaſants, *&c.* were, as *George* well knew, the moſt favourite Dainties of *Sophia*. It was therefore no Wonder, that he who was a very good-natured Fellow, ſhould take Care to ſupply her with this Kind of Delicacy, at a Time when all the Servants in the Houſe were afraid ſhe would be ſtarved; for ſhe had ſcarce ſwallowed a ſingle Morſel in the laſt forty Hours.

Though Vexation hath not the ſame Effect on all Perſons, as it uſually hath on a Widow, whoſe Appetite it often renders ſharper than it can be rendered by the Air on *Banſted* Downs, or *Saliſbury* Plain, yet the ſublimeſt Grief, notwithſtanding what ſome People may ſay to the contrary, will eat at laſt. And *Sophia* herſelf, after ſome little Conſideration, began to diſſect the Fowl, which ſhe found to be as full of Eggs as *George* had reported it.

But

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But if she was pleased with these, it contained something which would have delighted the Royal Society much more; for if a Fowl with three Legs be so invaluable a Curiosity, when perhaps Time hath produced a Thousand such, at what Price shall we esteem a Bird which so totally contradicts all the Laws of Animal Œconomy, as to contain a Letter in its Belly? *Ovid* tells us of a Flower into which *Hyacinthus* was metamorphosed, that bears Letters on its Leaves, which *Virgil* recommended as a Miracle to the Royal Society of his Day; but no Age nor Nation hath ever recorded a Bird with a Letter in its Maw.

But though a Miracle of this Kind might have engaged all the *Academies des Sciences* in *Europe*, and perhaps in a fruitless Enquiry, yet the Reader by barely recollecting the last Dialogue which passed between Messieurs *Jones* and *Partridge*, will be very easily satisfied from whence this Letter came, and how it found its Passage into the Fowl.

Sophia, notwithstanding her long Fast, and notwithstanding her favourite Dish was there before her, no sooner saw the Letter

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than she immediately snatched it up, tore it open, and read as follows.

'Madam,

'Was I was not sensible to whom I have 'the Honour of writing, I should endea-'vour, however difficult, to paint the 'Horrors of my Mind, at the Account 'brought me by Mrs. *Honour*: but as Ten-'derness alone can have any true Idea of 'the Pangs which Tenderness is capable of 'feeling; so can this most amiable Quality 'which my *Sophia* possesses in the most e-'minent Degree, sufficiently inform her 'what her *Jones* must have suffered on this 'melancholy Occasion. Is there a Circum-'stance in the World which can heighten 'my Agonies, when I hear of any Misfor-'tune which hath befallen you? Surely 'there is one only, and with that I am ac-'cursed. It is, my *Sophia*, the dreadful 'Consideration that I am myself the wretch-'ed Cause. Perhaps I here do myself too 'much Honour, but none will envy me 'an Honour which costs me so extremely 'dear. Pardon me this Presumption, and 'pardon me the greater still, if I ask you 'whether my Advice, my Assistance, my 'Presence, my Absence, my Death or my 'Tortures can bring you any Relief? Can

'the

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'the moſt perfect Admiration, the moſt
'watchful Obſervant, the moſt ardent Love,
'the moſt melting Tenderneſs, the moſt
'reſigned Submiſſion to your Will, make
'you Amends for what you are to ſacrifice
'to my Happineſs? If they can, fly, my
'lovely Angel, to thoſe Arms which are
'ever open to receive and protect you; and
'to which, whether you bring yourſelf a-
'lone, or the Riches of the World with
'you, is, in my Opinion, an Alternative
'not worth regarding. If, on the contra-
'ry, Wiſdom ſhall predominate, and, on
'the moſt mature Reflection, inform you,
'that the Sacrifice is too great; and if there
'be no Way left to reconcile you to your
'Father, and reſtore the Peace of your
'dear Mind, but by abandoning me, I
'conjure you drive me for ever from your
'Thoughts, exert your Reſolution, and
'let no Compaſſion for my Sufferings bear
'the leaſt Weight in that tender Boſom.
'Believe me, Madam, I ſo ſincerely love
'you better than myſelf, that my great and
'principal End is your Happineſs. My
'firſt Wiſh (why would not Fortune in-
'dulge me in it?) was, and pardon me if I
'ſay, ſtill is to ſee you every Moment the
'happieſt of Women; my ſecond Wiſh is to
'hear you are ſo; but no Miſery on Earth can

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'equal mine, while I think you owe an 'uneasy Moment to him who is,

'Madam,

'In every Sense, and to every Purpose,

'Your devoted

'*Thomas Jones.*'

What *Sophia* said, or did, or thought upon this Letter, how often she read it, or whether more than once, shall all be left to our Reader's Imagination. The Answer to it he may perhaps see hereafter, but not at present; for this Reason, among others, that she did not now write any, and that for several good Causes, one of which was this, she had no Paper, Pen, nor Ink.

In the Evening while *Sophia* was meditating on the Letter she had received, or on something else, a violent Noise from below disturbed her Meditations. This Noise was no other than a round Bout at Altercation between two Persons. One of the Combatants, by his Voice, she immediately distinguished to be her Father; but she did not so soon discover the shriller Pipes to belong to the Organ of her Aunt *Western*, who was just arrived in Town, and having

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having by means of one of her Servants, who ſtopt at the *Hercules Pillars*, learnt where her Brother lodged, ſhe drove directly to his Lodgings.

We ſhall therefore take our Leave at preſent of *Sophia*, and with our uſual Good-Breeding, attend her Ladyſhip.

CHAP. IV.

In which Sophia *is delivered from her Confinement.*

THE Squire and the Parſon (for the Landlord was now otherwiſe engaged) were ſmoaking their Pipes together, when the Arrival of the Lady was firſt ſignified. The Squire no ſooner heard her Name, than he immediately ran down to uſher her up Stairs; for he was a great Obſerver of ſuch Ceremonials, eſpecially to his Siſter, of whom he ſtood more in Awe than of any other human Creature, though he never would own this, nor did he perhaps know it himſelf.

Mrs. *Weſtern*, on her Arrival in the Dining-Room, having flung herſelf into a Chair, began thus to harangue. 'Well,

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'surely no one ever had such an intolerable 'Journey. I think the Roads, since so 'many Turnpike Acts, are grown worse 'than ever. La, Brother, how could you get 'into this odious Place? No Person of Con-'dition, I dare swear, ever set Foot here be-'fore.' 'I don't know, cries the Squire, I 'think they do well enough; it was Land-'lord recommended them. I thought as 'he knew most of the Quality, he could 'best shew me where to get among um.' 'Well, and where's my Niece? says the 'Lady, have you been to wait upon Lady '*Bellaston* yet?' 'Ay, ay, cries the Squire, 'your Niece is safe enough; she is up 'Stairs in Chamber.' 'How, answered the 'Lady, is my Niece in this House, and doth 'she not know of my being here?' No, no Body can well get to her, says the Squire, 'for she is under Lock and Key. I have her 'safe; I vetched her from my Lady Cou-'sin the first Night I came to Town, and 'I have taken Care o' her ever since; she 'is as secure as a Fox in a Bag, I promise 'you.' 'Good Heaven! returned Mrs. '*Western*, what do I hear! I thought what 'a fine Piece of Work would be the Con-'sequence of my Consent to your coming 'to Town yourself; nay, it was indeed 'your own headstrong Will, nor can I

'charge

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'charge myſelf with having ever conſented 'to it. Did not you promiſe me, Bro- 'ther, that you would take none of theſe 'headſtrong Meaſures. Was it not by 'thoſe headſtrong Meaſures that you for- 'ced my Niece to run away from you in 'the Country? Have you a Mind to ob- 'lige her to take ſuch another Step?' 'Z—ds and the Devil, cries the Squire, 'daſhing his Pipe on the Ground, did ever 'Mortal hear the like? when I expected 'you would have commended me for all 'I have done, to be fallen upon in this 'Manner!' 'How! Brother, ſaid the La- 'dy, have I ever given you the leaſt Rea- 'ſon to imagine I ſhould commend you 'for locking up your Daughter? Have I 'not often told you, that Women in a 'free Country are not to be treated with 'ſuch arbitrary Power? We are as free as 'the Men, and I heartily wiſh I could 'not ſay we deſerve that Freedom better. 'If you expect I ſhould ſtay a Moment 'longer in this wretched Houſe, or that I 'ſhould ever own you again as my Rela- 'tion, or that I ſhould ever trouble myſelf 'again with the Affairs of your Family, 'I inſiſt upon it that my Niece be ſet at Li- 'berty this Inſtant.' This ſhe ſpoke with ſo commanding an Air, ſtanding with her

Back

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Back to the Fire, with one Hand behind her, and a Pinch of Snuff in the other, that I queſtion whether *Thaleſtris* at the Head of her Amazons, ever made a more tremendous Figure. It is no Wonder therefore that the poor Squire was not Proof againſt the Awe which ſhe inſpired. There,' he cried, throwing down the Key, 'There it 'is, do whatever you pleaſe. I intended 'only to have kept her up till *Blifil* came 'to Town, which can't be long; and now 'if any Harm happens in the mean Time, 'remember who is to be blamed for it.'

'I will anſwer it with my Life, cry'd 'Mrs. *Weſtern*, but I ſhall not intermeddle 'at all, unleſs upon one Condition, and 'that is, that you will commit the whole 'entirely to my Care, without taking any 'one Meaſure yourſelf, unleſs I ſhall even-'tually appoint you to act. If you ratify 'theſe Preliminaries, Brother, I yet will 'endeavour to preſerve the Honour of 'your Family; if not, I ſhall continue in 'a neutral State.'

'I pray you, good Sir, ſaid the Parſon, 'permit yourſelf this once to be admoniſh-'ed by her Ladyſhip; peradventure by 'communing with young Madam *Sophia*, ſhe will

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'will effect more than you have been able 'to perpetrate by more rigorous Mea-'sures.'

'What doſt thee open upon me?' cries the Squire. 'If thee doſt begin to babble, 'I ſhall whip thee in preſently.'

'Fie, Brother,' anſwered the Lady, 'is 'this Language to a Clergyman? Mr. *Sup-'ple* is a Man of Senſe, and gives you the 'beſt Advice, and the whole World, I 'believe, will concur in his Opinion; but 'I muſt tell you I expect an immediate 'Anſwer to my categorical Propoſals. Ei-'ther cede your Daughter to my Diſpoſal, 'or take her wholly to your own ſur-'prizing Diſcretion, and then I here, be-'fore Mr. *Supple*, evacuate the Garriſon, 'and renounce you and your Family for 'ever.'

'I pray you let me be a Mediator,' cries the Parſon; 'let me ſupplicate you.'

'Why there lies the Key on the Table,' cries the Squire. 'She may take un up, if 'ſhe pleaſes; who hinders her?'

'No,

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'No, Brother,' anſwered the Lady, 'I 'inſiſt on the Formality of its being deli- 'vered me, with a full Ratification of all 'the Conceſſions ſtipulated.'

'Why then I will deliver it to you.— '—There 'tis,' cries the Squire. 'I am 'ſure, Siſter, you can't accuſe me of ever 'denying to truſt my Daughter to you. 'She hath a lived wi' you a whole Year 'and muore to a Time, without my ever 'zeeing her.'

'And it would have been happy for her,' anſwered the Lady, 'if ſhe had always 'lived with me. Nothing of this Kind 'would have happened under my Eye.'

'Ay, certainly,' cries he, 'I only am 'to blame.'

'Why, you are to blame, Brother,' anſwered ſhe, 'I have been often obliged to 'tell you ſo, and ſhall always be obliged 'to tell you ſo. However, I hope you 'will now amend, and gather ſo much 'Experience from paſt Errors, as not 'to defeat my wiſeſt Machinations by 'your Blunders. Indeed, Brother, you

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'are not qualified for these Negotiations. 'All your whole Scheme of Politics is 'wrong. I once more, therefore, insist, 'that you do not intermeddle. Remember only what is past.——

'Z—ds and Bl—d, Sister,' cries the Squire, 'What would you have me say? 'You are enough to provoke the Devil.'

'There now,' said she, 'just according 'to the old Custom. I see, Brother, there 'is no talking to you. I will appeal to Mr. '*Supple*, who is a Man of Sense, if I said 'any Thing which could put any Human 'Creature into a Passion; but you are so 'wrong-headed every Way.'

'Let me beg you, Madam,' said the Parson, 'not to irritate his Worship.'

'Irritate him?' said the Lady;—'Sure 'you are as great a Fool as himself. Well, 'Brother, since you have promised not to 'interfere, I will once more undertake the 'Management of my Neice. Lord have 'Mercy upon all Affairs which are under 'the Directions of Men. The Head of 'one Woman is worth a thousand of you.' And now having summoned a Servant to shew

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ſhew her to *Sophia*, ſhe departed, bearing the Key with her. She was no ſooner gone, than the Squire (having firſt ſhut the Door) ejaculated twenty Bitches, and as many hearty Curſes againſt her, not ſparing himſelf for having ever thought of her Eſtate; but added, 'Now one hath been a Slave ſo 'long, it would be Pity to loſe it at laſt, 'for want of holding out a little longer. 'The Bitch can't live for ever, and I know 'I am down for it upon the Will.'

The Parſon greatly commended this Reſolution; and now the Squire having ordered in another Bottle, which was his uſual Method when any Thing either pleaſed or vexed him, did, by drinking plentifully of this medicinal Julap, ſo totally waſh away his Choler, that his Temper was become perfectly placid and ſerene, when Mrs. *Weſtern* returned with *Sophia* into the Room. The young Lady had on her Hat and Capuchin, and the Aunt acquainted Mr. *Weſtern*, 'that ſhe intended to take her 'Niece with her to her own Lodgings; 'for, indeed, Brother,' ſays ſhe, 'theſe 'Rooms are not fit to receive a Chriſtian 'Soul in.'

'Very

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'Very well, Madam,' quoth *Weſtern*, 'whatever you pleaſe. The Girl can never 'be in better Hands than yours; and the 'Parſon here can do me the Juſtice to ſay, 'that I have ſaid fifty Times behind your 'Back, that you was one of the moſt ſen-'ſible Women in the World.'

'To this,' cries the Parſon, 'I am 'ready to bear Teſtimony.'

'Nay, Brother,' ſays Mrs. *Weſtern*, 'I 'have always, I'm ſure, given you as fa-'vourable a Character. You muſt own 'you have a little too much Haſtineſs in 'your Temper; but when you will allow 'yourſelf Time to reflect, I never knew a 'Man more reaſonable.'

'Why then, Siſter, if you think ſo,' ſaid the Squire, 'here's your good Health 'with all my Heart. I am a little paſ-'ſionate ſometimes, but I ſcorn to bear 'any Malice. *Sophy*, do you be a good 'Girl, and do every Thing your Aunt or-'ders you.'

'I have not the leaſt Doubt of her,' anſwered Mrs. *Weſtern*. 'She hath had al-'ready

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'ready an Example before her Eyes, in 'the Behaviour of that Wretch her Couſin 'Harriot, who ruined herſelf by neglecting 'my Advice.——O Brother, what think 'you? You was hardly gone out of Hear-'ing, when you ſet out for *London*, when 'who ſhould arrive but that impudent Fel-'low with the odious *Iriſh* Name—that 'Fitzpatrick. He broke in abruptly upon 'me without Notice, or I would not have 'ſeen him. He ran on a long, unintelligi-'ble Story about his Wife, to which he 'forced me to give him a Hearing; but 'I made him very little Anſwer, and de-'livered him the Letter from his Wife, 'which I bid him anſwer himſelf. I ſup-'poſe the Wretch will endeavour to find 'us out; but I beg you will not ſee her, 'for I am determined I will not.'

'I zee her?' anſwered the Squire; 'you 'need not fear me. I'll ge no Encourage-'ment to ſuch undutiful Wenches. It is 'well for the Fellow her Huſband, I was 'not at Huome. Od rabbit it, he ſhould 'have taken a Dance thru the Horſe-pond, 'I promiſe un. You zee, *Sophy*, what 'Undutifulneſs brings Volks to do. You 'have an Example in your own Family.' 'Brother,' cries the Aunt, 'you need not 'ſhock

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'ſhock my Niece by ſuch odious Repeti-
'tions. Why will you not leave every
'Thing entirely to me?' 'Well, well; I
'wull, I wull;' ſaid the Squire. And now Mrs. *Weſtern*, luckily for *Sophia*, put an End to the Converſation, by ordering Chairs to be called. I ſay luckily; for had it continued much longer, freſh Matter of Diſſention would, moſt probably, have ariſen between the Brother and Siſter; between whom Education and Sex made the only Difference; for both were equally violent and equally poſitive, they had both a vaſt Affection for *Sophia*, and both a ſovereign Contempt for each other.

CHAP. V.

In which Jones *receives a Letter from* Sophia, *and goes to a Play with Mrs.* Miller *and* Partridge.

THE Arrival of *Black George* in Town, and the good Offices which that grateful Fellow had promiſed to do for his old Benefactor, greatly comforted *Jones* in the Midſt of all the Anxiety and Uneaſineſs which he had ſuffered on the Account of *Sophia*; from whom, by the Means of the ſaid

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ſaid *George*, he received the following Anſwer to his Letter, which *Sophia*, to whom the Uſe of Pen, Ink, and Paper was reſtored with her Liberty, wrote the very Evening when ſhe departed from her Confinement.

'*Sir*,

'As I do not doubt your Sincerity in 'what you write, you will be pleaſed to 'hear that ſome of my Afflictions are at 'an End, by the Arrival of my Aunt '*Weſtern*, with whom I am at preſent, and 'with whom I enjoy all the Liberty I can 'deſire. One Promiſe my Aunt hath in'ſiſted on my making, which is, that I 'will not ſee or converſe with any Perſon 'without her Knowledge and Conſent. 'This Promiſe I have moſt ſolemnly given, 'and ſhall moſt inviolably keep: And tho' 'ſhe hath not expreſly forbidden me writ'ing, yet that muſt be an Omiſſion from 'Forgetfulneſs; or this, perhaps, is in'cluded in the Word converſing. How'ever, as I cannot but conſider this as a 'Breach of her generous Confidence in my 'Honour, you cannot expect that I ſhall, 'after this, continue to write myſelf, or to 'receive Letters without her Knowledge. 'A Promiſe is with me a very ſacred

'Thing,

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'Thing, and to be extended to every 'Thing underſtood from it, as well as to 'what is expreſſed by it; and this Conſi-'deration may perhaps, on Reflection, af-'ford you ſome Comfort. But why ſhould 'I mention a Comfort to you of this Kind? 'For though there is one Thing in which 'I can never comply with the beſt of Fa-'thers, yet am I firmly reſolved never to 'act in Defiance of him, or to take any 'Step of Conſequence without his Conſent. 'A firm Perſwaſion of this, muſt teach you 'to divert your Thoughts from what For-'tune hath (perhaps) made impoſſible: 'This your own Intereſt perſuades you. 'This may reconcile you, I hope, to Mr. '*Allworthy*; and if it will, you have my 'Injunctions to purſue it. Accidents have 'laid ſome Obligations on me, your good 'Intentions probably more. Fortune may, 'perhaps, be ſometimes kinder to us both 'than at preſent. Believe this, that I ſhall 'always think of you as I think you de-'ſerve, and am,

Sir,

Your Obliged Humble Servant,

Sophia Weſtern.'

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'I charge you write to me no more—'at preſent at leaſt; and accept this, which 'is now of no Service to me, which I know 'you muſt want, and think you owe the 'Trifle only to that Fortune by which you 'found it.*

A Child who hath juſt learnt his Letters, would have ſpelt this Letter out in leſs Time than *Jones* took in reading it. The Senſations it occaſioned were a Mixture of Joy and Grief; ſomewhat like what divide the Mind of a good Man, when he peruſes the Will of his deceaſed Friend, in which a large Legacy, which his Diſtreſſes make the more welcome, is bequeathed to him. Upon the whole, however, he was more pleaſed than diſpleaſed; and indeed the Reader may probably wonder that he was diſpleaſed at all; but the Reader is not quite ſo much in Love as was poor *Jones*: And Love is a Diſeaſe, which, tho' it may in ſome Inſtances reſemble a Conſumption, (which it ſometimes cauſes) in others proceeds in direct Oppoſition to it, and particularly in this, that it never flatters itſelf, or ſees any one Symptom in a favourable Light.

* Meaning, perhaps, the Bank-bill for 100*l.*

One

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One Thing gave him complete Satisfaction, which was, that his Miſtreſs had regained her Liberty, and was now with a Lady where ſhe might at leaſt aſſure herſelf of a decent Treatment. Another comfortable Circumſtance, was the Reference which ſhe made to her Promiſe of never marrying any other Man: For however diſintereſted he might imagine his Paſſion, and notwithſtanding all the generous Overtures made in his Letter, I very much queſtion whether he could have heard a more afflicting Piece of News, than that *Sophia* was married to another tho' the Match had been never ſo great, and never ſo likely to end in making her completely happy. That refined Degree of *Platonic* Affection which is abſolutely detached from the Fleſh, and is indeed entirely and purely ſpiritual, is a Gift confined to the female Part of the Creation; many of whom I have heard declare, (and doubtleſs with great Truth) that they would, with the utmoſt Readineſs, reſign a Lover to a Rival, when ſuch Reſignation was proved to be neceſſary for the temporal Intereſt of ſuch Lover. Hence, therefore, I conclude, that this Affection is

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in Nature, though I cannot pretend to ſay, I have ever ſeen an Inſtance of it.

Mr. *Jones* having ſpent three Hours in reading and kiſſing the aforeſaid Letter, and being, at laſt, in a State of good Spirits, from the laſt-mentioned Conſiderations, he agreed to carry an Appointment which he had before made into Execution. This was to attend Mrs. *Miller* and her younger Daughter into the Gallery at the Playhouſe, and to admit Mr. *Partridge* as one of the Company. For as *Jones* had really that Taſte for Humour which many affect, he expected to enjoy much Entertainment in the Criticiſms of *Partridge*; from whom he expected the ſimple Dictates of Nature, unimproved indeed, but likewiſe unadulterated by Art.

In the firſt Row then of the firſt Gallery did Mr. *Jones*, Mrs. *Miller*, her youngeſt Daughter, and *Partridge* take their Places. *Partridge* immediately declared, it was the fineſt Place he had ever been in. When the firſt Muſick was played, he ſaid, 'It 'was a Wonder how ſo many Fidlers 'could play at one Time, without putting 'one another out.' While the Fellow was lighting the upper Candles, he cry'd out to

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to Mrs. *Miller*, 'Look, look, Madam, 'the very Picture of the Man in the End 'of the Common-Prayer Book, before the 'Gunpowder-Treaſon Service:' Nor could he help obſerving, with a Sigh, when all the Candles were lighted, 'That here were 'Candles enough burnt in one Night, to 'keep an honeſt poor Family for a whole 'Twelvemonth.'

As ſoon as the Play, which was *Hamlet* Prince of *Denmark*, began, *Partridge* was all Attention, nor did he break Silence till the Entrance of the Ghoſt; upon which he aſked *Jones*, 'what Man that was in the 'ſtrange Dreſs; ſomething,' ſaid he, 'like 'what I have ſeen in a Picture. Sure it is 'not Armour, is it?' *Jones* anſwered, 'That is the Ghoſt.' To which *Partridge* replied with a Smile, 'Perſwade me to that, 'Sir, if you can. Though I can't ſay I 'ever actually ſaw a Ghoſt in my Life, 'yet I am certain I ſhould know one, if I 'ſaw him, better than that comes to. No, 'no, Sir, Ghoſts don't appear in ſuch 'Dreſſes as that, neither.' In this Miſtake, which cauſed much Laughter in the Neighbourhood of *Partridge*, he was ſuffered to continue, 'till the Scene between the *Ghoſt* and *Hamlet*, when *Partridge* gave

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that Credit to Mr. *Garrick*, which he had denied to *Jones*, and fell into so violent a Trembling, that his Knees knocked against each other. *Jones* asked him what was the Matter, and whether he was afraid of the Warrior upon the Stage? 'O la! Sir,' said he, 'I perceive now it is what you told 'me. I am not afraid of any Thing; for 'I know it is but a Play: And if it was 'really a Ghost, it could do one no Harm 'at such a Distance, and in so much Com-'pany; and yet if I was frightened, I am 'not the only Person.' 'Why, who,' cries *Jones*, 'dost thou take to be such a 'Coward here besides thyself?' 'Nay, you 'may call me Coward if you will; but if 'that little Man there upon the Stage is 'not frightned, I never saw any Man 'frightned in my Life. Ay, ay; *go along 'with you!* Ay, to be sure! Who's Fool 'then? Will you? Lud have Mercy upon 'such Fool-Hardiness!——Whatever hap-'pens, it is good enough for you. ——— '*Follow you?* I'd follow the Devil as soon. 'Nay, perhaps, it is the Devil——for they 'say he can put on what Likeness he 'pleases.——Oh! here he is again.—— '*No farther!* No, you have gone far e-'nough already; farther than I'd have 'gone for all the King's Dominions.' *Jones* offered

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offered to ſpeak, but *Partridge* cried, 'Huſh, huſh, dear Sir, don't you hear 'him!' And during the whole Speech of the Ghoſt, he ſat with his Eyes fixed partly on the Ghoſt, and partly on *Hamlet*, and with his Mouth open; the ſame Paſſions which ſucceeded each other in *Hamlet*, ſucceeding likewiſe in him.

When the Scene was over, *Jones* ſaid, 'Why, *Partridge*, you exceed my Ex-'pectations. You enjoy the Play more 'than I conceived poſſible.' 'Nay, Sir, anſwered *Partridge*, 'if you are not afraid 'of the Devil, I can't help it; but to be 'ſure it is natural to be ſurprized at ſuch 'Things, though I know there is nothing 'in them: Not that it was the Ghoſt that 'ſurprized me neither; for I ſhould have 'known that to have been only a Man in a 'ſtrange Dreſs: But when I ſaw the little 'Man ſo frightned himſelf, it was that 'which took Hold of me.' 'And doſt 'thou imagine then, *Partridge*,' cries *Jones*, 'that he was really frightned?' 'Nay, Sir,' ſaid *Partridge*, 'did not you yourſelf obſerve 'afterwards, when he found out it was his 'own Father's Spirit, and how he was 'murdered in the Garden, how his Fear 'forſook him by Degrees, and he was ſtruck

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'dumb with Sorrow, as it were, just as I 'should have been, had it been my own 'Case.——But hush! O la! What Noise 'is that? There he is again.——Well, to 'be certain, though I know there is no-'thing at all in it, I am glad I am not 'down yonder, where those Men are.' Then turning his Eyes again upon *Hamlet*, 'Ay, 'you may draw your Sword; what signi-'fies a Sword against the Power of the 'Devil?'

During the second Act, *Partridge* made very few Remarks. He greatly admired the Fineness of the Dresses; nor could he help observing upon the King's Countenance. 'Well,' said he, 'how People 'may be deceived by Faces? *Nulla fides* '*fronti* is, I find, a true Saying. Who 'would think, by looking in the King's 'Face, that he had ever committed a Mur-'der?' He then enquired after the Ghost; but *Jones*, who intended he should be surprized, gave him no other Satisfaction, than 'that he might possibly see him a-'gain soon, and in a Flash of Fire.'

Partridge sat in fearful Expectation of this; and now when the Ghost made his next Appearance, *Partridge* cried out, 'There, Sir, now; what say you now? Is he 'frightned

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'frightned now or no? As much frightned 'as you think me, and, to be ſure, no 'Body can help ſome Fears, I would not 'be in ſo bad a Condition as what's his 'Name, Squire *Hamlet*, is there, for all 'the World. Bleſs me! What's become 'of the Spirit? As I am a living Soul, I 'thought I ſaw him ſink into the Earth.' 'Indeed, you ſaw right,' anſwered *Jones*. 'Well, well,' cries *Partridge*, 'I know 'it is only a Play; and beſides, if there 'was any Thing in all this, Madam *Miller* 'would not laugh ſo: For as to you, Sir, 'you would not be afraid, I believe, if 'the Devil was here in Perſon.——There, 'there——Ay, no Wonder you are in 'ſuch a Paſſion; ſhake the vile wicked 'Wretch to Pieces. If ſhe was my own 'Mother I ſhould ſerve her ſo. To be 'ſure, all Duty to a Mother is forfeited by 'ſuch wicked Doings.——Ay, go about 'your Buſineſs; I hate the Sight of 'you.'

Our Critic was now pretty ſilent till the Play, which *Hamlet* introduces before the King. This he did not at firſt underſtand, 'till *Jones* explained it to him; but he no ſooner entered into the Spirit of it, than he began to bleſs himſelf that he had never

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committed Murder. Then turning to Mrs. *Miller*, he asked her, 'If she did not imagine the King looked as if he was touched; though he is,' said he, 'a good Actor, and doth all he can to hide it. 'Well, I would not have so much to answer for, as that wicked Man there hath, 'to sit upon a much higher Chair than he 'sits upon.——No wonder he run away; 'for your Sake I'll never trust an innocent 'Face again.'

The Grave-digging Scene next engaged the Attention of *Partridge*, who expressed much Surprize at the Number of Skulls thrown upon the Stage. To which *Jones* answered, 'That it was one of the 'most famous Burial-Places about Town.' 'No wonder then,' cries *Partridge*, 'that 'the Place is haunted. But I never saw 'in my Life a worse Grave-digger. I had 'a Sexton, when I was Clerk, that should 'have dug three Graves while he is digging one. The Fellow handles a Spade 'as if it was the first Time he had ever 'had one in his Hand. Ay, ay, you may 'sing. You had rather sing than work, 'I believe.'——Upon *Hamlet*'s taking up the Skull, he cry'd out, 'Well, it is strange 'to see how fearless some Men are: I 'never

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'never could bring myself to touch any 'Thing belonging to a dead Man on any 'Account.—He seemed frightned enough 'too at the Ghost I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*'

Little more worth remembring occurred during the Play; at the End of which *Jones* asked him, 'which of the Players he 'had liked best?' To this he answered, with some Appearance of Indignation at the Question, 'The King without Doubt.' 'Indeed, Mr. *Partridge*,' says Mrs. *Miller*, 'you are not of the same Opinion with the 'Town; for they are all agreed, that *Hamlet* is acted by the best Player who was 'ever on the Stage.' 'He the best Player!' cries *Partridge* with a contemptuous Sneer, 'why I could act as well as he myself. I 'am sure if I had seen a Ghost, I should 'have looked in the very same Manner, 'and done just as he did. And then, to 'be sure, in that Scene, as you called it, 'between him and his Mother, where you 'told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help 'me, any Man, that is, any good Man, 'that had had such a Mother, would have 'done exactly the same. I know you are 'only joking with me; but, indeed, Ma'dam, though I was never at a Play in '*London*, yet I have seen acting before in 'the

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'the Country; and the King for my Money; he speaks all his Words distinctly, 'half as loud again as the other.——Any 'Body may see he is an Actor.'

While Mrs. *Miller* was thus engaged in Conversation with *Partridge*, a Lady came up to Mr. *Jones*, whom he immediately knew to be Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*. She said, she had seen him from the other Part of the Gallery, and had taken that Opportunity of speaking to him, as she had something to say, which might be of great Service to himself. She then acquainted him with her Lodgings, and made him an Appointment the next Day in the Morning; which, upon Recollection, she presently changed to the Afternoon; at which Time *Jones* promised to attend her.

Thus ended the Adventure at the Playhouse; where *Partridge* had afforded great Mirth, not only to *Jones* and Mrs. *Miller*, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said, than to any Thing that passed on the Stage.

He durst not go to Bed all that Night, for Fear of the Ghost, and for many Nights after,

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ter, ſweat two or three Hours before he went to ſleep, with the ſame Apprehenſions, and waked ſeveral Times in great Horrors, crying out, 'Lord have Mercy upon us! there 'it is.'

CHAP. VI.

In which the Hiſtory is obliged to look back.

IT is almoſt impoſſible for the beſt Parent to obſerve an exact Impartiality to his Children, even though no ſuperior Merit ſhould biaſs his Affection; but ſure a Parent can hardly be blamed, when that Superiority determines his Preference.

As I regard all the Perſonages of this Hiſtory in the Light of my Children, ſo I muſt confeſs the ſame Inclination of Partiality to *Sophia*; and for that I hope the Reader will allow me the ſame Excuſe, from the Superiority of her Character.

This extraordinary Tenderneſs, which I have for my Heroine, never ſuffers me to quit her any long Time without the utmoſt Reluctance. I could now, therefore, return impatiently to enquire what hath happened to this lovely Creature ſince her Departure

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from her Father's, but that I am obliged first to pay a short Visit to Mr. *Blifil*.

Mr. *Western*, in the first Confusion into which his Mind was cast, upon the sudden News he received of his Daughter, and in his first Hurry to go after her, had not once thought of sending any Account of the Discovery to *Blifil*. He had not gone far, however, before he recollected himself, and accordingly stopt at the very first Inn he came to, and dispatched away a Messenger to acquaint *Blifil* with his having found *Sophia*, and with his firm Resolution to marry her to him immediately, if he would come up after him to Town.

As the Love which *Blifil* had for *Sophia* was of that violent Kind, which nothing but the Loss of her Fortune, or some such Accident, could lessen, his Inclination to the Match was not at all altered by her having run away, though he was obliged to lay this to his own Account. He very readily, therefore, embraced this Offer. Indeed, he now proposed the Gratification of a very strong Passion besides Avarice, by marrying this young Lady, and this was Hatred: For he concluded that Matrimony afforded an equal Opportunity of satisfying either Hatred or Love; and this Opinion is very pro-

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probably verified by much Experience. To say the Truth, if we are to judge by the ordinary Behaviour of married Persons to each other, we shall, perhaps, be apt to conclude, that the Generality seek the Indulgence of the former Passion only in their Union of every Thing but of Hearts.

There was one Difficulty, however, in his Way, and this arose from Mr. *Allworthy*. That good Man, when he found by the Departure of *Sophia*, (for neither that, nor the Cause of it, could be concealed from him) the great Aversion which she had for his Nephew, began to be seriously concerned that he had been deceived into carrying Matters so far. He by no Means concurred with the Opinions of those Parents, who think it as immaterial to consult the Inclinations of their Children in the Affair of Marriage, as to solicit the good Pleasure of their Servants when they intend to take a Journey; and who are, by Law or Decency at least, withheld often from using absolute Force. On the contrary, as he esteemed the Institution to be of the most sacred Kind, he thought every preparatory Caution necessary to preserve it holy and inviolate; and very wisely concluded, that the surest Way to effect this, was by laying the Foundation in previous Affection.

Blifil

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Blifil indeed ſoon cured his Uncle of all Anger on the Score of Deceit, by many Vows and Proteſtations that he had been deceived himſelf, with which the many Declarations of *Weſtern* very well tallied; but now to perſuade *Allworthy* to conſent to the renewing his Addreſſes, was a Matter of ſuch apparent Difficulty, that the very Appearance was ſufficient to have deterred a leſs enterprizing Genius; but this young Gentleman ſo well knew his own Talents, that nothing within the Province of Cunning, ſeemed to him hard to be atchieved.

Here then he repreſented the Violence of his own Affection, and the Hopes of ſubduing Averſion in the Lady by Perſeverance. He begged that in an Affair on which depended all his future Repoſe, he might at leaſt be at Liberty to try all fair Means for Succeſs. Heaven forbid, he ſaid, that he ſhould ever think of prevailing by any other than the moſt gentle Methods. 'Beſides, Sir, ſaid he, if they fail, you may 'then (which will be ſurely time enough) 'deny your Conſent.' He urged the great and eager Deſire which Mr. *Weſtern* had for the Match, and laſtly, he made great Uſe of the Name of *Jones*, to whom he imputed all

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all that had happened, and from whom, he ſaid, to preſerve ſo valuable a young Lady was even an Act of Charity.

All theſe Arguments were well ſeconded by *Thwackum*, who dwelt a little ſtronger on the Authority of Parents than Mr. *Blifil* himſelf had done. He aſcribed the Meaſures which Mr. *Blifil* was deſirous to take to Chriſtian Motives; 'and though,' ſays he, 'the good young Gentleman hath mentioned Charity laſt, I am almoſt convinced 'it is his firſt and principal Conſideration.'

Square, poſſibly, had he been preſent, would have ſung to the ſame Tune, though in a different Key, and would have diſcovered much Moral Fitneſs in the Proceeding; but he was now gone to *Bath* for the Recovery of his Health.

Allworthy, though not without Reluctance, at laſt yielded to the Deſires of his Nephew. He ſaid, he would accompany him to *London*, where he might be at Liberty to uſe every honeſt Endeavour to gain the Lady: 'But I declare,' ſaid he, 'I will 'never give my Conſent to any abſolute 'Force being put on her Inclinations, nor 'ſhall

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'shall you ever have her, unless she can be 'brought freely to Compliance.'

Thus did the Affection of *Allworthy* for his Nephew, betray the superiour Understanding to be triumphed over by the inferiour; and thus is the Prudence of the best of Heads often defeated by the Tenderness of the best of Hearts.

Blifil having obtained this unhoped for Acquiescence in his Uncle, rested not till he carried his Purpose into Execution. And as no immediate Business required Mr. *Allworthy*'s Presence in the Country, and little Preparation is necessary to Men for a Journey, they set out the very next Day, and arrived in Town that Evening when Mr. *Jones*, as we have seen, was diverting himself with *Partridge* at the Play.

The Morning after his Arrival, Mr. *Blifil* waited on Mr. *Western*, by whom he was most kindly and graciously received, and from whom he had every possible Assurance (perhaps more than was possible) that he should very shortly be as happy as *Sophia* could make him; nor would the Squire suffer the young Gentleman to return to his Uncle, till he had, almost against his Will, carried him to his Sister.

CHAP.

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CHAP. VII.

In which Mr. Weſtern, *pays a Viſit to his Siſter, in company with Mr.* Blifil.

MRS. *Weſtern* was reading a Lecture on Prudence, and Matrimonial Politics to her Niece, when her Brother and *Blifil* broke in with leſs Ceremony than the Laws of Viſiting require. *Sophia* no ſooner ſaw *Blifil*, than ſhe turned pale, and almoſt loſt the Uſe of all her Faculties; but her Aunt on the contrary waxed red, and having all her Faculties at Command, began to exert her Tongue on the Squire.

'Brother,' ſaid ſhe, 'I am aſtoniſhed 'at your Behaviour, will you never learn 'any Regard to Decorum? Will you ſtill 'look upon every Apartment as your own, 'or as belonging to one of your Coun-'try Tenants? Do you think yourſelf 'at Liberty to invade the Privacies of 'Women of Condition, without the leaſt 'Decency or Notice?'——'Why, what, 'a Pox! is the Matter now, quoth the 'Squire, one would think, I had caught you 'at——— None of your Brutality, Sir, I 'beſeech you,' anſwered ſhe.——You have 'ſurprized

'surprized my poor Niece so, that she can 'hardly, I see, support herself. —— Go, 'my dear, retire, and endeavour to recruit 'your Spirits; for I see you have Occa-'sion.' At which Words, *Sophia*, who never received a more welcome Command, hastily withdrew.

'To be sure, Sister,' cries the Squire, 'you are mad, when I have brought Mr. '*Blifil* here to court her, to force her 'away.'

'Sure, Brother,' says she, 'you are 'worse than mad, when you know in 'what Situation Affairs are, to —— I am 'sure, I ask Mr. *Blifil* pardon, but he 'knows very well to whom to impute so 'disagreeable a Reception. For my own 'part, I am sure, I shall always be very glad 'to see Mr. *Blifil*; but his own good Sense 'would not have suffered him to proceed 'so abruptly, had you not compelled him 'to it.'

Blifil bowed and stammered and looked like a Fool; but *Western* without giving him time to form a Speech for the Purpose, answered, 'Well, well, I am to blame if 'you will, I always am, certainly; but 'come,

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'come, let the Girl be fetched back again, 'or let Mr. *Blifil* go to her — He's come 'up on Purpoſe, and there is no time to 'be loſt.'

'Brother,' cries Mrs. *Weſtern*, 'Mr. '*Blifil*, I am confident, underſtands him-'ſelf better than to think of ſeeing my 'Niece any more this Morning after what 'hath happened. Women are of a nice 'Contexture, and our Spirits when diſor-'dered are not to be recompoſed in a Mo-'ment. Had you ſuffered Mr. *Blifil* to 'have ſent his Compliments to my Niece, 'and to have deſired the Favour of waiting 'on her in the Afternoon, I ſhould poſſibly 'have prevailed on her to have ſeen him; 'but now I deſpair of bringing about any 'ſuch Matter.'

'I am very ſorry, Madam,' cried *Blifil*, 'that Mr. *Weſtern*'s extraordinary Kindneſs 'to me, which I can never enough ac-'knowledge, ſhould have occaſioned——' 'Indeed, Sir,' ſaid ſhe interrupting him, 'you need make no Apologies, we all 'know my Brother ſo well.'

'I don't care what any Body knows of 'me,' anſwered the Squire,— 'but when muſt he come to ſee her; for conſider, I

'tell

'tell you, he is a come up on purpoſe, and ſo 'is *Allworthy*.' 'Brother,' ſaid ſhe, 'whatever Meſſage Mr. *Blifil* thinks proper to 'ſend to my Niece, ſhall be delivered to her, and I ſuppoſe ſhe will want no Inſtructions to make a proper Anſwer. I 'am convinced ſhe will not refuſe to ſee 'Mr. *Blifil* at a proper Time.'——'The Devil ſhe won't,' anſwered the Squire.—'Odſbud!—Don't we know——I ſay nothing, but ſome Volk are wiſer than all 'the World.——If I might have had my 'will, ſhe had not run away before: And 'now I expect to hear every Moment ſhe 'is guone again. For as great a Fool as 'ſome Volk think me, I know very well 'ſhe hates'——'No Matter, Brother,' replied Mrs. *Weſtern*, 'I will not 'hear my Niece abuſed. It is a Reflection 'on my Family. She is an Honour to 'it, and ſhe will be an Honour to it, I 'promiſe you. I will pawn my whole Reputation in the World on her Conduct.—'I ſhall be glad to ſee you, Brother, in the 'Afternoon; for I have ſomewhat of Importance to mention to you.——At preſent Mr. *Blifil*, as well as you, muſt excuſe me, for I am in haſte to dreſs.'——'Well but,' ſaid the Squire, 'do, appoint 'a Time.'—'Indeed,' ſaid ſhe, 'I can

'appoint

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'appoint no Time.— I tell you, I will ſee 'you in the Afternoon.'—'What the De-'vil would you have me do,' cries the Squire, turning to *Blifil*, 'I can no more 'turn her, than a Beagle can turn an old 'Hare. Perhaps, ſhe will be in a better 'Humour in the Afternoon.'— 'I am 'condemned, I ſee, Sir, to Misfortune,' anſwered *Blifil*, 'but I ſhall always own my 'Obligations to you.'——— He then took a ceremonious Leave of Mrs. *Weſtern*, who was altogether as ceremonious on her Part, and then they departed, the Squire muttering to himſelf with an Oath, that *Blifil* ſhould ſee his Daughter in the Afternoon.

If Mr. *Weſtern* was little pleaſed with this Interview, *Blifil* was leſs. As to the former, he imputed the whole Behaviour of his Siſter to her Humour only, and to her Diſſatisfaction at the omiſſion of Ceremony in the Viſit; but *Blifil* ſaw a little deeper into Things. He ſuſpected ſomewhat of more Conſequence, from two or three Words which dropt from the Lady; and, to ſay the Truth, he ſuſpected right, as will appear when I have unfolded the ſeveral Matters which will be contained in the following Chapter.

CHAP.

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CHAP. VIII.

Schemes of Lady Bellaſton *for the Ruin of* Jones.

LOVE had taken too deep a Root in the Mind of Lord *Fellamar* to be plucked up by the rude Hands of Mr. *Weſtern*. In the Heat of Reſentment he had indeed given a Commiſſion to Captain *Egglane*, which the Captain had far exceeded in the Execution; nor had it been executed at all, had his Lordſhip been able to find the Captain after he had ſeen Lady *Bellaſton*, which was in the Afternoon of the Day after he had received the Affront; but ſo induſtrious was the Captain in the Diſcharge of his Duty, that having after long Enquiry found out the Squire's Lodgings very late in the Evening, he ſat up all Night at a Tavern, that he might not miſs the Squire in the Morning, and by that Means miſſed the Revocation which my Lord had ſent to his Lodgings.

In the Afternoon then next after the intended Rape of *Sophia*, his Lordſhip, as we have ſaid, made a Viſit to Lady *Bellaſton*,

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ſton, who laid open ſo much of the Character of the Squire, that his Lordſhip plainly ſaw the Abſurdity he had been guilty of in taking any Offence at his Words, eſpecially as he had thoſe honourable Deſigns on his Daughter. He then unboſomed the violence of his Paſſion to Lady *Bellaſton*, who readily undertook the Cauſe, and encouraged him with certain Aſſurance of a moſt favourable Reception, from all the Elders of the Family, and from the Father himſelf when he ſhould be ſober, and ſhould be made acquainted with the Nature of the Offer made to his Daughter. The only Danger, ſhe ſaid, lay in the Fellow ſhe had formerly mentioned, who, though a Beggar and a Vagabond, had by ſome Means or other, ſhe knew not what, procured himſelf tolerable Cloaths, and paſt for a Gentleman. 'Now,' ſays ſhe, 'as I have, for 'the ſake of my Couſin, made it my Buſineſs to enquire after this Fellow, I have 'luckily found out his Lodging; with which ſhe then acquainted his Lordſhip. 'I am thinking, my Lord,' added ſhe, '(for 'this Fellow is too mean for your perſonal 'Reſentment) whether it would not be poſſible for your Lordſhip to contrive ſome 'Method of having him preſſed and ſent 'on board a Ship. Neither Law nor Con-

'ſcience

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'science forbid this Project: for the Fellow, I promise you, however well dreſt, 'is but a Vagabond, and as proper as any 'Fellow in the Streets to be preſſed into the 'Service; and as for the conſcientious 'Part, ſurely the Preſervation of a young 'Lady from ſuch Ruin is a moſt meritorious Act; nay, with regard to the Fellow himſelf, unleſs he could ſucceed '(which Heaven forbid) with my Couſin, it 'may probably be the means of preſerving 'him from the Galllows, and perhaps may 'make his Fortune in an honeſt Way.'

Lord *Fellamar* very heartily thanked her Ladyſhip, for the Part which ſhe was pleaſed to take in the Affair, upon the Succeſs of which his whole future Happineſs entirely depended. He ſaid, he ſaw at preſent no Objection to the preſſing Scheme, and would conſider of putting it in Execution. He then moſt earneſtly recommended to her Ladyſhip, to do him the Honour of immediately mentioning his Propoſals to the Family; to whom he ſaid, he offered a *Carte Blanche*, and would ſettle his Fortune in almoſt any manner they ſhould require. And after uttering many Extaſies and Raptures concerning *Sophia*, he took his leave and departed, but not before

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fore he had received the ſtrongeſt Charge to be ware of *Jones*, and to loſe no time in ſecuring his Perſon where he ſhould no longer be in a Capacity of making any Attempts to the Ruin of the young Lady.

The Moment Mrs. *Weſtern* was arrived at her Lodgings, a Card was diſpatched with her Compliments to Lady *Bellaſton*; who no ſooner received it, than with the Impatience of a Lover, ſhe flew to her Couſin, rejoiced at this fair Opportunity, which beyond her Hopes offered itſelf: for ſhe was much better pleaſed with the Proſpect of making the Propoſals to a Woman of Senſe, and who knew the World, than to a Gentleman whom ſhe honoured with the Appellation of *Hottentot*; though indeed from him ſhe apprehended no Danger of a Refuſal.

The two Ladies being met, after very ſhort previous Ceremonials, fell to Buſineſs, which was indeed almoſt as ſoon concluded as begun; for Mrs. *Weſtern* no ſooner heard the Name of Lord *Fellamar* than her Cheeks glowed with Pleaſure; but when ſhe was acquainted with the Eagerneſs of his Paſſion, the Earneſtneſs of his Propoſals, and the Generoſity of his Offer, ſhe

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declared her full Satisfaction in the moſt explicit Terms.

In the Progreſs of their Converſation their Diſcourſe turned to *Jones*, and both Couſins very pathetically lamented the unfortunate Attachment, which both agreed, *Sophia* had to that young Fellow; and Mrs. *Weſtern* entirely attributed it to the Folly of her Brother's Management. She concluded however at laſt, with declaring her Confidence in the good Underſtanding of her Niece, who though ſhe would not give up her Affection in Favour of *Blifil*, will, I doubt not, ſays ſhe, ſoon be prevailed upon to ſacrifice a ſimple Inclination to the Addreſſes of a fine Gentleman, who brings her both a Title and a large Eſtate: For indeed,' added ſhe, 'I muſt do *Sophy* the 'Juſtice to confeſs, this *Blifil* is but a hideous 'kind of Fellow, as you know, *Bellaſton*, 'all Country Gentlemen are, and hath no'thing but his Fortune to recommend 'him.'

'Nay,' ſaid Lady *Bellaſton*, 'I don't 'then ſo much wonder at my Couſin; for 'I promiſe you, this *Jones* is a very agree'able Fellow, and hath one Virtue which 'the Men ſay is a great Recommendation 'to

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'to us. What do you think, *Bel*—I ſhall 'certainly make you laugh; nay, I can hardly 'tell you myſelf for laughing?—Will you 'believe that the Fellow hath had the Aſ-'ſurance to make Love to me? But if you 'ſhould be inclined to diſbelieve it, here is 'Evidence enough, his own Hand-writing, 'I aſſure you.' She then delivered her Couſin the Letter with the Propoſals of Marriage, which if the Reader hath a Deſire to ſee, he will find already on Record in the XVth Book of this Hiſtory.

'Upon my Word, I am aſtoniſhed,' ſaid Mrs. *Weſtern*, 'this is indeed a Maſter-'piece of Aſſurance. With your leave, I 'may poſſibly make ſome uſe of this Letter; 'You have my full Liberty,' cries Lady *Bellaſton*,' 'to apply it to what Purpoſe you 'pleaſe. However, I would not have it 'ſhewn to any but Miſs *Weſtern*, nor to her 'unleſs you find Occaſion.' 'Well, and 'how did you uſe the Fellow?' returned Mrs. *Weſtern*. 'Not as a Huſband,' ſaid the Lady, 'I am not married, I promiſe you, 'my Dear. You know, *Bell*, I have try'd 'the Comforts once already, and once I think 'is enough for any reaſonable Woman.'

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This Letter Lady *Bellaston* thought would certainly turn the Balance against *Jones* in the Mind of *Sophia*, and she was emboldened to give it up, partly by her Hopes of having him instantly dispatched out of the way, and partly by having secured the Evidence of *Honour*, who, upon sounding her, she saw sufficient Reason to imagine, was prepared to testify whatever she pleased.

But perhaps the Reader may wonder why Lady *Bellaston*, who in her Heart hated *Sophia*, should be so desirous of promoting a Match, which was so much to the Interest of the young Lady. Now I would desire such Readers to look carefully into human Nature, Page almost the last, and there he will find, in scarce legible Characters, that Women, notwithstanding the preposterous Behaviour of Mothers, Aunts, &c. in matrimonial Matters, do in Reality think it so great a Misfortune to have their Inclinations in Love thwarted, that they imagine they ought never to carry Enmity higher than upon these Disappointments; again he will find it written much about the same Place, that a Woman who hath once been pleased with the Possession of a Man, will go

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go above half way to the Devil, to prevent any other Woman from enjoying the same.

If he will not be contented with these Reasons, I freely confess I see no other Motive to the Actions of that Lady, unless we will conceive she was bribed by Lord *Fellamar*, which for my own Part I see no Cause to suspect.

Now this was the Affair which Mrs. *Western* was preparing to introduce to *Sophia*, by some prefatory Discourse on the Folly of Love, and on the Wisdom of legal Prostitution for Hire, when her Brother and *Blifil* broke abruptly in upon her; and hence arose all that Coldness in her Behaviour to *Blifil*, which tho' the Squire, as was usual with him, imputed to a wrong Cause, infused into *Blifil* himself, (he being a much more cunning Man,) a Suspicion of the real Truth.

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CHAP. IX.

In which Jones *pays a Visit to Mrs.* Fitzpatrick.

THE Reader may now perhaps be pleased to return with us to Mr. *Jones*, who at the appointed Hour attended on Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; but before we relate the Conversation which now past, it may be proper, according to our Method, to return a little back, and to account for so great an Alteration of Behaviour in this Lady, that from changing her Lodging principally to avoid Mr. *Jones*, she had now industriously, as hath been seen, sought this Interview.

And here we shall need only to resort to what happened the preceding Day, when hearing from Lady *Bellaston*, that Mr. *Western* was arrived in Town, she went to pay her Duty to him, at his Lodgings at *Piccadilly*, when she was received with many scurvy Compellations too coarse to be repeated, and was even threatned to be kicked out of Doors. From hence an old Servant of her Aunt *Western*, with whom she was well acquainted, conducted her to the Lodgings of that Lady,

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Lady, who treated her, not more kindly, but more politely; or, to say the Truth, with Rudeness in another Way. In short, she returned from both, plainly convinced not only that her Scheme of Reconciliation had proved abortive, but that she must for ever give over all Thoughts of bringing it about by any Means whatever. From this Moment Desire of Revenge only filled her Mind; and in this Temper meeting *Jones* at the Play, an Opportunity seemed to her to occur of effecting this Purpose.

The Reader must remember, that he was acquainted by Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, in the Account she gave of her own Story, with the Fondness Mrs. *Western* had formerly shewn for Mr. *Fitzpatrick* at *Bath*, from the Disappointment of which, Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* derived the great Bitterness her Aunt had expressed toward her. She had therefore no Doubt but that the good Lady would as easily listen to the Addresses of of Mr. *Jones*, as she had before done to the other, for the Superiority of Charms was clearly on the side of Mr. *Jones*, and the Advance which her Aunt had since made in Age, she concluded (how justly I will not say)

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was an Argument rather in Favour of her Project than against it.

Therefore, when *Jones* attended after a previous Declaration of her Desire of serving him, arising, as she said, from a firm Assurance how much she should by so doing oblige *Sophia*; and after some Excuses for her former Disappointment, and after acquainting Mr. *Jones* in whose Custody his Mistress was, of which she thought him ignorant; she very explicitly mentioned her Scheme to him, and advised him to make sham Addresses to the older Lady, in order to procure an easy Access to the Younger, informing him at the same time of the Success which Mr. *Fitzpatrick* had formerly owed to the very same Stratagem.

Mr. *Jones* express great Gratitude to the Lady for the kind Intentions towards him which she had expressed, and indeed testified, by this Proposal; but besides intimating some Diffidence of Success from the Lady's Knowledge of his Love to her Neice, which had not been her Case in regard to Mr. *Fitzpatrick*, he said, he was afraid Miss *Western* would never agree to an Imposition of this Kind, as well from her utter Detestation of all Fallacy, as from her avowed Duty to her Aunt.

Mrs.

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Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* was a little nettled at this; and indeed if it may not be called a Lapse of the Tongue, it was a small Deviation from Politeness in *Jones*, and into which he would scarce have fallen, had not the Delight he felt in praising *Sophia*, hurried him out of all Reflection; for this Commendation of one Cousin was more than a tacit Rebuke on the other.

'Indeed, Sir,' answered the Lady, with some Warmth, 'I cannot think there is any 'thing easier than to cheat an old Woman 'with a Profession of Love, when her Complexion is amorous; and, tho' she is my 'Aunt, I must say, there never was a more 'liquorish one than her Ladyship. Can't 'you pretend that the Despair of possessing 'her Niece, from her being promised to *Blifil*, 'has made you turn your Thoughts towards her? As to my Cousin *Sophia*, I 'can't imagine her to be such a Simpleton 'as to have the least Scruple on such an 'Account, or to conceive any Harm in 'punishing one of these Haggs for the 'many Mischiefs they bring upon Families, 'by their Tragi-comic Passions; for which 'I think it is pity they were not punishable 'by Law. I had no such Scruple myself, 'and yet I hope my Cousin *Sophia* will not

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'think it an Affront when I ſay ſhe cannot 'deteſt every real Species of Falſhood 'more than her Couſin *Fitzpatrick*. To 'my Aunt indeed I pretend no Duty, nor 'doth ſhe deſerve any. However, Sir, I 'have given you my Advice, and if you 'decline purſuing it, I ſhall have the leſs 'Opinion of your Underſtanding, that's 'all.'

Jones now clearly ſaw the Error he had committed, and exerted his utmoſt Power to rectify it; but he only faultered and ſtuttered into Nonſenſe and Contradiction. To ſay the Truth, it is often ſafer to abide by the Conſequences of the firſt Blunder, than to endeavour to rectify it; for by ſuch Endeavours, we generally plunge deeper inſtead of extricating ourſelves; and few Perſons will on ſuch Occaſions, have the good Nature, which Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* diſplay'd to *Jones*; by ſaying, with a Smile, 'You need 'attempt no more Excuſes; for I can 'eaſily forgive a real Lover, whatever is 'the Effect of Fondneſs for his Miſtreſs.

She then renewed her Propoſal, and very fervently recommended it, omitting no Argument which her Invention could ſuggeſt on the Subject; for ſhe was ſo violently incenſed againſt her Aunt, that ſcarce any Thing

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Thing was capable of affording her equal Pleasure with exposing her, and, like a true Woman, she would see no Difficulties in the Execution of a favourite Scheme.

Jones however persisted in declining the Undertaking, which had not indeed the least Probability of Success. He easily perceived the Motives which induced Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* to be so eager in pressing her Advice. He said he would not deny the tender and passionate Regard he had for *Sophia*; but was so conscious of the Inequality of their Situations, that he could never flatter himself so far as to hope that so divine a young Lady would condescend to think on one so unworthy; nay he protested he could scarce bring himself to wish she should. He concluded with a Profession of generous Sentiments, which we have not at present Leisure to insert.

There are some fine Women (for I dare not here speak in too general Terms) with whom Self is so predominant, that they never detach it from any Subject; and as Vanity is with them a ruling Principle, they are apt to lay hold of whatever Praise they meet with; and, though the Property of others, convey it to their own Use. In the Company of these Ladies it is impossible

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to say any thing handsome of another Woman, which they will not apply to themselves; nay they often improve the Praise they seize; as for Instance, if her Beauty, her Wit, her Gentility, her good Humour deserve so much Commendation, what do I deserve who possess those Qualities in so much more eminent a Degree?

To these Ladies a Man often recommends himself while he is commending another Woman; and while he is expressing Ardour and generous Sentiments for his Mistress, they are considering what a charming Lover this Man would make to them, who can feel all this Tenderness for an inferiour Degree of Merit. Of this, strange as it may seem, I have seen many Instances besides Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, to whom all this really happened, and who now began to feel a Somewhat for Mr. *Jones*, the Symptoms of which she much sooner understood than poor *Sophia* had formerly done.

To say the Truth, perfect Beauty in both Sexes is a more irresistible Object than it is generally thought; for notwithstanding some of us are contented with more homely Lots, and learn by Rote (as Children to repeat what gives them no Idea) to despise Outside, and

to

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to value more ſolid Charms; yet I have always obſerved at the Approach of conſummate Beauty, that theſe more ſolid Charms only ſhine with that Kind of Luſtre which the Stars have after the riſing of the Sun.'

When *Jones* had finiſhed his Exclamations, many of which would have become the Mouth of *Oroondates* himſelf, Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* heaved a deep Sigh, and taking her Eyes off from *Jones*, on whom they had been ſome time fixed, and dropping them on the Ground, ſhe cry'd, 'Indeed 'Mr. *Jones*, I pity you; but it is the 'Curſe of ſuch Tenderneſs to be thrown 'away on thoſe who are inſenſible of it. 'I know my Couſin better than you, Mr. '*Jones*, and I muſt ſay, any Woman who 'makes no Return to ſuch a Paſſion and 'ſuch a Perſon, is unworthy of both.'

'Sure, Madam, ſaid *Jones*, you can't 'mean.'—'Mean? cries Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, 'I know not what I mean; there is ſome-'thing, I think, in true Tenderneſs be-'witching; few Women ever meet with it 'in Men, and fewer ſtill know how to va-'lue it when they do. I never heard ſuch 'truly noble Sentiments, and I can't tell 'how it is, but you force one to believe 'you.

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'you. Sure she must be the most contemptible of Women who can overlook 'such Merit.'

The Manner and Look with which all this was spoke infused a Suspicion into *Jones*, which we don't care to convey in direct Words to the Reader. Instead of making any Answer, he said, 'I am afraid Ma'dam, I have made too tiresome a Visit,' and offered to take his Leave.

'Not all, Sir, answered Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*.-- 'Indeed I pity you, Mr. *Jones*, indeed I do; 'but if you are going, consider of the Scheme 'I have mentioned, I am convinced you 'will approve it, and let me see you again 'as soon as you can. ——— To-morrow 'Morning if you will, or at least some 'time to-morrow. I shall be at Home 'all Day.'

Jones then, after many Expressions of Thanks, very respectfully retired; nor could Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* forbear making him a Present of a Look at parting, by which if he had understood nothing, he must have had no Understanding in the Language of the Eyes. In Reality it confirmed his Resolution

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lution of returning to her no more; for faulty as he hath hitherto appeared in this History, his whole Thoughts were now so confined to his *Sophia*, that I believe no Woman upon Earth could have now drawn him into an Act of Inconstancy.

Fortune however, who was not his Friend, resolved, as he intended to give her no second Opportunity, to make the best of this; and accordingly produced the tragical Incident which we are now in sorrowful Notes to record.

CHAP. X.

The Consequence of the preceding Visit.

MR. *Fitzpatrick* having received the Letter before-mentioned, from Mrs. *Western*, and being by that Means acquainted with the Place to which his Wife was retired, returned directly to *Bath*, and thence the Day afterwards set forward to *London*.

The Reader hath been already often informed of the jealous Temper of this Gentleman. He may likewise be pleased to re-

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remember the Suſpicion which he had at *Upton* conceived of *Jones*, upon his finding him in the Room with Mrs. *Waters*; and though ſufficient Reaſons had afterwards appeared entirely to clear that Suſpicion, yet now reading ſo handſome a Character of Mr. *Jones* from his Wife cauſed him to reflect that ſhe likewiſe was in the Inn at the ſame Time, and jumbled together ſuch a Confuſion of Circumſtances in a Head which was naturally none of the cleareſt, that the whole produced that green-ey'd Monſter mentioned by *Shakeſpear* in his Tragedy of *Othello*.

And now as he was enquiring in the Street after his Wife, and had juſt received Directions to the Door, unfortunately Mr. *Jones* was iſſuing from it.

Fitzpatrick did not yet recollect the Face of *Jones*; however ſeeing a young well-dreſſed Fellow coming from his Wife, he made directly up to him, and aſked him what he had been doing in that Houſe: 'For I am 'ſure, ſaid he, you muſt have been in it, 'as I ſaw you come out of it.'

Jones

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Jones answered very modestly, 'That he 'had been visiting a Lady there.' To which *Fitzpatrick* replied, 'What Business 'have you with the Lady?' Upon which *Jones*, who now perfectly remembred the Voice, Features, and indeed Coat, of the Gentleman, cried out,——'Ha, my good 'Friend! give me your Hand; I hope 'there is no ill Blood remaining between 'us upon a small Mistake which happen-'ed so long ago.'

'Upon my Soul, Sir, said *Fitzpatrick*, 'I don't know your Name, nor your Face.' 'Indeed, Sir, said *Jones*, neither have I 'the Pleasure of knowing your Name, but 'your Face I very well remember to have 'seen before, at *Upton*, where a foolish 'Quarrel happened between us, which, if 'it is not made up yet, we will now make 'up over a Bottle.'

'At *Upton!* cried the other.——Ha! 'upon my Soul, I believe your Name is '*Jones*.' 'Indeed answered he, it is.' ——'O, upon my Soul, cries *Fitzpatrick*, 'you are the very Man I wanted to meet. '——Upon my Soul I will drink a Bottle 'with you presently; but first I will give 'you

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'you a great Knock over the Pate. There 'is for you, you Raſcal. Upon my Soul, 'if you do not give me Satisfaction for 'that Blow, I will give you another.' And then drawing his Sword, puts himſelf in a Poſture of Defence, which was the only Science he underſtood.

Jones was a little ſtaggered by the Blow which came ſomewhat unexpectedly; but preſently recovering himſelf he alſo drew, and tho' he underſtood nothing of Fencing, preſt on ſo boldly upon *Fitzpatrick* that he beat down his Guard, and ſheathed one half of his Sword in the Body of the ſaid Gentleman, who had no ſooner received it than he ſtept backwards, dropt the Point of his Sword, and leaning upon it, cried, 'I have 'Satisfaction enough; I am a dead Man.'

'I hope not, cries *Jones*, but whatever 'be the Conſequence you muſt be ſenſible 'you have drawn it upon yourſelf. At this 'Inſtant a Number of Fellows ruſhed in and 'ſeized *Jones*, who told them he ſhould 'make no Reſiſtance, and begged ſome 'of them at leaſt would take Care of the 'wounded Gentleman.'

'Ay, cries one of the Fellows, the 'wounded Gentleman will be taken Care

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'enough of; for I ſuppoſe he hath not 'many Hours to live. As for you, Sir, 'you have a Month at leaſt good yet.' 'D—n me, *Jack*, ſaid another, he hath 'prevented his Voyage; he's bound to an-'other Port now;' and many other ſuch Jeſts was our poor *Jones* made the Subject of, by theſe Fellows, who were indeed the Gang employed by Lord *Fellamar*, and had dogged him into the Houſe of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, waiting for him at the Corner of the Street when this unfortunate Accident happened.

The Officer who commanded this Gang very wiſely concluded, that his Buſineſs was now to deliver his Priſoner into the Hands of the Civil Magiſtrate. He ordered him therefore to be carried to a publick Houſe, where having ſent for a Conſtable, he delivered him to his Cuſtody.

The Conſtable ſeeing Mr. *Jones* very well dreſt, and hearing that the Accident had happened in a Duel, treated his Priſoner with great Civility, and, at his Requeſt, diſpatched a Meſſenger to enquire after the wounded Gentleman, who was now at a Tavern under the Surgeon's Hands. The Report brought back was that the Wound was certainly mortal, and there were

no

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no Hopes of Life. Upon which the Constable informed *Jones*, that he must go before a Justice. He answered, Wherever you please; I am indifferent as to what happens to me, for tho' I am convinced I am not guilty of Murder in the Eye of the Law, yet the Weight of Blood I find intolerable upon my Mind.

Jones was now conducted before the Justice, where the Surgeon who dress't Mr. *Fitzpatrick* appeared, and deposed that he believed the Wound to be mortal; upon which the Prisoner was committed to the *Gatehouse*. It was very late at Night, so that *Jones* would not send for *Partridge* till the next Morning; and as he never shut his Eyes till seven, so it was near twelve before the poor Fellow, who was greatly frightned at not hearing from his Master so long, received a Message which almost deprived him of his Being, when he heard it.

He went to the *Gate-house* with trembling Knees and a beating Heart, and was no sooner arrived in the Presence of *Jones*, than he lamented the Misfortune that had befallen him with many Tears, looking all the while frequently about him

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him in great Terror; for as the News now arrived that Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was dead, the poor Fellow apprehended every Minute that his Ghoſt would enter the Room. At laſt he delivered him a Letter, which he had like to have forgot, and which came from *Sophia* by the Hands of black *George*.

Jones preſently diſpatched every one out of the Room, and having eagerly broke open the Letter, read as follows.

'You owe the hearing from me again 'to an Accident which I own ſurprizes 'me. My Aunt hath juſt now ſhewn me 'a Letter from you to Lady *Bellaſton*, 'which contains a Propoſal of Marriage: 'I am convinced it is your own Hand; and 'what more ſurprizes me is, that it is dated 'at the very Time when you would have 'me imagine you was under ſuch Concern 'on my Account.——I leave you to com-'ment on this Fact. All I deſire is, that 'your Name may never more be menti-'oned to

'*S. W.*'

Of the preſent Situation of Mr. *Jones*'s Mind, and of the Pangs with which he was

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was now tormented, we cannot give the Reader a better Idea, than by saying his Misery was such, that even *Thwackum* would almost have pitied him. But bad as it is, we shall at present leave him in it, as his good Genius (if he really had any) seems to have done. And here we put an End to the sixteenth Book of our History.

THE

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THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XVII.

Containing three Days.

CHAP. I.

Containing a Portion of introductory Writing.

WHEN a Comic Writer hath made his principal Characters as happy as he can; or when a Tragic Writer hath brought them to the higheſt Pitch of human Miſery, they both con-

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conclude their Buſineſs to be done, and that their Work is come to a Period.

Had we been of the Tragic Complexion, the Reader muſt allow we were now very nearly arrived at this Period, ſince it would be difficult for the Devil, or any of his Repreſentatives on Earth, to have contrived much greater Torments for poor *Jones*, than thoſe in which we left him in the laſt Chapter; and as for *Sophia*, a good-natured Woman would hardly wiſh more Uneaſineſs to a Rival, than what ſhe muſt at preſent be ſuppoſed to feel. What then remains to complete the Tragedy but a Murder or two, and a few moral Sentences.

But to bring our Favourites out of their preſent Anguiſh and Diſtreſs, and to land them at laſt on the Shore of Happineſs, ſeems a much harder Taſk; a Taſk indeed ſo hard that we do not undertake to execute it. In Regard to *Sophia* it is more than probable, that we ſhall ſomewhere or other provide a good Huſband for her in the End, either *Bliſil*, or my Lord, or Somebody elſe; but as to poor *Jones*, ſuch are the Calamities in which he is at preſent involved, owing to his Imprudence, by which

if

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if a Man doth not become a Felon to the World, he is at leaſt a *Felo de ſe*; ſo deſtitute is he now of Friends, and ſo perſecuted by Enemies, that we almoſt deſpair of bringing him to any good; and if our Reader delights in ſeeing Executions, I think he ought not to loſe any Time in taking a firſt Row at *Tyburn*.

This I faithfully promiſe, that notwithſtanding any Affection which we may be ſuppoſed to have for this Rogue, whom we have unfortunately made our Heroe, we will lend him none of that ſupernatural Aſſiſtance with which we are entruſted, upon Condition that we uſe it only on very important Occaſions. If he doth not therefore find ſome natural Means of fairly extricating himſelf from all his Diſtreſſes, we will do no Violence to the Truth and Dignity of Hiſtory for his Sake; for we had rather relate that he was hanged at *Tyburn* (which may very probably be the Caſe) than forfeit our Integrity, or ſhock the Faith of our Reader.

In this the Antients had a great Advantage over the Moderns. Their Mythology, which was at that Time more firmly believed by the Vulgar than any Religion

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is at preſent, gave them always an Opportunity of delivering a favourite Heroe. Their Deities were always ready at the Writer's Elbow, to execute any of his Purpoſes; and the more extraordinary the Intervention was, the greater was the Surprize and Delight of the credulous Reader. Thoſe Writers could with greater Eaſe have conveyed a Friend from one Country to another, nay from one World to another, and have brought him back again, than a poor circumſcribed Modern can deliver him from a Goal.

The *Arabians* and *Perſians* had an equal Advantage in Writing their Tales from the *Genii* and *Fairies*, which they believe in as an Article of their Faith, upon the Authority of the *Koran* itſelf. But we have none of theſe Helps. To natural Means alone are we confined; let us try therefore what by theſe Means may be done for poor *Jones*; though to confeſs the Truth, ſomething whiſpers me in the Ear, that he doth not yet know the worſt of his Fortune; and that a more ſhocking Piece of News than any he hath yet heard remains for him in the unopened Leaves of Fate.

CHAP.

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CHAP. II.

The generous and grateful Behaviour of Mrs. Miller.

MR. *Allworthy* and Mrs. *Miller* were just sat down to Breakfast, when *Blifil*, who had gone out very early that Morning, returned to make one of the Company.

He had not been long seated before he began as follows, 'Good Lord! my dear 'Uncle, what do you think hath happened? 'I vow I am afraid of telling it you, for fear 'of shocking you with the Remembrance 'of ever having shewn any Kindness to 'such a Villain.' 'What! is the Matter, 'Child, said the Uncle, I fear I have shewn 'Kindness in my Life to the Unworthy 'more than once. But Charity doth not 'adopt the Vices of its Objects.' 'O, Sir, 'returned *Blifil*, it is not without the se-'cret Direction of Providence that you 'mention the Word Adoption. Your a-'dopted Son, Sir, that *Jones*, that Wretch 'whom you nourished in your Bosom, hath 'proved one of the greatest Villains upon

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'Earth.' 'By all that's ſacred 'tis falſe, 'cries Mrs. *Miller*. Mr. *Jones* is no Vil-'lain. He is one of the worthieſt Crea-'tures breathing; and if any other Perſon 'had called him Villain, I would have 'thrown all this boiling Water in his Face.' Mr. *Allworthy* looked very much amazed at this Behaviour. But ſhe did not give him Leave to ſpeak, before turning to him, ſhe cry'd, 'I hope you will not be angry 'with me; I would not offend you, Sir, 'for the World; but indeed I could not 'bear to hear him called ſo.' 'I muſt 'own, Madam, ſaid *Allworthy* very grave-'ly, I am a little ſurprized to hear you ſo 'warmly defend a Fellow you do not know.' 'O I do know him, Mr. *Allworthy*, ſaid 'ſhe, indeed I do; I ſhould be the moſt 'ungrateful of all Wretches if I denied it. 'O he hath preſerved me and my little Fa-'mily; we have all Reaſon to bleſs him 'while we live.——And I pray Heaven to 'bleſs him, and turn the Hearts of his ma-'licious Enemies. I know, I find, I ſee he 'hath ſuch.' 'You ſurprize me, Madam, 'ſtill more, ſaid *Allworthy*, ſure you muſt 'mean ſome other. It is impoſſible you 'ſhould have any ſuch Obligations to the 'Man my Nephew mentions.' 'Too ſurely, 'anſwered ſhe, I have Obligations to him of

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'greateſt and tendereſt Kind. He hath 'been the Preſerver of me and mine.——— 'Believe me, Sir, he hath been abuſed, 'groſly abuſed to you, I know he hath, or 'you, whom I know to be all Goodneſs 'and Honour, would not, after the many 'kind and tender Things I have heard you 'ſay of this poor helpleſs Child, have ſo 'diſdainfully called him Fellow. Indeed, 'my beſt of Friends, he deſerves a kinder 'Appellation from you, had you heard the 'good, the kind, the grateful Things 'which I have heard him utter of you; he 'never mentions your Name but with a 'Sort of Adoration. In this very Room 'I have ſeen him on his Knees, imploring 'all the Bleſſings of Heaven upon your 'Head. I do not love that Child there 'better than he loves you.'

'I ſee, Sir, now, ſaid *Bliſil*,' with one of 'thoſe grinning Sneers with which the 'Devil marks his beſt Beloved, Mrs. *Miller* really doth know him. I ſuppoſe you 'will find ſhe is not the only one of your 'Acquaintance to whom he hath expoſed you. As for my Character, I perceive by ſome Hints ſhe hath thrown 'out, he hath been very free with it, but I 'forgive him.' 'And the Lord forgive

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'you, Sir, says Mrs. *Miller*, we have all 'Sins enough to stand in Need of his For-'giveness.'

'Upon my Word, Mrs. *Miller*, said '*Allworthy*, I do not take this Behaviour 'of yours to my Nephew, kindly; and I 'do assure you as any Reflections which 'you cast upon him must come only from 'that wickedest of Men, they would on-'ly serve, if that were possible, to height-'en my Resentment against him: For 'I must tell you, Mrs. *Miller*, the 'young Man who now stands before you, 'hath ever been the warmest Advocate for 'the ungrateful Wretch whose Cause you 'espouse. This, I think, when you hear it 'from my own Mouth, will make you won-'der at so much Baseness and Ingratitude.'

'You are deceived, Sir, answered Mrs. '*Miller*, if they were the last Words which 'were to issue from my Lips, I would say you 'are deceived; and I once more repeat it, 'the Lord forgive those who have deceiv-'ed you. I do not pretend to say the 'young Man is without Faults; but they 'are the Faults of Wildness and of Youth; 'Faults which he may, nay which I am 'certain he will relinquish, and if he should

'not,

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'not, they are vaſtly over-ballanced by one 'of the moſt humane tender honeſt Hearts 'that ever Man was bleſſed with.'

'Indeed, Mrs. *Miller*, ſaid *Allworthy*, 'had this been related of you, I ſhould not 'have believed it.' 'Indeed, Sir, anſwered 'ſhe, you will believe every Thing I have 'ſaid, I am ſure you will; and when you 'have heard the Story which I ſhall tell 'you, (for I will tell you all) you will be 'ſo far from being offended, that you will 'own (I know your Juſtice ſo well) that I 'muſt have been the moſt deſpicable and 'moſt ungrateful of Wretches, if I had 'acted any other Part than I have.'

'Well, Madam, ſaid *Allworthy*, I ſhall 'be very glad to hear any good Excuſe for 'a Behaviour which I muſt confeſs, I think 'wants an Excuſe. And now, Madam, 'will you be pleaſed to let my Nephew 'proceed in his Story without Interruption. 'He would not have introduced a Matter 'of ſlight Conſequence with ſuch a Pre-'face. Perhaps even this Story will cure 'you of your Miſtake.'

Mrs. *Miller* gave Tokens of Submiſſion, and then Mr. *Blifil* began thus. 'I am

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'ſure, Sir, if you don't think proper to 'reſent the ill Uſage of Mrs. *Miller*, I 'ſhall eaſily forgive what affects me only. 'I think your Goodneſs hath not deſerved 'this Indignity at her Hands.' 'Well, 'Child, ſaid *Allworthy*, but what is this 'new Inſtance? What hath he done of 'late?' 'What? cries *Blifil*, notwithſtand-'ing all Mrs. *Miller* hath ſaid, I am very 'ſorry to relate, and what you ſhould ne-'ver have heard from me, had it not been 'a Matter impoſſible to conceal from the 'whole World. In ſhort he hath killed a 'Man; I will not ſay murdered, —— for 'perhaps it may not be ſo conſtrued in 'Law, and I hope the beſt for his Sake.

Allworthy looked ſhocked, and bleſſed himſelf; and then turning to Mrs. *Miller*, he cried, 'Well, Madam, what ſay you 'now?'

'Why, I ſay, Sir, anſwered ſhe, that I 'never was more concerned at any Thing in 'my Life; but, if the Fact be true, I am 'convinced the Man, who ever he is, was in 'Fault. Heaven knows there are many 'Villains in this Town, who make it their 'Buſineſs to provoke young Gentlemen. 'Nothing but the greateſt Provocation

'could

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'could have tempted him; for of all the 'Gentlemen I ever had in my Houſe, I 'never ſaw one ſo gentle, or ſo ſweet-tem- 'pered. He was beloved by every one in 'the Houſe, and every one who came near 'it.

While ſhe was thus running on, a violent Knocking at the Door interrupted the Converſation, and prevented her from proceeding further, or from receiving any Anſwer; for as ſhe concluded this was a Viſiter to Mr. *Allworthy*, ſhe haſtily retired, taking with her her little Girl, whoſe Eyes were all over blubbered at the melancholy News ſhe heard of *Jones*, who uſed to call her his little Wife, and not only gave her many Playthings, but ſpent whole Hours in playing with her himſelf.

Some Readers may perhaps be pleaſed with theſe minute Circumſtances, in relating of which we follow the Example of *Plutarch*, one of the beſt of our Brother Hiſtorians; and others to whom they may appear trivial, will, we hope, at leaſt pardon them, as we are never prolix on ſuch Occaſions.

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CHAP. III.

The Arrival of Mr. Weſtern, *with ſome Matters concerning the Paternal Authority.*

MRS. *Miller* had not long left the Room, when Mr. *Weſtern* entered; but not before a ſmall wrangling Bout had paſs'd between him and his Chairmen; for the Fellows who had taken up their Burden at the *Hercules Pillars*, had conceived no Hopes of having any future good Cuſtomer in the Squire; and they were moreover farther encouraged by his Generoſity, (for he had given them of his own Accord Sixpence more than their Fare) they therefore very boldly demanded another Shilling, which ſo provoked the Squire, that he not only beſtowed many hearty Curſes on them at the Door, but retained his Anger after he came into the Room; ſwearing, that all the *Londoners* were like the Court, and thought of nothing but plundering Country Gentlemen. 'D—n me, ſays he, if I 'won't walk in the Rain rather than get 'into one of their Handbarrows again.

'They

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'They have jolted me more in a Mile than 'Brown Beſs would in a long Fox Chace.'

When his Wrath on this Occaſion was a little appeaſed, he reſumed the ſame paſſionate Tone on another. 'There, ſays 'he, there is fine Buſineſs forwards now. 'The Hounds have changed at laſt, and 'when we imagined we had a Fox to deal 'with, Od-rat-it, it turns out to be a Badg-'er at laſt.'

'Pray, my good Neighbour, ſaid *All-'worthy*, drop your Metaphors, and ſpeak a 'little plainer.' 'Why then, ſays the Squire, 'to tell you plainly, we have been all this 'Time afraid of a Son of a Whore of a 'Baſtard of Somebody's, I don't know 'who's not I—— And now here is a con-'founded Son of a Whore of a Lord, who 'may be a Baſtard too for ought I know 'or care, for he ſhall never have a Daugh-'ter of mine by my Conſent. They have 'beggared the Nation, but they ſhall ne-'ver beggar me. My Land ſhall never 'be ſent over to *Hannover*.'

'You ſurprize me much, my good 'Friend, ſaid *Allworthy*.' 'Why, zounds! 'I am ſurprized myſelf, anſwered the

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'Squire, I went to zee Sister *Western* last 'Night, according to her own Appoint-'ment, and there I was a had into a whole 'Room-full of Women.—There was my 'Lady Cousin *Bellaston*, and my Lady *Bet-'ty*, and my Lady *Catharine*, and my La-'dy I don't know who; d—n me if ever 'you catch me among such a Kennel of 'Hoop-petticoat B——s. D—n me, I'd 'rather be run by my own Dogs, as one '*Acton* was, that the Story Book says was 'turned into a Hare; and his own Dogs 'kill'd un, and eat un. Od-rabbet-it, no 'Mortal was ever run in such a Manner; 'if I dodged one Way, one had me, if I 'offered to clap back, another snap'd me. 'O! certainly one of the greatest Matches in '*England*, says one Cousin (here he attempt-'ed to mimic them) A very advantageous 'Offer indeed, cries another Cousin. (for you 'must know they be all my Cousins, thof I 'never zeed half oum before. "Surely, says "that fat a—se B—, my Lady *Bellaston*, "Cousin, you must be out of your Wits to "think of refusing such an Offer."

'Now I begin to understand, says *All-'worthy*, some Person hath made Propo-'sals to Miss *Western*, which the Ladies of 'the

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'the Family approve, but is not to your 'Liking.'

'My Liking! said *Weſtern*, how the De-'vil ſhould it? I tell you it is a Lord, and 'thoſe are always Volks whom you know I 'always reſolved to have nothing to do with. 'Did unt I refuſe a matter of vorty Years 'Purchaſe now for a Bit of Land, which 'one oum had a Mind to put into a 'Park, only becauſe I would have no 'Dealings with Lords, and doſt think I 'would marry my Daughter zu? Beſides, 'ben't I engaged to you, and did I ever 'go off any Bargain when I had pro-'miſed?

'As to that Point, Neighbour, ſaid *All-'worthy*, I entirely releaſe you from any 'Engagement. No Contract can be bind-'ing between Parties who have not a full 'Power to make it at the Time, nor ever 'afterwards acquire the Power of fulfilling 'it.'

'Slud! then, anſwered *Weſtern*, I tell 'you I have Power, and I will fulfil it. 'Come along with me directly to *Doctors 'Commons*, I will get a Licence; and I 'will go to Siſter and take away the Wench

'by

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'by Force, and she shall ha un, or I will 'lock her up and keep her upon Bread and 'Water as long as she lives.'

'Mr. *Western*, said *Allworthy*, shall I 'beg you will hear my full Sentiments on 'this Matter?' 'Hear thee! ay to be sure, 'I will, answered he.' 'Why then, Sir, 'cries *Allworthy*, I can truly say, without 'a Compliment either to you or the young 'Lady, that when this Match was propo-'sed, I embraced it very readily and hear-'tily, from my Regard to you both. An 'Alliance between two Families so nearly 'Neighbours, and between whom there 'had always existed so mutual an Inter-'course and good Harmony, I thought a 'most desirable Event; and with Regard 'to the young Lady, not only the concur-'rent Opinion of all who knew her, but 'my own Observation assured me that she 'would be an inestimable Treasure to a 'good Husband. I shall say nothing of her 'personal Qualifications, which certainly 'are admirable; her Good-nature, her 'charitable Disposition, her Modesty are 'too well known to need any Panegyric: 'but she hath one Quality which existed in 'a high Degree in that best of Women, 'who is now one of the first of Angels,

'which

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'which as it is not of a glaring Kind, more 'commonly escapes Observation; so little 'indeed is it remarked, that I want a Word 'to express it. I must use Negatives on 'this Occasion. I never heard any thing 'of Pertness, or what is called Repartee 'out of her Mouth; no Pretence to Wit, 'much less to that Kind of Wisdom, which 'is the Result only of great Learning and 'Experience; the Affectation of which, 'in a young Woman, is as absurd as any 'of the Affectations of an Ape. No dic-'tatorial Sentiments, no judicial Opinions, 'no profound Criticisms. Whenever I 'have seen her in the Company of Men, 'she hath been all Attention, with the Mo-'desty of a Learner, not the Forwardness 'of a Teacher. You'll pardon me for it, 'but I once, to try her only, desired her 'Opinion on a Point which was controvert-'ed between Mr. *Thwackum* and Mr. *Square*, 'To which she answered with much Sweet-'ness, "You will pardon me, good Mr. "*Allworthy*, I am sure you cannot in Ear-"nest think me capable of deciding any "Point in which two such Gentlemen dis-"agree." 'Thwackum and *Square*, who both 'alike thought themselves sure of a favour-'able Decision, seconded my Request. She 'answered with the same good Humour,

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" I must absolutely be excused; for I will " affront neither so much, as to give my " Judgment on his Side." ' Indeed, she ' always shewed the highest Deference to ' the Understandings of Men; a Quality, ' absolutely essential to the making a good ' Wife. I shall only add, that as she is most ' apparently void of all Affectation, this ' Deference must be certainly real.'

Here *Blifil* sighed bitterly; upon which *Western*, whose Eyes were full of Tears at the Praise of *Sophia*, blubbered out, ' Don't ' be Chicken-hearted, for shat ha her, d—n ' me, shat ha her, if she was twenty Times ' as good.'

' Remember your Promise, Sir, cried ' *Allworthy*, I was not to be interrupted.' ' Well, shat unt, answered the Squire, I ' won't speak another Word.'

' Now, my good Friend,' continued *Allworthy*, ' I have dwelt so long ' on the Merit of this young Lady, partly as I really am in Love with her ' Character, and partly that Fortune (for ' the Match in that Light is really advantageous on my Nephew's Side) might ' not be imagined to be my principal View ' in

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'in having so eagerly embraced the Propo-
'sal. Indeed I heartily wished to receive so
'great a Jewel into my Family; but tho'
'I may wish for many good Things, I
'would not therefore steal them, or be
'guilty of any Violence or Injustice to
'possess myself of them. Now to force a
'Woman into a Marriage contrary to her
'Consent or Approbation, is an Act of
'such Injustice and Oppression, that I wish
'the Laws of our Country could restrain
'it; but a good Conscience is never law-
'less in the worst regulated State, and will
'provide those Laws for itself, which the
'Neglect of Legislators hath forgotten to
'supply. This is surely a Case of that
'Kind; for is it not cruel, nay impious, to
'force a Woman into that State against her
'Will; for her Behaviour in which she is
'to be accountable to the highest and most
'dreadful Court of Judicature, and to an-
'swer at the Peril of her Soul. To dis-
'charge the Matrimonial Duties in an a-
'dequate Manner is no easy Task, and
'shall we lay this Burthen upon a Woman
'while we at the same Time deprive her
'of all that Assistance which may enable
'her to undergo it? Shall we tear her very
'Heart from her, while we enjoin her Du-
'ties to which a whole Heart is scarce e-
'qual.

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'qual. I must speak very plainly here, I 'think Parents who act in this Manner are 'Accessaries to all the Guilt which their 'Children afterwards incur, and of Course 'must, before a just Judge, expect to par-'take of their Punishment; but if they 'could avoid this, good Heaven! is there 'a Soul who can bear the Thought of hav-'ing contributed to the Damnation of his 'Child?

'For these Reasons, my best Neighbour, 'as I see the Inclinations of this young La-'dy are most unhappily averse to my Ne-'phew, I must decline any further Thoughts 'of the Honour you intended him, tho' I 'assure you I shall always retain the most 'grateful Sense of it.'

'Well, Sir, said *Western*, (the Froth 'bursting forth from his Lips the Moment 'they were uncorked) you cannot say but 'I have heard you out, and now I expect 'you'll hear me; and if I don't answer 'every Word o't, why then I'll con-'sent to gee the Matter up. First then 'I desire you to answer me one Ques-'tion, Did not I beget her? Did not 'I beget her? answer me that. They say 'indeed it is a wise Father that knows 'his own Child; but I am sure I have the

'best

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'beſt Title to her, for I bred her up. But 'I believe you will allow me to be her 'Father, and if I be, am I not to govern 'my own Child? I aſk you that, am I not 'to govern my own Child? And if I am 'to govern her in other Matters, ſurely I 'am to govern her in this which concerns 'her moſt. And what am I deſiring all 'this while? Am I deſiring her to do any 'Thing for me? To give me any thing? '——— Zu much on t'other Side, that I 'am only deſiring her to take away half 'my Eſtate now, and t'other half when I 'die. Well, and what is it all vor? Why 'is unt it to make her happy? It's enough 'to make one mad to hear Volks talk; if 'I was going to marry myſelf, then ſhe 'would ha Reaſon to cry and to blubber; 'but, on the contrary, han't I offered to 'bind down my Land in zuch a Manner, 'that I could not marry if I woud, ſeeing 'as narro' Woman upon Earth would ha 'me. What the Devil in Hell can I do 'more? I contribute to her Damnation! '—Zounds! I'd zee all the World d—d 'bevore her little Vinger ſhould be hurt. 'Indeed, Mr. *Allworthy*, you muſt excuſe 'me, but I am ſurprized to hear you talk in 'zuch a Manner, and I muſt ſay, take it

'how

'how you will, that I thought you had 'more Sense.'

Allworthy resented this Reflection only with a Smile; nor could he, if he would have endeavoured it, have conveyed into that Smile any Mixture of Malice or Contempt. His Smiles at Folly were indeed such as we may suppose the Angels bestow on the Absurdities of Mankind.

Blifil now desired to be permitted to speak a few Words. 'As to using any Violence 'on the young Lady, I am sure I shall 'never consent to it.' My Conscience 'will not permit me to use Violence on any 'one, much less on a Lady for whom, 'however cruel she is to me, I shall al-'ways preserve the purest and sincerest Af-'fection; but yet I have read, that Wo-'men are seldom Proof against Persève-'rance. Why may I not hope then by such 'Perseverance at last to gain those Inclina-'tions, in which for the future I shall, 'perhaps, have no Rival; for as for this 'Lord, Mr. *Western* is so kind to prefer 'me to him; and sure, Sir, you will not 'deny but that a Parent hath at least a ne-'gative Voice in these Matters; nay I 'have heard this very young Lady herself 'say

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'say so more than once, and declare, that 'she thought Children inexcuseable who 'married in direct Opposition to the Will 'of their Parents. Besides, though the 'other Ladies of the Family seem to favour the Pretensions of my Lord, I do 'not find the Lady herself is inclined to 'give him any Countenance; alas, I am 'too well assured she is not; I am too 'sensible that wickedest of Men remains 'uppermost in her Heart.'

'Ay, ay, so he does, cries *Western*.'

'But surely, says *Blifil*, when she hears 'of this Murder which he hath committed, if the Law should spare his Life.'—

'What's that, cries *Western*, Murder, 'hath he committed a Murder, and is there 'any Hopes of seeing him hanged? —— 'Tol de rol, tol lol de rol.' Here he fell a singing and capering about the Room.

'Child, says *Allworthy*, this unhappy 'Passion of yours distresses me beyond 'Measure. I heartily pity you, and would 'do every fair Thing to promote your Success.'

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'I desire no more,' cries *Blifil*. 'I am 'convinced my dear Uncle hath a better 'Opinion of me than to think that I myself 'wou'd accept of more.'

'Lookee,' says *Allworthy*, 'you have 'my Leave to write, to visit, if she will 'permit it,——but I insist on no Thoughts 'of Violence. I will have no Confine-'ment, nothing of that Kind attempted.'

'Well, well,' cries the Squire, 'nothing 'of that Kind shall be attempted; we will 'try a little longer what fair Means will 'effect; and if this Fellow be but hanged 'out of the Way——Tol lol de rol. I 'never heard better News in my Life; I 'warrant every Thing goes to my Mind.— 'Do, prithee, dear *Allworthy*, come and 'dine with me at the *Hercules Pillars*: I 'have bespoke a Shoulder of Mutton roast-'ed, and a Spare-rib of Pork, and a Fowl 'and Egg-Sauce. There will be Nobody 'but ourselves, unless we have a Mind to 'have the Landlord; for I have sent Par-'son *Supple* down to *Basingstoke* after my 'Tobacco Box, which I left at an Inn 'there, and I would not lose it for the 'World; for its an old Acquaintance of

above

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'above Twenty Years ſtanding. I can
'tell you Landlord is a vaſt comical Bitch,
'you will like un hugely.'

Mr. *Allworthy* at laſt agreed to this Invitation, and ſoon after the Squire went off, ſinging and capering at the Hopes of ſeeing the ſpeedy tragical End of poor *Jones*.

When he was gone, Mr. *Allworthy* reſumed the aforeſaid Subject with much Gravity. He told his Nephew, 'he wiſhed
'with all his Heart he would endeavour to
'conquer a Paſſion, in which I cannot,'
ſays he, 'flatter you with any Hopes of
'ſucceeding. It is certainly a vulgar Er-
'ror, that Averſion in a Woman may be
'conquered by Perſeverance. Indifference
'may, perhaps, ſometimes yield to it;
'but the uſual Triumphs gained by Perſe-
'verance in a Lover, are over Caprice,
'Prudence, Affectation, and often an exor-
'bitant Degree of Levity, which excites
'Women not over-warm in their Conſti-
'tutions, to indulge their Vanity by pro-
'longing the Time of Courtſhip, even
'when they are well-enough pleaſed with
'the Object, and reſolve (if they ever re-
'ſolve at all) to make him a very pitiful
'Amends in the End. But a fixed Diſ-
'like,

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'like, as I am afraid this is, will rather gather Strength, than be conquered by Time. Beſides, my dear, I have another Apprehenſion which you muſt excuſe. I am afraid this Paſſion which you have for this fine young Creature, hath her beautiful Perſon too much for its Object, and is unworthy of the Name of that Love, which is the only Foundation of matrimonial Felicity. To admire, to like, and to long for the Poſſeſſion of a beautiful Woman, without any Regard to her Sentiments towards us, is, I am afraid, too natural: But Love, I believe, is the Child of Love only; at leaſt, I am pretty confident, that to love the Creature who we are aſſured hates us, is not in Human Nature. Examine your Heart, therefore, thoroughly, my good Boy, and if, upon Examination, you have but the leaſt Suſpicion of this Kind, I am ſure your own Virtue and Religion will impel you to drive ſo vicious a Paſſion from your Heart, and your good Senſe will ſoon enable you to do it without Pain.'

The Reader may pretty well gueſs *Bliſil*'s Anſwer; but if he ſhould be at a Loſs, we are not, at preſent, at Leiſure to ſatisfy him,

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him, as our Hiſtory now haſtens on to Matters of higher Importance, and we can no longer bear to be abſent from *Sophia*.

CHAP. IV.

An extraordinary Scene between Sophia *and her Aunt.*

THE lowing Heifer, and the bleating Ewe in Herds and Flocks, may ramble ſafe and unregarded through the Paſtures. Theſe are, indeed, hereafter doomed to be the Prey of Man; yet many Years are they ſuffered to enjoy their Liberty undiſturbed. But if a plump Doe be diſcovered to have eſcaped from the Foreſt, and to repoſe herſelf in ſome Field or Grove, the whole Pariſh is preſently alarmed, every Man is ready to ſet his Dogs after her; and if ſhe is preſerved from the reſt by the good Squire, it is only that he may ſecure her for his own eating.

I have often conſidered a very fine young Woman of Fortune and Faſhion, when firſt found ſtrayed from the Pale of her Nurſery, to be in pretty much the ſame Situation with this Doe. The Town is

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immediately in an Uproar, ſhe is hunted from Park to Play, from Court to Aſſembly, from Aſſembly to her own Chamber, and rarely eſcapes a ſingle Seaſon from the Jaws of ſome Devourer or other: For if her Friends protect her from ſome, it is only to deliver her over to one of their own chuſing, often more diſagreeable to her than any of the reſt: While whole Herds or Flocks of other Women ſecurely, and ſcarce regarded, traverſe the Park, the Play, the Opera, and the Aſſembly; and though, for the moſt Part at leaſt, they are at laſt devoured, yet for a long Time do they wanton in Liberty, without Diſturbance or Controul.

Of all theſe Paragons, none ever taſted more of this Perſecution than poor *Sophia*. Her ill Stars were not contented with all that ſhe had ſuffered on Account of *Blifil*, they now raiſed her another Purſuer, who ſeemed likely to torment her no leſs than the other had done. For though her Aunt was leſs violent, ſhe was no leſs aſſiduous in teazing her, than her Father had been before.

The Servants were no ſooner departed after Dinner, than Mrs. *Weſtern*, who had opened

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opened the Matter to *Sophia*, informed her, 'That she expected his Lordship that very 'Afternoon, and intended to take the first 'Opportunity of leaving her alone with 'him.' 'If you do, Madam,' answered *Sophia*, with some Spirit, 'I shall take the 'first Opportunity of leaving him by him-'self.' 'How! Madam!' cries the Aunt; 'is this the Return you make me for my 'Kindness, in relieving you from your 'Confinement at your Father's?' 'You 'know, Madam,' said *Sophia*, 'the Cause 'of that Confinement was a Refusal to 'comply with my Father, in accepting a 'Man I detested; and will my dear Aunt, 'who hath relieved me from that Distress, 'involve me in another equally bad?' 'And do you think then, Madam,' answered Mrs. *Western*, 'that there is no Dif-'ference between my Lord *Fellamar* and 'Mr. *Blifil?*' 'Very little, in my Opi-'nion,' cries *Sophia*; 'and if I must be 'condemned to one, I would certainly 'have the Merit of sacrificing myself to 'my Father's Pleasure.' 'Then my Plea-'sure I find,' said the Aunt, 'hath very 'little Weight with you; but that Consi-'deration shall not move me. I act from 'nobler Motives. The View of aggran-'dizing my Family, of ennobling yourself

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'is what I proceed upon. Have you 'no Senſe of Ambition? Are there no 'Charms in the Thoughts of having a Co-'ronet on your Coach?' 'None, upon 'my Honour,' ſaid *Sophia*. A Pincuſhion 'upon my Coach would pleaſe me juſt as 'well.' 'Never mention Honour,' cries the Aunt. 'It becomes not the Mouth of 'ſuch a Wretch. I am ſorry, Neice, you 'force me to uſe theſe Words; but I can-'not bear your groveling Temper; you 'have none of the Blood of the *Weſterns* 'in you. But however mean and baſe 'your own Ideas are, you ſhall bring no 'Imputation on mine. I will never ſuffer 'the World to ſay of me, that I encou-'raged you in refuſing one of the beſt 'Matches in *England*; a Match which, be-'ſides its Advantage in Fortune, would 'do Honour to almoſt any Family, and 'hath indeed, in Title, the Advantage of 'ours.' 'Surely,' ſays *Sophia*, 'I am born 'deficient, and have not the Senſes with 'which other People are bleſſed: There 'muſt be certainly ſome Senſe which 'can reliſh the Delights of Sound and 'Show, which I have not: For ſurely 'Mankind would not labour ſo much, 'nor ſacrifice ſo much for the obtain-'ing; nor would they be ſo elate and

'proud

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'proud with poſſeſſing what appeared to 'them, as it doth to me, the moſt inſigni-'ficant of all Trifles.'

'No, no, Miſs;' cries the Aunt; 'you 'are born with as many Senſes as other 'People; but I aſſure you, you are not 'born with a ſufficient Underſtanding to 'make a Fool of me, or to expoſe my 'Conduct to the World. So I declare this 'to you upon my Word, and you know, 'I believe, how fixed my Reſolutions are, 'unleſs you agree to ſee his Lordſhip this 'Afternoon, I will, with my own Hands, 'deliver you Tomorrow Morning to my 'Brother, and will never henceforth inter-'fere with you, nor ſee your Face again.' *Sophia* ſtood a few Moments ſilent after this Speech, which was uttered in a moſt angry and peremptory Tone; and then burſt-'ing into Tears, ſhe cry'd, 'Do with me, 'Madam, whatever you pleaſe; I am the 'moſt miſerable, undone Wretch upon 'Earth; if my dear Aunt forſakes me, 'where ſhall I look for a Protector?' —— 'My dear Niece,' cries ſhe, 'you will 'have a very good Protector in his Lord-'ſhip; a Protector, whom nothing but a 'Hankering after that vile Fellow *Jones* 'can make you decline.' 'Indeed, Ma-

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'dam,' ſaid *Sophia*, 'you wrong me. How 'can you imagine, after what you have 'ſhewn me, if I had ever any ſuch 'Thoughts, that I ſhould not baniſh them 'for ever. If it will ſatisfy you, I will receive 'the Sacrament upon it, never to ſee his 'Face again.'——But Child, dear Child,' ſaid the Aunt, 'be reaſonable: Can you 'invent a ſingle Objection?'——'I have 'already, I think, told you a ſufficient Ob-'jection,' anſwered *Sophia*.——'What?' cries the Aunt; 'I remember none.' 'Sure, 'Madam,' ſaid *Sophia*, 'I told you he 'had uſed me in the rudeſt and vileſt 'Manner.' 'Indeed, Child,' anſwered ſhe, 'I never heard you, or did not under-'ſtand you:—But what do you mean by 'this rude and vile Manner?' 'Indeed, 'Madam,' ſays *Sophia*, 'I am almoſt a-'ſhamed to tell you. He caught me in 'his Arms, pulled me down upon the 'Settee, and thruſt his Hand into my Bo-'ſom, and kiſſed it with ſuch Violence, 'that I have the Mark upon my left Breaſt 'at this Moment.'——'Indeed!' ſaid Mrs. *Weſtern*. 'Yes indeed, Madam,' anſwered *Sophia*; 'my Father luckily came in 'at that Inſtant, or Heaven knows what 'Rudeneſs he intended to have proceeded 'to.' 'I am aſtoniſhed and confounded,' cries the Aunt. 'No Woman of the

'Name

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'Name of *Weſtern* hath been ever treated 'ſo, ſince we were a Family. I would 'have torn the Eyes of a Prince out, if 'he had attempted ſuch Freedoms with 'me. It is impoſſible: Sure, *Sophia*, you 'muſt invent this to raiſe my Indignation 'againſt him.' 'I hope, Madam,' ſaid *Sophia*, 'you have too good an Opinion 'of me, to imagine me capable of telling 'an Untruth. Upon my Soul it is true.' 'I ſhould have ſtabbed him to the Heart 'had I been preſent,' returned the Aunt. 'Yet ſurely he could have no diſhonourable 'Deſign: It is impoſſible; he durſt not: 'Beſides, his Propoſals ſhew he had not; 'for they are not only honourable but ge-'nerous. I don't know; the Age allows 'too great Freedoms. A diſtant Salute is 'all I would have allowed before the Cere-'mony. I have had Lovers formerly, not 'ſo long ago neither; ſeveral Lovers, tho' 'I never would conſent to Marriage, and 'I never encouraged the leaſt Freedom. It 'is fooliſh Cuſtom, and what I never would 'agree to. No Man kiſſed more of me than 'my Cheek. It is as much as one can bring 'oneſelf to give Lips up to a Huſband; 'and, indeed, could I ever have been per-'ſuaded to marry, I believe I ſhould not 'have ſoon been brought to endure ſo 'much.' 'You will pardon me, dear

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'Madam,' ſaid *Sophia*, if I make one Ob-
'ſervation: You own you have had many
'Lovers, and the World knows it, even
'if you ſhould deny it. You refuſed them
'all, and I am convinced one Coronet at
'leaſt among them.' 'You ſay true, dear
'*Sophy*,' anſwered ſhe; 'I had once the
'Offer of a Title. Why then,' ſaid *So-*
phia, 'will you not ſuffer me to refuſe
'this once?' 'It is true, Child,' ſaid ſhe,
'I have refuſed the Offer of a Title; but
'it was not ſo good an Offer; that is, not
'ſo very, very good an Offer.'——'Yes,
'Madam,' ſaid *Sophia*; 'but you have
'had very great Propoſals from Men of
'vaſt Fortunes. It was not the firſt, nor
'the ſecond, nor the third advantageous
'Match that offered itſelf.' 'I own it was
'not,' ſaid ſhe. 'Well, Madam,' con-
tinued *Sophia*, 'and why may not I expect
'to have a ſecond perhaps better than this?
'You are now but a young Woman, and
'I am convinced would not promiſe to
'yield to the firſt Lover of Fortune, nay,
'or of Title too. I am a very young
'Woman, and ſure I need not deſpair.'
'Well, my dear, dear *Sophy*,' cries the
the Aunt, 'what would you have me ſay?'
'Why I only beg that I may not be left a-
'lone, at leaſt this Evening: Grant me
'that,

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'that, and I will ſubmit, if you think, 'after what is paſt, I ought to ſee 'him in your Company.' 'Well, I will 'grant it,' cries the Aunt. '*Sophy*, you 'know I love you, and can deny you no-'thing. You know the Eaſineſs of my 'Nature; I have not always been ſo eaſy. 'I have been formerly thought cruel; by 'the Men I mean. I was called the cruel '*Partheniſſa*. I have broke many a Window 'that has had Verſes to the cruel *Parthe-'niſſa* in it. *Sophy*, I was never ſo hand-'ſome as you, and yet I had ſomething of 'you formerly. I am a little altered. King-'doms and States, as *Tully Cicero* ſays in 'his Epiſtles, undergo Alterations, and 'ſo muſt the hu..an Form.' Thus run ſhe on for near half an Hour upon herſelf, and her Conqueſts and her Cruelty, 'till the Arrival of my Lord, who, after a moſt te-dious Viſit, during which Mrs. *Weſtern* never once offered to leave the Room, re-tired, not much more ſatisfied with the Aunt than with the Neice. For *Sophia* had brought her Aunt into ſo excellent a Tem-per, that ſhe conſented to almoſt every Thing her Neice ſaid; and agreed, that a little diſtant Behaviour might not be im-proper to ſo forward a Lover.

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Thus *Sophia* by a little well directed Flattery, for which ſurely none will blame her, obtained a little Eaſe for herſelf, and, at leaſt, put off the evil Day. And now we have ſeen our Heroine in a better Situation than ſhe hath been for a long Time before, we will look a little after Mr. *Jones*, whom we left in the moſt deplorable Situation that can well be imagined.

CHAP. V.

Mrs. Miller *and Mr.* Nightingale *viſit* Jones *in the Priſon.*

WHEN Mr. *Allworthy* and his Nephew went to meet Mr. *Weſtern*, Mrs. *Miller* ſet forwards to her Son-in-Law's Lodgings, in order to acquaint him with the Accident which had befallen his Friend *Jones*; but he had known it long before from *Partridge*, (for *Jones*, when he left Mrs. *Miller*, had been furniſhed with a Room in the ſame Houſe with Mr. *Nightingale*.) The good Woman found her Daughter under great Affliction on Account of Mr. *Jones*, whom having comforted as well as ſhe could, ſhe ſet forwards

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the Gatehouſe, where ſhe heard he was, and where Mr. *Nightingale* was arrived before her.

The Firmneſs and Conſtancy of a true Friend is a Circumſtance ſo extremely delightful to Perſons in any Kind of Diſtreſs, that the Diſtreſs itſelf, if it be only temporary and admits of Relief, is more than compenſated by bringing this Comfort with it. Nor are Inſtances of this Kind ſo rare, as ſome ſuperficial and inaccurate Obſervers have reported. To ſay the Truth, Want of Compaſſion is not to be numbered among our general Faults. The black Ingredient which fouls our Diſpoſition is Envy. Hence our Eye is ſeldom, I am afraid, turned upward to thoſe who are manifeſtly greater, better, wiſer, or happier than ourſelves, without ſome Degree of Malignity; while we commonly look downwards on the Mean and Miſerable, with ſufficient Benevolence and Pity. In Fact, I have remarked, that moſt of the Defects which have diſcovered themſelves in the Friendſhips within my Obſervation have ariſen from Envy only; a helliſh Vice; and yet one from which I have known very few abſolutely exempt. But enough of a Subject which, if purſued, would lead me too far.

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Whether it was that Fortune was apprehensive lest *Jones* should sink under the Weight of his Adversity, and that she might thus lose any future Opportunity of tormenting him; or whether she really abated somewhat of her Severity towards him, she seemed a little to relax her Persecution, by sending him the Company of two such faithful Friends, and what is perhaps more rare, a faithful Servant. For *Partridge*, tho' he had many Imperfections, wanted not Fidelity; and tho' Fear would not suffer him to be hanged for his Master, yet the World, I believe, could not have bribed him to desert his Cause.

While *Jones* was expressing great Satisfaction in the Presence of his Friends, *Partridge* brought an Account that Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was still alive, tho' the Surgeon declared that he had very little Hopes. Upon which *Jones* fetching a deep Sigh, *Nightingale* said to him; 'My dear *Tom*, why 'should you afflict yourself so upon an Accident, which, whatever be the Consequence, can be attended with no Danger to you, and in which your Conscience 'cannot accuse you of having been in the least

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'leaſt to blame. If the Fellow ſhould 'die, what have you done more than 'taken away the Life of a Ruffian in your 'own Defence? So will the Coroner's 'Inqueſt certainly find it; and then 'you will be eaſily admitted to Bail: And 'though you muſt undergo the Form of 'a Trial, yet it is a Trial which many 'Men would ſtand for you for a Shilling.' 'Come, come, Mr. *Jones*,' ſays Mrs. *Miller*, 'cheer yourſelf up. I knew you 'could not be the Aggreſſor, and ſo I told 'Mr. *Allworthy*, and ſo he ſhall acknow-'ledge too before I have done with him.'

Jones gravely anſwered, 'That whatever 'might be his Fate, he ſhould always la-'ment the having ſhed the Blood of one 'of his Fellow-Creatures, as one of the 'higheſt Misfortunes which could have be-'fallen him. But I have another Misfor-'tune of the tendereſt Kind——O! Mrs. 'Miller, I have loſt what I held moſt dear 'upon Earth.' 'That muſt be a Miſtreſs,' ſaid Mrs. *Miller*. 'But come, come; I 'know more than you imagine;' (for indeed *Partridge* had blabbed all) 'and I have 'heard more than you know. Matters 'go better, I promiſe you, than you think; 'and

'and I would not give *Blifil* Sixpence for 'all the Chance which he hath of the 'Lady.'

'Indeed, my dear Friend, indeed,' anſwered *Jones*, 'you are an entire Stran-'ger to the Cauſe of my Grief. If you 'was acquainted with the Story, you wou'd 'allow my Caſe admitted of no Comfort. 'I apprehend no Danger from *Blifil*. I 'have undone myſelf.' 'Don't deſpair,' replied Mrs. *Miller*; 'you know not what 'a Woman can do, and if any Thing 'be in my Power, I promiſe you I will do 'it to ſerve you. It is my Duty. My 'Son, my dear Mr. *Nightingale*, who is ſo 'kind to tell me he hath Obligations to you 'on the ſame Account, knows it is my 'Duty. Shall I go to the Lady myſelf? 'I will ſay any Thing to her you would 'have me ſay.'

'Thou beſt of Women,' cries *Jones*, taking her by the Hand, 'talk not of Ob-'ligations to me;——but as you have been 'ſo kind to mention it, there is a Favour 'which, perhaps, may be in your Power. 'I ſee you are acquainted with the Lady '(how you came by your Information I 'know not) who ſits indeed very near my 'Heart.

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'Heart. If you could contrive to deliver 'this, (giving her a Paper from his Pocket) 'I shall for ever acknowledge your Good-'ness.'

'Give it me,' said Mrs. *Miller*. 'If I 'see it not in her own Possession before I 'sleep, may my next Sleep be my last. 'Comfort yourself, my good young Man; 'be wise enough to take Warning from 'past Follies, and I warrant all shall be 'well, and I shall yet see you happy with 'the most charming young Lady in the 'World; for so I hear from every one 'she is.'

'Believe me, Madam,' said he, 'I do 'not speak the common Cant of one in my 'unhappy Situation. Before this dreadful 'Accident happened, I had resolved to 'quit a Life of which I was become sensible 'of the Wickedness as well as Folly. I 'do assure you, notwithstanding the Distur-'bances I have unfortunately occasioned in 'your House, for which I heartily ask 'your Pardon, I am not an abandoned 'Profligate. Though I have been hurried 'into Vices, I do not approve a vicious 'Character; nor will I ever, from this 'Moment, deserve it.'

Mrs.

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Mrs. *Miller* expreſſed great Satisfaction in theſe Declarations, in the Sincerity of which ſhe averred ſhe had an entire Faith; and now, the Remainder of the Converſation paſt in the joint Attempts of that good Woman and Mr. *Nightingale*, to cheer the dejected Spirits of Mr. *Jones*, in which they ſo far ſucceeded, as to leave him much better comforted and ſatisfied than they found him; to which happy Alteration nothing ſo much contributed as the kind Undertaking of Mrs. *Miller*, to deliver his Letter to *Sophia*, which he deſpaired of finding any Means to accompliſh: For when *Black George* produced the laſt from *Sophia*, he informed *Partridge*, that ſhe had ſtrictly charged him, on pain of having it communicated to her Father, not to bring her any Anſwer. He was moreover not a little pleaſed, to find he had ſo warm an Advocate to Mr. *Allworthy* himſelf in this good Woman, who was in Reality one of the worthieſt Creatures in the World.

After about an Hour's Viſit from the Lady, (for *Nightingale* had been with him much longer,) they both took their leave promiſing to return to him ſoon; during which Mrs. *Miller* ſaid, ſhe hoped to bring him ſome good News from his Miſtreſs, and

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and Mr. *Nightingale* promiſed to enquire into the State of Mr. *Fitzpatrick*'s Wound, and likewiſe to find out ſome of the Perſons who were preſent at the Rencounter.

The former of theſe went directly in queſt of *Sophia*, whither we likewiſe ſhall now attend her.

CHAP. VI.

In which Mrs. Miller *pays a Viſit to* Sophia.

ACCESS to the young Lady was by no means difficult; for as ſhe lived now on a perfect friendly Footing with her Aunt, ſhe was at full Liberty to receive what Viſitants ſhe pleaſed.

Sophia was dreſſing, when ſhe was acquainted that there was a Gentlewoman below to wait on her. As ſhe was neither afraid, nor aſhamed, to ſee any of her own Sex, Mrs. *Miller* was immediately admitted.

Curt'ſies, and the uſual Ceremonials between Women who are Strangers to each other being paſt, *Sophia* ſaid, 'I have not the 'Pleaſure to know you, Madam.' 'No Ma-'dam,' anſwered Mrs. *Miller*, 'and I muſt 'beg Pardon for intruding upon you. But 'when you know what has induced me to 'give

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'give you this Trouble, I hope' — 'Pray, 'what is your Business, Madam?' said *Sophia*, with a little Emotion. 'Madam, we 'are not alone,' replied Mrs. *Miller*, in a low 'Voice. 'Go out, *Betty*,' said *Sophia*.

When *Betty* was departed, Mrs. *Miller* said, 'I was desired, Madam, by a very 'unhappy young Gentleman to deliver you 'this Letter.' *Sophia* changed Colour when she saw the Direction, well knowing the Hand, and after some Hesitation, said ——'I could not conceive, Madam, from 'your Appearance, that your Business had 'been of such a Nature.—Whomever you 'brought this Letter from I shall not open 'it. I should be sorry to entertain an un-'just Suspicion of any one; but you are 'an utter Stranger to me.'

'If you will have Patience, Madam,' answered Mrs. *Miller*, 'I will acquaint you 'who I am, and how I came by that Let-'ter.' 'I have no Curiosity, Madam, to 'know any thing,' cries *Sophia*, 'but, I 'must insist on your delivering that Letter 'back to the Person who gave it you.'

Mrs. *Miller* then fell upon her Knees, and in the most passionate Terms, implored her Compassion; to which *Sophia* answered: 'Sure,

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'Sure, Madam, it is ſurprizing you ſhould 'be ſo very ſtrongly intereſted in the Be- 'half of this Perſon. I would not think, 'Madam,' ——— 'No, Madam, ſays 'Mrs. *Miller*, you ſhall not think any 'thing but the Truth. I will tell you all, 'and you will not wonder that I am in- 'tereſted. He is the beſt natured Creature 'that ever was born.'——She then began — and related the Story of Mr. *Henderſon* — After this ſhe cried, 'This, Madam, this 'is his Goodneſs; but I have much more 'tender Obligations to him. He hath 'preſerved my Child.' — Here after ſhed- ding ſome Tears, ſhe related every thing concerning that Fact, ſuppreſſing only thoſe Circumſtances which would have moſt re- flected on her Daughter, and concluded with ſaying, 'Now, Madam, you ſhall 'judge whether I can ever do enough for ſo 'kind, ſo good, ſo generous a young Man, 'and ſure he is the beſt and worthieſt of 'all Human Beings.'

The Alterations in the Countenance of *Sophia*, had hitherto been chiefly to her Diſadvantage, and had inclined her Com- plexion to too great Paleneſs; but ſhe new waxed redder if poſſible, than Vermilion, and cry'd, 'I know not what to ſay, cer- 'tainly

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'tainly what ariſes from Gratitude cannot 'be blamed. ——— But what Service can 'my reading his Letter do your Friend, 'ſince I am reſolved never ——' Mrs. *Miller* fell again to her Entreaties, and begged to be forgiven, but ſhe could not, ſhe ſaid, carry it back. 'Well, Madam,' ſays *Sophia*, 'I cannot help it, if you will 'force it upon me.—Certainly you may 'leave it whether I will or no.' What *Sophia* meant, or whether ſhe meant any thing, I will not preſume to determine; but Mrs. *Miller* actually underſtood this as a Hint, and preſently laying the Letter down on the Table took her Leave, having firſt begged Permiſſion to wait again on *Sophia*, which Requeſt had neither Aſſent nor Denial.

The Letter lay upon the Table no longer than till Mrs. *Miller* was out of Sight; for then *Sophia* opened and read it.

This Letter did very little Service to his Cauſe; for it conſiſted of little more than Confeſſions of his own Unworthineſs, and bitter Lamentations of Deſpair, together with the moſt ſolemn Proteſtations of his unalterable Fidelity to *Sophia*, of which he ſaid, he hoped to convince her if he had

even

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ever more the Honour of being admitted to her Preſence; and that he could account for the Letter to Lady *Bellaſton*, in ſuch a Manner, that though it would not intitle him to her Forgiveneſs, he hoped at leaſt to obtain it from her Mercy. And concluded with vowing that nothing was ever leſs in his Thoughts than to marry Lady *Bellaſton*.

Though *Sophia* read the Letter twice over with great Attention, his Meaning ſtill remained a Riddle to her, nor could her Invention ſuggeſt to her any Means to excuſe *Jones*. She certainly remained very angry with him, though indeed Lady *Bellaſton* took up ſo much of her Reſentment that her gentle Mind had but little left to beſtow on any other Perſon.

That Lady was moſt unluckily to dine this very Day with her Aunt *Weſtern*, and in the Afternoon, they were all three by Appointment to go together to the Opera, and thence to Lady *Thomas Hatchet*'s Drum. *Sophia* would have gladly been excuſed from all, but ſhe would not diſoblige her Aunt; and as to the Arts of counterfeiting Illneſs, ſhe was ſo entirely a Stranger to them, that it never once entered into her Head.

When

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When she was dreſt, therefore, down she went, reſolved to encounter all the Horrours of the Day, and a moſt diſagreeable one it proved; for Lady *Bellaſton* took every Opportunity very civilly and ſlily to inſult her; to all which her Dejection of Spirits diſabled her from making any Return; and indeed, to confeſs the Truth, she was at the very beſt but an indifferent Miſtreſs of Repartee.

Another Misfortune which befel poor *Sophia*, was the Company of Lord *Fellamar*, whom she met at the Opera, and who attended her to the Drum. And though both Places were too publick to admit of any Particularities, and she was farther relieved by the Muſick at the one Place, and by the Cards at the other, she could not however enjoy herſelf in his Company: for there is ſomething of Delicacy in Women, which will not ſuffer them to be even eaſy in the Preſence of a Man whom they know to have Pretenſions to them, which they are diſinclined to favour.

Having in this Chapter twice mentioned a Drum, a Word which our Poſterity, it is hoped, will not underſtand in the Senſe it is here applied, we ſhall, notwithſtanding our

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our preſent Haſte, ſtop a Moment to deſcribe the Entertainment here meant, and the rather as we can in a Moment deſcribe it.

A Drum then is an Aſſembly of well dreſſed Perſons of both Sexes, moſt of whom play at Cards, and the reſt do nothing at all; while the Miſtreſs of the Houſe performs the Part of the Landlady at an Inn, and like the Landlady of an Inn prides herſelf in the Number of her Gueſts, though ſhe doth not always, like her, get any Thing by it.

No wonder then as ſo much Spirits muſt be required to ſupport any Vivacity in theſe Scenes of Dulneſs, that we hear Perſons of Faſhion eternally complaining of the Want of them; a Complaint confined entirely to upper Life. How inſupportable muſt we imagine this Round of Impertinence to have been to *Sophia*, at this time; how difficult muſt ſhe have found it to force the Appearance of Gaiety into her Looks, when her Mind dictated nothing but the tendereſt Sorrow, and when every Thought was charged with tormenting Ideas.

Night, however at laſt, reſtored her to her Pillow, where we will leave her to ſoothe

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ſoothe her Melancholy at leaſt, though incapable we are afraid of Reſt, and ſhall purſue our Hiſtory, which ſomething whiſpers us is now arrived at the Eve of ſome great Event.

CHAP. VII.

A pathetic Scene between Mr. Allworthy *and Mrs.* Miller.

MRS. *Miller* had a long Diſcourſe with Mr. *Allworthy* at his Return from Dinner, in which ſhe acquainted him with *Jones*'s having unfortunately loſt all which he was pleaſed to beſtow on him at their Separation; and with the Diſtreſſes to which that Loſs had ſubjected him; of all which ſhe had received a full Account from the faithful Retailer *Partridge*. She then explained the Obligations ſhe had to *Jones*; not that ſhe was entirely explicite with regard to her Daughter; for though ſhe had the utmoſt Confidence in Mr. *Allworthy*, and though there could be no Hopes of keeping an Affair ſecret, which was unhappily known to more than half a Dozen; yet ſhe could not prevail with herſelf to mention thoſe Circumſtances which reflected moſt on the Chaſti-

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ty of poor *Nancy*; but ſmothered that Part of her Evidence as cautiouſly as if ſhe had been before a Judge, and the Girl was now on her Trial for the Murder of a Baſtard.

Allworthy ſaid, there were few Characters ſo abſolutely vicious as not to have the leaſt Mixture of Good in them. 'However,' ſays he, 'I cannot deny but that you had 'ſome Obligations to the Fellow, bad as 'he is, and I ſhall therefore excuſe what hath 'paſt already, but muſt inſiſt you never men-'tion his Name to me more; for I promiſe 'you, it was upon the fulleſt and plaineſt 'Evidence that I reſolved to take the Meaſures 'I have taken.' 'Well, Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'I make not the leaſt doubt, but Time 'will ſhew all Matters in their true and na-'tural Colours, and that you will be con-'vinced this poor young Man deſerves bet-'ter of you than ſome other Folks that 'ſhall be nameleſs.'

'Madam,' cries *Allworthy*, a little ruf-fled, 'I will not hear any Reflections on 'my Nephew, and if you ever ſay a Word 'more of that Kind, I will depart from 'your Houſe that Inſtant. He is the 'worthieſt and beſt of Men; and I once 'more repeat it to you, he hath carried his

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'Friendſhip to this Man to a bleamable 'Length, by too long concealing Facts 'of the blackeſt Die. The Ingratitude 'of the Wretch to this good young Man 'is what I moſt reſent; for, Madam, I 'have the greateſt Reaſon to imagine he 'had laid a Plot to ſupplant my Nephew 'in my Favour, and to have diſinherited 'him.'

'I am ſure, Sir,' anſwered Mrs. *Miller*, a little frightened (for though Mr. *Allworthy* had the utmoſt Sweetneſs and Benevolence in his Smiles, he had great Terrour in his Frowns) 'I ſhall never ſpeak 'againſt any Gentleman you are pleaſed to 'think well of. I am ſure, Sir, ſuch Behaviour would very little become me, eſpecially when the Gentleman is your neareſt 'Relation; but, Sir, you muſt not be angry 'with me, you muſt not indeed, for my 'good Wiſhes to this poor Wretch. Sure, 'I may call him ſo now, though once you 'would have been angry with me, if I had 'ſpoke of him with the leaſt Diſreſpect. 'How often have I heard you call him your 'Son? How often have you prattled to me 'of him with all the Fondneſs of a Parent? 'Nay, Sir, I cannot forget the many tender Expreſſions, the many good Things

'you

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'you have told me of his Beauty, and his 'Parts, and his Virtues; of his Good-'nature and Generosity. — I am sure, Sir, 'I cannot forget them: For I find them 'all true. I have experienced them in my 'own Cause. They have preserved my 'Family. You must pardon my Tears, 'Sir, indeed you must, when I consider the 'cruel Reverse of Fortune which this poor 'Youth, to whom I am so much obliged, 'hath suffered; when I consider the Loss 'of your Favour, which I know he valued 'more than his Life, I must, I must lament 'him. If you had a Dagger in your Hand, 'ready to plunge into my Heart, I must 'lament the Misery of one whom you have 'loved, and I shall ever love.'

Allworthy was pretty much moved with this Speech, but it seemed not to be with Anger: For after a short Silence, taking Mrs. *Miller* by the Hand, he said very affectionately to her; 'Come, Madam, let 'us consider a little 'about your Daughter. 'I cannot blame you, for rejoicing in a 'Match which promises to be advantageous 'to her; but you know this Advantage, 'in a great Measure, depends on the Fa-'ther's Reconciliation. I know Mr. '*Nightingale* very well, and have formerly

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'had Concerns with him; I will make him a 'Visit, and endeavour to serve you in this 'Matter. I believe he is a worldly Man; 'but as this is an only Son, and the Thing 'is now irretrievable, perhaps he may in 'Time be brought to Reason. I promise 'you I will do all I can for you.'

Many were the Acknowledgments which the poor Woman made to *Allworthy*, for this kind and generous Offer, nor could she refrain from taking this Occasion again to express her Gratitude towards *Jones*, to whom, said she, I owe the Opportunity of giving you, Sir, this present Trouble. *Allworthy* gently stopped her; but he was too good a Man to be really offended with the Effects of so noble a Principle as now actuated Mrs. *Miller*; and indeed had not this new Affair inflamed his former Anger against *Jones*, it is possible he might have been a little softened towards him by the Report of an Action which Malice itself could not have derived from an evil Motive.

Mr. *Allworthy* and Mrs. *Miller* had been above an Hour together, when their Conversation was put an End to by the Arrival of *Blifil*, and another Person, which other Person

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ſon was no leſs than Mr. *Dowling*, the Attorney, who was now become a great Favourite with Mr. *Blifil*, and whom Mr. *Allworthy*, at the Deſire of his Nephew, had made his Steward, and had likewiſe recommended him to Mr. *Weſtern*, from whom the Attorney received a Promiſe of being promoted to the ſame Office upon the firſt Vacancy; and in the mean Time was employed in tranſacting ſome Affairs which the Squire then had in *London*, in Relation to a Mortgage.

This was the principal Affair which then brought Mr. *Dowling* to Town, therefore he took the ſame Opportunity to charge himſelf with ſome Money for Mr. *Allworthy*, and to make a Report to him of ſome other Buſineſs; in all which as it was of much too dull a Nature to find any Place in this Hiſtory, we will leave the Uncle, Nephew, and their Lawyer concerned, and reſort to other Matters.

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CHAP. VIII.

Containing various Matters.

BEFORE we return to Mr. *Jones*, we will take one more View of *Sophia*.

Though that young Lady had brought her Aunt into great good Humour by thoſe ſoothing Methods, which we have before related, ſhe had not brought her in the leaſt to abate of her Zeal for the Match with Lord *Fellamar*; this Zeal was now inflamed by Lady *Bellaſton*, who had told her the preceding Evening, that ſhe was well ſatisfied from the Conduct of *Sophia*, and from her Carriage to his Lordſhip, that all Delays would be dangerous, and that the only Way to ſucceed, was to preſs the Match forward with ſuch Rapidity, that the young Lady ſhould have no Time to reflect, and be obliged to conſent, while ſhe ſcarce knew what ſhe did. In which Manner, ſhe ſaid, one half of the Marriages among People of Condition were brought about. A Fact very probably true, and to which I ſuppoſe is owing the mutual Tenderneſs which after-

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afterwards exiſts among ſo many happy Couples.

A Hint of the ſame Kind was given by the ſame Lady to Lord *Fellamar*; and both theſe ſo readily embraced the Advice that the very next Day was, at his Lordſhip's Requeſt, appointed by Mrs. *Weſtern* for a private Interview between the young Parties. This was communicated to *Sophia* by her Aunt, and inſiſted upon in ſuch high Terms, that, after having urged every Thing ſhe poſſibly could invent againſt it, without the leaſt Effect, ſhe at laſt agreed to give the higheſt Inſtance of Complaiſance which any young Lady can give, and conſented to ſee his Lordſhip.

As Converſations of this Kind afford no great Entertainment, we ſhall be excuſed from reciting the whole that paſt at this Interview; in which, after his Lordſhip had made many Declarations of the moſt pure and ardent Paſſion, to the ſilent, bluſhing *Sophia*; ſhe at laſt collected all the Spirits ſhe could raiſe, and with a trembling low Voice, ſaid, 'My Lord, you muſt be 'yourſelf conſcious whether your former 'Behaviour to me hath been conſiſtent with

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the Professions you now make.' 'Is there, 'answered he, no Way by which I 'can attone for Madness? What I did, 'I am afraid must have too plainly con- 'vinced you, that the Violence of Love 'had deprived me of my Senses.' 'In- 'deed, my Lord, said she, it is in your 'Power to give me a Proof of an Affec- 'tion which I much rather wish to encourage, 'and to which I should think myself more 'beholden.' 'Name it, Madam, said my 'Lord, very warmly.'——My Lord, says 'she, looking down upon her Fan, I know 'you must be sensible how uneasy this pre- 'tended Passion of yours hath made me.' '—— Can you be so cruel to call it pre- 'tended? says he.' 'Yes, my Lord, an- 'swered *Sophia*, all Professions of Love to 'those whom we persecute, are most insulting 'Pretences. This Pursuit of yours is to 'me a most cruel Persecution; nay, it is ta- 'king a most ungenerous Advantage of my 'unhappy Situation.' 'Most lovely, most a- 'dorable Charmer, do not accuse me, cries 'he, of taking an ungenerous Advantage, 'while I have no Thoughts but what are 'directed to your Honour and Interest, and 'while I have no View, no Hope, no Am- 'bition but to throw myself, Honour, For- 'tune, every Thing at your Feet. My

'Lord,

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'Lord, says she, it is that Fortune and 'those Honours which give you the Ad- 'vantage of which I complain. These 'are the Charms which have seduced my 'Relations, but to me they are Things in- 'different. If your Lordship will merit 'my Gratitude, there is but one Way.'— 'Pardon me, divine Creature, said he, 'there can be none. All I can do for you 'is so much your due, and will give me so 'much Pleasure, that there is no room for 'your Gratitude.'—'Indeed, my Lord, an- 'swered she, you may obtain my Gratitude, 'my good Opinion, every kind Thought and 'Wish which it is in my Power to bestow, 'nay you may obtain them with Ease; 'for sure to a generous Mind it must be 'easy to grant my Request. Let me be- 'seech you then, to cease a Pursuit, in 'which you can never have any Success. 'For your own Sake as well as mine, I 'entreat this Favour; for sure you are too 'noble to have any Pleasure in tormen- 'ing an unhappy Creature. What can your 'Lordship propose but Uneasiness to yourself 'by a Perseverance, which, upon my Ho- 'nour, upon my Soul, cannot, shall not 'prevail with me, whatever Distresses you 'may drive me to.' Here my Lord fetched a deep Sigh, and then said,—'Is it then, Ma-

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'dam, that I am ſo unhappy to be the Object 'of your Diſlike and Scorn; or will you 'pardon me if I ſuſpect there is ſome o-'ther?' ——— Here he heſitated, and *Sophia* anſwered with ſome Spirit, 'My Lord, 'I ſhall not be accountable to you for the 'Reaſons of my Conduct. I am obliged 'to your Lordſhip for the generous Offer 'you have made; I own it is beyond ei-'ther my Deſerts or Expectations; yet I 'hope, my Lord, you will not inſiſt on 'my Reaſons, when I declare I cannot ac-'cept it.' Lord *Fellamar* returned much to this, which we do not perfectly under-ſtand, and perhaps it could not all be ſtrict-ly reconciled either to Senſe or Grammar; but he concluded his ranting Speech with ſaying, 'That if ſhe has pre-engaged her-'ſelf to any Gentleman, however unhappy 'it would make him, he ſhould think him-'ſelf bound in Honour to deſiſt.' Per-haps my Lord laid too much Emphaſis on the Word Gentleman; for we cannot elſe well account for the Indignation with which he inſpired *Sophia*, who, in her An-ſwer, ſeemed greatly to reſent ſome Affront he had given her.

While ſhe was ſpeaking, with her Voice more raiſed than uſual, Mrs. *Weſtern* came

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came into the Room, the Fire glaring in her Cheeks, and the Flames bursting from her Eyes. 'I am ashamed, says she, my 'Lord, of the Reception which you have 'met with. I assure your Lordship we are 'all sensible of the Honour done us; 'and I must tell you, Miss *Western*, the 'Family expect a different Behaviour from 'you.' Here my Lord interfered on Behalf of the young Lady, but to no Purpose; the Aunt proceeded till *Sophia* pulled out her Handkerchief, threw herself into a Chair, and burst into a violent Fit of Tears.

The Remainder of the Conversation between Mrs. *Western* and his Lordship, till the latter withdrew, consisted of bitter Lamentations on his Side, and on hers of the strongest Assurances that her Niece should and would consent to all he wished. 'Indeed, my Lord, says she, the Girl hath 'had a foolish Education, neither adapted 'to her Fortune nor her Family. Her 'Father, I am sorry to say it, is to blame 'for every Thing. The Girl hath silly 'Country Notions of Bashfulness. Nothing 'else, my Lord, upon my Honour; I am 'convinced she hath a good Understanding

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'at the Bottom, and will be brought to 'Reaſon.'

This laſt Speech was made in the Abſence of *Sophia*, for ſhe had ſometime before left the Room with more Appearance of Paſſion than ſhe had ever ſhewn on any Occaſion; and now his Lordſhip, after many Expreſſions of Thanks to Mrs. *Weſtern*, many ardent Profeſſions of Paſſion which nothing could conquer, and many Aſſurances of Perſeverance which Mrs. *Weſtern* highly encouraged, took his Leave for this Time.

Before we relate what now paſſed between Mrs. *Weſtern* and *Sophia*, it may be proper to mention an unfortunate Accident which had happened, and which had occaſioned the Return of Mrs. *Weſtern* with ſo much Fury as we have ſeen.

The Reader then muſt know, that the Maid who at preſent attended on *Sophia*, was recommended by Lady *Bellaſton*, with whom ſhe had lived for ſome Time in the Capacity of a Comb-bruſh; ſhe was a very ſenſible Girl, and had received the ſtricteſt Inſtructions to watch her young Lady very carefully. Theſe Inſtructions, we are ſorry to ſay, were

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were communicated to her by Mrs. *Honour*, into whose Favour Lady *Bellaston* had now so ingratiated herself, that the violent Affection which the good Waiting-Woman had formerly borne to *Sophia*, was entirely obliterated by that great Attachment which she had to her new Mistress.

Now when Mrs. *Miller* was departed, *Betty* (for that was the Name of the Girl) returning to her young Lady, found her very attentively engaged in reading a long Letter, and the visible Emotions which she betrayed on that Occasion, might have well accounted for some Suspicions which the Girl entertained; but indeed they had yet a stronger Foundation, for she had overheard the whole Scene which passed between *Sophia* and Mrs. *Miller*.

Mrs. *Western* was acquainted with all this Matter by *Betty*, who, after receiving many Commendations, and some Rewards for her Fidelity, was ordered, that if the Woman who brought the Letter, came again, she should introduce her to Mrs. *Western* herself.

Unluckily Mrs. *Miller* returned at the very time when *Sophia* was engaged with his

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his Lordſhip. *Betty*, according to Order, ſent her directly to the Aunt; who being Miſtreſs of ſo many Circumſtances relating to what had paſt the Day before, eaſily impoſed upon the poor Woman to believe that *Sophia* had communicated the whole Affair; and ſo pumped every thing out of her which ſhe knew, relating to the Letter, and relating to *Jones*.

This poor Creature might indeed be called Simplicity itſelf. She was one of that Order of Mortals, who are apt to believe every thing which is ſaid to them; to whom Nature hath neither indulged the offenſive nor defenſive Weapons of Deceit, and who are conſequently liable to be impoſed upon by any one, who will only be at the Expence of a little Falſhood for that Purpoſe. Mrs. *Weſtern* having drained Mrs. *Miller* of all ſhe knew, which indeed was but little, but which was ſufficient to make the Aunt ſuſpect a great deal, diſmiſſed her, with Aſſurances that *Sophia* would not ſee her, that ſhe would ſend no Anſwer to the Letter, nor ever receive another; nor did ſhe ſuffer her to depart, without a handſome Lecture on the Merits of an Office, to which ſhe could afford no better Name than that of Procureſs. ——

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This discovery had greatly discomposed her Temper, when coming into the Apartment next to that in which the Lovers were, she overheard *Sophia* very warmly protesting against his Lordship's Addresses. At which the Rage already kindled, burst forth, and she rushed in upon her Niece in a furious Manner, as we have already described together with what past at that time till his Lordship's Departure.

No sooner was Lord *Fellamar* gone, than Mrs. *Western* returned to *Sophia*, whom she upbraided in the most bitter Terms, for the ill Use she had made of the Confidence reposed in her; and for her Treachery in conversing with a Man, with whom she had offered but the Day before to bind herself in the most solemn Oath, never more to have any Conversation. *Sophia* protested she had maintained no such Conversation. 'How! Miss *Western*,' said the Aunt, 'will you deny your receiving a Letter 'from him yesterday?' 'A Letter, Ma-'dam,' answered *Sophia*, somewhat surprized. 'It is not very well bred, Miss, replies the Aunt, 'to repeat my Words. 'I say a Letter, and I insist upon your 'shewing it me immediately.' 'I scorn a 'Lie, Madam,' said *Sophia*, 'I did re-

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'ceive a Letter, but it was without my 'Desire, and indeed I may say against my 'Consent.' 'Indeed, indeed, Miss,' cries the Aunt, 'you ought to be ashamed 'of owning you had received it at all; 'but where is the Letter? for I will see it.'

To this peremptory Demand *Sophia* paused some Time before she returned an Answer; and at last only excused herself by declaring she had not the Letter in her Pocket, which was indeed true; upon which her Aunt losing all manner of Patience, asked her Niece this short Question, whether she would resolve to marry Lord *Fellamar* or no? to which she received the strongest Negative. Mrs. *Western* then replied with an Oath, or something very like one, that she would early the next Morning deliver her back into her Father's Hands.

Sophia then began to reason with her Aunt in the following manner; 'Why, Ma-'dam, must I of Necessity be forced to 'marry at all? consider how cruel you would 'have thought it in your own Case, and how 'much kinder your Parents were in leaving 'you to your Liberty. What have I done 'to forfeit this Liberty? I will never mar-

'ry

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'ry contrary to my Father's Conſent, nor 'without aſking yours. — And when I aſk 'the Conſent of either improperly it will 'be then time enough to force ſome other 'Marriage upon me.' 'Can I bear to hear 'this,' cries Mrs. *Weſtern*, 'from a Girl, 'who hath now a Letter from a Murderer 'in her Pocket?' 'I have no ſuch Letter, 'I promiſe you,' anſwered *Sophia*; 'and 'if he be a *Murderer*, he will ſoon be in 'no Condition to give you any further 'Diſturbance.' 'How, Miſs *Weſtern*,' ſaid the Aunt, 'have you the Aſſurance 'to ſpeak of him in this Manner, to own 'your Affection for ſuch a Villain to my 'Face!' 'Sure, Madam,' ſaid *Sophia*, 'you put a very ſtrange Conſtruction on 'my Words.' 'Indeed, Miſs *Weſtern*,' cries the Lady, 'I ſhall not bear this 'Uſage; you have learnt of your Father 'this manner of treating me; he hath 'taught you to give me the Lie. He hath 'totally ruined you by his falſe Syſtem of 'Education; and pleaſe Heaven he ſhall 'have the Comfort of its Fruits: For 'once more I declare to you, that to-mor-'row Morning I will carry you back. I 'will withdraw all my Forces from the 'Field,

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'Field, and remain henceforth, like the 'wise King of *Prussia*, in a State of perfect 'Neutrality. You are both too wise to be 'regulated by my Measures; so prepare 'yourself, for to-morrow Morning you 'shall evacuate this House.

Sophia remonstrated all she could; but her Aunt was deaf to all she said. In this Resolution therefore we must at present leave her, as there seems to be no Hopes of bringing her to change it.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IX.

What happened to Mr. Jones *in the Priſon.*

MR. *Jones* paſt above twenty-four melancholy Hours by himſelf, unleſs when relieved by the Company of *Partridge*, before Mr. *Nightingale* returned; not that this worthy young Man had deſerted or forgot his Friend; for indeed, he had been much the greateſt part of the time employed in his Service.

He had heard upon Enquiry that the only Perſons who had ſeen the Beginning of the unfortunate Rencounter, were a Crew belonging to a Man of War, which then lay at *Deptford*. To *Deptford* therefore he went, in ſearch of this Crew, where he was informed that the Men he ſought after were all gone aſhore. He then traced them from Place to Place, till at laſt he found two of them drinking together, with a third Perſon, at a Hedge-Tavern, near *Alderſgate*.

Nightingale deſired to ſpeak with *Jones* by himſelf (for *Partridge* was in the Room when he came in.) As ſoon as they were alone,

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alone, *Nightingale* taking *Jones* by the Hand, cried, 'Come, my brave Friend, be not too 'much dejected at what I am going to 'tell you, I am ſorry I am the Meſſenger 'of bad News; but I think it my Duty 'to tell you.' 'I gueſs already what that 'News is,' cries *Jones*. 'The poor Gen-'tleman then is dead.' —— 'I hope not,' anſwered *Nightingale*. 'He was alive this 'Morning; though I will not flatter you; 'I fear from the Accounts I could get, that 'his Wound is mortal. But if the Affair 'be exactly as you told it, your own Re-'morſe would be all you would have rea-'ſon to apprehend, let what would happen; 'but forgive me, my dear *Tom*, if I entreat 'you to make the worſt of your Story to 'your Friends. If you diſguiſe any thing 'to us, you will only be an Enemy to 'yourſelf.'

'What Reaſon, my dear *Jack*, have I 'ever given you,' ſaid *Jones*, 'to ſtab me 'with ſo cruel a Suſpicion?' 'Have 'Patience,' cries *Nightingale*, 'and I will 'tell you all. After the moſt diligent En-'quiry, I could make, I at laſt met with 'two of the Fellows who were preſent at 'this unhappy Accident, and I am ſorry 'to ſay, they do not relate the Story ſo

'much

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'much in your Favour, as you yourſelf 'have told it.' 'Why, what do they 'ſay?' cries *Jones*. 'Indeed, what I am 'ſorry to repeat, as I am afraid of the 'Conſequence of it to you. They ſay that 'they were at too great a Diſtance to over-'hear any Words that paſſed between you; 'but they both agree that the firſt Blow 'was given by you.' 'Then upon my 'Soul,' anſwered *Jones*, 'they injure me. 'He not only ſtruck me firſt, but ſtruck me 'without the leaſt Provocation. What 'ſhould induce thoſe Villains to accuſe me 'falſely?' Nay, that I cannot gueſs,' ſaid *Nightingale*, 'and if you yourſelf, and I 'who am ſo heartily your Friend, cannot 'conceive a Reaſon why they ſhould be-'lie you, what Reaſon will an indifferent 'Court of Juſtice be able to aſſign why 'they ſhould not believe them? I repeated 'the Queſtion to them ſeveral times, and 'ſo did another Gentleman who was pre-'ſent, who, I believe, is a ſea-faring Man, 'and who really acted a very friendly part 'by you; for he begged them often to con-'ſider, that there was the Life of a Man 'in the Caſe; and aſked them over and 'over if they were certain; to which they 'both anſwered, that they were, and 'would abide by their Evidence upon Oath.

'For

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'For Heaven's Sake, my dear Friend, re-
'collect yourself; for if this should appear
'to be the Fact, it will be your Business to
'think in time of making the best of your
'Interest. I would not shock you; but
'you know, I believe, the Severity of the
'Law, whatever verbal Provocations may
'have been given you.' 'Alas! my
'Friend,' cries *Jones*, 'what Interest hath
'such a Wretch as I? Besides, do you
'think I would even wish to live with the
'Reputation of a Murderer? If I had any
'Friends, (as alas! I have none) could I
'have the Confidence to solicit them to
'speak in the Behalf of a Man condemned
'for the blackest Crime in Human Na-
'ture? Believe me I have no such Hope;
'but I have some Reliance on a Throne
'still greatly superior; which will, I am
'certain, afford me all the Protection I
'merit.' He then concluded with many solemn and vehement Protestations of the Truth of what he had at first asserted.

The Faith of *Nightingale* was now again staggered, and began to incline to credit his Friend, when Mrs. *Miller* appeared, and made a sorrowful Report of the Success of her Embassy; which when *Jones* had heard, he cried out most heroically,

'Well,

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'Well, my Friend, I am now indifferent 'as to what ſhall happen, at leaſt with 'Regard to my Life; and if it be the 'Will of Heaven that I ſhall make an 'Atonement with that for the Blood I 'have ſpilt, I hope the Divine Goodneſs 'will one Day ſuffer my Honour to be 'cleared, and that the Words of a dying 'Man, at leaſt, will be believed, ſo far as 'to juſtify his Character.'

A very mournful Scene now paſt between the Priſoner and his Friends, at which, as few Readers would have been pleaſed to be preſent, ſo few, I believe, will deſire to hear it particularly related. We will, therefore, paſs on to the Entrance of the Turnkey, who acquainted *Jones*, that there was a Lady without who deſired to ſpeak with him, when he was at Leiſure.

Jones declared his Surprize at this Meſſage. He ſaid, 'he knew no Lady in the 'World whom he could poſſibly expect to 'ſee there. However, as he ſaw no Reaſon to decline ſeeing any Perſon, Mrs. *Miller* and Mr. *Nightingale* preſently took their Leave, and he gave Orders to have the Lady admitted.

If

If *Jones* was surprized at the News of a Visit from a Lady, how greatly was he astonished when he discovered this Lady to be no other than Mrs. *Waters*. In this Astonishment then we shall leave him awhile, in order to cure the Surprize of the Reader, who will likewise, probably, not a little wonder at the Arrival of this Lady.

Who this Mrs. *Waters* was, the Reader pretty well knows; what she was he must be perfectly satisfied. He will therefore be pleased to remember, that this Lady departed from *Upton* in the same Coach with Mr. *Fitzpatrick* and the other *Irish* Gentleman, and in their Company travelled to the *Bath*.

Now there was a certain Office in the Gift of Mr. *Fitzpatrick* at that Time vacant, namely, that of a Wife; for the Lady who had lately filled that Office had resigned, or at least deserted her Duty. Mr. *Fitzpatrick* therefore having thoroughly examined Mrs. *Waters* on the Road, found her extremely fit for the Place, which, on their Arrival at *Bath*, he presently conferred upon her, and she, without any Scruple,

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ple, accepted. As Husband and Wife this Gentleman and Lady continued together all the Time they stayed at *Bath*, and as Husband and Wife they arrived together in Town.

Whether Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was so wise a Man as not to part with one good Thing till he had secured another, which he had at present only a Prospect of regaining; or whether Mrs. *Waters* had so well discharged her Office, that he intended still to retain her as Principal, and to make his Wife (as is often the Case) only her Deputy, I will not say; but certain it is he never mentioned his Wife to her, never communicated to her the Letter given him by Mrs. *Western*, nor ever once hinted his Purpose of re-possessing his Wife; much less did he ever mention the Name of *Jones*. For though he intended to fight with him wherever he met him, he did not imitate those prudent Persons who think a Wife, a Mother, a Sister, or sometimes a whole Family, the safest Seconds on these Occasions. The first Account therefore which she had of all this, was delivered to her from his Lips, after he was brought home from the Tavern where his Wound had been dress't.

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As Mr. *Fitzpatrick* however had not the cleareſt Way of telling a Story at any Time, and was now, perhaps, a little more confuſed than uſual, it was ſome Time before ſhe diſcovered, that the Gentleman who had given him this Wound was the very ſame Perſon from whom her Heart had received a Wound, which, though not of a mortal Kind, was yet ſo deep that it had left a conſiderable Scar behind it. But no ſooner was ſhe acquainted that Mr. *Jones* himſelf was the Man who had been committed to the Gatehouſe for this ſuppoſed Murder, than ſhe took the firſt Opportunity of committing Mr. *Fitzpatrick* to the Care of his Nurſe, and haſtened away to viſit the Conqueror.

She now entered the Room with an Air of Gayety, which received an immediate Check from the melancholy Aſpect of poor *Jones*, who ſtarted and bleſſed himſelf when he ſaw her. Upon which ſhe ſaid, 'Nay, 'I do not wonder at your Surprize; I be'lieve you did not expect to ſee me; for 'few Gentlemen are troubled here with 'Viſits from any Lady, unleſs a Wife. 'You ſee the Power you have over me, 'Mr. *Jones*. Indeed I little thought when

'we

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'we parted at *Upton*, that our next Meeting would have been in such a Place.' 'Indeed, Madam,' says *Jones*, 'I must look upon this Visit as kind; few will follow the Miserable, especially to such dismal Habitations.' 'I protest, Mr. *Jones*, says she, 'I can hardly persuade myself you are the same agreeable Fellow I saw at *Upton*. Why, your Face is more miserable than any Dungeon in the Universe. What can be the Matter with you?' I thought, Madam,' said *Jones*, 'as you knew of my being here, you knew the unhappy Reason.' 'Pugh,' says she, 'you have pinked a Man in a Duel, that's all.' *Jones* expresst some Indignation at this Levity, and spoke with the utmost Contrition for what had happened. To which she answered, 'Well then, Sir, if you take it so much to Heart, I will relieve you; the Gentleman is not dead; and, I am pretty confident, is in no Danger of dying. The Surgeon indeed who first dressed him was a young Fellow, and seemed desirous of representing his Case to be as bad as possible, that he might have the more Honour from curing him; but the King's Surgeon hath seen him since, and says, unless from a Fever, of which there are at present no Symptoms,

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'he apprehends not the leaſt Danger of 'Life.' *Jones* ſhewed great Satisfaction in his Countenance at this Report; upon which ſhe affirmed the Truth of it, adding, 'By 'the moſt extraordinary Accident in the 'World I lodge at the ſame Houſe, and 'have ſeen the Gentleman; and I pro-'miſe you he doth you Juſtice, and ſays, 'Whatever be the Conſequence, that he 'was entirely the Aggreſſor, and that you 'was not in the leaſt to blame.'

Jones expreſſed the utmoſt Satisfaction at the Account which Mrs. *Waters* brought him. He then informed her of many Things which ſhe well knew before, as who Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was, the Occaſion of his Reſentment, *&c.* He likewiſe told her ſeveral Facts of which ſhe was ignorant, as the Adventure of the Muff, and other Particulars, concealing only the Name of *Sophia.* He then lamented the Follies and Vices of which he had been guilty; every one of which, he ſaid, had been attended with ſuch ill Conſequences, that he ſhould be unpardonable if he did not take Warning, and quit thoſe vicious Courſes for the future. He laſtly concluded with aſſuring her of his Reſolution to ſin no more, leſt a worſe Thing ſhould happen to him.

Mrs.

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Mrs. *Waters* with great Pleasantry ridiculed all this, as the Effects of low Spirits and Confinement. She repeated some Witticisms about *the Devil when he was sick*, and told him, 'She doubted not but shortly 'to see him at Liberty, and as lively a Fel-'low as ever; and then,' says she, 'I don't 'question but your Conscience will be safe-'ly delivered of all these Qualms that it is 'now so sick in breeding.'

Many more Things of this Kind she uttered, some of which it would do her no great Honour, in the Opinion of some Readers, to remember; nor are we quite certain but that the Answers made by *Jones* would be treated with Ridicule by others. We shall therefore suppress the rest of this Conversation, and only observe, that it ended at last with perfect Innocence, and much more to the Satisfaction of *Jones* than of the Lady: For the former was greatly transported with the News she had brought him; but the latter was not altogether so pleased with the penitential Behaviour of a Man whom she had at her first Interview

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conceived a very different Opinion of from what she now entertained of him.

Thus the Melancholy occasioned by the Report of Mr. *Nightingale* was pretty well effaced; but the Dejection into which Mrs. *Miller* had thrown him still continued. The Account she gave, so well tallied with the Words of *Sophia* herself in her Letter, that he made not the least Doubt but that she had discloſed his Letter to her Aunt, and had taken a fixed Reſolution to abandon him. The Torments this Thought gave him were to be equalled only by a Piece of News which Fortune yet had in Store for him, and which we shall communicate in the second Chapter of the ensuing Book.

THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XVIII.

Containing about Six Days.

CHAP. I.

A Farewel to the Reader.

WE are now, Reader, arrived at the last Stage of our long Journey. As we have therefore travelled together through so many Pages, let us behave to one another like Fellow-Traveller

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vellers in a Stage-Coach, who have paſſed ſeveral Days in the Company of each other; and who, notwithſtanding any Bickerings or little Animoſities which may have occurred on the Road, generally make all up at laſt, and mount, for the laſt Time, into their Vehicle with Chearfulneſs and Good-Humour; ſince, after this one Stage, it may poſſibly happen to us, as it commonly happens to them, never to meet more.

As I have here taken up this Simile, give me Leave to carry it a little farther. I intend then in this laſt Book to imitate the good Company I have mentioned in their laſt Journey. Now it is well known, that all Jokes and Raillery are at this Time laid aſide; whatever Characters any of the Paſſengers have for the Jeſt-ſake perſonated on the Road, are now thrown off, and the Converſation is uſually plain and ſerious.

In the ſame Manner, if I have now and then, in the Courſe of this Work, indulged any Pleaſantry for thy Entertainment, I ſhall here lay it down. The Variety of Matter, indeed, which I ſhall be obliged to cram into this Book, will afford no Room for any of thoſe ludicrous Obſervations which I have elſewhere made, and which may

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may sometimes, perhaps, have prevented thee from taking a Nap when it was beginning to steal upon thee. In this last Book thou wilt find nothing (or at most very little) of that Nature. All will be plain Narrative only; and, indeed, when thou hast perused the many great Events which this Book will produce, thou wilt think the Number of Pages contained in it, scarce sufficient to tell the Story.

And now, my Friend, I take this Opportunity (as I shall have no other) of heartily wishing thee well. If I have been an entertaining Companion to thee, I promise thee it is what I have desired. If in any Thing I have offended, it was really without any Intention. Some Things perhaps here said, may have hit thee or thy Friends; but I do most solemnly declare they were not pointed at them. I question not but thou hast been told, among other Stories of me, that thou wast to travel with a very scurrilous Fellow: But whoever told thee so, did me an Injury. No Man detests and despises Scurrility more than myself; nor hath any Man more Reason, for none has ever been treated with more. And what is a very severe Fate, I have had some of the abusive Writings of those very

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Men fathered upon me, who in other of their Works have abused me themselves with the utmost Virulence.

All these Works, however, I am well convinced, will be dead long before this Page shall offer itself to thy Perusal: For however short the Period may be of my own Performances, they will most probably outlive their own infirm Author, and the weakly Productions of his abusive Cotemporaries.

CHAP. II.

Containing a very tragical Incident.

WHILE *Jones* was employed in these unpleasant Meditations, with which we left him tormenting himself, *Partridge* came stumbling into the Room with his Face paler than Ashes, his Eyes fixed in his Head, his Hair standing an End, and every Limb trembling. In short, he looked as he would have done had he seen a Spectre, or had he indeed been a Spectre himself.

Jones, who was little subject to Fear, could not avoid being somewhat shocked at this

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this ſudden Appearance. He did indeed himſelf change Colour, and his Voice a little faultered, while he aſked him what was the Matter.

'I hope, Sir,' ſaid *Partridge*, 'you will 'not be angry with me. Indeed I did not 'liſten, but I was obliged to ſtay in the 'outward Room. I am ſure I wiſh I had 'been a hundred Miles off, rather than 'have heard what I have heard.' 'Why 'what is the Matter?' ſaid *Jones*. 'The 'Matter, Sir? O good Heaven!' anſwered *Partridge*, 'was that Woman who is 'juſt gone out, the Woman who was with 'you at *Upton*?' 'She was, *Partridge*,' cries *Jones*. 'And did you really, Sir, go to 'Bed with that Woman?' ſaid he trembling.——'I am afraid what paſt between 'us is no Secret,' ſaid *Jones*.——'Nay, 'but pray, Sir, for Heaven's Sake, Sir, anſwer me,' cries *Partridge*. 'You know I 'did,' cries *Jones*.——'Why then the Lord 'have Mercy upon your Soul, and forgive 'you,' cries *Partridge*; 'but as ſure as I 'ſtand here alive, you have been a-Bed 'with your own Mother.'

Upon theſe Words, *Jones* became in a Moment a greater Picture of Horror than

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Partridge himself. He was, indeed, for some Time, struck dumb with Amazement, and both stood staring wildly at each other. At last his Words found Way, and in an interrupted Voice he said,—'How! how! 'What's this you tell me?' 'Nay, Sir,' cries *Partridge*, 'I have not Breath enough 'left to tell you now—but what I have said 'is most certainly true——That Woman 'who now went out is your own Mother. 'How unlucky was it for you, Sir, that 'I did not happen to see her at that Time, 'to have prevented it? Sure the Devil 'himself must have contrived to bring a-'bout this Wickedness.'

'Sure,' cries *Jones*, 'Fortune will ne-'ver have done with me, 'till she hath 'driven me to Distraction. But why do I 'blame Fortune? I am myself the Cause 'of all my Misery. All the dreadful Mis-'chiefs which have befallen me, are the 'Consequences only of my own Folly and 'Vice. What thou hast told me, *Par-'tridge*, hath almost deprived me of my 'Senses. And was Mrs. *Waters* then—— '—But why do I ask? for thou must cer-'tainly know her.—— If thou hast any 'Affection for me; nay, if thou hast any 'Pity, let me beseech thee to fetch this 'miserable

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'miserable Woman back again to me. 'O good Heavens! Incest—with a Mother! 'To what am I reserved?' He then fell into the most violent and frantic Agonies of Grief and Despair, in which *Partridge* declared he would not leave him: But at last having vented the first Torrent of Passion, he came a little to himself; and then having acquainted *Partridge* that he would find this wretched Woman in the same House where the wounded Gentleman was lodged, he dispatched him in quest of her.

If the Reader will please to refresh his Memory, by turning to the Scene at *Upton* in the Ninth Book, he will be apt to admire the many strange Accidents which unfortunately prevented any Interview between *Partridge* and Mrs. *Waters*, when she spent a whole Day there with Mr. *Jones*. Instances of this Kind we may frequently observe in Life, where the greatest Events are produced by a nice Train of little Circumstances; and more than one Example of this may be discovered by the accurate Eye, in this our History.

After a fruitless Search of two or three Hours, *Partridge* returned back to his Mas-

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ter, without having ſeen Mrs. *Waters*. *Jones*, who was in a State of Deſperation at his Delay, was almoſt raving mad when he brought him this Account. He was not long however in this Condition before he received the following Letter.

'*Sir*,

'Since I left you, I have ſeen a Gentleman, from whom I have learnt ſomething concerning you which greatly ſurprizes and affects me; but as I have not at preſent Leiſure to communicate a Matter of ſuch high Importance, you muſt ſuſpend your Curioſity 'till our next Meeting, which ſhall be the firſt Moment I am able to ſee you. O Mr. *Jones*, little did I think, when I paſt that happy Day at *Upton*, the Reflection upon which is like to embitter all my future Life, who it was to whom I owed ſuch perfect Happineſs. Believe me to be ever ſincerely your unfortunate

'*J. Waters*.

P. S. 'I would have you comfort yourſelf as much as poſſible, for Mr. *Fitzpatrick* is in no Manner of Danger; ſo that whatever other grievous Crimes you may have to repent of, the Guilt of Blood is not among the Number.'

Jones

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Jones having received the Letter, let it drop (for he was unable to hold it, and indeed had ſcarce the Uſe of any one of his Faculties) *Partridge* took it up, and having received Conſent by Silence, read it likewiſe; nor had it upon him a leſs ſenſible Effect. The Pencil, and not the Pen, ſhould deſcribe the Horrors which appeared in both their Countenances. While they both remained ſpeechleſs, the Turnkey entered the Room, and without taking any Notice of what ſufficiently diſcovered itſelf in the Faces of them both, acquainted *Jones* that a Man without deſired to ſpeak with him. This Perſon was preſently introduced, and was no other than Black *George*.

As Sights of Horror were not ſo uſual to *George* as they were to the Turnkey, he inſtantly ſaw the great Diſorder which appeared in the Face of *Jones*. This he imputed to the Accident that had happened, which was reported in the very worſt Light in Mr. *Weſtern*'s Family; he concluded therefore that the Gentleman was dead, and that Mr. *Jones* was in a fair Way of coming to a ſhameful End. A Thought which gave him much Uneaſineſs; for *George* was

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of a compassionate Disposition, and notwithstanding a small Breach of Friendship which he had been over-tempted to commit, was, in the main, not insensible of the Obligations he had formerly received from Mr. *Jones*.

The poor Fellow therefore scarce refrained from a Tear at the present Sight. He told *Jones* he was heartily sorry for his Misfortunes, and begged him to consider if he could be of any Manner of Service. 'Perhaps, Sir, said he, you may want a little 'Matter of Money upon this Occasion; 'if you do, Sir, what little I have is 'heartily at your Service.'

Jones shook him very heartily by the Hand, and gave him many Thanks for the kind Offer he had made; but answered, 'He had not the least Want 'of that Kind.' Upon which *George* began to press his Services more eagerly than before. *Jones* again thanked him, with Assurances that he wanted nothing which was in the Power of any Man living to give. 'Come, come, my good Master, 'answered *George*, do not take the Matter 'so much to Heart. Things may end 'better than you imagine; to be sure you

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'ant the first Gentleman who hath killed a 'Man, and yet come off.' 'You are 'wide of the Matter, *George*, said *Par-* 'tridge, the Gentleman is not dead, nor 'like to die. Don't disturb my Master, 'at present, for he is troubled about a 'Matter in which it is not in your Power 'to do him any good.' 'You don't know 'what I may be able to do, Mr. *Par-* 'tridge, answered *George*; if his Concern 'is about my young Lady, I have some 'News to tell my Master.——' What 'do you say, Mr. *George*?' cry'd *Jones*, 'Hath any thing lately happened in 'which my *Sophia* is concerned? My 'Sophia! How dares such a Wretch 'as I mention her so prophanely.' —— 'I 'hope she will be yours yet, 'answered *George*. —— 'Why, yes, Sir, I have 'something to tell you about her. Madam '*Western* hath just brought Madam *Sophia* 'home, and there hath been a terrible to 'do. I could not possibly learn the very 'Right of it; but my Master he hath been 'in a vast big Passion, and so was Madam '*Western*, and I heard her say as she went 'out of Doors into her Chair, that she 'would never set her Foot in Master's 'House again. I don't know what's the 'Matter, not I, but every thing was very

'quiet

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'quiet when I came out; but *Robin*, who 'waited at Supper, said he had never seen 'the Squire for a long while in such good 'Humour with young Madam; that he 'kiss'd her several Times, and swore she 'should be her own Mistress, and he never 'would think of confining her any more. 'I thought this News would please you, 'and so I slipp'd out, though it was so 'late, to inform you of it.' Mr. *Jones* assured *George* that it did greatly please him; for though he should never more presume to lift his Eyes towards that incomparable Creature, nothing could so much relieve his Misery as the Satisfaction he should always have in hearing of her Welfare.

The rest of the Conversation which passed at the Visit is not important enough to be here related. The Reader will therefore forgive us this abrupt breaking off, and be pleased to hear how this great good Will of the Squire towards his Daughter was brought about.

Mrs. *Western*, on her first Arrival at her Brother's Lodging, began to set forth the great Honours and Advantages which would accrue to the Family by the Match with Lord

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Lord *Fellamar*, which her Niece had abſolutely refuſed; in which Refuſal, when the Squire took the Part of his Daughter, ſhe fell immediately into the moſt violent Paſſion, and ſo irritated and provoked the Squire, that neither his Patience nor his Prudence could bear any longer; upon which there enſued between them both ſo warm a Bout at Altercation, that perhaps the Regions of *Billingſgate* never equalled it. In the Heat of this Scolding Mrs. *Weſtern* departed, and had conſequently no Leiſure to acquaint the Brother with the Letter which *Sophia* received, which might have poſſibly produced ill Effects; but to ſay Truth I believe it never once occurred to her Memory at this Time.

When Mrs. *Weſtern* was gone, *Sophia*, who had been hitherto ſilent, as well indeed from Neceſſity as Inclination, began to return the Compliment which her Father had made her, in taking her Part againſt her Aunt, by taking his likewiſe againſt the Lady. This was the firſt Time of her ſo doing, and it was in the higheſt Degree acceptable to the Squire. Again he remembred that Mr. *Allworthy* had inſiſted on an entire Relinquiſhment of all violent Means; and indeed as he made no doubt but

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but that *Jones* would be hanged, he did not in the leaſt queſtion ſucceeding with his Daughter by fair Means; he now therefore once more gave a Looſe to his natural Fondneſs for her, which had ſuch an Effect on the dutiful, grateful, tender and affectionate Heart of *Sophia*, that had her Honour given to *Jones*, and ſomething elſe perhaps in, which he was concerned, been removed, I much doubt whether ſhe would not have ſacrificed herſelf to a Man ſhe did not like, to have obliged her Father. She promiſed him ſhe would make it the whole Buſineſs of her Life to oblige him, and would never marry any Man againſt his Conſent; which brought the old Man ſo near to his higheſt Happineſs, that he was reſolved to take the other Step, and went to Bed completely drunk.

CHAP.

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CHAP. III.

Allworthy visits old Nightingale; with a strange Discovery that he made on that Occasion.

THE Morning after these Things had happened, Mr. *Allworthy* went according to his Promise to visit old *Nightingale*, with whom his Authority was so great, that after having sat with him three Hours, he at last prevailed with him to consent to see his Son.

Here an Accident happened of a very extraordinary Kind; one indeed of those strange Chances, whence very good and grave Men have concluded that Providence often interposes in the Discovery of the most secret Villany, in order to caution Men from quitting the Paths of Honesty, however warily they tread in those of Vice.

Mr. *Allworthy*, at his Entrance into Mr. *Nightingale*'s, saw Black *George*; he took no Notice of him, nor did Black *George* imagine he had perceived him. However, when their Conversation on the principal Point

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Point was over, *Allworthy* asked *Nightingale* whether he knew one *George Seagrim*, and upon what Business he came to his House. 'Yes, answered *Nightingale*, I 'know him very well, and a most extra-'ordinary Fellow he is, who, in these 'Days, hath been able to hoard up 500 *l.* 'from renting a very small Estate of 30 *l.* 'a Year.' 'And is this the Story which 'he hath told you? cries *Allworthy*.' 'Nay, 'it is true, I promise you, said *Nightin-'gale*, for I have the Money now in my 'own Hands, in five Bank Bills, which I 'am to lay out either in a Mortgage, 'or in some Purchase in the North of '*England*.' The Bank Bills were no sooner produced at *Allworthy*'s Desire, than he blessed himself at the Strangeness of the Discovery. He presently told *Nightingale*, that these Bank Bills were formerly his, and then acquainted him with the whole Affair. As there are no Men who complain more of the Frauds of Business than Highwaymen, Gamesters, and other Thieves of that Kind; so there are none who so bitterly exclaim against the Frauds of Gamesters, *&c.* as Usurers, Brokers, and other Thieves of this Kind; whether it be that the one Way of cheating is a Discountenance or Reflection upon the other, or that Money,

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Money, which is the common Mistress of all Cheats, makes them regard each other in the Light of Rivals; but *Nightingale* no sooner heard the Story, than he exclaimed against the Fellow in Terms much severer than the Justice and Honesty of *Allworthy* had bestowed on him.

Allworthy desired *Nightingale* to retain both the Money and the Secret till he should hear farther from him; and if he should in the mean Time see the Fellow, that he would not take the least Notice to him of the Discovery which he had made. He then returned to his Lodgings, where he found Mrs. *Miller* in a very dejected Condition, on Account of the Information she had received from her Son-in-law. Mr. *Allworthy*, with great Chearfulness, told her that he had much good News to communicate; and with little further Preface, acquainted her, that he had brought Mr. *Nightingale* to consent to see his Son, and did not in the least doubt to effect a perfect Reconciliation between them; though he found the Father more sowered by another Accident of the same Kind, which had happened in his Family. He then mentioned the running away of the Uncle's Daughter, which he had been told by the old Gen-

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Gentleman, and which Mrs. *Miller*, and her Son-in-law, did not yet know.

The Reader may ſuppoſe Mrs. *Miller* received this Account with great Thankfulneſs and no leſs Pleaſure; but ſo uncommon was her Friendſhip to *Jones*, that I am not certain whether the Uneaſineſs ſhe ſuffered for his Sake, did not over-ballance her Satisfaction at hearing a Piece of News tending ſo much to the Happineſs of her own Family; nor whether even this very News, as it reminded her of the Obligations ſhe had to *Jones*, did not hurt as well as pleaſe her; when her grateful Heart ſaid to her, 'While my own Family is happy, how 'miſerable is the poor Creature, to whoſe 'Generoſity we owe the Beginning of all 'this Happineſs.

Allworthy having left her a little while to chew the Cud (if I may uſe that Expreſſion) on theſe firſt Tidings, told her, he had ſtill ſomething more to impart, which he believed would give her Pleaſure. 'I think, ſaid he, 'I have diſcovered a pretty conſi-'derable Treaſure belonging to the young 'Gentleman, your Friend; but perhaps 'indeed, his preſent Situation may be ſuch, 'that it will be of no Service to him.' The latter

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latter Part of the Speech gave Mrs. *Miller* to underſtand who was meant, and ſhe anſwered with a Sigh, 'I hope not, Sir.' 'I hope ſo too, cries *Allworthy*, with all 'my Heart, but my Nephew told me this 'Morning, he had heard a very bad Account of the Affair.'—'Good Heaven! 'Sir, ſaid ſhe — Well, I muſt not ſpeak, 'and yet it is certainly very hard to be obliged to hold one's Tongue when one hears'——'Madam, ſaid *Allworthy*, you 'may ſay whatever you pleaſe, you know 'me too well to think I have a Prejudice 'againſt any one; and as for that young 'Man, I aſſure you I ſhould be heartily 'pleaſed to find he could acquit himſelf of 'every thing, and particularly of this ſad 'Affair. You can teſtify the Affection I have 'formerly borne him. The World, I know, 'cenſured me for loving him ſo much. I did 'not withdraw that Affection from him 'without thinking I had the juſteſt Cauſe. 'Believe me, Mrs. *Miller*, I ſhould be glad 'to find I have been miſtaken.' Mrs. *Miller* was going eagerly to reply, when a Servant acquainted her, that a Gentleman without deſired to ſpeak with her immediately. *Allworthy* then enquired for his Nephew, and was told, that he had been for ſome Time in his Room with the Gentle-

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man who used to come to him, and whom Mr. *Allworthy*, guessing rightly to be Mr. *Dowling*, he desired presently to speak with him.

When *Dowling* attended, *Allworthy* put the Case of the Bank-Notes to him, without mentioning any Name, and asked in what manner such a Person might be punished. To which *Dowling* answered, he thought he might be indicted on the Black Act; but said, as it was a Matter of some Nicety, it would be proper to go to Council. He said he was to attend Council presently upon an Affair of Mr. *Western*'s, and if Mr. *Allworthy* pleased he would lay the Case before them. This was agreed to; and then Mrs. *Miller* opening the Door, cry'd, 'I ask pardon, I did not know you 'had Company;' but *Allworthy* desired her to come in, saying, he had finished his Business. Upon which Mr. *Dowling* withdrew, and Mrs. *Miller* introduced Mr. *Nightingale* the younger, to return thanks for the great Kindness done him by *Allworthy*; but she had scarce Patience to let the young Gentleman finish his Speech before she interrupted him, saying, 'O Sir, Mr. *Nightingale*, 'brings great News about poor Mr. *Jones*, 'he hath been to see the wounded Gentle-

'man,

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'man, who is out of all Danger of Death, 'and what is more, declares he fell upon 'poor Mr. *Jones* himself, and beat him. 'I am sure, Sir, you would not have Mr. 'Jones be a Coward. If I was a Man 'myself, I am sure if any Man was to 'strike me, I should draw my Sword. Do 'pray, my Dear, tell Mr. *Allworthy*, tell 'him all yourself.' *Nightingale* then confirmed what Mrs. *Miller* had said; and concluded with many handsome Things of *Jones*, who was, he said, one of the best-natured Fellows in the World, and not in the least inclined to be quarrelsome. Here *Nightingale* was going to cease, when Mrs. *Miller* again begged him to relate all the many dutiful Expressions he had heard him make use of towards Mr. *Allworthy*. 'To say the utmost Good of Mr. *Allwor-* 'thy, cries *Nightingale*, is doing no more 'than strict Justice, and can have no Me- 'rit in it; but indeed I must say, no Man 'can be more sensible of the Obligati- 'ons he hath to so good a Man, than is 'poor *Jones*. Indeed, Sir, I am convin- 'ced the Weight of your Displeasure is the 'heaviest Burthen he lies under. He hath 'often lamented it to me, and hath as of- 'ten protested in the most solemn Manner 'he had never been intentionally guilty of

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'any Offence towards you; nay, he hath 'sworn he would rather die a Thousand Deaths 'than he would have his Conscience upbraid 'him with one disrespectful, ungrateful, 'or undutiful Thought towards you. But 'I ask pardon, Sir, I am afraid I presume 'to intermeddle too far in so tender a Point.' 'You have spoke no more than what a 'Christian ought, cries Mrs. *Miller*.' 'In-'deed, Mr. *Nightingale*, answered *Allwor-'thy*, I applaud your generous Friendship, 'and I wish he may merit it of you. I 'confess I am glad to hear the Report you 'bring from this unfortunate Gentleman; 'and if that Matter should turn out to be 'as you represent it (and indeed I doubt 'nothing of what you say) I may perhaps, 'in Time, be brought to think better than 'lately I have of this young Man: For 'this good Gentlewoman here, nay all who 'know me, can witness that I loved him 'as dearly as if he had been my own Son. 'Indeed I have considered him as a Child 'sent by Fortune to my Care. I still re-'member the innocent, the helpless Situa-'tion in which I found him. I feel the 'tender Pressure of his little Hands at this 'Moment.—He was my Darling, indeed 'he was.' At which Words he ceased, and the Tears stood in his Eyes.

As

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As the Answer which Mrs. *Miller* made may lead us into fresh Matters, we will here stop to account for the visible Alteration in Mr. *Allworthy*'s Mind, and the Abatement of his Anger to *Jones*. Revolutions of this Kind, it is true, do frequently occur in Histories and dramatic Writers, for no other Reason than because the History or Play draws to a Conclusion, and are justified by Authority of Authors; yet though we insist upon as much Authority as any Author whatever, we shall use this Power very sparingly, and never but when we are driven to it by Necessity, which we do not at present foresee will happen in this Work.

This Alteration then in the Mind of Mr. *Allworthy*, was occasioned by a Letter he had just received from Mr. *Square*, and which we shall give the Reader in the Beginning of the next Chapter.

CHAP. IV.

Containing two Letters in very different Stiles.

"*My worthy Friend*,

"I informed you in my last, that I was "forbidden the Use of the Waters, as

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" they were found by Experience rather to
" encreaſe than leſſen the Symptoms of my
" Diſtemper. I muſt now acquaint you
" with a Piece of News, which, I believe,
" will afflict my Friends more than it hath
" afflicted me. Dr. *Harrington* and Dr.
" *Brewſter*, have informed me, that there
" is no Hopes of my Recovery.

" I have ſomewhere read, that the great
" Uſe of Philoſophy is to learn to die. I
" will not therefore ſo far diſgrace mine, as
" to ſhew any Surprize at receiving a Leſ-
" ſon which I muſt be thought to have ſo
" long ſtudied. Yet, to ſay the Truth,
" one Page of the Goſpel teaches this Leſ-
" ſon better than all the Volumes of anti-
" ent or modern Philoſophers. The Aſ-
" ſurance it gives us of another Life is a
" much ſtronger Support to a good
" Mind, than all the Conſolations that
" are drawn from the Neceſſity of Na-
" ture, the Emptineſs or Satiety of our
" Enjoyments here, or any other To-
" pic of thoſe Declamations which are
" ſometimes capable of arming our Minds
" with a ſtubborn Patience in bearing the
" Thoughts of Death; but never of raiſing
" them to a real Contempt of it, and much
" leſs of making us think it a real Good. I
" would

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" would not here be underſtood to throw " the horrid Cenſure of Atheiſm, or even the " abſolute Denial of Immortality, on all " who are called Philoſophers. Many of that " Sect, as well antient as modern, have, " from the Light of Reaſon, diſcovered " ſome Hopes of a future State; but, " in Reality, that Light was ſo faint " and glimmering, and the Hopes were " ſo incertain and precarious, that it may " be juſtly doubted on which Side their " Belief turned. *Plato* himſelf concludes " his *Phædon*, with declaring that his beſt " Arguments amount only to raiſe a Proba- " bility, and *Cicero* himſelf ſeems rather to " profeſs an Inclination to believe, than any " actual Belief in the Doctrines of Immor- " tality. As to myſelf, to be very ſincere " with you, I never was much in earneſt in " this Faith, till I was in earneſt a Chriſtian.

" You will perhaps wonder at the latter " Expreſſion; but I aſſure you it hath not " been till very lately, that I could, with " Truth, call myſelf ſo. The Pride of " Philoſophy had intoxicated my Reaſon, " and the ſublimeſt of all Wiſdom appear- " ed to me, as it did to the *Greeks* of old, " to be Fooliſhneſs. God hath however " been ſo gracious to ſhew me my Error

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" in Time, and to bring me into the Way
" of Truth, before I ſunk into utter Dark-
" neſs for ever.

" I find myſelf beginning to grow weak,
" I ſhall therefore haſten to the main Pur-
" poſe of this Letter.

" When I reflect on the Actions of my
" paſt Life, I know of nothing which ſits
" heavier upon my Conſcience, than the In-
" juſtice I have been guilty of to that poor
" Wretch, your adopted Son. I have
" not indeed only connived at the Villa-
" ny of others, but been myſelf active
" in Injuſtice towards him. Believe me,
" my dear Friend, when I tell you on the
" Word of a dying Man, he hath been
" baſely injured. As to the principal Fact,
" upon the Miſrepreſentation of which you
" diſcarded him, I ſolemnly aſſure you he
" is innocent. When you lay upon your
" ſuppoſed Death-bed, he was the only
" Perſon in the Houſe who teſtified any
" real Concern; and what happened after-
" wards aroſe from the Wildneſs of his
" Joy on your Recovery; and, I am ſorry
" to ſay it, from the Baſeneſs of another
" Perſon (but it is my Deſire to juſtify the
" Innocent, and to accuſe none). Believe

" me

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" me, my Friend, this young Man hath " the nobleſt Generoſity of Heart, the " moſt perfect Capacity for Friendſhip, " the higheſt Integrity, and indeed every " Virtue which can enoble a Man. He " hath ſome Faults, but among them is " not to be numbred the leaſt want of " Duty or Gratitude towards you. On " the contrary, I am ſatisfied when you " diſmiſſed him from your Houſe, his Heart " bled for you more than for himſelf.

" Worldly Motives were the wicked and " baſe Reaſons of my concealing this from " you ſo long; to reveal it now I can have " no Inducement but the Deſire of ſerving " the Cauſe of Truth, of doing Right to the " Innocent, and of making all the Amends " in my Power for a paſt Offence. I hope " this Declaration therefore will have the " Effect deſired, and will reſtore this de- " ſerving young Man to your Favour; the " hearing of which, while I am yet alive, " will afford the utmoſt Conſolation to,

" *Sir,*

" *Your moſt obliged,*

" *Obedient humble Servant,*

" Thomas Square."

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The Reader will, after this, scarce wonder at the Revolution so visibly appearing in Mr. *Allworthy*, notwithstanding he received from *Thwackum*, by the same Post, another Letter of a very different Kind, which we shall here add, as it may possibly be the last Time we shall have Occasion to mention the Name of that Gentleman.

'*Sir*,

'I am not at all surprized at hearing from 'your worthy Nephew a fresh Instance of 'the Villany of Mr. *Square* the Atheist's 'young Pupil. I shall not wonder at any 'Murders he may commit; and I heartily 'pray that your own Blood may not seal 'up his final Commitment to the Place of 'Wailing and gnashing of Teeth.

'Though you cannot want sufficient 'Calls to Repentance for the many un-'warrantable Weaknesses exemplified in 'your Behaviour to this Wretch, so much 'to the Prejudice of your own lawful Fa-'mily, and of your Character. I say, tho' 'these may sufficiently be supposed to 'prick and goad your Conscience at this 'Season; I should yet be wanting to my

'Duty,

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'Duty, if I ſpared to give you ſome Admo-
'nition in order to bring you to a due Senſe
'of your Errors. I therefore pray you ſeri-
'ouſly to conſider the Judgment which is
'likely to overtake this wicked Villain;
'and let it ſerve at leaſt as a Warning to
'you, that you may not for the future deſ-
'piſe the Advice of one who is ſo inde-
'fatigable in his Prayers for your Wel-
'fare.

'Had not my Hand been withheld from
'due Correction, I had ſcourged much of
'this diabolical Spirit out of a Boy, of
'whom from his Infancy I diſcovered the
'Devil had taken ſuch entire Poſſeſſion;
'but Reflections of this Kind now come
'too late.

'I am ſorry you have given away the
'Living of *Weſterton* ſo haſtily. I ſhould
'have applied on that Occaſion earlier, had
'I thought you would not have acquaint-
'ed me previous to the Diſpoſition. ——
'Your Objection to Pluralities is being
'righteous over-much. If there were any
'Crime in the Practice, ſo many godly
'Men would not agree to it. If the Vi-
'car of *Aldergrove* ſhould die (as we hear
'he is in a declining Way) I hope you will

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'think of me, since I am certain you must 'be convinced of my most sincere Attach-'ment to your highest Welfare. A Wel-'fare to which all worthy Considerations 'are as trifling as the small Tithes menti-'oned in Scripture are, when compared to 'the weighty Matters of the Law.

'*I am, Sir,*

'*Your faithful humble Servant,*

'Roger Thwackum.'

This was the first Time *Thwackum* ever wrote in this authoritative Stile to *Allworthy*, and of this he had afterwards sufficient Reason to repent, as in the Case of those who mistake the highest Degree of Goodness for the lowest Degree of Weakness. *Allworthy* had indeed never liked this Man. He knew him to be proud and ill-natured; he also knew that his Divinity itself was tinctured with his Temper, and such as in many Respects he himself did by no means approve: But he was at the same Time an excellent Scholar, and most indefatigable in teaching the two Lads. Add to this the strict Severity of his Life and Manners, an unimpeached Honesty, and a most devout Attachment to Religion. So that upon the whole, though *Allworthy* did not esteem nor love the Man, yet he could never bring himself to part with a Tutor to the Boys, who was both

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both by Learning and Industry, extremely well qualified for his Office; and he hoped, that as they were bred up in his own House, and under his own Eye, he should be able to correct whatever was wrong in *Thwackum*'s Instructions.

CHAP. V.

In which the History is continued.

MR. *Allworthy*, in his last Speech, had recollected some tender Ideas concerning *Jones*, which had brought Tears into the good Man's Eyes. This Mrs. *Miller* observing, said, 'Yes, yes, Sir, 'your Goodness to this poor young Man 'is known, notwithstanding all your Care to 'conceal it; but there is not a single Syl-'lable of Truth in what those Villains said. 'Mr. *Nightingale* hath now discovered the 'whole Matter. It seems these Fellows 'were employed by a Lord, who is a Ri-'val of poor Mr. *Jones*, to have pressed 'him on board a Ship. —— I assure them 'I don't know who they will press 'next. Mr. *Nightingale* here hath 'seen the Officer himself, who is a very 'pretty Gentleman, and hath told him all, 'and is very sorry for what he undertook, 'which he would never have done had he

'known

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'known Mr. *Jones* to have been a Gentle-
'man; but he was told that he was a
'common ſtrolling Vagabond.'

Allworthy ſtared at all this, and declared he was a Stranger to every Word ſhe ſaid. 'Yes, Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'I believe you are. '——It is a very different Story, I believe, 'from what thoſe Fellows told the Lawyer.'

'What Lawyer, Madam? what is it 'you mean?' ſaid *Allworthy*. 'Nay, nay,' ſaid ſhe, 'this is ſo like you to deny your 'own Goodneſs; but Mr. *Nightingale* here 'ſaw him.' 'Saw whom, Madam?' anſwered he. 'Why your Lawyer, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'that you ſo kindly ſent to enquire into 'the Affair.' 'I am ſtill in the Dark, 'upon my Honour,' ſaid *Allworthy*. 'Why 'then do you tell him, my dear Sir,' cries ſhe. 'Indeed, Sir,' ſaid *Nightingale*, 'I 'did ſee that very Lawyer who went from 'you when I came into the Room, at an 'Alehouſe in *Alderſgate*, in Company with 'two of the Fellows who were employed 'by Lord *Fellamar* to preſs Mr. *Jones*, and 'who were by that Means preſent at the 'unhappy Rencounter between him and 'Mr. *Fitzpatrick*.' I own, Sir,' ſaid Mrs. *Miller*, 'when I ſaw this Gentleman come 'into the Room to you, I told Mr. *Night-*

'*ingale*

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'*ingale* that I apprehended you had sent 'him thither to enquire into the Affair.' *Allworthy* shewed Marks of Astonishment in his Countenance at this News, and was indeed for two or three Minutes struck dumb by it. At last, addressing himself to Mr. *Nightingale*, he said, 'I must confess 'myself, Sir, more surprized at what you 'tell me, than I have ever been before at 'any Thing in my whole Life. Are you 'certain this was the Gentleman?' 'I am 'most certain,' answered *Nightingale*.' 'At '*Aldersgate*?' cries *Allworthy*. And was 'you in Company with this Lawyer and 'the two Fellows?'——'I was, Sir,' said the other, 'very near half an Hour.'—— 'Well, Sir,' said *Allworthy*, 'and in what 'Manner did the Lawyer behave? Did 'you hear all that past between him and 'the Fellows?' 'No, Sir,' answered *Nightingale*, 'they had been together before I 'came——In my Presence the Lawyer said 'little; but after I had several Times 'examined the Fellows, who persisted in 'a Story directly contrary to what I had 'heard from Mr. *Jones*, and what I find 'by Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was a rank Falshood, 'the Lawyer then desired the Fellows to 'say nothing but what was the Truth, and 'seemed to speak so much in Favour of Mr.

'*Jones*,

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'*Jones*, that when I saw the same Person with you, I concluded your Goodness had prompted you to send him thither.—'—And did you not send him thither?' says Mrs. *Miller*.—'Indeed I did not,' answered *Allworthy*; 'nor did I know he had gone on such an Errand 'till this Moment.'—'I see it all!' said Mrs. *Miller*: 'Upon my Soul, I see it all! No Wonder they have been closetted so close lately. Son *Nightingale*, let me beg you run for these Fellows immediately—find them out if they are above Ground. I will go myself.'—'Dear Madam,' said *Allworthy*, 'be patient, and do me the Favour to send a Servant up Stairs to call Mr. *Dowling* hither, if he be in the House, or if not, Mr. *Blifil*.' Mrs. *Miller* went out muttering something to herself, and presently returned with an Answer, 'That Mr. *Dowling* was gone; but that the t'other, as she called him, was coming.'

Allworthy was of a cooler Disposition than the good Woman, whose Spirits were all up in Arms in the Cause of her Friend. He was not however without some Suspicions which were near a-kin to hers. When *Blifil* came into the Room, he asked him with

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with a very ſerious Countenance, and with a leſs friendly Look than he had ever before given him, 'Whether he knew any 'Thing of Mr. *Dowling*'s having ſeen any 'of the Perſons who were preſent at the 'Duel between *Jones* and another Gentle-'man?'

There is nothing ſo dangerous as a Queſtion which comes by Surprize on a Man, whoſe Buſineſs it is to conceal Truth, or to defend Falſhood. For which Reaſon thoſe worthy Perſonages, whoſe noble Office it is to ſave the Lives of their Fellow-Creatures at the *Old-Bailey*, take the utmoſt Care, by frequent previous Examination, to divine every Queſtion which may be aſked their Clients on the Day of Trial, that they may be ſupply'd with proper and ready Anſwers, which the moſt fertile Invention cannot ſupply in an Inſtant. Beſides, the ſudden and violent Impulſe on the Blood, occaſioned by theſe Surprizes, occaſions frequently ſuch an Alteration in the Countenance, that the Man is obliged to give Evidence againſt himſelf. And ſuch indeed were the Alterations which the Countenance of *Blifil* underwent from this ſudden Queſtion, that we can ſcarce blame the Eagerneſs of Mrs. *Miller*, who immediately cry'd out, 'Guilty, 'upon

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'upon my Honour! Guilty, upon my Soul!'

Mr. *Allworthy* ſharply rebuked her for this Impetuoſity; and then turning to *Blifil*, who ſeemed ſinking into the Earth, he ſaid, 'Why do you heſitate, Sir, at giving 'me an Anſwer? You certainly muſt have 'employed him, for he would not, of his 'own Accord, I believe, have undertaken 'ſuch an Errand, and eſpecially without 'acquainting me.'

Blifil then anſwered, 'I own, Sir, I 'have been guilty of an Offence, yet may 'I hope your Pardon?——'My Pardon?' ſaid *Allworthy* very angrily.——'Nay, Sir,' anſwered *Blifil*, 'I knew you would be of-'fended; yet ſurely my dear Uncle will 'forgive the Effects of the moſt amiable 'of Human Weakneſſes. Compaſſion for 'thoſe who do not deſerve it, I own, is a 'Crime; and yet it is a Crime from which 'you yourſelf are not entirely free. I 'know I have been guilty of it in more 'than one Inſtance to this very Perſon; 'and I will own I did ſend Mr. *Dowling*, 'not on a vain and fruitleſs Enquiry, but 'to diſcover the Witneſſes, and to endea-'vour to ſoften their Evidence. This, 'Sir,

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'Sir, is the Truth; which though I intend-
'ed to conceal from you, I will not
'deny.'

'I confeſs,' ſaid *Nightingale*, 'this is
'the Light in which it appeared to me
'from the Gentleman's Behaviour.'

'Now, Madam,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'I
'believe you will once in your Life own
'you have entertained a wrong Suſpicion,
'and are not ſo angry with my Nephew
'as you was.'

Mrs. *Miller* was ſilent; for though ſhe could not ſo haſtily be pleaſed with *Bliſil*, whom ſhe looked upon to have been the Ruin of *Jones*, yet in this particular Inſtance he had impoſed upon her as well as the reſt; ſo entirely had the Devil ſtood his Friend. And, indeed, I look upon the vulgar Obſervation, *That the Devil often deſerts his Friends, and leaves them in the Lurch*, to be a great Abuſe on that Gentleman's Character. Perhaps he may ſometimes deſert thoſe who are only his Cup Acquaintance; or who, at moſt, are but half his; but he generally ſtands by thoſe who are thoroughly his Servants, and helps

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helps them off in all Extremities 'till their Bargain expires.

As a conquered Rebellion ſtrengthens a Government, or as Health is more perfectly eſtabliſhed by Recovery from ſome Diſeaſes; ſo Anger, when removed, often gives new Life to Affection. This was the Caſe of Mr. *Allworthy*; for *Blifil* having wiped off the greater Suſpicion, the leſſer, which had been raiſed by *Square*'s Letter, ſunk of Courſe, and was forgotten; and *Thwackum*, with whom he was greatly offended, bore alone all the Reflections which *Square* had caſt on the Enemies of *Jones*.

As for that young Man, the Reſentment of Mr. *Allworthy* began more and more to abate towards him. He told *Blifil*, 'he did 'not only forgive the extraordinary Efforts 'of his Good-Nature, but would give him 'the Pleaſure of following his Example.' Then turning to Mrs. *Miller*, with a Smile which would have become an Angel, he cry'd, 'What ſay you, Madam; ſhall we 'take a Hackney-Coach, and all of us to-'gether pay a Viſit to your Friend? I pro-'miſe you it is not the firſt Viſit I have 'made in a Priſon.'

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Every Reader, I believe, will be able to answer for the worthy Woman; but they must have a great deal of Good-Nature, and be well acquainted with Friendship, who can feel what she felt on this Occasion. Few, I hope, are capable of feeling what now past in the Mind of *Blifil*; but those who are, will acknowledge, that it was impossible for him to raise any Objection to this Visit. Fortune, however, or the Gentleman lately mentioned above, stood his Friend, and prevented his undergoing so great a Shock: For at the very Instant when the Coach was sent for, *Partridge* arrived, and having called Mrs. *Miller* from the Company, acquainted her with the dreadful Accident lately come to Light; and hearing Mr. *Allworthy*'s Intention, begged her to find some Means of stopping him; 'for,' says he, 'the Matter must at all Ha-'zards be kept a Secret from him; and if 'he should now go, he will find Mr. *Jones* 'and his Mother, who arrived just as I 'left him, lamenting over one another the 'horrid Crime they have ignorantly com-'mitted.'

The poor Woman, who was almost deprived of her Senses at this dreadful News, was

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was never less capable of Invention than at present. However, as Women are much readier at this than Men, she bethought herself of an Excuse, and returning to *Allworthy* said, 'I am sure, Sir, you will be 'surprized at hearing any Objection from 'me to the kind Proposal you just now 'made; and yet I am afraid of the Conse-'quence of it, if carried immediately into 'Execution. You must imagine, Sir, that 'all the Calamities which have lately be-'fallen this poor young Fellow, must have 'thrown him into the lowest Dejection of 'Spirits: And now, Sir, should we all on 'a sudden fling him into such a violent Fit 'of Joy, as I know your Presence will oc-'casion, it may, I am afraid, produce some 'fatal Mischief, especially as his Servant, 'who is without, tells me he is very far 'from being well.'

'Is his Servant without?' cries *Allworthy*; 'pray call him hither. I will ask 'him some Questions concerning his 'Master.'

Partridge was at first afraid to appear before Mr. *Allworthy*; but was at length persuaded, after Mrs. *Miller*, who had often

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often heard his whole Story from his own Mouth, had promiſed to introduce him.

Allworthy recollected *Partridge* the Moment he came into the Room, though many Years had paſſed ſince he had ſeen him. Mrs. *Miller* therefore might have ſpared here a formal Oration, in which indeed ſhe was ſomewhat prolix: For the Reader, I believe, may have obſerved already that the good Woman, among other Things, had a Tongue always ready for the Service of her Friends.

'And are you,' ſaid *Allworthy* to *Partridge*, 'the Servant of Mr. *Jones*?' 'I 'can't ſay, Sir,' anſwered he, 'that I am 'regularly a Servant, but I live with him, 'an't pleaſe your Honour, at preſent. *Non* '*ſum qualis eram*, as your Honour very 'well knows.

Mr. *Allworthy* then aſked him many Queſtions concerning *Jones*, as to his Health, and other Matters; to all which *Partridge* anſwered, without having the leaſt Regard to what was, but conſidered only what he would have Things appear; for a ſtrict Adherence to Truth was not among

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mong the Articles of this honeſt Fellow's Morality, or his Religion.

During this Dialogue Mr. *Nightingale* took his Leave, and preſently after Mrs. *Miller* left the Room, when *Allworthy* likewiſe diſpatched *Bliſil*; for he imagined that *Partridge*, when alone with him, would be more explicit than before Company. They were no ſooner left in private together, than *Allworthy* began as in the following Chapter.

CHAP. VI.

In which the Hiſtory is farther continued.

'SURE, Friend,' ſaid the good Man, 'you are the ſtrangeſt of all Human 'Beings. Not only to have ſuffered as 'you have formerly, for obſtinately per'ſiſting in a Falſhood; but to perſiſt 'in it thus to the laſt, and to paſs thus 'upon the World for the Servant of your 'own Son? What Intereſt can you have 'in all this? What can be your Motive?'

'I ſee, Sir,' ſaid *Partridge*, falling down upon his Knees, 'that your Honour 'is prepoſſeſſed againſt me, and reſolved 'not to believe any Thing I ſay, and

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'therefore what ſignifies my Proteſtations; 'but yet there is one above who knows 'that I am not the Father of this young 'Man.'

'How!' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'Will you yet 'deny what you was formerly convicted of 'upon ſuch unanſwerable, ſuch manifeſt 'Evidence? Nay, what a Confirmation is 'your being now found with this very 'Man, of all which twenty Years ago ap-'peared againſt you. I thought you had 'left the Country; nay, I thought you had 'been long ſince dead.——In what Man-'ner did you know any Thing of this 'young Man? Where did you meet with 'him, unleſs you had kept ſome Correſ-'pondence together. Do not deny this; 'for I promiſe you it will greatly raiſe your 'Son in my Opinion, to find that he hath 'ſuch a Senſe of filial Duty, as privately to 'ſupport his Father for ſo many Years.'

'If your Honour will have Patience to 'hear me,' ſaid *Partridge*, 'I will tell you 'all.'——Being bid go on, he proceeded thus: 'When your Honour conceived that 'Diſpleaſure againſt me, it ended in my 'Ruin ſoon after; for I loſt my little

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'School; and the Minister, thinking I suppose it would be agreeable to your Honour, turned me out from the Office of Clerk; so that I had nothing to trust to but the Barber's Shop, which, in a Country Place like that, is a poor Livelihood; and when my Wife died, (for 'till that Time I received a Pension of 12 *l.* a Year from an unknown Hand, which indeed I believe was your Honour's own, for no Body that ever I heard of doth these Things besides) but as I was saying, when she died, this Pension forsook me; so that now as I owed two or three small Debts, which began to be troublesome to me, (particularly one * which an Attorney brought up by Law-charges from 15 *s.* to near 30 *l.*) and as I found all my usual Means of living had forsook me, I packed up my little All as well as I could, and went off.

* This is a Fact which I knew happen to a poor Clergyman in *Dorsetshire*, by the Villainy of an Attorney, who not contented with the exorbitant Costs to which the poor Man was put by a single Action, brought afterwards another Action on the Judgment, as it is called. A Method frequently used to oppress the poor, and bring Money into the Pockets of Attornies, to the great Scandal of the Law, of the Nation, of Christianity, and even of Human Nature itself.

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'The first Place I came to was *Salisbury*, 'where I got into the Service of a Gentle-'man belonging to the Law, and one of 'the best Gentlemen that ever I knew; 'for he was not only good to me, but I 'I know a thousand good and charitable 'Acts which he did while I staid with him; 'and I have known him often refuse Busi-'ness because it was paultry and oppressive.' '——You need not be so particular,' said *Allworthy*; 'I know this Gentleman, and 'a very worthy Man he is, and an Honour 'to his Profession.'——'Well, Sir,' con-tinued *Partridge*, 'from hence I removed to '*Lymmington*, where I was above three Years 'in the Service of another Lawyer, who was 'likewise a very good Sort of a Man, and to 'be sure one of the merriest Gentlemen in '*England*. Well, Sir, at the End of the 'three Years I set up a little School, and 'was likely to do well again, had it not 'been for a most unlucky Accident. Here 'I kept a Pig; and one Day, as ill For-'tune would have it, this Pig broke out, 'and did a Trespass I think they call it, 'in a Garden belonging to one of my 'Neighbours, who was a proud, revenge-'ful Man, and employed a Lawyer, one—'one—I can't think of his Name; but

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'he sent for a Writ against me, and had me
'to Size. When I came there, Lord have
'Mercy upon me—to hear what the Coun-
'sellor said. There was one that told my
'Lord a Parcel of the confoundedst Lies
'about me; he said, that I used to drive
'my Hogs into other Folks Gardens, and
'a great deal more; and at last he said,
'He hoped I had at last brought my Hogs
'to a fair Market. To be sure, one wou'd
'have thought, that instead of being Owner
'only of one poor, little Pig, I had been
'the greatest Hog-Merchant in *England*.
'Well'——'Pray,' said *Allworthy*, do not
'be so particular. I have heard nothing of
'your Son yet.' 'O it was a great many
'Years,' answered *Partridge*, 'before I
'saw my Son, as you are pleased to call
'him——I went over to *Ireland* after this,
'and taught School at *Cork*, (for that one
'Suit ruined me again, and I lay seven
'Years in *Winchester* Goal.)'——'Well,'
said *Allworthy*, 'pass that over till your Re-
'turn to *England*.'——'Then, Sir,' said
he, 'it was about half a Year ago that I
'landed at *Bristol*, where I stayed some
'Time, and not finding it do there, and
'hearing of a Place between that and
'*Glouceſter*, where the Barber was just
'dead, I went thither, and there I had
'been

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'been about two Months, when Mr. *Jones* 'came thither.' He then gave *Allworthy* a very particular Account of their first Meeting, and of every Thing as well as he could remember, which had happened from that Day to this, frequently interlarding his Story with Panegyricks on *Jones*, and not forgetting to insinuate the great Love and Respect which he had for *Allworthy*. He concluded with saying, 'Now, 'Sir, I have told your Honour the whole 'Truth:' And then repeated a most solemn Protestation, 'That he was no more the 'Father of *Jones* than of the Pope of '*Rome*;' and imprecated the most bitter Curses on his Head if he did not speak Truth.

'What am I to think of this Matter?' cries *Allworthy*. 'For what Purpose should 'you so strongly deny a Fact, which I 'think it would be rather your Interest to 'own?'——'Nay, Sir,' answered *Partridge*, (for he could hold no longer) 'if 'your Honour will not believe me, you 'are like soon to have Satisfaction enough, 'I wish you had mistaken the Mother of 'this young Man, as well as you have his 'Father.'——And now being asked what

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he meant, with all the Symptoms of Horror both in his Voice and Countenance, he told *Allworthy* the whole Story, which he had a little before expreſſed ſuch Deſire to Mrs. *Miller* to conceal from him.

Allworthy was almoſt as much ſhocked at this Diſcovery as *Partridge* himſelf had been while he related it. 'Good Heavens!' ſays he, 'in what miſerable Diſtreſſes do 'Vice and Imprudence involve Men! How 'much beyond our Deſigns are the Effects 'of Wickedneſs ſometimes carried!' He had ſcarce uttered theſe Words, when Mrs. *Waters* came haſtily and abruptly into the Room. *Partridge* no ſooner ſaw her, than he cry'd, 'Here, Sir, here is the very Woman her-'ſelf. This is the unfortunate Mother of 'Mr. *Jones*; I am ſure ſhe will acquit me 'before your Honour.'—Pray, Madam—

Mrs. *Waters*, without paying any Regard to what *Partridge* ſaid, and almoſt without taking any Notice of him, advanced to Mr. *Allworthy*. 'I believe, Sir, it 'is ſo long ſince I had the Honour of ſee-'ing you, that you do not recollect me.'—'Indeed,' anſwered *Allworthy*, 'you are ſo 'very much altered, on many Accounts, 'that

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'that had not this Man already acquainted 'me who you are, I ſhould not have imme- 'diately called you to my Remembrance. 'Have you, Madam, any particular Buſi- 'neſs which brings you to me?'——*All-worthy* ſpoke this with great Reſerve; for the Reader may eaſily believe he was not well pleaſed with the Conduct of this Lady; neither with what he had formerly heard, nor with what *Partridge* had now deli-vered.

Mrs. *Waters* anſwered,——'Indeed, Sir, 'I have very particular Buſineſs with you; 'and it is ſuch as I can only impart to 'yourſelf.—I muſt deſire therefore the Fa- 'vour of a Word with you alone; for I 'aſſure you what I have to tell you is of 'the utmoſt Importance.'

Partridge was then ordered to withdraw, but before he went, he begged the Lady to ſatisfy Mr. *Allworthy* that he was perfectly innocent. To which ſhe anſwered—'You 'need be under no Apprehenſion, Sir, I 'ſhall ſatisfy Mr. *Allworthy* very perfectly 'of that Matter.'

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Then *Partridge* withdrew, and that paſt bweeten Mr. *Allworthy* and Mrs. *Waters* which is written in the next Chapter.

CHAP. VII.

Continuation of the Hiſtory.

MRS. *Waters* remaining a few Moments ſilent, Mr. *Allworthy* could not refrain from ſaying, 'I am ſorry, 'Madam, to perceive by what I have ſince 'heard, that you have made ſo very ill a 'Uſe——' Mr. *Allworthy*,' ſays ſhe, interrupting him, 'I know I have Faults, but In-'gratitude to you is not one of them. I 'never can nor ſhall forget your Goodneſs, 'which I own I have very little deſerved; 'but be pleaſed to wave all Upbraiding me 'at preſent, as I have ſo important an 'Affair to communicate to you concerning 'this young Man, to whom you have given 'my Maiden Name of *Jones*.' 'Have I 'then,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'ignorantly puniſhed 'an innocent Man in the Perſon of him 'who hath juſt left us? was he not the 'Father of the Child?'—'Indeed he was 'not,' ſaid Mrs. *Waters*. 'You may be

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'pleaſed to remember, Sir, I formerly 'told you, you ſhould one Day know; and 'I acknowledge myſelf to have been guilty 'of a cruel Neglect, in not having diſcovered 'it to you before.—Indeed I little knew how 'neceſſary it was.'—'Well, Madam,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'be pleaſed to proceed.' 'You 'muſt remember, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'a young 'Fellow, whoſe Name was *Summer*.' 'Very 'well,' cries *Allworthy*, 'he was the Son 'of a Clergyman of great Learning and Vir-'tue, for whom I had the higheſt Friend-'ſhip.' 'So it appeared, Sir,' anſwered ſhe; 'for I believe you bred the young 'Man up, and maintained him at the Uni-'verſity; where, I think, he had fini-'ſhed his Studies, when he came to reſide 'at your Houſe; a finer Man, I muſt ſay, 'the Sun never ſhone upon; for, beſides 'the handſomeſt Perſon I ever ſaw, he was 'ſo genteel, and had ſo much Wit and good 'Breeding.' 'Poor Gentleman,' ſaid *Allwor-'thy*, he was indeed untimely ſnatch'd away; 'and little did I think he had any Sins of 'this kind to anſwer for; for I plainly per-'ceive, you are going to tell me he was the 'Father of your Child.' 'Indeed, Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'he was not.' 'How?' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'to what then tends all this Pre-'face?' 'To a Story, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'which

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'I am concerned it falls to my Lot 'to unfold to you.——O, Sir, prepare 'to hear something which will surprize 'you, will grieve you.' 'Speak,' said *Allworthy*, 'I am conscious of no Crime, 'and cannot be afraid to hear.'——— 'Sir,' said she, 'that Mr. *Summer*, the Son 'of your Friend, educated at your Ex- 'pence, who, after living a Year in the 'House as if he had been your own Son, 'died there of the small Pox, was tenderly 'lamented by you, and buried as if he had 'been your own; that *Summer*, Sir, was 'the Father of this Child.'—'How!' said *Allworthy*, 'you contradict yourself.'— 'That I do not,' answered she, 'he was 'indeed the Father of this Child, but not 'by me.' 'Take care, Madam,' said *Allworthy*, 'do not to shun the Impu- 'tation of any Crime be guilty of False- 'hood. Remember there is one from whom 'you can conceal nothing, and before whose 'Tribunal Falsehood will only aggravate 'your Guilt.' 'Indeed, Sir,' says she, 'I am not his Mother; nor would I now 'think myself so for the World.' 'I know 'your Reason,' said *Allworthy*, 'and shall 'rejoice as much as you to find it otherwise; 'yet you must remember, you yourself 'confessed

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'confeſſed it before me.'—'So far what I 'confeſt,' ſaid ſhe, 'was true, that theſe 'Hands conveyed the Infant to your Bed, 'conveyed it thither at the Command of 'its Mother; at her Commands I after-'wards owned it, and thought myſelf by 'her Generoſity nobly rewarded, both for 'my Secrecy and my Shame.' 'Who 'could this Woman be?' ſaid *Allworthy*.—'Indeed I tremble to name her,' anſwered Mrs. *Waters*. 'By all this Preparation 'I am to gueſs that ſhe was a Relation of 'mine,' cried he. 'Indeed ſhe was a near 'one.' At which Words *Allworthy* ſtarted, and ſhe continued.—'You had a Siſter, 'Sir.'——'A Siſter!' repeated he, look-ing aghaſt.——'As there is Truth in 'Heaven,' cries ſhe, 'your Siſter was 'the Mother of that Child you found be-'tween your Sheets.' 'Can it be poſſible,' cries he, 'good Heavens!' 'Have Pa-'tience, Sir,' ſaid Mrs. *Waters*, 'and I 'will unfold to you the whole Story. Juſt 'after your Departure for *London*, Miſs '*Bridget* came one Day to the Houſe of 'my Mother. She was pleaſed to ſay ſhe 'had heard an extraordinary Character of 'me for my Learning and ſuperior Un-'derſtanding to all the young Women 'there, ſo ſhe was pleaſed to ſay. She

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'then bid me come to her to the great 'House; where when I attended, she em- 'ployed me to read to her. She expressed 'great Satisfaction in my reading, shewed 'great Kindness to me, and made me many 'Presents. At last she began to catechise 'me on the Subject of Secrecy, to which I 'gave her such satisfactory Answers, that 'at last having locked the Door of her 'Room, she took me into her Closet, and 'then locking that Door likewise, she said, 'she should convince me of the vast Re- 'liance she had on my Integrity, by com- 'municating a Secret in which her Honour 'and consequently her Life was concerned. 'She then stopt, and after a Silence of a 'Minute, during which she often wiped her 'Eyes, she enquired of me, if I thought 'my Mother might safely be confided in. 'I answered, I would stake my Life on 'her Fidelity. She then imparted to me 'the great Secret which laboured in her 'Breast, and which, I believe, was deli- 'vered with more Pains than she afterwards 'suffered in Child-birth. It was then con- 'trived, that my Mother and myself only 'should attend at the Time, and that Mrs. '*Wilkins* should be sent out of the way, 'as she accordingly was to the very furthest 'Part of *Dorsetshire* to enquire the Cha-

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'racter of a Servant; for the Lady had 'turned away her own Maid near three 'Months before, during all which Time 'I officiated about her Perſon, upon Trial 'as ſhe ſaid, tho', as ſhe afterwards declared, 'I was not ſufficiently handy for the Place. 'This and many other ſuch Things which 'ſhe uſed to ſay of me, were all thrown 'out to prevent any Suſpicion which *Wil-* 'kins might hereafter have when I was to 'own the Child; for ſhe thought it could 'never be believed ſhe would venture to 'hurt a young Woman with whom ſhe had 'intruſted ſuch a Secret. You may be aſ- 'ſured, Sir, I was well paid for all theſe 'Affronts, which, together with being in- 'formed of the Occaſion of them, very 'well contented me. Indeed the Lady had 'a greater Suſpicion of Mrs. *Wilkins* than 'of any other Perſon; not that ſhe had the 'leaſt Averſion to the Gentlewoman, but 'ſhe thought her incapable of keeping a 'Secret, eſpecially from you, Sir: For I 'have often heard Miſs *Bridget* ſay, that if 'Mrs. *Wilkins* had committed a Murder, 'ſhe believed ſhe would acquaint you with 'it. At laſt the expected Day came, and 'Mrs. *Wilkins*, who had been kept a 'Week in Readineſs, and put off from 'Time to Time, upon ſome Pretence or 'other, that ſhe might not return too ſoon,

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'was dispatched. Then the Child was born in 'the Presence only of myself and my Mother, 'and was by my Mother conveyed to her 'own House, where it was privately kept 'by her till the Evening of your Return, 'when I, by the Command of Miss *Bridget*, 'conveyed it into the Bed where you found 'it.' And all Suspicions were afterwards 'laid asleep by the artful Conduct of your 'Sister, in pretending Ill-will to the Boy, 'and that any Regard she shew'd him was 'out of meer Complaisance to you.' Mrs. *Waters* then made many Protestations of the Truth of this Story, and concluded by saying, 'Thus, Sir, you have at last 'discovered your Nephew, for so I am sure 'you will hereafter think him, and I question 'not but he will be both an Honour and a 'Comfort to you under that Appellation.' 'I need not, Madam,' said *Allworthy*, 'express my Astonishment at what you 'have told me; and yet surely you would 'not, and could not, have put together 'so many Circumstances to evidence an 'Untruth. I confess, I recollect some Pas-'sages relating to that *Summer*, which for-'merly gave me a Conceit that my Sister 'had some Liking to him. I mentioned 'it to her: For I had such a Regard to the 'young Man, as well on his own account, 'as on his Father's, that I should have

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'willingly consented to a Match between
'them; but she expresst the highest Disdain
'of my unkind Suspicion, as she called it,
'so that I never more spoke on the Subject.
'Good Heaven! well, the Lord disposeth
'all Things.—Yet sure it was a most un-
'justifiable Conduct in my Sister to carry
'this Secret with her out of the World.'
'I promise you, Sir,' said Mrs. *Waters*,
'she always profest a contrary Intention, and
'frequently told me she intended one Day to
'communicate it to you. She said indeed,
'she was highly rejoiced that her Plot had
'succeeded so well, and that you had of
'your own accord taken such a Fancy to
'the Child, that it was yet unnecessary to
'make any express Declaration. Oh! Sir,
'had that Lady lived to have seen this poor
'young Man turned like a Vagabond from
'your House; nay, Sir, could she have
'lived to hear that you had yourself em-
'ployed a Lawyer to prosecute him for a
'Murder of which he was not guilty—
'Forgive me, Mr. *Allworthy*, I must say
'it was unkind.—Indeed you have been
'abused, he never deserved it of you.'
'Indeed, Madam,' said *Allworthy*, 'I
'have been abused by the Person, who-
'ever he was that told you so.' 'Nay,
'Sir,' said she, 'I would not be mistaken,
'I did not presume to say you were guilty

'of

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'of any wrong. The Gentleman who 'came to me, propoſed no ſuch Matter: 'He only ſaid, taking me for Mr. *Fitz-patrick*'s Wife, that if Mr. *Jones* had 'murdered my Huſband, I ſhould be aſ-'ſiſted with any Money I wanted to carry 'on the Proſecution, by a very worthy 'Gentleman, who, he ſaid, was well apprized 'what a Villain I had to deal with. It 'was by this Man I found out who Mr. '*Jones* was; and this Man, whoſe Name 'is *Dowling*, Mr. *Jones* tells me, is your 'Steward. I diſcovered his Name by a 'very odd Accident, for he himſelf re-'fuſed to tell it me; but *Partridge*, who 'met him at my Lodgings the ſecond Time 'he came, knew him formerly at *Saliſ-bury*.'

'And did this Mr. *Dowling*, ſays *All-worthy*, with great Aſtoniſhment in his 'Countenance, tell you that I would aſſiſt 'in the Proſecution?' —— 'No, Sir, an-'ſwered ſhe, I will not charge him wrong-'fully. He ſaid, I ſhould be aſſiſted, but 'he mentioned no Name. — Yet you muſt 'pardon me, Sir, if from Circumſtances I 'thought it could be no other.' —— 'In-'deed, Madam, ſays *Allworthy*, from Cir-'cumſtances I am too well convinced it

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'was another.——Good Heaven, by what 'wonderful Means is the blackeſt and deep-'eſt Villany ſometimes diſcovered!— Shall 'I beg you, Madam, to ſtay till the Per-'ſon you have mentioned comes, for I ex-'pect him every Minute; nay, he may be 'perhaps already in the Houſe.' *Allworthy* then ſtept to the Door, in order to call a Servant, when in came, not Mr. *Dowling*, but the Gentleman who will be ſeen in the next Chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

Further Continuation.

THE Gentleman who now arrived was no other than Mr. *Weſtern*. He no ſooner ſaw *Allworthy*, than without conſidering in the leaſt the Preſence of Mrs. *Waters*, he began to vociferate in the following Manner. 'Fine Doings at my 'Houſe! A rare Kettle of Fiſh I have diſ-'covered at laſt; who the Devil would be 'plagued with a Daughter?' 'What's the 'Matter, Neighbour, ſaid *Allworthy*,' 'Matter enough, anſwered *Weſtern*, when 'I thought ſhe was a juſt coming to, nay,

'when

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'when she had in a Manner promised me
'to do as I would ha her, and when I was
'a hoped to have had nothing more to do
'than to have a sent for the Lawyer and
'finished all. What do you think I have
'found out? that the little B— hath
'bin playing Tricks with me all the while,
'and carrying on a Correspondence with
'that Bastard of yours. Sister *Western*,
'whom I have a quarrelled with upon her
'Account, sent me Word o't, and I or-
'dered her Pockets to be searched when
'she was asleep, and here I have got un
'signed with the Son of a Whore's own
'Name. I have not had Patience to read
'half o't, for 'tis longer than one of Par-
'son *Supple*'s Sermons; but I find plainly
'it is all about Love, and indeed what
'should it be else? I have packed her
'up in Chamber again, and To-morrow
'Morning down she goes into the Coun-
'try, unless she consents to be married di-
'rectly, and there she shall live in a Gar-
'ret upon Bread and Water all her Days;
'and the sooner such a B— breaks her
'Heart the better, though d—n her, that I
'believe is too tough. She will live long
'enough to plague me.' 'Mr. *Western*,
'answered *Allworthy*, you know I have al-
'ways protested against Force, and you
'your-

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'yourſelf conſented that none ſhould be 'uſed.' 'Ay, cries he, that was only 'upon Condition that ſhe would conſent 'without. What the Devil and Doctor '*Fauſtus*, ſhan't I do what I will with my 'own Daughter, eſpecially when I deſire 'nothing but her own Good?' 'Well, 'Neighbour, anſwered *Allworthy*, if you 'will give me Leave, I will undertake 'once to argue with the young Lady.' 'Will you, ſaid *Weſtern*, why that is kind 'now and neighbourly, and mayhap 'you will do more than I have been able 'to do with her; for I promiſe you ſhe 'hath a very good Opinion of you.' 'Well, Sir, ſaid *Allworthy*, if you will go 'Home and releaſe the young Lady from 'her Captivity, I will wait upon her with- 'in this half Hour.' —— 'But ſuppoſe, 'ſaid *Weſtern*, ſhe ſhould run away with 'un in the mean Time? for Lawyer *Dow-* '*ling* tells me there is no Hopes of hang- 'ing the Fellow at laſt, for that the Man 'is alive, and like to do well, and that he 'thinks *Jones* will be out of Priſon again 'preſently.' —— 'How, ſaid *Allworthy*, 'what did you employ him then to en- 'quire or to do any Thing in that Matter?' 'Not I, anſwered *Weſtern*, he mentioned 'it to me juſt now of his own Accord.' —

'Juſt

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'Juſt now! cries *Allworthy*, why where 'did you ſee him then? I want much to 'ſee Mr. *Dowling*.'—'Why you may ſee 'un an you will preſently at my Lodgings; 'for there is to be a Meeting of Lawyers 'there this Morning, about a Mortgage. '——Icod! I ſhall loſe two or dree Thou-'ſand Pounds, I believe, by that honeſt 'Gentleman, Mr. *Nightingale*.'—'Well, 'Sir, ſaid *Allworthy*, I will be with you 'within the half Hour.' 'And do for 'once, cries the Squire, take a Fool's Ad-'vice; never think of dealing with her by 'gentle Methods, take my Word for it, 'thoſe will never do. I have try'd um 'long enough. She muſt be frightned in-'to it, there is no other Way. Tell her 'I'm her Father, and of the horrid Sin of 'Diſobedience, and of the dreadful Puniſh-'ment of it in t'other World, and then 'tell her about being lock'd up all her 'Life in a Garret in this, and be kept on-'ly upon Bread and Water.' I will do 'all I can, ſaid *Allworthy*, for I promiſe 'you there is nothing I wiſh more than an 'Alliance with this amiable Creature.' 'Nay, the Girl is well enough for Mat-'ter o' that, cries the Squire, a Man may 'go farther and meet with worſe Meat; 'that I may declare o' her, thof ſhe be

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'my own Daughter. And if she will but 'be obedient to me, there is no'orow a Fa-'ther within a hundred Miles o' the Place 'that loves a Daughter better than I do; 'but I see you are busy with the Lady 'here, so I will go Huome and expect 'you, and so your humble Servant.'

As soon as Mr. *Western* was gone, Mrs. *Waters* said, 'I see, Sir, the Squire hath not 'the least Remembrance of my Face. I be-'lieve, Mr. *Allworthy*, you would not have 'known me neither. I am very conside-'rably altered since that Day when you so 'kindly gave me that Advice, which I had 'been happy had I followed.'——'Indeed, 'Madam, cries *Allworthy*, it gave me great 'Concern when I first heard the contrary.' 'Indeed, Sir, says she, I was ruined by 'a very deep Scheme of Villany, which if 'you knew, though I pretend not to think 'it would justify me in your Opinion, it 'would at least mitigate my Offence, and 'induce you to pity me; you are not now 'at Leisure to hear my whole Story; but 'this I assure you, I was betrayed by the 'most solemn Promises of Marriage; *nay* 'in the Eye of Heaven I was married to 'him; for after much reading on the Sub-'ject, I am convinced that particular Ce-

'remonies

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'remonies are only requiſite to give a le-
'gal Sanction to Marriage, and have only
'a worldly Uſe in giving a Woman the
'Privileges of a Wife; but that ſhe who
'lives conſtant to one Man, after a ſolemn
'private Affiance, whatever the World
'may call her, hath little to charge on her
'own Conſcience.' 'I am ſorry, Madam,
'ſaid *Allworthy*, you made ſo ill an Uſe of
'your Learning. Indeed it would have
'been well that you had been poſſeſſed of
'much more, or had remained in a State
'of Ignorance. And yet, Madam, I am
'afraid you have more than this Sin to an-
'ſwer for. 'During his Life, anſwered
'ſhe, which was above a Dozen Years, I
'moſt ſolemnly aſſure you, I had not. And
'conſider, Sir, on my Behalf, what is in
'the Power of a Woman ſtript of her Re-
'putation, and left deſtitute, whether the
'good-natured World will ſuffer ſuch a
'ſtray Sheep to return to the Road of
'Virtue, even if ſhe was never ſo deſirous.
'I proteſt then I would have choſe it had
'it been in my Power; but Neceſſity drove
'me into the Arms of Capt. *Waters*, with
'whom, though ſtill unmarried, I lived as
'a Wife for many Years, and went by
'his Name. I parted with this Gentle-
'man at *Worceſter*, on his March againſt

'the

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'the Rebels, and it was then I accidentally met with Mr. *Jones*, who rescued me 'from the Hands of a Villain. Indeed he 'is the worthiest of Men. No young 'Gentleman of his Age is, I believe, freer 'from Vice, and few have the twentieth 'Part of his Virtues; nay, whatever Vices he hath had, I am firmly persuaded he 'hath now taken a Resolution to abandon 'them.' I hope he hath, cries *Allworthy*, 'and I hope he will preserve that Resolution. I must say I have still the same 'Hopes with Regard to yourself. The 'World, I do agree, are apt to be too 'unmerciful on these Occasions, yet Time 'and Perseverance will get the better of 'this their Disinclination, as I may call it, 'to Pity, for though they are not, like 'Heaven, ready to receive a penitent Sinner, yet a continued Repentance will at 'length obtain Mercy even with the World. 'This you may be assured of, Mrs. *Waters*, 'that whenever I find you are sincere in such 'good Intentions, you shall want no Assistance in my Power to make them effectual.'

Mrs. *Waters* fell now upon her Knees before him, and, in a Flood of Tears, made him many most passionate Acknowledgments

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ments of his Goodneſs, which, as ſhe truly ſaid, ſavoured more of the divine than human Nature.

Allworthy raiſed her up, and ſpoke in the moſt tender Manner, making uſe of every Expreſſion which his Invention could ſuggeſt to comfort her, when he was interrupted by the Arrival of Mr. *Dowling*, who, upon his firſt Entrance, ſeeing Mrs. *Waters*, ſtarted, and appeared in ſome Confuſion; from which he ſoon recovered himſelf as well as he could, and then ſaid, he was in the utmoſt Haſte to attend Council at Mr. *Weſtern*'s Lodgings; but however thought it his Duty to call and acquaint him with the Opinion of Council upon the Caſe which he had before told him, which was that the Converſion of the Moneys in that Caſe could not be queſtioned in a Criminal Cauſe, but that an Action of Trover might be brought; and if it appeared to the Jury to be the Moneys of Plaintiff, that Plaintiff would recover a Verdict for the Value.

Allworthy, without making any Anſwer to this, bolted the Door, and then advancing with a ſtern Look to *Dowling*, he ſaid, 'Whatever be your Haſte, Sir, I muſt firſt 'receive an Anſwer to ſome Queſtions.

Do

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'Do you know this young Lady?' —— 'That Lady, Sir? answered *Dowling* with 'great Hesitation. *Allworthy* then, with the most solemn Voice, said, 'Look you, 'Mr. *Dowling*, as you value my Favour, 'or your Continuance a Moment longer in 'my Service, do not hesitate nor prevaricate; but answer faithfully and truly to 'every Question I ask. —— Do you know 'this Lady?' — 'Yes, Sir, said *Dowling*, 'I have seen the Lady.' 'Where, Sir? 'At her own Lodgings.' —— 'Upon what 'Business did you go thither, Sir, and who 'sent you?' 'I went, Sir, to enquire, Sir, 'about Mr. *Jones*.' 'And who sent you to 'enquire about him?' 'Who, Sir, why, Sir, 'Mr. *Blifil* sent me.' 'And what did you say 'to the Lady concerning that Matter?' 'Nay, Sir, it is impossible to recollect every 'Word.' 'Will you please, Madam, to 'assist the Gentleman's Memory?' 'He 'told me, Sir, said Mrs. *Waters*, that if 'Mr. *Jones* had murdered my Husband, I 'should be assisted by any Money I wanted to carry on the Prosecution, by a very 'worthy Gentleman, who was well apprized what a Villain I had to deal with.' 'These I can safely swear were the very 'Words he spoke.' —— 'Were these the 'Words, Sir, said *Allworthy*?' 'I cannot

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'charge my Memory exactly, cries *Dowling*, but I believe I did speak to that Purpose.'—'And did Mr. *Blifil* order you to say so?' 'I am sure, Sir, I should not have gone on my own Accord, nor have willingly exceeded my Authority in Matters of this Kind. If I said so, I must have so understood Mr. *Blifil*'s Instructions.' 'Look you, Mr. *Dowling*, said *Allworthy*, I promise you before this Lady, that whatever you have done in this Affair by Mr. *Blifil*'s Order, I will forgive, provided you now tell me strictly the Truth; for I believe what you say, that you would not have acted of your own Accord, and without Authority, in this Matter.—Mr. *Blifil* then likewise sent you to examine the two Fellows at *Alderſgate?*'——'He did, Sir,'—'Well, and what Instructions did he then give you? Recollect as well as you can, and tell me, as near as possible, the very Words he used.'——'Why, Sir, Mr. *Blifil* sent me to find out the Persons who were Eye-Witnesses of this Fight. He said, he feared they might be tampered with by Mr. *Jones*, or some of his Friends. He said, Blood required Blood; and that not only all who concealed a Murderer, but those who omitted any Thing in their

'Power

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'Power to bring him to Juſtice, were Sharers in his Guilt. He ſaid, he found you was very deſirous of having the Villain brought to Juſtice, though it was not proper you ſhould appear in it.'—'He did ſo? ſays *Allworthy*.'—'Yes, Sir, cries *Dowling*, I ſhould not, I am ſure, have proceeded ſuch Lengths for the Sake of any other Perſon living but your Worſhip.'——'What Lengths, Sir, ſaid *Allworthy*.'——'Nay, Sir, cries *Dowling*, I would not have your Worſhip think I would, on any Account, be guilty of Subordination of Perjury; but there are two Ways of delivering Evidence. I told them therefore that if any Offers ſhould be made them on the other Side, they ſhould refuſe them, and that they might be aſſured they ſhould loſe nothing by being honeſt Men, and telling the Truth. I ſaid, we were told, that Mr. *Jones* had aſſaulted the Gentleman firſt, and that if that was the Truth, they ſhould declare it; and I did give them ſome Hints that they ſhould be no Loſers.'—'I think you went Lengths indeed, cries *Allworthy*.'—'Nay, Sir, anſwered *Dowling*, I am ſure I did not deſire them to tell an Untruth,——nor ſhould I have ſaid what I did, unleſs it had been to oblige you.'—'You would

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'not have thought, I believe, says *Allwor-*
'*thy*, to have obliged me, had you known
'that this Mr. *Jones* was my own Nephew.'
'—I am sure, Sir, answered he, it did not
'become me to take any Notice of what I
'thought you desired to conceal.'—'How,
'cries *Allworthy*, and did you know it
'then?'—'Nay, Sir, answered *Dowling*,
'if your Worship bids me speak the Truth,
'I am sure I shall do it.—Indeed, Sir, I
'did know it; for they were almost the
'last Words which Madam *Blifil* ever
'spoke, which she mentioned to me as I
'stood alone by her Bedside, when she de-
'livered me the Letter I brought your
'Worship from her.'——'What Letter,
'cries *Allworthy*?'——'The Letter, Sir,
'answered *Dowling*, which I brought from
'*Salisbury*, and which I delivered into the
'Hands of Mr. *Blifil*.'——'O Heavens!
'cries *Allworthy*, well, and what were the
'Words? What did my Sister say to you?'
'—She took me by the Hand, answered
'he, and as she delivered me the Letter,
'said, I scarce know what I have written.
'Tell my Brother, Mr. *Jones* is his Ne-
'phew—He is my Son—Bless him, says
'she, and then fell backward, as if dying
'away. I presently called in the People,
'and she never spoke more to me, and
'dy'd

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'dy'd within a few Minutes afterwards.' ——*Allworthy* ſtood a Minute ſilent, lifting up his Eyes, and then turning to *Dowling*, ſaid,——'How came you, Sir, not to de-'liver me this Meſſage?' 'Your Wor-'ſhip, anſwered he, muſt remember that 'you was at that Time ill in Bed; and be-'ing in a violent Hurry, as indeed I al-'ways am, I delivered the Letter and Meſ-'ſage to Mr. *Blifil*, who told me he would 'carry them both to you, which he hath 'ſince told me he did, and that your Wor-'ſhip, partly out of Friendſhip to Mr. *Jones*, 'and partly out of Regard to your Siſter, 'would never have it mentioned; and did 'intend to conceal it from the World; 'and therefore, Sir, if you had not men-'tioned it to me firſt, I am certain I ſhould 'never have thought it belonged to me to 'ſay any Thing of the Matter, either to 'your Worſhip, or any other Perſon.'

We have remarked ſomewhere already, that it is poſſible for a Man to convey a Lie in the Words of Truth; this was the Caſe at preſent: For *Blifil* had in Fact told *Dowling* what he now related; but had not impoſed upon him, nor indeed had imagined that he was able ſo to do. In Reality, the Promiſes which *Blifil* had made to *Dowling*, were the Motives which had induced him

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to Secrecy; and as he very plainly saw he should not be able to keep them, he thought proper now to make this Confeſſion, which the Promiſes of Forgiveneſs, joined to the Threats, the Voice, the Looks of *Allworthy*, and the Diſcoveries he had made before, extorted from him, who was beſides taken unawares, and had no Time to conſider of Evaſions.

Allworthy appeared well ſatisfied with this Relation, and having enjoined ſtrict Silence as to what had paſt on *Dowling*, conducted that Gentleman himſelf to the Door, leſt he ſhould ſee *Blifil*, who was returned to his Chamber, where he exulted in the Thoughts of his laſt Deceit on his Uncle, and little ſuſpected what had ſince paſſed below Stairs.

As *Allworthy* was returning to his Room, he met Mrs. *Miller* in the Entry, who with a Face all pale and full of Terror, ſaid to him, 'O! Sir, I find this wicked Woman 'hath been with you, and you know all; 'yet do not on this Account abandon the 'poor young Man. Conſider, Sir, he was 'ignorant it was his own Mother, and the 'Diſcovery itſelf will moſt probably break 'his Heart, without your Unkindneſs.'

'Ma-

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'Madam, says *Allworthy*, I am under such 'an Astonishment at what I have heard, 'that I am really unable to satisfy you; 'but come with me into my Room. In- 'deed, Mrs. *Miller*, I have made surpri- 'sing Discoveries, and you shall soon know 'them.'

The poor Woman followed him trembling; and now *Allworthy* going up to Mrs. *Waters*, took her by the Hand, and then turning to Mrs. *Miller* said, 'What 'Reward shall I bestow upon this Gentle- 'woman for the Services she hath done 'me?—O! Mrs. *Miller*, you have a Thou- 'sand Times heard me call the young Man 'to whom you are so faithful a Friend, 'my Son. Little did I then think he was 'indeed related to me at all. —— Your 'Friend, Madam, is my Nephew, he is 'the Brother of that wicked Viper 'which I have so long nourished in my 'Bosom. —— She will herself tell you the 'whole Story, and how the Youth came 'to pass for her Son. Indeed, Mrs. *Miller*, 'I am convinced that he hath been wrong- 'ed, and that I have been abused, abused 'by one whom you too justly suspected of 'being a Villain. He is, in Truth, the worst 'of Villains.'

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The Joy which Mrs. *Miller* now felt, bereft her of the Power of Speech, and might perhaps have deprived her of her Senſes, if not of Life, had not a friendly Shower of Tears come ſeaſonably to her Relief. At length recovering ſo far from her Tranſport as to be able to ſpeak, ſhe cry'd, 'And is my dear Mr. *Jones* then 'your Nephew, Sir? and not the Son of 'this Lady? and are your Eyes open-'ed to him at laſt? and ſhall I live 'to ſee him as happy as he deſerves?' 'He 'certainly is my Nephew, ſays *Allworthy*, 'and I hope all the reſt.'—'And is this the 'dear, good Woman, the Perſon, cries 'ſhe, to whom all this Diſcovery is owing!' '— She is indeed, ſays *Allworthy*.'—'Why 'then, cry'd Mrs. *Miller*, upon her Knees, 'may Heaven ſhower down its choiceſt 'Bleſſings upon her Head, and for this one 'good Action, forgive her all her Sins be 'they never ſo many.'

Mrs. *Waters* then informed them, that ſhe believed *Jones* would very ſhortly be releaſed; for that the Surgeon was gone, in Company with a Nobleman, to the Juſtice who committed him, in order to certify that Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was out of all Man-

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ner of Danger, and to procure the Prisoner his Liberty.

Allworthy said, he should be glad to find his Nephew there at his Return home; but that he was then obliged to go on some Business of Consequence. He then called to a Servant to fetch him a Chair, and presently left the two Ladies together.

Mr. *Blifil* hearing the Chair ordered, came down Stairs to attend upon his Uncle, for he never was deficient in such Acts of Duty. He asked his Uncle if he was going out, which is a civil Way of asking a Man where he is going; to which the other making no Answer, he again desired to know when he would be pleased to return. —— *Allworthy* made no Answer to this neither, till he was just getting into his Chair, and then turning about he said —— 'Harkee, 'Sir, do you find out, before my Return, 'the Letter which your Mother sent me on 'her Death-bed.' *Allworthy* then departed, and left *Blifil* in a Situation to be envied only by a Man who is just going to be hanged.

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CHAP. IX.

A further Continuation.

Allworthy took an Opportunity whilſt he was in the Chair of reading the Letter from *Jones* to *Sophia*, which *Weſtern* delivered him; and there were ſome Expreſſions in it concerning himſelf, which drew Tears from his Eyes. At length he arrived at Mr. *Weſtern*'s, and was introduced to *Sophia*.

When the firſt Ceremonies were paſt, and the Gentleman and Lady had taken their Chairs, a Silence of ſome Minutes enſued; during which, the latter, who had been prepared for the Viſit by her Father, ſat playing with her Fan, and had every Mark of Confuſion both in her Countenance and Behaviour. At length *Allworthy*, who was himſelf a little diſconcerted, began thus; 'I am afraid, Miſs *Weſtern*, my Family 'hath been the occaſion of giving you 'ſome Uneaſineſs; to which, I fear, I have 'innocently become more inſtrumental than 'I intended. Be aſſured, Madam, had I at 'firſt known how diſagreeable the Propoſals 'had

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'had been, I ſhould not have ſuffered you 'to have been ſo long perſecuted. I hope 'therefore you will not think the Deſign of 'this Viſit is to trouble you with any further 'Solicitations of that kind, but entirely to 'relieve you from them.'

'Sir,' ſaid *Sophia*, with a little modeſt Heſitation, 'this Behaviour is moſt kind 'and generous, and ſuch as I could ex-'pect only from Mr. *Allworthy*: But as 'you have been ſo kind to mention this 'Matter, you will pardon me for ſaying, 'it hath indeed given me great Uneaſineſs, 'and hath been the occaſion of my ſuffering 'much cruel Treatment from a Father, 'who was, 'till that unhappy Affair, the 'tendereſt and fondeſt of all Parents. I am 'convinced, Sir, you are too good and 'generous to reſent my Refuſal of your 'Nephew. Our own Inclinations are not 'in our Power; and whatever may be his 'Merit, I cannot force them in his Fa-'vour.' 'I aſſure you, moſt amiable 'young Lady,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'I am ca-'pable of no ſuch Reſentment, had the 'Perſon been my own Son, and had I en-'tertain'd the higheſt Eſteem for him. 'For you ſay truly, Madam, we cannot 'force our own Inclinations, much leſs can 'they be directed by another.' 'Oh! Sir,'

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answered *Sophia*, 'every Word you speak 'proves you to deserve that good, that 'great, that benevolent Character the whole 'World allows you. I assure you, Sir, 'nothing less than the certain Prospect of 'future Misery could have made me resist 'the Commands of my Father.' 'I sincerely believe you, Madam,' replied *Allworthy*, 'and I heartily congratulate you on 'your prudent Foresight, since by so justifiable a Resistance you have avoided Misery indeed.' 'You speak now, Mr. *Allworthy*,' cries she, 'with a Delicacy 'which few Men are capable of feeling; 'but surely in my Opinion, to lead our 'Lives with one to whom we are indifferent, 'must be a State of Wretchedness—Perhaps that Wretchedness would be even increased by a Sense of the Merits of an Object 'to whom we cannot give our Affections. If 'I had married Mr. *Blifil*——' 'Pardon my 'interrupting you, Madam,' answered *Allworthy*, 'but I cannot bear the Supposition.—Believe me, Miss *Western*, I rejoice from my Heart, I rejoice in your 'Escape.—I have discovered the Wretch, 'for whom you have suffered all this cruel 'Violence from your Father, to be a Villain.' 'How, Sir!' cries *Sophia*,—'you must believe

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'lieve this surprises me.' — 'It hath sur-
'prised me, Madam,' answered *Allworthy*,
'and so it will the World.— But I have
'acquainted you with the real Truth.'
'Nothing but Truth,' says *Sophia*, 'can,
'I am convinced, come from the Lips of
'Mr. *Allworthy*.—Yet, Sir, such sudden,
'such unexpected News—Discovered, you
'say—may Villany be ever so.' — 'You
'will soon enough hear the Story,' cries
Allworthy,—'at present let us not mention
'so detested a Name—I have another Mat-
'ter of a very serious Nature to propose.—
'O! Miss *Western*, I know your vast Worth,
'nor can I so easily part with the Ambiti-
'tion of being allied to it.—I have a near
'Relation, Madam, a young Man whose
'Character is, I am convinced, the very
'opposite to that of this Wretch, and
'whose Fortune I will make equal to what
'his was to have been.—Could I, Madam,
'hope you would admit a Visit from him?'
Sophia, after a Minute's Silence, answered,
'I will deal with the utmost Sincerity with
'Mr. *Allworthy*. His Character, and the
'Obligation I have just received from him
'demand it. I have determined at present
'to listen to no such Proposals from any
'Person. My only Desire is to be restor'd
'to the Affection of my Father, and to
'be

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'be again the Mistress of his Family. This, 'Sir, I hope to owe to your good Offi-'ces. Let me beseech you, let me con-'jure you by all the Goodness which I, and 'all who know you, have experienced; 'do not the very Moment when you have 'released me from one Persecution, do not 'engage me in another, as miserable and 'as fruitless.' 'Indeed, Miss *Western*,' replied *Allworthy*, 'I am capable of no 'such Conduct; and if this be your Re-'solution, he must submit to the Disap-'pointment, whatever Torments he may 'suffer under it.' 'I must smile now, 'Mr. *Allworthy*,' answered *Sophia*, 'when 'you mention the Torments of a Man 'whom I do not know, and who can con-'sequently have so little Acquaintance with 'me.' 'Pardon me, dear young Lady,' cries *Allworthy*, 'I begin now to be afraid 'he hath had too much Acquaintance for 'the Repose of his future Days; since, if 'ever Man was capable of a sincere, vio-'lent and noble Passion, such, I am con-'vinced, is my unhappy Nephew's for Miss '*Western*.' 'A Nephew of yours! Mr. '*Allworthy*,' answered *Sophia*. It is surely 'strange, I never heard of him before.' 'Indeed! Madam,' cries *Allworthy*, 'it is 'only the Circumstance of his being my Ne-

phew

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'phew to which you are a Stranger, and 'which, 'till this Day, was a Secret to 'me.'—Mr. *Jones*, who has long loved 'you, he! he is my Nephew.' ——' Mr. 'Jones your Nephew, Sir?' cries *Sophia*, 'Can it be poſſible?' ——' He is indeed, 'Madam, anſwered *Allworthy*: He is my 'own Siſter's Son —— as ſuch I ſhall al-'ways own him; nor am I aſhamed of 'owning him. I am much more aſhamed 'of my paſt Behaviour to him; but I was 'as ignorant of his Merit as of his Birth. 'Indeed, Miſs *Weſtern*, I have uſed him 'cruelly——Indeed I have.'——Here the good Man wiped his Eyes, and after a ſhort Pauſe proceeded——' I never ſhall be able 'to reward him for his Sufferings without 'your Aſſiſtance.——Believe me, moſt a-'miable young Lady, I muſt have a great 'Eſteem of that Offering which I make 'to your Worth. I know he hath been 'guilty of Faults; but there is great Good-'neſs of Heart at the Bottom. Believe 'me, Madam, there is.'——Here he ſtop-ped, ſeeming to expect an Anſwer, which he preſently received from *Sophia*, after ſhe had a little recovered herſelf from the Hurry of Spirits into which ſo ſtrange and ſudden Information had thrown her: 'I 'ſincerely wiſh you Joy, Sir, of a Diſ-'covery in which you ſeem to have

'ſuch

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'such Satisfaction. I doubt not but 'you will have all the Comfort you 'can promise yourself from it. The 'young Gentleman hath certainly a thou-'sand good Qualities, which makes it 'impossible he should not behave well to 'such an Uncle.'——'I hope, Madam,' said *Allworthy*, 'he hath those good Qua-'lities which must make him a good Hus-'band.——He must, I am sure, be of all 'Men the most abandoned, if a Lady of 'your Merit should condescend'——'You 'must pardon me, Mr. *Allworthy*,' answered *Sophia*, 'I cannot listen to a Propo-'sal of this Kind. Mr. *Jones*, I am con-'vinced, hath much Merit; but I shall 'never receive Mr. *Jones* as one who is to 'be my Husband——Upon my Honour I 'never will.——'Pardon me, Madam,' cries *Allworthy*, 'if I am a little surprized 'after what I have heard from Mr. *West-'tern*——I hope the unhappy young Man 'hath done nothing to forfeit your good 'Opinion, if he had ever the Honour to 'enjoy it.—Perhaps he may have been mis-'represented to you, as he was to me. The 'same Villainy may have injured him every 'where.—He is no Murderer, I assure you 'as he hath been called.'—Mr. *Allworthy*, answered *Sophia*, 'I have told you my Re-'solution.

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'ſolution. I wonder not at what my Fa-
'ther hath told you; but whatever his Ap-
'prehenſions or Fears have been, if I know
'my Heart, I have given no Occaſion for
'them; ſince it hath always been a fixed
'Principle with me, never to have marry'd
'without his Conſent. This is, I think,
'the Duty of a Child to a Parent; and
'this, I hope, nothing could ever have
'prevailed with me to ſwerve from. I do
'not indeed conceive, that the Authority
'of any Parent can oblige us to marry, in
'direct Oppoſition to our Inclinations. To
'avoid a Force of this Kind, which I had
'Reaſon to ſuſpect, I left my Father's
'Houſe, and ſought Protection elſewhere.
'This is the Truth of my Story; and if
'the World, or my Father, carry my
'Intentions any farther, my own Con-
'ſcience will acquit me.' 'I hear you,
'Miſs *Weſtern*,' cries *Allworthy* with Ad-
miration. 'I admire the Juſtneſs of your
'Sentiments; but ſurely there is more in this.
'I am cautious of offending you, young
'Lady; but am I to look on all which
'I have hitherto heard or ſeen, as a Dream
'only? And have you ſuffered ſo much
'Cruelty from your Father on the Ac-
'count of a Man to whom you have been
'always abſolutely indifferent?' 'I beg,

'Mr.

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Mr. *Allworthy*,' answered *Sophia*, 'you 'will not insist on my Reasons;——Yes, 'I have suffered indeed: I will not, Mr. '*Allworthy*, conceal——I will be very sin- 'cere with you——I own I had a great 'Opinion of Mr. *Jones*——I believe—— 'I know I have suffered for my Opinion— '—I have been treated cruelly by my 'Aunt, as well as by my Father; but 'that is now past——I beg I may not be 'farther press'd; for whatever hath been, 'my Resolution is now fixed. Your Ne- 'phew, Sir, hath many Virtues——he 'hath great Virtues, Mr. *Allworthy*. I 'question not but he will do you Honour 'in the World, and make you happy.'—— 'I wish I could make him so, Madam,' replied *Allworthy*; 'but that I am con- 'vinced is only in your Power. It is that 'Conviction which hath made me so earnest 'a Solicitor in his Favour.' 'You are de- 'ceived; indeed, Sir, you are deceived,' said *Sophia*——'I hope not by him——It 'is sufficient to have deceived me. Mr. '*Allworthy*, I must insist on being prest 'no farther on this Subject.——I should 'be sorry——Nay, I will not injure him 'in your Favour. I wish Mr. *Jones* very 'well. I sincerely wish him well; and I 'repeat again to you, whatever Demerit 'he

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'he may have to me, I am certain he hath 'many good Qualities. I do not disown 'my former Thoughts; but nothing can 'ever recall them. At present there is not a 'Man on Earth whom I would more re-'solutely reject than Mr. *Jones*; nor would 'the Addresses of Mr. *Blifil* himself be less 'agreeable to me.'

Western had been long impatient for the Event of this Conference, and was just now arrived at the Door to listen; when having heard the last Sentiments of his Daughter's Heart, he lost all Temper, and bursting open the Door in a Rage, cried out,—'It 'is a Lie. It is a d—n'd Lie. It is all 'owing to that d—n'd Rascal *Juones*; and 'if she could get at un, she'd ha un any 'Hour of the Day.' Here *Allworthy* interposed, and addressing himself to the Squire with some Anger in his Look, he said, 'Mr. *Western*, you have not kept your 'Word with me. You promised to abstain 'from all Violence.'——'Why so I did,' cries *Western*, 'as long as it was possible; 'but to hear a Wench telling such con-'founded Lies.——Zounds! Doth she 'think if she can make Vools of other 'Volk, she can make one of me?——No, 'no, I know her better than thee dost.'

'I am

'I am sorry to tell you, Sir,' answered *Allworthy*, 'it doth not appear by your 'Behaviour to this young Lady, that you 'know her at all. I ask Pardon for what 'I say; but I think our Intimacy, your 'own Desires, and the Occasion justify 'me. She is your Daughter, Mr. *Western*, 'and I think she doth Honour to your 'Name. If I was capable of Envy, I 'should sooner envy you on this Account, 'than any other Man whatever.'——'Od-'rabbit-it,' cries the Squire, 'I wish she 'was thine with all my Heart—wouldst 'soon be glad to be rid of the Trouble o' 'her.'——'Indeed, my good Friend,' answered *Allworthy*, 'you yourself are the 'Cause of all the Trouble you complain of. 'Place that Confidence in the young Lady 'which she so well deserves, and I am cer-'tain you will be the happiest Father on 'Earth.'——'I Confidence in her!' cries the Squire.——'Sblood!' what Confidence 'can I place in her, when she won't do as 'I wou'd ha her? Let her gi but her Con-'sent to marry as I would ha her, and 'I'll place as much Confidence in her as 'wouldst ha me.'——'You have no 'Right, Neighbour,' answered *Allworthy*, 'to insist on any such Consent. A nega-'tive Voice your Daughter allows you, and

'God

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'God and Nature have thought proper to 'allow you no more.' 'A negative 'Voice?' cries the Squire,——Ay! ay! 'I'll ſhew you what a negative Voice I 'ha.——Go along, go into your Chamber, 'go, you Stubborn'——'Indeed, Mr. '*Weſtern*,' ſaid *Allworthy*,——'Indeed, 'you uſe her cruelly——I cannot bear to 'ſee this——You ſhall, you muſt behave 'to her in a kinder Manner. She deſerves 'the beſt of Treatment.' Yes, yes,' ſaid the Squire, 'I know what ſhe deſerves: 'Now ſhe's gone, I'll ſhew you what ſhe 'deſerves——See here, Sir, here is a Let-'ter from my Couſin, my Lady *Bellaſton*, 'in which ſhe is ſo kind to gi me to under-'ſtand, that the Fellow is got out of 'Priſon again; and here ſhe adviſes me to 'take all the Care I can o' the Wench. 'Odzookers! Neighbour *Allworthy*, you 'don't know what it is to govern a Daugh-'ter.'

The Squire ended his Speech with ſome Compliments to his own Sagacity; and then *Allworthy*, after a formal Preface, acquainted him with the whole Diſcovery which he had made concerning *Jones*, with his Anger to *Blifil*, and with every Particular

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ticular which hath been diſcloſed to the Reader in the preceding Chapters.

Men over-violent in their Diſpoſitions, are, for the moſt Part, as changeable in them. No ſooner then was *Weſtern* informed of Mr. *Allworthy*'s Intention to make *Jones* his Heir, than he joined heartily with the Uncle in every Commendation of the Nephew, and became as eager for her Marriage with *Jones*, as he had before been to couple her to *Blifil*.

Here Mr. *Allworthy* was again forced to interpoſe, and to relate what had paſſed between him and *Sophia*, at which he teſtified great Surprize.

The Squire was ſilent a Moment, and looked wild with Aſtoniſhment at this Account ——At laſt he cried out, 'Why 'what can be the Meaning of this, Neigh-'bour *Allworthy?* Vond o un ſhe was, 'that I'll be ſworn to.——Odzookers! 'I have hit o't. As ſure as a Gun I have 'hit o the very right o't. It's all along 'o Ziſter. The Girl hath got a Hanker-'ing after this Son of a Whore of a Lord. 'I vound 'em together at my Couſin, my 'Lady *Bellaſton*'s. He hath turned the 'Head

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'Head o' her that's certain——but d——n 'me if he shall ha her——I'll ha no Lords 'nor Courtiers in my Vamily.'

Allworthy now made a long Speech, in which he repeated his Resolution to avoid all violent Measures, and very earnestly recommended gentle Methods to Mr. *Western*, as those by which he might be assured of succeeding best with his Daughter. He then took his Leave, and returned back to Mrs. *Miller*, but was forced to comply with the earnest Entreaties of the Squire, in promising to bring Mr. *Jones* to visit him that Afternoon, 'that he might,' as he said, 'make all Matters up with the young Gen-'tleman.' At Mr. *Allworthy*'s Departure, *Western* promised to follow his Advice in his Behaviour to *Sophia*, saying, 'I don't know 'how 'tis, but d——n me, *Allworthy*, if 'you don't make me always do just as you 'please, and yet I have as good an Esteate 'as you, and am in the Commission of the 'Peace as well as yourself.

CHAP.

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CHAP. X.

Wherein the History begins to draw towards a Conclusion.

WHEN *Allworthy* returned to his Lodgings, he heard Mr. *Jones* was just arrived before him. He hurried therefore instantly into an empty Chamber, whither he ordered Mr. *Jones* to be brought to him alone.

It is impossible to conceive a more tender or moving Scene, than the Meeting between the Uncle and Nephew, (for Mrs. *Waters*, as the Reader may well suppose, had at her last Visit discovered to him the Secret of his Birth). The first Agonies of Joy which were felt on both Sides, are indeed beyond my Power to describe; I shall not therefore attempt it. After *Allworthy* had raised *Jones* from his Feet, where he had prostrated himself, and received him into his Arms, 'O my Child,' he cried, 'how have 'I been to blame! How have I injured you! 'What Amends can I ever make you for 'those unkind, those unjust Suspicions which 'I have entertained; and for all the Sufferings 'they have occasioned to you?' 'Am I not 'now made Amends?' cries *Jones*, 'Would 'not my Sufferings, if they had been ten 'Times greater, have been now richly repaid?

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'paid? O my dear Uncle! this Goodneſs, 'this Tenderneſs overpowers, unmans, de-'ſtroys me. I cannot bear the Tranſports 'which flow ſo faſt upon me. To be again 'reſtored to your Preſence, to your Favour; 'to be once more thus kindly received by 'my great, my noble, my generous Bene-'factor' —— 'Indeed, Child,' cries *All-'worthy*,' I have uſed you cruelly.' —— He then explained to him all the Treachery of *Blifil*, and again repeated Expreſſions of the utmoſt Concern, for having been induced by that Treachery to uſe him ſo ill. 'O talk 'not ſo,' anſwered *Jones*;' 'Indeed, Sir, 'you have uſed me nobly. The wiſeſt 'Man might be deceived as you were, and, 'under ſuch a Deception, the beſt muſt 'have acted juſt as you did. Your 'Goodneſs diſplayed itſelf in the Midſt of 'your Anger, juſt as it then ſeemed. I owe 'every thing to that Goodneſs of which I 'have been moſt unworthy. Do not put 'me on Self-accuſation, by carrying your 'generous Sentiments too far. Alas, Sir, 'I have not been puniſhed more than I 'have deſerved; and it ſhall be the whole 'Buſineſs of my future Life to deſerve that 'Happineſs you now beſtow on me; for 'believe me, my dear Uncle, my Puniſh-'ment hath not been thrown away upon

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'me: Though I have been a great, I am
'not a hardened Sinner; I thank Heaven I
'have had Time to reflect on my past
'Life, where, though I cannot charge my-
'self with any groſs Villainy, yet I can diſ-
'cern Follies and Vices too ſufficient to re-
'pent and to be aſhamed of; Follies which
'have been attended with dreadful Conſe-
'quences to myſelf, and have brought me
'to the Brink of Deſtruction.' 'I am re-
'joiced, my dear Child,' anſwered *Allworthy*, 'to hear you talk thus ſenſibly; for as
'I am convinced Hypocriſy (good Heaven
'how have I been impoſed on by it in
'others!) was never among your Faults,
'ſo I can readily believe all you ſay. You
'now ſee, *Tom*, to what Dangers Impru-
'dence alone may ſubject Virtue (for Virtue,
'I am now convinced, you love in a great
'Degree). Prudence is indeed the Duty
'which we owe to ourſelves; and if we will
'be ſo much our own Enemies as to neglect
'it, we are not to wonder if the World is
'deficient in diſcharging their Duty to us;
'for when a Man lays the Foundation of his
'own Ruin, others will, I am afraid, be
'too apt to build upon it. You ſay, how-
'ever, you have ſeen your Errors; and
'will reform them. I firmly believe you,
'my dear Child; and therefore, from this
Mo-

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'Moment, you ſhall never more be remind-
'ed of them by me. Remember them only
'yourſelf ſo far, as for the future to teach
'you the better to avoid them; but ſtill re-
'member, for your Comfort, that there is
'this great Difference between thoſe Faults
'which Candour may conſtrue into Impru-
'dence, and thoſe which can be deduced
'from Villainy only. The former, perhaps,
'are even more liable to ſubject a Man to
'Ruin; but if he reform, his Character
'will, at length, be totally retrieved; the
'World, though not immediately, will, in
'Time, be reconciled to him; and he may
'reflect, not without ſome Mixture of Plea-
'ſure, on the Dangers he hath eſcaped: But
'Villainy, my Boy, when once diſcovered,
'is irretrievable; the Stains which this
'leaves behind, no Time will waſh away.
'The Cenſures of Mankind will purſue the
'Wretch, their Scorn will abaſh him in
'Public, and if Shame drives him into Re-
'tirement, he will go to it with all thoſe Ter-
'rors with which a weary Child, who is
'afraid of Hobgoblins, retreats from Com-
'pany to go to Bed alone. Here his mur-
'dered Conſcience will haunt him. Repoſe,
'like a falſe Friend, will fly from him.
'Where-ever he turns his Eyes, Horror
'preſents itſelf; if he looks backward, un-

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'available Repentance treads on his Heels; 'if forward, incurable Deſpair ſtares him in 'the Face; till, like a condemned Priſoner, 'confined in a Dungeon, he deteſts his pre- 'ſent Condition, and yet dreads the Conſe- 'quence of that Hour which is to relieve 'him from it. Comfort yourſelf, I ſay, my 'Child, that this is not your Caſe; and re- 'joice, with Thankfulneſs to him who hath 'ſuffered you to ſee your Errors, before 'they have brought on you that Deſtruction 'to which a Perſiſtance in even thoſe Er- 'rors muſt have led you. You have de- 'ſerted them, and the Proſpect now before 'you is ſuch, that Happineſs ſeems in your 'own Power.'—— At theſe Words *Jones* fetched a deep Sigh; upon which, when *Allworthy* remonſtrated, he ſaid, 'Sir, I will 'conceal nothing from you: I fear there is 'one Conſequence of my Vices I ſhall never 'be able to retrieve. O my dear Uncle, I 'have loſt a Treaſure.'——'You need ſay 'no more,' anſwered *Allworthy*; I will be 'explicit with you; I know what you la- 'ment; I have ſeen the young Lady, and 'have diſcourſed with her concerning you. 'This I muſt inſiſt on, as an Earneſt of 'your Sincerity in all you have ſaid, and of 'the Stedfaſtneſs of your Reſolution, that 'you obey me in one Inſtance. To abide

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'intirely by the Determination of the young 'Lady, whether it ſhall be in your Favour, 'or no. She hath already ſuffered enough 'from Sollicitations which I hate to think 'of; ſhe ſhall owe no further Conſtraint 'to my Family: I know her Father will 'be as ready to torment her now on your 'Account, as he hath formerly been on an-'other; but I am determined ſhe ſhall ſuffer 'no more Confinement, no more Violence, 'no more uneaſy Hours.'—— 'O my dear 'Uncle, anſwered *Jones*, lay, I beſeech you, 'ſome Command on me, in which I ſhall 'have ſome Merit in Obedience. Believe 'me, Sir, the only Inſtance in which I could 'diſobey you, would be to give an uneaſy 'Moment to my *Sophia*. No, Sir, if I am 'ſo miſerable to have incurred her Diſplea-'ſure beyond all Hope of Forgiveneſs, 'that alone, with the dreadful Reflection of 'cauſing her Miſery, will be ſufficient to 'overpower me. To call *Sophia* mine is 'the greateſt, and now the only additional 'Bleſſing which Heaven can beſtow; but it 'is a Bleſſing which I muſt owe to her 'alone.' 'I will not flatter you, Child,' cries *Allworthy*; 'I fear your Caſe is deſpe-'rate: I never ſaw ſtronger Marks of an 'unalterable Reſolution in any Perſon, than 'appeared in her vehement Declarations

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'against receiving your Addreſſes; for which, perhaps, you can account better than myſelf.'——'Oh, Sir! I can account too well,' anſwered *Jones*; 'I have ſinned againſt her beyond all Hope of Pardon; and, guilty as I am, my Guilt unfortunately appears to her in ten Times blacker than the real Colours. O my dear Uncle, I find my Follies are irretrievable; and all your Goodneſs cannot ſave me from Perdition.'

A Servant now acquainted them, that Mr. *Weſtern* was below Stairs; for his Eagerneſs to ſee *Jones* could not wait till the Afternoon. Upon which *Jones*, whoſe Eyes were full of Tears, begged his Uncle to entertain *Weſtern* a few Minutes, till he a little recovered himſelf: To which the good Man conſented, and having ordered Mr. *Weſtern* to be ſhewn into a Parlour, went down to him.

Mrs. *Miller* no ſooner heard, that *Jones* was alone (for ſhe had not yet ſeen him ſince his Releaſe from Priſon,) than ſhe came eagerly into the Room, and, advancing towards *Jones*, wiſhed him heartily Joy of his new-found Uncle, and his happy Reconciliation; adding, I wiſh I could give you Joy on another Account, my dear Child; but 'any

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any thing so inexorable I never saw. *Jones*, with some Appearance of Surprize, asked her, what she meant. 'Why then,' says she, 'I 'have been with your young Lady, and have 'explained all Matters to her, as they were 'told me by my Son *Nightingale*. She 'can have no longer any Doubt about the 'Letter, that I am certain; for I told her 'my Son *Nightingale* was ready to take his 'Oath, if she pleased, that it was all his 'own Invention, and the Letter of his in-'diting. I told her the very Reason of 'sending the Letter ought to recommend 'you to her the more, as it was all upon her 'Account, and a plain Proof, that you was 'resolved to quit all your Profligacy for the 'future; that you had never been guilty of 'a single Instance of Infidelity to her since 'your seeing her in Town. I am afraid I 'went too far there; but Heaven forgive 'me: I hope your future Behaviour will be 'my Justification. I am sure I have said all 'I can; but all to no Purpose. She re-'mains inflexible. She says, she had for-'given many Faults on account of Youth; 'but expressed such Detestation of the Cha-'racter of a Libertine, that she absolutely 'silenced me. I often attempted to excuse 'you; but the Justness of her Accusation 'flew in my Face. Upon my Honour she

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'is a lovely Woman, and one of the sweetest 'and most sensible Creatures I ever saw. I 'could have almost kissed her for one Ex-'pression she made use of. It was a Senti-'ment worthy of *Seneca*, or of a Bishop.' "I "once fancied, Madam,' said she, "I had "discovered great Goodness of Heart in Mr. "*Jones*; and for that I own I had a sincere "Esteem; but an entire Profligacy of Man-"ners will corrupt the best Heart in the "World; and all which a good-natured "Libertine can expect is, that we should "mix some Grains of Pity with our Con-"tempt and Abhorrence." 'She is an ange-'lic Creature, that is the Truth on't.' —— 'O Mrs. *Miller*, answered *Jones*, can I bear 'to think I have lost such an Angel.'—— 'Lost! No,' cries Mrs. *Miller*;' I hope 'you have not lost her yet. Resolve to 'leave such vicious Courses, and you may 'yet have Hopes: Nay, if she should re-'main inexorable, there is another young 'Lady, a sweet pretty young Lady, and a 'swinging Fortune, who is absolutely dying 'for Love of you. I heard of it this very 'Morning, and I told it to Miss *Western*; 'nay, I went a little beyond the Truth 'again; for I told her you had refused her; 'but indeed I knew you would refuse her. '——And here I must give you a little

Com-

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'Comfort: When I mentioned the young 'Lady's Name, who is no other than the 'pretty Widow *Hunt*, I thought she turned 'pale; but when I said you had refused 'her, I will be sworn her Face was all over 'Scarlet in an Instant; and these were her 'very Words,' "I will not deny but "that I believe he has some Affection for "me."

Here the Conversation was interrupted by the Arrival of *Western*, who could no longer be kept out of the Room even by the Authority of *Allworthy* himself; though this, as we have often seen, had a wonderful Power over him.

Western immediately went up to *Jones*, crying out, 'My old Friend *Tom*, I am glad 'to see thee with all my Heart. All past 'must be forgotten. I could not intend 'any Affront to thee, because, as *Allworthy* 'here knows, nay, dost know it thyself, I 'took thee for another Person; and where a 'Body means no Harm, what signifies a 'hasty Word or two; one Christian must 'forget and forgive another.' 'I hope, 'Sir, said *Jones*, I shall never forget the 'many Obligations I have had to you; but 'as for any Offence towards me, I declare I

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'am an utter Stranger.'——'A't,' says 'Western,' then give me thy Fist, a't as 'hearty an honest Cock as any in the King-'dom. Come along with me; I'll carry 'thee to thy Mistress this Moment.' Here *Allworthy* interposed; and the Squire being unable to prevail either with the Uncle or Nephew, was, after some Litigation, obliged to consent to delay introducing *Jones* to *Sophia* till the Afternoon; at which Time *Allworthy*, as well in Compassion to *Jones*, as in Compliance with the eager Desires of *Western*, was prevailed upon to promise to attend at the Tea-table.

The Conversation which now ensued was pleasant enough; and with which, had it happened earlier in our History, we would have entertained our Reader; but as we have now Leisure only to attend to what is very material, it shall suffice to say, that Matters being intirely adjusted as to the Afternoon-visit, Mr. *Western* again returned home.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XI.

The History draws nearer to a Conclusion.

WHEN Mr. *Western* was departed, *Jones* began to inform Mr. *Allworthy* and Mrs. *Miller*, that his Liberty had been procured by two noble Lords, who, together with two Surgeons, and a Friend of Mr. *Nightingale*'s, had attended the Magistrate by whom he had been committed, and by whom, on the Surgeons Oaths that the wounded Person was out of all Manner of Danger from this Wound, he was discharged.

One only of these Lords, he said, he had ever seen before, and that no more than once; but the other had greatly surprized him, by asking his Pardon for an Offence he had been guilty of towards him, occasioned, he said, entirely by his Ignorance who he was.

Now the Reality of the Case with which *Jones* was not acquainted till afterwards, was this. The Lieutenant whom Lord *Fellamar* had employed, according to the Advice of Lady *Bellaston*, to press *Jones*,

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as a Vagabond, into the Sea Service, when he came to report the Event which we have before ſeen to his Lordſhip, ſpoke very favourably of the Behaviour of Mr. *Jones* on all Accounts, and ſtrongly aſſured that Lord, that he muſt have miſtaken the Perſon, for that *Jones* was certainly a Gentleman, inſomuch that his Lordſhip, who was ſtrictly a Man of Honour, and would by no Means have been guilty of an Action which the World in general would have condemned, began to be much concerned for the Advice which he had taken.

Within a Day or two after this, Lord *Fellamar* happened to dine with the *Iriſh* Peer, who, in a Converſation upon the Duel, acquainted his Company with the Character of *Fitzpatrick*; to which indeed he did not do ſtrict Juſtice, eſpecially in what related to his Lady. He ſaid, ſhe was the moſt innocent, and moſt injured Woman alive, and that from Compaſſion alone he had undertaken her Cauſe. He then declared an Intention of going the next Morning to *Fitzpatrick*'s Lodgings, in order to prevail with him, if poſſibly, to conſent to a Separation from his Wife, who, the Peer ſaid, was in Apprehenſions for her Life, if

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ſhe ſhould ever return to be under the Power of her Huſband. Lord *Fellamar* agreed to go with him, that he might ſatisfy himſelf more concerning *Jones*, and the Circumſtances of the Duel; for he was by no Means eaſy concerning the Part he had acted. The Moment his Lordſhip gave a Hint of his Readineſs to aſſiſt in the Delivery of the Lady, it was eagerly embraced by the other Nobleman, who depended much on the Authority of Lord *Fellamar*, as he thought it would greatly contribute to awe *Fitzpatrick* into a Compliance; and perhaps he was in the right; for the poor *Iriſhman* no ſooner ſaw theſe noble Peers had undertaken the Cauſe of his Wife, than he ſubmitted, and Articles of Separation were ſoon drawn up and ſigned between the Parties.

Fitzpatrick had been ſo well ſatisfied by Mrs. *Waters* concerning the Innocence of his Wife with *Jones* at *Upton*, or perhaps from ſome other Reaſons, was now become ſo indifferent to that Matter, that he ſpoke highly in Favour of *Jones*, to Lord *Fellamar*, took all the Blame upon himſelf, and ſaid the other had behaved very much like a Gentleman, and a Man of Honour; and upon that Lord's further Enquiry concerning

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ing Mr. *Jones*, *Fitzpatrick* told him he was Nephew to a Gentleman of very great Fashion and Fortune, which was the Account he had just received from Mrs. *Waters*, after her Interview with *Dowling*.

Lord *Fellamar* now thought it behoved him to do every Thing in his Power to make Satisfaction to a Gentleman whom he had so grosly injured, and without any Consideration of Rivalship, (for he had now given over all Thoughts of *Sophia*) determined to procure Mr. *Jones*'s Liberty, being satisfied as well from *Fitzpatrick* as his Surgeon, that the Wound was not mortal. He therefore prevailed with the *Irish* Peer to accompany him to the Place where *Jones* was confined, to whom he behaved as we have already related.

When *Allworthy* returned to his Lodgings, he immediately carried *Jones* into his Room, and then acquainted him with the whole Matter, as well what he had heard from Mrs. *Waters*, as what he had discovered from Mr. *Dowling*.

Jones expressed great Astonishment, and no less Concern at this Account; but without making any Comment or Observation upon

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upon it. And now a Meſſage was brought from Mr. *Bliſil*, deſiring to know if his Uncle was at Leiſure, and he might wait upon him. *Allworthy* ſtarted and turned pale, and then in a more paſſionate Tone than, I believe, he had ever uſed before, bid the Servant tell *Bliſil*, he knew him not. 'Conſider, dear Sir,—cries *Jones* in a trembling Voice.'——'I have conſidered, 'anſwered *Allworthy*, and you yourſelf 'ſhall carry my Meſſage to the Villain. — 'No one can carry him the Sentence of 'his own Ruin ſo properly as the Man 'whoſe Ruin he hath ſo villainouſly con-'trived.'——'Pardon me, dear Sir, ſaid '*Jones*; a Moment's Reflection will, I 'am ſure, convince you of the contrary. 'What might be perhaps but Juſtice from 'another Tongue, would from mine be 'Inſult; and to whom? — My own Bro-'ther, and your Nephew. — Nor did he 'uſe me ſo barbarouſly.—Indeed that would 'have been more inexcuſeable than any 'Thing he hath done. Fortune may tempt 'Men of no very bad Diſpoſitions to In-'juſtice; but Inſults proceed only from 'black and rancorous Minds, and have 'no Temptations to excuſe them. — Let 'me beſeech you, Sir, to do nothing by 'him in the preſent Height of your An-'ger.

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'ger. Consider, my dear Uncle, I was 'not myself condemned unheard.' *Allworthy* stood silent a Moment, and then embracing *Jones*, he said, with Tears gushing from his Eyes, 'O my Child! to 'what Goodness have I been so long 'blind!'

Mrs. *Miller* entring the Room at that Moment, after a gentle Rap, which was not perceived, and seeing *Jones* in the Arms of his Uncle, the poor Woman, in an Agony of Joy, fell upon her Knees, and burst forth into the most extatic Thanksgivings to Heaven, for what had happened.—Then running to *Jones*, she embraced him eagerly, crying, 'My dearest Friend, I wish 'you Joy a Thousand and a Thousand 'Times of this blest Day;' and next Mr. *Allworthy* himself received the same Congratulations. To which he answered, 'Indeed, indeed, Mrs. *Miller*, I am beyond 'Expression happy.' Some few more Raptures having passed on all Sides, Mrs. *Miller* desired them both to walk down to Dinner in the Parlour, where she said there were a very happy Set of People assembled; being indeed no other than Mr. *Nightingale* and his Bride, and his Cousin *Harris* with her Bridegroom.

Allworthy

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Allworthy excuſed himſelf from dining with the Company, ſaying he had ordered ſome little Thing for him and his Nephew in his own Apartment; for that they had much private Buſineſs to diſcourſe of, but would not reſiſt promiſing the good Woman, that both he and *Jones* would make Part of her Society at Supper.

Mrs. *Miller* then aſked what was to be done with *Blifil*; 'for indeed, ſays ſhe, I 'cannot be eaſy while ſuch a Villain is in 'my Houſe.'—*Allworthy* anſwered, 'He 'was as uneaſy as herſelf on the ſame Ac-'count.' 'O, cries ſhe, if that be the 'Caſe, leave the Matter to me; I'll ſoon 'ſhew him the Outſide of my Doors, I 'warrant you. Here are two or three luſ-'ty Fellows below Stairs.' 'There will 'be no need of any Violence, cries *Allwor-'thy*, if you will carry him a Meſſage from 'me, he will, I am convinced, depart of 'his own Accord.' 'Will I? ſaid Mrs. '*Miller*, I never did any Thing in my 'Life with a better Will.' Here *Jones* interfered, and ſaid, 'He had conſidered the 'Matter better, and would, if Mr. *All-'worthy* pleaſed, be himſelf the Meſſen-'ger.'

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'ger.' 'I know, says he, already enough 'of your Pleasure, Sir, and I beg Leave 'to acquaint him with it by my own Words. 'Let me beseech you, Sir, added he, to 'reflect on the dreadful Consequences of 'driving him to violent and sudden De-'spair. How unfit, alas! is this poor Man 'to die in his present Situation.' This Suggestion had not the least Effect on Mrs. *Miller*. She left the Room crying, 'You are too good, Mr. *Jones*, infinitely 'too good to live in this World.' But it made a deeper Impression on *Allworthy*. 'My good Child, said he, I am equally 'astonished at the Goodness of your Heart, 'and the Quickness of your Understand-'ing. Heaven indeed forbid that this 'Wretch should be deprived of any Means 'or Time for Repentance. That would 'be a shocking Consideration indeed. Go 'to him therefore, and use your own Dis-'cretion; yet do not flatter him with any 'Hopes of my Forgiveness; for I shall never 'forgive Villainy farther than my Religion 'obliges me, and that extends not either to 'our Bounty or our Conversation.'

Jones went up to *Blifil*'s Room, whom he found in a Situation which moved his Pity,

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Pity, though it would have raised a less amiable Passion in many Beholders. He had cast himself on his Bed, where he lay abandoning himself to Despair, and drowned in Tears; not in such Tears as flow from Contrition, and wash away Guilt from Minds which have been seduced or surprised into it unawares, against the Bent of their natural Dispositions, as will sometimes happen from human Frailty, even to the Good: No, these Tears were such as the frighted Thief sheds in his Cart, and are indeed the Effects of that Concern which the most savage Natures are seldom deficient in feeling for themselves.

It would be unpleasant and tedious to paint this Scene in full Length. Let it suffice to say, that the Behaviour of *Jones* was kind to Excess. He omitted nothing which his Invention could supply, to raise and comfort the drooping Spirits of *Blifil*, before he communicated to him the Resolution of his Uncle, that he must quit the House that Evening. He offered to furnish him with any Money he wanted, assured him of his hearty Forgiveness of all he had done against him, that he would endeavour to live with him hereafter as a Brother, and

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and would leave nothing unattempted to effectuate a Reconciliation with his Uncle.

Blifil was at firſt ſullen and ſilent, balancing in his Mind whether he ſhould yet deny all: But finding at laſt the Evidence too ſtrong againſt him, he betook himſelf at laſt to Confeſſion. He then aſked Pardon of his Brother in the moſt vehement Manner, proſtrated himſelf on the Ground, and kiſſed his Feet: In ſhort, he was now as remarkably mean, as he had been before remarkably wicked.

Jones could not ſo far check his Diſdain, but that it a little diſcovered itſelf in his Countenance at this extreme Servility. He raiſed his Brother the Moment he could from the Ground, and adviſed him to bear his Afflictions more like a Man; repeating, at the ſame Time, his Promiſes, that he would do all in his Power to leſſen them: For which *Blifil* making many Profeſſions of his Unworthineſs, poured forth a Profuſion of Thanks: And then he having declared he would immediately depart to another Lodging, *Jones* returned to his Uncle.

Among

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Among other Matters, *Allworthy* now acquainted *Jones* with the Diſcovery which he made concerning the 500*l.* Bank-Notes. 'I have,' ſaid he, 'already conſulted a 'Lawyer, who tells me, to my great 'Aſtoniſhment, that there is no Puniſh-'ment for a Fraud of this Kind. Indeed, 'when I conſider the black Ingratitude of 'this Fellow toward you, I think a High-'wayman, compared to him, is an inno-'cent Perſon.'

'Good Heaven!' ſays *Jones*, 'is it poſ-'ſible?——I am ſhocked beyond Meaſure 'at this News. I thought there was not 'an honeſter Fellow in the World.—— 'The Temptation of ſuch a Sum was too 'great for him to withſtand; for ſmaller 'Matters have come ſafe to me through 'his Hand. Indeed, my dear Uncle, you 'muſt ſuffer me to call it Weakneſs rather 'than Ingratitude; for I am convinced 'the poor Fellow loves me, and hath done 'me ſome Kindneſſes, which I can never 'forget; nay, I believe he hath repented of 'this very Act: For it is not above a Day 'or two ago, when my Affairs ſeemed in 'the moſt deſperate Situation, that he vi-'ſited me in my Confinement, and offered 'me

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'me any Money I wanted. Conſider, Sir, 'what a Temptation to a Man who had 'taſted ſuch bitter Diſtreſs, it muſt be to 'have a Sum in his Poſſeſſion, which muſt 'put him and his Family beyond any fu-'ture Poſſibility of ſuffering the like.

'Child,' cries *Allworthy*, 'you carry 'this forgiving Temper too far. Such mi-'taken Mercy is not only Weakneſs, but 'borders on Injuſtice, and is very perni-'cious to Society, as it encourages Vice. 'The Diſhoneſty of this Fellow I might 'perhaps have pardoned, but never his In-'gratitude. And give me Leave to ſay, 'when we ſuffer any Temptation to attone 'for Diſhoneſty itſelf, we are as candid and 'merciful as we ought to be; and ſo far I 'confeſs I have gone: for I have often pi-'tied the Fate of a Highwayman, when 'I have been on the Grand Jury; and 'have more than once applied to the Judge 'on the Behalf of ſuch as have had any mi-'tigating Circumſtances in their Caſe; but 'when Diſhoneſty is attended with any 'blacker Crime, ſuch as Cruelty, Mur-'der, Ingratitude, or the like, Compaſſion 'and Forgiveneſs then become Faults. I 'am convinced the Fellow is a Villain, and 'he

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'he ſhall be puniſhed; at leaſt as far as I 'can puniſh him.

This was ſpoke with ſo ſtern a Voice, that *Jones* did not think proper to make any Reply: Beſides, the Hour appointed by Mr. *Weſtern* now drew ſo near, that he had barely Time left to dreſs himſelf. Here therefore ended the preſent Dialogue, and *Jones* retired to another Room, where *Partridge* attended, according to Order, with his Cloaths.

Partridge had ſcarce ſeen his Maſter ſince the happy Diſcovery. The poor Fellow was unable either to contain or expreſs his Tranſports. He behaved like one frantic, and made almoſt as many Miſtakes while he was dreſſing *Jones*, as I have ſeen made by Harlequin in dreſſing himſelf on the Stage.

His Memory, however, was not in the leaſt deficient. He recollected now many Omens and Preſages of this happy Event, ſome of which he had remarked at the Time, but many more he now remembered; nor did he omit the Dreams he had dreamt the Evening before his meeting with *Jones*; and

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and concluded with saying, 'I always told 'your Honour something boded in my 'Mind, that you would one Time or other 'have it in your Power to make my For-'tune.' *Jones* assured him, that this Boding should as certainly be verified with regard to him, as all the other Omens had been to himself; which did not a little add to all the Raptures which the poor Fellow had already conceived on account of his Master.

CHAP. XII.

Approaching still nearer to the End.

Jones being now completely dressed, attended his Uncle to Mr. *Western*'s. He was indeed one of the finest Figures ever beheld, and his Person alone would have charmed the greater Part of Womankind; but we hope it hath already appeared in this History, that Nature, when she formed him, did not totally rely, as she sometimes doth, on this Merit only, to recommend her Work.

Sophia, who, angry as she was, was likewise set forth to the best Advantage, for which

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for which I leave my female Readers to account, appeared so extremely beautiful, that even *Allworthy*, when he saw her, could not forbear whispering *Western*, that he believed she was the finest Creature in the World. To which *Western* answered, in a Whisper overheard by all present, 'So 'much the better for *Tom*;—— for d—n 'me if he shan't ha the tousling her.' *Sophia* was all over Scarlet at these Words, while *Tom*'s Countenance was altogether as pale, and he was almost ready to sink from his Chair.

The Tea-table was scarce removed, before *Western* lugged *Allworthy* out of the Room, telling him, 'He had Business of 'Consequence to impart, and must speak 'to him that Instant in private before he 'forgot it.'

The Lovers were now alone, and it will, I question not, appear strange to many Readers, that those who had so much to say to one another when Danger and Difficulty attended their Conversation, and who seemed so eager to rush into each others Arms when so many Bars lay in their Way, now that with Safety they were at Liberty to say or do whatever they pleased, should both

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remain for some Time silent and motionless; insomuch, that a Stranger of moderate Sagacity might have well concluded they were mutually indifferent: But so it was, however strange it may seem; both sat with their Eyes cast downwards on the Ground, and for some Minutes continued in perfect Silence.

Mr. *Jones*, during this Interval, attempted once or twice to speak, but was absolutely incapable, muttering only, or rather sighing out some broken Words; when *Sophia* at length, partly out of Pity to him, and partly to turn the Discourse from the Subject which she knew well enough he was endeavouring to open, said;——

'Sure, Sir, you are the most fortu-
'nate Man in the World in this Dis-
'covery.' 'And can you really, Madam,
'think me so fortunate,' said *Jones*, sighing, 'while I have incurred your Displea-
'sure?——' 'Nay, Sir,' says she, 'as to
'that, you best know whether you have de-
'served it.' 'Indeed, Madam,' answered he, 'you yourself are as well apprized of
'all my Demerits. Mrs. *Miller* has
'acquainted you with the whole Truth.
'O! my *Sophia*, am I never to hope for
'Forgive-

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'Forgiveneſs?' —— 'I think, Mr. *Jones*,' ſaid ſhe, 'I may almoſt depend on your 'own Juſtice, and leave it to yourſelf to 'paſs Sentence on your own Conduct.'— 'Alas! Madam,' anſwered he, 'it is 'Mercy, and not Juſtice, which I implore 'at your Hands. Juſtice I know muſt 'condemn me—Yet not for the Letter I 'ſent to Lady *Bellaſton*. Of that I moſt 'ſolemnly declare, you have had a true 'Account.' He then inſiſted much on the Security given him by *Nightingale* of a fair Pretence for breaking off, if, contrary to their Expectations, her Ladyſhip ſhould have accepted his Offer; but confeſt, that he had been guilty of a great Indiſcretion to put ſuch a Letter as that into her Power, 'which,' ſaid he, 'I have dearly paid for, in the Ef-'fect it has upon you.' 'I do not, I can-'not,' ſays ſhe, 'believe otherwiſe of that 'Letter, than you would have me. My 'Conduct, I think, ſhews you clearly I do 'not believe there is much in that. And yet, 'Mr. *Jones*, have I not enough to reſent? 'After what paſt at *Upton*, ſo ſoon to en-'gage in a new Amour with another 'Woman, while I fancied, and you pre-'tended, your Heart was bleeding for me!— 'Indeed you have acted ſtrangely. Can I 'believe the Paſſion you have profeſt to me

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'to be sincere? Or if I can, what Happiness can I assure myself of with a Man 'capable of so much Inconstancy?' 'O! 'my *Sophia*,' cries he, 'do not doubt the 'Sincerity of the purest Passion that ever 'inflamed a human Breast. Think, most 'adorable Creature, of my unhappy Situation, of my Despair. ——— Could I, 'my *Sophia*, have flatter'd myself with 'the most distant Hopes of being ever permitted to throw myself at your Feet, in 'the Manner I do now, it would not have 'been in the Power of any other Woman 'to have inspired a Thought which the 'severest Chastity could have condemned. 'Inconstancy to you! O *Sophia!* if you 'can have Goodness enough to pardon 'what is past, do not let any cruel future 'Apprehensions shut your Mercy against 'me.——No Repentance was ever more 'sincere. O! let it reconcile me to my 'Heaven in this dear Bosom.' 'Sincere 'Repentance, Mr. *Jones*,' answered she, 'will obtain the Pardon of a Sinner, but 'it is from one who is a perfect Judge of 'that Sincerity. A human Mind may be 'imposed on; nor is there any infallible 'Method to prevent it. You must expect 'however

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'however, that if I can be prevailed on by 'your Repentance to pardon you, I will at 'leaſt inſiſt on the ſtrongeſt Proof of its 'Sincerity.'—'O! name any Proof in my 'Power,' anſwered *Jones* eagerly. 'Time,' replied ſhe; 'Time, Mr. *Jones*, can alone 'convince me that you are a true Penitent, 'and have reſolved to abandon theſe vicious 'Courſes, which I ſhould deteſt you, if I 'imagined you capable of perſevering in.' 'Do not imagine it,' cries *Jones*. 'On 'my Knees I intreat, I implore your Con-'fidence, a Confidence which it ſhall be 'the Buſineſs of my Life to deſerve.' 'Let 'it then,' ſaid ſhe, 'be the Buſineſs of 'ſome Part of your Life to ſhew me you 'deſerve it. I think I have been explicit 'enough in aſſuring you, that when I ſee 'you merit my Confidence, you will ob-'tain it. After what is paſt, Sir, can you 'expect I ſhould take you upon your 'Word?'

He replied, 'Don't believe me upon my 'Word; I have a better Security, a Pledge 'for my Conſtancy, which it is impoſſible 'to ſee and to doubt.' 'What is that?' ſaid *Sophia*, a little ſurpriſed. 'I will ſhow 'you, my charming Angel,' cried *Jones*, ſeizing

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seizing her Hand, and carrying her to the Glass. 'There, behold it there, in that 'lovely Figure, in that Face, that Shape, 'those Eyes, that Mind which shines through 'those Eyes: Can the Man who shall be 'in Possession of these be inconstant? Im-'possible! my *Sophia*. They would fix a '*Dorimant*, a Lord *Rochester*. You could 'not doubt it, if you could see yourself 'with any Eyes but your own.' *Sophia* blushed, and half smiled; but forcing again her Brow into a Frown, 'If I am to 'judge,' said she, 'of the future by the 'past, my Image will no more remain in 'your Heart, when I am out of your 'Sight, than it will in this Glass when I 'am out of the Room.' 'By Heaven, 'by all that is sacred,' said *Jones*, 'it ne-'ver was out of my Heart. The Deli-'cacy of your Sex cannot conceive the 'Grossness of ours, nor how little one Sort 'of Amour has to do with the Heart.' 'I will never marry a Man,' replied *Sophia*, very gravely, 'who shall not learn 'Refinement enough to be as incapable as 'I am myself of making such a Distinction.' 'I will learn it,' said *Jones*. 'I have 'learnt it already. The first Moment 'of Hope that my *Sophia* might be my 'Wife taught it me at once; and all the 'rest

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'reſt of her Sex from that Moment be-
'came as little the Objects of Deſire to
'my Senſe, as of Paſſion to my Heart.'
'Well,' ſaid *Sophia*, 'the Proof of this
'muſt be from Time. Your Situation,
'Mr. *Jones*, is now altered, and I aſſure
'you I have great Satisfaction in the Alte-
'ration. You will now want no Opportu-
'nity of being near me, and convincing me
'that your Mind is altered too.' 'O!
'my Angel,' cries *Jones*, 'how ſhall I thank
'thy Goodneſs? And are you ſo good to
'own, that you have a Satisfaction in my
'Proſperity?—— Believe me, believe me,
'Madam, it is you alone have given a
'Reliſh to that Proſperity, ſince I owe to
'it the dear Hope——O! my *Sophia*, let
'it not be a diſtant one.——I will be all
'Obedience to your Commands. I will
'not dare to preſs any thing further than
'you permit me. Yet let me intreat you
'to appoint a ſhort Trial. O! tell me,
'when I may expect you will be convin-
'ced of what is moſt ſolemnly true.'
'When I have gone voluntarily thus far,
'Mr. *Jones*,' ſaid ſhe, 'I expect not to be
'preſſed. Nay, I will not.'——'O don't
'look unkindly thus, my *Sophia*,' cries he.
'I do not, I dare not preſs you.——Yet

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'permit me at leaſt once more to beg you 'would fix the Period. O! conſider the 'Impatience of Love.' —— 'A Twelve-'month perhaps,' ſaid ſhe.' —— 'O! my '*Sophia*,' cries he, 'you have named an 'Eternity.' —— 'Perhaps it may be ſome-'thing ſooner,' ſays ſhe, 'I will not be 'teazed. If your Paſſion for me be what 'I would have it, I think you may now be 'eaſy.' —— 'Eaſy, *Sophia*, call not ſuch 'exulting Happineſs as mine by ſo cold a 'Name.— O! tranſporting Thought! am 'I not aſſured that the bleſſed Day will 'come, when I ſhall call you mine; when 'Fears ſhall be no more; when I ſhall have 'that dear, that vaſt, that exquiſite, ex-'tatic Delight of making my *Sophia* hap-'py?'—'Indeed, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'that Day 'is in your own Power.' —— 'O! my dear, 'my divine Angel,' cried he, 'theſe Words 'have made me mad with Joy. —— But 'I muſt, I will thank thoſe dear Lips 'which have ſo ſweetly pronounced my 'Bliſs.' He then caught her in his Arms, and kiſſed her with an Ardour he had never ventured before.

At this Inſtant, *Weſtern*, who had ſtood ſome Time liſtening, burſt into the Room, and with his hunting Voice and Phraſe, cry'd out,

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out, 'To her Boy, to her, go to her.—
'That's it, little Honeys, O that's it.
'Well, what is it all over? Hath ſhe ap-
'pointed the Day, Boy? What, ſhall it
'be to-morrow or next Day? It ſhan't
'be put off a Minute longer than next Day,
'I am reſolved.' 'Let me beſeech you,
'Sir,' ſays *Jones*, 'don't let me be the
'Occaſion——' 'Beſeech mine A——,'
cries *Weſtern*, 'I thought thou had'ſt been a
'Lad of higher Mettle, than to give way to
'a Parcel of maideniſh Tricks.—I tell
'thee 'tis all Flimflam. Zoodikers! ſhe'd
'have the Wedding to-Night with all her
'Heart. Would'ſt not, *Sophy?* Come
'confeſs, and be an honeſt Girl for once.
'What, art dumb? Why do'ſt not ſpeak?'
'Why ſhould I confeſs, Sir,' ſays *Sophia*,
'ſince it ſeems you are ſo well acquainted
'with my Thoughts.'——'That's a good
'Girl,' cries he, 'and do'ſt conſent then?'
'No indeed, Sir,' ſays *Sophia*, 'I have
'given no ſuch Conſent.'—'And wunt nut
'ha un then to-Morrow, nor next Day?'
ſays *Weſtern*.—'Indeed, Sir,' ſays ſhe,
'I have no ſuch Intention.' 'But I
'can tell thee,' replied he, 'why haſt
'nut, only becauſe thou doſt love to
'be diſobedient, and to plague and
'vex thy Father.'—'Pray, Sir,' ſaid *Jones*
interfering.—'I tell thee, thou at a Pup-

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'py,' cries he. 'When I forbid her, 'then it was all nothing but ſighing and 'whining, and languiſhing and writing; 'now I am vor thee, ſhe is againſt thee. 'All the Spirit of contrary, that's all. She 'is above being guided and governed by 'her Father, that is the whole Truth on't. 'It is only to diſobligé and contradict me.' 'What would my Papa have me do?' cries *Sophia*. 'What would I have thee do?' ſays he, 'why gi un thy Hand this Mo-'ment.'—'Well, Sir,' ſaid *Sophia*, 'I will 'obey you.—There is my Hand, Mr. '*Jones*.' 'Well, and will you conſent to 'ha un to-morrow Morning?' ſays *Weſtern*.——'I will be obedient to you, Sir,' cries ſhe.——'Why then to-morrow Morn-'ing be the Day,' cries he.——'Why 'then to-morrow Morning ſhall be 'the Day, Papa, ſince you will have it 'ſo,' ſays *Sophia*. *Jones* then fell upon his Knees, and kiſſed her Hand in an Agony of Joy, while *Weſtern* began to caper and dance about the Room, preſently crying out,—'Where the Devil is *Allworthy?* He 'is without now a-talking with that d—d 'Lawyer *Dowling*, when he ſhould be mind-'ing other Matters.' He then ſallied out in queſt of him, and very opportunely left the Lovers to enjoy a few tender Minutes alone.

But

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But he soon returned with *Allworthy*, saying, 'If you won't believe me, you may 'ask her yourself. Hast nut gin thy 'Consent, *Sophy*, to be married to-morrow?' 'Such are your Commands, Sir,' cries *Sophia*, 'and I dare not be guilty of Disobedi-'ence.' 'I hope, Madam,' cries *Allworthy*, 'my Nephew will merit so much Good-'ness, and will be always as sensible as my-'self of the great Honour you have done my 'Family. An Alliance with so charming and 'so excellent a young Lady, would indeed 'be an Honour to the greatest in *England*.' 'Yes,' cries *Western*, 'but if I had suffered 'her to stand shill I shall I, dilly dally, you 'might not have had that Honour yet a-'while; I was forced to use a little fatherly 'Authority to bring her to.' 'I hope 'not, Sir,' cries *Allworthy*. 'I hope there 'is not the least Constraint.' 'Why there,' cries *Western*, 'you may bid her unsay 'all again, if you will. Do'st repent hearti-'ly of thy Promise, do'st not, *Sophy*?' 'Indeed, Papa,' cries she, 'I do not re-'pent, nor do I believe I ever shall, of 'any Promise in favour of Mr. *Jones*.' 'Then, Nephew,' cries *Allworthy*, 'I 'felicitate you most heartily; for I think

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'you are the happiest of Men. And, 'Madam, you will give me leave to con-'gratulate you on this joyful Occasion; 'indeed I am convinced you have bestow-'ed yourself on one who will be sensible of 'your great Merit, and who will at least 'use his best Endeavours to deserve it.' 'His best Endeavours!' cries *Western*, 'that 'he will I warrant un.—Harkee, *Allworthy*, 'I'll bet thee five Pound to a Crown we 'have a Boy to-morrow nine Months; but 'prithee tell me what wut ha? wut ha Bur-'gundy, Champaigne, or what? for please 'Jupiter, we'll make a Night on't.' 'Indeed, Sir, said *Allworthy*, 'you must ex-'cuse me; both my Nephew and I were 'engaged before I suspected this near Ap-'proach of his Happiness.'—'Engaged!' quoth the Squire, 'never tell me.—I won't 'part with thee to-night upon any Occa-'sion. Shalt sup here, please the Lord 'Harry.' 'You must pardon me, my dear 'Neighbour,' answered *Allworthy*; 'I have 'given a solemn Promise, and that you 'know I never break.' 'Why, prithee, 'who art engaged to?' cries the Squire.—*Allworthy* then informed him, as likewise of the Company.—'Odzookers!' answered the Squire, 'I will go with thee, and so 'shall

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'shall *Sophy*; for I won't part with thee 'to-night; and it would be barbarous to 'part *Tom* and the Girl.' This Offer was presently embraced by *Allworthy*; and *Sophia* consented, having first obtained a private Promise from her Father, that he would not mention a Syllable concerning her Marriage.

CHAP. *The last.*

In which the History is concluded.

YOUNG *Nightingale* had been that Afternoon by Appointment to wait on his Father who received him much more kindly than he expected. There likewise he met his Uncle, who was returned to Town in quest of his new-married Daughter.

This Marriage was the luckiest Incident which could have happened to the young Gentleman; for these Brothers lived in a constant State of Contention about the Government of their Children, both heartily despising the Method which each other took. Each of them therefore now endeavoured as much as he could to palliate the Offence which

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which his own Child had committed, and to aggravate the Match of the other. This Desire of triumphing over his Brother, added to the many Arguments which *Allworthy* had used, so strongly operated on the old Gentleman, that he met his Son with a smiling Countenance, and actually agreed to sup with him that Evening at Mrs. *Miller*'s.

As for the other, who really loved his Daughter with the most immoderate Affection; there was little Difficulty in inclining him to a Reconciliation. He was no sooner informed by his Nephew where his Daughter and her Husband were, than he declared he would instantly go to her. And when he arrived there, he scarce suffered her to fall upon her Knees, before he took her up, and embraced her with a Tenderness which affected all who saw him; and in less than a Quarter of an Hour was as well reconciled to both her and her Husband, as if he had himself joined their Hands.

In this Situation were Affairs when Mr. *Allworthy* and his Company arrived to complete the Happiness of Mrs. *Miller*, who no sooner saw *Sophia*, than she guessed every Thing that had happened; and so great was

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was her Friendſhip to *Jones*, that it added not a few Tranſports to thoſe ſhe felt on the Happineſs of her own Daughter.

There have not, I believe, been many Inſtances of a Number of People met together, where every one was ſo perfectly happy, as in this Company. Amongſt whom the Father of young *Nightingale* enjoyed the leaſt perfect Content; for notwithſtanding his Affection for his Son, notwithſtanding the Authority and the Arguments of *Allworthy*, together with the other Motive mentioned before, he could not ſo entirely be ſatisfied with his Son's Choice; and perhaps the Preſence of *Sophia* herſelf tended a little to aggravate and heighten his Concern, as a Thought now and then ſuggeſted itſelf, that his Son might have had that Lady, or ſome ſuch other. Not that any of the Charms which adorned either the Perſon or Mind of *Sophia*, created the Uneaſineſs: It was the Contents of her Father's Coffers which ſet his Heart a longing. Theſe were the Charms which he could not bear to think his Son had ſacrificed to the Daughter of Mrs. *Miller*.

The Brides were both very pretty Women; but ſo totally were they eclipſed by the

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the Beauty of *Sophia*, that had they not been two of the best-tempered Girls in the World, it would have raised some Envy in their Breasts; for neither of their Husbands could long keep his Eyes from *Sophia*, who sat at the Table like a Queen receiving Homage, or rather like a superiour Being receiving Adoration from all around her. But it was an Adoration which they gave, not which she exacted: For she was as much distinguished by her Modesty and Affability, as by all her other Perfections.

The Evening was spent in much true Mirth. All were happy, but those the most, who had been most unhappy before. Their former Sufferings and Fears gave such a Relish to their Felicity, as even Love and Fortune in their fullest Flow could not have given without the Advantage of such a Comparison. Yet as great Joy, especially after a sudden Change and Revolution of Circumstances, is apt to be silent, and dwells rather in the Heart than on the Tongue, *Jones* and *Sophia* appeared the least merry of the whole Company. Which *Western* observed with great Impatience, often crying out to them, 'Why do'st not talk Boy! 'Why do'st look so grave! Hast lost thy 'Tongue Girl! Drink another Glass of 'Wine

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'Wine, sha't drink another Glass?' And the more to enliven her, he would sometimes sing a merry Song, which bore some Relation to Matrimony, and the Loss of a Maidenhead. Nay, he would have proceeded so far on that Topic, as to have driven her out of the Room, if Mr. *Allworthy* had not checkt him sometimes by Looks, and once or twice by a *Fie! Mr. Western.* He began indeed once to debate the Matter, and assert his Right to talk to his own Daughter as he thought fit; but as no Body seconded him, he was soon reduced to Order.

Notwithstanding this little Restraint, he was so pleased with the Chearfulness and Good-Humour of the Company, that he insisted on their meeting the next Day at his Lodgings. They all did so; and the lovely *Sophia*, who was now in private become a Bride too, officiated as the Mistress of the Ceremonies, or, in the polite Phrase, did the Honours of the Table. She had that Morning given her Hand to *Jones*, in the Chapel at *Doctors Commons*, where Mr. *Allworthy*, Mr. *Western*, and Mrs. *Miller* were the only Persons present.

Sophia

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Sophia had earneſtly deſired her Father, that no others of the Company, who were that Day to dine with him, ſhould be acquainted with her Marriage. The ſame Secrecy was enjoined to Mrs. *Miller*, and *Jones* undertook for *Allworthy*. This ſomewhat reconciled the Delicacy of *Sophia* to the public Entertainment, which, in Compliance with her Father's Will, ſhe was obliged to go to, greatly againſt her own Inclinations. In Confidence of this Secrecy, ſhe went through the Day pretty well, till the Squire, who was now advanced into the ſecond Bottle, could contain his Joy no longer, but, filling out a Bumper, drank a Health to the Bride. The Health was immediately pledged by all preſent, to the great Confuſion of our poor bluſhing *Sophia*, and the great Concern of *Jones* upon her Account. To ſay Truth, there was not a Perſon preſent made wiſer by this Diſcovery; for Mrs. *Miller* had whiſpered it to her Daughter, her Daughter to her Huſband, her Huſband to his Siſter, and ſhe to all the reſt.

Sophia now took the firſt Opportunity of withdrawing with the Ladies, and the Squire ſat in to his Cups, in which he was, by

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by Degrees, deſerted by all the Company, except the Uncle of young *Nightingale*, who loved his Bottle as well as *Weſtern* himſelf. Theſe two therefore ſat ſtoutly to it, during the whole Evening, and long after that happy Hour which had ſurrendered the charming *Sophia* to the eager Arms of her enraptured *Jones*.

Thus, Reader, we have at length brought our Hiſtory to a Concluſion, in which, to our great Pleaſure, tho' contrary perhaps to thy Expectation, Mr. *Jones* appears to be the happieſt of all human Kind: For what Happineſs this World affords equal to the Poſſeſſion of ſuch a Woman as *Sophia*, I ſincerely own I have never yet diſcovered.

As to the other Perſons who have made any conſiderable Figure in this Hiſtory, as ſome may deſire to know a little more concerning them, we will proceed in as few Words as poſſible, to ſatisfy their Curioſity.

Allworthy hath never yet been prevailed upon to ſee *Blifil*, but he hath yielded to the Importunity of *Jones*, backed by *Sophia*, to ſettle 200 *l.* a Year upon him; to

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to which *Jones* hath privately added a third. Upon this Income he lives in one of the northern Counties, about 200 Miles distant from *London*, and lays up 200 *l.* a Year out of it, in order to purchase a Seat in the next Parliament from a neighbouring Borough, which he has bargained for with an Attorney there. He is also lately turned Methodist, in hopes of marrying a very rich Widow of that Sect, whose Estate lies in that Part of the Kingdom.

Square died soon after he writ the before-mentioned Letter; and as to *Thwackum*, he continues at his Vicarage. He hath made many fruitless Attempts to regain the Confidence of *Allworthy*, or to ingratiate himself with *Jones*, both of whom he flatters to their Faces, and abuses behind their Backs. But in his stead, Mr. *Allworthy* hath lately taken Mr. *Abraham Adams* into his House, of whom *Sophia* is grown immoderately fond, and declares he shall have the Tuition of her Children.

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* is separated from her Husband, and retains the little Remains of her Fortune. She lives in Reputation at the polite End of the Town, and is so good an Œconomist, that she spends three Times the

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the Income of her Fortune, without running in Debt. She maintains a perfect Intimacy with the Lady of the *Iriſh* Peer; and in Acts of Friendſhip to her repays all the Obligations ſhe owes to her Huſband.

Mrs. *Weſtern* was ſoon reconciled to her Niece *Sophia*, and hath ſpent two Months together with her in the Country. Lady *Bellaſton* made the latter a formal Viſit at her Return to Town, where ſhe behaved to *Jones*, as to a perfect Stranger, and with great Civility, wiſhed him Joy on his Marriage.

Mr. *Nightingale* hath purchaſed an Eſtate for his Son in the Neighbourhood of *Jones*, where the young Gentleman, his Lady, Mrs. *Miller*, and her little Daughter reſide, and the moſt agreeable Intercourſe ſubſiſts between the two Families.

As to thoſe of lower Account, Mrs. *Waters* returned into the Country, had a Penſion of 60 *l.* a Year ſettled upon her by Mr. *Allworthy*, and is married to Parſon *Supple*, on whom, at the Inſtance of *Sophia*, *Weſtern* hath beſtowed a conſiderable Living.

Black

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Black George hearing the Discovery that had been made, ran away, and was never since heard of; and *Jones* bestowed the Money on his Family, but not in equal Proportions, for *Molly* had much the greatest Share.

As for *Partridge*, *Jones* hath settled 50 *l.* a Year on him; and he hath again set up a School, in which he meets with much better Encouragement than formerly; and there is now a Treaty of Marriage on Foot, between him and Miss *Molly Seagrim*, which through the Mediation of *Sophia*, is likely to take Effect.

We now return to take Leave of Mr. *Jones* and *Sophia*, who, within two Days after their Marriage, attended Mr. *Western* and Mr. *Allworthy* into the Country. *Western* hath resigned his Family Seat, and the greater Part of his Estate to his Son-in-law, and hath retired to a lesser House of his, in another Part of the Country, which is better for Hunting. Indeed he is often as a Visitant with Mr. *Jones*, who as well as his Daughter, hath an infinite Delight in doing every Thing in their Power to please him. And this Desire of theirs is attended

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attended with ſuch Succeſs, that the old Gentleman declares he was never happy in his Life till now. He hath here a Parlour and Anti-chamber to himſelf, where he gets drunk with whom he pleaſes, and his Daughter is ſtill as ready as formerly to play to him whenever he deſires it; for *Jones* hath aſſured her, that as next to pleaſing her, one of his higheſt Satisfactions is to contribute to the Happineſs of the old Man; ſo the great Duty which ſhe expreſſes and performs to her Father renders her almoſt equally dear to him, with the Love which ſhe beſtows on himſelf.

Sophia hath already produced him two fine Children, a Boy and a Girl, of whom the old Gentleman is ſo fond, that he ſpends much of his Time in the Nurſery, where he declares the tattling of his little Grand-Daughter, who is above a Year and half old, is ſweeter Muſic than the fineſt Cry of Dogs in *England*.

Allworthy was likewiſe greatly liberal to *Jones* on the Marriage, and hath omitted no Inſtance of ſhewing his Affection to him and his Lady, who love him as a Father. Whatever in the Nature of *Jones* had a Tendency to Vice, has been corrected by conti-

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continual Converſation with this good Man, and by his Union with the lovely and virtuous *Sophia*. He has alſo, by Reflexion on his paſt Follies, acquired a Diſcretion and Prudence very uncommon in one of his lively Parts.

To conclude, as there are not to be found a worthier Man and Woman, than this fond Couple, ſo neither can any be imagined more happy. They preſerve the pureſt and tendereſt Affection for each other, an Affection daily encreaſed and confirmed by mutual Endearments, and mutual Eſteem. Nor is their Conduct towards their Relations and Friends leſs amiable, than towards one another. And ſuch is their Condeſcenſion, their Indulgence, and their Beneficence to thoſe below them, that there is not a Neighbour, a Tenant, or a Servant, who doth not moſt gratefully bleſs the Day when Mr. *Jones* was married to his *Sophia*.

FINIS.

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