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THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING
Volume 5

H. Fielding, Esq.

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Mores Hominum Multorum.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

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THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XIII.
Containing the Space of Twelve Days.

CHAP. I.
An Invocation.

COME, bright Love of Fame, inspire my glowing Breast: Not thee I call, who over swelling Tides of Blood and Tears, dost bear the Heroe on to Glory, while Sighs of Millions 'waft his spreading Sails; but thee, fair, gentle Maid.
Maid, whom Mnesis, happy Nymph, first on the Banks of Hebrus didst produce. Thee, whom Mæonia educated, whom Mantua charm'd, and who, on that fair Hill which overlooks the proud Metropolis of Britain, sat, with thy Milton, sweetly tuning the Heroic Lyre; fill my ravished Fancy with the Hopes of charming Ages yet to come. Foretell me that some tender Maid, whose Grandmother is yet unborn, hereafter, when, under the fictitious Name of Sophia, she reads the real Worth which once existed in my Charlotte, shall, from her sympathetic Breast, send forth the heaving Sigh. Do thou teach me not only to foresee, but to enjoy, nay, even to feed on future Praise. Comfort me by a solemn Assurance, that when the little Parlour in which I sit at this Instant, shall be reduced to a worse furnished Box, I shall be read, with Honour, by those who never knew nor saw me, and whom I shall neither know nor see.

And thou, much plumper Dame, whom no airy Forms nor Phantoms of Imagination cloathe: Whom the well-seasoned Beef, and Pudding richly stained with Plumbs delight. Thee, I call; of whom in a Tractshugt in some Dutch Canal the fat
fat Ufrow Gelt, impregnated by a jolly Merchant of Amsterdam, was delivered: In Grubstreet-School didnst thou suck in the Elements of thy Erudition. Here hast thou, in thy maturer Age, taught Poetry to tickle not the Fancy, but the Pride of the Patron. Comedy from thee learns a grave and solemn Air; while Tragedy stornis loud, and rends th' affrighted Theatres with its Thunder. To sooth thy wea-ried Limbs in Slumber, Alderman History tells his tedious Tale; and again to a-waken thee, Monsieur Romance performs his surprizing Tricks of Dexterity. Nor less thy well-fed Bookseller obeys thy In-fluence. By thy Advice the heavy, unread, Folio Lump, which long had dozed on the dusty Shelf, piece-mealed into Numbers, runs nimbly through the Nation. Instructed by thee some Books, like Quacks, impose on the World by promising Wonders; while others turn Beaus, and trust all their Merits to a gilded Outside. Come, thou jolly Substance, with thy shining Face, keep back thy Inspiration, but hold forth thy tempting Rewards; thy shining, chink- ing Heap; thy quickly-convertible Bank-bill, big with unseen Riches; thy often-varying Stock; the warm, the comfortable House;
and, lastly, a fair Portion of that bounteous Mother, whose flowing Breasts yield redundant Sustenance for all her numerous Offspring, did not some too greedily and wantonly drive their Brethren from the Teat. Come thou, and if I am too tasteless of thy valuable Treasures, warm my Heart with the transporting Thought of conveying them to others. Tell me, that through thy Bounty, the Prattling Babes, whose innocent Play hath often been interrupted by my Labours, may one Time be amply rewarded for them.

And now this ill-yoked Pair, this lean Shadow and this fat Substance, have prompted me to write, whose Assistance shall I invoke to direct my Pen?

First, Genius; thou Gift of Heaven; without whose Aid, in vain we struggle against the Stream of Nature. Thou, who dost sow the generous Seeds which Art nourishes, and brings to Perfection. Do thou kindly take me by the Hand, and lead me through all the Mazes, the winding Labyrinths of Nature. Initiate me into all those Mysteries which profane Eyes never beheld. Teach me, which to thee is no difficult Task,
Ch. 1.  a FOUNDLING.

to know Mankind better than they know themselves. Remove that Mist which dims the Intellects of Mortals, and causes them to adore Men for their Art, or to detest them for their Cunning in deceiving others, when they are, in reality, the Objects only of Ridicule, for deceiving themselves. Strip off the thin Disguise of Wisdom from Self-Conceit, of Plenty from Avarice; and of Glory from Ambition. Come thou, that hast inspired thy Aristophanes, thy Lucian, thy Cervantes, thy Rabelais, thy Moliere, thy Shakespear, thy Swift, thy Marivaux, fill my Pages with Humour; till Mankind learn the Good-Nature to laugh only at the Follies of others, and the Humility to grieve at their own.

And thou, almost the constant Attendant on true Genius, Humanity, bring all thy tender Sensations. If thou hast already disposed of them all between thy Allen and thy Lyttleton, steal them a little while from their Bosoms: Not without these the tender Scene is painted. From these alone proceed the noble, disinterested Friendship, the melting Love, the generous Sentiment, the ardent Gratitude, the soft Compassion, the candid Opinion; and all those strong Energies.
6  The History of  Book XIII.

gies of a good Mind, which fill the moistened Eyes with Tears, the glowing Cheeks with Blood, and swell the Heart with Tides of Grief, Joy and Benevolence.

And thou, O Learning, (for without thy Assistance nothing pure, nothing correct, can Genius produce) do thou guide my Pen. Thee, in thy favourite Fields, where the limpid, gently rolling Thames washes thy Etonian Banks, in early Youth I have worshipped. To thee, at thy birchen Altar, with true Spartan Devotion, I have sacrificed my Blood. Come, then, and from thy vast, luxuriant Stores, in long Antiquity piled up, pour forth the rich Profusion. Open thy Maonian and thy Mantuan Coffers, with whatever else includes thy Philosophic, thy Poetic, and thy Historical Treasures, whether with Greek or Roman Characters thou hast chosen to inscribe the ponderous Chests: Give me a while that Key to all thy Treasures, which to thy Warburton thou hast entrusted.

Lastly, come Experience long conversant with the Wife, the Good, the Learned, and the Polite. Nor with them only, but
but with every Kind of Character, from the Minister at his Levee, to the Bailiff in his Spunging-House; from the Dutchess at her Drum, to the Landlady behind her Bar. From thee only can the Manners of Man-kind be known; to which the recluse Pedant, however great his Parts, or extensive his Learning may be, hath ever been a Stranger.

Come all these, and more, if possible, for arduous is the Task I have undertaken: And without all your Assistance, will I find, be too heavy for me to support. But if you all smile on my Labours, I hope still to bring them to a happy Conclusion.
The History of  

Book XIII.

C H A P. II.

What befel Mr. Jones on his Arrival in London.

The learned Dr. Mifaubin used to say, that the proper Direction to him was, To Dr. Mifaubin, in the World; intimating, that there were few People in it to whom his great Reputation was not known. And, perhaps, upon a very nice Examination into the Matter, we shall find that this Circumstance bears no inconsiderable Part among the many Blessings of Grandeur.

The great Happiness of being known to Posterity, with the Hopes of which we so delighted ourselves in the preceding Chapter, is the Portion of few. To have the several Elements which compose our Names, as Sydenbam expresses it, repeated a thousand Years hence, is a Gift beyond the Power of Title and Wealth; and is scarce to be purchased, unless by the Sword and the Pen. But to avoid the scandalous Imputation, while we yet live, of being one whom
whom No-body knows, (a Scandal, by the
by, as old as the Days of Homer *) will
always be the envied Portion of those, who
have a legal Title either to Honour or
Estate.

From that Figure, therefore, which the
Irish Peer, who brought Sophia to Town,
hath already made in this History, the
Reader will conclude, doubtless, it must
have been an easy Matter to have discovered
his House in London, without knowing the
particular Street or Square which he inha-
bited, since he must have been one whom
every Body knows. To say the Truth, so
it would have been to any of those Traders-
men who are accustomed to attend the Re-
gions of the Great: For the Doors of the
Great are generally no less easy to find, than
it is difficult to get Entrance into them. But
Jones, as well as Partridge, was an entire
Stranger in London; and as he happened to
arrive first in a Quarter of the Town, the In-
habitants of which have very little Intercourse
with the Householders of Hanover or Grosve-
nor Square, (for he entered through Grays-
Inn Lane) so he rambled about some Time,
before he could even find his Way to those

* See the 2d Odyssey, ver. 175.
happy Mansions, where Fortune segregates from the Vulgar, those magnanimous Heroes, the Descendants of antient Britons, Saxons, or Danes, whose Ancestors being born in better Days, by sundry Kinds of Merit, have entailed Riches and Honour on their Posterity.

Jones being at length arrived at those terrestrial Elysian Fields, would now soon have discovered his Lordship's Mansion; but the Peer unluckily quitted his former House when he went for Ireland; and as he was just entered into a new one, the Fame of his Equipage had not yet sufficiently blazed in the Neighbourhood: So that after a successless Enquiry till the Clock had struck Eleven, Jones, at last, yielded to the Advice of Partridge, and retreated to the Bull and Gate in Holborn, that being the Inn where he had first alighted, and where he retired to enjoy that Kind of Repose, which usually attends Persons in his Circumstances.

Early in the Morning he again set forth in Pursuit of Sophia; and many a weary Step he took to no better Purpose than before. At last, whether it was that Fortune relented, or whether it was no longer in her Power to disappoint him, he came into the very
very Street which was honoured by his Lordship's Residence; and being directed to the House, he gave one gentle Rap at the Door.

The Porter, who, from the Modesty of the Knock, had conceived no high Idea of the Person approaching, conceived but little better from the Appearance of Mr. Jones, who was drest in a Suit of Fustian, and had by his Side the Weapon formerly purchased of the Serjeant; of which, tho' the Blade might be compos'd of well-tempered Steel, the Handle was compos'd only of Brass, and that none of the brightest. When Jones, therefore, enquired after the young Lady, who had come to Town with his Lordship, this Fellow answered surlily, 'That there were no Ladies there.' Jones then desired to see the Master of the House; but was informed that his Lordship would see no Body that Morning. And upon growing more pressing, the Porter said, 'He had positive Orders to let no Person in; but if you think proper,' said he, 'to leave your Name, I will acquaint his Lordship; and if you call another Time, you shall know when he will see you.'
Jones now declared, 'that he had very particular Business with the young Lady, and could not depart without seeing her.' Upon which the Porter, with no very agreeable Voice or Aspect, affirmed, 'That there was no young Lady in that House, and,' consequently, 'none could he see; adding, 'Sure you are the strangest Man I ever met with; for you will not take an Answer.'

I have often thought, that by the particular Description of Cerberus the Porter of Hell, in the 6th Æneid, Virgil might possibly intend to satyrize the Porters of the great Men in his Time; the Picture, at least, resembles those who have the Honour to attend at the Doors of our great Men. The Porter in his Lodge, answers exactly to Cerberus in his Den, and, like him, must be appeased by a Sop, before Access can be gained to his Master. Perhaps Jones might have seen him in that Light, and have recollected the Passage, where the Sybil, in order to procure an Entrance for Æneas, presents the Keeper of the Stygian Avenue with such a Sop. Jones, in like Manner, now began to offer a Bribe to the human Cerberus, which a Footman overhearing, instantly
instantly advanced, and declared, 'if Mr. Jones would give him the Sum proposed, he would conduct him to the Lady.' Jones instantly agreed, and was forthwith conducted to the Lodging of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, by the very Fellow who had attended the Ladies thither the Day before.

Nothing more aggravates ill Success than the near Approach to Good. The Gamester, who loses his Party at Piquet by a single Point, laments his bad Luck ten Times as much as he who never came within a Prospect of the Game. So in a Lottery, the Proprietors of the next Numbers to that which wins the great Prize, are apt to account themselves much more unfortunate than their Fellow-Sufferers. In short, these kind of hair-breadth Missings of Happiness, look like the Insults of Fortune, who may be considered as thus playing Tricks with us; and wantonly diverting herself at our Ex pense.

Jones, who more than once already had experienced this frolicksome Disposition of the Heathen Gods, was now again doomed to be tantalized in the like Manner: For he arrived at the Door of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, about ten Minutes after the Departure
Departure of Sophia. He now addressed himself to the Waiting-woman belonging to Mrs. Fitzpatrick; who told him the disagreeable News, that the Lady was gone, but could not tell him whither; and the same Answer he afterwards received from Mrs. Fitzpatrick herself. For as that Lady made no doubt but that Mr. Jones was a Person detached from her Uncle Western, in Pursuit of his Daughter, so she was too generous to betray her.

Though Jones had never seen Mrs. Fitzpatrick, yet he had heard that a Cousin of Sophia was married to a Gentleman of that Name. This, however, in the present Tumult of his Mind, never once recurred to his Memory: But when the Footman, who had conducted him from his Lordship's, acquainted him with the great Intimacy between the Ladies, and with their calling each other Cousin, he then recollected the Story of the Marriage which he had formerly heard; and as he was presently convinced that this was the same Woman, he became more surprized at the Answer which he had received, and very earnestly desired Leave to wait on the Lady herself; but she as positively refused him that Honour.
Jones, who, though he had never seen a Court, was better bred than most who frequent it, was incapable of any rude or abrupt Behaviour to a Lady. When he had received, therefore, a peremptory Denial, he retired for the present, saying to the waiting Woman, 'That if this was an improper Hour to wait on her Lady, he would return in the Afternoon; and that he then hoped to have the Honour of seeing her.' The Civility with which he uttered this, added to the great Comeliness of his Person, made an Impression on the Waiting-Woman, and she could not help answering; 'Perhaps, Sir, you may.' And, indeed, she afterwards said every Thing to her Mistress, which she thought most likely to prevail on her to admit a Visit from the handsome young Gentleman; for so she called him.

Jones very shrewdly suspected, that Sophia herself was now with her Cousin, and was denied to him; which he imputed to her Resentment of what had happened at Upton. Having, therefore, dispatched Partridge to procure him Lodgings, he remained all Day in the Street, watching the Door where he thought his Angel lay concealed; but
but no Person did he see issue forth, except a Servant of the House. And in the Evening he returned to pay his Visit to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, which that good Lady at last condescended to admit.

There is a certain Air of natural Gentility, which it is neither in the Power of Dress to give, nor to conceal. Mr. Jones, as hath been before hinted, was possessed of this in a very eminent Degree. He met, therefore, with a Reception from the Lady, somewhat different from what his Apparel seemed to demand; and after he had paid her his proper Respects, was desired to sit down.

The Reader will not, I believe, be desirous of knowing all the Particulars of this Conversation, which ended very little to the Satisfaction of poor Jones. For though Mrs. Fitzpatrick soon discovered the Lover, (as all Women have, the Eyes of Hawks in those Matters) yet she still thought it was such a Lover, as a generous Friend of the Lady should not betray her to. In short, she suspected this was the very Mr. Blifil, from whom Sophia had flown, and all the Answers which she artfully drew from Jones, concerning Mr. Allworthy's Family, confirmed
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firmed her in this Opinion. She therefore
strictly denied any Knowledge concerning
the Place whither Sophia was gone; nor
could Jones obtain more than a Permission
to wait on her again the next Evening.

When Jones was departed, Mrs. Fitz-
patrick communicated her Suspicion con-
cerning Mr. Blifil, to her Maid; who an-
swered, 'Sure, Madam, he is too pretty a
Man, in my Opinion, for any Woman in
the World to run away from. I had ra-
ther fancy it is Mr. Jones.'—Mr. Jones,
said the Lady, 'what Jones?' For Sophia
had not given the least Hint of any such
Person in all their Conversation: But Mrs.
Honour had been much more communi-
tative, and had acquainted her Sister Abigail
with the whole History of Jones, which this
now again related to her Mistress.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick no sooner received this
Information, than she immediately agreed
with the Opinion of her Maid; and, what
is very unaccountable, saw Charms in the
gallant, happy Lover, which she had over-
looked in the slighted Squire. 'Betty,' says
she, 'you are certainly in the right: He
is a very pretty Fellow, and I don't won-
der that my Cousin's Maid should tell
you
you so many Women are fond of him. I am sorry now I did not inform him where my Cousin was: And yet if he be so terrible a Rake as you tell me, it is a Pity she should ever see him any more; for what but her Ruin can happen from marrying a Rake and a Beggar against her Father's Consent. I protest, if he be such a Man as the Wench described him to you, it is but an Office of Charity to keep her from him; and, I am sure, it would be unpardonable in me to do otherwise, who have tasted so bitterly of the Misfortunes attending such Marriages.

Here she was interrupted by the Arrival of a Visitor, which was no other than his Lordship; and as nothing passed at this Visit either new or extraordinary, or any Ways material to this History, we shall here put an End to this Chapter.
A Project of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and her Visit to Lady Bellaston.

WHEN Mrs. Fitzpatrick retired to Rest, her Thoughts were entirely taken up by her Cousin Sophia and Mr. Jones. She was, indeed, a little offended with the former, for the Disingenuitv which she now discovered. In which Meditation she had not long exercised her Imagination, before the following Conceit suggested itself: That could she possibly become the Means of preserving Sophia from this Man, and of restoring her to her Father, she should, in all human Probability, by so great a Service to the Family, reconcile to herself both her Uncle and her Aunt Western.

As this was one of her most favourite Wishes, so the Hope of Success seemed so reasonable, that nothing remained but to consider of proper Methods to accomplish her Scheme: To attempt to reason the Case with Sophia, did not appear to her one of those Methods: For as Betty had reported from Mrs. Honour, that Sophia had a vio-
a violent Inclination to Jones, she conceived, that to dissuade her from the Match, was an Endeavour of the same Kind as it would be, very heartily and earnestly to entreat a Moth not to fly into a Candle.

If the Reader will please to remember, that the Acquaintance which Sophia had with Lady Bellaston, was contracted at the House of Mrs. Western, and must have grown at the very Time when Mrs. Fitzpatrick lived with this latter Lady, he will want no Information, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick must have been acquainted with her likewise. They were, besides, both equally her distant Relations.

After much Consideration, therefore, she resolved to go early in the Morning to that Lady, and endeavour to see her, unknown to Sophia; and to acquaint her with the whole Affair. For she did not in the least doubt, but that the prudent Lady, who had often ridiculed romantic Love, and indiscreet Marriages, in her Conversation, would very readily concur in her Sentiments concerning this Match, and would lend her utmost Assistance to prevent it.
This Resolution she accordingly executed; and the next Morning before the Sun, she huddled on her Cloaths, and at a very unfashionable, unseasonable, unvisible Hour went to Lady Bellaston, to whom she got Access, without the least Knowledge or Suspicion of Sophia, who though not asleep, lay at that Time awake in her Bed, with Honour snoring by her Side.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick made many Apologies for this early, abrupt Visit, at an Hour when,' she said, 'she should not have thought of disturbing her Ladyship, but upon Business of the utmost Consequence.' She then opened the whole Affair, told all she had heard from Betty; and did not forget the Visit which Jones had paid to herself the preceding Evening.

Lady Bellaston answered with a Smile, 'Then you have seen this terrible Man, Madam; pray is he so very fine a Figure as he is represented? For Etoff entertained me last Night almost two Hours with him. The Wench I believe is in Love with him by Reputation.' Here the Reader will be apt to wonder, but the Truth
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Truth is that Mrs. Etoff who had the Honour to pin and unpin the Lady Bellaston, had received complete Information concerning the said Mr. Jones, and had faithfully conveyed the same to her Lady last Night (or rather that Morning) while she was undressing; on which Accounts he had been detained in her Office above the Space of an Hour and half.

The Lady indeed, though generally well enough pleased with the Narratives of Mrs. Etoff at those Seasons, gave an extraordinary Attention to her Account of Jones, for Honour had described him as a very handsome Fellow, and Mrs. Etoff in her Hurry added so much to the Beauty of his Person to her Report, that Lady Bellaston began to conceive him to be a kind of Miracle in Nature.

The Curiosity which her Woman had inspired, was now greatly increased by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who spoke as much in Favour of the Person of Jones, as she had before spoken in Dispraise of his Birth, Character and Fortune.

When Lady Bellaston had heard the whole, she answered gravely, "Indeed Madam,
Madam, this is a Matter of great Consequence. Nothing can certainly be more commendable than the Part you act; and I shall be very glad to have my Share in the Preservation of a young Lady of so much Merit, and for whom I have so much Esteem.

Doth not your Ladyship think, says Mrs. Fitzpatrick eagerly, that it would be the best Way to write immediately to my Uncle, and acquaint him where my Cousin is?

The Lady pondered a little upon this, and thus answered—Why, no, Madam, I think not. Di Western hath described her Brother to me to be such a Brute, that I cannot consent to put any Woman under his Power who hath escaped from it. I have heard he behaved like a Monster to his own Wife; for he is one of those Wretches who think they have a Right to tyrannize over us, and from such I shall ever esteem it the Cause of my Sex to rescue any Woman who is so unfortunate to be under their Power.—— The Business, dear Cousin, will be only to keep Miss Western from seeing this young Fellow, till the good Company, which she will have
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have an Opportunity of meeting here, give her a proper Turn.’

‘If he should find her out, Madam, answered the other, your Ladyship may be assured he will leave nothing unattempted to come at her.

‘But Madam, replied the Lady, it is impossible he should come here,—tho’ indeed it is possible he may get some Intelligence where she is, and then may lurk about the House.—I wish therefore I knew his Person.’

‘Is there no Way, Madam, by which I could have a Sight of him? For otherwise you know, Cousin, she may contrive to see him here without my Knowledge.’ Mrs. Fitzpatrick answer’d, that he had threatened her with another Visit that Afternoon, and that if her Ladyship pleased to do her the Honour of calling upon her then, she would hardly fail of seeing him between six and seven, and if he came earlier she would, by some Means or other, detain him till her Ladyship’s Arrival.—Lady Bellaston replied, ‘she would come the Moment she could get from Dinner, which she supposed would be by seven at farthest, for that it was absolutely necessary
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ry she should be acquainted with his Person.

Upon my Word, Madam, says she, it was

very good to take this Care of Miss Western,

but common Humanity as well as Regard

to our Family requires it of us both, for

it would be a dreadful Match indeed.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick failed not to make a

proper Return to the Compliment which

Lady Bellaston had bestow'd on her Cousin,

and after some little immaterial Conversati-
on withdrew, and getting as fast as she

could into her Chair unseen by Sophia or

Honour, returned home.

C H A P. IV.

Which consists of Visiting.

Mr. Jones had walked within Sight

of a certain Door during the whole

Day, which, though one of the shortest,
appeared to him to be one of the longest

in the whole Year. At length the Clock

having struck five he returned to Mrs. Fitz-
patrick, who, though it was a full Hour

earlier than the decent Time of visiting,

receiv'd him very civilly; but still persist-
ed in her Ignorance concerning Sophia.
Jones in asking for his Angel, had drop'd the Word Cousin; upon which Mrs. Fitzpatrick said, 'Then, Sir, you know we are related, and as we are, you will permit me the Right of enquiring into the particulars of your Business with my Cousin.' Here Jones hesitated a good while, and at last answered, He had a considerable sum of money of hers in his hands, which he desired to deliver to her. He then produced the pocket-book, and acquainted Mrs. Fitzpatrick with the content, and with the method in which they came into his hands. He had scarce finished his story when a most violent noise shook the whole house. To attempt to describe this noise to those who have heard it would be in vain, and to aim at giving any idea of it to those who have never heard the like, would be still more vain: For it may be truly said,

---Non acuta

Sic geminant Corybantes Æra.

The priests of Cybele do not so rattle their sounding brass.

In short a footman knocked, or rather thundered at the door. Jones was a little surprised
surprised at the Sound, having never heard it before; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick very calmly said, that as some Company were coming, she could not make him any Answer now; but if he pleased to stay till they were gone, she intimated she had something to say to him.

The Door of the Room now flew open, and, after pushing in her Hoop sideways before her, entered Lady Bellaston, who having first made a very low Curtesy to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and as low a one to Mr. Jones, was ushered to the upper End of the Room.

We mention these minute Matters for the Sake of some Country Ladies of our Acquaintance, who think it contrary to the Rules of Modesty to bend their Knees to a Man.

The Company were hardly well settled, before the Arrival of the Peer lately mentioned caused a fresh Disturbance and a Repetition of Ceremonials.

These being over, the Conversation began to be (as the Phrase is) extremely brilliant. However, as nothing past in it which can be thought material to this History, or, indeed,
indeed, very material in itself, I shall omit the Relation; the rather as I have known some very fine polite Conversation grow extremely dull, when transcribed into Books, or repeated on the Stage. Indeed this mental Repast is a Dainty, of which those who are excluded from polite Assemblies, must be contented to remain as ignorant as they must of the several Dainties of French Cookery, which are only served at the Tables of the Great. To say the Truth, as neither of these are adapted to every Taste, they might both be often thrown away on the Vulgar.

Poor Jones was rather a Spectator of this elegant Scene, than an Actor in it; for though in the short Interval before the Peer's Arrival, Lady Bellaston first, and afterwards Mrs. Fitzpatrick, had addressed some of their Discourse to him; yet no sooner was the noble Lord entered, than he engrossed the whole Attention of the two Ladies to himself; and as he took no more Notice of Jones than if no such Person had been present, unless by now and then staring at him, the Ladies followed his Example.
The Company had now staid so long, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick plainly perceived they all designed to stay out each other. She therefore resolved to rid herself of Jones, he being the Visitant, to whom she thought the least Ceremony was due. Taking therefore an Opportunity of a Cessation of Chat, she addressed herself gravely to him, and said, 'Sir, I shall not possibly be able to give you an Answer To-night, as to that Business; but if you please to leave Word where I may send to you To-morrow.'

Jones had natural, but not artificial good Breeding. Instead therefore of communicating the Secret of his Lodgings to a Servant, he acquainted the Lady herself with it particularly, and soon after very ceremoniously withdrew.

He was no sooner gone, than the great Personages who had taken no Notice of him present, began to take much Notice of him in his Absence; but if the Reader hath already excused us from relating the more brilliant Part of this Conversation, he will surely be very ready to excuse the Repetition of what may be called vulgar Abuse:
bute: Though, perhaps, it may be mate-
rial to our History to mention an Ob serva-
tion of Lady Bellaston, who took her Leave
in a few Minutes after him, and then said
to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, at her Departure. 'I
am satisfied on the Account of my Cous-
fin, she can be in no Danger from this
Fellow.'

Our History shall follow the Example
of Lady Bellaston, and take Leave of the
present Company, which was now reduced
to two Persons; between whom, as no-
thing passed, which in the least concerns
us or our Reader, we shall not suffer our-
selves to be diverted by it from Matters
which must seem of more Consequence to
all those who are at all interested in the Af-
sairs of our Heroe.

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CHAP. V.

An Adventure which happened to Mr. Jones, at his Lodgings, with some Account of a young Gentleman who lodged there, and of the Mistress of the House, and her two Daughters.

The next Morning as early as it was decent, Jones attended at Mrs. Fitzpatrick's Door, where he was answered that the Lady was not at Home; an Answer which surprized him the more, as he had walked backwards and forwards in the Street from Break of Day; and if she had gone out, he must have seen her. This Answer, however, he was obliged to receive, and not only now, but to five several Visits which he made her that Day. To be plain with the Reader, the noble Peer had from some Reason or other, perhaps from a Regard for the Lady's Honour, insisted that she should not see Mr. Jones, whom he looked on as a Scrub, any more; and the Lady had complied in making that Promise to which we now see her so strictly adhere.

C 4 But
But as our gentle Reader may possibly have a better Opinion of the young Gentleman than her Ladyship, and may even have some Concern, should it be apprehended, that during this unhappy Separation from Sophia, he took up his Residence either at an Inn, or in the Street; we shall now give an Account of his Lodging, which was indeed in a very reputable House, and in a very good Part of the Town.

Mr. Jones then had often heard Mr. Allworthy mention the Gentlewoman at whose House he used to lodge when he was in Town. This Person, who as Jones likewise knew, lived in Bond-Street, was the Widow of a Clergyman, and was left by him at his Decease, in Possession of two Daughters, and of a compleat Set of Manuscript Sermons.

Of these two Daughters, Nancy, the elder, was now arrived at the Age of seventeen, and Betty, the younger, at that of ten.

Hither Jones had dispatched Partridge, and in this House he was provided with a Room
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Room for himself in the second Floor, and with one for Partridge in the fourth.

The first Floor was inhabited by one of those young Gentlemen, who, in the last Age were called Men of Wit and Pleasure about Town, and properly enough: For as Men are usually denominated from their Business or Profession, so Pleasure may be said to have been the only Business or Profession of those Gentlemen to whom Fortune had made all useful Occupations unnecessary. Play-Houses, Coffee-Houses and Taverns were the Scenes of their Rendezvous. Wit and Humour were the Entertainment of their looser Hours, and Love was the Business of their more serious Moments. Wine and the Muses conspired to kindle the brightest Flames in their Breasts; nor did they only admire, but some were able to celebrate the Beauty they admired, and all to judge of the Merit of such Compositions.

Such therefore were properly called the Men of Wit and Pleasure; but I question whether the same Appellation may, with the same Propriety, be given to those young Gentlemen of our Times, who have the same
same Ambition to be distinguished for Parts. Wit certainly they have nothing to do with. To give them their due, they soar a Step higher than their Predecessors, and may be called Men of Wisdom and Virtù (take heed you do not read Virtue). Thus at an Age when the Gentlemen abovementioned employed their Time in toasting the Charms of a Woman, or in making Sonnets in her Praise; in giving their Opinion of a Play at the Theatre, or of a Poem at Will's or Button's; these Gentlemen are considering of Methods to bribe a Corporation, or meditating Speeches for the House of Commons, or rather for the Magazines. But the Science of Gaming is that which above all others employs their Thoughts. These are the Studies of their graver Hours, while for their Amusements they have the vast Circle of Connoisseurship, Painting, Music, Statuary, and natural Philosophy, or rather unnatural, which deals in the Wonderful, and knows nothing of Nature, except her Monsters and Imperfections.

When Jones had spent the whole Day in vain Enquiries after Mrs. Fitzpatrick, he returned at last disconsolate to his Apartment. Here while he was venting his Grief in private, he heard a violent Uproar below
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below Stairs; and soon after a female Voice begged him for Heaven's Sake to come and prevent Murder. Jones, who was never backward on any Occasion, to help the Distressed, immediately ran down Stairs; when stepping into the Dining-room, whence all the Noise issued, he beheld the young Gentleman of Wisdom and Virtue just before mentioned, pinned close to the Wall by his Footman, and a young Woman standing by, wringing her Hands, and crying out, 'He will be murdered, he will be murdered;' and indeed the poor Gentleman seemed in some Danger of being choaked, when Jones flew hastily to his Assistance, and rescued him just as he was breathing his last, from the unmerciful Clutches of the Enemy.

Though the Fellow had received several Kicks and Cuffs from the little Gentleman, who had more Spirit than Strength, he had made it a kind of Scruple of Conscience to strike his Master, and would have contented himself with only choaking him; but towards Jones he bore no such Respect: He no sooner therefore found himself a little roughly handled by his new Antagonist, than he gave him one of those Punches in the Guts, which, tho' the Spectators
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at Broughton’s Amphitheatre have such exquisite Delight in Seeing them, convey but very little Pleasure in the Feeling.

The lusty Youth had no sooner received this Blow, than he meditated a most grateful Return; and now ensued a Combat between Jones and the Footman, which was very fierce, but short; for this Fellow was no more able to contend with Jones, than his Master had before been to contend with him.

And now Fortune, according to her usual Custom, reversed the Face of Affairs, the former Victor lay breathless on the Ground, and the vanquished Gentleman had recovered Breath enough to thank Mr. Jones for his Seasonable Assistance: He received likewise the hearty Thanks of the young Woman present, who was indeed no other than Miss Nancy, the eldest Daughter of the House.

The Footman having now recovered his Legs, shook his Head at Jones, and with a sagacious Look, cry’d, — O d—n me, I’ll have nothing more to do with you, you have been upon the Stage, or I am d—nably mistaken: And indeed we may forgive
give this his Suspicion; for such was the Agility and Strength of our Heroe, that he was perhaps a Match for one of the first Rate-Boxers, and could, with great Ease, have beaten all the muffled * Graduates of Mr. Broughton’s School.

His Master foaming with Wrath, ordered his Man immediately to strip, to which the latter very readily agreed, on Condition of receiving his Wages. This Condition was presently complied with, and the Fellow was discharged.

* Left Posterity should be puzzled by this Epithet. I think proper to explain it by an Advertisement which was published Feb. 1, 1747.

N. B. Mr. Broughton proposes, with proper Assistance, to open an Academy at his House in the Hay-Market, for the Instruction of those who are willing to be initiated in the Mystery of Boxing; where the whole Theory and Practice of that truly British Art, with all the various Stops, Blows, Cross-Buttocks, &c. incident to Combatants, will be fully taught and explain’d; and that Persons of Quality and Distinction may not be deterred from entering into a Course of these Lectures, they will be given with the utmost Tendernefs and Regard to the Delicacy of the Frame and Constitution of the Pupil, for which Reason Mufflers are provided, that will effectually secure them from the Inconvenience of black Eyes, broken Jaws, and bloody Nozes.

The
And now the young Gentleman whose Name was Nightingale, very strenuously insisted, that his Deliverer should take Part of a Bottle of Wine with him; to which Jones, after much Entreaty, consented; tho' more out of Complaisance than Inclination; for the Uneasiness of his Mind fitted him very little for Conversation at this Time. Miss Nancy likewise, who was the only Female then in the House, her Mamma and Sister being both gone to the Play, condescended to favour them with her Company.

When the Bottle and Glasses were on the Table, the Gentleman began to relate the Occasion of the preceding Disturbance.

"I hope, Sir," said he to Jones, "you will not, from this Accident, conclude, that I make a Custom of striking my Servants; for I assure you this is the first Time I have been guilty of it in my Remembrance, and I have passed by many provoking Faults in this very Fellow, before he could provoke me to it; but when you hear what hath happened this Evening, you will, I believe, think me excusable. I happened to come home fe-"
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veral Hours before my usual Time, when
I found four Gentlemen of the Cloth at
Whisk by my Fire; — and my Hoyle, Sir,
— my best Hoyle, which cost me a Guinea,
lying open on the Table, with a Quant-
ty of Porter spilt on one of the most ma-
terial Leaves of the whole Book. This,
you will allow, was provoking; but I
said nothing till the rest of the honest
Company were gone, and then gave the
Fellow a gentle Rebuff, who, instead of
expressing any Concern, made me a pert
Answer, “That Servants must have their
Diversions as well as other People; that
he was sorry for the Accident which had
happened to the Book; but that several
of his Acquaintance had bought the
same for a Shilling; and that I might
stop as much in his Wages if I pleased;”
I now gave him a severer Reprimand than
before, when the Rascal had the Insolence
to — In short he imputed my early
coming Home to. — In short, he cast
a Reflection, — He mentioned the
Name of a young Lady, in a Manner
— In such a Manner that incensed me
beyond all Patience, and, in my Passion,
I struck him.”

Jones
Jones answered, "That he believed no
Person living would blame him; for my
Part, said he, I confess I should, on the
last mentioned Provocation, have done
the same Thing."

Our Company had not sat long before
they were joined by the Mother and Daugh-
ter, at their Return from the Play. And
now they all spent a very cheerful Evening
together, for all but Jones were heartily mer-
ry, and even he put on as much constrained
Mirth as possible. Indeed half his natural
Flow of animal Spirits, joined to the
Sweetness of his Temper, was sufficient to
make a most amiable Companion; and not-
withstanding the Heaviness of his Heart, so
agreeable did he make himself on the present
Occasion, that, at their breaking up, the
young Gentleman earnestly desired his fur-
ther Acquaintance. Miss Nancy was well
pleased with him; and the Widow, quite
charm'd with her new Lodger, invited him
with the other, next Morning to Breakfast.

Jones, on his Part, was no les satisfied.
As for Miss Nancy, tho' a very little Creature,
she was extremely pretty, and the Widow
had all the Charms which can adorn a Wo-
man near fifty. As she was one of the
most
most innocent Creatures in the World, so she was one of the most cheerful. She never thought, nor spoke, nor wished any ill, and had constantly that Desire of pleasing, which may be called the happiest of all Desires in this, that it scarce ever fails of attaining its Ends, when not disgraced by Affectation. In short, though her Power was very small, she was in her Heart one of the warmest Friends. She had been a most affectionate Wife, and was a most fond and tender Mother.

As our History doth not, like a Newspaper, give great Characters to People who never were heard of before, nor will ever be heard of again; the Reader may hence conclude, that this excellent Woman will hereafter appear to be of some Importance in our History.

Nor was Jones a little pleased with the young Gentleman himself, whose Wine he had been drinking. He thought he discerned in him much good Sense, though a little too much tainted with Town Foppery; but what recommended him most to Jones were some Sentiments of great Generosity and Humanity, which occasionally dropt from him; and particularly many Expressions of the highest Disinterestedness in the Affair.
Affair of Love. On which Subject the young Gentleman delivered himself in a Language which might have very well become an Arcadian Shepherd of Old, and which appeared very extraordinary when proceeding from the Lips of a modern fine Gentleman, but he was only one by Imitation, and meant by Nature for a much better Character.

CHAP. VI.

What arrived while the Company were at Breakfast, with some Hints concerning the Government of Daughters.

Our Company brought together in the Morning the same good Inclinations towards each other, with which they had separated the Evening before; but poor Jones was extreme disconsolate; for he had just received Information from Partridge, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick had left her Lodging, and that he could not learn whither she was gone. This News highly afflicted him, and his Countenance, as well as his Behaviour, in Defiance of all his Endeavours to the contrary, betrayed manifest Indications of a disordered Mind.

The Discourse turned at present, as before, on Love; and Mr. Nightingale again expressed many of those warm, generous, and disinterested Sentiments upon this Subject, which wise and sober Men call romantic, but
but which wise and sober Women generally regard in a better Light. Mrs. Miller, (for so the Mistress of the House was called) greatly approved these Sentiments; but when the young Gentleman appealed to Miss Nancy, she answered only, 'That she believed the Gentleman who had spoke the least, was capable of feeling the most.'

This Compliment was so apparently directed to Jones, that we should have been sorry had he passed it by unregarded. He made her indeed a very polite Answer, and concluded with an oblique Hint, that her own Silence subjected her to a Suspicion of the same Kind: For indeed she had scarce opened her Lips either now, or the last Evening.

'I am glad, Nanny, says Mrs. Miller, the Gentleman hath made the Observation; I protest I am almost of his Opinion. What can be the Matter with you, Child? I never saw such an Alteration. What is become of all your Gayety? Would you think, Sir, I used to call her my little Prattler. She hath not spoke twenty Words this Week.'

Here their Conversation was interrupted by the Entrance of a Maid-Servant, who brought...
brought a Bundle in her Hands, which,
she said, 'was delivered by a Porter for
Mr. Jones.' She added, 'that the Man
immediately went away, saying, it required
no Answer.'

Jones expressed some Surprize on this Oc-
casion, and declared it must be some Mis-
take: But the Maid persisting that she was
certain of the Name, all the Women were
desirous of having the Bundle immediately
opened; which Operation was at length
performed by little Belsy, with the Consent of
Mr. Jones; and the Contents were found
to be a Domino, a Mask, and a Masque-
rade Ticket.

Jones was now more positive than ever,
in asserting, that these Things must have
been delivered by Mistake; and Mrs. Mil-
ler herself expressed some Doubt, and said;
'she knew not what to think.' But when
Mr. Nightingale was asked, he delivered a
very different Opinion. 'All I can con-
clude from it, Sir,' said he, 'is, that you
are a very happy Man: For I make no
doubt but these were sent you by some
Lady whom you will have the Happy-
ness of meeting at the Masquerade.'
Jones had not a sufficient Degree of Vanity to entertain any such flattering Imagination; nor did Mrs. Miller herself give much Assent to what Mr. Nightingale had said, 'till Miss Nancy having lifted up the Domino, a Card dropt from the Sleeve, in which was written as follows:

To Mr. Jones.

The Queen of the Fairies sends you this,
Use her Favours not amiss.

Mrs. Miller and Miss Nancy now both agreed with Mr. Nightingale; nay, Jones himself was almost persuaded to be of the same Opinion. And as no other Lady but Mrs. Fitzpatrick, he thought, knew his Lodging, he began to flatter himself with some Hopes, that it came from her, and that he might possibly see his Sophia. These Hopes had surely very little Foundation; but as the Conduct of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, in not seeing him according to her Promise, and in quitting her Lodgings, had been very odd and unaccountable, he conceived some faint Hopes, that she (of whom he had formerly heard a very whimsical Character) might possibly intend to do him that Service,
vice, in a strange Manner, which she declined doing by more ordinary Methods. To say the Truth, as nothing certain could be concluded from so odd and uncommon an Incident, he had the greater Latitude to draw what imaginary Conclusions from it he pleased. As his Temper therefore was naturally sanguine, he indulged it on this Occasion, and his Imagination worked up a thousand Conceits, to favour and support his Expectations of meeting his dear Sophia in the Evening.

Reader, if thou hast any good Wishes towards me, I will fully repay them, by wishing thee to be possed of this sanguine Disposition of Mind: Since, after having read much, and considered long on that Subject of Happiness which hath employed so many great Pens, I am almost inclined to fix it in the Possession of this Temper; which puts us, in a Manner, out of the Reach of Fortune, and makes us happy without her Assistance. Indeed the Sensations of Pleasure it gives are much more constant, as well as much keener than those which that blind Lady bestows; Nature having wisely contrived, that some Satiety and Languor should be annexed to all our real Enjoyments, lest we should be so
so taken up by them, as to be stop'd from further Pursuits. I make no Manner of doubt but that, in this Light, we may see the imaginary future Chancellor just called to the Bar, the Archbishop in Crape, and the Prime-Minister at the Tail of an Opposition, more truly happy than those who are invested with all the Power and Profit of these respective Offices.

Mr. Jones having now determined to go to the Masquerade that Evening, Mr. Nightingale offered to conduct him thither. The young Gentleman, at the same Time, offered Tickets to Miss Nancy and her Mother; but the good Woman would not accept them. She said, 'She did not conceive the Harm which some People imagined in a Masquerade; but that such extravagant Diversions were only proper for Persons of Quality and Fortune, and not for young Women who were to get their Living, and could, at best, hope to be married to a good Tradesman.'—'A Tradesman!' cries Nightingale, you shan't undervalue my Nancy. There is not a Nobleman upon Earth above her Merit.' 'O fie! Mr. Nightingale,' answered Mrs. Miller, 'you must not fill the Girl's Head with such Fancies: But if it was her good Luck
Luck (says the Mother with a Simper) to find a Gentleman of your generous Way of thinking, I hope she would make a better Return to his Generosity, than to give her Mind up to extravagant Pleasures. Indeed where young Ladies bring great Fortunes themselves, they have some Right to insist on spending what is their own; and on that Account, I have heard the Gentlemen say, a Man has sometimes a better Bargain with a poor Wife, than with a rich one.—But let my Daughters marry whom they will, I shall endeavour to make them Blessings to their Husbands:—I beg, therefore, I may hear of no more Masquerades. Nancy is, I am certain, too good a Girl to desire to go; for she must remember when you carried her thither last Year, it almost turned her Head; and she did not return to herself, or to her Needle, in a Month afterwards.

Though a gentle Sigh which stole from the Bosom of Nancy, seemed to argue some secret Disapprobation of these Sentiments, she did not dare openly to oppose them. For as this good Woman had all the Tenderness, so she had preserved all the Authority of a Parent; and as her Indulgence to
the Desires of her Children, was only restrained, by her Fears for their Safety and future Welfare, so she never suffered those Commands, which proceeded from such Fears, to be either disobeyed or disputed. And this the young Gentleman who had lodged two Years in the House, knew so well, that he presently acquiesced in the Refusal.

Mr. Nightingale, who grew every Minute fonder of Jones, was very desirous of his Company that Day to Dinner at the Tavern, where he offered to introduce him to some of his Acquaintance; but Jones begged to be excused, 'as his Cloaths,' he said, 'were not yet come to Town.'

To confess the Truth, Mr. Jones was now in a Situation, which sometimes happens to be the Case of young Gentlemen of much better Figure than himself. In short, he had not one Penny in his Pocket; a Situation in much greater Credit among the ancient Philosophers, than among the modern wise Men who live in Lombard Street, or those who frequent White's Chocolate-House. And, perhaps, the great Honours which those Philosophers have ascribed to an empty Pocket, may be one of the

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Reasons of that high Contempt in which they are held in the aforesaid Street and Chocolate-House.

Now if the antient Opinion, that Men might live very comfortably on Virtue only, be, as the modern wise Men just above-mentioned pretend to have discovered, a notorious Error; no less false is, I apprehend, that Position of some Writers of Romance, that a Man can live altogether on Love: For however delicious Repasts this may afford to some of our Senses or Appetites, it is most certain it can afford none to others. Those, therefore, who have placed too great a Confidence in such Writers, have experienced their Error when it was too late; and have found that Love was no more capable of allaying Hunger, than a Rose is capable of delighting the Ear, or a Violin of gratifying the Smell.

Notwithstanding, therefore, all the Delicacies which Love had set before him, namely, the Hopes of seeing Sophia at the Masquerade; on which, however ill-founded his Imagination might be, he had voluptuous-ly feasted during the whole Day, the Evening no sooner came, than Mr. Jones began to languish for some Food of a grosser Kind.
Ch. 6. A FOUNDLING.

Kind. Partridge discovered this by Intuition, and took the Occasion to give some oblique Hints concerning the Bank-bill, and when those were rejected with Disdaine, he collected Courage enough once more to mention a Return to Mr. Allworthy.

"Partridge," cries Jones, "you cannot see my Fortune in a more desperate Light than I see it myself; and I begin heartily to repent, that I suffered you to leave a Place, where you wassettled, and to follow me. However, I insist now on your returning Home; and for the Expence and Trouble which you have so kindly put yourself to on my Account, all the Cloaths I left behind in your Care, I desire you would take as your own. I am sorry I can make you no other Acknowledgment."

He spoke these Words with so pathetic an Accent, that Partridge, among whose Vices Ill-Nature or Hardness of Heart were not numbered, burst into Tears; and after swearing he would not quit him in his Distress, he began with the most earnest Intreaties to urge his return Home. "For Heavens Sake, Sir," says he, do but consider: What can your Honour do? How
is it possible you can live in this Town without Money? Do what you will, Sir, or go wherever you please, I am resolved not to desert you.—But pray, Sir, consider.—Do pray, Sir, for your own Sake, take it into your Consideration; and I'm sure," says he, "that your own Good-Sense will bid you return Home.

"How often shall I tell thee," answered Jones, "that I have no Home to return to. Had I any Hopes that Mr. Allworthy's Doors would be open to receive me, I want no Distress to urge me:—Nay, there is no other Cause upon Earth, which could detain me a Moment from flying to his Presence, but, alas! that I am for ever banished from it. His last Words were,—O Partridge, they still ring in my Ears—His last Words were, when he gave me a Sum of Money, what it was I know not, but considerable I'm sure it was.—His last Words were—"I am resolved from this Day forward, on no Account, to converse with you any more."

Here Passion stopt the Mouth of Jones; as Surprize, for a Moment, did that of Partridge: But he soon recovered the Use of
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of Speech, and after a short Preface, in which he declared he had no Inquisitiveness in his Temper, enquired, what Jones meant by a considerable Sum; he knew not how much; and what was become of the Money?

In both these Points he now received full Satisfaction; on which he was proceeding to comment, when he was interrupted by a Message from Mr. Nightingale, who desired his Master's Company in his Apartment.

When the two Gentlemen were both attired for the Masquerade, and Mr. Nightingale had given Orders for Chairs to be sent for, a Circumstance of Distress occurred to Jones, which will appear very ridiculous to many of my Readers. This was how to procure a Shilling; but if such Readers will reflect a little on what they have themselves felt from the Want of a thousand Pound, or, perhaps, of ten or twenty, to execute a favourite Scheme, they will have a perfect Idea of what Mr. Jones felt on this Occasion. For this Sum, therefore, he applied to Partridge, which was the first he had permitted him to advance, and was the last he intended that poor Fellow should advance in his Service. To say the Truth,

Par-
Partridge had lately made no Offer of this Kind; whether it was that he desired to see the Bank-bill broke in upon, or that Distress should prevail on Jones to return Home, or from what other Motive it proceeded, I will not determine.

CHAP. VII.

Containing the whole Humours of a Masquerade.

Our Cavaliers now arrived at that Temple, where Heydegger, the great Arbiter Deliciarum, the great High-Priest of Pleasure presides; and, like other Heathen Priests, imposes on his Votaries by the pretended Presence of the Deity, when in reality no such Deity is there.

Mr. Nightingale having taken a Turn or two with his Companion, soon left him, and walked off with a Female, saying, 'Now you are here, Sir, you must beat about for your own Game.'

Jones began to entertain strong Hopes that his Sophia was present; and these Hopes gave him more Spirits than the Lights,
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Lights, the Music, and the Company; though these are pretty strong Antidotes against the Spleen. He now accosted every Woman he saw, whose Stature, Shape, or Air, bore any Resemblance to his Angel. To all of whom he endeavoured to say something smart, in order to engage an Answer, by which he might discover that Voice which he thought it impossible he should mistake. Some of these answered by a Question, in a squeaking Voice, Do you know me? Much the greater Numbers said, I don’t know you, Sir; and nothing more. Some called him an impertinent Fellow; some made him no Answer at all; some said, Indeed I don’t know your Voice, and I shall have nothing to say to you; and many gave him as kind Answers as he could wish, but not in the Voice he desired to hear.

Whilst he was talking with one of these last, (who was in the Habit of a Shepherdes) a Lady in a Domino came up to him, and flapping him on the Shoulder, whispered him, at the same Time, in the Ear, ‘If you talk any longer with that Trollop, I will acquaint Miss Western.'

Jones
Jones no sooner heard that Name, than, immediately quitting his former Companion, he applied to the Domino, begging and entreaty her to shew him the Lady she had mentioned, if she was then in the Room.

The Mask walked hastily to the upper End of the innermost Apartment before she spoke, and then, instead of answering him, sat down, and declared she was tired. Jones sat down by her, and still persisted in his Entreaties; at last the Lady coldly answered, 'I imagined Mr. Jones had been a more discerning Lover, than to suffer any Disguise to conceal his Mistress from him.' 'Is she here then, Madam?' replied Jones, with much Vehemence. Upon which the Lady cry'd, —— 'Hush, Sir, you will be observed. — I promise you, upon my Honour, Miss Western is not here.'

Jones now taking the Mask by the Hand, fell to entreaty her in the most earnest Manner, to acquaint him where he might find Sophia: And when he could obtain no direct Answer, he began to upbraid her gently for having disappointed him the Day before.
and concluded, saying, 'Indeed, my good Fairy Queen, I know your Majesty very well, notwithstanding the affected Disguise of your Voice. Indeed, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, it is a little cruel to divert yourself at the Expence of my Torments.'

The Mask answered, 'Though you have so ingeniously discovered me, I must still speak in the same Voice, lest I should be known by others. And do you think, good Sir, that I have no greater Regard for my Cousin, than to assist in carrying on an Affair between you two, which must end in her Ruin, as well as your own? Besides, I promise you, my Cousin is not mad enough to consent to her own Destruction, if you are so much her Enemy as to tempt her to it.

'Alas, Madam, said Jones, you little know my Heart, when you call me an Enemy of Sophia.'

'And yet to ruin any one, cries the other, you will allow, is the Act of an Enemy; and when by the same Act you must knowingly and certainly bring Ruin on yourself, is it not Folly or Madness, as
as well as Guilt? Now, Sir, my Cousin hath very little more than her Father will please to give her; very little for one of her Fashion—you know him, and you know your own Situation.'

Jones vowed he had no such Design on Sophia, 'that he would rather suffer the most violent of Deaths than sacrifice her Interest to his Desires. He said, he knew how unworthy he was of her every Way; that he had long ago resolved to quit all such aspiring Thoughts, but that some strange Accidents had made him desirous to see her once more, when he promised he would take Leave of her for ever. No, Madam, concluded he, my Love is not of that base Kind which seeks its own Satisfaction, at the Expence of what is most dear to its Object. I would sacrifice every Thing to the Possession of my Sophia, but Sophia herself.'

Though the Reader may have already conceived no very sublime Idea of the Virtue of the Lady in the Mask; and tho' possibly she may hereafter appear not to deserve one of the first Characters of her Sex; yet, it is certain, these generous Sentiments made a strong Impression upon her, and
and greatly added to the Affection she had before conceived for our young Heroe.

The Lady now, after a Silence of a few Moments, said, 'She did not see his Pretensions to Sophia so much in the Light of Presumption, as of Imprudence. Young Fellows, says she, can never have too aspiring Thoughts. I love Ambition in a young Man, and I would have you cultivate it as much as possible: Perhaps you may succeed with those who are infinitely superior in Fortune, nay, I am convinced there are Women, — but don't you think me a strange Creature, Mr. Jones, to be thus giving Advice to a Man, with whom I am so little acquainted, and one with whose Behaviour to me I have so little Reason to be pleased?'

Here Jones began to apologize, and to hope he had not offended in any thing he had said of her Cousin. — To which the Maff answered, 'And are you so little versed in the Sex, to imagine you can well affront a Lady more, than by entertaining her with your Passion for another Woman? If the Fairy Queen had D 6
had no better Opinion of your Gallantry, she would scarce have appointed you to meet her at a Masquerade.

Jones had never less Inclination to an Amour than at present; but Gallantry to the Ladies was among his Principles of Honour; and he held it as much incumbent on him to accept a Challenge to Love, as if it had been a Challenge to Fight. Nay, his very Love to Sophia made it necessary for him to keep well with the Lady, as he made no doubt but she was capable of bringing him into the Presence of the other.

He began therefore to make a very warm Answer to her last Speech, when a Mask, in the Character of an old Woman, joined them. This Mask was one of those Ladies who go to a Masquerade only to vent Ill-nature, by telling People rude Truths, and by endeavouring, as the Phrase is, to spoil as much Sport as they are able. This good Lady therefore, having observed Jones, and his Friend, whom she well knew, in close Consultation together in a Corner of the Room, concluded she could no where satisfy her Spleen better than by interrupting them. She attacked them therefore, and soon drove them from their
Ch. 7. *A Foundling.*

Retirement; nor was she contented with this, but pursued them to every place which they shifted to avoid her; till Mr. Nightingale seeing the distress of his friend, at last relieved him, and engaged the old woman in another pursuit.

While *Jones* and his mask were walking together about the room, to rid themselves of the teazer, he observed his lady speak to several masks, with the same freedom of acquaintance as if they had been bare-faced. He could not help expressing his surprise at this, saying, "Sure, madam, you must have infinite discernment to know people in all disguises." To which the lady answered, "You cannot conceive any thing more insipid and childish than a masquerade to the people of fashion, who in general know one another as well here, as when they meet in an assembly or a drawing-room; nor will any woman of condition converse with a person with whom she is not acquainted. In short, the generality of persons whom you see here, may more properly be said to kill time in this place, than in any other; and generally retire from hence more tired than from the longest sermon. To say the truth, I begin to be
be in that Situation myself, and if I have
any Faculty at guessing, you are not
much better pleased. I protest it would
be almost Charity in me to go Home for
your Sake.' 'I know but one Charity e-
qual to it, cries Jones, and that is to suf-
fer me to wait on you Home.' Sure, an-
swered the Lady, you have a strange O-
pinion of me, to imagine, that upon such
an Acquaintance, I would let you into my
Doors at this Time o'Night. I fancy
you impute the Friendship I have shewn
my Cousin, to some other Motive. Con-
selves honestly; don't you consider this
divided Interview as little better than a
downright Assignation? Are you used,
Mr. Jones, to make these sudden Con-
quists? I am not used, Madam, said Jones,
to submit to such sudden Conquests;
but as you have taken my Heart by
Surprise, the rest of my Body hath
a Right to follow; so you must par-
don me if I resolve to attend you
wherever you go.' He accompanied
these Words with some proper Actions;
upon which the Lady, after a gentle Re-
buke, and saying their Familiarity would
be observed, told him 'She was going to
sup with an Acquaintance, whither she
hoped
hoped he would not follow her; for if
you should, said she, I shall be thought
an unaccountable Creature, though my
Friend indeed is not censorious, yet I
hope you won't follow me: I protest I
shall not know what to say, if you do.

The Lady presently after quitted the
Masquerade, and Jones, notwithstanding
the severe Prohibition he had received, pre-
sumed to attend her. He was now reduced
to the same Dilemma we have mentioned
before, namely, the Want of a Shilling,
and could not relieve it by borrowing as
before. He therefore walked boldly on af-
ter the Chair in which his Lady rode,
pursued by a grand Huzza from all the
Chairmen present, who wisely take the beft
Care they can to discountenance all walk-
ing afoot by their Betters. Luckily how-
ever the Gentry who attend at the Opera-
House were too busy to quit their Sta-
tions, and as the Lateness of the Hour pre-
vented him from meeting many of their
Brethren in the Street, he proceeded with-
out Molestation, in a Drefs, which, at a-
other Season, would have certainly raised
a Mob at his Heels:

The
The Lady was set down in a Street, not far from Hanover-Square, where the Door being presently opened, she was carried in, and the Gentleman, without any Ceremon y, walked in after her.

Jones and his Companion were now together in a very well-furnished and well-warm'd Room, when the Female still speaking in her Masquerade Voice, said, she was surprized at her Friend, who must absolutely have forgot her Appointment; at which after venting much Resentment, she suddenly express some Apprehension from Jones, and asked him what the World would think of their having been alone together in a House at that Time of Night? But instead of a direct Answer to so important a Question, Jones began to be very importunate with the Lady to unmask, and at length having prevailed, there appeared not Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but the Lady Bellaston herself.

It would be tedious to give the particular Conversation which consisted of very common and ordinary Occurrences, and which lasted from two till six o'Clock in the Morning. It is sufficient to mention all of
of it that is any wise material to this History. And this was a Promise that the Lady would endeavour to find out Sophia, and in a few Days bring him to an Interview with her, on Condition that he would then take his Leave of her. When this was thoroughly settled, and a second Meeting in the Evening appointed at the same Place, they separated; the Lady returned to her House, and Jones to his Lodgings.

CHAP. VIII.

Containing a Scene of Distress, which will appear very extraordinary to most of our Readers.

Jones having refreshed himself with a few Hours Sleep, summoned Partridge to his Presence; and delivering him a Bank Note of fifty Pounds, ordered him to go and change it. Partridge received this with sparkling Eyes, though when he came to reflect farther, it raised in him some Suspicions not very advantageous to the Honour of his Master; to these the dreadful Idea he had of the Masquerade, the Disguise in which his Master had gone out and returned, and his having been abroad all Night, contributed. In plain Language, the
the only Way he could possibly find to account for the Possession of this Note, was by Robbery; and, to confess the Truth, the Reader, unless he should suspect it was owing to the Generosity of Lady Bellaston, can hardly imagine any other.

To clear therefore the Honour of Mr. Jones, and to do Justice to the Liberality of the Lady, he had really received this Present from her, who, though she did not give much in to the Hackney Charities of the Age, such as building Hospitals, &c. was not, however, entirely void of that Christian Virtue; and conceived (very rightly I think) that a young Fellow of Merit, without a Shilling in the World, was no improper Object of this Virtue.

Mr. Jones and Mr. Nightingale had been invited to dine this Day with Mrs. Comynson. At the appointed Hour therefore the two young Gentlemen, with the two Girls, attended in the Parlour, where they waited from three till almost five before the good Woman appeared. She had been out of Town to visit a Relation, of whom, at her Return, she gave the following Account.
I hope, Gentlemen, you will pardon my making you wait; I am sure if you knew the Occasion. — I have been to see a Cousin of mine, about six Miles off, who now lies in. — It should be a Warning to all Persons (says she, looking at her Daughters) how they marry indifferently.

There is no Happiness in this World, without a Competency. O Nancy! how shall I describe the wretched Condition in which I found your poor Cousin; she hath scarce lain in a Week, and there was she, this dreadful Weather, in a cold Room, without any Curtains to her Bed, and not a Bushel of Coals in her House to supply her with Fire: Her second Son, that sweet little Fellow, lies ill of a Quinzy in the same Bed with his Mother, for there is no other Bed in the House.

Poor little Tommy! I believe, Nancy, you will never see your Favourite any more, for he is really very ill. The rest of the Children are in pretty good Health; but Molly, I am afraid, will do herself an Injury; she is but thirteen Years old, Mr. Nightingale, and yet, in my Life, I never saw a better Nurse: She tends both her Mother and her Brother; and what is wonderful in a Creature so young, she shows
The History of Book XIII.

shows all the Cheerfulness in the World to her Mother; and yet I saw her—I saw the poor Child, Mr. Nightingale, turn about, and privately wipe the Tears from her Eyes.' Here Mrs. Miller, was prevented, by her own Tears, from going on, and there was not, I believe, a Person present, who did not accompany her in them; at length she a little recovered herself, and proceeded thus, 'In all this Distress the Mother supports her Spirits in a surprising Manner. The Danger of her Son sits heaviest upon her, and yet she endeavours as much as possible to conceal even this Concern, on her Husband's Account. Her Grief, however, sometimes gets the better of all her Endeavours; for she was always extravagantly fond of this Boy, and a most sensible, sweet-tempered Creature it is. I protest I was never more affected in my Life, than when I heard the little Wretch, who is hardly yet seven Years old, while his Mother was wetting him with her Tears, beg her to be comforted. — Indeed, Mamma, cry'd the Child, I shan't die, God Almighty, I'm sure, wont take Tommy away; let Heaven be ever so fine a Place, I had rather stay here and starve with you and my Papa, than go to it.—Pardon me, Gentlemen,
men, I can't help it, (says she, wiping her
Eyes) such Sensibility and Afection in a
Child—And yet, perhaps, he is least
the Object of Pity, for a Day or two
will, most probably, place him beyond
the Reach of all human Evils. The
Father is indeed most worthy of Com-
passion. Poor Man, his Countenance is
the very Picture of Horror, and he looks
rather like one dead than alive. Oh Hea-
vens! what a Scene did I behold at my
first coming into the Room! The good
Creature was lying behind the Bollster,
supporting at once both his Child and his
Wife. He had nothing on but a thin
Waistcoat, for his Coat was spread over
the Bed, to supply the Want of Blankets
—When he rose up, at my Entrance,
I scarce knew him. As comely a Man,
Mr. Jones, within this Fortnight, as you
ever beheld; Mr. Nightingale hath seen
him. His Eyes sunk, his Face pale,
with a long Beard. His Body shivering
with Cold, and worn with Hunger too;
for my Cousin says, she can hardly pre-
vail upon him to eat. —— He told me
himself in a Whisper —— he told me—
I can't repeat it —— he said he could
not bear to eat the Bread his Children
wanted. And yet, can you believe it,
Gentlemen? In all this Misery, his Wife has as good Cawdle as if she lay in, in the midst of the greatest Affluence; I tasted it, and I scarce ever tasted better—The Means of procuring her this, he said, he believed was sent him by an Angel from Heaven; I know not what he meant, for I had not Spirits enough to ask a single Question.

This was a Love-Match, as they call it on both Sides; that is, a Match between two Beggars. I must indeed say I never saw a fonder Couple; but what is their Fondness good for, but to torment each other? Indeed, Mamma, cries Nancy, I have always looked on my Cousin Anderson (for that was her Name) as one of the happiest of Women. I am sure says Mrs. Miller, the Case at present is much otherwise; for any one might have discerned that the tender Consideration of each other's Sufferings, makes the most intolerable Part of their Calamity, both to the Husband and the Wife. Compared to which, Hunger and Cold, as they affect their own Persons only, are scarce Evils. Nay, the very Children, the youngest, which is not two Years old, excepted, feel in the same Manner; for they are a most loving Family; and
Ch. 8. a FOUNDLING.

if they had but a bare Competency, it would be the happiest People in the World. I never saw the least Sign of Misery at her House, replied Nancy; I am sure my Heart bleeds for what you now tell me.—O Child,' answered the Mother, 'she hath always endeavoured to make the best of every Thing. They have always been in great Distress; but, indeed, this absolute Ruin hath been brought upon them by others. The poor Man was Bail for the Villain his Brother; and about a Week ago, the very Day before her Lying-in, their Goods were all carried away, and sold by an Execution. He sent a Letter to me of it by one of the Bailiffs, which the Villain never delivered.—What must he think of my suffering a Week to pass before he heard of me?'

It was not with dry Eyes that Jones heard this Narrative; when it was ended, he took Mrs. Miller apart with him into another Room, and delivering her his Purse, in which was the Sum of 50l. desired her to send as much of it as she thought proper to these poor People. The Look which Mrs. Miller gave Jones, on this Occasion, is not easy to be described. She burst into a Kind of Agony of Transport, and cry'd out,
out,—"Good Heavens! Is there such a Man in the World?"—But recollecting herself, she said, "Indeed I know one such; but can there be another?" I hope, Madam," cries Jones, "there are many who have common Humanity: For to relieve such Distresses in our Fellow-Creatures, can hardly be called more." Mrs. Miller then took ten Guineas, which were the utmost he could prevail with her to accept, and said, "She would find some Means of conveying them early the next Morning," adding, "that she had herself done some little Matter for the poor People, and had not left them in quite so much Misery as she found them."

They then returned to the Parlour, where Nightingale express'd much Concern at the dreadful Situation of these Wretches, whom, indeed, he knew; for he had seen them more than once at Mrs. Miller's. He inveighed against the Folly of making oneself liable for the Debts of others; vented many bitter Excoriations against the Brother; and concluded with wishing something could be done for the unfortunate Family. 'Suppose, Madam,' said he, 'you should recommend them to Mr. Allworthy? Or what think you of a Collection?

I will
Ch. 8.  a FOUNDLING.  

I will give them a Guinea with all my Heart.

Mrs. Miller made no Answer; and Nanny, to whom her Mother had whispered the Generosity of Jones, turned pale upon the Occasion; though if either of them was angry with Nightingale, it was surely without Reason. For the Liberality of Jones, if he had known it, was not an Example which he had any Obligation to follow; and there are Thousands who would not have contributed a single Halfpenny, as indeed he did not in Effect, for he made no Tender of any thing; and therefore as the others thought proper to make no Demand, he kept his Money in his Pocket.

I have in Truth observed, and shall never have a better Opportunity than at present to communicate my Observation, that the World are in general divided into two Opinions concerning Charity, which are the very reverse of each other. One Party seems to hold, that all Acts of this Kind are to be esteems as voluntary Gifts, and however little you give (if indeed no more than your good Wishes) you acquire a great Degree of Merit in so doing. — Others, on the contrary, appear to
be as firmly persuaded, that Beneficence is a positive Duty, and that whenever the Rich fall greatly short of their Ability in relieving the Distresses of the Poor, their pitiful Largesses are so far from being meritorious, that they have only performed their Duty by Halves, and are in some Sense more contemptible than those who have entirely neglected it.

To reconcile these different Opinions is not in my Power. I shall only add, that the Givers are generally of the former Sentiment, and the Receivers are almost universally inclined to the latter.

C H A P. IX.

Which treats of Matters of a very different Kind from those in the preceding Chapter.

In the Evening Jones met his Lady again, and a long Conversation again ensued between them; but as it consisted only of the same ordinary Occurrences as before, we shall avoid mentioning Particulars, which we despair of rendering agreeable to the Reader; unless he is one whose Devotion to the Fair Sex, like that of the Papists to their Saints, wants to be raised by the
of Pictures. But I am so far from desiring to exhibit such Pictures to the Public, that I would wish to draw a Curtain over those that have been lately set forth in certain French Novels; very bungling Copies of which have been presented us here, under the Name of Translations.

Jones grew still more and more impatient to see Sophia; and finding, after repeated Interviews with Lady Bellaston, no Likelihood of obtaining this by her Means; for, on the contrary, the Lady began to treat even the Mention of the Name of Sophia with Resentment; he resolved to try some other Method. He made no Doubt but that Lady Bellaston knew where his Angel was, so he thought it most likely, that some of her Servants should be acquainted with the same Secret. Partridge therefore was employed to get acquainted with those Servants, in order to fish this Secret out of them.

Few Situations can be imagined more uneasy than that to which his poor Master was at present reduced; for besides the Difficulties he met with in discovering Sophia, besides the Fears he had of having disoblige him, and the Assurances he had received
ceived from Lady Bellaston of the Resolution which Sophia had taken against him, and of her having purposely concealed herself from him, which he had sufficient Reason to believe might be true; he had still a Difficulty to combat, which it was not in the Power of his Mistress to remove, however kind her Inclination might have been. This was the exposing of her to be disinherited of all her Father's Estate, the almost inevitable Consequence of their coming together without a Consent, which he had no Hopes of ever obtaining.

Add to all these the many Obligations which Lady Bellaston, whose violent Fondness we can no longer conceal, had heaped upon him; so that by her Means he was now become one of the best dress'd Men about Town; and was not only relieved from those ridiculous Distresses we have before mentioned, but was actually raised to a State of Affluence, beyond what he had ever known.

Now though there are many Gentlemen who very well reconcile it to their Consciences to possess themselves of the whole Fortune of a Woman, without making her any Kind of Return; yet to a Mind the
Ch. 9. a FOUNDLING.

Proprietor of which cloth not deserve to be hang'd, nothing is, I believe, more irksome than to support Love with Gratitude only; especially where Inclination pulls the Heart a contrary Way. Such was the unhappy Case of Jones; for tho' the virtuous Love which he bore to Sophia, and which left very little Affection for any other Woman had been entirely out of the Question, he could never have been able to have made an adequate Return to the generous Passion of this Lady, who had indeed been once an Object of Desire; but was now entered at least into the Autumn of Life; though she wore all the Gayety of Youth both in her Dress and Manner; nay, she contrived still to maintain the Roses in her Cheeks; but these, like Flowers forced out of Season by Art, had none of that lively blooming Freshness with which Nature, at the proper Time, bedecks her own Productions. She had, besides, a certain Imperfection, which renders some Flowers, tho' very beautiful to the Eye, very improper to be placed in a Wilderness of Sweets, and what above all others is most disagreeable to the Breath of Love.

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Though
Though Jones saw all these Discouragements on the one Side, he felt his Obligations full as strongly on the other; nor did he less plainly discern the ardent Passion whence those Obligations proceeded, the extreme Violence of which if he failed to equal, he well knew the Lady would think him ungrateful; and, what is worse, he would have thought himself so. He knew the tacit Consideration upon which all her Favours were conferred; and as his Necessity obliged him to accept them, so his Honour, he concluded, forced him to pay the Price. This therefore he resolved to do, whatever Misery it cost him, and to devote himself to her, from that great Principle of Justice, by which the Laws of some Countries oblige a Debtor who is no otherwise capable of discharging his Debt, to become the Slave of his Creditor.

While he was meditating on these Matters, he received the following Note from the Lady.

"A very foolish, but a very perverse Accident hath happened since our last Meeting, which makes it improper I should see
Ch. 9. **A Foundling.**

' see you any more at the usual Place. I will, if possible, contrive some other Place by To-morrow. In the mean Time, Adieu.'

This Disappointment, perhaps, the Reader may conclude was not very great; but if it was, he was quickly relieved; for in less than an Hour afterwards another Note was brought him from the same Hand, which contained as follows.

' I have altered my Mind since I wrote; a Change, which if you are no Stranger to the tenderest of all Passions, you will not wonder at. I am now resolved to see you this Evening, at my own House, whatever may be the Consequence. Come to me exactly at seven; I dine abroad, but will be at Home by that Time. A Day, I find, to those that sincerely love seems longer than I imagined.

' If you should accidentally be a few Moments before me, bid them shew you into the Drawing-Room.'

To confess the Truth, Jones was less pleased with this last Epistle, than he had been with the former, as he was prevented by
by it from complying with the earnest Entreaties of Mr. Nightingale, with whom he had now contracted much Intimacy and Friendship. These Entreaties were to go with that young Gentleman and his Company to a new Play, which was to be acted that Evening, and which a very large Party had agreed to damn, from some Dislike they had taken to the Author, who was a Friend to one of Mr. Nightingale's Acquaintance. And this Sort of Funn, our Heroe, we are ashamed to confess, would willingly have preferred to the above kind Appointment; but his Honour got the better of his Inclination.

Before we attend him to this intended Interview with the Lady, we think proper to account for both the preceding Notes, as the Reader may possibly be not a little surprized at the Imprudence of Lady Bellaston in bringing her Lover to the very House where her Rival was lodged.

First then the Mistress of the House where these Lovers had hitherto met, and who had been for some Years a Pensioner to that Lady, was now become a Methodist, and had that very Morning waited upon her Ladyship, and after rebuking her
Ch. 9. a F O U N D L I N G.  

her very severely for her past Life, had positively declared, that she would, on no Account, be instrumental in carrying on any of her Affairs for the future.

The Hurry of Spirits into which this Accident threw the Lady, made her despair of possibly finding any other Convenience to meet Jones that Evening; but as she began a little to recover from her Uneasiness at the Disappointment, she set her Thoughts to work, when luckily it came into her Head to propose to Sophia to go to the Play, which was immediately consented to, and a proper Lady provided for her Company. Mrs. Honour was likewise dispatched with Mrs. Etoff on the same Errand of Pleasure; and thus her own House was left free for the safe Reception of Mr. Jones, with whom she promised herself two or three Hours of uninterrupted Conversation, after her Return from the Place where she dined, which was at a Friend's House in a pretty distant Part of the Town, near her old Place of Assignation, where she had engaged herself before she was well apprized of the Revolution that had happened in the Mind and Morals of her late Confidante.

E. 5. C H A P.
CHAP. X.

A Chapter which, though short, may draw Tears from some Eyes.

Mr. Jones was just dress'd to wait on Lady Bellaston, when Mrs. Miller rapp'd at his Door; and being admitted, very earnestly desired his Company below Stairs to drink Tea in the Parlour.

Upon his Entrance into the Room, she presently introduced a Person to him, saying, 'This, Sir, is my Cousin, who hath been so greatly beholden to your Goodness, for which he begs to return you his sincerest Thanks.'

The Man had scarce entered upon that Speech, which Mrs. Miller had so kindly prefaced, when both Jones and he looking steadfastly at each other, showed at once the utmost Tokens of Surprize. The Voice of the latter began instantly to faulter; and, instead of finishing his Speech, he sunk down into a Chair, crying, 'It is so, I am convinced it is so!'
'Bless me, what's the Meaning of this, cries Mrs. Miller, you are not ill, I hope, Cousin? Some Water, a Dram this Instant.

'Be not frighted, Madam, cries Jones; I have almost as much Need of a Dram as your Cousin. We are equally surprized at this unexpected Meeting. Your Cousin is an Acquaintance of mine, Mrs. Miller.

'An Acquaintance! cries the Man, — Oh Heaven!

'Ay, an Acquaintance, repeated Jones; and an honoured Acquaintance too. When I do not love and honour the Man who dares venture every thing to preserve his Wife and Children from instant Destruction, may I have a Friend capable of disowning me in Adversity.

'O you are an excellent young Man, cries Mrs. Miller, — yes, indeed, poor Creature! he hath ventured every thing — If he had not had one of the best of Constitutions it must have killed him.
Cousin, cries the Man, who had now pretty well recovered himself; this is the Angel from Heaven whom I meant. This is he to whom before I saw you, I owed the Preservation of my Peggy. He it was to whose Generosity every Comfort, every Support which I have procured for her was owing. He is indeed the worthiest, bravest, noblest of all human Beings. O, Cousin, I have Obligations to this Gentleman of such a Nature!

Mention nothing of Obligations, cries Jones eagerly, not a Word, I insist upon it, not a Word. (Meaning, I suppose, that he would not have him betray the Affair of the Robbery to any Person) — If by the Trifle you have received from me, I have preserved a whole Family, sure Pleasure was never bought so cheap.

O, Sir, cries the Man, I wish you could this Instant see my House. If any Person had ever a Right to the Pleasure you mention, I am convinced it is yourself. My Cousin tells me, she acquainted you with the Distress in which she found us. That,
That, Sir, is all greatly removed, and chiefly by your Goodness. — My Children have now a Bed to lie on, and they have —— they have —— eternal Blessings reward you for it, —— they have Bread to eat. My little Boy is recovered; my Wife is out of Danger, and I am happy. All, all owing to you, Sir, and to my Cousin here, one of the best of Women. Indeed, Sir, I must see you at my House. — Indeed my Wife must see you, and thank you. — My Children too must express their Gratitude. —— Indeed, Sir, they are not without a Sense of their Obligation; but what is my Feeling when I reflect to whom I owe, that they are now capable of expressing their Gratitude. —— Oh, Sir! the little Hearts which you have warmed had now been cold as Ice without your Assistance.

Here Jones attempted to prevent the poor Man from proceeding; but indeed the Overflowing of his own Heart would of itself have stopped his Words. And now Mrs. Miller likewise began to pour forth Thanksgivings, as well in her own Name, as in that of her Cousin, and concluded with saying.
saying, she doubted not but such Goodness would meet a glorious Reward.

Jones answered, 'He had been sufficiently rewarded already. Your Cousin's Account, Madam, said he, hath given me a Sensation more pleasing than I have ever known. He must be a Wretch who is unmoved at hearing such a Story; how transporting then must be the Thought of having happily acted a Part in this Scene. If there are Men who cannot feel the Delight of giving Happiness to others, I sincerely pity them, as they are incapable of tasting what is, in my Opinion, a greater Honour, a higher Interest, and a sweeter Pleasure, than the ambitious, the avaricious, or the voluptuous Man can ever obtain.'

The Hour of Appointment being now come, Jones was forced to take a hasty Leave, but not before he had heartily shaken his Friend by the Hand, and desired to see him again as soon as possible; promising, that he would himself take the first Opportunity of visiting him at his own House. He then stepped into his Chair, and proceeded to Lady Bellaston's, greatly exulting in the Happiness which he had procured to this poor
poor Family; nor could he forbear reflecting without Horror on the dreadful Consequences which must have attended them, had he listened rather to the Voice of strict Justice, than to that of Mercy when he was attacked on the high Road.

Mrs. Miller sung forth the Praises of Jones during the whole Evening, in which Mr. Enderson, while he stayed, so passionately accompanied her, that he was often on the very Point of mentioning the Circumstances of the Robbery. However, he luckily recollected himself, and avoided an Indiscretion which would have been so much the greater, as he knew Mrs. Miller to be extremely strict and nice in her Principles. He was likewise well apprized of the Loquacity of this Lady; and yet such was his Gratitude, that it had almost got the better both of Discretion and Shame, and made him publish that which would have defamed his own Character, rather than omit any Circumstances which might do the fullest Honour to his Benefactor.
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CHAP. XI.

In which the Reader will be surprized.

Mr. Jones was rather earlier than the Time appointed, and earlier than the Lady, whose Arrival was hindered not only by the Distance of the Place where she dined, but by some other cross Accidents, very vexatious to one in her Situation of Mind. He was accordingly shewn into the Drawing Room, where he had not been many Minutes before the Door opened, and in came—no other than Sophia herself, who had left the Play before the End of the first Act; for this, as we have already said, being a new Play, at which two large Parties met, the one to damn, and the other to applaud, a violent Uproar; and an Engagement between the two Parties had so terrified our Heroine, that she was glad to put herself under the Protection of a young Gentleman, who safely conveyed her to her Chair.

As Lady Bellaston had acquainted her that she should not be at Home till late, Sophia expecting to find no one in the Room, came hastily in, and went directly to a Glass which almost fronted her, with-
out once looking towards the upper End
of the Room, where the Statue of Jones
now stood motionless.—In this Glass it
was, after contemplating her own lovely
Face, that she first discovered the said Sta-
tue; when instantly turning about, she
perceived the Reality of the Vision: Upon
which she gave a violent Scream, and scarce
preserved herself from fainting, till Jones
was able to move to her, and support her
in his Arms.

To paint the Looks or Thoughts of ei-
ther of these Lovers is beyond my Power.
As their Sensations, from their mutual Si-
cence, may be judged to have been too
big for their own Utterance, it cannot be
supposed, that I should be able to express
them: And the Misfortune is, that few of
my Readers have been enough in Love, to
feel by their own Hearts what past at this
Time in theirs.

After a short Pause, Jones, with faulter-
ing Accents, said, —— 'I see, Madam,
you are surprized.' —— 'Surprized!' an-
swered she; 'Oh Heavens! Indeed, I am
surprized. I almost doubt whether you
are the Person you seem.' 'Indeed,'
cries he, 'my Sophia, pardon me, Madam:
for
for this once calling you so, I am that very wretched Jones, whom Fortune, after so many Disappointments, hath, at last, kindly conducted to you. Oh! my Sophia, did you know the thousand Torments I have suffered in this long, fruitless Pursuit—— Pursuit of whom?” said Sophia, a little recollecting herself, and assuming a reserved Air.—‘ Can you be so cruel to ask that Question?’ cries Jones. ‘Need I say of you?’ ‘Of me?’ answered Sophia: ‘Hath Mr. Jones then any such important Business with me?’ ‘To some, Madam,’ cries Jones, ‘this might seem an important Business,’ (giving her the Pocket-Book). ‘I hope, Madam, you will find it of the same Value, as when it was lost.’ Sophia took the Pocket-Book, and was going to speak, when he interrupted her, thus; ——‘Let us not, I beseech you, lose one of these precious Moments which Fortune hath so kindly sent us.—O my Sophia, I have Business of a much superior Kind.——Thus, on my Knees, let me ask your Pardon.’—‘My Pardon?” cries she; ——‘Sure, Sir, after what is past you cannot expect, after what I have heard——‘I scarce know what I say,’ answered Jones. ‘By Heavens! I scarce wish
wish you should pardon me. O my Sophia, henceforth never cast away a Thought on such a Wretch as I am. If any Remembrance of me should ever intrude to give a Moment's Uneasiness to that tender Bosom, think of my Unworthiness; and let the Remembrance of what past at Upton blot me for ever from your Mind.

Sophia stood trembling all this while. Her Face was whiter than Snow, and her Heart was throbbing through her Stays. But at the mention of Upton, a Blush arose in her Cheeks, and her Eyes, which before she had scarce lifted up, were turned upon Jones with a Glance of Disdain. He understood this silent Reproach, and replied to it thus: 'O my Sophia, my only Love, you cannot hate or despise me more for what happened there, than I do myself: But yet do me the Justice to think, that my Heart was never unfaithful to you. That had no Share in the Folly I was guilty of; it was even then unalterably yours. Though I despaired of possessing you, nay, almost of ever seeing you more, I doated still on your charming Idea, and could seriously love no other Woman. But if my Heart had not been engaged, she
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She, into whose Company I accidentally fell at that cursed Place, was not an Object of serious Love. Believe me, my Angel, I never have seen her from that Day to this; and never intend, or desire, to see her again. Sophia, in her Heart, was very glad to hear this; but forcing into her Face an Air of more Coldness than she yet had assumed; 'Why,' said she, Mr. Jones, do you take the Trouble to make a Defence, where you are not accused? If I thought it worth while to accuse you, I have a Charge of an unpardonable Nature indeed.' 'What is it, for Heaven's Sake?' answered Jones, trembling and pale, expecting to hear of his Amour with Lady Bellaston. 'Oh,' said she, 'how is it possible! Can every Thing noble, and every Thing base, be lodged together in the same Bosom?' Lady Bellaston, and the ignominious Circumstance of having been kept, rose again in his Mind, and stopp'd his Mouth from any Reply. 'Could I have expected,' proceeded Sophia, 'such Treatment from you? Nay, from any Gentleman, from any Man of Honour? To have my Name traduced in Public; in Inns, among the meanest Vulgar! To have any little Favours, that my unguarded Heart may have
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'have too lightly betray'd me to grant,
'boasted of there! Nay, even to hear that
'you had been forced to fly from my
'Love!' Nothing could equal Jones's
Surprize at these Words of Sophia; but
yet, not being guilty, he was much less
embarrassed how to defend himself, than if
she had touched that tender String, at which
his Conscience had been alarmed. By some
Examination he presently found, that her
supposing him guilty of so shocking an
Outrage against his Love, and her Reputa-
tion, was entirely owing to Partridge's
Talk at the Inns, before Landlords and
Servants; for Sophia confessed to him, it
was from them that she received her Intelli-
gence. He had no very great Difficulty to
make her believe that he was entirely inno-
cent of an Offence so foreign to his Cha-
racter; but she had a great deal to hinder
him from going instantly Home, and put-
ting Partridge to Death, which he more than
once swore he would do. This Point being
cleared up, they soon found themselves so
well pleased with each other, that Jones
quite forgot he had begun the Converse-
tion with conjuring her to give up all
Thoughts of him; and she was in a Tem-
per to have given Ear to a Petition of a
very different Nature: For before they were
aware,
aware, they had both gone so far, that he let fall some Words that sounded like a Proposal of Marriage. To which she replied, 'That, did not her Duty to her Father forbid her to follow her own Inclinations, Ruin with him would be more welcome to her, than the most affluent Fortune with another Man.' At the mention of the Word Ruin he started, let drop her Hand, which he had held for some Time, and striking his Breast with his own, cried out, 'Oh, Sophia, can I then ruin thee? No; by Heavens, no! I never will act so base a Part. Dearest Sophia, whatever it costs me, I will renounce you; I will give you up: I will tear all such Hopes from my Heart, as are inconsistent with your real Good. My Love I will ever retain, but it shall be in Silence; it shall be at a Distance from you; it shall be in some foreign Land; from whence no Voice, no Sigh of my Despair, shall ever reach and disturb your Ears. And when I am dead—— He would have gone on, but was stop'd by a Flood of Tears which Sophia let fall in his Bosom, upon which she leaned, without being able to speak one Word. He kissed them off, which, for some Moments, she allowed him to do without any Resistance; but
but then recollecting herself, gently withdrew out of his Arms; and, to turn the Discourse from a Subject too tender, and which she found she could not support, be- thought herself to ask him a Question she had never had Time to put to him before, "How he came into that Room?" He begun to stammer, and would, in all Probability, have raised her Suspicions by the Answer he was going to give, when, at once, the Door opened, and in came Lady Belfaston.

Having advanced a few Steps, and seeing Jones and Sophia together, she suddenly stooped; when after a Pause of a few Moments, recollecting herself with admirable Presence of Mind, she said,—tho' with sufficient Indications of Surprize both in Voice and Countenance—"I thought, Miss Western, you had been at the 'Play?'"

Though Sophia had had no Opportunity of learning of Jones, by what Means he had discovered her, yet as she had not the least Suspicion of the real Truth, or that Jones and Lady Belfaston were acquainted; so she was very little confounded: And the less, as the Lady had, in all their Conversations
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versations on the Subject, entirely taken her Side against her Father. With very little Hesitation, therefore, she went through the whole Story of what had happened at the Playhouse, and the Cause of her hasty Return.

The Length of this Narrative gave Lady Bellaston an Opportunity of rallying her Spirits, and of considering in what Manner to act. And as the Behaviour of Sophia gave her Hopes that Jones had not betray'd her, she put on an Air of Good-Humour, and said, 'I should not have broke in so abruptly upon you, Miss Western, if I had known you had Company.'

Lady Bellaston fixed her Eyes on Sophia whilst she spoke these Words. To which that poor young Lady, having her Face overspread with Blushes and Confusion, answered; in a stammering Voice, 'I am sure, Madam, I shall always think the Honour of your Ladyship's Company.---' 'I hope, at least,' cries Lady Bellaston, 'I interrupt no Business.'---' No, Madam,' answered Sophia, 'our Business was at an End. Your Ladyship may be pleased to remember, I have often mentioned

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tioned the Loss of my Pocket-Book, which this Gentleman having very luckily found, was so kind to return to me with the Bill in it.

Jones, ever since the Arrival of Lady Bellaston, had been ready to sink with Fear. He sat kicking his Heels, playing with his Fingers, and looking more like a Fool, if it be possible, than a young hooby Squire, when he is first introduced into a polite Assembly. He began, however, now to recover himself; and taking a Hint from the Behaviour of Lady Bellaston, who, he saw, did not intend to claim any Acquaintance with him, he resolved as entirely to affect the Stranger on his Part. He said, 'Ever since he had had the Pocket-Book in his Possession, he had used great Diligence in enquiring out the Lady whose Name was writ in it; but never till that Day could be so fortunate to discover her.

Sophia had, indeed, mentioned the Loss of her Pocket-Book to Lady Bellaston; but as Jones, for some Reason or other, had never once hinted to her that it was in his Possession, she believed not one Syllable of what
what Sophia now said, and wonderfully admired the extreme Quickness of the young Lady, in inventing such an Excuse. The Reason of Sophia's leaving the Play-house met with no better Credit; and though she could not account for the Meeting between these two Lovers, she was firmly persuaded it was not accidental.

With an affected Smile, therefore, she said—"Indeed, Miss Western, you have had very good Luck in recovering your Money. Not only as it fell into the Hands of a Gentleman of Honour, but as he happened to discover to whom it belonged. I think you would not consent to have it advertised.—It was great good Fortune, Sir, that you found out to whom the Note belonged."

"O Madam," cries Jones, "it was inclosed in a Pocket-Book, in which the young Lady's Name was written."

"That was very fortunate indeed," cries the Lady; "And it was no less so, that you heard Miss Western was at my House; for she is very little known."
Jones had at length perfectly recovered his spirits; and as he conceived he had now an opportunity of satisfying Sophia, as to the question she had asked him just before Lady Bellaston came in, he proceeded thus: "Why, Madam," answered he, "it was by the luckiest chance imaginable I made this discovery. I was mentioning what I had found, and the name of the owner, the other night, to a lady at the masquerade, who told me, she believed she knew where I might see Miss Western; and if I would come to her house the next morning, she would inform me. I went according to her appointment, but she was not at home; nor could I ever meet with her till this morning, when she directed me to your ladyship's house. I came accordingly, and did myself the honour to ask for your ladyship; and upon my saying that I had very particular business, a servant shewed me into this room; where I had not been long before the young lady returned ed from the play."

Upon his mentioning the masquerade, he look'd very flyly at Lady Bellaston, with-
out any Fear of being remarked by Sophia; for she was visibly too much confounded to make any Observations. This Hint a little alarmed the Lady, and she was silent; when Jones, who saw the Agitations of Sophia's Mind, resolved to take the only Method of relieving her, which was by retiring: But before he did this, he said, 'I believe, Madam, it is customary to give some Reward on these Occasions;—I must insist on a very high one for my Honesty;—It is, Madam, no less than the Honour of being permitted to pay another Visit here.'

'Sir,' replied the Lady, 'I make no Doubt that you are a Gentleman, and my Doors are never shut to People of Fashion.'

Jones then, after proper Ceremonials, departed, highly to his own Satisfaction, and no less to that of Sophia; who was terribly alarmed left Lady Bellaston should discover what she knew already but too well.

Upon the Stairs Jones met his old Acquaintance Mrs. Honour, who, notwithstanding
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Standing all she had said against him, was now so well-bred to behave with great Civility. This Meeting proved indeed a lucky Circumstance, as he communicated to her the House where he lodged, with which Sophia was unacquainted.

CHAP. XII.

In which the Thirteenth Book is concluded.

THE elegant Lord Shaftesbury somewhere objects to telling too much Truth; By which it may be fairly inferred, that, in some Cases, to lie, is not only excusable but commendable.

And surely there are no Persons who may so properly challenge a Right to this commendable Deviation from Truth, as young Women in the Affair of Love; for which they may plead Precept, Education, and above all, the Sanction, nay, I may say, the Necessity of Custom, by which they are restrained, not from submitting to the honest Impulses of Nature (for that would be a foolish Prohibition) but from owning them.
We are not, therefore, ashamed to say, that our Heroine now pursued the Dictates of the abovementioned Right Honourable Philosopher. As she was perfectly satisfied then, that Lady Bellaston was ignorant of the Person of Jones, so she determined to keep her in that Ignorance, though at the Expence of a little Fibbing.

Jones had not been long gone, before Lady Bellaston cry'd, 'Upon my Word, a good pretty young Fellow; I wonder who he is: For I don't remember ever to have seen his Face before.'

'Nor I neither, Madam,' cries Sophia. 'I must say he behaved very handsomely in relation to my Note.'

'Yes; and he is a very handsome Fellow,' said the Lady; 'don't you think so?'

'I did not take much Notice of him,' answered Sophia; 'but I thought he seemed rather awkward and ungenteel than otherwise.'

'You are extremely right,' cries Lady Bellaston: 'You may see, by his Manner,
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'ter, that he hath not kept good Company. Nay, notwithstanding his returning your Note, and refusing the Reward, I almost question whether he is a Gentleman.—I have always observed there is a Something in Persons well-born, which others can never acquire.—I think I will give Orders not to be at Home to him.'

'Nay sure, Madam,' answered Sophia, one can't suspect after what he hath done:—Besides, if your Ladyship observed him, there was an Elegance in his Discourse, a Delicacy, a Prettiness of Expression that, that—

'I confess,' said Lady Bellaston, 'the Fellow hath Words—And indeed, Sophia, you must forgive me, indeed you must.'

'I forgive your Ladyship!' said Sophia.

'Yes indeed you must,' answered she, laughing; for I had a horrible Suspicion when I first came into the Room—I vow you must forgive it; but I suspected it was Mr. Jones himself.'

F 4  "Did
'Did your Ladyship indeed?' cries Sophia, blushing, and affecting a Laugh.

'Yes, I vow I did,' answered she, 'I can't imagine what put it into my Head: For, give the Fellow his due, he was genteelly dress'd; which, I think, dear Sopby, is not commonly the Cafe with your Friend.'

'This Raillery,' cries Sophia, 'is a little cruel, Lady Bellaston, after my Promise to your Ladyship.'

'Not at all, Child,' said the Lady;— It would have been cruel before; but after you have promised me never to marry without your Father's Consent, in which you know is implied your giving up Jones, sure you can bear a little Raillery on a Passion which was pardonable enough in a young Girl in the Country, and of which you tell me you have so entirely got the better. What must I think, my dear Sopby, if you cannot bear a little Ridicule even on his Dress? I shall begin to fear you are very far gone indeed; and almost question whether you have dealt ingenuously with me.'

'Indeed,
Indeed, Madam,' cries Sophia, 'your Ladyship mistakes me, if you imagine I had any Concern on his Account.'

'On his Account?' answered the Lady: 'You must have mistaken me; I went no farther than his Dress;—for I would not injure your Taste by any other Comparison—I don't imagine, my dear Sophy, if your Mr. Jones had been such a Fellow as this——'

'I thought,' says Sophia, 'your Ladyship had allowed him to be handsome.'——

'Whom, pray?' cried the Lady, hastily.

'Mr. Jones,' answered Sophia;—and immediately recollecting herself, 'Mr. Jones!—no, no; I ask your Pardon;—I mean the Gentleman who was just now here.'

'O Sophy! Sophy!' cries the Lady; 'this Mr. Jones, I am afraid, still runs in your Head.'

'Then upon my Honour, Madam,' said Sophia, 'Mr. Jones is as entirely in——'

F 5 different
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different to me, as the Gentleman who
just now left us.

'Upon my Honour,' said Lady Bellaston, 'I believe it. Forgive me, there-
fore, a little innocent Raillery; but I pro-
mise you I will never mention his Name
any more.'

And now the two Ladies separated, in-
finitely more to the Delight of Sophia, than
of Lady Bellaston, who would willingly
have tormented her Rival a little longer,
had not Business of more Importance called
her away. As for Sophia, her Mind was
not perfectly easy under this first Practice
of Deceit; upon which, when she retired
to her Chamber, she reflected with the
highest Uneasiness and conscious Shame.
Nor could the peculiar Hardship of her
Situation, and the Necessity of the Case, at
all reconcile her Conduct to her Mind;
the Frame of which was too delicate to bear
the Thought of having been guilty of a
Falshood, however qualified by Circum-
stances. Nor did this Thought once suffer
her to close her Eyes during the whole suc-
cceeding Night.

THE
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FOUNDLING.

BOOK XIV.
Containing two Days.

CHAP. I.

An Essay to prove that an Author will write the better, for having some Knowledge of the Subject on which he writes.

As several Gentlemen in these Times, by the wonderful Force of Genius only, without the least Assistance of Learning, perhaps, without being well able to read, have made a considerable Figure
This Doctrine, I am afraid, is, at present, carried much too far: For why should Writing differ so much from all other Arts? The Nimbleness of a Dancing-Master is not at all prejudiced by being taught to move; nor doth any Mechanic, I believe, exercise his Tools the worse by knowing how to use them. For my own Part, I cannot conceive that Homer or Virgil would have writ with more Fire, if, instead of being Masters of all the Learning of their Times, they had really been as ignorant as most of the Authors of the present Age. Nor do I believe that all the Imagination, Fire, and Judgment of Pitt could have produced those Orations that have made the Senate of England in these our Times a Rival in Eloquence to Greece and Rome, if he had not been so well read in the Writings of Demosthenes and Cicero, as to have transfused their whole Spirit into his Speeches,
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Speeches, and with their Spirit, their Knowledge too.

I would not here be understood to insist on the same Fund of Learning in any of my Brethren, as Cicero persuades us is necessary to the Composition of an Orator. On the contrary, very little Reading is, I conceive, necessary to the Poet, less to the Critic, and the least of all to the Politician. For the first, perhaps, Byssè's Art of Poetry, and a few of our modern Poets, may suffice; for the second, a moderate Heap of Plays; and for the last, an indifferent Collection of political Journals.

To say the Truth, I require no more than that a Man should have some little Knowledge of the Subject on which he treats, according to the old Maxim of Law, Quam quisque norit artem in ea se exerceat. With this alone a Writer may sometimes do tolerably well; and indeed without this, all the other Learning in the World will stand him in little stead.

For Instance, let us suppose that Homer and Virgil, Aristotle and Cicero, Thucydides and Livy could have met all together, and have clubbed their several Talents to have composed a Treatise on the Art of Dancing;
I believe it will be readily agreed they could not have equalled the excellent Treatise which Mr. Essex hath given us on that Subject, entitled, *The Rudiments of gentleman Education*. And, indeed, should the excellent Mr. Broughton be prevailed on to set *Fist* to Paper, and to complete the above-said Rudiments, by delivering down the true Principles of Athletics, I question whether the World will have any Cause to lament, that none of the great Writers, either ancient or modern, have ever treated about that noble and useful Art.

To avoid a Multiplicity of Examples in so plain a Case, and to come at once to my Point, I am apt to conceive, that one Reason why many *English* Writers have totally failed in describing the Manners of upper Life, may possibly be, that in Reality they know nothing of it.

This is a Knowledge unhappily not in the Power of many Authors to arrive at. Books will give us a very imperfect Idea of it; nor will the Stage a much better: The fine Gentleman formed upon reading the former will almost always turn out a Pedant, and he who forms himself upon the latter, a Coxcomb.

Nor
Nor are the Characters drawn from these Models better supported. Vanbrugh and Congreve copied Nature; but they who copy them draw as unlike the present Age, as Hogarth would do if he was to paint a Rout or a Drum in the Dress of Titian and of Vandyke. In short, Imitation here will not do the Business. The Picture must be after Nature herself. A true Knowledge of the World is gained only by Conversation, and the Manners of every Rank must be seen in order to be known.

Now it happens that this higher Order of Mortals is not to be seen, like all the rest of the Human Species, for nothing, in the Streets, Shops, and Coffee-houses: Nor are they shewn, like the upper Rank of Animals, for so much a Piece. In short, this is a Sight to which no Persons are admitted, without one or other of these Qualifications, viz. either Birth or Fortune; or what is equivalent to both, the honourable Profession of a Gamester. And very unluckily for the World, Persons so qualified, very seldom care to take upon themselves the bad Trade of Writing; which is generally entered upon by the lower and poorer Sort,
as it is a Trade which many think requires no Kind of Stock to set up with.

Hence those strange Monsters in Lace and Embroidery, in Silks and Brocades, with vast Wigs and Hoops; which, under the Name of Lords and Ladies, strut the Stage, to the great Delight of Attornies and their Clerks in the Pit, and of Citizens and their Apprentices in the Galleries; and which are no more to be found in real Life, than the Centaur, the Chimera, or any other Creature of mere Fiction. But to let my Reader into a Secret, this Knowledge of upper Life, though very necessary for the preventing Mistakes, is no very great Resource to a Writer whose Province is Comedy, or that Kind of Novels, which, like this I am writing, is of the comic Clafs.

What Mr. Pope says of Women is very applicable to most in this Station, who are indeed so entirely made up of Form and Affectation, that they have no Character at all, at least, none which appears. I will venture to say the highest Life is much the dullest, and affords very little Humour or Entertainment. The various Callings in lower Spheres produce the great Variety
Ch. 1. A FOUNDLING

Variety of humorous Characters; whereas here, except among the few who are engaged in the Pursuit of Ambition, and the fewer still who have a Relish for Pleasure, all is Vanity and servile Imitation. Dressing and Cards, eating and drinking, bowing and curtseying, make up the Business of their Lives.

Some there are however of this Rank, upon whom Passion exercises its Tyranny, and hurries them far beyond the Bounds which Decorum prescribes; of these, the Ladies are as much distinguished by their noble Intrepidity, and a certain superior Contempt of Reputation, from the frail ones of meaner Degree, as a virtuous Woman of Quality is by the Elegance and Delicacy of her Sentiments from the honest Wife of a Yeoman or Shopkeeper. Lady Bellaston was of this intrepid Character; but let not my Country Readers conclude from her, that this is the general Conduct of Women of Fashion, or that we mean to represent them as such. They might as well suppose, that every Clergyman was represented by Thwackum, or every Soldier by Ensign Northerton.

There
There is not indeed a greater Error than that which universally prevails among the Vulgar, who borrowing their Opinion from some ignorant Satyrisits, have affixed the Character of Lewdness to these Times. On the contrary, I am convinced there never was less of Love Intrigue carried on among Persons of Condition, than now. Our present Women have been taught by their Mothers to fix their Thoughts only on Ambition and Vanity, and to despise the Pleasures of Love as unworthy their Regard; and being afterwards, by the Care of such Mothers, married without having Husbands, they seem pretty well confirmed in the Justness of those Sentiments; whence they content themselves, for the dull Remainder of Life, with the Pursuit of more innocent, but I am afraid more childish Amusements, the bare Mention of which would ill suit with the Dignity of this History. In my humble Opinion, the true Character of the present Beau Monde, is rather Folly than Vice, and the only Epithet which it deserves is that of Trivial.
CHAP. II.

Containing Letters and other Matters which attend Amours.

JOHNS had not long been at Home, before he received the following Letter.

"I was never more surprized than when I found you was gone. When you left the Room, I little imagined you intended to have left the House without seeing me again. Your Behaviour is all of a Piece, and convinces me how much I ought to despise a Heart which can doat upon an Idiot; though I know not whether I should not admire her Cunning more than her Simplicity: Wonderful both! For though she understand not a Word of what passed between us, she yet had the Skill, the Assurance, the — what shall I call it? to deny to my Face, that she knows you, or ever saw you before. — Was this a Scheme laid between you, and have you been base enough to betray me? — O how
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I despise her, you, and all the World, but chiefly myself, for—I dare not write what I should afterwards run mad to read; but remember, I can detest as violently as I have loved.

Jones had but little Time given him to reflect on this Letter, before a second was brought him from the same Hand; and this, likewise, we shall set down in the precise Words.

When you consider the Hurry of Spirits in which I must have writ, you cannot be surprized at any Expressions in my former Note. Yet, perhaps, on Reflection, they were rather too warm. At least I would, if possible, think all owing to the odious Playhouse, and to the Impertinence of a Fool, which detained me beyond my Appointment. How easy is it to think well of those we love? Perhaps you desire I should think so. I have resolved to see you To-Night, so come to me immediately.

P. S. I have ordered to be at Home to none but yourself.

P.
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"P. S. Mr. Jones will imagine I shall assist him in his Defence; for I believe he cannot desire to impose on me more than I desire to impose on myself.

"P. S. Come immediately."

To the Men of Intrigue I refer the Determination, whether the angry or the tender Letter gave the greatest Uneasiness to Jones. Certain it is, he had no violent Inclination to pay any more Visits that Evening, unless to one single Person. However he thought his Honour engaged, and had not this been Motive sufficient, he would not have ventured to blow the Temper of Lady Bellaston into that Flame of which he had Reason to think it susceptible, and of which he feared the Consequence might be a Discovery to Sophia, which he dreaded. After some discontented Walks therefore about the Room, he was preparing to depart, when the Lady kindly prevented him, not by another Letter, but by her own Presence. She entered the Room very disordered in her Dress, and very discomposed in her Looks,
Looks, and threw herself into a Chair, where having recovered her Breath, she said, —— 'You see, Sir, when Women have gone one Length too far, they will stop at none. If any Person would have sworn this to me a Week ago, I would not have believed it of myself.' I hope, Madam, said Jones, my charming Lady Bellaston will be as difficult to believe any thing against one who is so sensible of the many Obligations she hath conferred upon him.' —— Indeed! says the, sensible of Obligations! Did I expect to hear such cold Language from Mr. Jones?' Pardon me, my dear Angel, said he, if after the Letters I have received, the Terrors of your Anger, though I know not how I have deserved it' —— 'And have I then, says she with a Smile, so angry a Countenance? — Have I really brought a chiding Face with me?' —— If there be Honour in Man, said he, I have done nothing to merit your Anger. —— You remember the Appointment you sent me —— I went in Pursuance —— I beseech you, cry'd she, do not run through the odious Recital —— Answer me but one Question, and I shall be easy —— Have you not betrayed my Honour.
Honour to her? — Jones fell upon his knees, and began to utter the most violent protestations, when Partridge came dancing and capering into the room, like one drunk with joy, crying out, she's found! she's found! — Here, Sir, here, she's here, — Mrs. Honour is upon the stairs. Stop her a moment, cries Jones, — Here, Madam, step behind the bed, I have no other room nor closet, nor place on earth to hide you in; sute never was so damn'd an accident. — D—n'd indeed! said the lady as she went to her place of concealment; and presently afterwards in came Mrs. Honour. Hey day! says she, Mr. Jones, what's the matter? — That impudent rascal, your servant, would scarce let me come up stairs. I hope he hath not the same reason now to keep me from you as he had at Upton. — I suppose you hardly expected to see me; but you have certainly bewitched my lady. Poor dear young lady! To be sure, I loves her as tenderly as if she was my own sister. Lord have mercy upon you, if you don't make her a good husband; and to be sure, if you do not, nothing can be
be bad enough for you.' Jones begged his only to whisper, for that there was a Lady dying in the next Room.' 'A Lady! cries she: ay, I suppose one of your Ladies.—O Mr. Jones, there are too many of them in the World; I believe we are got into the House of one, for my Lady Bellaston I darst to say is no better than she should be. —'Hush! hush! cries Jones, every Word is overheard in the next Room.' 'I don't care a Farthing, cries Honour, I speaks no Scandal of any one; but to be sure the Servants makes no Scruple of saying as how her Ladyship meets Men at another Place — where the House goes under the Name of a poor Gentlewoman, but her Ladyship pays the Rent, and many's the good Thing besides, they say, she hath of her.' — Here Jones, after expressing the utmost Uneasiness, offered to stop her Mouth, — Hey day! why sure Mr. Jones you will let me speak, I speaks no Scandal, for I only says what I heard from others, — and thinks I to myself much good may it do the Gentlewoman with her Riches, if she comes by it in such a wicked Manner. To be sure it is better
better to be poor and honest.' The Servants are Villains, cries Jones, and abuse their Lady unjustly — Ay to be sure Servants are always Villains, and so my Lady says, and won't hear a Word of it.' —— 'No, I am convinced, says Jones, my Sophia is above listening to such base Scandal.' Nay, I believe it is no Scandal neither, cries Honour, for why should she meet Men at another House? — It can never be for any Good: for if she had a lawful Design of being courted, as to be sure any Lady may lawfully give her Company to Men upon that Account; why where can be the Sense? — I protest, cries Jones, I can't hear all this of a Lady of such Honour, and a Relation of Sophia; besides you will distract the poor Lady in the next Room. —— Let me intreat you to walk with me down Stairs. —— Nay, Sir, you won't let me speak, I have done—Here, Sir, is a Letter from my young Lady,—what would some Men give to have this? But, Mr. Jones, I think you are not over and above generous, and yet I have heard some Servants say; but I am sure you will do me the Justice to own I never saw the Colour of your Money.' Here Jones hastily took the Letter, and presently after slip'd five Pieces into her Hand. He then re-
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turned a thousand Thanks to his dear Sophia in a Whisper, and begged her to leave him to read her Letter; she presently departed, not without expressing much grateful Sense of his Generosity.

Lady Bellaston now came from behind the Curtain. How shall I describe her Rage? Her Tongue was at first incapable of Utterance; but Streams of Fire darted from her Eyes, and well indeed they might, for her Heart was all in a Flame. And now as soon as her Voice found Way, instead of expressing any Indignation against Honour, or her own Servants, she began to attack poor Jones. 'You see, said she, what I have sacrificed to you, my Reputation, my Honour, — gone for ever! And what Return have I found? Neglected, slighted for a Country Girl, for an Idiot.' — What Neglect, Madam, or what Slight, cries Jones, have I been guilty of?

— Mr. Jones, said she, it is in vain to dissimulate, if you will make me easy, you must entirely give her up; and as a Proof of your Intention, shew me the Letter.'

— What Letter, Madam? said Jones. Nay, surely, said she, you cannot have the Confidence to deny your having received a Letter by the Hands of that Trollop.' And can your Ladyship, cries he,
Ch. 2: a FOUNDLING. 123
he, ask of me what I must part with my Honour before I grant? Have I acted in such a Manner by your Ladyship? Could I be guilty of betraying this poor innocent Girl to you, what Security could you have, that I should not act the same Part by yourself? A Moment's Reflection will, I am sure, convince you, that a Man with whom the Secrets of a Lady are not safe, must be the most contemptible of Wretches. Very well, said she—I need not insist on your becoming this contemptible Wretch in your own Opinion; for the Inside of the Letter could inform me of nothing more than I know already. I see the Footing you are upon.'—Here ensued a long Conversation, which the Reader, who is not too curious, will thank me for not inserting at length. It shall suffice therefore to inform him, that Lady Bellaston grew more and more pacified, and at length believed, or affected to believe, his Protestations, that his meeting with Sophia that Evening was merely accidental, and every other Matter which the Reader already knows, and which as Jones set before her in the strongest Light, it is plain that she had in Reality no Reason to be angry with him.

G 2

She
She was not however in her Heart perfectly satisfied with his Refusal to shew her the Letter, so deaf are we to the clearest Reason, when it argues against our prevailing Passions. She was indeed well convinced that Sophia possessed the first Place in Jones's Affections; and yet, haughty and amorous as this Lady was, she submitted at last to bear the second Place; or to express it more properly in a legal Phrase, was contented with the Possession of that of which another Woman had the Reversion.

It was at length agreed, that Jones should for the future visit at the House: for that Sophia, her Maid, and all the Servants would place these Visits to the Account of Sophia; and that she herself would be considered as the Person imposed upon.

This Scheme was contrived by the Lady, and highly relished by Jones, who was indeed glad to have a Prospect of seeing his Sophia at any Rate; and the Lady herself was not a little pleased with the Impostion on Sophia, which Jones, she thought, could not possibly discover to her for his own Sake.
The next Day was appointed for the first Visit, and then, after proper Ceremonials, the Lady Bellaston returned Home.

CHAP. III.

Containing various Matters.

Jones was no sooner alone, than he eagerly broke open his Letter, and read as follows.

"Sir, it is impossible to express what I have suffered since you left this House; and as I have Reason to think you intend coming here again, I have sent Honour, though so late at Night, as she tells me she knows your Lodgings, to prevent you. I charge you, by all the Regard you have for me, not to think of visiting here; for it will certainly be discovered; nay, I almost doubt from some Things which have dropt from her Ladyship, that she is not already without some Suspicion. Something favourable perhaps may happen; we must wait with Patience; but I once more entreat you, if you have any Concern for my Ease, do not think of returning hither."

G 3. This
This Letter administered the same Kind of Consolation to poor Jones, which Job formerly received from his Friends. Besides disappointing all the Hopes which he promised to himself from seeing Sophia, he was reduced to an unhappy Dilemma, with Regard to Lady Belfaston; for there are some certain Engagements, which, as he well knew, do very difficulty admit of any Excuse for the Failure; and to go, after the strict Prohibition from Sophia, he was not to be forced by any human Power. At length, after much Deliberation, which during that Night supply'd the Place of Sleep, he determined to feign himself sick: For this suggested itself as the only means of failing the appointed Visit, without incensing Lady Belfaston, which he had more than one Reason of desiring to avoid.

"The first Thing however which he did in the Morning was to write an Answer to Sophia, which he enclosed in one to Honour. He then dispatched another to Lady Belfaston, containing the abovementioned Excuse; and to this he soon received the following Answer."
I am vexed that I cannot see you here this Afternoon, but more concerned for the Occasion; take great Care of your self, and have the best Advice, and I hope there will be no Danger. — I am so tormented all this Morning with Fools that I have scarce a Moment’s Time to write to you. Adieu.

P. S. I will endeavour to call on you this Evening at nine. —— Be sure to be alone.

Mr. Jones now received a Visit from Mrs. Miller, who, after some formal Introduction, began the following Speech.

I am very sorry, Sir, to wait upon you on such an Occasion; but I hope you will consider the ill Consequence which it must be to the Reputations of my poor Girls, if my House should once be talked of as a House of ill Fame. I hope you won’t think me therefore guilty of Impertinence, if I beg you not to bring any more Ladies in at that Time of Night. The Clock had struck two before one of them went away. ’ I do assure you, Madam, said Jones, the Lady who was here last Night, and who..."
said the latest (for the other only brought me a Letter) is a Woman of very great Fashion, and my near Relation. I don't know what Fashion she is of, answered Mrs. Miller, but I am sure no Woman of Virtue, unless a very near Relation indeed, would visit a young Gentleman at ten at Night, and stay four Hours in his Room with him alone; besides, Sir, the Behaviour of her Chairmen shews what she was; for they did nothing but make Jests all the Evening in the Entry, and asked Mr. Partridge in the hearing of my own Maid, if Madam intended to stay with his Master all Night; with a great deal of Stuff not proper to be repeated. I have really a great Respect for you, Mr. Jones, upon your own Account, nay I have a very high Obliga-
tion to you for your Generosity to my Cousin. Indeed I did not know how very good you had been till lately. Little did I imagine to what dreadful Courses the poor Man's Distress had driven him. Little did I think when you gave me the ten Guinea's, that you had given them to a Highwayman! O Heavens! What Goodness have you shewn? How have you preserved this Family.—The Char-
acter which Mr. Allworthy hath former-
Ch. 3: A FOUNDLING.

ly given me of you, was, I find, strict-
ly true. —— And indeed if I had no
Obligation to you, my Obligations to
him are such, that, on his Account, I
should shew you the utmost Respect in
my Power. —— Nay, believe me, dear
Mr. Jones, if my Daughters and my own
Reputation were out of the Case, I
should, for your own Sake, be sorry that
so pretty a young Gentleman should con-
verse with these Women; but if you
are resolved to do it, I must beg you to
take another Lodging; for I do not my-
sel like to have such Things carried on
under my Roof; but more especially up-
on the Account of my Girls, who have
little, Heaven knows, besides their Cha-
racers to recommend them.' Jones start-
ed and changed Colour at the Name of All-
worthy. 'Indeed, Mrs. Miller, answered
he a little warmly; I do not take this at
all kind. I will never bring any Slander
on your House; but I must insist on see-
ing what Company I please in my own
Room; and if that gives you any Of-
fence, I shall, as soon as I am able, look
for another Lodging.' 'I am sorry we
must part then, Sir,' said she, but I am
convinced Mr. Allworthy himself would
never come within my Doors, if he had
the
The History of Book XIV.

the least Suspicion of my keeping an ill House.' — 'Very well, Madam,' said Jones.' — 'I hope, Sir,' said she, 'you are not angry; for I would not for the World offend any of Mr. Allworthy's Family. I have not slept a wink all Night about this Matter.' — 'I am sorry, I have disturbed your Rest, Madam,' said Jones, but I beg you will send Partridge up to me immediately,' which she promised to do, and then with a very low Courtesie retired.

As soon as Partridge arrived, Jones fell upon him in the most outrageous manner. — 'How often,' said he, 'am I to suffer for your Folly, or rather for my own in keeping you? Is that Tongue of yours resolved upon my Destruction?' — 'What have I done, Sir?' answered affrighted Partridge. 'Who was it gave you Authority to mention the Story of the Robbery, or that the Man you saw here was the Person?' — 'I Sir?' cries Partridge. 'Now don't be guilty of a Falshood in denying it,' said Jones. — 'If I did mention such a Matter,' answers Partridge, 'I am sure, I thought no Harm: For I should not have opened my Lips, if it had not been to his own Friends and Relations, who, I imagined
Ch. 3. A FOUNDLING.

imagined, would have let it go no far-
er. 'But I have a much heavier Charge
against you,' cries Jones, 'than this. How
durst you, after all the Precautions I gave
you, mention the Name of Mr. Allworthy
in this House?' Partridge denied that he
ever had, with many Oaths. 'How else,'
said Jones, 'should Mrs. Miller be acquaint-
ed that there was any Connection between
him and me? And it is but this Moment
she told me, she respected me on his Ac-
count.'—'O Lord, Sir,' said Partridge,
'I desire only to be heard out; and to be
sure, never was any thing so unfortunate;
hear me but out, and you will own how
wrongfully you have accused me. When
Mrs. Honour came down Stairs last Night,
she met me in the Entry, and asked me
when my Master had heard from Mr. All-
worthy; and to be sure Mrs. Miller heard
the very Words; and the Moment Ma-
dam Honour was gone, she called me in-
to the Parlour to her.' 'Mr. Partridge,'
says she, 'What Mr. Allworthy is that the
Gentlewoman mentioned? Is it the
great Mr. Allworthy of Somersetshire?'
'Upon my Word, Madam,' says I, I
know nothing of the Matter.'—'Sure,'
says she, 'your Master is not the Mr.
Jones I have heard Mr. Allworthy talk of?'

G 6

Upon
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Upon my Word, Madam, says I, I know nothing of the Matter. Then, says she, turning to her Daughter Nancy, says she, as sure as ten Pence this is the very young Gentleman, and he agrees exactly with the Squire's Description. The Lord above knows who it was told her, for I am the arrantest Villain that ever walked upon two Legs if ever it came out of my Mouth.—I promise you, Sir, I can keep a Secret when I am desired.—Nay, Sir, so far was I from telling her anything about Mr. Allworthy, that I told her the very direct contrary: For though I did not contradict it at that Moment, yet as second Thoughts, they say, are best; so when I came to consider that some body must have informed her, thinks I to myself, I will put an End to the Story, and so I went back again into the Parlor some time afterwards, and says I, Upon my word, says I, whoever, says I, told you that this Gentleman was Mr. Jones, that is, says I, that this Mr. Jones was that Mr. Jones, told you a confounded Lie; and I beg, says I, you will never mention any such Matter, says I: for my Master, says I, will think I must have told you so, and I defy any body in the House, ever to say, I mentioned any.
any such Word. To be certain, Sir, it is a wonderful Thing, and I have been thinking with myself ever since, how it was she came to know it; not but I saw an old Woman here t'other Day a begging at the Door, who looked as like her we saw in Warwickshire, that caused all that Mischief to us. To be sure it is never good to pass by an old Woman without giving her something, especially if she looks at you; for all the World shall never persuade me but that they have a great Power to do Mischief, and to be sure I shall never see an old Woman again, but I shall think to myself, Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare Do- lorem.

The Simplicity of Partridge set Jones a laughing, and put a final end to his Anger, which had indeed seldom any long Duration in his Mind; and instead of commenting on his Defence, he told him he intended presently to leave those Lodgings, and ordered him to go and endeavour to get him others.

C H A P.
Which we hope will be very attentively perused by young People of both Sexes.

PARTRIDGE had no sooner left Mr. Jones, than Mr. Nightingale, with whom he had now contracted a great Intimacy, came to him, and after a short Salutation, said, 

So Tom, I hear you had Company very late last Night. Upon my Soul, you are a happy Fellow, who have not been in Town above a Fortnight, and can keep Chairs waiting at your Door till two in the Morning.” He then ran on with much common-place Raillery of the same Kind, till Jones at last interrupted him, saying, ‘I suppose you have received all this Information from Mrs. Miller, who hath been up here a little while ago to give me Warning. The good Woman is afraid, it seems, of the Reputation of her Daughters.’ ‘O she is wonderfully nice, says Nightingale, ‘upon that Account; if you remember, she would not let Nancy go with us to the Masquerade.’ ‘Nay, upon my Honour, I think she’s in the Right of it,’ says Jones; however I have taken her
her at her Word, and have sent Partridge
to look for another Lodging.' 'If you
will,' says Nightingale, 'we may, I be-
lieve, be again together; for to tell you:
a Secret, which I desire you won't men-
tion in the Family, I intend to quit the
House to-day.' — 'What, hath Mrs.
Miller given you Warning too, my
Friend?' cries Jones. 'No,' answered
the other; 'but the Rooms are not con-
venient enough.—Besides, I am grown
weary of this part of the Town. I want
to be nearer the Places of Diversion;
so I am going to Pallmall.' — 'And do
you intend to make a Secret of your go-
ing away?' said Jones. 'I promise you,'
answered Nightingale, 'I don't intend to
bilk my Lodgings; but I have a private
Reason for not taking a formal Leave.'
Not so private,' answered Jones; 'I pro-
mise you, I have seen it ever since the
second Day of my coming to the House.
— Here will be some wet Eyes on your
Departure.—Poor Nancy, I pity her,
faith! —— Indeed, Jack, you have
play'd the Fool with that girl — You
have given her a Longing, which I am
afraid nothing will ever cure her of.'
— Nightingale answered, 'What the Devil
would you have me do? Would you
have me marry her to cure her?' —
'No,'
"No," answered Jones, "I would not have had you make Love to her, as you have often done in my Presence. I have been astonished at the Blindness of her Mother in never seeing it." 'Pugh, see it!' cries Nightingale, 'What the Devil should she see?' 'Why see,' said Jones, 'that you have made her Daughter distractedly in Love with you. The poor Girl cannot conceal it a Moment, her Eyes are never off from you, and she always colours every time you come into the Room. Indeed, I pity her heartily; for she seems to be one of the best natured, and honestest of human Creatures.' 'And so, answered Nightingale, according to your Doctrine, one must not amuse one's self by any common Gallantries with Women, for fear they should fall in love with us.' Indeed, Jack,' said Jones, 'you willfully misunderstand me; I do not fancy Women are so apt to fall in love; but you have gone far beyond common Gallantries.'

— What do you suppose,' says Nightingale, 'that we have been a-bed together?'

'No, upon my Honour,' answered Jones, very seriously, 'I do not suppose so ill of you; nay, I will go farther, I do not imagine you have laid a regular premeditated Scheme for the Destruction of the Quiet
Ch. 4. F O U N D L I N G. 137

Quiet of a poor little Creature, or have
even foreseen the Consequence; for I am
sure thou art a very good-natured Fellow,
and such a one can never be guilty of a
Cruelty of that Kind; but at the same
time, you have pleased your own Vanity,
without considering that this poor Girl
was made a Sacrifice to it; and while you
have had no Design but of amusing an
idle Hour, you have actually given her
Reason to flatter herself, that you had
the most serious Designs in her Favour.
Prithee, Jack, answer me honestly: To
what have tended all those elegant and
luxurious Descriptions of Happiness arising
from violent and mutual Fondness, all
those warm Professions of Tenderness, and
generous, disinterested Love? did you
imagine she would not apply them? or
speak ingenuously, did not you intend
she should?" 'Upon my Soul, Tom,'
cries Nightingale, 'I did not think this
was in thee. Thou wilt make an admir-
ble Parson. — So, I suppose, you would
not go to Bed to Nancy now, if she
would let you?' — 'No,' cries James,
'for the d---n'd if I would.' 'Tom,
Tom,' answered Nightingale, 'last Night,
remembers last Night.

—When.
—When every Eye was clos’d, and the pale Moon,  
And silent Stars shone conscious of the Theft.

‘Looke, Mr. Nightingale,’ said Jones,  
I am no canting Hypocrite, nor do I pretend to the Gift of Chastity, more than my Neighbours. I have been guilty with Women, I own it; but am not conscious that I have ever injured any — nor would I to procure Pleasure to myself, be knowingly the Cause of Misery to any human Being.’

‘Well, well,’ said Nightingale, ‘I believe you, and I am convinced you acquit me of any such Thing.’

‘I do, from my Heart,’ answered Jones, of having debauched the Girl, but not from having gained her Affections.

‘If I have,’ said Nightingale, ‘I am sorry for it; but Time and Absence will soon wear off such Impressions. It is a Receipt I must take myself: For to confess the Truth to you — I never liked any Girl half so much in my whole Life; but
but I must let you into the whole Secret, Tom. My Father hath provided a Match for me, with a Woman I never saw, and she is now coming to Town, in order for me to make my Address to her.

At these Words Jones burst into a loud Fit of Laughter; when Nightingale cried, Nay, prithee don't turn me into Ridicule. The Devil take me if I am not half mad about this Matter! My poor Nancy! Oh Jones, Jones, I wish I had a Fortune in my own Possession.

I heartily wish you had,' cries Jones; for if this be the Case, I sincerely pity you both: But surely you don't intend to go away without taking your Leave of her.'

'I would not,' answered Nightingale, undergo the Pain of taking Leave for ten thousand Pound; besides, I am convinced, instead of answering any good Purpose, it would only serve to inflame my poor Nancy the more. I beg therefore, you would not mention a Word of it today, and in the Evening or to-morrow morning I intend to depart.'

Jones
Jones promised he would not, and said, upon Reflection he thought, as he had determined and was obliged to leave her, he took the most prudent Method. He then told Nightingale, he should be very glad to lodge in the same House with him; and it was accordingly agreed between them, that Nightingale should procure him either the Ground Floor, or the two Pair of Stairs; for the young Gentleman himself was to occupy that which was between them.

This Nightingale, of whom we shall be presently obliged to say a little more, was in the ordinary Transactions of Life a Man of strict Honour, and what is more rare among young Gentlemen of the Town, one of strict Honesty too; yet in Affairs of Love he was somewhat looser in his Morals; not that he was even here as void of Principle as Gentlemen sometimes are, and oftner affect to be; but it is certain he had been guilty of some indefensible Treachery to Women, and had in a certain Mystery called making Love, practiced many Deceits, which if he had used in Trade he would have been counted the greatest Villain upon Earth.

But:
Ch. 4. a F O U N D L I N G.

But as the World, I know not well for what Reason, agree to see this Treachery in a better Light, he was so far from being ashamed of his Iniquities of this Kind, that he gloried in them, and would often boast of his Skill in gaining of Women, and his Triumphs over their Hearts, for which he had before this time received some Rebukes from Jones, who always express'd great Bitterness against any Misbehaviour to the fair Part of the Species, who, if considered, he said, as they ought to be, in the Light of the dearest Friends, were to be cultivated, honoured, and caress'd with the utmost Love and Tenderness; but if regarded as Enemies, were a Conquest of which a Man ought rather to be ashamed than to value himself upon it.
C H A P. V.

A short Account of the History of Mrs. Miller.

JO N E S this Day eat a pretty good Dinner for a sick Man, that is to say, the larger Half of a Shoulder of Mutton. In the Afternoon he received an Invitation from Mrs. Miller to drink Tea: For that good Woman having learnt, either by Means of Partridge, or by some other Means natural or super-natural, that he had a Connection with Mr. Allworthy, could not endure the Thoughts of parting with him in an angry Manner.

Jones accepted the Invitation; and no sooner was the Tea-kettle removed, and the Girls sent out of the Room, than the Widow, without much Preface, began as follows: ‘Well, there are very surprizing Things happen in this World; but certainly it is a wonderful Business, that I should have a Relation of Mr. Allworthy in my House, and never know any Thing of the Matter. Alas! Sir, you little imagine what a Friend that best of Gentles-
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Gentlemen hath been to me and mine.
Yes, Sir, I am not ashamed to own it; it is owing to his Goodness, that I did not long since perish for Want, and leave my poor little Wretches, two destitute, helpless, friendless Orphans, to the Care, or rather to the Cruelty of the World.

You must know, Sir, though I am now reduced to get my Living by letting Lodgings, I was born and bred a Gentlewoman. My Father was an Officer of the Army, and died in a considerable Rank: But he lived up to his Pay; and as that expired with him, his Family, at his Death, became Beggars. We were three Sisters. One of us had the good Luck to die soon afterwards of the Small-pox: A Lady was so kind to take the second out of Charity, as she said, to wait upon her. The Mother of this Lady had been a Servant to my Grandmother; and having inherited a vast Fortune from her Father, which he had got by Pawn-broking, was married to a Gentleman of great Estate and Fashion. She used my Sister so barbarously, often upbraiding her with her Birth and Poverty, calling her in Derision a Gentlewoman, that I believe she at length broke the Heart of the
the poor Girl. In short, she likewise died within a Twelvemonth after my Father. Fortune thought proper to provide better for me, and within a Month from his Decease I was married to a Clergyman, who had been my Lover a long Time before, and who had been very ill-used by my Father on that Account; for though my poor Father could not give any of us a Shilling, yet he bred us up as delicately, considered us, and would have had us consider ourselves as highly, as if we had been the richest Heiresses. But my dear Husband forgot all this Usage, and the Moment we were become fatherless, he immediately renewed his Addresses to me so warmly, that I, who always liked, and now more than ever esteemed him, soon comply'd. Five Years did I live in a State of perfect Happiness with that best of Men, 'till at last—Oh! cruel, cruel Fortune that ever separated us, that deprived me of the kindest of Husbands, and my poor Girls of the tenderest Parent.—O my poor Girls! you never knew the Blessing which ye lost.—I am ashamed, Mr. Jones, of this womanish Weakness; but I shall never mention him without Tears.—' I ought rather, Madam,' said Jones, ' to be ashamed...
ed that I do not accompany you.'—
'Well, Sir,' continued she, 'I was now
left a second Time in a much worse Con-
dition than before; besides the terrible
Affliction I was to encounter, I had now
two Children to provide for; and was,
if possible, more penniless than ever,
when that great, that good, that glorious
Man, Mr. Allworthy, who had some
little Acquaintance with my Husband,
accidentally heard of my Distress, and
immediately writ this Letter to me. Here,
Sir;—here it is; I put it into my Pocket
to shew it you. This is the Letter, Sir;
I must and will read it you. "Madam,
I heartily condole with you on your late
grievous Loss, which your own good
Sense, and the excellent Lessons you must
have learnt from the worthiest of Men,
will better enable you to bear, than any
Advice which I am capable of giving.
Nor have I any Doubt that you, whom
I have heard to be the tenderest of
Mothers, will suffer any immoderate In-
dulgence of Grief to prevent you from
discharging your Duty to those poor In-
fants, who now alone stand in Need of
your Tenderness.

Vol. V. H How
However, as you must be supposed at present to be incapable of much worldly Consideration, you will pardon my having ordered a Person to wait on you, and to pay you Twenty Guineas, which I beg you will accept till I have the Pleasure of seeing you, and believe me to be, Madam, &c.

This Letter, Sir, I received within a Fortnight after the irreparable Loss I have mentioned, and within a Fortnight afterwards, Mr. Allworthy,—the blessed Mr. Allworthy, came to pay me a Visit, when he placed me in the House you now see me, gave me a large Sum of Money to furnish it, and settled an Annuity of 50l. a Year upon me, which I have constantly received ever since. Judge then, Mr. Jones, in what Regard I must hold a Benefactor, to whom I owe the Preservation of my Life, and of those dear Children, for whose Sake alone my Life is valuable.—Do not, therefore, think me impertinent, Mr. Jones, (since I must esteem one for whom I know Mr. Allworthy hath so much Value) if I beg you not to converse with these wicked Women. You are a young Gentleman, and do not know half...
half their artful Wiles. Do not be angry with me, Sir, for what I said upon account of my House; you must be sensible it would be the Ruin of my poor dear Girls. Besides, Sir, you cannot but be acquainted, that Mr. Allworthy himself would never forgive my conniving at such Matters, and particularly with you.

Upon my Word, Madam, said Jones, you need make no farther Apology nor do I in the least take any Thing ill you have said; but give me Leave, as no one can have more Value than myself for Mr. Allworthy, to deliver you from one Mistake, which, perhaps, would not be altogether for his Honour: I do assure you, I am no Relation of his.

Alas! Sir, answered she, I know you are not. I know very well who you are; for Mr. Allworthy hath told me all. But I do assure you, had you been twenty Times his Son, he could not have expressed more Regard for you, than he hath often expressed in my Presence. You need not be ashamed, Sir, of what you are; I promise you no good Person will esteem you the less on that Account.

No,
No, Mr. Jones; the Words dishonourable Birth are Nonsense, as my dear, dear Husband used to say, unless the Word dishonourable be applied to the Parents; for the Children can derive no real Dishonour from an Act of which they are entirely innocent.

Here Jones heaved a deep Sigh, and then said, 'Since I perceive, Madam, you really do know me, and Mr. Allworthy hath thought proper to mention my Name to you; and since you have been so explicit with me as to your own Affairs, I will acquaint you with some more Circumstances concerning myself.' And these Mrs. Miller having expressed great Desire and Curiosity to hear, he began and related to her his whole History, without once mentioning the Name of Sophia.

There is a Kind of Sympathy in honest Minds, by Means of which they give an easy Credit to each other. Mrs. Miller believed all which Jones told her to be true, and express'd much Pity and Concern for him. She was beginning to comment on the Story, but Jones interrupted her: For as the Hour of Assignment now drew nigh, he began to stipulate for a second Interview with
with the Lady that Evening, which he promised should be the last at her House; swearing, at the same Time, that she was one of great Distinction, and that nothing but what was entirely innocent was to pass between them; and I do firmly believe he intended to keep his Word.

Mrs. Miller was at length prevailed on, and Jones departed to his Chamber, where he sat alone till Twelve o’Clock, but no Lady Belfaston appeared.

As we have said that this Lady had a great Affection for Jones, and as it must have appeared that she really had so, the Reader may perhaps wonder at the first Failure of her Appointment, as she apprehended him to be confined by Sickness, a Season when Friendship seems most to require such Visits. This Behaviour, therefore, in the Lady, may, by some, be condemned as unnatural; but that is not our Fault; for our Business is only to record Truth.
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C H A P. VI.

Containing a Scene which we doubt not will affect all our Readers.

Mr. Jones closed not his Eyes during all the former Part of the Night; not owing to any Uneasiness which he conceived at being disappointed by Lady Bellaston; nor was Sophia herself, though most of his waking Hours were justly to be charged to her Account, the present Cause of dispelling his Slumbers. In fact, poor Jones was one of the best-natured Fellows alive, and had all that Weakness which is called Compassion, and which distinguishes this imperfect Character from that noble Firmness of Mind, which rolls a Man, as it were, within himself, and, like a polished Bowl, enables him to run through the World without being once stopped by the Calamities which happen to others. He could not help, therefore, compassionating the Situation of poor Nancy, whose Love for Mr. Nightingale seemed to him so apparent, that he was astonished at the Blindness of her Mother, who had more than once, the preceding Evening, remarked to him
him the great Change in the Temper of her Daughter, 'who from being,' she said, 'one of the liveliest, merriest Girls in the World, was, on a sudden, become all Gloom and Melancholy.'

Sleep, however, at length got the better of all Resistance; and now, as if he had really been a Deity, as the Ancients imagined, and an offended one too, he seemed to enjoy his dear-bought Conquest. —To speak simply, and without any Metaphor, Mr. Jones slept 'til Eleven the next Morning, and would, perhaps, have continued in the same quiet Situation much longer, had not a violent Uproar awakened him.

Partridge was now summoned, who, being asked what was the Matter, answered, 'That there was a dreadful Hurricane below Stairs; that Miss Nancy was in Fits; and that the other Sister and the Mother were both crying and lamenting over her.' Jones expressed much Concern at this News, which Partridge endeavoured to relieve, by saying, with a Smile, 'He fancied the young Lady was in no Danger of Death; for that Susan (which was the Name of the Maid) had given him to understand; ..."
it was nothing more than a common Affair. In short," said he, "Miss Nancy hath had a Mind to be as wise as her Mother; that's all. She was a little hungry, it seems, and so sat down to Dinner before Grace was said, and so there is a Child coming for the Foundling Hospital." —— "Prithce leave thy stupid jesting," cries Jones; "is the Misery of these poor Wretches a Subject of Mirth? Go immediately to Mrs. Miller, and tell her, I beg Leave,—Stay, you will make some Blunder, I will go myself; for she desired me to breakfast with her." He then rose and dressed himself as fast as he could; and while he was dressing, Partridge, notwithstanding many severe Re- bukes, could not avoid throwing forth certain Pieces of Brutality, commonly called Jests, on this Occasion. Jones was no sooner dressed than he walked down Stairs, and knocking at the Door was presently admitted, by the Maid, into the outward Parlour, which was as empty of Company as it was of any Apparatus for eating. Mrs. Miller was in the inner Room with her Daughter, whence the Maid presently brought a Message to Mr. Jones, "that her Mistress hoped he would excuse the Disappointment, but an Accident had happened, which made it im-
impossible for her to have the Pleasure of his Company at Breakfast that Day, and begged his Pardon for not sending him up. Notice sooner.' Jones desired she would give herself no Trouble about any Thing so trifling as his Disappointment; that he was heartily sorry for the Occasion; and that if he could be of any Service to her, she might command him.' He had scarce spoke these Words, when Mrs. Miller, who heard them all, suddenly threw open the Door, and coming out to him, in a Flood of Tears, said, 'O Mr. Jones, you are certainly one of the best young Men alive. I give you a thousand Thanks for your kind Offer of your Service; but, alas! Sir, it is out of your Power to preserve my poor Girl.—O my Child, my Child! She is undone, she is ruined for ever!' 'I hope, Madam,' said Jones, 'no Villain'—'O Mr. Jones,' said she, 'that Villain who Yesteray left my Lodgings, hath betrayed my poor Girl; hath destroyed her,—I know you are a Man of Honour. You have a good—a noble Heart, Mr. Jones. The Actions to which I have been myself a Witness, could proceed from no other: I will tell you all: Nay, indeed, it is impossible, after what hath happened, to keep...
That Nightingale, that barbarous Villain hath undone my Daughter. She is—she is—oh! Mr. Jones, my Girl is with Child by him; and in that Condition he hath deserted her. Here! here, Sir, is his cruel Letter; read it, Mr. Jones, and tell me if such another Monster lives. The Letter was as follows:

Dear Nancy,

As I found it impossible to mention to you what I am afraid will be no less shocking to you, than it is to me, I have taken this Method to inform you, that my Father insists upon my immediately paying my Addresses to a young Lady of Fortune, whom he hath provided for my—I need not write the detested Word. Your own good Understanding will make you sensible, how entirely I am obliged to an Obedience, by which I shall be for ever excluded from your dear Arms. The Fondness of your Mother may encourage you to trust her with the unhappy Consequence of our Love, which may be easily kept a Secret from the World, and for which I will take Care to provide, as I will for you. I wish you may feel less on this Account than I have suffered: But summon all your Fortitude to
to your Assistance, and forgive and forget the Man, whom nothing but the Prospect of certain Ruin, could have forced to write this Letter. I bid you forget me, I mean only as a Lover; but the best of Friends you shall ever find in

Your faithful, tho' unhappy

When Jones had read this Letter, they both stood silent during a Minute, looking at each other; at last he began thus:

I cannot express, Madam, how much I am shocked at what I have read; yet let me beg you, in one Particular, to take the Writer's Advice. Consider the Reputation of your Daughter. It is gone; it is lost, Mr. Jones, cry'd she, as well as her Innocence. She received the Letter in a Room-full of Company, and immediately swooning away upon opening it, the Contents were known to every one present. But the Loss of her Reputation, bad as it is, is not the worst; I shall lose my Child; she hath attempted twice to destroy herself already. And though she hath been hitherto prevented, vows she will
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will not out-live it; nor could I myself out-live any Accident of that Nature.—

What then will become of my little Betsy, a helpless, infant Orphan? And the poor, little Wretch will, I believe, break her Heart at the Miseries with which she sees her Sister and myself distracted, while she is ignorant of the Cause.—O tis the most sensible, and the best-natured little Thing. The barbarous cruel

—hath destroyed us all. O my poor Children! Is this the Reward of all my Cares? Is this the Fruit of all my Prospects? Have I so cheerfully undergone all the Labours and Duties of a Mother? Have I been so tender of their Infancy, so careful of their Education? Have I been toiling so many Years, denying myself even the Conveniencies of Life to provide some little Sustenance for them, to lose one or both in such a Manner? Indeed, Madam," said Jones, with Tears in his Eyes, "I pity you from my Soul."—"O Mr. Jones," answered she, even you, though I know the Goodness of your Heart, can have no Idea of what I feel. The best, the kindest, the most dutiful of Children. O my poor Nancy, the Darling of my Soul; the Delight of my Eyes; the Pride of my Heart:
Heart: Too much, indeed, my Pride; for those foolish, ambitious Hopes, arising from her Beauty, I owe her Ruin. Alas! I saw with Pleasure the Liking which this young Man had for her. I thought it an honourable Affection; and flattered my foolish Vanity with the Thoughts of seeing her married to one so much her superior. And a thousand Times in my Presence, nay, often in yours, he hath endeavoured to sooth and encourage these Hopes by the most generous Expressions of disinterested Love, which he hath always directed to my poor Girl, and which I, as well as she, believed to be real. Could I have believed that these were only Snares laid to betray the Innocence of my Child, and for the Ruin of us all?—At these Words little Betsy came running into the Room, crying, "Dear Mamma, for Heaven's Sake come to my Sister, for she is in another Fit, and my Cousin can't hold her." Mrs. Miller immediately obeyed the Summons; but first ordered Betsy to stay with Mr. Jones, and begged him to entertain her a few Minutes, saying, in the most pathetic Voice, "Good Heaven! let me preserve one of my Children at least."
Jones, in Compliance with this Request, did all he could to comfort the little Girl, though he was, in Reality, himself very highly affected with Mrs. Miller's Story. He told her, 'her Sister would be very well again soon: That by taking on in that Manner, she would not only make her Sister worse, but make her Mother ill too.' 'Indeed, Sir,' says she, I would not do any Thing to hurt them for the World. I would burst my Heart, rather than they should see me cry.—But my poor Sister can't see me cry.—I am afraid she will never be able to see me cry any more. Indeed, I can't part with her; indeed I can't.—And then poor Mamma too, what will become of her?' ——She says she will die too, and leave me; but I am resolved I won't be left behind.' 'And are you not afraid to die, my little Betsy?' said Jones. 'Yes,' answered she, 'I was always afraid to die; because I must have left my Mamma, and my Sister; but I am not afraid of going any where with those I love.'

Jones was so pleased with this Answer, that he eagerly kissed the Child; and soon after
after Mrs. Miller returned, saying, 'She thanked Heaven Nancy was now come to herself. And now, Betsy,' says she, 'you may go in, for your Sister is better, and longs to see you.' She then turned to Jones, and began to renew her Apologies for having disappointed him of his Breakfast.

'I hope, Madam,' said Jones, 'I shall have a more exquisite Repast than any you could have provided for me. This, I assure you, will be the Case, if I can do any Service to this little Family of Love. But whatever Success may attend my Endeavours, I am resolved to attempt it. I am very much deceived in Mr. Nightingale, if, notwithstanding what hath happened, he hath not much Goodness of Heart at the Bottom, as well as a very violent Affection for your Daughter. If this be the Case, I think the Picture which I shall lay before him, will affect him. Endeavour, Madam, to comfort yourself and Miss Nancy, as well as you can. I will go instantly in quest of Mr. Nightingale; and I hope to bring you good News.'

Mrs.
Mrs. Miller fell upon her Knees, and invoked all the Blessings of Heaven upon Mr. Jones; to which she afterwards added the most passionate Expressions of Gratitude. He then departed to find Mr. Nightingale, and the good Woman returned to comfort her Daughter, who was somewhat cheered at what her Mother told her; and both joined in resounding the Praises of Mr. Jones.

CHAP. VII.

The Interview between Mr. Jones and Mr. Nightingale.

THE Good or Evil we confer on others, very often, I believe, recoils on ourselves. For as Men of a benign Disposition enjoy their own Acts of Beneficence, equally with those to whom they are done, so there are scarce any Natures so entirely diabolical, as to be capable of doing Injuries, without paying themselves some Pangs, for the Ruin which they bring on their Fellow-Creatures.

Mr. Nightingale, at least, was not such a Person. On the contrary, Jones found him in
in his new Lodgings, sitting melancholy by the Fire, and silently lamenting the unhappy Situation in which he had placed poor Nancy. He no sooner saw his Friend appear, than he rose hastily to meet him; and after much Congratulation said, "Nothing could have been more opportune than this kind Visit; for I was never more in the Spleen in my Life."

"I am sorry," answered Jones, "that I bring News very unlikely to relieve you; nay, what I am convinced must, of all other, shock you the most. However, it is necessary you should know it." Without further Preface then, I come to you, Mr. Nightingale, from a worthy Family, which you have involved in Misery and Ruin." Mr. Nightingale changed Colour at these Words; but Jones, without regarding it, proceeded, in the liveliest Manner, to paint the tragical Story, with which the Reader was acquainted in the last Chapter.

"Nightingale" never once interrupted the Narration, though he discovered violent Emotions at many Parts of it. But when it was concluded, after fetching a deep Sigh,
he said, 'What you tell me, my Friend, affects me in the tenderest Manner. Sure there never was so cursed an Accident as the poor Girl's betraying my Letter. Her Reputation might otherwise have been safe, and the Affair might have remained a profound Secret; and then the Girl might have gone off never the worse; for many such Things happen in this Town; and if the Husband should suspect a little, when it is too late, it will be his wiser Conduct to conceal his Suspicion both from his Wife and the World.'

'Indeed, my Friend,' answered Jones, this could not have been the Case with your poor Nancy. You have so entirely gained her Affections, that it is the Loss of you, and not of her Reputation, which afflicts her, and will end in the Destruction of her and her Family.'  'Nay, for that Matter, I promise you,' cries Nightgale, 'she hath my Affections so absolutely, that my Wife, whoever she is to be, will have very little Share in them.

And is it possible then,' said Jones, 'you can think of deserting her?' 'Why what can I do?' answered the other. 'Ask
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"Ask Miss Nancy," replied Jones warmly.

"In the Condition to which you have reduced her, I sincerely think she ought to determine what Reparation you shall make her. Her Interest alone, and not yours, ought to be your sole Consideration. But if you ask me what you shall do; what can you do less," cries Jones, "than fulfill the Expectations of her Family, and her own. Nay, and I sincerely tell you, they were mine too, ever since I first saw you together. You will pardon me, if I presume on the Friendship you have favoured me with, moved as I am with Compassion for those poor Creatures. But your own Heart will best suggest to you, whether you have never intended, by your Conduct, to persuade the Mother, as well as the Daughter, into an Opinion, that you designed honourably: And if so, though there may have been no direct Promise of Marriage in the Case, I will leave to your own good Understanding, how far you are bound to proceed."

"Nay, I must not only confess what you have hinted," said Nightingale; "but I am afraid even that very Promise you men-
mention I have given. 'And can you, after owning that,' said Jones, 'hesitate a Moment?' 'Consider, my Friend,' answered the other; 'I know you are a Man of Honour, and would advise no one to act contrary to its Rules; if there were no other Objection, can I, after this Publication of her Disgrace, think of such an Alliance with Honour?' 'Undoubtedly,' replied Jones; 'and the very best and truest Honour, which is Goodness, requires it of you. As you mention a Scruple of this Kind, you will give me Leave to examine it. Can you, with Honour, be guilty of having, under false Pretences, deceived a young Woman and her Family, and of having, by these Means, treacherously robbed her of her Innocence? Can you, with Honour, be the knowing, the wilful, hay, I must add, the artful Con- triver of the Ruin of a Human Being? Can you, with Honour, destroy the Fame, the Peace, hay, probably, both the Life and Soul too of this Creature? Can Hon- our bear the Thought, that this Creature is a tender, helpless, defenceless young Woman? A young Woman who loves, who doats on you, who dies for you; who hath placed the utmost Confi- dence in your Promises; and to that Con-
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...fidence hath sacrificed every thing which is dear to her? Can Honour support such contemplations as these a Moment?

"Common Sense, indeed," said Nightingale, "warrants all you say; but yet you well know the Opinion of the World is so much the contrary, that was I to marry a Whore, tho' my own, I should be ashamed of ever showing my Face again."

"Fie upon it, Mr. Nightingale," said Jones, "do not call her by so ungenerous a Name: When you promised to marry her, she became your Wife, and she hath sinned more against Prudence than Virtue. And what is this World, which you would be ashamed to face, but the Vile, the Foolish, and the Profligate? Forgive me, if I say such a Shame must proceed from false Modesty, which always attends false Honour as its Shadow. —— But I am well assured there is not a Man of real Sense and Goodness in the World, who would not honour and applaud the Action. But admit no other would, would not your own Heart; my Friend, applaud it? And do not the warm, rapturous Sensations, which we feel from the Consciousness of an honest, noble,
noble, generous, benevolent Action, convey more Delight to the Mind, than the undeserved Praise of Millions? Set the Alternative fairly before your Eyes. On the one Side, see this poor, unhappy, tender, believing Girl, in the Arms of her wretched Mother, breathing her last. Hear her breaking Heart in Agonies sighing out your Name; and lamenting, rather than accusing, the Cruelty which weighs her down to Destruction. Paint to your Imagination the Circumstances of her fond, despairing Parent, driven to Madness, or, perhaps, to Death, by the Loss of her lovely Daughter. View the poor, helpless, Orphan-Infant: And when your Mind hath dwelt a Moment only on such Ideas, consider yourself as the Cause of all; the Ruin of this poor, little, worthy, defenceless Family. On the other Side, consider yourself as relieving them from their temporary Sufferings. Think with what Joy, with what Transports, that lovely Creature will fly to your Arms. See her Blood returning to her pale Cheeks, her Fire to her languid Eyes, and Raptures to her tortured Breast. Consider the Exultations of her Mother; the Happiness of all. Think of this little Family, made, by one Act of yours,
completely happy. Think of this Alternative, and sure I am mistaken in my Friend, if it requires any long Deliberation, whether he will sink these Wretches down for ever, or, by one generous, noble Resolution, raise them all from the Brink of Misery and Despair, to the highest Pitch of human Happiness. Add to this but one Consideration more; the Consideration that it is your Duty so to do—That the Misery from which you will relieve these poor People, is the Misery which you yourself have willfully brought upon them.

O my dear Friend, cries Nightingale, I wanted not your Eloquence to roufe me. I pity poor Nancy from my Soul, and would willingly give any Thing in my Power, that no Familiarities had ever passed between us. Nay, believe me, I had many Struggles with my Passion, before I could prevail with myself to write that cruel Letter, which hath caused all the Misery in that unhappy Family. If I had no Inclinations to consult but my own, I would marry her Tomorrow Morning; I would, by Heaven; but you will easily imagine how impossible it would be to prevail on my Father to consent to such
such a Match; besides, he hath provided another for me; and Tomorrow, by his express Command, I am to wait on the Lady.

"I have not the Honour to know your Father," said Jones; but suppose he could be persuaded, would you yourself consent to the only Means of preserving these poor People?" As eagerly as I would pursue my Happiness," answered Nightingale; "for I never shall find it in any other Woman.—O my dear Friend, could you imagine what I have felt within these twelve Hours for my poor Girl, I am convinced she would not engross all your Pity. Passion leads me only to her; and if I had any foolish Scruples of Honour, you have fully satisfied them: Could my Father be induced to comply with my Desires, nothing would be wanting to compleat my own Happiness, or that of my Nancy."

"Then I am resolved to undertake it," said Jones. "You must not be angry with me, in whatever Light it may be necessary to set this Affair, which, you may depend on it, could not otherwise be long hid from him; for Things of this Nature
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cure make a quick Progress, when once
they get abroad, as this unhappy hath
already. Besides, should any fatal Acci-
cdent follow, as upon my Soul I am a-
fraid will, unless immediately prevented,
the Public would ring of your Name,
in a Manner which, if your Father hath
common Humanity, must offend him.
If you will therefore tell me where I may
find the old Gentleman, I will not lose
a Moment in the Business; which while
I pursue, you cannot do a more generous
Action, than by paying a Visit to the
poor Girl. You will find I have not
exaggerated in the Account I have given
of the Wretchedness of the Family.

Nightingale immediately consented to the
Proposal; and now having acquainted Jones
with his Father's Lodging, and the Coffee-
house where he would most probably find
him, he hesitated a Moment, and then said,
My dear Tom, you are going to under-
take an Impossibility. If you knew my
Father, you would never think of obtain-
ing his Consent.—Stay, there is one
Way—Suppose you told him I was
already married, it might be easier to re-
concile him to the Fact after it was done;

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and
and, upon my Honour, I am so affected
with what you have said, and I love my
Nancy so passionately, I almost wish it was
done, whatever might be the Conse-
quence.

Jones greatly approved the Hint, and
promised to pursue it. They then separated,
Nightingale to visit his Nancy, and Jones in
quest of the old Gentleman.

C H A P. VIII.

What passed between Jones and old Mr.
Nightingale, with the Arrival of a Per-
son not yet mentioned in this History.

Notwithstanding the Sentiment of the
Roman Satyrlist, which denies the Di-
vinity of Fortune; and the Opinion of Se-
neca to the same Purpose; Cicero, who was,
I believe, a wiser Man than either of them,
expressly holds the contrary; and certain it
is there are some Incidents in Life so very
strange and unaccountable, that it seems to
require more than human Skill and Fore-
sight in producing them.

Of this Kind was what now happened to
Jones, who found Mr. Nightingale the el-
der
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order in so critical a Minute, that Fortune, if she was really worthy all the Worship she received at Rome, could not have contrived such another. In short the old Gentleman and the Father of the young Lady whom he intended for his Son, had been hard at it for many Hours; and the latter was just now gone, and had left the former delighted with the Thoughts that he had succeeded in a long Contention which had been between the two Fathers of the future Bride and Bridegroom; in which both endeavoured to over-reach the other, and, as not rarely happens in such Cases, both had retreated fully satisfied of having obtained the Victory.

This Gentleman whom Mr. Jones now visited, was what they call a Man of the World, that is to say, a Man who directs his Conduct in this World, as one who being fully persuaded there is no other, is resolved to make the most of this. In his early Years he had been bred to Trade, but having acquired a very good Fortune, he had lately declined his Business; or to speak more properly, had changed it from dealing in Goods to dealing only in Money, of which he had always a plentiful Fund at Command, and of which he knew very well how to make a very plentiful Advantage; somet-

I 2 times
times of the Necessities of private Men, and sometimes of those of the Public. He had indeed conversed so entirely with Money, that it may be almost doubted, whether he imagined there was any other thing really existed in the World; this at least may be certainly averred, that he firmly believed nothing else to have any real Value.

The Reader will, I fancy, allow, that Fortune could not have culled out a more improper Person for Mr. Jones to attack with any Probability of Success, nor could the whimsical Lady have directed this Attack at a more unseasonable Time.

As Money then was always uppermost in this Gentleman's Thoughts, so the Moment he saw a Stranger within his Doors, it immediately occurred to his Imagination, that such Stranger was either come to bring him Money, or to fetch it from him. And according as one or other of these Thoughts prevailed, he conceived a favourable or unfavourable Idea of the Person who approached him.

Unluckily for Jones, the latter of these was the Ascendant at present; for as a young Gentleman had visited him the Day before,
before, with a Bill from his Son for a Play Debt, he apprehended at the first Sight of Jones, that he was come on such another Errand. Jones therefore had no sooner told him that he was come on his Son's Account, than the old Gentleman, being confirmed in his Suspicion, burst forth into an Exclamation, 'That he would lose his Labour.' 'Is it then possible, Sir, answered Jones, that you can guess my Business?' 'If I do, guess it, replied the other, I repeat again to you, you will lose your Labour. What, I suppose you are one of those Sparks who lead my Son into all those Scenes of Riot and Debauchery, which will be his Destruction; but I shall pay no more of his Bills I promise you. I expect he will quit all such Company for the future. If I had imagined otherwise I should not have provided a Wife for him; for I would be instrumental in the Ruin of no Body.' 'How, Sir, said Jones, and was this Lady of your providing?' Pray, Sir, answered the old Gentleman, how comes it to be any Concern of yours?' —Nay, dear Sir, replied Jones, be not offended that I interest myself in what regards your Son's Happiness, for whom I have so great an Honour and Value. It was upon that very Account I came to

wait
wait upon you. I can't express the Satisfaction you have given me by what you say; for I do assure you your Son is a Person for whom I have the highest Honour.—Nay, Sir, it is not easy to express the Esteem I have for you, who could be so generous, so good, so kind, so indulgent to provide such a Match for your Son; a Woman who, I dare swear, will make him one of the happiest Men upon Earth.

There is scarce any thing which so happily introduces Men to our good Liking, as having conceived some Alarm at their first Appearance; when once those Apprehensions begin to vanish, we soon forget the Fears which they occasioned, and look on ourselves as indebted for our present Ease, to those very Persons who at first rais'd our Fears.

Thus it happened to Nightingale, who no sooner found that Jones had no Demand on him, as he suspected, then he began to be pleased with his Presence. 'Pray, good Sir, said he, be pleased to sit down. I do not remember to have ever had the Pleasure of seeing you before; but if you are a Friend of my Son, and have any thing to say concerning this young Lady, I shall be glad.
Ch. 8. a FOUNDLING. glad to hear you. As to her making
him happy, it will be his own Fault if
she doth not. I have discharged my Du-
ty, in taking Care of the main Article.
She will bring him a Fortune capable of
making any reasonable, prudent, sober.
Man happy.' 'Undoubtedly, cries Jones,
for she is in her self a Fortune; so beauti-
ful, so genteel, so sweet-tempered, and so
well educated; she is indeed a most ac-
complished young Lady; sings admirably
well, and hath a most delicate Hand at
the Harpsichord.' 'I did not know any
of these Matters, answered the old Gen-
tleman, for I never saw the Lady; but
I do not like her the worse for what you
tell me; and I am the better pleased with
her Father for not laying any Stress on
these Qualifications in our Bargain. I
shall always think it a Proof of his Un-
derstanding. A silly Fellow would have
brought in these Articles as an Addition
to her Fortune; but to give him his due,
he never mentioned any such Matter;
though to be sure they are no Disparage-
ments to a Woman.' 'I do assure you,
Sir, cries Jones, she hath them all in the
most eminent Degree: For my Part I
own I was afraid you might have been a
little backward, a little less inclined to the
Match:
The History of Book XIV.

—To Miss Harris! Said Jones, no Sir, to Miss Nancy Miller, the Daughter of Mrs. Miller, at whose House he lodged; a young Lady, who, though her Mother is reduced to let Lodgings—Are you bantering, or are you in Earnest? cries the Father with a most solemn Voice. Indeed, Sir, answered Jones, I scorn the Character of a Banterer. I came to you in most serious Earnest, imagining, as I find true, that your Son had never dared acquaint you with a Match so much inferior to him in Point of Fortune, tho' the Reputation of the Lady will suffer it no longer to remain a Secret.

While the Father stood like one struck suddenly dumb at this News, a Gentleman came into the Room, and saluted him by the Name of Brother.

But though these two were in Consanguinity so nearly related, they were in their Dispositions almost the opposites to each other. The Brother who now arrived had likewise been bred to Trade, in which he no sooner saw himself worth 6000 l. than he purchased a small Estate with the greatest Part of it, and retired into the Country; where he married the Daughter of an unbenefaced
Ch. 8. a FOUNDLING: 
beneficed Clergyman; a young Lady who, 
though she had neither Beauty nor Fort- 
tune, had recommended herself to his 
Choice, entirely by her good Humour, of 
which she possessed a very immoderate 
Share.

With this Woman he had, during twen- 
ty-five Years, lived a Life more resem- 
bling the Model which certain Poets ascribe 
to the Golden Age, than any of those Pat- 
terns which are furnished by the present 
Times. By her he had four Children, but 
none of them arrived at Maturity except 
only one Daughter, whom in vulgar Lan- 
guage he and his Wife had spoiled; that is, 
had educated with the utmost Tenderness 
and Fondness; which she returned to such 
Degree, that she had actually refused a 
very extraordinary Match, with a Gentle- 
man a little turned of forty, because she 
could not bring herself to part with her Par- 
ents.

The young Lady whom Mr. Nightin- 
gale had intended for his Son was a near 
Neighbour of his Brother, and an Acquain- 
tance of his Niece; and in reality, it was 
upon the Account of this projected Match, 
that he was now come to Town; not in-
indeed to forward, but to dissuade his Brother from a Purpose which he conceived would inevitably ruin his Nephew; for he foresaw no other Event, from a Union with Miss Harris, notwithstanding the Largeness of her Fortune, as neither her Person nor Mind seemed to him to promise any Kind of matrimonial Felicity; for she was very tall, very thin, very ugly, very affected, very silly, and very ill-natured.

His Brother therefore no sooner mentioned the Marriage of his Nephew with Miss Miller, than he express'd the utmost Satisfaction; and when the Father had very bitterly reviled his Son, and pronounced Sentence of Beggary upon him, the Uncle began in the following Manner.

'If you was a little cooler, Brother, I would ask you whether you love your Son for his Sake, or for your own. You would answer, I suppose, and so I suppose you think, for his Sake; and doubtless it is his Happiness which you intended in the Marriage you proposed for him.

'Now, Brother, to prescribe Rules of Happiness to others, hath always appeared to me very absurd, and to inlift on doing
Ch. 8.  a FOUNDLING.  

- doing this very tyrannical. It is a vul-
gar Error I know; but it is neverthe-
less an Error. And if this be absurd in
other Things, it is mostly so in the Af-

fair of Marriage, the Happiness of which
depends entirely on the Affection which
subsists between the Parties.

- I have therefore always thought it un-
reasonable in Parents to desire to chuse
for their Children on this Occasion, since
to force Affection is an impossible At-
tempt; nay, so much doth Love abhor
Force, that I know not whether through
an unfortunate but incurable Pervers-
ness in our Natures, it may not be e-
ven impatient of Persuasion.

- It is, however, true, that though a
Parent will not, I think, wisely prescribe,
he ought to be consulted on this Occa-

son, and in Strictness perhaps should at
least have a negative Voice. My Ne-

phew therefore, I own, in marrying with-
out asking your Advice, hath been guil-
ty of a Fault. But honestly speaking,
Brother, have you not a little promoted
this Fault? Have not your frequent De-
clarations on this Subject, given him a
moral Certainty of your Refusal, where
there was any Deficiency in Point of Fortune? nay, doth not your present Anger arise solely from that Deficiency? And if he hath failed in his Duty here, did not you as much exceed that Authority, when you absolutely bargained with him for a Woman without his Knowledge, whom you yourself never saw, and whom if you had seen and known as well as I, it must have been Madness in you, to have ever thought of bringing into your Family.

Still I own my Nephew in a Fault; but surely it is not an unpardonable Fault. He hath acted indeed without your Consent, in a Matter in which he ought to have asked it; but it is in a Matter in which his Interest is principally concerned; you yourself must and will acknowledge, that you consulted his Interest only, and if he unfortunately differed from you, and hath been mistaken in his Notion of Happiness, will you, Brother, if you love your Son, carry him still wider from the Point? Will you encrease the ill Consequences of his simple Choice? Will you endeavour to make an Event certain Misery to him, which may accidentally prove so? In a Word, Brother, because
because he hath put it out of your Power to make his Circumstances as affluent as you would, will you distress them as much as you can?"

By the Force of the true Catholic Faith, St. Anthony won upon the Fishes. Orpheus and Amphion went a little farther, and by the Charms of Music enchanted Things merely inanimate. Wonderful both! But neither History nor Fable have ever yet ventured to record an Instance of any one, who by Force of Argument and Reason hath triumphed over habitual Avarice.

Mr. Nightingale, the Father, instead of attempting to answer his Brother, contented himself with only observing, that they had always differed in their Sentiments concerning the Education of their Children.

"I wish," said he, Brother, you would have confined your Care to your own Daughter, and never have troubled yourself with my Son, who hath, I believe, as little profited by your Precepts, as by your Example." For young Nightingale was his Uncle's Godson, and had lived more with him than with his Father. So that the Uncle had often declared, he loved his Nephew almost equally with his own Child.
Jones fell into Raptures with this good Gentleman; and when after much Persuasion, they found the Father grew still more and more irritated, instead of appeased, Jones conducted the Uncle to his Nephew at the House of Mrs. Miller.

C H A P. IX.

Containing strange Matters.

At his Return to his Lodgings, Jones found the Situation of Affairs greatly altered from what they had been in at his Departure. The Mother, the two Daughters and young Mr. Nightingale were now sat down to Supper together, when the Uncle was, at his own Desire, introduced without any Ceremony into the Company, to all of whom he was well known; for he had several Times visited his Nephew at that House.

The old Gentleman immediately walked up to Miss Nancy, saluted and wished her Joy, as he did afterwards the Mother and the other Sister; and lastly, he paid the proper Compliments to his Nephew, with the
the same good Humour and Curtesy, as if his Nephew had married his equal or superior in Fortune, with all the previous Requisites first performed.

Miss Nancy and her supposed Husband both turned pale, and looked rather foolish than otherwise upon the Occasion; but Mrs. Miller took the first Opportunity of withdrawing; and having sent for Jones into the Dining Room, she threw herself at his Feet, and in a most passionate Flood of Tears, called him her good Angel, the Preserver of her poor little Family, with many other respectful and endearing Appellations, and made him every Acknowledgment which the highest Benefit can extract from the most grateful Hearts.

After the first Gust of her Passion was a little over, which she declared, if she had not vented, would have burst her, she proceeded to inform Mr. Jones, that all Matters were settled between Mr. Nightingale and her Daughter, and that they were to be married the next Morning: At which Mr. Jones having express much Pleasure, the poor Woman fell again into a Fit of Joy and Thanksgiving, which he at length with Difficulty silenced, and prevailed on her.
her to return with him back to the Company, whom they found in the same good Humour in which they had left them.

This little Society now past two or three very agreeable Hours together, in which the Uncle, who was a very great Lover of his Bottle, had so well ply'd his Nephew, that this latter, though not drunk, began to be somewhat flustered; and now Mr. Nightingale taking the old Gentleman with him up Stairs into the Apartment he had lately occupied, unbozomed himself as follows.

"As you have been always the best and kindest of Uncles to me, and as you have shewn such unparalleled Goodness in forgiving this Match, which to be sure may be thought a little Improvident; I should never forgive myself if I attempted to deceive you in any thing." He then confessed the Truth, and opened the whole Affair.

"How, Jack!" said the old Gentleman, "and are you really then not married to this young Woman?" "No, upon my Honour, answered Nightingale, I have told you the simple Truth." My dear Boy,
Boy, cries the Uncle, kissing him, I am heartily glad to hear it. I never was better pleased in my Life. If you had been married, I should have assisted you as much as was in my Power, to have made the best of a bad Matter; but there is a great Difference between considering a Thing which is already done and irrecoverable, and that which is yet to do. Let your Reason have fair Play, Jack, and you will see this Match in so foolish and preposterous a Light, that there will be no Need of any dissuasive Arguments.

How, Sir! replies young Nightingale, is there this Difference between having already done an Act, and being in Honour engaged to do it? Pugh, said the Uncle, Honour is a Creature of the World’s making, and the World hath the Power of a Creator over it, and may govern and direct it as they please. Now you well know how trivial these Breaches of Contract are thought; even the grossest make but the Wonder and Conversation of a Day. Is there a Man who will be afterwards more backward in giving you his Sister or Daughter? Or is there any Sister or Daughter who would be more backward to receive you? Honour is not concerned in these Engagements. Pardon me, dear Sir, cries Night-
Nightingale, I can never think so; and not only Honour, but Conscience and Humanity are concerned. I am well satisfied, that was I now to disappoint the young Creature, her Death would be the Consequence, and I should look on myself as her Murderer; nay, as her Murderer by the cruellest of all Methods, by breaking her Heart. 'Break her Heart, indeed! no, no, Jack, cries the Uncle, the Hearts of Women are not so soon broke; they are tough, Boy, they are tough.' 'But, Sir, answered Nightingale, my own Affections are engaged, and I never could be happy with any other Woman. How often have I heard you say, that Children should be always suffered to chuse for themselves, and that you would let my Cousin Harriet do so!' 'Why ay, replied the old Gentleman, so I would have them; but then I would have them chuse wisely. — Indeed, Jack, you must and shall leave this Girl.' —— Indeed, Uncle, cries the other, I must and will have her. 'You will, young Gentleman? said the Uncle; I did not expect such a Word from you. I should not wonder if you had used such Language to your Father, who hath always treated you like a Dog, and kept you at
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the Distance which a Tyrant preserves over his Subjects; but I who have lived with you upon an equal Footing, might surely expect better Usage: But I know how to account for it all; it is all owing to your preposterous Education, in which I have had too little Share. There is my Daughter now, whom I have brought up as my Friend, never doth any thing without my Advice, nor ever refuseth to take it when I give it her. You have never yet given her Advice in an Affair of this Kind, said Nightingale, for I am greatly mistaken in my Cousin, if she would be very ready to obey even your most positive Commands in abandoning her Inclinations. 'Don't abuse my Girl, answered the old Gentleman with some Emotion; don't abuse my Harriet. I have brought her up to have no Inclinations contrary to my own. By suffering her to do whatever she pleases, I have enured her to a Habit of being pleased to do whatever I like.' 'Pardon me, Sir, said Nightingale, I have not the least Design to reflect on my Cousin, for whom I have the greatest Esteem; and indeed I am convinced you will never put her to so severe a Trial, or lay such hard Commands on her as you would do on me. —But
— But, dear Sir, let us return to the Company; for they will begin to be uneasy at our long Absence. I must beg one Favour of my dear Uncle, which is that he would not say any thing to shock the poor Girl or her Mother. 'O you need not fear me, answered he, I understand myself too well to affront Women; so I will readily grant you that Favour; and in Return I must expect another of you.' 'There are but few of your Commands, Sir, said Nightingale, which I shall not very cheerfully obey.' 'Nay, Sir, I ask nothing, said the Uncle, but the Honour of your Company home to my Lodging, that I may reason the Case a little more fully with you: For I would if possible have the Satisfaction of preserving my Family, notwithstanding the headstrong Folly of my Brother, who, in his own Opinion, is the wisest Man in the World.'

Nightingale, who well knew his Uncle to be as headstrong as his Father, submitted to attend him Home, and then they both returned back into the Room, where the old Gentleman promised to carry himself with the same Decorum which he had before maintained.

CHAP.
CHAP. X.

A short Chapter which concludes the Book.

The long Absence of the Uncle and Nephew had occasioned some Disquiet in the Minds of all whom they had left behind them; and the more, as during the preceding Dialogue, the Uncle had more than once elevated his Voice, so as to be heard down Stairs; which, though they could not distinguish what he said, had caused some evil foreboding in Nancy and her Mother, and indeed even in Jones himself.

When the good Company therefore again assembled, there was a visible Alteration in all their Faces; and the good Humour which, at their last Meeting, universally shone forth in every Countenance, was now changed into a much less agreeable Aspect. It was a Change indeed common enough to the Weather in this Climate, from Sunshine to Clouds, from June to December.

This
This Alteration was not however greatly remarked by any present; for as everyone was now endeavouring to conceal their own Thoughts, and to act a Part, they became all too busily engaged in the Scene to be Spectators of it. Thus neither the Uncle nor Nephew saw any Symptoms of Suspicion in the Mother or Daughter; nor did the Mother or Daughter remark the over-acted Complaisance of the old Man, nor the counterfeit Satisfaction which grinned in the Features of the young one.

Something like this, I believe, frequently happens, where the whole Attention of two Friends being engaged in the Part which each is to act, in order to impose on the other, neither sees nor suspects the Art practised against himself; and thus the Thrust of both (to borrow no improper Metaphor on the Occasion) alike takes Place.

From the same Reason it is no unusual Thing for both Parties to be over-reached in a Bargain, though the one must be always the greater Lofer; as was he who sold a blind
blind Horse, and received a bad Note in Payment.

Our Company in about half an Hour broke up, and the Uncle carried off his Nephew; but not before the latter had assured Miss Nancy, in a Whisper, that he would attend her early in the Morning, and fulfil all his Engagements.

Jones, who was the least concerned in this Scene, saw the most. He did indeed suspect the very Fact; for besides observing the great Alteration in the Behaviour of the Uncle, the Distance he assumed, and his overstrained Civility to Miss Nancy; the carrying off a Bridegroom from his Bride at that Time of Night, was so extraordinary a Proceeding, that it could be only accounted for, by imagining that young Nightingale had revealed the whole Truth, which the apparent Openness of his Temper, and his being fluttered with Liquor, made too probable.

While he was reasoning with himself, whether he should acquaint these poor People with his Suspicion, the Maid of the House informed him, that a Gentlewoman desired to speak with him. —— He went immediately.
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immediately out, and taking the Candle
from the Maid, ushered his Visitant up
Stairs, who in the Person of Mrs. Honour
acquainted him with such dreadful News
concerning his Sophia, that he immediately
lost all Consideration for every other Person;
and his whole Stock of Compassion was en-
tirely swallowed up in Reflections on his
own Misery, and on that of his unfortunate
Angel.

What this dreadful Matter was, the
Reader will be informed, after we have first
related the many preceding Steps which
produced it, and those will be the Subject
of the following Book.
THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XV.

In which the History advances about two Days.

CHAP. I.

Too short to need a Preface.

There are a Set of Religious, or rather Moral Writers, who teach that Virtue is the certain Road to Happiness, and Vice to Misery in this World. A very wholesome and comfortable Doctrine,
Indeed if by Virtue these Writers mean, the Exercise of those Cardinal Virtues, which like good House-wives stay at home, and mind only the Business of their own Family, I shall very readily concede the Point: For so surely do all these contribute and lead to Happiness, that I would almost wish, in Violation of all the antient and modern Sages, to call them rather by the Name of Wisdom, than by that of Virtue: For with regard to this Life, no System, I conceive, was ever wiser than that of the antient Epicureans, who held this Wisdom to constitute the chief Good; nor foolisher than that of their Opposites, those modern Epicures, who place all Felicity in the abundant Gratification of every sensual Appetite.

But if by Virtue is meant (as I almost think it ought) a certain relative Quality, which is always busying itself without Doors, and seems as much interested in pursuing the Good of others as its own; I cannot so easily agree that this is the surest way to human Happiness; because I am afraid we must then include Poverty and Contempt, with...
all the Mischiefs which Backbiting, Envy, and Ingratitude can bring on Mankind in our Idea of Happiness; nay, sometimes perhaps we shall be obliged to wait upon the said Happiness to a Goal, since many by the above Virtue have brought themselves thither.

I have not now Leisure to enter upon so large a Field of Speculation, as here seems opening upon me; my Design was to wipe off a Doctrine that lay in my Way; since while Mr. Jones was acting the most virtuous Part imaginable in labouring to preserve his fellow Creatures from Destruction, the Devil, or some other evil Spirit, one perhaps cloathed in human Flesh, was hard at Work to make him completely miserable in the Ruin of his Sophia.

This therefore would seem an Exception to the above Rule, if indeed it was a Rule; but as we have in our Voyage through Life seen so many other Exceptions to it, we chuse to dispute the Doctrine on which it is founded, which we don't apprehend to be Christian, which we are convinced is not true, and which is indeed destructive of one of the noblest Arguments that Reason alone
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alone can furnish for the Belief of Immortality.

But as the Reader's Curiosity (if he hath any) must be now awake, and hungry, we shall provide to feed it as fast as we can.

CHAP. II.

In which is opened a very black Design against Sophia.

I Remember a wise old Gentleman, who used to say, when Children are doing nothing, they are doing Mischief. I will not enlarge this quaint Saying to the most beautiful Part of the Creation in general; but so far I may be allowed, that when the Effects of female Jealousy do not appear openly in their proper Colours of Rage and Fury, we may suspect that mischievous Passion to be at work privately, and attempting to undermine, what it doth not attack above-ground.

This was exemplified in the Conduct of the Lady Bellaston, who under all the Smiles which she wore in her Countenance, concealed much Indignation against Sophia; and
and as she plainly saw that this young Lady stood between her and the full Indulgence of her Desires, she resolved to get rid of her by some Means or other; nor was it long before a very favourable Opportunity of accomplishing this, presented itself to her.

The Reader may be pleased to remember, that when Sophia was thrown into that Consternation at the Play-house, by the Wit and Humour of a Set of young Gentlemen, who call themselves the Town, we informed him, that she had put herself under the Protection of a young Nobleman, who had very safely conducted her to her Chair.

This Nobleman, who frequently visited Lady Belaston, had more than once seen Sophia there, since her Arrival in Town, and had conceived a very great liking to her; which Liking, as Beauty never looks more amiable than in Distress, Sophia had in this Fright so encreased, that he might now without any great Impropriety be said to be actually in love with her.

It may easily be believed that he would not suffer so handsome an Occasion of Improving
proving his Acquaintance with the beloved Object as now offered itself to elapse, when even Good-breeding alone might have prompted him to pay her a Visit.

The next Morning therefore, after this Accident he waited on Sophia, with the usual Compliments and Hopes that she had received no Harm from her last Night's Adventure.

As Love, like Fire, when once throughly kindled, is soon blown into a Flame; Sophia in a very short time completed her Conquest. Time now flew away unperceived, and the Noble Lord had been two Hours in Company with the Lady, before it entered into his Head that he had made too long a Visit. Tho' this Circumstance alone would have alarmed Sophia, who was somewhat more a Mistress of Computation at present; she had indeed much more pregnant Evidence from the Eyes of her Lover of what past within his Bosom; nay, though he did not make any open Declaration of his Passion, yet many of his Expressions were rather too warm, and too tender to have been imputed to Complaisance, even in the Age when such Complaisance was in Fashion; the very Reverse of which
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which is well known to be the reigning Mode at present.

Lady Bellafton had been apprised of his Lordship's Visit at his first Arrival; and the Length of it very well satisfied her that Things went as she wished, and as indeed she had suspected the second time she saw this young Couple together. This Business she rightly, I think, concluded, that she should by no means forward by mixing in the Company while they were together; she therefore ordered her Servants, that when my Lord was going, they should tell him, she desired to speak with him, and employed the intermediate Time in meditating how best to accomplish a Scheme which she made no doubt but his Lordship would very readily embrace the Execution of.

Lord Fellamar (for that was the Title of this young Nobleman) was no sooner introduced to her Ladyship, than she attacked him in the following Strain: 'Bless me, my Lord, are you here yet? I thought my Servants had made a Mistake and let you go away; and I wanted to see you about an Affair of some Importance.' — 'Indeed, Lady Bellafton,' said he, 'I don't
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don't wonder you are astonished at the Length of my Visit: For I have staid above two Hours, and I did not think I had staid above half a one.' — 'What am I to conclude from thence, my Lord?' said she, 'The Company must be very agreeable which can make Time slide away so very deceitfully.' —

Upon my Honour,' said he, 'the most agreeable I ever saw. Pray tell me, Lady Bellaiston, who is this blazing Star which you have produced among us all of a sudden?' — 'What blazing Star, my Lord?' said she, affecting a Surprize.

'I mean,' said he, 'the Lady I saw here the other Day, whom I had last Night in my Arms at the Play-House, and to whom I have been making that unreasonable Visit.' — 'O my Cousin Western,' said she, 'why that blazing Star, my Lord, is the Daughter of a Country Booby Squire, and hath been in Town about a fortnight, for the first Time.' — 'Upon my Soul,' said he, 'I should swear she had been bred in a Court; for besides her Beauty, I never saw any thing so genteel, so sensible, so polite.' — 'O brave!' cries the Lady, 'My Cousin hath you, I find.' — 'Upon my Honour,' answered he, 'I wish she had:
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had: for I am in Love with her to Distract. — Nay, my Lord," said she, it is not wishing yourself very ill neither, for she is a very great Fortune, I assure you she is an only Child, and her Father's Estate is a good 3000 l. a Year." Then I can assure you, Madam," answered the Lord, I think her the best Match in England. Indeed, my Lord," replied she, if you like her, I heartily wish you had her." If you think so kindly of me, Madam," said he, as she is a Relation of yours, will you do me the Honour to propose it to her Father?" And are you really then in earnest?" cries the Lady, with an affected Gravity. "I hope, Madam," answered he, you have a better Opinion of me, than to imagine I would jest with your Ladyship in an Affair of this Kind. Indeed then," said the Lady, "I will most readily propose your Lordship to her Father, and I can, I believe, assure you of his joyful Acceptance of the Proposal; but there is a Bar, which I am almost ashamed to mention, and yet it is one you will never be able to conquer. You have a Rival, my Lord, and a Rival who, though I blush to name him, neither you, nor all the World will ever be able to conquer." Upon my Word, Lady.
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"Lady Bellaston," cries he, "you have struck a damp to my heart which hath almost deprived me of being." "Fie! my Lord," said she, "I should rather hope I had struck fire into you. A lover, and talk of damp in your heart! I rather imagined you would have asked your rival's name, that you might have immediately entered the lists with him." I promise you, Madam," answered he, "there are very few things I would not undertake for your charming cousin; but pray who is this happy man?"—"Why he is," said she, "what I am sorry to say most happy men with us are, one of the lowest fellows in the world. He is a beggar, a bastard, a foundling, a fellow in meaner circumstances than one of your Lordship's footmen." "And is it possible," cried he, "that a young creature with such perfections, should think of bestowing herself so unworthily?" "Alas! my Lord," answered she, "consider the country—the bane of all young women is the country. There they learn a set of romantic notions of love and I know not what folly, which this town and good company can scarce eradicate in a whole winter." "Indeed, Madam," replied my Lord, "your cousin is of too immense
immense a Value to be thrown away:
Such Ruin as this must be prevented.
'Alas!' cries she, 'my Lord, how can it
be prevented? The Family have already
done all in their Power; but the Girl is,
I think, intoxicated, and nothing less
than Ruin will content her. And to deal
more openly with you, I expect every
Day to hear she is run away with him.'
'What you tell me, Lady Bellaston,' an-
swered his Lordship, 'affects me most
tenderly, and only raises my Compa-
sion instead of lessening my Adoration of
your Cousin. Some Means must be found
to preserve so inestimable a Jewel. Hath
your Ladyship endeavoured to reason with
her?' Here the Lady affected a Laugh.
and cried, 'My dear Lord, sure you
know us better than to talk of reasoning
a young Woman out of her Inclinations.
These inestimable Jewels are as deaf as
the Jewels they wear; Time, my Lord,
Time is the only Medicine to cure their
Folly; but this is a Medicine, which I
am certain she will not take; nay, I live
in hourly Horrors on her Account. In
short nothing but violent Methods will
do.' 'What is to be done?' cries my
Lord, 'what Methods are to be taken?—
Is there any Method upon Earth?—
'Oh
Oh! Lady Bellaston! there is nothing which I would not undertake for such a Reward. 'I really know not,' answered the Lady, after a Pause, and then pausing again, she cried out, 'Upon my Soul, I am at my Wit's End on this Girl's Account. If she can be preserved, something must be done immediately, and as I say, nothing but violent Methods will do. If your Lordship hath really this Attachment to my Cousin, (and to do her Justice, except in this silly Inclination, of which she will soon see her Folly, she is every way deserving,) I think there may be one Way, indeed it is a very disagreeable one, and what I am almost afraid to think of. It requires great Spirit, I promise you.' 'I am not conscious, Madam,' said he, 'of any Defect there, nor am I, I hope, suspected of any such. It must be an egregious Defect indeed, which could make me backward on this Occasion.' 'Nay, my Lord,' answered she, 'I am far from doubting you. I am much more inclined to doubt my own Courage: for I must run a monstrous Risque. In short, I must place such a Confidence in your Honour as a wise Woman will scarce ever place in a Man on any Consideration.' In this Point likewise my Lord
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Lord very well satisfied her; for his Reputation was extremely clear, and common Fame did him no more than Justice, in speaking well of him. "Well then," said she, "my Lord,—I—I vow, I can't bear the Apprehension of it—No, it must not be.—At least every other Method shall be tried. Can you get rid of your Engagements and dine here to-day? Your Lordship will have an Opportunity of seeing a little more of Miss Western.—I promise you we have no time to lose. Here will be nobody but Lady Betty, and Miss Eagle, and Colonel Hampsted, and Tom Edwards; they will all go soon—and I shall be at home to no body. Then your Lordship may be a little more explicit. Nay, I will contrive some Method to convince you of her Attachment to this Fellow." My Lord made proper Compliments, accepted the Invitation, and then they parted to dress, it being now, past three in the Morning, or to reckon by the old Style, in the Afternoon.

CHAP.
CHAP. III.

A further Explanation of the foregoing Design.

THO' the Reader may have long since concluded Lady Bellaston to be a Member (and no inconsiderable one) of the Great World, she was in reality a very considerable Member of the Little World; by which Appellation was distinguished a very worthy and honourable Society which not long since flourished in this Kingdom.

Among other good Principles upon which this Society was founded, there was one very remarkable; for as it was a Rule of an honourable Club of Heroes, who assembled at the close of the late War, that all the Members should every Day fight once at least; so 'twas in this, that every Member should, within the twenty four Hours, tell at least one merry Fib, which was to be propagated by all the Brethren and Sisterhood.

Many idle Stories were told about this Society, which from a certain Quality may be
be perhaps not unjustly supposed to have come from the Society themselves. As, that the Devil was the President, and that he sat in Person in an elbow Chair at the upper End of the Table; but upon very strict Enquiry, I find there is not the least Truth in any of those Tales, and that the Assembly consisted in reality of a Set of very good sort of People, and the Fibs which they propagated were of a harmless Kind, and tended only to produce Mirth and good Humour.

Edwards was likewise a Member of this comical Society. To him therefore Lady Bellaston applied as a proper Instrument for her Purpose, and furnished him with a Fib, which he was to vent whenever the Lady gave him her Cue; and this was not to be till the Evening when all the Company but Lord Fellamar and himself were gone, and while they were engaged in a Rubbers at Whist.

To this Time then, which was between seven and eight in the Evening, we will convey our Reader; when Lady Bellaston, Lord Fellamar, Miss Western, and Tom being engaged at Whist, and in the last Game of their Rubbers, Tom received his Cue from Lady
Lady Belfaston, which was, I protest Tom, you are grown intolerable lately; you used to tell us all the News of the Town, and now you know no more of the World than if you lived out of it.

Mr. Edwards then began as follows:

'The Fault is not mine, Madam; It lies in the Dulness of the Age that doth nothing worth talking of—O la! tho' now I think on't, there hath a terrible Accident befallen poor Col. Wilcox.—Poor Ned—You know him, my Lord, every body knows him; faith! I am very much concerned for him.'

'What is it, pray?' says Lady Belfaston.

'Why, he hath killed a Man this Morning in a Duel, that's all.'

His Lordship, who was not in the Secret, asked gravely, whom he had killed; to which Edwards answered, 'A young Fellow we none of us know; a Somersetshire Lad just come to town, one Jones his Name is; a near Relation of one Mr. Allworthy, of whom your Lordship I believe hath heard. I saw the Lad lie dead in
Ch. 3. A FOUNDLING. 211

in a Coffee-house.—Upon my Soul he
is one of the finest Corpses I ever saw in
my Life.

Sophia, who just began to deal as
Tom had mentioned that a Man was killed,
stopt her Hand, and listened with Attention, (for all Stories of that Kind affected
her) but no sooner had he arrived at the
latter part of the Story, then she began to
deal again; and having dealt three Cards
to one, and seven to another, and ten to
a third, at last dropt the rest from her Hand,
and fell back in her Chair.

The Company behaved as usually on
these Occasions. The usual Disturbance
ensued, the usual Assistance was summoned,
and Sophia at last, as it is usual, returned
again to Life, and was soon after, at her
earnest Desire, led to her own Apartment;
where, at my Lord's Request, Lady Bellas-
ston acquainted her with the Truth, at-
ttempted to carry it off as a Jest of her own,
and comforted her with repeated Assurances,
that neither his Lordship, nor Tom, though
she had taught him the Story, were in the
true Secret of the Affair.

There
There was no farther Evidence necessary to convince Lord Fellamar how justly the Case had been represented to him by Lady Bellaston; and now at her Return into the Room, a Scheme was laid between those two noble Persons, which, though it appeared in no very heinous Light to his Lordship, (as he faithfully promised, and faithfully resolved too, to make the Lady all the subsequent amends in his Power by Marriage;) yet many of our Readers, we doubt not, will see with just Detestation.

The next Evening at seven was appointed for the fatal Purpose, when Lady Bellaston undertook that Sophia should be alone, and his Lordship should be introduced to her. The whole Family were to be regulated for the Purpose, most of the Servants dispatched out of the House, and for Mrs. Honour who, to prevent any Suspicion, was to be left with her Mistress till his Lordship's Arrival, Lady Bellaston herself was to engage her in an Apartment as distant as possible from the Scene of the intended Mischief, and out of the Hearing of Sophia.

Matters being thus agreed on, his Lordship took his Leave, and her Ladyship re-
Ch. 3. *a Foundling.*

tired to Rest, highly pleased with a Project of which she had no reason to doubt the Success, and which promised so effectually to remove Sophia from being any future Obstruction to her Amour with Jones, by a Means of which she should never appear to be guilty, even if the Fact appeared to the World; but this she made no doubt of preventing by huddling up a Marriage, to which she thought the ravished Sophia would easily be brought to consent, and at which all the rest of her Family would rejoice.

But Affairs were not in so quiet a Situation in the Bosom of the other Conspirator. His Mind was tost in all the the distracting Anxiety so nobly described by Shakespeare.

Between the Acting of a dreadful Thing, And the first Motion, all the Interim is Like a Phantasma, or a hideous Dream: The Genius and the mortal Instruments Are then in Council; and the State of Man, Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then The Nature of an Insurrection.

Though the Violence of his Passion had made him eagerly embrace the first Hint of this Design, especially as it came from
a Relation of the Lady, yet when that Friend to Reflection, a Pillow, had placed the Action itself in all its natural black Colours before his Eyes, with all the Consequences which must, and those which might probably attend it; his Resolution began to abate, or rather indeed to go over to the other Side; and after a long Conflict which lasted a whole Night between Honour and Appetite, the former at length prevailed, and he determined to wait on Lady Bellaston and to relinquish the Design.

Lady Bellaston was in Bed, though very late in the Morning, and Sophia sitting by her Bedside, when the Servant acquainted her that Lord Fellamar was below in the Parlour, upon which her Ladyship desired him to stay, and that she would see him presently; but the Servant was no sooner departed than poor Sophia began to intreat her Cousin not to encourage the Visits of that odious Lord (so she called him though a little unjustly) upon her Account. 'I see his Design,' said she, 'for he made downright Love to me Yesterday Morning; but as I am resolved never to admit it, I beg your Ladyship not to leave us alone together any more, and to order the
Ch. 3. a F O U N D L I N G. 215

the Servants that if he enquires for me I
may be always denied to him.

'La! Child,' says Lady Bellaston, 'you
Country Girls have nothing but Sweet-
Hearts in your Head; you fancy every
Man who is civil to you is making Love.
He is one of the most gallant young Fel-
lows about Town, and I am convinced
means no more than a little Gallantry.
Make Love to you indeed! I wish with
all my Heart he would, and you must be
an arrant mad Woman to refuse him.'

'But as I shall certainly be that mad Wo-
man,' cries Sophia, 'I hope his Visits
shall not be intruded upon me.

'O Child,' said Lady Bellaston, 'you
need not be so fearful, if you resolve to
run away with that Jones, I know no Per-
son who can hinder you.'

'Upon my Honour, Madam,' cries
Sophia, 'your Ladyship injures me. I will
never run away with any Man; nor will
I ever marry contrary to my Father's In-
cinations.'

'Well,
"Well, Miss Western," said the Lady, "if you are not in a Humour to see Company this Morning, you may retire to your own Apartment; for I am not frightned at his Lordship, and must send for him up into my Dressing-Room.

Sophia thanked her Ladyship and withdrew; and presently afterwards Fellamar was admitted up Stairs.

**CHAP. IV.**

*By which it will appear how dangerous an Advocate a Lady is, when she applies her Eloquence to an ill Purpose.*

*WHEN Lady Bellaston heard the young Lord's Scruples, she treated them with the same Disdain with which one of those Sages of the Law, called Newgate Solicitors, treats the Qualms of Conscience in a young Witness. 'My dear Lord,' said she, 'you certainly want a Cordial. I must send to Lady Edgely for one of her best Drams. 'Fie upon it! have more Resolution.' Are you frightned by the Word Rape? Or are you apprehensive—-? Well, if the*
Story of Helen was modern, I should think it unnatural. I mean the Behaviour of Paris, not the Fondness of the Lady; for all Women love a Man of Spirit. There is another Story of the Sabine Ladies,—and that too, I thank Heaven, is very ancient. Your Lordship, perhaps, will admire my Reading; but I think Mr. Hook tells us they made tolerable good Wives afterwards. I fancy few of my married Acquaintance were ravished by their Husbands.' 'Nay, dear Lady Bellaston,' cried he, 'don't ridicule me in this Manner.' 'Why, my good Lord,' answered she, 'do you think any Woman in England would not laugh at you in her Heart, whatever Prudery she might wear in her Countenance?—You force me to use a strange Kind of Language, and to betray my Sex most abominably: But I am contented with knowing my Intentions are good, and that I am endeaouring to serve my Cousin; for I think you will make her a Husband notwithstanding this; or, upon my Soul, I would not even persuade her to fling herself away upon an empty Title. She should not upbraid me hereafter with having lost a Man of Spirit; for that his Enemies allow this poor young Fellow to be.
Let those who have had the Satisfaction of hearing Reflections of this Kind from a Wise or a Mistress, declare whether they are at all sweetened by coming from a Female Tongue. Certain it is they sunk deeper into his Lordship, than any Thing which Demosthenes or Cicero could have said on the Occasion.

Lady Bellaiston perceiving she had fired the young Lord's Pride, began now, like a true Orator, toroute other Passions to its Assistance. 'My Lord,' says she, in a graver Voice, 'you will be pleased to remember you mentioned this Matter to me first; for I would not appear to you in the Light of one who is endeavouring to put off my Cousin upon you. Fourscore thousand Pounds do not stand in Need of an Advocate to recommend them. Nor doth Miss Western,' said he, 'require any Recommendation from her Fortune; for in my Opinion, no Woman ever had half her Charms.' 'Yes, yes, my Lord;' replied the Lady, looking in the Glass, 'there have been Women with more than half her Charms, I assure you; not that I need lessen her on that Account. She is a most delicious Girl, that's
Ch. 4. a FOUNDLING. 219

that's certain; and within these few Hours
she will be in the Arms of one, who
surely doth not deserve her, tho' I will
give him his due, I believe he is truly a
Man of Spirit.

'I hope so, Madam,' said my Lord;
though I must own he doth not deserve
her; for unless Heaven, or your Lady-
ship disappoint me, she shall within that
time be in mine.'

'Well spoken, my Lord,' answered the
Lady. 'I promise you no Disappoint-
ment shall happen from my Side; and
within this Week I am convinced I shall
call your Lordship my Cousin in Public.'

The Remainder of this Scene consisted
entirely of Raptures, Excuses, and Com-
pliments, very pleasant to have heard from
the Parties; but rather dull when related
at second Hand. Here, therefore, we shall
put an End to this Dialogue, and hasten
to the fatal Hour, when every Thing was
prepared for the Destruction of poor So-
phia.

L 2 But
But this being the most tragical Matter in our whole History, we shall treat it in a Chapter by itself.

CHAP. V.

Containing some Matters which may affect, and others which may surprize the Reader.

The Clock had now struck Seven, and poor Sophia, alone and melancholy, sat reading a Tragedy. It was the Fatal Marriage, and she was now come to that Part where the poor, distrest Isabella disposes of her Wedding-Ring.

Here the Book dropt from her Hand, and a Shower of Tears ran down into her Bosom. In this Situation she had continued a Minute, when the Door opened, and in came Lord Fellamar. Sophia started from her Chair at his Entrance; and his Lordship advancing forwards, and making a low Bow said, 'I am afraid, Miss Western, I break in upon you abruptly.' 'Indeed, my Lord,' says she, 'I must own myself a little surprized at this unexpected Visit.' 'If this Visit be unexpected, Madam,'
Ch. 5.  a FOUNDLING.  221

'Madam,' answered Lord Fellamar, 'my Eyes must have been very faithless Inter-
preters of my Heart, when last I had the Honour of seeing you: For surely you
could not otherwise have hoped to detain my Heart in your Possession, without re-
ceiving a Visit from its Owner.' Sophia, confus'd as she was, answered this Bomb-
bast (and very properly, I think,) with a Look of inconceivable Disdain. My Lord
then made another and a longer Speech of the same Sort. Upon which Sophia, trem-
bling, said, 'Am I really to conceive your Lordship to be out of your Senses? Sure,
my Lord, there is no other Excuse for such Behaviour.'—'I am, indeed, Ma-
dam, in the Situation you suppose,' cries his Lordship; 'and sure you will pardon
the Effects of a Frenzy which you yourself have occasioned: For Love hath so totally
deprived me of Reason, that I am scarce accountable for any of my Actions.'
Upon my Word, my Lord,' said Sophia,
'I neither understand your Words nor
your Behaviour.'—'Suffer me then,
Madam,' cries he, 'at your Feet to ex-
plain both, by laying open my Soul to
you, and declaring that I doat on you
to the highest Degree of Distraction. O
most adorable, most divine Creature!

L 3  'what
what Language can express the Sentiments of my Heart?" 'I do assure you, my Lord,' said Sophia, 'I shall not stay to hear any more of this.' 'Do not,' cries he, 'think of leaving me thus cruelly: Could you know half the Torments which I feel, that tender Bosom must pity what those Eyes have caused.' Then fetching a deep Sigh, and laying Hold of her Hand, he ran on for some Minutes in a Strain which would be little more pleasing to the Reader, than it was to the Lady; and at last concluded with a Declaration, 'That if he was Master of the World, he would lay it at her Feet.' Sophia then forcibly pulling away her Hand from his, answered, with much Spirit, 'I promise you, Sir, your World and its Master, I should spurn from me with equal Contempt.' She then offered to go, and Lord Fellamar again laying Hold of her Hand, said, 'Pardon me, my beloved Angel, Freedoms which nothing but Despair could have tempted me to take.—Believe me, could I have had any Hope that my Title and Fortune, neither of them incon- siderable, unless when compared with your Worth, would have been accepted, I had, in the humblest Manner, presented them to your Acceptance.—But I cannot
cannot lose you.—*By Heaven, I will
sooner part with my Soul.—*You are,
you must, you shall be only mine.*
My Lord," said she, "I intreat you to
defist from a vain Pursuit; for, upon my
Honour, I will never hear you on this
Subject. Let go my Hand, my Lord,
for I am resolved to go from you this
Moment, nor will I ever see you more.*
Then, Madam," cries his Lordship, "I
must make the best Use of this Moment;
for I cannot, nor will not live without
you."—*What do you mean, my
Lord?" said Sophia; "I will raise the Fa-
family." I have no Fear, Madam," an-
swered he, but of losing you, "and that I
am resolved to prevent, the only Way
which Despair points to me."—He
then caught her in his Arms; upon which
she screamed so loud, that she must have
alarmed some one to her Assistance, had
not Lady Bellaston taken Care to remove
all Ears. But a more lucky Circumstance
happened for poor Sophia; another
Noise now broke forth, which almost
drowned her Cries: For now the whole
House rung with "Where is she? D—n
me, I'll unkennel her this Instant.
Shew me her Chamber, I say. Where is

L 4

my
my Daughter, I know she's in the House,
and I'll see her if she's above Ground.
Shew me where she is.'—At which
last Words the Door flew open, and in
came Squire Western, with his Parson, and
a Set of Myrmidons at his Heels.

How miserable must have been the Con-
dition of poor Sophia, when the enraged
Voice of her Father was welcome to her
Ears? Welcome indeed it was, and luckily
did he come; for it was the only Accident
upon Earth, which could have preserved
the Peace of her Mind from being for ever
destroyed.

Sophia, notwithstanding her Fright, pre-
rently knew her Father's Voice; and his
Lordship, notwithstanding his Passion, knew
the Voice of Reason, which peremptorily
assured him, it was not now a Time for the
Perpetration of his Villainy. Hearing,
therefore, the Voice approach, and hearing
likewise whose it was; for as the Squire
more than once roared forth the Word
Daughter, so Sophia, in the Midst of her
Struggling, cried out upon her Father); he
thought proper to relinquish his Prey, hav-
ing only disordered her Handkerchief, and
with
Ch. 5. a FOUNDLING. 225

with his rude Lips committed Violence on her lovely Neck.

If the Reader's Imagination doth not assit me, I shall never be able to describe the Situation of these two Persons when Western came into the Room. Sophia tottered into a Chair, where she sat disordered, pale; breathless, bursting with Indignation at Lord Fellamar; affrighted, and yet more rejoiced at the Arrival of her Father.

His Lordship sat down near her, with the Bag of his Wig hanging over one of his Shoulders, the rest of his Dress being somewhat disordered, and rather a greater Proportion of Linnen than is usual appearing at his Bosom. As to the rest, he was amazed, affrighted, vexed, and ashamed.

As to Squire Western, he happened, at this Time, to be overtaken by an Enemy, which very frequently pursues, and seldom fails to overtake most of the Country Gentlemen in this Kingdom. He was literally speaking drunk; which Circumstance, together with his natural Impetuosity, could produce no other Effect, than his running immediately up to his Daughter, upon whom he fell foul with his Tongue in the most
most inveterate Manner; nay, he had probably committed Violence with his Hands, had not the Parson interposed, saying, 'For Heaven's Sake, Sir, animadvert that you are in the House of a great Lady. Let me beg you to mitigate your Wrath; it should minister a Fullness of Satisfaction that you have found your Daughter; for as to Revenge, it belongeth not unto us. I discern great Contrition in the Countenance of the young Lady. I stand assured, if you will forgive her, she will repent her of all past Offences, and return unto her Duty.'

The Strength of the Parson's Arms had at first been of more Service than the Strength of his Rhetoric. However, his last Words wrought some Effect, and the Squire answered, 'I'll forgee her if she wull ha un. If wot ha un, Sophy, I'll forgee thee all. Why dofst unt speake? Shat ha un? D—n me, shat ha un? Why dofst unt answer? Was ever such a stubborn Tuoad?'

'Let me intreat you, Sir, to be a little more moderate,' said the Parson; 'you frighten
Ch. 5. a FOUNDLING. 227

'frighten the young Lady so, that you deprive her of all Power of Utterance.'

'Power of mine A—, answered the Squire. You take her Part then, you do? A pretty Parson, truly, to side with an undutiful Child. Yes, yes, I will gee you a Living with a Pox. I'll gee un to the Devil sooner.

'I humbly crave your Pardon, said the Parson, I assure your Worship, I meant no such Matter.'

My Lady Bellaston now entered the Room, and came up to the Squire, who no sooner saw her, than resolving to follow the Instructions of his Sister, he made her a very civil Bow, in the rural Manner, and paid her some of his best Compliments. He then immediately proceeded to his Complaints, and said, 'There, my Lady Cousin, there stands the most undutiful Child in the World; she hankers after a beggarly Rascal, and won't marry one of the greatest Matches in all England, that we have provided for her.'

'Indeed, Cousin Western, answered the Lady, I am persuaded you wrong my Cousin. I am sure the hath a better Under-
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understanding. I am convinced she will not refuse what she must be sensible is so much to her Advantage.

This was a wilful mistake in Lady Bellaston; for she well knew whom Mr. Western meant; tho' perhaps she thought he would easily be reconciled to his Lordship's Proposals.

"Do you hear there, quoth the Squire what her Ladyship says? All your Family are for the Match." 'Come, Sophy, be a good Girl, and be dutiful, and make your Father happy.'

"If my Death will make you happy, Sir, answered Sophia, you will shortly be so.'

"It's a Lie, Sophy, it's a d—nd Lie, and you know it, said the Squire.'

"Indeed, Miss Western, said Lady Bellaston, you injure your Father; he hath nothing in View but your Interest in this Match; and I and all your Friends must acknowledge the highest Honour done to your Family in the Proposal.'

"Ay, all of us, quoth the Squire; nay, it was no Proposal of mine. She knows it.
it was her Aunt proposed it to me first.

—Come, Sophy, once more let me beg you to be a good Girl, and gee me your Consent before your Cousin.

'Let me give him your Hand, Cousin, said the Lady. It is the Fashion now-a-days to dispense with Time and long Courtships.'

'Pugh, said the Squire, what signifies Time; won't they have Time enough to court afterwards? People may court very well after they have been a-bed together.'

As Lord Fellamar was very well assured, that he was meant by Lady Bellaston, so never having heard nor suspected a Word of Blifil, he made no doubt of his being meant by the Father. Coming up therefore to the Squire, he said, 'Though I have not the Honour, Sir, of being personally known to you; yet as I find, I have the Happiness to have my Proposals accepted, let me intercede, Sir, in Behalf of the young Lady, that she may not be more solicited at this Time.'

'You intercede, Sir! said the Squire; why, who the Devil are you?'

'Sir,
"Sir, I am Lord Fellamar, answered he, and am the happy Man, whom I hope you have done the Honour of accepting for a Son-in-law."

"You are a Son of a B——, replied the Squire, for all your laced Coat. You my Son-in-Law, and be d——nd to you!"

"I shall take more from you, Sir, than from any Man, answered the Lord; but I must inform you, that I am not used to hear such Language without resentment."

"Refent my A——, quoth the Squire. Don't think I am afraid of such a Fellow as thee art? Because hast a got a Spit there dangling at thy Side. Lay by your Spit and I'll give thee enough of meddling with what doth not belong to thee.—— I'll teach you to Father-in-law me. I'll lick thy Jacket."

"It's very well, Sir, said my Lord, I shall make no Disturbance before the Ladies. I am very well satisfied. Your humble Servant, Sir; Lady Bellaston, your most obedient."
Ch. 5. A F O U N D L I N G. 231

His Lordship was no sooner gone, than Lady Bellaston coming up to Mr. Western, said, "Bless me, Sir, what have you done? You know not whom you have affronted; he is a Nobleman of the first Rank and Fortune, and Yesterday made Proposals to your Daughter; and such as I am sure you must accept with the highest Pleasure."

"Answer for yourself, Lady Cousin, said the Squire, I will have nothing to do with any of your Lords. My Daughter shall have an honest Country Gentleman; I have pitched upon one for her,—and she shall ha' un. — I am sorry for the Trouble she hath given your Ladyship with all my Heart." Lady Bellaston made a civil Speech upon the Word Trouble to which the Squire answered, "Why that's kind,—and I would do as much for your Ladyship. To be sure Relations should do for one another. So I wish your Ladyship a good Night.—Come, Madam, you must go along with me by fair Means, or I'll have you carried down to the Coach."

"Sophia said she would attend him without Force; but begged to go in a Chair, for
for she said she should not be able to ride any other Way.'

'Prithee, cries the Squire, wout unt persuade me canst not ride in a Coach, wouldst? That's a pretty Thing surely. No, no, I'll never let thee out of my Sight any more till art married, that I promise thee.' Sophia told him she saw he was resolved to break her Heart. 'O break thy Heart and be d—nd, quoth he, if a good Husband will break it. I don't value a Brass Varden, not a Ha-penny of any undutiful B— upon Earth.' He then took violently hold of her Hand; upon which the Parson once more inter-fered, begging him to use gentle Methods. At that the Squire thundered out a Curse, and bid the Parson hold his Tongue, saying, 'At'n't in Pulpit now? when art a got up there I never mind what dost say; but I won't be Priest-ridden, nor taught how to behave myself by thee. I wish your Ladyship a good Night. Come a-long, Sopby, be a good Girl, and all shall be well. Shat ha un, d—n me, that ha un.

Mrs. Honour appeared below Stairs, and with a low Curtesy to the Squire, offered to
to attend her Mistress; but he pushed her away, saying, 'Hold, Madam, hold, you come no more near my House.' 'And will you take my Maid away from me,' said Sophia? 'Yes, indeed, Madam, will I, cries the Squire; you need not fear being without a Servant, I will get you another Maid, and a better Maid than this, who, I'd lay five Pound to a Crown, is no more a Maid than my Grannum. No, no, Sophy, she shall contrive no more Escapes I promise you.' He then packed up his Daughter and the Parson into the Hackney Coach, after which he mounted himself, and ordered it to drive to his Lodgings. In the Way thither he suffered Sophia to be quiet, and entertained himself with reading a Lecture to the Parson on good Manners, and a proper Behaviour to his Betters.

It is possible he might not so easily have carried off his Daughter from Lady Bel- laston, had that good Lady desired to have detained her; but in reality she was not a little pleased with the Confinement into which Sophia was going; and as her Project with Lord Fellamar had failed of Success, she was well contented that other violent
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ulent Methods were now going to be used in Favour of another Man.

CHAP. VI.

By what Means the Squire came to discover his Daughter.

THOUGH the Reader in many Histories is obliged to digest much more unaccountable Appearances than this of Mr. Western, without any Satisfaction at all; yet as we dearly love to oblige him whenever it is in our Power, we shall now proceed to shew by what Method the Squire discovered where his Daughter was.

In the third Chapter then of the preceding Book, we gave a Hint (for it is not our Custom to unfold at any Time more than is necessary for the Occasion) that Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who was very desirous of reconciling herself to her Uncle and Aunt Western, thought she had a probable Opportunity by the Service of preserving Sophia from committing the same Crime which had drawn on herself the Anger of her Family. After much Deliberation therefore she resolved to inform her Aunt Western where her Cousin was, and accordingly she writ the
Ch. 6. a F O U N D L I N G. 235

the following Letter, which we shall give
the Reader at length for more Reasons than
one.

Honoured Madam,

The Occasion of my writing this will
perhaps make a Letter of mine agreeable
to my dear Aunt, for the Sake of one of
her Nieces, though I have little Reason
to hope it will be so on the account of
another.

Without more Apology, as I was com-
ing to throw my unhappy Self at your
Feet, I met, by the strangest Accident in
the World, my Cousin Sopby, whose His-
tory you are better acquainted with than
myself, though, alas! I know infinitely
too much; enough indeed to satisfy me,
that unless she is immediately prevented,
she is in Danger of running into the same
fatal Mischief, which, by foolishly and
ignorantly refusing your most wise and
prudent Advice, I have unfortunately
brought on myself.

In short, I have seen the Man, nay
I was most part of Yesterday in his Com-
pany, and a charming young Fellow I
promise you he is. By what Accident
he
he came acquainted with me is too tedious to tell you now; but I have this Morning changed my Lodging to avoid him, lest he should by my Means discover my Cousin; for he doth not yet know where she is, and it is advisable he should not till my Uncle hath secured her. — No Time therefore is to be lost, and I need only inform you, that she is now with Lady Bellaston, whom I have seen, and who hath, I find, a Design of concealing her from her Family. You know, Madam, she is a strange Woman; but nothing could misbecome me more, than to presume to give any Hint to one of your great Understanding and great Knowledge of the World, besides barely informing you of the Matter of Fact.

I hope, Madam, the Care which I have shewn on this Occasion for the Good of my Family, will recommend me again to the Favour of a Lady who hath always exerted so much Zeal for the Honour and true Interest of us all; and that it may be a Means of restoring me to your Friendship, which hath made so great a Part of my former, and
and is so necessary to my future Happiness. I am,

With the utmost Respect,
Honoured Madam,
Your most dutiful obliged Niece;
And most Obedient
Humble Servant,
Harriet Fitzpatrick.

Mrs. Western was now at her Brother's House, where she had resided ever since the Flight of Sophia, in order to administer Comfort to the poor Squire in his Affliction. Of this Comfort which she doled out to him in daily Portions, we have formerly given a Specimen.

She was now standing with her Back to the Fire, and with a Pinch of Snuff in her Hand was dealing forth this daily Allowance of Comfort to the Squire while he smoked his Afternoon Pipe, when she received the above Letter; which she had no sooner read than she delivered it to him, saying, 'There, Sir, there is an Account of your lost Sheep. Fortune hath again restored her to you, and if you will be
The Squire had no sooner read the Letter than he leap'd from his Chair, threw his Pipe into the Fire, and gave a loud Huzza for Joy. He then summoned his Servants, called for his Boots, and ordered the Chevalier and several other Horses to be saddled, and that Parson Supple should be immediately sent for. Having done this, he turned to his Sister, caught her in his Arms, and gave her a close Embrace, saying, 'Zounds! you don't seem pleased, one would imagine you was sorry I have found the Girl.'

'Brother, answered she, the deepest Politicians who see to the Bottom discover often a very different Aspect of Affairs, from what swims on the Surface. It is true indeed, Things do look rather less desperate than they did formerly in Holland, when Lewis the fourteenth was at the Gates of Amsterdam; but there is a Delicacy required in this Matter, which you will pardon me, Brother, if I suspect you want. There is a Decorum to be used with a Woman of Figure, such as Lady Bellafion, Brother, which requires
Ch. 6. a FOUNDLING. 239

'a Knowledge of the World superior, I
am afraid, to yours.'

'Sister, cries the Squire, I know you
have no Opinion of my Parts; but I'll
shew you on this Occasion who is Fool.
Knowledge quotha! I have not been in
the Country so long without having some
Knowledge of Warrants and the Law of
the Land. I know I may take my own
wherever I can find it. Shew me my
own Daughter, and if I don't know how
to come at her, I'll suffer you to call me
Fool as long as I live. There be Justices
of Peace in London, as well as in other
Places.'

'I protest, cries she, you make me trem-
ble for the Event of this Matter, which
if you will proceed by my Advice, you
may bring to so good an Issue. Do you
really imagine, Brother, that the House
of a Woman of Figure is to be attacked by
Warrants and brutal Justices of the Peace?
I will inform you how to proceed. As
soon as you arrive in Town, and have got
yourself into a decent Dress (for indeed,
Brother, you have none at present fit to
appear in) you must send your Compli-
ments to Lady Bellaston, and desire

Leave
Leave to wait on her. When you are admitted to her Presence, as you certainly will be, and have told her your Story, and have made proper Use of my Name, (for I think you only just know one another by Sight, though you are Relations,) I am confident she will withdraw her Protection from my Niece, who hath certainly imposed upon her. This is the only Method.—Justices of Peace indeed! do you imagine any such Event can arrive to a Woman of Figure in a civilized Nation?

D—in their Figures, cries the Squire; a pretty civilized Nation truly, where Women are above the Law. And what must I stand sending a Parcel of Compliments to a confounded Whore, that keeps away a Daughter from her own natural Father? I tell you, Sister, I am not so ignorant as you think me.—I know you would have Women above the Law; but it is all a Lie; I heard his Lordship say at 'Size, that no one is above the Law. But this of yours is Hannover Law, I suppose.
Mr. Western, said she, I think you daily improve in Ignorance. — I protest you are grown an errant Bear.

No more a Bear than yourself, Sister Western, said the Squire. — Pox! you may talk of your Civility an you will, I am sure you never shew any to me. I am no Bear, no, nor no Dog neither, though I know Somebody, that is something that begins with a B——, but Pox! I will shew you I have a got more good Manners than some Folks.

Mr. Western, answered the Lady, you may say what you please, je vous mesprise de tout mon Cœur. I shall not therefore be angry. — Besides, as my Cousin with that odious Irish Name justly says, I have that Regard for the Honour and true Interest of my Family, and that Concern for my Niece, who is a Part of it, that I have resolved to go to Town myself upon this Occasion; for indeed, indeed, Brother, you are not a fit Minister to be employed at a polite Court. — Greenland — Green land should always be the Scene of the Tramontane Negotiation.
I thank Heaven,' cries the Squire, I don't understand you, now. You are got to your Hannoverian Linguo. However, I'll shew you I scorn to be behind-hand in Civility with you; and as you are not angry for what I have said, so I am not angry for what you have said. Indeed I have always thought it a Folly for Relations to quarrel; and if they do now and then give a hasty Word, why People should give and take; for my Part I never bear Malice; and I take it very kind of you to go up to London, for I never was there but twice in my Life, and then I did not stay above a Fortnight at a Time; and to be sure I can't be expected to know much of the Streets and the Folks in that Time. I never denied that you know'd all these Matters better than I. For me to dispute that would be all as one, as for you to dispute the Management of a Pack of Dogs, or the finding a Hare sitting, with me.—Which I promise you, says he, I never will.—Well, and I promise you, returned he, that I never will dispute the t'other.'

Here then a League was struck (to borrow a Phrase from the Lady) between the contending Partys; and now the Parson ar-
arriving, and the Horses being ready, the Squire departed, having promised his Sister to follow her Advice, and she prepared to follow him the next Day.

But having communicated these Matters to the Parson on the Road, they both agreed that the prescribed Formalities might very well be dispensed with; and the Squire having changed his Mind, proceeded in the Manner we have already seen.

CHAP. VII.

In which various Misfortunes befall poor Jones.

Affairs were in the aforesaid Situation, when Mrs. Honour arrived at Mrs. Miller's, and called Jones out from the Company, as we have before seen, with whom, when she found herself alone, she began as follows.

'O my dear Sir, how shall I get Spirits to tell you; you are undone, Sir, and my poor Lady's undone, and I am undone.' 'Hath any thing happened to Sophia?' cries Jones, staring like a Madman. 'All that is bad, cries Honour, 'O I shall never get such another Lady.'
O that I should ever live to see this Day! At these Words Jones turned pale as Ashes, trembled and stammered; but Honour went on. 'O, Mr. Jones, I have lost my Lady for ever.' 'How! What! for Heaven's Sake tell me.—O my dear Sophia!—You may well call her so, said Honour, she was the dearest Lady to me.—I shall never have such another Place.'—D—n your Place, cries Jones, where is what! what is become of my Sophia?' Ay, to be sure, cries she, Servants may be d—n'd. It signifies nothing what becomes of them, tho' they are turned away, and ruined ever so much. To be sure they are not Flesh and Blood like other People. No to be sure, it signifies nothing what becomes of them.—If you have any Pity, any Compassion, cries Jones, I beg you will instantly tell me what hath happened to Sophia?' To be sure I have more Pity for you than you have for me, answered Honour; I don't d—n you because you have lost the sweetest Lady in the World. To be sure you are worthy to be pitied, and I am worthy to be pitied too: For to be sure if ever there was a good Mistress'—What hath happened, cries Jones, in almost a raving Fit.—What?—What? said Honour! why the worst that could have happened both for you and for me.—
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Her Father is come to Town, and hath carried her away from us both. Here Jones fell on his Knees in Thanksgiving that it was no worse. — "No worse! repeated Honour; what could be worse for either of us? He carried her off, swearing she should marry Mr. Blifil; that's for your Comfort; and for poor me, I am turned out of Doors." Indeed Mrs. Honour, answered Jones, you frightned me out of my Wits. I imagined some most dreadful sudden Accident had happened to Soblta; something, compared to which, even the seeing her married to Blifil would be a Trifle; but while there is Life, there are Hopes, my dear Honour. Women in this Land of Liberty cannot be married by actual brutal Force." "To be sure, Sir," said she, that's true. There may be some Hopes for you; but alack-a-day! what Hopes are there for poor me? And to be sure, Sir, you must be sensible I suffer all this upon your Account. All the Quarrel the Squire hath to me is for taking your Part, as I have done against Mr. Blifil." "Indeed Mrs. Honour, answered he, I am sensible of my Obligations to you, and will leave nothing in my Power undone to make you amends." "Alas, Sir," said she, what can make a Servant amends for the Loss of one Place, but the getting another altogether as
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"as good!" — "Do not despair, Mrs. Honour, said Jones, I hope to reinstate you again in the same." "Alack-a-day, Sir, said the, how can I flatter myself with such Hopes, when I know it is a Thing impossible; for the Squire is so set against me: and yet if you should ever have my Lady, as to be sure I now hopes heartily you will; for you are a generous good-natured Gentleman, and I am sure you loves her, and to be sure she loves you as dearly as her own Soul; it is a Matter in vain to deny it; because as why, every Body that is in the least acquainted with my Lady, must see it; for, poor dear Lady, she can't dissemble; and if two People who loves one another a'n't happy, why who should be so? Happiness don't always depend upon what People has; besides, my Lady has enough for both. To be sure therefore as one may say, it would be all the Pity in the World to keep two such Loviers aunder; nay, I am convinced for my Part, you will meet together at last; for if it is to be, there is no preventing it. If a Marriage is made in Heaven, all the Justices of Peace upon Earth can't break it off. To be sure I wishes that Parson Supple had but a little more Spirit to tell the Squire..."
Squire of his Wickedness in endeavouring
to force his Daughter contrary to her
Liking; but then his whole Dependance
is on the Squire, and so the poor Gentle-
man, though he is a very religious good
sort of Man and talks of the Badness of
such Doings behind the Squire's Back,
yet he dares not say his Soul is his own to
his Face. To be sure I never saw him
make so bold as just now, I was afeard
the Squire would have struck him. —
I would not have your Honour be
melancholy, Sir, nor despair; Things
may go better, as long as you are sure
of my Lady, and that I am certain you
may be, for she never will be brought to
consent to marry any other Man. In-
deed, I am terribly afeard the Squire will
do her a Mischief in his Passion: For he
is a prodigious passionate Gentleman, and
I am afeard too the poor Lady will be
brought to break her Heart, for she is as
tender-hearted as a Chicken; it is pity me-
-thinks, she had not a little of my Courage.
If I was in Love with a young Man, and
my Father offered to lock me up, I'd tear
his Eyes out, but I'd come at him; but
then there's a great Fortune in the Case,
which it is in her Father's Power either to
give
Whether Jones gave strict Attention to all the foregoing Harangue, or whether it was for want of any Vacancy in the Discourse, I cannot determine; but he never once attempted to answer, nor did he once stop, till Partridge came running into the Room, and informed him that the great Lady was upon the Stairs.

Nothing could equal the Dilemma to which Jones was now reduced. Honour knew nothing of any Acquaintance that subsisted between him and Lady Bellaston, and she was almost the last Person in the World to whom he would have communicated it. In this Hurry and Distress, he took (as is common enough) the worst Course, and instead of exposing her to the Lady, which would have been of little Consequence; he chose to expose the Lady to her; he therefore resolved to hide Honour, whom he had but just time to convey behind the Bed, and to draw the Curtains.

The Hurry in which Jones had been all Day engaged on Account of his poor Landlady and her Family, the Terrors occasioned
honied by Mrs. Honour, and the Confusion into which he was thrown by the sudden Arrival of Lady Bellaston, had altogether driven former Thoughts out of his Head; so that it never once occurred to his Memory to act the Part of a sick Man; which indeed, neither the Gayety of his Dress, nor the Freshness of his Countenance would have at all supported.

He received her Ladyship therefore rather agreeably to her Desires than to her Expectations, with all the good Humour he could muster in his Countenance, and without any real or affected Appearance of the least Disorder.

Lady Bellaston no sooner entered the Room, than she squatted herself down on the Bed: 'So, my dear Jones,' said she; 'you find nothing can detain me long from you. Perhaps I ought to be angry with you, that I have neither seen nor heard from you all Day; for I perceive your Distemper would have suffered you to come abroad; Nay, I suppose you have not sat in your Chamber all Day dressed up like a fine Lady to see Company after a Lying-in; but however, don't think I intend to scold you: For I never will give M 5 you
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you an Excuse for the cold Behaviour of
a Husband, by putting on the ill Humour
of a Wife.

'Nay, Lady Bellaston,' said Jones, 'I
am sure your Ladyship will not upbraid
me with neglect of Duty, when I only
waited for Orders. Who, my dear Cre-
ture, hath Reason to complain? Who
missed an Appointment last Night, and
left an unhappy Man to expect, and wish,
and sigh, and languish?'

'Do not mention it, my dear Mr. Jones,'
tried she. 'If you knew the Occasion, you
would pity me. In short, it is impossible to
conceive what Women of Condition
are obliged to suffer from the Impertinence
of Fools, in order to keep up the Farce of
the World. I am glad however, all your
languishing and wishing have done you
no harm: for you never looked better
in your Life. Upon my Faith! Jones,
you might at this Instant fit for the Pic-
ture of Adonis.'

There are certain Words of Provocation
which Men of Honour hold can only pro-
perly be answered by a Blow. Among
Lovers possibly there may be some Expres-
sions
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Ions which can only be answered by a Kiss.
The Compliment which Lady Bellaiston now made Jones seems to be of this Kind, especially as it was attended with a Look in which the Lady conveyed more soft Ideas than it was possible to express with her Tongue.

Jones was certainly at this Instant in one of the most disagreeable and distress Situations imaginable; for to carry on the Comparison we made use of before, tho' the Provocation was given by the Lady, Jones could not receive Satisfaction, nor so much as offer to ask it, in the Presence of a third Person; Seconds in this kind of Duels not being according to the Law of Arms. As this Objection did not occur to Lady Bellaiston, who was ignorant of any other Woman being there but herself, she waited some time in great Astonishment for an Answer from Jones, who conscious of the ridiculous Figure he made, stood at a Distance, and not daring to give the proper Answer, gave none at all. Nothing can be imagined more comic, nor yet more tragical than this Scene would have been, if it had lasted much longer. The Lady had already changed Colour two or three times; had got up from the Bed and sat down again, while Jones was wishing the
the Ground to sink under him, or the House to fall on his Head, when an odd Accident freed him from an Embarraffment out of which neither the Eloquence of a Cicero, nor the Politicks of a Machiavel could have delivered him, without utter Disgrace.

This was no other than the Arrival of young Nightingale dead drunk; or rather in that State of Drunkenness which deprives Men of the Use of their Reason, without depriving them of the Use of their Limbs.

Mrs. Miller and her Daughters were in Bed, and Partridge was smoking his Pipe by the Kitchen Fire; so that he arrived at Mr. Jones’s Chamber Door without any Interruption. This he burst open, and was entering without any Ceremony, when Jones started from his Seat, and ran to oppose him; which he did so effectually, that Nightingale never came far enough within the Door to see who was sitting on the Bed.

Nightingale had in Reality mistaken Jones’s Apartment for that in which himself had lodged; he therefore strongly insisted on coming in, often swearing that he would not be kept from his own Bed. Jones, however, prevailed over him, and delivered him into
And now Jones was unwillingly obliged to return to his own Apartment, where at the very Instant of his Entrance he heard Lady Bellaston venting an Exclamation, though not a very loud one; and at the same time, saw her flinging herself into a Chair in a vast Agitation, which in a Lady of a tender Constitution would have been an Hysterical Fit.

In reality the Lady, frightened with the Struggle between the two Men, of which she did not know what would be the Issue, as she heard Nightingale swear many Oaths he would come to his own Bed, attempted to retire to her known Place of Hiding, which to her great Confusion she found already occupied by another.

'Is this Usage to be borne, Mr. Jones?' cries the Lady, '— basest of Men!— What Wretch is this to whom you have exposed me?' 'Wretch!' cries Honour, bursting in a violent Rage from her Place of Concealment —— 'marry come up!— Wretch forsooth!—As poor a Wretch as
I am, I am honest, that is more than some Folks who are richer can say.

Jones, instead of applying himself directly to take off the Edge of Mrs. Honour's Resentment, as a more experienced Gallant would have done, fell to cursing his Stars, and lamenting himself as the most unfortunate Man in the World; and presently after, addressing himself to Lady Bellaston, he fell to some very absurd Protestations of Innocence. By this time the Lady having recovered the Use of her Reason, which she had as ready as any Woman in the World, especially on such Occasions, calmly replied; 'Sir, you need make no Apologies, I see now who the Person is; I did not at first know Mrs. Honour; but now I do, I can suspect nothing wrong between her and you; and I am sure she is a Woman of too good Sense to put any wrong Constructions upon my Visit to you; I have been always her Friend, and it may be in my Power to be much more so hereafter.'

Mrs. Honour was altogether as placable, as she was passionate. Hearing therefore Lady Bellaston assume the soft Tone, she likewise softened her's. 'I'm sure,' 'Madam,'
Ch. 7. a FOUNDLING.

"Madam," says she, "I have been always ready to acknowledge your Ladyship's Friendships to me; sure I never had so good a Friend as your Ladyship—and to be sure now I see it is your Ladyship that I spoke to, I could almost bite my Tongue off for very mad.—I Constructions upon your Ladyship—to be sure it doth not become a Servant as I am to think about such a great Lady—I mean I was a Servant: for indeed I am no Body's Servant now, the more miserable Wretch is me.—I have lost the best Mistress."—Here Honour thought fit to produce a Shower of Tears.—"Don't cry, Child," says the good Lady, "Ways perhaps may be found to make you amends. Come to me to morrow Morning." She then took up her Fan which lay on the Ground, and without even looking at Jones, walked very majestically out of the Room; there being a kind of Dignity in the Impudence of Women of Quality, which their Inferiors vainly aspire to attain to in Circumstances of this Nature.

Jones followed her down Stairs, often offering her his Hand, which she absolutely refused him, and got into her Chair without taking any Notice of him as he stood bowing before her.
At his Return up Stairs, a long Dialogue past between him and Mrs. Honour, while she was adjusting herself after the Discomposure she had undergone. The Subject of this was his Infidelity to her young Lady; on which she enlarged with great Bitterness; but Jones at last found means to reconcile her, and not only so, but to obtain a Promise of most inviolable Secrecy, and that she would the next Morning endeavour to find out Sophia, and bring him a further Account of the Proceedings of the Squire.

Thus ended this unfortunate Adventure to the Satisfaction only of Mrs. Honour; for a Secret (as some of my Readers will perhaps acknowledge from Experience) is often a very valuable Possession; and that not only to those who faithfully keep it, but sometimes to such as whisper it about till it come to the Ears of every one, except the ignorant Person, who pays for the supposed concealing of what is publicly known.
NOTWITHSTANDING all the Obligations she had received from Jones, Mrs. Miller could not forbear in the Morning some gentle Remonstrances for the Hurricane which had happened the preceding Night in his Chamber. These were however so gentle and so friendly; professing, and indeed truly, to aim at nothing more than the real good of Mr. Jones himself, that he, far from being offended, thankfully received the Admonition of the good Woman, expressed much Concern for what had past, excused it as well as he could, and promised never more to bring the same Disturbances into the House.

But though Mrs. Miller did not refrain from a Short Expostulation in private at their first meeting, yet the Occasion of his being summoned down Stairs that Morning was of a much more agreeable Kind; being indeed to perform the Office of a Father to Miss Nancy, and to give her in Wedlock to Mr. Nightingale, who was now ready drest, and
and full as sober as many of my Readers will think a Man ought to be who receives a Wife in so imprudent a Manner.

And here perhaps it may be proper to account for the Escape which this young Gentleman had made from his Uncle, and for his Appearance in the Condition in which we have seen him the Night before.

Now when the Uncle had arrived at his Lodgings with his Nephew, partly to indulge his own Inclinations (for he dearly loved his Bottle) and partly to disqualify his Nephew from the immediate Execution of his Purpose, he ordered Wine to be set on the Table; with which he so briskly ply'd the young Gentleman, that this latter, who, though not much used to Drinking, did not detest it so as to be guilty of Disobedience or of want of Complaisance by refusing, was soon completely finished.

Just as the Uncle had obtained this Victory, and was preparing a Bed for his Nephew, a Messenger arrived with a Piece of News, which so entirely disconcerted and shocked him, that he in a Moment lost all Consideration for his Nephew, and his whole
whole Mind became entirely taken up with his own Concerns.

This sudden and afflicting News was no less than that his Daughter had taken the Opportunity of almost the first Moment of his Absence, and had gone off with a Neighbouring young Clergyman; against whom the her Father could have had but one Objection, namely, that he was worth nothing, yet she had never thought proper to communicate her Amour even to that Father; and so artfully had she managed, that it had never been once suspected by any, till now that it was consummated.

Old Mr. Nightingale no sooner received this Account, than in the utmost Confusion he ordered a Post-Chaise to be instantly got ready, and having recommended his Nephew to the Care of a Servant, he directly left the House, scarce knowing what he did, nor whither he went.

The Uncle being thus departed, when the Servant came to attend the Nephew to Bed, had waked him for that Purpose, and had at last made him sensible that his Uncle was gone, he, instead of accepting the kind Offices tendered him, insisted on a Chair
Chair being called; with this the Servant, who had received no strict Orders to the contrary, readily complied; and thus being conducted back to the House of Mrs. Miller, he had staggered up to Mr. Jones's Chamber, as hath been before recounted.

This Bar of the Uncle being now removed (though young Nightingale knew not as yet in what Manner) and all Parties being quickly ready, the Mother, Mr. Jones, Mr. Nightingale, and his Love stept into a Hackney-Coach, which conveyed him to Doctor's Commons, where Miss Nancy was, in vulgar Language, soon made an honest Woman, and the poor Mother became in the purest Sense of the Word, one of the happiest of all human Beings.

And now Mr. Jones having seen his good Offices to that poor Woman and her Family brought to a happy Conclusion, began to apply himself to his own Concerns; but here left many of my Readers should censure his Folly for thus troubling himself with the Affairs of others, and lest some few should think he acted more disinterestedly than indeed he did, we think proper to assure our Reader, that he was so far from being unconcerned in this Matter, that he had
had indeed a very considerable Interest in bringing it to that final Consummation.

To explain this seeming Paradox at once, he was one who could truly say with him in Terence, Homo sum: Nibil humani a me alienum puto. He was never an indifferent Spectator of the Misery or Happiness of any one; and he felt either the one or the other in greater Proportion as he himself contributed to either. He could not therefore be the Instrument of raising a whole Family from the lowest State of Wretchedness to the highest Pitch of Joy without conveying great Felicity to himself; more perhaps than worldly Men often purchase to themselves by undergoing the most severe Labour, and often by wading through the deepest Iniquity.

Those Readers who are of the same Complexion with him will perhaps think this short Chapter contains abundance of Matter; while others may probably wish, short as it is, that it had been totally spared as imper- tinent to the main Design, which I suppose they conclude is to bring Mr. Jones to the Gallows, or if possible, to a more deplo- rable Catastrophe.

CHAP.
MR. Jones at his Return Home, found the following Letters lying on his Table, which he luckily opened in the Order they were sent.

LETTER I.

Surely I am under some strange Infatuation; I cannot keep my Resolutions a Moment, however strongly made or justly founded. Last Night I resolved never to see you more; this Morning I am willing to hear if you can, as you say, clear up this Affair. And yet I know that to be impossible. I have said every Thing to myself which you can invent. —Perhaps not. Perhaps your Invention is stronger. Come to me therefore the Moment you receive this. If you can forge an Excuse, I almost promise you to believe it. Betrayed to——I will think no more.—Come to me directly.—This is the third Letter I have writ, the two former are burnt——I am almost inclined
inclined to burn this too—I wish I preserve my Senses.—Come to me presently.'

LETTER II.

If you ever expect to be forgiven, or even suffered within my Doors, come to me this Instant.

LETTER III.

I now find you was not at Home when my Notes came to your Lodgings. The Moment you receive this let me see you; I shall not stir out; nor shall any Body be let in but yourself. Sure nothing can detain you long.

Jones had just read over these three Bills, when Mr. Nightingale came into the Room. 'Well, Tom,' said he, 'any News from Lady Bellaston, after last Night's Adventure?' (for it was now no Secret to any one in that House who the Lady was.) 'The Lady Bellaston?' answered Jones very gravely.—'Nay, dear Tom,' cries Nightingale, 'don't be so reserved to your Friends. Though I was too drunk to see her last Night, I saw her at the Masquerade. Do you
you think I am ignorant who the Queen of the Fairies is?' And did you really then know the Lady at the Masquerade?' said Jones. 'Yes, upon my Soul, did I,' said Nightingale, 'and have given you twenty Hints of it since, though you seemed always so tender on that Point, that I would not speak plainly. I fancy, my Friend, by your extreme Nicety in this Matter, you are not so well acquainted with the Character of the Lady, as with her Person. Don't be angry, Tom, but, upon my Honour, you are not the first young Fellow she hath debauched. Her Reputation is in no Danger, believe me.'

Though Jones had no Reason to imagine the Lady to have been of the vestal Kind when his Amour began, yet as he was thoroughly ignorant of the Town, and had very little Acquaintance in it, he had yet no Knowledge of that Character which is vulgarly called a Demirep; that is to say, a Woman who intrigues with every Man she likes, under the Name and Appearance of Virtue; and who, though some over-nice Ladies will not be seen with her, is visited, (as they term it) by the whole Town; in short, whom every Body knows to be what no Body calls her.
When he found, therefore, that Nightingale was perfectly acquainted with his Intrigue, and began to suspect, that so scrupulous a Delicacy as he had hitherto observed, was not quite necessary on the Occasion, he gave a Latitude to his Friend's Tongue, and desired him to speak plainly what he knew, or had ever heard of the Lady.

Nightingale, who in many other Instances, was rather too effeminate in his Disposition, had a pretty strong Inclination to Tittle-Tattle. He had no sooner, therefore, received a full Liberty of speaking from Jones, than he entered upon a long Narrative concerning the Lady; which, as it contained many Particulars highly to her Dishonour, we have too great a Tender-ness for all Women of Condition to repeat; we would cautiously avoid giving an Opportunity to the future Commentators on our Works, of making any malicious Application; and of forcing us to be, against our Will, the Author of Scandal, which never entered into our Head.
Jones having very attentively heard all that Nightingale had to say, fetched a deep Sigh, which the other observing, cried, 'Heyday! Why thou art not in Love I hope! Had I imagined my Stories would have affected you, I promise you should never have heard them.' 'O my dear Friend,' cries Jones, 'I am so entangled with this Woman, that I know not how to extricate myself.' 'In Love indeed? No, my Friend, but I am under Obligations to her, and very great ones. Since you know so much, I will be very explicit with you. It is owing perhaps solely to her, that I have not, before this, wanted a Bit of Bread. How can I possibly desert such a Woman? And yet I must desert her, or be guilty of the blackest Treachery to one, who deserves infinitely better of me than she can: A Woman, my Nightingale, for whom I have a Passion which few can have an Idea of. I am half distracted with Doubts how to act.' And is this other, pray, an honourable Mistress? cries Nightingale.' Honourable?' answered Jones; 'No Breath ever yet durst fully her Reputation. The sweetest Air is not purer, the limpid Stream not clearer than her Honour.
Ch. 9. **A Foundling.**

'Nour. She is all over, both in Mind and Body, consummate Perfection. She is the most beautiful Creature in the Universe; and yet she is Mistress of such noble, elevated Qualities, that though she is never from my Thoughts, I scarce ever think of her Beauty, but when I see it.'

'And can you, my good Friend,' cries Nightingale, 'with such an Engagement as this upon your Hands, hesitate a Moment about quitting such a——' 'Hold, said Jones, 'no more Abuse of her; I detest the Thought of Ingratitude.' 'Pooh! answered the other, 'you are not the first upon whom she hath conferred Obligations of this Kind. She is remarkably liberal where she likes; though, let me tell you, her Favours are so prudently bestowed, that they should rather raise a Man's Vanity, than his Gratitude.' In short, Nightingale proceeded so far on this Head, and told his Friend so many Stories of the Lady, which he swore to the Truth of, that he entirely removed all Esteem for her from the Breast of Jones; and his Gratitude was lessened in Proportion. Indeed he began to look on all the Favours he had received, rather as Wages than Benefits, which not only depreciated her, but himself too in his own Conceit, and put him quite out.
out of Humour with both. From this Disgust, his Mind, by a natural Transition, turned towards Sophia: Her Virtue, her Purity, her Love to him, her Sufferings on his Account, filled all his Thoughts, and made his Commerce with Lady Bellaston appear still more odious. The Result of all was, that though his turning himself out of her Service, in which Light he now saw his Affair with her, would be the Loss of his Bread, yet he determined to quit her, if he could but find a handsome Pretence; which having communicated to his Friend, Nightingale considered a little, and then said, 'I have it, my Boy; I have found out a sure Method: Propose Marriage to her, and I would venture Hanging upon the Success.' 'Marriage!' cries Jones. 'Ay, propose Marriage,' answered Nightingale, 'and she will declare off in a Moment. I knew a young Fellow whom she kept formerly, who made the Offer to her in earnest, and was presently turned off for his Pains.'

Jones declared he could not venture the Experiment. 'Perhaps,' said he, 'she may be less shocked at this Proposal from one Man than from another. And if she should take me at my Word, where am I then?
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'I then? Caught in my own Trap, and undone for ever.' 'No;,' answered Nightingale, 'not if I can give you an Expedient, by which you may, at any Time, get out of the Trap.'—'What Expedient can that be?' reply'd Jones.' 'This, answered Nightingale. 'The young Fellow I mentioned, who is one of the most intimate Acquaintances I have in the World, is so angry with her for some ill Offices she hath since done him, that I am sure he would, without any Difficulty, give you a Sight of her Letters; upon which you may decently break with her, and declare off before the Knot is ty'd, if she should really be willing to tie it, which I am convinced she will not.

After some Hesitation, Jones, upon the Strength of this Assurance, consented; but as he swore he wanted the Confidence to propose the Matter to her Face, he wrote the following Letter, which Nightingale dictated.

'Madam,

'I am extremely concerned, that, by an unfortunate Engagement abroad, I should have missed receiving the Honour of your Ladyship's Commands the Moment

\[N 3\]

they
they came; and the Delay which I must
now suffer of vindicating myself to your
Ladyship, greatly adds to this Misfor-
tune. O Lady Bellaston, what a Terror
have I been in for Fear your Reputation
should be exposed by these perverse Acci-
dents. There is one only Way to secure it.
I need not name what that is. Only per-
mit me to say, that as your Honour is as
dear to me as my own, so my sole Am-
bition is to have the Glory of laying my
Liberty at your Feet; and believe me
when I assure you, I can never be made
completely happy, without you generously
bestow on me a legal Right of calling you
mine for ever. I am,

Madam,

With most profound Respect,

Your Ladyship's most Obliged,

Obedient Humble Servant,

Thomas Jones.

To this she presently returned the follow-
ing Answer.

Sir,
"Sir,

When I read over your serious Epistle,
I could, from its Coldness and Formality, have sworn that you had already
the legal Right you mention; nay, that
we had, for many Years, composed that
monstrous Animal a Husband and Wife.
Do you really then imagine me a Fool?
Or do you fancy yourself capable of so
entirely persuading me out of my Senses,
that I should deliver my whole Fortune
into your Power, in order to enable you
to support your Pleasures at my Ex-
pense. Are these the Proofs of Love
which I expected? Is this the Return
for—but I scorn to upbraid you, and
am in great Admiration of your profound
Respect.

P. S. I am prevented from revising:
Perhaps I have said more than I,
meant.—Come to me at Eight this
Evening.

Jones, by the Advice of his Privy-Coun-
cil, reply'd:

N 4    ' Madam,
Madam,
It is impossible to express how much I am shocked at the Suspicion you entertain of me. Can Lady Bellaston have conferred Favours on a Man whom she could believe capable of so base a Design? Or can she treat the most solemn Tie of Love with Contempt? Can you imagine, Madam, that if the Violence of my Passion, in an unguarded Moment, overcame the Tenderness which I have for your Honour, that I would think of indulging myself in the Continuance of an Intercourse, which could not possibly escape long the Notice of the World; and which, when discovered, must prove so fatal to your Reputation? If such be your Opinion of me, I must pray for a sudden Opportunity of returning those pecuniary Obligations, which I have been so unfortunate to receive at your Hands; and for those of a more tender Kind, I shall ever remain, &c. And so concluded in the very Words with which he had concluded the former Letter.

The Lady answered as follows.

I see
Ch. 9.  _a FOUNDLING._

"I see you are a Villain; and I despise you from my Soul. If you come here, I shall not be at Home."

Though Jones was well satisfied with his Deliverance from a Thraldom which those who have ever experienced it will, I apprehend, allow to be none of the lightest, he was not, however, perfectly easy in his Mind. There was, in this Scheme, too much of Fallacy to satisfy one who utterly detested every Species of Falsehood or Dishonesty: Nor would he, indeed, have submitted to put it in Practice, had he not been involved in a distressful Situation, where he was obliged to be guilty of some Dishonour, either to the one Lady or the other; and surely the Reader will allow, that every good Principle, as well as Love, pleaded strongly in Favour of Sophia.

_Nightingale_, highly exulted in the Success of his Stratagem, upon which he received many Thanks, and much Applause from his Friend. He answered, "Dear Tom, we have conferred very different Obligations on each other. To me you owe the regaining your Liberty; to you I owe the...

N 5

Lor.
The two Gentlemen were now summoned down to Dinner, where Mrs. Miller, who performed herself the Office of Cook, had exerted her best Talents, to celebrate the Wedding of her Daughter. This joyful Circumstance, as she ascribed principally to the friendly Behaviour of Jones, her whole Soul was fired with Gratitude towards him, and all her Looks, Words, and Actions were so busied in expressing it, that her Daughter, and even her new Son-in-Law, were very little the Objects of her Consideration.

Dinner was just ended when Mrs. Miller received a Letter; but as we have had Letters enough in this Chapter, we shall communicate the Contents in our next.
CHAP. X.

Consisting partly of Facts, and partly of Observations upon them.

The Letter then which arrived at the End of the preceding Chapter was from Mr. Allworthy, and the Purport of it was his Intention to come immediately to Town, with his Nephew Blifil, and a Desire to be accommodated with his usual Lodgings, which were the first Floor for himself, and the second for his Nephew.

The Cheerfulness which had before display'd itself in the Countenance of the poor Woman, was a little clouded on this Occasion. This News did indeed a good deal disconcert her. To requite so disinterested a Match with her Daughter, by presently turning her new Son-in-Law out of Doors, appeared to her very unjustifiable on the one Hand; and on the other, she could scarce bear the Thoughts of making any Excuse to Mr. Allworthy, after all the Obligations received from him, for depriving him of Lodgings which were indeed strictly his

N 6
his Due: For that Gentleman, in conferring all his numberless Benefits on others, acted by a Rule diametrically opposite to what is practised by most generous People, he contrived, on all Occasions, to hide his Beneficence not only from the World, but even from the Object of it. He constantly used the Words Lend and Pay, instead of Give; and by every other Method he could invent, always lessened the Favours he conferred with his Tongue, while he was heaping them with both his Hands. When he settled the Annuity of 50 l. a Year, therefore, on Mrs. Miller, he told her, 'It was in Consideration of always having her First-Floor when he was in Town,' (which he scarce ever intended to be) 'but that she might let it at any other Time, for that he would always send her a Month's Warning.' He was now, however, hurried to Town so suddenly, that he had no Opportunity of giving such Notice; and this Hurry probably prevented him, when he wrote for his Lodgings, adding, if they were then empty: For he would most certainly have been well satisfied to have relinquished them on a less sufficient Excuse, than what Mrs. Miller could now have made.

But
But there are a Sort of Persons, who, as Prior excellently well remarks, direct their Conduct by something

Beyond the fix'd and settled Rules
Of Vice and Virtue in the Schools;
Beyond the Letter of the Law.

To these it is so far from being sufficient that their Defence would acquit them at the Old-Bailey, that they are not even contented, though Conscience, the severest of all Judges, should discharge them. Nothing short of the Fair and Honourable will satisfy the Delicacy of their Minds; and if any of their Actions fall short of this Mark, they mope and pine, are as uneasy and restless as a Murderer, who is afraid of a Ghost, or of the Hangman.

Mrs. Miller was one of these. She could not conceal her Uneasiness at this Letter, with the Contents of which she had no sooner acquainted the Company, and given some Hints of her Distress, than Jones, her good Angel, presently relieved her Anxiety. "As for myself, Madam," said he, "my Lodging is at your Service at a Moment's
 Moment's Warning; and Mr. Nightingale, I am sure, as he cannot yet prepare a House fit to receive his Lady, will consent to return to his new Lodging, whether Mrs. Nightingale will certainly consent to go.' With which Proposal both Husband and Wife instantly agreed.

The Reader will easily believe, that the Cheeks of Mrs. Miller began again to glow with additional Gratitude to Jones; but, perhaps, it may be more difficult to persuade him that Mr. Jones having, in his last Speech, called her Daughter Mrs. Nightingale, (it being the first Time that agreeable Sound had ever reached her Ears) gave the fond Mother more Satisfaction, and warmed her Heart more towards Jones, than his having dissipated her present Anxiety.

The next Day was then appointed for the Removal of the new-married Couple, and of Mr. Jones, who was likewise to be provided for in the same House with his Friend. And now the Serenity of the Company was again restored, and they past the Day in the utmost Cheerfulness, all except Jones, who, though he outwardly accompanied the
the rest in their Mirth, felt many a bitter Pang: on the Account of his Sophia; which were not a little heightened by the News of Mr. Blifil's coming to Town, (for he clearly saw the Intention of his Journey:) And what greatly aggravated his Concern was; that Mrs. Honour, who had promised to enquire after Sophia, and to make her Report to him early the next Evening, had disappointed him.

In the Situation that he and his Mistress were in at this Time, there were scarce any Grounds for him to hope that he should hear any good News; yet he was as impatient to see Mrs. Honour, as if he had expected she would bring him a Letter with an Assignation in it from Sophia, and bore the Disappointment as ill. Whether this Impatience arose from that natural Weakness of the Human Mind, which makes it desirous to know the worst, and renders Uncertainty the most intolerable of Pains; or whether he still flattered himself with some secret Hopes, we will not determine. But that it might be the last, whoever has loved cannot but know. For of all the Powers exercised by this Passion over our Minds, one of the most wonderful is that of supporting Hope in the midst of Despair. Difficulties, Improbabilities, nay Impossibilities...
are quite overlook'd by it; so that to any Man extremely in Love, may be applied what Addison says of Caesar,

_The Alps, and Pyrenæans sink before him!_

Yet it is equally true, that the same Passion will sometimes make Mountains of Molehills, and produce Despair in the midst of Hope; but these cold Fits last not long in good Constitutions. Which Temper Jones was now in, we leave the Reader to guess, having no exact Information about it; but this is certain, that he had spent two Hours in Expectation, when being unable any longer to conceal his Uneasiness, he retired to his Room; where his Anxiety had almost made him frantick, when the following Letter was brought him from Mrs. Honour, with which we shall present the Reader verbatim & literatim.

**SIR,**

I shud fartenly hav kaled on you a cor-

din too mi Prommifs haddunt itt bin that

hur Lashipp prevent mee; for too bee fur,

Sir, you nole very wel that evere Person

must luk furft at ome, and fartenly such

anuther offer mite not ave ever hapned,

so as I shud ave bin justly to blam, had

I not excepted of it when her Laship

was so veri kind as to offer to mak

mee hur one. Uman without mi ever

askin any such thing, to bee fur shee is

... "won
won of thee best Ladis in the Wurld, and Pepil who safe to thee Kontrari must bee veri wiket Pepil in thare Harts. Tobe sur if ever I ave sad any thing of that Kine it as bin thru Ignoren and I am hartili sorri for it. I nose your Onor to be a Genteelman of more Onur and Onesty, if I ever said ani such thing to repete it to hurt a pore Servant that as alwais ad thee gratest Respect in thee World for ure Onur. To bee sur won shud kepe wons Tung within one's Teeth, for no Boddi nose what may hapen; and too bee sur if ani Boddi ad tolde mee Yesterday, that I shud haf bin in so gud a Plafe to Day, I shud not haf beleved it; for too bee sur I never was a dremd of any such Thing, nor shud I ever ha soft after ani other Bodi's Plafe; but as her Laship wass so kine of her one a cord too give it mee without askin, to be sure Mrs. Estoff herself, nor no other Bodi can blam mee for exceptin such a Thing when it fals in mi Waye. I beg ure Onur not too menshon ani thing of what I haf sad, for I wish ure Onur all thee gud Luk in thee Wurld; and I don't question butt thatt u wil haf Madam Sofia in the End; butt as to
missel ure Onur nose I kant bee of an
carder Sarvis to u in that Matar, nou
being under thee Cumand off anuthar
Parson, and nott mi one Mistress. I
begg ure Onur to say nothing of what
past, and believe me to be, Sir,

"Ure Onur's umble Servant
"To Cumand till Deth,
"Honour Blackmore."

Various were the Conjectures which
Jones entertained for this Step of Lady
Bellaaston; who in Reality had little further
Design than to secure within her own House
the Repository of a Secret, which she chose
should make no farther Progress than it had
made already; but mostly she desired to
keep it from the Ears of Sophia; for tho'
that young Lady was almost the only one
who would never have repeated it again,
her Ladyship could not persuade herself of
this; since as she now hated poor Sophia
with most implacable Hatred, she conceived
a reciprocal Hatred to herself to be lodged
in the tender Breast of our Heroine, where
no such Passion had never yet found an En-
trance.

While
While Jones was terrifying himself with the Apprehension of a thousand dreadful Machinations, and deep political Designs, which he imagined to be at the Bottom of the Promotion of Honour, Fortune, who hitherto seems to have been an utter Enemy to his Match with Sophia, try'd a new Method to put a final End to it, by throwing a Temptation in the Way of Jones, which in his present desperate Situation it seemed unlikely he should be able to resist.

CHAP. XI.

Containing curious, but not unprecedented Matter.

There was a Lady, one Mrs. Hunt, who had often seen Jones at the House where he lodged, being intimately acquainted with the Women there, and indeed a very great Friend to Mrs. Miller. Her Age was about thirty, for she owned six and twenty; her Face and Person very good, only inclining a little too much to be fat. She had been married young, by her Relations to an old Turkey Merchant, who having got a great Fortune, had left off Trade.
Trade. With him she lived without Reproach, but not without Pain, in a State of great Self denial, for about twelve Years; and her Virtue was rewarded by his dying, and leaving her very rich. The first Year of her Widowhood was just at an End, and she had past it in a good deal of Retirement, seeing only a few particular Friends, and dividing her Time between her Devotions and Novels, of which she was always extremely fond. Very good Health, a very warm Constitution, and a great deal of Religion made it absolutely necessary for her to marry again; and she resolved to please herself in her second Husband, as she had done her Friends in the first. From her the following Billet was brought to Jones.

"Sir,

From the first Day I saw you I doubt my Eyes have told you too plainly, that you were not indifferent to me; but neither my Tongue nor my Hand should have ever avowed it, had not the Ladies of the Family where you are lodged given me such a Character of you, and told me such Proofs of your Virtue and Goodness, as convince me you are not only
Ch. 10. *A Foundling.*

the most agreeable, but the most worthy
of Men. I have also the Satisfaction to
hear from them, that neither my Person,
Understanding or Character are disagree-
able to you. I have a Fortune sufficient
to make us both happy, but which can-
not make me so without you. In thus
disposing of myself I know I shall incur
the Censure of the World, but if I did
not love you more than I fear the World
I should not be worthy of you. One
only Difficulty stops me: I am informed
you are engaged in a Commerce of Gal-
lantry with a Woman of Fashion. If
you think it worth while to sacrifice that
to the Possession of me, I am yours; if
not forget my Weakness, and let this
remain an eternal Secret between you
and

*Arabella Hunt.*

At the reading of this Jones was put in-
to a violent Flutter. His Fortune was then
at a very low Ebb, the Source being stopt
from which hitherto he had been supplied.
Of all he had received from Lady Bellaston
not above five Guineas remained, and that
very Morning he had been dunned by a
Tradesman for twice that Sum. His ho-
nourable
nourable Mistress was in the Hands of her Father, and he had scarce any Hopes ever to get her out of them again. To be subsisted at her Expence from that little Fortune she had independent of her Father, went much against the Delicacy both of his Pride and his Love. This Lady's Fortune would have been exceeding convenient to him, and he could have no Objection to her in any Respect. On the contrary, he liked her as well as he did any Woman except Sophia. But to abandon Sophia, and marry another, that was impossible; he could not think of it upon any Account. Yet why should he not, since it was plain she could not be his? Would it not be kinder to her, than to continue her longer engaged in a hopeless Passion for him? Ought he not to do so in Friendship to her? This Notion prevailed some Moments, and he had almost determined to be false to her from a high Point of Honour; but that Refinement was not able to stand very long against the Voice of Nature, which cried in his Heart, that such Friendship was Treason to Love. At last he called for Pen, Ink and Paper, and writ as follows to Mrs. Hunt.
Madam,

It would be but a poor Return to the Favour you have done me, to sacrifice any Gallantry to the Possession of you, and I would certainly do it, tho' I were not disengaged, as at present I am, from any Affair of that Kind. But I should not be the honest Man you think me, if I did not tell you, that my Affections are engaged to another, who is a Woman of Virtue, and one that I never can leave, though it is probable I shall never possess her. God forbid that in Return of your Kindness to me, I should do you such an Injury, as to give you my Hand, when I cannot give my Heart. No, I had much rather starve than be guilty of that. Even though my Mistress were married to another, I would not marry you unless my Heart had entirely effaced all Impressions of her. Be assured that your Secret was not more safe in your own Breast, than in that of

Your most obliged, and

Grateful Humble Servant,

T. Jones.

When
When our Heroe had finished and sent this Letter, he went to his Scrutore, took out Miss Western's Muff, kiss'd it several Times, and then strutted some Turns about his Room with more Satisfaction of Mind than ever any Irishman felt in carrying off a Fortune of fifty Thousand Pounds.

CHAP. XII.

A Discovery made by Partridge.

While Jones was exulting in the Consciousness of his Integrity, Partridge came capering into the Room, as was his Custom when he brought, or fancied he brought, any good Tidings. He had been dispatched that Morning, by his Master, with Orders to endeavour, by the Servants of Lady Bellaston, or by any other Means, to discover whither Sophia had been conveyed; and he now returned, and with a joyful Countenance told our Heroe, that he had found the lost Bird. 'I have seen, 'Sir, says he, black George, the Game- 'keeper, who is one of the Servants whom 'the Squire hath brought with him to
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Town. I knew him presently, though I have not seen him these several Years; but you know, Sir, he is a very remarkable Man, or to use a purer Phrase, he hath a most remarkable Beard, the largest and blackest I ever saw. It was some Time however before black George could recollect me. — 'Well, but what is your good News? cries Jones, what do you know of my Sophia?' — 'You shall know presently, Sir, answered Partridge, I am coming to it as fast as I can. — 'You are so impatient, Sir, you would come at the Infinitive Mood, before you can get to the Imperative. As I was saying, Sir, it was some Time before he recollected my Face.' — 'Confound your Face, cries Jones, what of my Sophia?' — 'Nay, Sir, answered Partridge, I know nothing more of Madam Sophia, than what I am going to tell you; and I should have told you all before this if you had not interrupted me; but if you look so angry at me, you will frighten all out of my Head, or to use a purer Phrase, out of my Memory. I never saw you look so angry since the Day we left Upton, which I shall remember if I was to live a thousand Years.' — 'Well, pray go on in your own Way, said Jones, Vol. V. — 'you
you are resolved to make me mad I find.
Not for the World, answered Partridge,
I have suffered enough for that already;
which, as I said, I shall bear in my Re-
membrance the longest Day I have to
live.'——' Well, but black George? cries
Jones.'——' Well, Sir, as I was saying,
it was a long Time before he could re-
collect me, for indeed I am very much
altered since I saw him. Non sum qualis
cram: I have had Troubles in the World,
and nothing alters a Man so much as
Grief. I have heard it will change the
Colour of a Man's Hair in a Night.
However, at last, know me he did, that's
sure enough; for we are both of an Age,
and were at the same Charity School.
George was a great Dunce, but no Mat-
ter for that; all Men do not thrive in the
World according to their Learning. I
am sure I have Reason to say so; but it
will be all one a Thousand Years hence.
Well, Sir,—where was I?—O—well, we
no sooner knew each other, than after
many hearty Shakes by the Hand, we a-
greed to go to an Alchouse and take a
Pot, and by good Luck the Beer was
some of the best I have met with since I
have been in Town.—Now, Sir, I am
coming to the Point; for no sooner did
I name you, and told him, that you and I came to Town together, and had lived together ever since, than he called for another Pot, and swore he would drink to your Health; and indeed he drank your Health so heartily, that I was overjoyed to see there was so much Gratitude left in the World; and after we had emptied that Pot, I said I would be my Pot too, and so we drank another to your Health; and then I made haste Home to tell you the News.

What News? cries Jones, you have not mentioned a Word of my Sophia!—Bless me! I had like to have forgot that. Indeed we mentioned a great deal about young Madam Western, and George told me all; that Mr. Biffl is coming to Town in order to be married to her. He had best make haste then, says I, or some Body will have her before he comes, and indeed, says I, Mr. Seagrime, it is a Thousand Pities some Body should not have her; for he certainly loves her above all the Women in the World. I would have both you and she know, that it is not for her Fortune he follows her; for I can assure you as to Matter of that, there is another Lady, one of much greater Qua-
lity and Fortune than she can pretend to,
who is so fond of Somebody, that she
comes after him Day and Night." Here
Jones fell into a Passion with Partridge, for
having, as he said, betrayed him; but the
poor Fellow answered, he had mentioned
no Name; "Besides, Sir, said he, I can
assure you, George is sincerely your Friend,
and wished Mr. Blifil at the Devil more
than once; nay, he said he would do any
thing in his Power upon Earth to serve
you; and so I am convinced he will.—
Betray you indeed! why I question whe-
ther you have a better Friend than George
upon Earth, except myself, or one that
would go farther to serve you."

"Well, says Jones, a little pacified, you
say this Fellow, who I believe indeed is
enough inclined to be my Friend, lives
in the same House with Sophia?"

"In the same House! answered Partridge,
why, Sir, he is one of the Servants of the
Family, and very well drest I promise
you he is; if it was not for his black
Beard you would hardly know him."

"One
"One Service then at least he may do me, says Jones; sure he can certainly convey a Letter to my Sophia."

"You have hit the Nail ad'unguern, cries Partridge; how came I not to think of it? I will engage he shall do it upon the very first mentioning."

"Well then, said Jones, do you leave me at present, and I will write a Letter which you shall deliver to him To-morrow Morning; for I suppose you know where to find him."

"O yes, Sir, answered Partridge, I shall certainly find him again, there is no Fear of that. The Liquor is too good for him to stay away long. I make no doubt but he will be there every Day he stays in Town."

"So you don't know the Street then where my Sophia is lodged? cries Jones."

"Indeed, Sir, I do, says Partridge."

"What is the Name of the Street? cries Jones."
The Name, Sir, why here, Sir, just by, answered Partridge, not above a Street or two off. I don't indeed know the very Name; for as he never told me, if I had asked, you know it might have put some Suspicion into his Head. No, no, Sir, let me alone for that. I am too cunning for that, I promise you.'

Thou art most wonderfully cunning indeed, replied Jones; however I will write to my Charmer, since I believe you will be cunning enough to find him Tomorrow at the Alehouse.'

And now having dismissed the sagacious Partridge, Mr. Jones sat himself down to write, in which Employment we shall leave him for a Time. And here we put an End to the fifteenth Book.

The End of the Fifth Volume.