

mounting his own, and leading that on which this poor miserable wretch was, departed, without any more consideration of her cries than a butcher has of those of a lamb; for indeed his thoughts were entertained only with the degree of favour which he promised himself from the squire on the success of this adventure.

The servants, who were ordered to secure Adams and Joseph as safe as possible, that the squire might receive no interruption to his design on poor Fanny, immediately, by the poet's advice, tied Adams to one of the bedposts, as they did Joseph on the other side, as soon as they could bring him to himself; and then leaving them together, back to back, and desiring the host not to set them at liberty, nor to go near them till he had further orders, they departed toward their master; but happened to take a different road from that which the captain had fallen into.

CHAPTER X.

A Discourse between the Poet and Player, of no other use in this History but to divert the Reader.

BEFORE we proceed any farther in this tragedy, we shall leave Mr. Joseph and Mr. Adams to themselves, and imitate the wise conductors of the stage, who, in the midst of a grave action, entertain you with some excellent piece of satire or humour called a dance: which piece indeed is therefore danced, and not spoken, as it is delivered to the audience by persons whose thinking faculty is by most people held to lie in their heels; and to whom, as well as heroes, who think with their hands, Nature has only given heads for the sake of conformity, and as they are of use in dancing, to hang their hats on.

The poet, addressing the player, proceeded thus: "As I was saying" (for they had been at this discourse all the time of the engagement above stairs), "the reason you have no good new plays is evident; it is from your discouragement of authors. Gentlemen will not write, sir, they will not write, without the expectation of fame or profit, or perhaps both. Plays are like trees, which will not grow without nourishment; but, like mushrooms, they shoot up spontaneously, as it were, in a rich soil. The Muses, like vines, may be pruned, but not with a hatchet. The town, like a peevish child, knows not what it desires, and is always best pleased with a rattle. A farce-writer has indeed some chance of success; but they have lost all taste for the sublime; though I believe one reason of their depravity is the badness of the actors. If a man writes like an angel, sir, those fellows know not how to give a sentiment utterance."

"Not so fast," says the player: "the modern actors are as good at least as their authors; nay, they come nearer their illustrious predecessors; and I expect a Booth on the stage again, sooner than a Shakspeare or an Otway; and indeed I may turn your observation against you, and with truth say, that the reason no actors are encouraged, is because we have no good new plays."

"I have not affirmed the contrary," said the poet; "but I am surprised you grow so warm: you cannot imagine yourself interested in this dispute; I hope you have a better opinion of my taste, than to apprehend I squinted at yourself. No, sir, if we had six such actors as you, we should soon rival the Bettertons and Sandfords of former times; for, without a compliment to you, I think it impossible for any one to have excelled you in most of your parts. Nay, it is solemn truth; and I have heard many, and all great judges, express as much; and you will pardon me if I tell you, I think every time I have seen you lately, you have constantly acquired some new excellence, like a snowball. You have deceived me in my estimation of perfection, and have outdone what I thought inimitable."

"You are as little interested," answered the player, "in what I have said of other poets; for d—n me if there are not many strokes, ay, whole scenes, in your last tragedy, which at least equal Shakspeare. There is a delicacy of sentiment, a dignity of expression in it, which I will own many of our gentlemen did not do adequate justice to. To confess the truth, they are bad enough; and I pity an author who is present at the murder of his works."

"Nay, it is but seldom that it can happen," returned the poet: "the works of most modern authors, like dead-born children, cannot be murdered. It is such wretched, half-begotten, half-written, spiritless, low, grovelling stuff, that I almost pity the actor who is obliged to get it by heart, which must be almost as difficult to remember as words in a language you do not understand."

"I am sure," said the player, "if the sentences have little meaning when they are written, when they are spoken they have less. I know scarce one who ever lays an emphasis right, and much less adapts his action to his character. I have seen a tender lover in an attitude of fighting with his mistress, and a brave hero suing to his enemy with his sword in his hand. I don't care to abuse my profession; but, rot me, if in my heart I am not inclined to the poet's side."

"It is rather generous in you than just," said the poet; "and though I hate to speak ill of any person's production,—nay, I never do it, nor will,—but yet, to do justice to the actors, what could Booth or Betterton have made of such horrible stuff as Fenton's 'Mariamne,' Frowd's 'Philotas,' or Mallet's 'Eurydice,' or those low, dirty, last-dying speeches, which a fellow in the city, or Wapping, your Dillo or Lillo, what was his name, called tragedies?"

"Very well," says the player: "and, pray, what do you think of such fellows as Quin and Delane, or that face-making puppy young Cibber, that ill-looking dog Macklin, or that saucy slut Mrs. Clive? What work would they make with your Shakspeares, Otways, and Lees! How would those harmonious lines of the last come from their tongues!"

—————No more; for I disdain
All pomp when thou art by: far be the noise
Of kings and crowns from us, whose gentle souls

Our kinder fates have steer'd another way.
Free as the forest birds, we'll pair together,
Without remembering who our fathers were :
Fly to the arbours, grots, and flowery meads ;
There, in soft murmurs, interchange our souls ;
Together drink the crystal of the stream,
Or taste the yellow fruit which autumn yields :
And, when the golden evening calls us home,
Wing to our downy nests, and sleep till morn.

Or how would this disdain of Otway—

Who'd be that foolish, sordid thing, call'd man ?

“Hold ! hold ! hold !” said the poet : “do repeat that tender speech in the third act of my play which you made such a figure in.”

“I would willingly,” said the player, “but I have forgotten it.”

“Ay, you was not quite perfect enough in it when you played it,” cries the poet, “or you would have had such an applause as was never given on the stage ; an applause I was extremely concerned for your losing.”

“Sure,” says the player, “if I remember, that was hissed more than any passage in the whole play.”

“Ay, your speaking it was hissed,” said the poet.

“My speaking it !” said the player.

“I mean your not speaking it,” said the poet : “you was out, and then they hissed.”

“They hissed, and then I was out, if I remember,” answered the player ; “and I must say this for myself ; that the whole audience allowed I did your part justice : so don't lay the damnation of your play to my account.”

“I don't know what you mean by damnation,” replied the poet.

“Why, you know it was acted but one night,” cried the player.

“No,” said the poet, “you and the whole town were enemies : the pit were all my enemies ; fellows that would cut my throat, if the fear of hanging did not restrain them : all tailors, sir, all tailors.”

“Why should the tailors be so angry with you ?” cries the player : “I suppose you don't employ so many in making your clothes.”

“I admit your jest,” answered the poet ; “but you remember the affair as well as myself : you know there was a party in the pit and upper gallery would not suffer it to be given out again ; though much, ay, infinitely, the majority, all the boxes in particular, were desirous of it ; nay, most of the ladies swore they never would come to the house till it was acted again. Indeed, I must own their policy was good, in not letting it be given out a second time ; for the rascals knew if it had gone a second night, it would have run fifty ; for if ever there was distress in a tragedy,—I am not fond of my own performance ; but if I should tell you what the best of judges said of it—. Nor was it entirely owing to my enemies neither, that it did not succeed on the stage as well as it has since among the polite readers ; for you can't say it had justice done it by the performers.”

“I think,” answered the player, “the performers did the distress of it justice ; for I am

sure we were in distress enough, who were pelted with oranges all the last act : we all imagined it would have been the last act of our lives.”

The poet, whose fury was now raised, had just attempted to answer, when they were interrupted, and an end put to their discourse, by an accident ; which, if the reader is impatient to know, he must skip over the next chapter, which is a sort of counterpart to this, and contains some of the best and gravest matters in the whole book ; being a discourse between Parson Abraham Adams and Mr. Joseph Andrews.

CHAPTER XI.

Containing the Exhortations of Parson Adams to his Friend in Affliction ; calculated for the Instruction and Improvement of the Reader.

JOSEPH no sooner came perfectly to himself, than perceiving his mistress gone, he bewailed her loss with groans which would have pierced any heart but those which are possessed by some people, and are made of a certain composition, not unlike flint in its hardness and other properties ; for you may strike fire from them, which will dart through the eyes, but they can never distil one drop of water the same way. His own, poor youth, was of a softer composition ; and at those words, “O my dear Fanny ! O my love ! shall I never, never see thee more ?” his eyes overflowed with tears, which would have become anything but a hero. In a word, his despair was more easy to be conceived than related.

Mr. Adams, after many groans, sitting with his back to Joseph, began thus in a sorrowful tone :—“You cannot imagine, my good child, that I entirely blame these first agonies of your grief ; for when misfortunes attack us by surprise, it must require infinitely more learning than you are master of to resist them ; but it is the business of a man and a Christian to summon reason as quickly as he can to his aid ; and she will presently teach him patience and submission. Be comforted, therefore, child ; I say, be comforted. It is true, you have lost the prettiest, kindest, loveliest, sweetest young woman ; one, with whom you might have expected to have lived in happiness, virtue, and innocence ; by whom you might have promised yourself many little darlings, who would have been the delight of your youth, and the comfort of your age. You have not only lost her, but have reason to fear the utmost violence which lust and power can inflict upon her. Now, indeed, you may easily raise ideas of horror which might drive you to despair.”

“O, I shall run mad !” cries Joseph : “O, that I could but command my hands to tear my eyes out, and my flesh off !”

“If you would use them to such purposes, I am glad you can't,” answered Adams : “I have stated your misfortunes as strong as I possibly can ; but, on the other side, you are to consider

you are a Christian; that no accident happens to us without the divine permission; and that it is the duty of a man and a Christian to submit. We did not make ourselves; but the same Power which made us rules over us, and we are absolutely at his disposal; he may do with us what he pleases, nor have we any right to complain. A second reason against our complaint is our ignorance; for as we know not future events, so neither can we tell to what purpose any accident tends; and that which at first threatens us with evil, may in the end produce our good. I should indeed have said our ignorance is twofold, but I have not at present time to divide properly; for as we know not to what purpose any event is ultimately directed, so neither can we affirm from what cause it originally sprung. You are a man, and consequently a sinner; and this may be a punishment to you for your sins: indeed in this sense it may be esteemed as a good, yea, as the greatest good, which satisfies the anger of Heaven, and averts that wrath which cannot continue without our destruction. Thirdly, our impotency of relieving ourselves demonstrates the folly and absurdity of our complaints: for whom do we resist, or against whom do we complain, but a Power, from whose shafts no armour can guard us, no speed can fly;—a Power, which leaves us no hope but in submission?”

“O, sir,” cried Joseph, “all this is very true and very fine, and I could hear you all day, if I was not so grieved at heart, as now I am.”

“Would you take physic,” says Adams, “when you are well, and refuse it when you are sick? Is not comfort to be administered to the afflicted, and not to those who rejoice, or those who are at ease?”

“O, you have not spoken one word of comfort to me yet!” returned Joseph.

“No!” cries Adams; “what am I then doing? what can I say to comfort you?”

“O, tell me,” cries Joseph, “that Fanny will escape back to my arms; that they shall again enclose that lovely creature, with all her sweetness, all her untainted innocence about her!”

“Why, perhaps you may,” cries Adams; “but I can’t promise you what’s to come. You must with perfect resignation wait the event: if she be restored to you again, it is your duty to be thankful, and so it is if she be not. Joseph, if you are wise, and truly know your own interest, you will peaceably and quietly submit to all the dispensations of Providence; being thoroughly assured, that all the misfortunes, how great soever, which happen to the righteous, happen to them for their own good. Nay, it is not your interest only, but your duty, to abstain from immoderate grief; which if you indulge, you are not worthy the name of a Christian.”

He spoke these last words with an accent a little severer than usual: upon which Joseph begged him not to be angry, saying, he mistook him if he thought he denied it was his duty, for he had known that long ago. “What signifies knowing your duty if you do not perform it?” answered Adams: “your knowledge increases

your guilt. O Joseph! I never thought you had this stubbornness in your mind.”

Joseph replied, he fancied he misunderstood him; “which, I assure you,” says he, “you do, if you imagine I endeavour to grieve: upon my soul I don’t.”

Adams rebuked him for swearing, and then proceeded to enlarge on the folly of grief; telling him, all the wise men and philosophers, even among the heathens, had written against it, quoting several passages from Seneca, and the Consolation, which, though it was not Cicero’s, was, he said, as good almost as any of his works; and concluded all by hinting, that immoderate grief in this case might incense that Power, which alone could restore him his Fanny.

This reason, or indeed rather the idea which it raised, of the restoration of his mistress, had more effect than all which the parson had said before, and for a moment abated his agonies; but when his fears sufficiently set before his eyes the danger that poor creature was in, his grief returned again with repeated violence, nor could Adams in the least assuage it; though it may be doubted, in his behalf, whether Socrates himself could have prevailed any better.

They remained some time in silence, and groans and sighs issued from both: at length Joseph burst out into the following soliloquy:—

Yes, I will bear my sorrows like a man,
But I must also feel them as a man.
I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most dear to me.

Adams asked him what stuff that was he repeated; to which he answered, they were some lines he had gotten by heart out of a play. “Ay, there is nothing but heathenism to be learned from plays,” replied he: “I never heard of any plays fit for a Christian to read, but Cato and the Conscious Lovers; and I must own, in the latter there are some things almost solemn enough for a sermon.” But we shall now leave them a little, and inquire after the subject of their conversation.

CHAPTER XII.

More Adventures, which we hope will as much Please as Surprise the Reader.

NEITHER the facetious dialogue which passed between the poet and the player, nor the grave and truly solemn discourse of Mr. Adams, will, we conceive, make the reader sufficient amends for the anxiety which he must have felt on the account of poor Fanny, whom we left in so deplorable a condition. We shall, therefore, now proceed to the relation of what happened to that beautiful and innocent virgin, after she fell into the wicked hands of the captain.

The man of war having conveyed his charming prize out of the inn a little before day, made the utmost expedition in his power towards the squire’s house, where this delicate creature was to be offered up a sacrifice to the lust of a ravisher. He was not only deaf to all her bewailings and entreaties on the road, but

accosted her ears with impurities, which, having been never before accustomed to them, she happily for herself very little understood.

At last he changed this note, and attempted to soothe and mollify her, by setting forth the splendour and luxury which would be her fortune with a man, who would have the inclination and power too, to give her whatever her utmost wishes could desire; and told her, he doubted not but she would soon look kinder on him, as the instrument of her happiness, and despise that pitiful fellow, whom her ignorance only could make her fond of.

She answered, she knew not whom he meant; she never was fond of any pitiful fellow. "Are you affronted, madam," says he, "at my calling him so? But what better can be said of one in a livery, notwithstanding your fondness for him?"

She returned, that she did not understand him; that the man had been her fellow-servant, and she believed was as honest a creature as any alive; but as for fondness for men—"I warrant ye," cries the captain, "we shall find means to persuade you to be fond; and I advise you to yield to gentle ones, for you may be assured that it is not in your power, by any struggles whatever, to preserve your virginity two hours longer. It will be your interest to consent; for the squire will be much kinder to you if he enjoys you willingly, than by force."

At which words she began to call aloud for assistance, for it was now open day; but finding none, she lifted her eyes to heaven, and supplicated the divine assistance to preserve her innocence. The captain told her, if she persisted in her vociferation, he would find a means of stopping her mouth. And now the poor wretch, perceiving no hopes of succour, abandoned herself to despair; and, sighing out the name of "Joseph! Joseph!" a river of tears ran down her lovely cheeks, and wetted the handkerchief which covered her bosom.

A horseman now appeared in the road, upon which the captain threatened her violently if she complained; however, the moment they approached each other, she begged him, with the utmost earnestness, to relieve a distressed creature who was in the hands of a ravisher. The fellow stopped at those words; but the captain assured him it was his wife, and that he was carrying her home from her adulterer; which so satisfied the fellow, who was an old one, and perhaps a married one too, that he wished him a good journey, and rode on.

He was no sooner passed, than the captain abused her violently for breaking his commands, and threatened to gag her, when two more horsemen, armed with pistols, came into the road just before them. She again solicited their assistance, and the captain told the same story as before. Upon which one said to the other, "That's a charming wench, Jack; I wish I had been in the fellow's place, whoever he is." But the other, instead of answering him, cried out, "Zounds, I know her:" and then, turning to her, said, "Sure you are not Fanny Goodwill?"

—"Indeed, indeed, I am," she cried; "O John! I know you now; Heaven has sent you to my assistance, to deliver me from this wicked man, who is carrying me away for his vile purposes. O, for God's sake, rescue me from him!"

A fierce dialogue immediately ensued between the captain and these two men, who being both armed with pistols, and the chariot which they attended being now arrived, the captain saw both force and stratagem were vain, and endeavoured to make his escape; in which, however, he could not succeed. The gentleman who rode in the chariot ordered it to stop, and with an air of authority, examined into the merits of the cause; of which being advertised by Fanny, whose credit was confirmed by the fellow who knew her, he ordered the captain, who was all bloody, from his encounter at the inn, to be conveyed as a prisoner behind the chariot, and very gallantly took Fanny into it; for, to say the truth, this gentleman, who was no other than the celebrated Mr. Peter Pounce, and who preceded the lady Booby only a few miles, by setting out earlier in the morning, was a very gallant person, and loved a pretty girl better than anything, besides his own money or the money of other people.

The chariot now proceeded towards the inn, which, as Fanny was informed, lay in their way, and where it arrived at that very time when the poet and player were disputing below stairs, and Adams and Joseph were discoursing back to back above. Just at that period, to which we brought them both in the two preceding chapters, the chariot stopped at the door, and in an instant Fanny, leaping from it, ran up to her Joseph.

O reader! conceive if thou canst the joy which fired the breasts of these lovers on this meeting; and if thy own heart does not sympathetically assist thee in this conception, I pity thee sincerely from my own; for, let the hard-hearted villain know this: that there is a pleasure in a tender sensation beyond any which he is capable of tasting.

Peter being informed by Fanny of the presence of Adams, stopped to see him, and receive his homage: for, as Peter was a hypocrite (a sort of people whom Mr. Adams never saw through), the one paid that respect to his seeming goodness, which the other believed to be paid to his riches: hence Mr. Adams was so much his favourite, that he once lent him four pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence, to prevent his going to jail, on no greater security than a bond and judgment, which probably he would have made no use of, though the money had not been, as it was, paid exactly at the time.

It is not perhaps easy to describe the figure of Adams; he had risen in such a hurry, that he had neither breeches, garters, nor stockings; nor had he taken from his head a red spotted handkerchief, which by night bound his wig, turned inside out, around his head. He had on his torn cassock, and his great-coat; but as the remainder of his cassock hung down below his

great-coat, so did a small strip of white, or rather whitish linen, appear below that; to which we may add the several colours which appeared in his face, where a long beard served to retain the liquor of the stone pot, and that of a blacker hue, which distilled from the mop. This figure, which Fanny had delivered from its captivity, was no sooner spied by Peter, than it disordered the composed gravity of his muscles; however, he advised him immediately to make himself clean, nor would accept his homage in that pickle.

The poet and player no sooner saw the captain in captivity, than they began to consider of their own safety, of which flight presented itself as the only means; they therefore both of them mounted the poet's horse, and made the most expeditious retreat in their power.

The host, who well knew Mr. Pounce, and Lady Booby's livery, was not a little surprised at this change of the scene; nor was his confusion much helped by his wife, who was now just risen; and, having heard from him the account of what had passed, comforted him with a decent number of fools and blockheads: asked him why he did not consult her; and told him he would never leave following the nonsensical dictates of his own numskull, till she and her family were ruined.

Joseph, being informed of the captain's arrival, and seeing his Fanny now in safety, quitted her a moment, and running down stairs, went directly to him, and, stripping off his coat, challenged him to fight; but the captain refused, saying, he did not understand boxing. He then grasped a cudgel in one hand, and, catching the captain by the collar with the other, gave him a most severe drubbing; and ended with telling him, he had now had some revenge for what his dear Fanny had suffered.

When Mr. Pounce had a little regaled himself with some provision which he had in his chariot, and Mr. Adams had put on the best appearance his clothes would allow him, Pounce ordered the captain into his presence; for he said he was guilty of felony, and the next justice of peace should commit him: but the servants, whose appetite for revenge is soon satisfied, being sufficiently contented with the drubbing which Joseph had inflicted on him, and which was indeed of no very moderate kind, had suffered him to go off, which he did, threatening a severe revenge against Joseph, which I have never heard he thought proper to take.

The mistress of the house made her voluntary appearance before Mr. Pounce, and, with a thousand curtsies, told him, she hoped his honour would pardon her husband, who was a very nonsense man, for the sake of his poor family; that indeed, if he could be ruined alone, she should be very willing of it; for because as why, his worship very well knew he deserved it: but she had three poor small children, who were not capable to get their own living; and if her husband was sent to jail, they must all come to the parish; for she was a poor weak woman, continually a-breeding, and had no time to work

for them. She therefore hoped his honour would take it into his worship's consideration, and forgive her husband this time; for she was sure he never intended any harm to man, woman, or child; and if it was not for that blockhead of his own, the man in some things was well enough, for she had had three children by him in less than three years, and was almost ready to cry out the fourth time. She would have proceeded in this manner much longer, had not Peter stopped her tongue, by telling her he had nothing to say to her husband nor her neither. So as Adams and the rest had assured her of forgiveness, she cried and curtsied out of the room.

Mr. Pounce was desirous that Fanny should continue her journey with him in the chariot; but she absolutely refused, saying, she would ride behind Joseph, on a horse which one of Lady Booby's servants had equipped him with. But, alas! when the horse appeared, it was found to be no other than that identical beast which Mr. Adams had left behind him at the inn, and which these honest fellows, who knew him, had redeemed. Indeed, whatever horse they had provided for Joseph, they would have prevailed with him to mount none, no, not even to ride before his beloved Fanny, till the parson was supplied; much less would he deprive his friend of the beast which belonged to him, and which he knew the moment he saw, though Adams did not: however, when he was reminded of the affair, and told that they had brought the horse with them which he left behind, he answered—"Bless me! and so I did."

Adams was very desirous that Joseph and Fanny should mount this horse, and declared he could very easily walk home. "If I walked alone," said he, "I would wager a shilling that the pedestrian outstripped the equestrian travellers; but as I intend to take the company of a pipe, peradventure I may be an hour later." One of the servants whispered Joseph to take him at his word, and suffer the old put to walk if he would: this proposal was answered with an angry look and a peremptory refusal by Joseph, who, catching Fanny up in his arms, averred he would rather carry her home in that manner, than take away Mr. Adams's horse, and permit him to walk on foot.

Perhaps, reader, thou hast seen a contest between two gentlemen or two ladies, quickly decided, though they have both asserted they would not eat such a nice morsel, and each insisting on the other's accepting it; but, in reality, both were very desirous to swallow it themselves. Do not, therefore, conclude hence, that this dispute would have come to a speedy decision: for here both parties were heartily in earnest; and it is very probable they would have remained in the inn-yard to this day, had not the good Peter Pounce put a stop to it; for, finding he had no longer hopes of satisfying his old appetite with Fanny, and being desirous of having some one to whom he might communicate his grandeur, he told the parson he would convey him home in his chariot. This favour was, by Adams, with many bows and acknowledgments, accepted, though he

afterwards said, he ascended the chariot rather than he might not offend, than from any desire of riding in it; for that in his heart he preferred the pedestrian even to the vehicular expedition.

All matters being now settled, the chariot, in which rode Adams and Pounce, moved forwards; and Joseph having borrowed a pillion from the host, Fanny had just seated herself thereon, and had laid hold of the girdle which her lover wore for that purpose, when the wise beast, who concluded that one at a time was sufficient, that two to one were odds, &c., discovered much uneasiness at his double load, and began to consider his hinder as his fore legs, moving the direct contrary way to that which is called forwards; nor could Joseph, with all his horsemanship, persuade him to advance; but, without having any regard to the lovely part of the lovely girl which was on his back, he used such agitations that, had not one of the men come immediately to her assistance, she had, in plain English, tumbled backwards on the ground.

This inconvenience was presently remedied by an exchange of horses; and then, Fanny being again placed on her pillion, on a better-natured, and somewhat better-fed beast, the parson's horse, finding he had no longer odds to contend with, agreed to march; and the whole procession set forwards for Booby Hall, where they arrived in a few hours, without anything remarkable happening on the road, unless it was a curious dialogue between the parson and the steward; which, to use the language of a late apologist, a pattern to all biographers, "waits for the reader in the next chapter."

CHAPTER XIII.

A curious Dialogue which passed between Mr. Abraham Adams and Mr. Peter Pounce, better worth Reading than all the works of Colley Cibber, and many others.

THE chariot had not proceeded far, before Mr. Adams observed it was a very fine day. "Ay, and a very fine country too," answered Pounce. "I should think so more," returned Adams, "if I had not lately travelled over the Downs, which I take to exceed this and all other prospects in the universe."—"A fig for prospects," answered Pounce: "one acre here is worth ten there; and, for my own part, I have no delight in the prospect of any land but my own."—"Sir," said Adams, "you can indulge yourself with many fine prospects of that kind."—"I thank God I have a little," replied the other, "with which I am content, and envy no man: I have a little, Mr. Adams, with which I do as much good as I can." Adams answered, that riches without charity were nothing worth; for that they were a blessing only to him who made them a blessing to others.

"You and I," said Peter, "have different notions of charity. I own, as it is generally used, I do not like the word, nor do I think it becomes one of us gentlemen; it is a mean parson-like quality; though I would not infer many parsons have it neither."

"Sir," said Adams, "my definition of charity is, a generous disposition to relieve the distressed."—"There is something in that definition," answered Peter, "which I like well enough; it is, as you say, a disposition, and does not so much consist in the act as in the disposition to do it; but alas! Mr. Adams, who are meant by the distressed? Believe me, the distresses of mankind are mostly imaginary, and it would be rather folly than goodness to relieve them."

"Sure, sir," replied Adams, "hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness, and other distresses which attend the poor, can never be said to be imaginary evils."—"How can any man complain of hunger," said Peter, "in a country where such excellent salads are to be gathered in almost every field? or of thirst, where every river and stream produces such delicious potations? And as for cold and nakedness, they are evils introduced by luxury and custom. A man naturally wants clothes no more than a horse or any other animal; and there are whole nations who go without them: but these are things, perhaps, which you, who do not know the world—"

"You will pardon me, sir," returned Adams; "I have read of the Gymnosophists."—"A plague of your Jehosophats," cried Peter; "the greatest fault in our constitution is the provision made for the poor, except that perhaps made for some others. Sir, I have not an estate which does not contribute almost as much again to the poor as to the land tax; and I do assure you, I expect to come myself to the parish in the end."

To which Adams giving a dissenting smile, Peter thus proceeded:—"I fancy, Mr. Adams, you are one of those who imagine I am a lump of money; for there are many who, I fancy, believe, that not only my pockets, but my whole clothes, are lined with bank-bills; but I assure you, you are all mistaken; I am not the man the world esteems me. If I can hold my head above water, it is all I can. I have injured myself by purchasing: I have been too liberal of my money. Indeed, I fear my heir will find my affairs in a worse situation than they are reputed to be. Ah! he will have reason to wish I had loved money more, and land less. Pray, my good neighbour, where should I have that quantity of riches the world is so liberal to bestow on me? Where could I possibly, without I had stolen it, acquire such a treasure?"

"Why, truly," says Adams, "I have been always of your opinion; I have wondered as well as yourself with what confidence they could report such things of you, which have to me appeared as mere impossibilities; for you know, sir, and I have often heard you say it, that your wealth is of your own acquisition; and can it be credible that in your short time you should have amassed such a heap of treasure as these people will have you worth? Indeed, had you inherited an estate like Sir Thomas Booby, which had descended in your family for many generations, they might have had a colour for their assertions."

"Why, what do they say I am worth?" cries Peter, with a malicious sneer. "Sir," answered Adams, "I have heard some aver you are not

worth less than twenty thousand pounds." At which Peter frowned. "Nay, sir," said Adams, "you ask me only the opinion of others: for my own part I have always denied it, nor did I ever believe you could possibly be worth half that sum."

"However, Mr. Adams," said he, squeezing him by the hand, "I would not sell them all I am worth for double that sum; and as to what you believe, or they believe, I care not a fig,—no, not a feather. I am not poor because you think me so, nor because you attempt to undervalue me in the country. I know the envy of mankind very well; but, I thank Heaven, I am above them. It is true, my wealth is of my own acquisition. I have not an estate like Sir Thomas Booby, that has descended in my family through many generations; but I know heirs of such estates, who are forced to travel about the

country, like some people, in torn cassocks, and might be glad to accept of a pitiful curacy for what I know: yes, sir, as shabby fellows as yourself, whom no man of my figure, without that vice of good-nature about him, would suffer to ride in a chariot with him."

"Sir," said Adams, "I value not your chariot of a rush: and if I had known you had intended to affront me, I would have walked to the world's end on foot, ere I would have accepted a place in it. However, sir, I will soon rid you of that inconvenience;" and so saying, he opened the chariot-door, without calling to the coachman, and leaped out into the highway, forgetting to take his hat along with him; which, however, Mr. Pounce threw after him with great violence. Joseph and Fanny stopped to bear him company the rest of the way, which was not above a mile.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

The Arrival of Lady Booby and the rest, at Booby Hall.

THE coach-and-six, in which Lady Booby rode, overtook the other travellers as they entered the parish. She no sooner saw Joseph, than her cheeks glowed with red, and immediately after became as totally pale. She had in her surprise almost stopped her coach, but recollected herself timely enough to prevent it. She entered the parish amidst the ringing of bells, and the acclamations of the poor, who were rejoiced to see their patroness returned after so long an absence, during which time all her rents had been drafted to London, without a shilling being spent among them, which tended not a little to their utter impoverishing; for if the court would be severely missed in such a city as London, how much more must the absence of a person of great fortune be felt in a little country village, for whose inhabitants such a family finds constant employment and supply; and with the offals of whose table, the infirm, aged, and infant poor are abundantly fed, with a generosity which has scarcely a visible effect on their benefactors' pockets.

But if their interest inspired so public a joy into every countenance, how much more forcibly did the affection which they bore Parson Adams operate upon all who beheld his return! They flocked about him like dutiful children round an indulgent parent, and vied with each other in demonstrations of duty and love. The parson on his side shook every one by the hand, inquired heartily after the healths of all that were absent, of their children and relations; and expressed a satisfaction in his face, which

nothing but benevolence, made happy by its objects, could infuse.

Nor did Joseph and Fanny want a hearty welcome from all who saw them. In short, no three persons could be more kindly received, as, indeed, none ever more deserved to be universally beloved.

Adams carried his fellow-travellers home to his house, where he insisted on their partaking whatever his wife, whom, with his children, he found in health and joy, could provide; where we shall leave them, enjoying perfect happiness over a homely meal, to view scenes of greater splendour, but infinitely less bliss.

Our more intelligent readers will doubtless suspect, by this second appearance of Lady Booby on the stage, that all was not ended by the dismissal of Joseph; and, to be honest with them, they are in the right: the arrow had pierced deeper than she imagined; nor was the wound so easily to be cured. The removal of the object soon cooled her rage, but it had a different effect on her love: that departed with his person, but this remained lurking in her mind with his image. Restless interrupted slumbers, and confused horrible dreams, were her portion the first night. In the morning, fancy painted her a more delicious scene, but to delude, not delight her; for before she could reach the promised happiness it vanished, and left her to curse, not bless, the vision.

She started from her sleep, her imagination being all on fire with the phantom, when her eyes accidentally glancing towards the spot where yesterday the real Joseph had stood, that little circumstance raised his idea in the liveliest colours in her memory. Each look, each word,

each gesture rushed back on her mind with charms which all his coldness could not abate. Nay, she imputed that to his youth, his folly, his awe, his religion, to everything, but what would instantly have produced contempt — want of passion for the sex; or that which would have roused her hatred, — want of liking to her.

Reflection then hurried her farther, and told her, she must see this beautiful youth no more; nay, suggested to her, that she herself had dismissed him for no other fault than probably that of too violent an awe and respect for herself: which she ought rather to have esteemed a merit, the effects of which were, besides, so easily and surely to have been removed; she then blamed, she cursed the hasty rashness of her temper; her fury was vented all on herself, and Joseph appeared innocent in her eyes. Her passion at length grew so violent, that it forced her on seeking relief, and now she thought of recalling him: but pride forbade that, — pride, which soon drove all softer passions from her soul, and represented to her the meanness of him she was fond of. That thought soon began to obscure his beauties; contempt succeeded next, and then disdain, which presently introduced her hatred of the creature who had given her so much uneasiness.

These enemies of Joseph had no sooner taken possession of her mind, than they insinuated to her a thousand things in his disfavour; everything but dislike of her person; a thought, which, as it would have been intolerable to bear, she checked the moment it endeavoured to arise. Revenge came now to her assistance; and she considered her dismissal of him, stripped, and without a character, with the utmost pleasure. She rioted in the several kinds of misery which her imagination suggested to her might be his fate; and, with a smile composed of anger, mirth, and scorn, viewed him in the rags in which her fancy had dressed him.

Mrs. Slipslop being summoned, attended her mistress, who had now in her own opinion totally subdued this passion. Whilst she was dressing, she asked if that fellow had been turned away according to her orders. Slipslop answered, she had told her ladyship so, as indeed she had. "And how did he behave?" replied the lady. "Truly, madam," cries Slipslop, "in such a manner that infected everybody who saw him. The poor lad had but little wages to receive, for he constantly allowed his father and mother half his income; so that when your ladyship's livery was stripped off, he had not wherewithal to buy a coat, and must have gone naked, if one of the footmen had not incommodated him with one; and whilst he was standing in his shirt (and to say the truth he was an amorous figure), being told your ladyship would not give him a character, he sighed, and said he had done nothing willingly to offend; that, for his part, he should always give your ladyship a good character wherever he went; and he prayed God to bless you; for you was the best of ladies, though his enemies had set you against him. I wish you

had not turned him away; for I believe you had not a faithfuller servant in the house."

"How came you, then," replied the lady, "to advise me to turn him away?" — "I, madam!" says Slipslop; "I am sure you will do me the justice to say, I did all in my power to prevent it: but I saw your ladyship was angry; and it is not the business of us upper-servants to interfere on these occasions." — "And was it not you, audacious wretch!" cried the lady, "who made me angry? Was it not your tittle-tattle, in which I believe you belied the poor fellow, which incensed me against him? He may thank you for all that has happened; and so may I for the loss of so good a servant, and one who probably had more merit than all of you. Poor fellow! I am charmed with his goodness to his parents. Why did you not tell me of that, but suffer me to dismiss so good a creature without a character? I see the reason of your whole behaviour now as well as your complaint; you was jealous of the wenches." — "I jealous!" says Slipslop; "I assure you I look upon myself as his betters; I am not meat for a footman, I hope."

These words threw the lady into a violent passion, and she sent Slipslop from her presence, who departed, tossing her nose, and crying, "Marry come up! there are some people more jealous than I, I believe."

Her lady affected not to hear these words, though in reality she did, and understood them too. Now ensued a second conflict, so like the former, that it might savour of repetition to relate it minutely. It may suffice to say, that Lady Booby found good reason to doubt whether she had so absolutely conquered her passion as she had flattered herself; and in order to accomplish it quite, took a resolution more common than wise, to retire immediately into the country. The reader has long ago seen the arrival of Mrs. Slipslop, whom no pertness could make her mistress resolve to part with; lately, that of Mr. Pounce, her forerunners; and, lastly, that of the lady herself.

The morning after her arrival, being Sunday, she went to church, to the great surprise of everybody, who wondered to see her ladyship, being no very constant church-woman, there so suddenly upon her journey. Joseph was likewise there; and I have heard it was remarked that she fixed her eyes on him much more than on the parson; but this I believe to be only a malicious rumour.

When the prayers were ended, Mr. Adams stood up, and with a loud voice pronounced: "I publish the banns of marriage between Joseph Andrews and Frances Goodwill, both of this parish," &c. Whether this had any effect on Lady Booby or no, who was then in her pew, which the congregation could not see into, I could never discover: but certain it is, that in about a quarter of an hour she stood up, and directed her eyes to that part of the church where the woman sat, and persisted in looking that way, during the remainder of the sermon, in so scrutinising a manner, and with so angry a countenance, that most of the women were afraid she was offended at them.

The moment she returned home, she sent for Slipslop into her chamber, and told her, she wondered what that impudent fellow Joseph did in that parish. Upon which Slipslop gave her an account of her meeting Adams with him on the road, and likewise the adventure with Fanny: at the relation of which the lady often changed her countenance; and when she had heard all, she ordered Mr. Adams into her presence, to whom she behaved as the reader will see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

A Dialogue between Mr. Abraham Adams and the Lady Booby.

MR. ADAMS was not far off; for he was drinking her ladyship's health below in a cup of her ale. He no sooner came before her, than she began in the following manner: "I wonder, sir, after the many great obligations you have had to this family" (with all which the reader has in the course of this history been minutely acquainted), "that you will ungratefully show any respect to a fellow who has been turned out of it for his misdeeds: nor does it, I can tell you, sir, become a man of your character, to run about the country with an idle fellow and wench. Indeed, as for the girl, I know no harm of her. Slipslop tells me she was formerly bred up in my house, and behaved as she ought, till she hankered after this fellow, and he spoiled her. Nay, she may still, perhaps, do very well, if he will let her alone. You are therefore doing a monstrous thing in endeavouring to procure a match between these two people, which will be to the ruin of them both."

"Madam," says Adams, "if your ladyship will but hear me speak, I protest I never heard any harm of Mr. Joseph Andrews; if I had, I should have corrected him for it; for I never have, nor will encourage the faults of those under my cure. As for the young woman, I assure your ladyship, I have as good an opinion of her as your ladyship yourself, or any other can have. She is the sweetest-tempered, honestest, worthiest young creature: indeed, as to her beauty, I do not commend her on that account, though all men allow she is the handsomest woman, gentle or simple, that ever appeared in the parish."

"You are very impertinent," says she, "to talk such fulsome stuff to me. It is mighty becoming truly in a clergyman to trouble himself about handsome women; and you are a delicate judge of beauty, no doubt. A man who has lived all his life in such a parish as this, is a rare judge of beauty. Ridiculous! Beauty indeed! a country wench a beauty! I shall be sick whenever I hear beauty mentioned again. And so this wench is to stock the parish with beauties, I hope. But, sir, our poor is numerous enough already: I will have no more vagabonds settled here."

"Madam," says Adams, "your ladyship is offended with me, I protest, without any reason.

This couple were desirous to consummate long ago, and I dissuaded them from it; nay, I may venture to say, I believe I was the sole cause of their delaying it."

"Well," says she, "and you did very wisely and honestly too, notwithstanding she is the greatest beauty in the parish."

"And now, madam," continued he, "I only perform my office to Mr. Joseph."

"Pray don't mister such fellows to me," cries the lady.

"He," said the parson, "with the consent of Fanny, before my face, put in the banns."

"Yes," answered the lady, "I suppose the slut is forward enough: Slipslop tells me how her head runs upon fellows; that is one of her beauties, I suppose. But if they have put in the banns, I desire you will publish them no more without my orders."

"Madam," cries Adams, "if any one puts in sufficient caution, and assigns a proper reason against them, I am willing to surcease."

"I tell you a reason," says she; "he is a vagabond, and he shall not settle here, and bring a nest of beggars into the parish: it will make us but little amends that they will be beauties."

"Madam," answered Adams, "with the utmost submission to your ladyship, I have been informed by lawyer Scout, that any person who serves a year gains a settlement in the parish where he serves."

"Lawyer Scout," replies the lady, "is an impudent coxcomb: I will have no lawyer Scout interfere with me. I repeat to you again, I will have no more encumbrances brought on us: so I desire you will proceed no farther."

"Madam," returned Adams, "I will obey your ladyship in everything that is lawful; but surely the parties being poor is no reason against their marrying. God forbid there should be any such law. The poor have little share enough of this world already; it would be barbarous indeed, to deny them the common privileges and innocent enjoyments which nature indulges to the animal creation."

"Since you understand yourself no better," cries the lady, "nor the respect due from such as you to a woman of my distinction, than to affront my ears by such loose discourse, I shall mention but one short word: it is my orders to you, that you publish these banns no more; and if you dare, I will recommend it to your master, the doctor, to discard you from his service. I will, sir, notwithstanding your poor family; and then you and the greatest beauty in the parish may go and beg together."

"Madam," answered Adams, "I know not what your ladyship means by the terms master and service. I am in the service of a Master who will never discard me for doing my duty; and if the doctor (for indeed I have never been able to pay for a licence) thinks proper to turn me from my cure, God will provide me, I hope, another. At least, my family, as well as myself, have hands; and He will prosper, I doubt not, our endeavours to get our bread honestly with

them. Whilst my conscience is pure, I shall never fear what man can do unto me."

"I condemn my humility," said the lady, "for demeaning myself to converse with you so long. I shall take other measures; for I see you are a confederate with them. But the sooner you leave me the better; and I shall give orders that my doors may no longer be open to you. I will suffer no parsons, who run about the country with beauties, to be entertained here."

"Madam," said Adams, "I shall enter into no persons' doors against their will: but I am assured, when you have inquired farther into this matter, you will applaud, not blame, my proceeding; and so I humbly take my leave:" which he did with many bows, or at least many attempts at a bow.

CHAPTER III.

What passed between the Lady and Lawyer Scout.

IN the afternoon the lady sent for Mr. Scout, whom she attacked most violently for intermeddling with her servants; which he denied, and indeed with truth, for he had only asserted accidentally, and perhaps rightly, that a year's service gained a settlement; and so far he owned he might have formerly informed the parson, and believed it was law. "I am resolved," said the lady, "to have no discarded servants of mine settled here; and so, if this be your law, I shall send to another lawyer."

Scout said, if she sent to a hundred lawyers, not one nor all of them could alter the law. The utmost that was in the power of a lawyer, was to prevent the law's taking effect; and that he himself could do for her ladyship as well as any other; "and I believe," says he, "madam, your ladyship, not being conversant in these matters, has mistaken a difference; for I asserted only, that a man who served a year was settled. Now there is a material difference between being settled in law and settled in fact; and as I affirmed generally he was settled, and law is preferable to fact, my settlement must be understood in law, and not in fact. And suppose, madam, we admit he was settled in law, what use will they make of it? how does that relate to fact? He is not settled in fact; and if he be not settled in fact, he is not an inhabitant; and if he is not an inhabitant, he is not of this parish; and then undoubtedly he ought not to be published here; for Mr. Adams has told me your ladyship's pleasure, and the reason, which is a very good one, to prevent burdening us with the poor: we have too many already, and I think we ought to have an act to hang or transport half of them. If we can prove in evidence that he is not settled in fact, it is another matter. What I said to Mr. Adams, was on a supposition that he was settled in fact; and indeed, if that was the case, I should doubt."

"Don't tell me your facts and your ifs," said the lad: "I don't understand your gibberish:

you take too much upon you, and are very impertinent, in pretending to direct in this parish: and you shall be taught better, I assure you, you shall. But as to the wench, I am resolved she shall not settle here: I will not suffer such beauties as these to produce children for us to keep."

"Beauties indeed! your ladyship is pleased to be merry," answered Scout.

"Mr. Adams described her so to me," said the lady. "Pray what sort of dowdy is it, Mr. Scout?"

"The ugliest creature almost I ever beheld; a poor dirty drab; your ladyship never saw such a wretch."

"Well, but dear Mr. Scout, let her be what she will, these ugly women will bring children, you know; so that we must prevent the marriage."

"True, madam," replied Scout, "for the subsequent marriage, co-operating with the law, will carry law into fact. When a man is married he is settled in fact, and then he is not removeable. I will see Mr. Adams, and I make no doubt of prevailing with him. His only objection is, doubtless, that he shall lose his fee; but that being once made easy, as it shall be, I am confident no farther objection will remain. No, no, it is impossible: but your ladyship can't discommend his unwillingness to depart from his fee. Every man ought to have a proper value for his fee. As to the matter in question, if your ladyship pleases to employ me in it, I will venture to promise you success. The laws of this land are not so vulgar, to permit a mean fellow to contend with one of your ladyship's fortune. We have one sure card, which is, to carry him before justice Frolick, who, upon hearing your ladyship's name, will commit him without any farther questions. As for the dirty slut, we shall have nothing to do with her; for if we get rid of the fellow, the ugly jade will——"

"Take what measures you please, good Mr. Scout," answered the lady: "but I wish you could rid the parish of both; for Slipslop tells me such stories of this wench, that I abhor the thoughts of her; and though you say she is such an ugly slut, yet you know, dear Mr. Scout, these forward creatures, who run after men, will always find some as forward as themselves; so that, to prevent the increase of beggars, we must get rid of her."

"Your ladyship is very much in the right," answered Scout: "but I am afraid the law is a little deficient in giving us any such power of prevention: however, the justice will stretch it as far as he is able, to oblige your ladyship. To say truth, it is a great blessing to the country that he is in the commission; for he has taken several poor off our hands that the law would never lay hold on. I know some justices, who think as much of committing a man to Bridewell, as his lordship at 'size would of hanging him; but it would do a man good to see his worship, our justice, commit a fellow to Bridewell, he takes so much pleasure in it: and when once we

ha'um there, we seldom hear any more o'um : he's either starved or eat up by vermin in a month's time."

Here the arrival of a visitor put an end to the conversation ; and Mr. Scout, having undertaken the cause, and promised success, departed.

This Scout was one of those fellows, who, without any knowledge of the law, or being bred to it, take upon them, in defiance of an act of parliament, to act as lawyers in the country, and are called so. They are the pests of society, and a scandal to a profession, to which indeed they do not belong, and which owes to such kind of rascallions the ill-will which weak persons bear towards it. With this fellow, to whom a little before she would not have condescended to have spoken, did a certain passion for Joseph, and the jealousy and the disdain of poor innocent Fanny, betray the Lady Booby into a familiar discourse, in which she inadvertently confirmed many hints, with which Slipslop, whose gallant he was, had pre-acquainted him ; and whence he had taken an opportunity to assert those severe falsehoods of little Fanny, which possibly the reader might not have been well able to account for, if we had not thought proper to give him this information.

CHAPTER IV.

A short Chapter, but very full of Matter ; particularly the Arrival of Mr. Booby and his Lady.

ALL that night, and the next day, the Lady Booby passed with the utmost anxiety ; her mind was distracted, and her soul tossed up and down by many turbulent and opposite passions. She loved, hated, pitied, scorned, admired, despised the same persons by fits, which changed in a very short interval.

On Tuesday morning, which happened to be a holiday, she went to church, where, to her surprise, Mr. Adams published the banns again with as audible a voice as before. It was lucky for her, that, as there was no sermon, she had an immediate opportunity of returning home to vent her rage, which she could not have concealed from the congregation five minutes : indeed, it was not then very numerous, the assembly consisting of no more than Adams, his clerk, his wife, the lady, and one of her servants.

At her return, she met Slipslop, who accosted her in these words :—"O meam, what does your ladyship think ? To be sure, lawyer Scout has carried Joseph and Fanny both before the justice. All the parish are in tears, and say they will certainly be hanged ; for nobody knows what it is for."

"I suppose they deserve it," says the lady : "why dost thou mention such wretches to me ?"

"O dear madam !" answered Slipslop, "is it not a pity such a graceless young man should die a virulent death ? I hope the judge will take commensuration on his youth. As for Fanny, I don't think it signifies much what becomes of her ; and if poor Joseph had done anything, I could venture to swear she traduced him to it :

few men ever come to a fragrant punishment, but by those nasty creatures, who are a scandal to our sect."

The lady was no more pleased at this news, after a moment's reflection, than Slipslop herself ; for though she wished Fanny far enough, she did not desire the removal of Joseph, especially with her. She was puzzled how to act, or what to say on this occasion, when a coach and six drove into the court, and a servant acquainted her with the arrival of her nephew Booby and his lady. She ordered them to be conducted into a drawing-room, whither she presently repaired, having composed her countenance as well as she could ; being a little satisfied that the wedding would by these means be at least interrupted, and that she should have an opportunity to execute any resolutions she might take, for which she saw herself provided with an excellent instrument in Scout.

The Lady Booby apprehended her servant had made a mistake, when he mentioned Mr. Booby's lady, for she had never heard of his marriage ; but how great was her surprise, when, at her entering the room, her nephew presented his wife to her, saying, "Madam, this is that charming Pamela, of whom I am convinced you have heard so much." The lady received her with more civility than he expected, indeed with the utmost ; for she was perfectly polite, nor had any vice inconsistent with good breeding. They passed some little time in ordinary discourse, when a servant came and whispered Mr. Booby, who presently told the ladies he must desert them a little on some business of consequence ; and as their discourse during his absence would afford little improvement or entertainment to the reader, we will leave them for a while to attend Mr. Booby.

CHAPTER V.

Containing Justice Business ; curious Precedents of Depositions, and other Matters necessary to be perused by all Justices of the Peace and their Clerks.

THE young squire and his lady were no sooner alighted from their coach, than the servants began to inquire after Mr. Joseph, from whom they said their lady had not heard a word, to her great surprise, since he had left Lady Booby's. Upon this they were instantly informed of what had lately happened, with which they hastily acquainted their master, who took an immediate resolution to go himself, and endeavour to restore his Pamela her brother, before she even knew she had lost him.

The justice, before whom the criminals were carried, and who lived within a short mile of the lady's house, was luckily Mr. Booby's acquaintance, by his having an estate in his neighbourhood. Ordering, therefore, his horses to his coach, he set out for the judgment-seat, and arrived when the justice had almost finished his business. He was conducted into a hall, where he was acquainted that his worship would wait on him in a moment ; for he had only a man

and a woman to commit to Bridewell first. As he was now convinced he had not a minute to lose, he insisted on the servant's introducing him directly into the room where the justice was then executing his office, as he called it.

Being brought thither, and the first compliments being passed between the squire and his worship, the former asked the latter what crime those two young people had been guilty of. "No great crime," answered the justice; "I have only ordered them to Bridewell for a month."—"But what is their crime?" repeated the squire. "Larceny, an't please your honour," said Scout. "Ay," says the justice, "a kind of felonious, larcenous thing: I believe I must order them a little correction too, a little stripping and whipping."

Poor Fanny, who had hitherto supported all with the thoughts of Joseph's company, trembled at that sound, but, indeed, without reason; for none but the devil himself would have executed such a sentence on her.

"Still," said the squire, "I am ignorant of the crime—the fact I mean."—"Why there it is in peaper," answered the justice, showing him a deposition, which, in the absence of his clerk, he had written himself, of which we have with great difficulty procured an authentic copy; and here it follows *verbatim et literatim* :—

"The deposition of James Scout, layer, and Thomas Trotter, yeoman, taken before me, one of his majesty's justasses of the piece for Zumersetshire.

"These deponants saith, and first Thomas Trotter for himself saith, that on the of this instant October, being Sabbath-day, between the ours of 2 and 4 in the afternoon, he zeed Joseph Andrews and Francis Goodwill walk akross a certane felde belonging to layer Scout, and out of the path which ledes thru the said felde, and there he zede Joseph Andrews with a nife cut one hazel-twig, of the value, as he believes, of 3 half-pence, or thereabouts; and he saith that the said Francis Goodwill was likewise walking on the grass out of the said path in the said felde, and did receive and karry in her hand the said twig, and so was comfarting, eading, and abating to the said Joseph therein. And the said James Scout for himself says, that he verily believes the said twig to be his own proper twig, &c."

"Jesu!" said the squire, "would you commit two persons to Bridewell for a twig?"—"Yes," said the lawyer, "and with great lenity too; for if we had called it a young tree, they would have been both hanged."—"Harkee," says the justice, taking aside the squire, "I should not have been so severe on this occasion, but Lady Booby desires to get them out of the parish; so Lawyer Scout will give the constable orders to let them run away, if they please: but it seems they intend to marry together; and the lady has no other means, as they are legally settled there, to prevent their bringing an encumbrance on her own parish."

"Well," said the squire, "I will take care my aunt shall be satisfied in this point; and likewise I promise you, Joseph here shall never be any encumbrance on her: I shall be obliged to you, therefore, if, instead of Bridewell, you will commit them to my custody."

"O, to be sure, sir, if you desire it," answered the justice: and, without more ado, Joseph and Fanny were delivered over to Squire Booby, whom Joseph very well knew, but little guessed how nearly he was related to him. The justice burnt his mittimus; the constable was sent about his business; the lawyer made no complaint for want of justice; and the prisoners, with exulting hearts, gave a thousand thanks to his honour, Mr. Booby, who did not intend their obligations to him should cease here; for, ordering his man to produce a cloak-bag, which he had caused to be brought from Lady Booby's on purpose, he desired the justice that he might have Joseph with him into a room; where, ordering a servant to take out a suit of his own clothes, with linen and other necessaries, he left Joseph to dress himself, who, not yet knowing the cause of all this civility, excused his accepting such a favour as long as decently he could.

Whilst Joseph was dressing, the squire repaired to the justice, whom he found talking with Fanny; for, during the examination, she had flopped her hat over her eyes, which were also bathed in tears, and had by that means concealed from his worship what might, perhaps, have rendered the arrival of Mr. Booby unnecessary, at least for herself. The justice no sooner saw her countenance cleared up, and her bright eyes shining through her tears, than he secretly cursed himself for having once thought of Bridewell for her. He would willingly have sent his own wife thither, to have had Fanny in her place; and conceiving, almost at the same instant desires, and schemes to accomplish them, he employed the minutes, whilst the squire was absent with Joseph, in assuring her how sorry he was for having treated her so roughly before he knew her merit; and told her, that since Lady Booby was unwilling that she should settle in her parish, she was heartily welcome to his, where he promised her his protection, adding, that he would take Joseph and her into his own family, if she liked; which assurance he confirmed with a squeeze by the hand. She thanked him very kindly, and said, she would acquaint Joseph with the offer, which he would certainly be glad to accept, for that Lady Booby was angry with them both, though she did not know either had done anything to offend her; but imputed it to Madam Slipslop, who had always been her enemy.

The squire now returned, and prevented any farther continuance of this conversation; and the justice, out of a pretended respect to his guest, but in reality from an apprehension of a rival (for he knew nothing of his marriage), ordered Fanny into the kitchen, whither she gladly retired: nor did the squire, who declined the trouble of explaining the whole matter, oppose it.

It would be unnecessary, if I was able, which, indeed, I am not, to relate the conversation between these two gentlemen, which rolled, as I have been informed, entirely on the subject of horse-racing. Joseph was soon dressed in the plainest dress he could find, which was a blue coat and breeches, with a gold edging, and a red waistcoat with the same; and as this suit, which was rather too large for the squire, exactly fitted him, so he became it so well, and looked so genteel, that no person would have doubted its being as well adapted to his quality as his shape; nor have suspected, as one might, when my Lord —, or Sir —, or Mr. —, appear in lace or embroidery, that the tailor's man wore those clothes home on his back which he should have carried under his arm.

The squire now took leave of the justice; and, calling for Fanny, made her and Joseph, against their wills, get into the coach with him, which he then ordered to drive to Lady Booby's. It had moved a few yards only, when the squire asked Joseph, if he knew who that man was crossing the field; "for," added he, "I never saw one take such strides before."

Joseph answered eagerly, "O, sir, it is Parson Adams!"—"O la, indeed, and so it is," said Fanny: "poor man, he is coming to do what he could for us. Well, he is the worthiest, best-natured creature."—"Ay," said Joseph, "God bless him! for there is not such another in the universe."—"The best creature living, sure!" cries Fanny.

"Is he?" says the squire: "then I am resolved to have the best creature living in my coach;" and so saying, he ordered it to stop, whilst Joseph, at his request, hallooed to the parson, who, well knowing his voice, made all the haste imaginable, and soon came up with them. He was desired by the master, who could scarce refrain from laughter at his figure, to mount into the coach, which he with many thanks refused, saying he could walk by its side, and he'd warrant he kept up with it; but he was at length over-prevalled on.

The squire now acquainted Joseph with his marriage, but he might have spared himself that labour; for his servant, whilst Joseph was dressing, had performed that office before. He continued to express the vast happiness he enjoyed in his sister, and the value he had for all who belonged to her. Joseph made many bows, and expressed as many acknowledgments; and Parson Adams, who now first perceived Joseph's new apparel, burst into tears with joy, and fell to rubbing his hands and snapping his fingers, as if he had been mad.

They were now arrived at the Lady Booby's; and the squire desiring them to wait a moment in the court, walked in to his aunt, and calling her out from his wife, acquainted her with Joseph's arrival; saying, "Madam, as I have married a virtuous and worthy woman, I am resolved to own her relations, and show them all a proper respect: I shall think myself, therefore, infinitely obliged to all mine who will do the same. It is true, her brother has been your

servant, but he has now become my brother; and I have one happiness, that neither his character, his behaviour, nor appearance, give me any reason to be ashamed of calling him so. In short, he is now below, dressed like a gentleman, in which light I intend he shall hereafter be seen; and you will oblige me beyond expression, if you will admit him to be of our party; for I know it will give great pleasure to my wife, though she will not mention it."

This was a stroke of fortune beyond the Lady Booby's hopes or expectation: she answered him eagerly, "Nephew, you know how easily I am prevailed on to do anything which Joseph Andrews desires—phoo, I mean which you desire me; and, as he is now your relation, I cannot refuse to entertain him as such."

The squire told her, he knew his obligation to her for her compliance; and, going three steps, returned, and told her he had one more favour, which he believed she would easily grant, as she had accorded him the former. "There is a young woman——" "Nephew," says she, "don't let my good-nature make you desire, as is too commonly the case, to impose on me; nor think, because I have with so much condescension agreed to suffer your brother-in-law to come to my table, that I will submit to the company of all my own servants, and all the dirty trollops in the country."

"Madam," answered the squire, "I believe you never saw this young creature; I never beheld such sweetness and innocence joined with such beauty, and withal so genteel."

"Upon my soul, I won't admit her," replied the lady in a passion: "the whole world shan't prevail on me: I resent even the desire as an affront, and——"

The squire, who knew her inflexibility, interrupted her, by asking pardon, and promising not to mention it more: he then returned to Joseph, and she to Pamela. He took Joseph aside, and told him he would carry him to his sister; but could not prevail as yet for Fanny. Joseph begged that he might see his sister alone, and then be with his Fanny; but the squire, knowing the pleasure his wife would have in her brother's company, would not admit it, telling Joseph there would be nothing in so short an absence from Fanny, whilst he was assured of her safety; adding, he hoped he could not so easily quit a sister whom he had not seen so long, and who so tenderly loved him.

Joseph immediately complied, for indeed no brother could love a sister more; and recommending Fanny, who rejoiced that she was not to go before Lady Booby, to the care of Mr. Adams, he attended the squire up stairs, whilst Fanny repaired with the parson to his house, where she thought herself secure of a kind reception.

CHAPTER VI.

Of which you are desired to Read no more than you like.

THE meeting between Joseph and Pamela was not without tears of joy on both sides, and their embraces were full of tenderness and affection: they were, however, regarded with much more pleasure by the nephew than by the aunt, to whose flame they were fuel only; and this was assisted by the addition of dress, which was indeed not wanted to set off the lively colours in which Nature had drawn health, strength, comeliness, and youth.

In the afternoon, Joseph, at their request, entertained them with an account of his adventures: nor could Lady Booby conceal her dissatisfaction at those parts in which Fanny was concerned, especially when Mr. Booby launched forth into such rapturous praises of her beauty. She said, applying to her niece, that she wondered her nephew, who had pretended to marry for love, should think such a subject proper to amuse his wife with; adding, that for her part, she should be jealous of a husband who spoke so warmly in praise of another woman. Pamela answered, indeed she thought she had cause; but it was an instance of Mr. Booby's aptness to see more beauty in women than they were mistresses of.

At which words both the women fixed their eyes on two looking-glasses; and Lady Booby replied, that men were, in general, very ill judges of beauty; and then, whilst both contemplated only their own faces, they paid a cross compliment to each other's charms.

When the hour of rest approached, which the lady of the house deferred as long as decently she could, she informed Joseph (whom for the future we shall call Mr. Joseph, he having as good a title to that appellation as many others; I mean, that incontestable one of good clothes) that she had ordered a bed to be provided for him. He declined this favour to his utmost; for his heart had long been with his Fanny: but she insisted on his accepting it, alleging that the parsonage had no proper accommodation for such a person as he was now to esteem himself.

The squire and his lady both joining with her, Mr. Joseph was at last forced to give over his design of visiting Fanny that evening, who, on her side, as impatiently expected him till midnight; when, in complaisance to Mr. Adams's family, who had sat up two hours out of respect to her, she retired to bed, but not to sleep; the thought of her love kept her waking, and his not returning, according to his promise, filled her with uneasiness; of which, however, she could not assign any other cause than merely that of being absent from him.

Mr. Joseph rose early in the morning, and visited her in whom his soul delighted. She no sooner heard his voice in the parson's parlour, than she leaped from her bed, and, dressing herself in a few minutes, went down to him. They passed two hours with inexpressible happiness together; and then, having appointed Monday by Mr. Adams's permission, for their marriage,

Mr. Joseph returned, according to his promise, to breakfast at the Lady Booby's, with whose behaviour since the evening we shall now acquaint the reader.

She was no sooner retired to her chamber, than she asked Slipslop, what she thought of this wonderful creature her nephew had married? "Madam!" said Slipslop, not yet sufficiently understanding what answer she was to make. "I ask you," answered the lady, "what you think of the dowdy, my niece, I think I am to call her?" Slipslop, wanting no farther hint, began to pull her to pieces, and so miserably defaced her, that it would have been impossible for any one to have known the person. The lady gave her all the assistance she could, and ended with saying, "I think, Slipslop, you have done her justice; but yet, bad as she is, she is an angel compared to this Fanny."

Slipslop then fell on Fanny, whom she hacked and hewed in the like barbarous manner; concluding with an observation, that there was always something in those low-life creatures, which must eternally extinguish them from their betters.

"Really," said the lady, "I think there is one exception to your rule: I am certain you may guess who I mean."—"Not I, upon my word, madam," said Slipslop. "I mean a young fellow: sure you are the dullest wretch!" said the lady. "O la! I am indeed. Yes, truly, madam, he is an accession," answered Slipslop. "Ay, is he not, Slipslop?" returned the lady: "is he not so genteel, that a prince might, without a blush, acknowledge him for his son? His behaviour is such that would not shame the best education. He borrows from his station a condescension in everything to his superiors, yet unattended by that mean servility which is called good behaviour in such persons. Everything he does has no mark of the base motive of fear, but visibly shows some respect and gratitude, and carries with it the persuasion of love. And then for his virtues; such piety to his parents, such tender affection to his sister, such integrity in his friendship, such bravery, such goodness; that if he had been born a gentleman, his wife would have possessed the most invaluable blessing."

"To be sure, ma'am," says Slipslop. "But as he is," answered the lady, "if he had a thousand more good qualities, it must render a woman of fashion contemptible, even to be suspected of thinking of him: yes, I should despise myself for such a thought."—"To be sure, ma'am," said Slipslop. "And why to be sure?" replied the lady: "thou art always one's echo. Is he not more worthy of affection than a dirty country clown, though born of a family as old as the flood: or an idle worthless rake, or a little puny beau of quality? And yet these we must condemn ourselves to, in order to avoid the censure of the world: to shun the contempt of others, we must ally ourselves to those we despise; we must prefer birth, title, and fortune to real merit. It is a tyranny of custom, a tyranny we must comply with; for we people of fashion are the slaves of custom."

"Marry come up!" said Slipslop, who now

well knew which party to take: "if I was a woman of your ladyship's fortune and quality, I would be a slave to nobody."—"Me?" said the lady: "I am speaking, if a young woman of fashion, who had seen nothing of the world, should happen to like such a fellow. Me, indeed! I hope thou dost not imagine——"
—"No, ma'am, to be sure," cries Slipslop.

"No! what no?" cried the lady: "thou art always ready to answer before thou hast heard one. So far I must allow, he is a charming fellow. Me, indeed! No, Slipslop, all thoughts of men are over with me. I have lost a husband, who—but if I should reflect, I should run mad. My future ease must depend upon forgetfulness. Slipslop, let me hear some of thy nonsense, to turn my thoughts another way. What dost thou think of Mr. Andrews?"

"Why, I think," says Slipslop, "he is the handsomest, most properest man I ever saw; and if I was a lady of the greatest degree, it would be well for some folks. Your ladyship may talk of custom, if you please; but I am confidous there is no more comparison between young Mr. Andrews, and most of the young gentlemen who come to your ladyship's house in London; a parcel of whipper-snapper sparks: I would sooner marry our old Parson Adams. Never tell me what people say whilst I am happy in the arms of him I love. Some folks rail against other folks, because other folks have what some folks would be glad of."

"And so," answered the lady, "if you was a woman of condition, you would really marry Mr. Andrews?"—"Yes, I assure your ladyship," replied Slipslop, "if he would have me."—"Fool, idiot!" cries the lady: "if he would have a woman of fashion! is that a question?"—"No, truly, madam," said Slipslop, "I believe it would be none if Fanny was out of the way; and I am confidous, if I was in your ladyship's place, and liked Mr. Joseph Andrews, she should not stay in the parish a moment. I am sure Lawyer Scout would send her a-packing, if your ladyship would but say the word."

This last speech of Slipslop raised a tempest in the mind of her mistress. She feared Scout had betrayed her, or rather, that she had betrayed herself. After some silence, and a double change of her complexion, first to pale and then to red, she thus spoke:—"I am astonished at the liberty you give your tongue. Would you insinuate that I employed Scout against this wench, on account of the fellow?"

"La, ma'am," said Slipslop, frightened out of her wits, "I assassinate such a thing!"—"I think you dare not," answered the lady: "I believe my conduct may defy malice itself to assert so cursed a slander. If I had ever discovered any wantonness, any lightness in my behaviour; if I had followed the example of some whom thou hast, I believe, seen, in allowing myself indecent liberties, even with a husband; but the dear man who is gone (here she began to sob), was he alive again (then she produced tears), could not upbraid me with any one act of tenderness or passion. No, Slipslop, all

the time I cohabited with him he never obtained even a kiss from me, without my expressing reluctance in the granting it. I am sure, he himself never suspected how much I loved him. Since his death, thou knowest, though it is almost six weeks (it wants but a day) ago, I have not admitted one visitor, till this fool, my nephew, arrived. I have confined myself quite to one party of friends. And can such a conduct as this fear to be arraigned? To be accused not only of a passion which I have always despised, but of fixing it on such an object, a creature so much beneath my notice!"

"Upon my word, ma'am," says Slipslop, "I do not understand your ladyship: nor know I anything of the matter."

"I believe indeed thou dost not understand me. These are delicacies which exist only in superior minds; thy coarse ideas cannot comprehend them. Thou art a low creature, of the Andrews breed, a reptile of a lower order, a weed that grows in the common garden of the creation."

"I assure your ladyship," says Slipslop, whose passions were almost of as high an order as her lady's, "I have no more to do with Common Garden than other folks. Really, your ladyship talks of servants as if they were not born of the Christian species. Servants have flesh and blood as well as quality; and Mr. Andrews himself is a proof that they have as good, if not better. And for my own part, I can't perceive my dears* are coarser than other people's; and I am sure, if Mr. Andrews was a dear of mine, I should not be ashamed of him in company with gentlemen; for whoever has seen him in his new clothes, must confess he looks as much like a gentleman as anybody. Coarse, quotha! I can't bear to hear the poor young fellow ran down neither; for I will say this, I never heard him say an ill word of anybody in his life. I am sure his coarseness does not lay in his heart, for he is the best-natured man in the world; and as for his skin, it is no coarser than other people's, I am sure. His bosom, when a boy, was as white as driven snow: and, where it is not covered with hairs, is so still. Ifackins! if I was Mrs. Andrews, with a hundred a year, I should not envy the best she who wears a head. A woman that could not be happy with such a man ought never to be so; for if he can't make a woman happy, I never yet beheld the man who could. I say again, I wish I was a great lady for his sake. I believe, when I had made a gentleman of him, he'd behave so, that nobody should deprecate what I had done: and I fancy few would venture to tell him he was no gentleman to his face, nor to mine neither."

At which words, taking up the candles, she asked her mistress, who had been some time in her bed, if she had any farther commands, who mildly answered, she had none; and, telling her she was a comical creature, bid her good night.

* Meaning, perhaps, ideas.

CHAPTER VII.

Philosophical Reflections, the like not to be found in any light French Romance—Mr. Booby's grave Advice to Joseph, and Fanny's Encounter with a Beau.

HABIT, my good reader, has so vast a prevalence over the human mind, that there is scarce anything too strange or too strong to be asserted of it. The story of the miser, who, from long accustoming to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself; and, with great delight and triumph, picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his hoard, is not impossible or improbable. In like manner it fares with the practisers of deceit, who, from having long deceived their acquaintance, gain at last a power of deceiving themselves, and acquire that very opinion, however false, of their own abilities, excellencies, and virtues, into which they have for years, perhaps, endeavoured to betray their neighbours.

Now, reader, to apply this observation to my present purpose, thou must know, that as the passion generally called love exercises most of the talents of the female or fair world, so in this they now and then discover a small inclination to deceit; for which thou wilt not be angry with the beautiful creatures, when thou hast considered, that at the age of seven, or something earlier, miss is instructed by her mother, that master is a very monstrous kind of animal, who will, if she suffers him to come too near her, infallibly eat her up, and grind her to pieces; that, so far from kissing or toying with him on her own accord, she must not admit him to kiss or toy with her; and, lastly, that she must never have any affection towards him; for if she should, all her friends in petticoats would esteem her a traitress, point at her, and hunt her out of their society.

These impressions, being first received, are farther and deeper inculcated by their school-mistresses and companions; so that by the age of ten they have contracted such a dread and abhorrence of the above-named monster, that, whenever they see him, they fly from him as the innocent hare does from the greyhound. Hence, to the age of fourteen or fifteen, they entertain a mighty antipathy to master: they resolve, and frequently profess, that they will never have any commerce with him; and entertain fond hopes of passing their lives out of his reach, of the possibility of which they have so visible an example in their good maiden aunt.

But when they arrive at this period, and have now passed their second climacteric, when their wisdom, grown riper, begins to see a little farther, and, from almost daily falling in master's way, to apprehend the great difficulty of keeping out of it; and when they observe him look often at them, and sometimes very eagerly and earnestly too (for the monster seldom takes any notice of them till at this age); they then begin to think of their danger; and as they perceive they cannot easily avoid him, the wiser part bethink themselves of providing by other means for their security. They endeavour, by all the

methods they can invent, to render themselves so amiable in his eyes, that he may have no inclination to hurt them: in which they generally succeed so well, that his eyes, by frequent languishing, soon lessen their idea of his fierceness, and so far abate their fears, that they venture to parley with him; and when they perceive him so different from what he has been described, all gentleness, softness, kindness, tenderness, fondness, their dreadful apprehensions vanish in a moment; and now (it being usual with the human mind to skip from one extreme to its opposite, as easily, and almost as suddenly, as a bird from one bough to another) love instantly succeeds to fear: but as it happens to persons, who have in their infancy been thoroughly frightened with certain no-persons called ghosts, that they retain their dread of those beings after they are convinced that there are no such things; so these young ladies, though they no longer apprehend devouring, cannot so entirely shake off all that has been instilled into them; they still entertain the idea of that censure, which was so strongly imprinted on their tender minds, to which the declarations of abhorrence, they every day hear from their companions, greatly contribute. To avoid this censure, therefore, is now their only care; for which purpose they still pretend the same aversion to the monster; and the more they love him, the more ardently they counterfeit the antipathy; by the continual and constant practice of which deceit on others they at length impose on themselves, and really believe they hate what they love.

Thus, indeed, it happened to Lady Booby, who loved Joseph long before she knew it, and now loved him much more than she suspected. She had, indeed, from the time of his sister's arrival in the quality of her niece, and from the instant she viewed him in the dress and character of a gentleman, begun to conceive secretly a design, which Love had concealed from herself, till a dream betrayed it to her.

She had no sooner risen, than she sent for her nephew. When he came to her, after many compliments on his choice, she told him, he might perceive, in her condescension to admit her own servant to her table, that she looked on the family of Andrews as his relations, and indeed hers; that as he had married into such a family, it became him to endeavour by all methods to raise it as much as possible. At length she advised him to use all his art to dissuade Joseph from his intended match, which would still enlarge their relation to meanness and poverty; concluding, that by a commission in the army, or some other genteel employment, he might soon put young Mr. Andrews on the footing of a gentleman; and that being once done, his accomplishments might quickly gain him an alliance which would not be to their discredit.

Her nephew heartily embraced this proposal; and, finding Mr. Joseph with his wife, at his return to her chamber, he immediately began thus: "My love to my dear Pamela, brother, will extend to all her relations; nor shall I show them less respect than if I had married into the

family of a duke : I hope I have given you some early testimonies of this, and shall continue to give you daily more. You will excuse me therefore, brother, if my concern for your interest makes me mention what may be, perhaps, disagreeable to you to hear ; but I must insist upon it, that, if you have any value for my alliance or my friendship, you will decline any thoughts of engaging farther with a girl, who is, as you are a relation of mine, so much beneath you. I know there may be at first some difficulty in your compliance, but that will daily diminish, and you will in the end sincerely thank me for my advice. I own indeed the girl is handsome ; but beauty alone is a poor ingredient, and will make but an uncomfortable marriage."

"Sir," said Joseph, "I assure you her beauty is her least perfection ; nor do I know a virtue which that young creature is not possessed of."

"As to her virtues," answered Mr. Booby, "you can be yet but a slender judge of them ; but if she had never so many, you will find her equal in these among her superiors in birth and fortune, which now you are to esteem on a footing with yourself ; at least I will take care they shall shortly be so, unless you prevent me by degrading yourself with such a match,—a match which I have hardly patience to think of, and which would break the hearts of your parents, who now rejoice in the expectation of seeing you make a figure in the world."

"I know not," replied Joseph, "that my parents have any power over my inclinations ; nor am I obliged to sacrifice my happiness to their whim or ambition : besides, I shall be very sorry to see that the unexpected advancement of my sister should so suddenly inspire them with this wicked pride, and make them despise their equals. I am resolved on no account to quit my dear Fanny ; no, though I could raise her as high above her present station as you have raised my sister."

"Your sister, as well as myself," said Booby, "are greatly obliged to you for the comparison : but, sir, she is not worthy to be compared in her beauty to my Pamela, nor has she half her merit. And besides, sir, as you civilly throw my marriage with your sister in my teeth, I must teach you the wide difference between us : my fortune enabled me to please myself ; and it would have been as overgrown a folly in me to have omitted it, as in you to do it."

"My fortune enables me to please myself likewise," said Joseph : "for all my pleasure is centred in Fanny : and whilst I have health, I shall be able to support her with my labour in that station to which she was born, and with which she is content."

"Brother," said Pamela, "Mr. Booby advises you as a friend ; and no doubt my papa and mamma will be of his opinion, and will have great reason to be angry with you for destroying what his goodness has done, and throwing down our family again, after he has raised it. It would become you better, brother, to pray for the assistance of grace against such a passion, than to indulge it."

"Sure, sister, you are not in earnest : I am sure she is your equal at least."

"She was my equal," answered Pamela ; "but I am no longer Pamela Andrews ; I am now this gentleman's lady, and, as such, am above her. I hope I shall never behave with an unbecoming pride ; but, at the same time, I shall always endeavour to know myself, and question not the assistance of grace to that purpose."

They were now summoned to breakfast ; and thus ended their discourse for the present, very little to the satisfaction of any of the parties.

Fanny was now walking in an avenue at some distance from the house, where Joseph had promised to take the first opportunity of coming to her. She had not a shilling in the world, and had subsisted, ever since her return, entirely on the charity of parson Adams. A young gentleman, attended by many servants, came up to her, and asked her, if that was not the Lady Booby's house before him. This, indeed, he well knew ; but had framed the question for no other reason than to make her look up, and discover if her face was equal to the delicacy of her shape. He no sooner saw it, than he was struck with amazement. He stopped his horse, and swore she was the most beautiful creature he ever beheld : then, instantly alighting, and delivering his horse to a servant, he rapped out half a dozen oaths that he would kiss her ; to which she at first submitted, begging he would not be rude : but he was not satisfied with the civility of a salute, nor even with the rudest attack he could make on her lips ; but caught her in his arms, and endeavoured to kiss her breasts, which with all her strength she resisted ; and, as our spark was not of the Herculean race, with some difficulty prevented.

The young gentleman, being soon out of breath in the struggle, quitted her, and, remounting his horse, called one of his servants to him, whom he ordered to stay behind with her, and make her any offers whatever, to prevail on her to return home with him in the evening ; and to assure her, he would take her into keeping. He then rode on with his other servants, and arrived at the lady's house, to whom he was a distant relation, and was come to pay a visit.

The trusty fellow, who was employed in an office he had long been accustomed to, discharged his part with all the fidelity and dexterity imaginable ; but to no purpose : she was entirely deaf to his offers, and rejected them with the utmost disdain. At last, the pimp, who had perhaps more warm blood about him than his master, began to solicit for himself : he told her, though he was a servant, he was a man of some fortune, which he would make her mistress of, and this without any insult to her virtue, for that he would marry her. She answered, if his master himself, or the greatest lord in the land, would marry her, she would refuse him. At last, being weary with persuasions, and on fire with charms which would have almost kindled a flame in the bosom

of an ancient philosopher or modern divine, he fastened his horse to the ground, and attacked her with much more force than the gentleman had exerted.

Poor Fanny would not have been able to resist his rudeness a long time, but the deity who presides over chaste love sent her Joseph to her assistance. He no sooner came within sight, and perceived her struggling with a man, than, like a cannon-ball, or like lightning, or anything that is swifter, if anything be, he ran towards her; and, coming up just as the ravisher had torn her handkerchief from her breasts, before his lips had touched that seat of innocence and bliss, he dealt him so lusty a blow in that part of his neck which a rope would have become with the utmost propriety, that the fellow staggered backwards, and, perceiving he had to do with something rougher than the little, tender, trembling hand of Fanny, he quitted her, and turning about, saw his rival, with fire flashing from his eyes, again ready to assail him; and, indeed, before he could well defend himself, or return the first blow, he received a second, which, had it fallen on that part of the stomach to which it was directed, would have been probably the last he would have had any occasion for; but the ravisher lifting up his hand, drove the blow upwards to his mouth, whence it dislodged three of his teeth: and now, not conceiving any extraordinary affection for the beauty of Joseph's person, nor being extremely pleased with his method of salutation, he collected all his force, and aimed a blow at Joseph's breast, which he artfully parried with one fist, so that it lost its force entirely in air; and, stepping one foot backward, he darted his fist so fiercely at his enemy, that had he not caught it in his hand (for he was a boxer of no inferior fame), it must have tumbled him on the ground. And now the ravisher meditated another blow, which he aimed at that part of the breast where the heart is lodged. Joseph did not catch it as before, yet so prevented its aim, that it fell directly on his nose, but with abated force. Joseph then, moving both fist and foot forwards at the same time, threw his head so dexterously into the stomach of the ravisher, that he fell a lifeless lump on the field, where he lay many minutes breathless and motionless.

When Fanny saw her Joseph receive a blow in his face, and blood running in a stream from him, she began to tear her hair, and invoke all human and divine power to his assistance. She was not, however, long under this affliction, before Joseph, having conquered his enemy, ran to her, and assured her he was not hurt; she then instantly fell on her knees, and thanked God that he made Joseph the means of her rescue, and, at the same time, preserved him from being injured in attempting it. She offered, with her handkerchief, to wipe his blood from his face; but he, seeing his rival attempting to recover his legs, turned to him, and asked him if he had enough; to which the other answered, he had, for he believed he had fought with the devil instead of a man; and, loosening his horse,

said he should not have attempted the wench, if he had known she had been so well provided for.

Fanny now begged Joseph to return with her to Parson Adams, and to promise that he would leave her no more. These were propositions so agreeable to Joseph, that, had he heard them, he would have given an immediate assent; but, indeed, his eyes were now his only sense; for you may remember, reader, that the ravisher had torn her handkerchief from Fanny's neck, by which he had discovered such a sight, that Joseph has declared, all the statues he ever beheld were so much inferior to it in beauty, that it was more capable of converting a man into a statue, than of being imitated by the greatest master of that art.

This modest creature, whom no warmth in summer could ever induce to expose her charms to the wanton sun,—a modesty, to which, perhaps, they owed their inconceivable whiteness,—had stood many minutes bare-necked in the presence of Joseph, before her apprehension of his danger, and the horror of seeing his blood, would suffer her once to reflect on what concerned herself; till at last, when the cause of her concern had vanished, an admiration at his silence, together with observing the fixed position of his eyes, produced an idea in the lovely maid, which brought more blood into her face than had flowed from Joseph's nostrils. The snowy hue of her bosom was likewise changed to vermilion at the instant when she clapped her handkerchief round her neck. Joseph saw the uneasiness she suffered, and immediately removed his eyes from an object, in surveying which he had felt the greatest delight which the organs of sight were capable of conveying to his soul; so great was his fear of offending her, and so truly did his passion for her deserve the noble name of love.

Fanny, being recovered from her confusion, which was almost equalled by what Joseph had felt from observing it, again mentioned her request: this was instantly and gladly complied with; and together they crossed two or three fields, which brought them to the habitation of Mr. Adams.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Discourse which happened between Mr. Adams, Mrs. Adams, Joseph, and Fanny; with some Behaviour of Mr. Adams, which may be called, by some few Readers, very low, absurd, and unnatural.

THE parson and his wife had just ended a long dispute when the lovers came to the door. Indeed, this young couple had been the subject of the dispute; for Mrs. Adams was one of those prudent people who never do anything to injure their families, or, perhaps, one of those good mothers, who would even stretch their conscience to serve their children. She had long entertained hopes of seeing her eldest daughter succeed Mrs. Slipslop, and of making her eldest son an ex-

ciseman by Lady Booby's interest. These were expectations she could not endure the thoughts of quitting; and was therefore very uneasy to see her husband so resolute to oppose the lady's intention in Fanny's affair. She told him, it behoved every man to take the first care of his family; that he had a wife and six children, the maintaining and providing for whom would be business enough for him without intermeddling in other folks' affairs; that he had always preached a submission to superiors, and would do ill to give an example of the contrary behaviour in his own conduct; that if Lady Booby did wrong, she must answer for it herself, and the sin would not lie at their door; that Fanny had been a servant, and bred up in the lady's own family, and consequently she must have known more of her than they did; and it was very improbable, if she had behaved herself well, that the lady would have been so bitterly her enemy; that perhaps he was too much inclined to think well of her, because she was handsome, but handsome women are often no better than they should be; that God made ugly women as well as handsome ones: and that if a woman had virtue, it signified nothing whether she had beauty or no: for all which reasons she concluded she should oblige the lady and stop the future publication of the banns.

But all these excellent arguments had no effect on the parson, who persisted in doing his duty without regarding the consequence it might have on his worldly interest. He endeavoured to answer her as well as he could; to which she had just finished her reply (for she had always the last word everywhere but at church), when Joseph and Fanny entered their kitchen, where the parson and his wife then sat at breakfast over some bacon and cabbage. There was a coldness in the civility of Mrs. Adams, which persons of accurate speculation might have observed, but escaped her present guests: indeed, it was a good deal covered by the heartiness of Adams, who no sooner heard that Fanny had neither eaten nor drunk that morning, than he presented her a bone of bacon he had just been gnawing, being the only remains of his provision; and then ran nimbly to the tap, and produced a mug of small beer, which he called ale: however, it was the best in his house.

Joseph, addressing himself to the parson, told him the discourse which had passed between Squire Booby, his sister, and himself, concerning Fanny: he then acquainted him with the dangers whence he had rescued her, and communicated some apprehensions on her account. He concluded, that he should never have an easy moment till Fanny was absolutely his, and begged that he might be suffered to fetch a license, saying he could easily borrow the money.

The parson answered, that he had already given his sentiments concerning a license, and that a very few days would make it unnecessary. "Joseph," says he, "I wish this haste does not arise rather from your impatience than your fear; but as it certainly springs from one of these causes I will examine both. Of each of these,

therefore, in their turn; and first, for the first of these, namely, impatience. Now, child, I must inform you, that if, in your purposed marriage with this young woman, you have no intention but the indulgence of carnal appetites, you are guilty of a very heinous sin. Marriage was ordained for nobler purposes, as you will learn when you hear the service provided on that occasion read to you: nay, perhaps, if you are a good lad, I, child, shall give you a sermon gratis, wherein I shall demonstrate how little regard ought to be had to the flesh on such occasions. The text will be Matthew the 5th, and part of the 28th verse, 'Whosoever looketh on a woman, so as to lust after her.' The latter part I shall omit, as foreign to my purpose. Indeed, all such brutal lusts and affections are to be greatly subdued, if not totally eradicated, before the vessel can be said to be consecrated to honour. To marry with a view of gratifying those inclinations, is a prostitution of that holy ceremony, and must entail a curse on all who so lightly undertake it. If, therefore, this haste arises from impatience, you are to correct, and not give way to it. Now, as to the second head which I proposed to speak to, namely, fear; it argues a diffidence highly criminal of that Power, in which alone we should put our trust, seeing we may be well assured that He is able, not only to defeat the designs of our enemies, but even to turn their hearts. Instead of taking, therefore, any unjustifiable or desperate means to rid ourselves of fear, we should resort to prayer only on these occasions; and we may be then certain of obtaining what is best for us. When any accident threatens us, we are not to despair, nor, when it overtakes us, to grieve; we must submit in all things to the will of Providence, and set our affections so much on nothing here, that we cannot quit it without reluctance. You are a young man, and can know but little of this world; I am older, and have seen a great deal. All passions are criminal in their excess; and even love itself, if it is not subservient to our duty, may render us blind to it. Had Abraham so loved his son Isaac, as to refuse the sacrifice required, is there any of us who would not condemn him? Joseph, I know your many good qualities, and value you for them; but as I am to render an account of your soul, which is committed to my cure, I cannot see any fault without reminding you of it. You are too much inclined to passion, child; and have set your affections so absolutely on this young woman, that if God required her at your hands, I fear you would reluctantly part with her. Now, believe me, no Christian ought so to set his heart on any person or thing in this world, but that whenever it shall be required, or taken from him in any manner by divine Providence, he may be able peaceably, quietly, and contentedly to resign it."

At which words one came hastily in, and acquainted Mr. Adams that his youngest son was drowned. He stood silent a moment, and soon began to stamp about the room, and deplore his loss with the bitterest agony. Joseph, who was overwhelmed with concern likewise, recovered himself sufficiently to endeavour to

comfort the parson; in which attempt he used many arguments, that he had at several times remembered, out of his own discourses, both in private and public, for he was a great enemy to the passions, and preached nothing more than the conquest of them by reason and grace; but he was not at leisure now to hearken to his advice.

"Child, child," said he, "do not go about impossibilities. Had it been any other of my children, I could have borne it with patience; but my little prattler, the darling and comfort of my old age,—the little wretch, to be snatched out of life just at his entrance into it; the sweetest, best-tempered boy, who never did a thing to offend me! It was but this morning I gave him his first lesson in *Quæ Genus*. This was the very book he learned: Poor child! it is of no farther use to thee now. He would have made the best scholar, and have been an ornament to the church: such parts and such goodness, never met in one so young."—"And the handsomest lad too," says Mrs. Adams, recovering from a swoon in Fanny's arms. "My poor Dicky, shall I never see thee more?" cries the parson. "Yes, surely," says Joseph, "and in a better place, you will meet again, never to part more."

I believe the parson did not hear these words, for he paid little regard to them, but went on lamenting, whilst the tears trickled down into his bosom. At last he cried out, "Where is my little darling?" and was sallying out, when, to his great surprise and joy, in which I hope the reader will sympathise, he met his son, in a wet condition indeed, but alive, and running towards him. The person who brought the news of his misfortune had been a little too eager, as people sometimes are, from, I believe, no very good principle, to relate ill news; and, seeing him fall into the river, instead of running to his assistance, directly ran to acquaint his father of a fate which he had concluded to be inevitable, but whence the child was relieved by the same poor pedlar who had relieved his father before from a less distress.

The parson's joy was now as extravagant as his grief had been before: he kissed and embraced his son a thousand times, and danced about the room like one frantic; but as soon as he discovered the face of his old friend the pedlar, and heard the fresh obligation he had to him, what were his sensations? Not those which two courtiers feel in one another's embraces; not those with which a great man receives the vile, treacherous engines of his wicked purposes; not those with which a worthless younger brother wishes his elder joy of a son, or a man congratulates his rival on his obtaining a mistress, a place, or an honour. No, reader, he felt the ebullition, the overflowings, of a full, honest, open heart, towards the person who had conferred a real obligation, and of which, if thou canst not conceive an idea within, I will not vainly endeavour to assist thee.

When these tumults were over, the parson, taking Joseph aside, proceeded thus:—"No,

Joseph, do not give too much way to thy passions if thou dost expect happiness." The patience of Joseph, nor perhaps of Job, could bear no longer: he interrupted the parson, saying, it was easier to give advice than to take it; nor did he perceive he could so entirely conquer himself, when he apprehended he had lost his son, or when he found him recovered.

"Boy," replied Adams, raising his voice, "it does not become green heads to advise grey hairs. Thou art ignorant of the tenderness of fatherly affection: when thou art a father, thou wilt be capable then only of knowing what a father can feel. No man is obliged to impossibilities; and the loss of a child is one of those great trials, where our grief may be allowed to become immoderate."—"Well, sir," cries Joseph, "and if I love a mistress as well as you your child, surely her loss would grieve me equally."—"Yes, but such love is foolishness, and wrong in itself, and ought to be conquered," answered Adams: "it savours too much of the flesh."—"Sure, sir," says Joseph, "it is not sinful to love my wife, no, not even to dote on her to distraction!"—"Indeed, but it is," says Adams: "every man ought to love his wife, no doubt; we are commanded so to do; but we ought to love her with moderation and discretion."—"I am afraid I shall be guilty of some sin, in spite of all my endeavours," says Joseph; "for I shall love without any moderation, I am sure."—"You talk foolishly and childishly," cries Adams.

"Indeed," says Mrs. Adams, who had listened to the latter part of their conversation, "you talk more foolishly yourself. I hope, my dear, you will never preach any such doctrine, as that husbands can love their wives too well. If I knew you had such a sermon in the house, I am sure I would burn it; and I declare, if I had not been convinced you had loved me as well as you could, I can answer for myself, I should have hated and despised you. Marry come up! Fine doctrine, indeed! A wife has a right to insist on her husband's loving her as much as ever he can; and he is a sinful villain who does not. Does he not promise to love her, and comfort her, and to cherish her, and all that? I am sure I remember it all, as well as if I had repeated it over but yesterday, and shall never forget it. Besides, I am certain you do not preach as you practise: for you have been a loving and a cherishing husband to me, that's the truth on't; and why you should endeavour to put such wicked nonsense into this young man's head, I cannot devise. Don't hearken to him, Mr. Joseph; be as good a husband as you are able, and love your wife with all your body and soul too."

Here a violent rap at the door put an end to their discourse, and produced a scene, which the reader will find in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

A Visit which the polite Lady Booby and her polite Friend paid the Parson.

THE Lady Booby had no sooner had an account from the gentleman of his meeting a wonderful beauty near her house, and perceived the raptures with which he spoke of her, than, immediately concluding it must be Fanny, she began to meditate a design of bringing them better acquainted; and to entertain hopes, that the fine clothes, presents, and promises of this youth, would prevail on her to abandon Joseph: she therefore proposed to her company a walk in the fields before dinner, when she led them towards Mr. Adams's house; and, as she approached it, told them, if they pleased, she would divert them with one of the most ridiculous sights they had ever seen, which was an old, foolish parson, who, she said, laughing, kept a wife and six brats on a salary of about twenty pounds a year; adding, that there was not such another ragged family in the parish.

They all readily agreed to this visit, and arrived whilst Mrs. Adams was declaiming, as in the last chapter. Beau Didapper, which was the name of the young gentleman we have seen riding towards Lady Booby's, with his cane mimicked the rap of a London footman at the door. The people within, namely, Adams, his wife, and three children, Joseph, Fanny, and the pedlar, were all thrown into confusion by this knock: but Adams went directly to the door; which being opened, the Lady Booby and her company walked in, and were received by the parson with about two hundred bows, and by his wife with as many courtesies; the latter telling the lady, she was ashamed to be seen in such a pickle, and that her house was in such a litter; but that if she had expected such an honour from her ladyship, she should have found her in a better manner. The parson made no apologies, though he was in his half cassock, and a flannel night-cap. He said, they were heartily welcome to his poor cottage; and, turning to Mr. Didapper, cried out, *Non mea renidet in domo lacunar*. The beau answered, that he did not understand Welsh; at which the parson stared, and made no reply.

Mr. Didapper, or Beau Didapper, was a young gentleman about four feet five inches in height. He wore his own hair, though the scarcity of it might have given him sufficient excuse for a periwig. His face was thin and pale; the shape of his body and legs none of the best, for he had very narrow shoulders, and no calf; and his gait might more properly be called hopping than walking. The qualifications of his mind were well adapted to his person. We shall handle them first negatively. He was not entirely ignorant; for he could talk a little French, and sing two or three Italian songs: he had lived too much in the world to be bashful, and too much at court to be proud; he seemed not much inclined to avarice, for he was profuse in his expenses; nor had he all the features of pro-

digality, for he never gave a shilling; no hater of women, for he always dangled after them; yet so little subject to lust, that he had, among those who knew him best, the character of great moderation in his pleasures; no drinking of wine; nor so addicted to passion, but that a hot word or two from an adversary made him immediately cool.

Now to give him only a dash or two on the affirmative side: though he was born to an immense fortune, he chose, for the pitiful and dirty consideration of a place of little consequence, to depend entirely on the will of a fellow, whom they call a great man, who treated him with the utmost disrespect, and exacted of him a plenary obedience to his commands, which he implicitly submitted to, at the expense of his conscience, his honour, and of his country, in which he had himself so very large a share: and to finish his character; he was entirely well satisfied with his own person and parts, so he was very apt to ridicule and laugh at any imperfection in another. Such was the little person, or rather thing, that hopped after Lady Booby into Mr. Adams's kitchen.

The parson and his company retreated from the chimney-side, where they had been seated, to give room to the lady and hers. Instead of returning any of the courtesies or extraordinary civility of Mrs. Adams, the lady, turning to Mr. Booby, cried out, *Quelle bête! Quel animal!* And presently after, discovering Fanny (for she did not need the circumstance of her standing by Joseph to assure the identity of her person), she asked the beau, whether he did not think her a pretty girl. "Begad, madam," answered he, "'tis the very same I met."—"I did not imagine," replied the lady, "you had so good a taste."—"Because I never liked you, I warrant," cries the beau. "Ridiculous!" said she: "you know you were always my aversion."—"I would never mention aversion," answered the beau, "with that face; * dear Lady Booby, wash your face before you mention aversion, I beseech you." He then laughed, and turned about to coquet it with Fanny.

Mrs. Adams had been all this time begging and praying the ladies to sit down, a favour which she at last obtained. The little boy, to whom the accident had happened, still keeping his place by the fire, was chid by his mother for not being more mannerly: but Lady Booby took his part, and commending his beauty, told the parson he was his very picture. She then, seeing a book in his hand, asked if he could read. "Yes," cried Adams, "a little Latin, madam: he is just got into *Quæ Genus*."—"A fig for queer genius!" answered she: "let me hear him read a little English." "*Lege, Dick, lege*," said Adams: but the boy made him no answer, till he saw the parson knit his brows; and then cried, "I don't understand you, father." "How, boy!" says Adams; "what does *Lego* make in the imperative

* Lest this should appear unnatural to some readers, we think proper to acquaint them that it is taken verbatim from very polite conversation.

mood? *Legito*, does it not?"—"Yes," answered Dick. "And what besides?" says the father. "*Legit*," quoth the son, after some hesitation. "A good boy!" says the father; "and now, child, what is the English of *Legit*?" To which the boy, after long puzzling, answered, he could not tell. "How!" cries Adams, in a passion; "what, has the water washed away your learning? Why, what is Latin for the English verb, read? Consider before you speak." The child considered some time, and the parson cried twice or thrice, "*Le—, Le—*." Dick answered, "*Legit*."—"Very well; and then, what is the English," says the parson, "of the verb *Legit*?"—"To read," cried Dick. "Very well," said the parson; "a good boy; you can do well if you will take pains. I assure your ladyship he is not much above eight years old, and is out of his *Propria quæ Maribus* already. Come, Dick, read to her ladyship;" which she again desiring, in order to give the beau time and opportunity with Fanny, Dick began as in the following chapter.

CHAPTER X.

The History of two Friends, which may afford a useful Lesson to all those Persons who happen to take up their Residence in married Families.

"LEONARD and Paul were two friends——"
"Pronounce it Lennard, child," cried the parson.
"Pray, Mr. Adams," says Lady Booby, "let your son read without interruption." Dick then proceeded:—"Lennard and Paul were two friends, who having been educated together at the same school, commenced a friendship, which they preserved a long time for each other. It was so deeply fixed in both their minds, that a long absence, during which they had maintained no correspondence, did not eradicate or lessen it: but it revived in all its force at their first meeting, which was not till after fifteen years' absence, most of which time Lennard had spent in the East Indi-es."—"Pronounce it short, Indies," says Adams. "Pray, sir, be quiet," says the lady. The boy repeated, "In the East Indies, whilst Paul had served his king and country in the army: in which different services, they had found such different success, that Lennard was now married, and retired with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds; and Paul was arrived to the degree of a lieutenant on foot, and was not worth a single shilling.

"The regiment, in which Paul was stationed, happened to be ordered into quarters within a small distance from the estate which Lennard had purchased, and where he was settled. This latter, who was now become a country gentleman, and a justice of peace, came to attend the quarter-sessions in the town where his old friend was quartered, soon after his arrival. Some affair, in which a soldier was concerned, occasioned Paul to attend the justices. Manhood, and time, and the change of climate, had so much altered Lennard, that Paul did not immediately recollect the features of his old acquaintance; but it was

otherwise with Lennard. He knew Paul the moment he saw him; nor could he contain himself from quitting the bench, and running hastily to embrace him. Paul stood at first a little surprised; but had soon sufficient information from his friend, whom he no sooner remembered, than he returned his embrace with a passion which made many of the spectators laugh, and gave to some few a much higher and more agreeable sensation.

"Not to detain the reader with minute circumstances, Lennard insisted on his friend's returning with him to his house that evening; which request was complied with, and leave for a month's absence for Paul obtained of the commanding officer.

"If it was possible for any circumstance to give any addition to the happiness which Paul had proposed in this visit, he received that additional pleasure, by finding, on his arrival at his friend's house, that his lady was an old acquaintance which he had formerly contracted at his quarters, and who had always appeared to be of a most agreeable temper: a character she had ever maintained among her intimates, being of that number, every individual of which is called quite the best sort of woman in the world.

"But good as this lady was, she was still a woman; that is to say, an angel; and not an angel."—"You mistake, child," cries the parson, "for you read nonsense."—"It is so in the book," answered the son. Mr. Adams was then silenced by authority, and Dick proceeded: "For though her person was of that kind, to which men attribute the name of angel, yet in her mind she was perfectly woman; of which a great degree of obstinacy gave the most remarkable and perhaps most pernicious instance.

"A day or two passed after Paul's arrival, before any instances of this appeared; but it was impossible to conceal it long. Both she and her husband soon lost all apprehension from their friend's presence, and fell to their disputes with as much vigour as ever. These were still pursued with the utmost ardour and eagerness, however trifling the causes were whence they first arose: nay, however incredible it may seem, the little consequence of the matter in debate was frequently given as a reason for the fierceness of the contention, as thus: If you loved me, sure you would never dispute with me such a trifle as this. The answer to which is very obvious; for the argument would hold equally on both sides, and was constantly retorted with some addition, as—I am sure I have much more reason to say so, who am in the right.

"During all these disputes, Paul always kept strict silence, and preserved an even countenance, without showing the least visible inclination to either party. One day, however, when madam had left the room in a violent fury, Lennard could not refrain from referring his cause to his friend, 'Was ever anything so unreasonable,' says he, 'as this woman? What shall I do with her? I dote on her to distraction, nor have I any cause to complain of, more than this obstinacy in her temper: whatever she asserts, she will maintain

against all the reason and conviction in the world. Pray, give me your advice.'

"'First,' says Paul, 'I will give my opinion, which is, flatly, that you are in the wrong; for, supposing she is in the wrong, was the subject of your contention any ways material? What signified it whether you were married in a red or yellow waistcoat? for that was your dispute. Now, suppose she was mistaken, as you love her you say so tenderly, and I believe she deserves it, would it not have been wiser to have yielded, though you certainly knew yourself in the right, than to give either her or yourself any uneasiness? For my own part, if ever I marry, I am resolved to enter into an agreement with my wife, that in all disputes, especially about trifles, that party who is most convinced they are right, shall always surrender the victory; by which means we shall both be forward to give up the cause.'—'I own,' said Lennard, 'my dear friend,' shaking him by the hand, 'there is great truth and reason in what you say; and I will for the future endeavour to follow your advice.'

"They soon after broke up the conversation, and Lennard, going to his wife, asked her pardon, and told her, his friend had convinced him he had been in the wrong. She immediately began a vast encomium on Paul, in which he seconded her; and both agreed he was the worthiest and wisest man upon earth.

"When next they met, which was at supper, though she had promised not to mention what her husband had told her, she could not forbear casting the kindest and most affectionate looks on Paul; and asked him, with the sweetest voice, whether she should help him to some potted woodcock?—'Potted partridge, my dear, you mean,' says the husband.—'My dear,' says she, 'I ask your friend if he will eat any potted woodcock; and I am sure I must know, who potted it.'—'I think I should know too, who shot them,' replied the husband: 'and I am convinced that I have not seen a woodcock this year: however, though I know I am in the right, I submit, and the potted partridge is potted woodcock, if you desire to have it so.'—'It is equal to me,' says she, 'whether it is one or the other; but you would persuade one out of one's senses: to be sure, you are always in the right in your own opinion; but your friend, I believe, knows which he is eating.'

"Paul answered nothing, and the dispute continued, as usual, the greatest part of the evening. The next morning, the lady, accidentally meeting Paul, and being convinced he was her friend, and of her side, accosted him thus:—'I am certain, sir, you have long since wondered at the unreasonableness of my husband. He is, indeed, in other respects, a good sort of man; but so positive, that no woman but one of my complying temper could possibly live with him. Why, last night now, was any creature so unreasonable? I am certain you must condemn him. Pray, answer me, was he not in the wrong?'

"Paul, after a short silence, spoke as follows:—'I am sorry, madam, that as good manners

oblige me to answer against my will, so an adherence to truth forces me to declare myself of a different opinion. To be plain and honest, you were entirely in the wrong; the cause I own not worth disputing, but the bird was undoubtedly a partridge.'—'O, sir,' replied the lady, 'I cannot possibly help your taste.'—'Madam,' returned Paul, 'that is very little material; for had it been otherwise, a husband might have expected submission.'—'Indeed, sir,' says she, 'I assure you,——' 'Yes, madam,' cried he, 'he might, from a person of your excellent understanding; and pardon me for saying, such a condescension would have shown a superiority of sense even to your husband himself.'—'But, dear sir,' said she, 'why should I submit when I am in the right?'—'For that very reason,' answered he; 'it would be the greatest instance of affection imaginable: for can anything be a greater object of our compassion than a person we love in the wrong?'—'Ay, but I should endeavour,' said she, 'to set him right.'—'Pardon me, madam,' answered Paul: 'I will apply to your own experience, if you ever found your arguments had that effect. The more our judgments err, the less we are willing to own it; for my own part, I have always observed the persons who maintain the worst side in any contest are the warmest.'—'Why,' says she, 'I must confess there is truth in what you say, and I will endeavour to practise it.'

"The husband then coming in, Paul departed: and Lennard, approaching his wife with an air of good-humour, told her, he was sorry for their foolish dispute the last night: but he was now convinced of his error. She answered, smiling, she believed she owed his condescension to his complaisance; that she was ashamed to think a word had passed on so silly an occasion, especially as she was satisfied she had been mistaken. A little contention followed, but with the utmost good will to each other; and was concluded by her asserting that Paul had thoroughly convinced her she had been in the wrong. Upon which they both united in the praises of their common friend.

"Paul now passed his time with great satisfaction, these disputes being much less frequent, as well as shorter than usual; but the devil, or some unlucky accident, in which perhaps the devil had no hand, shortly put an end to his happiness. He was now eternally the private referee of every difference; in which, after having perfectly, as he thought, established the doctrine of submission, he never scrupled to assure both privately that they were in the right in every argument, as before he had followed the contrary method.

"One day a violent litigation happened in his absence, and both parties agreed to refer it to his decision. The husband professing himself sure the decision would be in his favour, the wife answered, he might be mistaken; for she believed his friend was convinced how seldom she was to blame; and that if he knew all—The husband replied, 'My dear, I have no desire of any retrospect; but I believe, if you knew all too, you would not imagine my friend so entirely

on your side.' 'Nay,' says she, 'since you provoke me, I will mention one instance. You may remember our dispute about sending Jacky to school in cold weather, which point I gave up to you from mere compassion, knowing myself to be in the right; and Paul himself told me afterwards, he thought me so.' 'My dear,' replied the husband, 'I will not scruple your veracity; but I assure you solemnly, on my applying to him, he gave it absolutely on my side, and said, he would have acted in the same manner.'

"They then proceeded to produce numberless other instances, in all which Paul had, on vows of secrecy, given his opinion on both sides. In conclusion, both believing each other, they fell severely on the treachery of Paul, and agreed that he had been the occasion of almost every dispute which had fallen out between them. They then became extremely loving, and so full of condescension on both sides, that they vied with each other in censuring their own conduct, and jointly vented their indignation on Paul, whom the wife, fearing a bloody consequence, earnestly entreated her husband to suffer quietly to depart the next day, which was the time fixed for his return to quarters, and then drop his acquaintance.

"However ungenerous this behaviour in Lennard may be esteemed, his wife obtained a promise from him, though with difficulty, to follow her advice; but they both expressed such unusual coldness that day to Paul, that he, who was quick of apprehension, taking Lennard aside, pressed him so home, that he at last discovered the secret. Paul acknowledged the truth, but told him the design with which he had done it, to which the other answered, he would have acted more friendly to have let him into the whole design; for that he might have assured himself of his secrecy. Paul replied, with some indignation, he had given him a sufficient proof how capable he was of concealing a secret from his wife. Lennard returned, with some warmth, he had more reason to upbraid him, for that he had caused most of the quarrels between them by his strange conduct, and might, if they had not discovered the affair to each other, have been the occasion of their separation. Paul then said—"But something now happened, which put a stop to Dick's reading, and of which we shall treat in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

In which the History is continued.

JOSEPH ANDREWS had borne with great uneasiness the impertinence of Beau Didapper to Fanny, who had been talking pretty freely to her, and offering her settlements; but the respect to the company had restrained him from interfering, whilst the beau confined himself to the use of his tongue only: but the said beau, watching an opportunity whilst the ladies' eyes

were disposed another way, offered a rudeness to her with his hands; which Joseph no sooner perceived, than he presented him with so sound a box on the ear, that it conveyed him several paces from where he stood. The ladies immediately screaming out, rose from their chairs; and the beau, as soon as he recovered himself, drew his hanger; which Adams observing, snatched up the lid of a pot in his left hand; and covering himself with it as with a shield, without any weapon of offence in his other hand, stepped in before Joseph, and exposed himself to the enraged beau, who threatened such perdition and destruction, that it frightened the women, who were all got in a huddle together, out of their wits, even to hear his denunciations of vengeance. Joseph was of a different complexion, and begged Adams to let his rival come on; for he had a good cudgel in his hand, and did not fear him.

Fanny now fainted into Mrs. Adams's arms, and the whole room was in confusion, when Mr. Booby, passing by Adams, who lay snug under the pot-lid, came up to Didapper, and insisted on his sheathing the hanger, promising he should have satisfaction: which Joseph declared he would give him, and fight him at any weapon whatever.

The beau now sheathed his hanger, and taking out a pocket-glass, and vowing vengeance all the time, readjusted his hair; the parson deposited his shield; and Joseph, running to Fanny, soon brought her back to life. Lady Booby chid Joseph for his insult on Didapper; but he answered, he would have attacked an army in the same cause.

"What cause?" said the lady. "Madam," answered Joseph, "he was rude to that young woman."—"What?" says the lady, "I suppose he would have kissed the wench; and is a gentleman to be struck for such an offer? I must tell you, Joseph, these airs do not become you."—"Madam," said Mr. Booby, "I saw the whole affair, and I do not commend my brother: for I cannot perceive why he should take upon him to be this girl's champion."—"I can commend him," says Adams: "he is a brave lad; and it becomes any man to be the champion of the innocent: and he must be the basest coward who would not vindicate a woman with whom he is on the brink of marriage."

"Sir," says Mr. Booby, "my brother is not a match for such a young woman as this."—"No," says Lady Booby; "nor do you, Mr. Adams, act in your proper character, by encouraging any such doings; and I am very much surprised you should concern yourself in it. I think your wife and family your proper care." "Indeed, madam, your ladyship says very true," answered Mrs. Adams: "he talks a pack of nonsense, that the whole parish are his children. I am sure I don't understand what he means by it; it would make some women suspect he had gone astray: but I acquit him of that. I can read Scripture as well as he, and I never found that the parson was obliged to provide for other folks' children; and besides,

he is but a poor curate, and has little enough, as your ladyship knows, for me and mine."

"You say very well, Mrs. Adams," quoth the Lady Booby, who had not spoken a word to her before; "you seem to be a very sensible woman; and I assure you, your husband is acting a very foolish part, and opposing his own interest, seeing my nephew is violently set against this match; and, indeed, I can't blame him: it is by no means one suitable to our family."

In this manner the lady proceeded with Mrs. Adams; whilst the beau hopped about the room, shaking his head, partly from pain and partly from anger; and Pamela was chiding Fanny for her assurance, in aiming at such a match as her brother. Poor Fanny answered only with her tears, which had long since begun to wet her handkerchief; which Joseph perceiving, took her by the arm, and, wrapping it in his, carried her off, swearing he would own no relation to any one who was an enemy to her he loved more than all the world. He went out with Fanny under his left arm, brandishing a cudgel in his right, and neither Mr. Booby nor the beau thought proper to oppose him. Lady Booby and her company made a very short stay behind him; for the lady's bell now summoned them to dress, for which they had just time before dinner.

Adams seemed now very much dejected, which his wife perceiving, began to apply some matrimonial balsam. She told him, he had reason to be concerned; for that he had probably ruined his family with his tricks almost; but perhaps he was grieved for the loss of his two children, Joseph and Fanny. His eldest daughter went on:—"Indeed, father, it is very hard to bring strangers here to eat your children's bread out of their mouths. You have kept them ever since they came home; and for anything I see to the contrary, may keep them a month longer. Are you obliged to give her meat, tho' she was never so handsome? But I don't see she is so much handsomer than other people. If people were to be kept for their beauty, she would scarce fare better than her neighbours, I believe. As for Mr. Joseph, I have nothing to say: he is a young man of honest principles, and will pay some time or other for what he has; but for the girl,—why does she not return to her place she ran away from? I would not give such a vagabond slut a halfpenny, though I had a million of money; no, though she was starving."—"Indeed but I would," cries little Dick; "and, father, rather than poor Fanny shall be starved, I will give her all this bread and cheese,"—offering what he held in his hand.

Adams smiled on the boy, and told him, he rejoiced to see he was a Christian; and that if he had a halfpenny in his pocket, he would have given it him; telling him it was his duty to look upon all his neighbours as his brothers and sisters, and love them accordingly. "Yes, papa," says he, "I love her better than my sisters; for she is handsomer than any of them."—"Is she so, saucebox?" says the sister, giving him a box on the ear; which the father would probably have

resented had not Joseph, Fanny, and the pedlar at that instant returned together.

Adams bid his wife prepare some food for their dinner; she said, truly she could not, she had something else to do. Adams rebuked her for disputing his commands, and quoted many texts of Scripture, to prove that the husband is the head of the wife, and she is to submit and obey. The wife answered, it was blasphemy to talk Scripture out of church: that such things were very proper to be said in the pulpit, but that it was profane to talk them in common discourse.

Joseph told Mr. Adams, he was not come with any design to give him or Mrs. Adams any trouble; but to desire the favour of all their company to the George, an alehouse in the parish, where he had bespoken a piece of bacon and greens for their dinner. Mrs. Adams, who was a very good sort of a woman, only rather too strict in economics, readily accepted this invitation, as did the parson himself by her example; and away they all walked together, not omitting little Dick, to whom Joseph gave a shilling, when he heard of his intended liberality to Fanny.

CHAPTER XII.

Where the good-natured Reader will see Something which will give him no great Pleasure.

THE pedlar had been very inquisitive from the time he had first heard that the great house in this parish belonged to the Lady Booby; and had learned that she was the widow of Sir Thomas, and that Sir Thomas had bought Fanny, at about the age of three or four years, of a travelling woman; and now their homely, but hearty meal, was ended, he told Fanny he believed he could acquaint her with her parents. The whole company, especially she herself, started at this offer of the pedlar's. He then proceeded thus, while they all lent their strictest attention:—

"Though I am now contented with this humble way of getting my livelihood, I was formerly a gentleman; for so all those of my profession are called: in a word, I was a drummer in an Irish regiment of foot. Whilst I was in this honourable station, I attended an officer of our regiment into England a recruiting. In our march from Bristol to Frome (for since the decay of the woollen trade, the clothing towns have furnished the army with a great number of recruits), we overtook on the road a woman, who seemed to be about thirty years old or thereabouts, not very handsome, but well enough for a soldier. As we came up to her, she mended her pace, and, falling into discourse with our ladies (for every man of the party, namely, a serjeant, two private men, and a drummer, was provided with his woman, except myself), she continued to travel on with us. I, perceiving she must fall to my lot, advanced presently to her, and made love to her in our military way, and quickly succeeded to my wishes. We struck a bargain within a mile, and lived together as man and wife to her dying day."

"I suppose," says Adams, interrupting him, "you were married with a license; for I don't see how you could contrive to have the banns published, while you were marching from place to place."—"No, sir," said the pedlar, "we took a license to go to bed together without any banns."—"Ay, ay!" said the parson: "*ex necessitate*, license may be allowable enough; but surely, surely, the other is the more regular and eligible way."

The pedlar proceeded thus: "She returned with me to our regiment and removed with us from quarters to quarters, till at last, whilst we lay at Galway, she fell ill of a fever, and died. When she was on her death-bed, she called me to her, and crying bitterly, declared she could not depart this world without discovering a secret to me, which, she said, was the only sin which sat heavy on her heart. She said, she had formerly travelled in a company of gipsies, who had made a practice of stealing away children; that for her own part, she had been only once guilty of the crime, which she said, she lamented more than all the rest of her sins, since probably it might have occasioned the death of the parents; 'for,' added she, 'it is almost impossible to describe the beauty of the young creature, which was about a year and a half old when I kidnapped it. We kept her (for she was a girl) about two years in our company, when I sold her myself, for three guineas, to Sir Thomas Booby, in Somersetshire.' Now you know whether there are any more of that name in this county."

"Yes," says Adams, "there are several Boobys who are squires, but I believe no baronet now alive; besides, it answers so exactly in every point, there is no room for doubt; but you have forgotten to tell us the parents from whom the child was stolen."

"Their name," answered the pedlar, "was Andrews: they lived about thirty miles from the squire: and she told me, that I might be sure to find them out by one circumstance; for that they had a daughter of a very strange name, Pamela, or Pamēla; some pronounced it one way, and some the other."

Fanny, who had changed colour at the first mention of the name, now fainted away; Joseph turned pale, and poor Dicky began to roar; the parson fell on his knees, and ejaculated many thanksgivings, that this discovery had been made before the dreadful sin of incest was committed; and the pedlar was struck with amazement, not being able to account for all this confusion; the cause of which was presently opened by the parson's daughter, who was the only unconcerned person; for the mother was chafing Fanny's temples, and taking the utmost care of her: and indeed Fanny was the only creature whom the daughter would not have pitied in her situation; wherein, though we compassionate her ourselves, we shall leave her for a little while, and pay a short visit to Lady Booby.

CHAPTER XIII.

The History, returning to the Lady Booby, gives some Account of the terrible Conflict in her Breast, between Love and Pride; with what happened on the present Discovery.

THE lady sat down with her company to dinner; but ate nothing. As soon as the cloth was removed, she whispered Pamela, that she was taken a little ill, and desired her to entertain her husband and Beau Didapper. She then went up into her chamber, sent for Slipslop, threw herself on the bed, in the agonies of love, rage, and despair; nor could she conceal these boiling passions longer without bursting. Slipslop now approached her bed, and asked her how her ladyship did; but, instead of revealing her disorder, as she intended, she entered into a long encomium on the beauty and virtues of Joseph Andrews; ending at last with expressing her concern that so much tenderness should be thrown away on so despicable an object as Fanny.

Slipslop, well knowing how to humour her mistress's frenzy, proceeded to repeat, with exaggeration if possible, all her mistress had said, and concluded with a wish that Joseph had been a gentleman, and that she could see her lady in the arms of such a husband. The lady then started from the bed, and taking a turn or two across the room, cried out, with a deep sigh, "Sure he would make any woman happy!"—"Your ladyship," says she, "would be the happiest woman in the world with him. A fig for custom and nonsense! What 'vails what people say? Shall I be afraid of eating sweetmeats, because people may say I have a sweet tooth? If I had a mind to marry a man, all the world should not hinder me. Your ladyship has no parents to tutelar your infections: besides, he is of your ladyship's family now, and as good a gentleman as any in the country; and why should not a woman follow her mind as well as a man? Why should not your ladyship marry the brother, as well as your nephew the sister? I am sure, if it was a fragrant crime, I would not persuade your ladyship to it."

"But, dear Slipslop," answered the lady, "if I could prevail on myself to commit such a weakness, there is that cursed Fanny in the way, whom the idiot—O how I hate and despise him!"—"She! a little ugly minx!" cries Slipslop; "leave her to me. I suppose your ladyship has heard of Joseph's fitting with one of Mr. Didapper's servants about her; and his master has ordered them to carry her away by force this evening. I'll take care they shall not want assistance. I was talking with this gentleman, who was below just when your ladyship sent for me."—"Go back," says the Lady Booby, "this instant; for I expect Mr. Didapper will soon be going. Do all you can, for I am resolved this wench shall not be in our family.—I will endeavour to return to the company; but let me know as soon as she is carried off."

Slipslop went away; and her mistress began

to arraign her own conduct in the following manner:—

“What am I doing? How do I suffer this passion to creep imperceptibly upon me! How many days are passed since I could have submitted to ask myself the question?—Marry a footman! Distraction! Can I afterwards bear the eyes of my acquaintance? But I can retire from them; retire with one, in whom I propose more happiness than the world without him can give me! Retire—to feed continually on beauties, which my inflamed imagination sickens with eagerly gazing on; to satisfy every appetite, every desire, with their utmost wish. Ha! and do I dote thus on a footman? I despise, I detest my passion. Yet why? Is he not generous, gentle, kind?—Kind, to whom? to the meanest wretch, a creature below my consideration. Does he not?—yes, he does prefer her. Curse his beauties, and the little low heart that possesses them; which can basely descend to this despicable wench, and be ungratefully deaf to all the honours I do him. And can I then love this monster? No, I will tear his image from my bosom, tread on him, spurn him. I will have those pitiful charms, which now I despise, mangled in my sight; for I will not suffer the little jade I hate to riot in the beauties I contemn. No, though I despise him myself; though I would spurn him from my feet, were he to languish at them;—no other shall taste the happiness I scorn. Why do I say happiness? To me it would be misery. To sacrifice my reputation, my character, my rank in life, to the indulgence of a mean and a vile appetite! How I detest the thought. How much more exquisite is the pleasure resulting from the reflection of virtue and prudence, than the faint relish of what flows from vice and folly! Whither did I suffer this improper, this mad passion to hurry me, only by neglecting to summon the aids of reason to my assistance? Reason, which has now set before me my desires in their proper colours, and immediately helped me to expel them. Yes, I thank Heaven and my pride, I have now perfectly conquered this unworthy passion; and if there was no obstacle in its way, my pride would disdain any pleasures, which could be the consequence of so base, so mean, so vulgar—”

Slipslop returned at this instant in a violent hurry, and with the utmost eagerness cried out, “O, madam! I have strange news. Tom the footman is just come from the George, where it seems Joseph and the rest of them are jinketing; and he says there is a strange man, who has discovered that Fanny and Joseph are brother and sister.”—“How, Slipslop!” cries the lady, in a surprise. “I had not time, madam,” cries Slipslop, “to inquire about particulars, but Tom says it is most certainly true.”

This unexpected account entirely obliterated all those admirable reflections which the supreme power of reason had so wisely made just before. In short, when despair, which had more share in producing the resolutions of hatred we have seen taken, began to retreat, the lady hesitated

a moment, and then, forgetting all the purport of her soliloquy, dismissed her woman again, with orders to bid Tom attend her in the parlour, whither she now hastened to acquaint Pamela with the news. Pamela said, she could not believe it; for she had never heard that her mother had lost any child, or that she ever had any more than Joseph and herself.

The lady flew into a violent rage with her, and talked of upstarts, and disowning relations who had so lately been on a level with her. Pamela made no answer; but her husband, taking up her cause, severely reprimanded his aunt for her behaviour to his wife: he told her, if it had been earlier in the evening, she should not have stayed a moment longer in her house: that he was convinced, if this young woman could be proved her sister, she would readily embrace her as such; and he himself would do the same. He then desired the fellow might be sent for, and the young woman with him, which Lady Booby immediately ordered; and thinking proper to make some apology to Pamela for what she had said, it was readily accepted, and all things reconciled.

The pedlar now attended, as did Fanny, and Joseph, who would not quit her: the parson likewise was induced, not only by curiosity, of which he had no small portion, but his duty, as he apprehended it, to follow them; for he continued all the way to exhort them, who were now breaking their hearts, to offer up thanksgivings, and be joyful for so miraculous an escape.

When they arrived at Booby-hall, they were presently called into the parlour, where the pedlar repeated the same story he had told before, and insisted on the truth of every circumstance; so that all who heard him were extremely well satisfied of the truth, except Pamela, who imagined, as she had never heard either of her parents mention such an accident, that it must be certainly false; and except the Lady Booby, who suspected the falsehood of the story, from her ardent desire that it should be true; and Joseph, who feared its truth, from his earnest wishes that it might prove false.

Mr. Booby now desired them all to suspend their curiosity, and absolute belief or disbelief, till the next morning, when he expected old Mr. Andrews and his wife to fetch himself and Pamela home in his coach, and then they might be certain of certainly knowing the truth or falsehood of this relation; in which, he said, as there were many strong circumstances to induce their credit, so he could not perceive any interest the pedlar could have in inventing it, or in endeavouring to impose such a falsehood on them.

The Lady Booby, who was very little used to such company, entertained them all—viz. her nephew, his wife, her brother and sister, the beau, and the parson, with great good humour at her own table. As to the pedlar, she ordered him to be made as welcome as possible by her servants. All the company in the parlour, except the disappointed lovers, who sat sullen and silent, were full of mirth; for Mr. Booby had prevailed

on Joseph to ask Mr. Didapper's pardon, with which he was perfectly satisfied.

Many jokes passed between the beau and the parson, chiefly on each other's dress; these afforded much diversion to the company. Pamela chid her brother Joseph for the concern which he expressed at discovering a new sister. She said, if he loved Fanny as he ought, with a pure affection, he had no reason to lament being related to her: upon which Adams began to discourse on Platonic love; whence he made a quick transition to the joys in the next world, and concluded with strongly asserting that there was no such thing as pleasure in this; at which Pamela and her husband smiled on one another.

This happy pair proposing to retire (for no other person gave the least symptom of desiring rest), they all repaired to several beds provided for them in the same house: nor was Adams himself suffered to go home, it being a stormy night. Fanny indeed often begged she might go home with the parson; but her stay was so strongly insisted on, that she at last, by Joseph's advice, consented.

CHAPTER XIV.

Containing several curious night Adventures, in which Mr. Adams fell into many hair-breadth 'Scapes, partly owing to his Goodness, and partly to his Inadvertency.

ABOUT an hour after they had all separated, it being now past three in the morning, Beau Didapper, whose passion for Fanny permitted him not to close his eyes, but had employed his imagination in contrivances how to satisfy his desires, at last hit on a method by which he hoped to effect it. He had ordered his servant to bring him word where Fanny lay, and had received his information: he therefore arose, put on his breeches and night-gown, and stole softly along the gallery which led to her apartment; and being come to the door, as he imagined it, he opened it with the least noise possible, and entered the chamber. A savour now invaded his nostrils, which he did not expect in the room of so sweet a young creature, and which might have probably had no good effect on a cooler lover. However, he groped out the bed with difficulty, for there was not a glimpse of light; and, opening the curtains, he whispered in Joseph's voice (for he was an excellent mimic), "Fanny, my angel! I am come to inform thee that I have discovered the falsehood of the story we last night heard: I am no longer thy brother, but thy lover; nor will I be delayed the enjoyment of thee one moment longer. You have sufficient assurances of my constancy not to doubt my marrying you, and it would be want of love to deny me the possession of thy charms."

So saying, he disencumbered himself from the little clothes he had on, and leaping into bed, embraced his angel, as he conceived her, with great rapture. If he was surprised at receiving no answer, he was no less pleased to find his hug returned with equal ardour. He remained

not long in this sweet confusion; for both he and his paramour presently discovered their error. Indeed, it was no other than the accomplished Slipslop whom he had engaged; but though she immediately knew the person whom she had mistaken for Joseph, he was at a loss to guess at the representative of Fanny. He had so little seen or taken notice of this gentlewoman, that light itself would have afforded him no assistance in his conjecture.

Beau Didapper no sooner had perceived his mistake, than he attempted to escape from the bed with much greater haste than he had made to it; but the watchful Slipslop prevented him: for that prudent woman, being disappointed of those delicious offerings which her fancy had promised her pleasure, resolved to make an immediate sacrifice to her virtue. Indeed, she wanted an opportunity to heal some wounds, which her late conduct had, she feared, given her reputation; and as she had a wonderful presence of mind, she conceived the person of the unfortunate beau to be luckily thrown in her way to restore her lady's opinion of her impregnable chastity. At that instant, therefore, when he offered to leap from the bed, she caught fast hold of his shirt, at the same time roaring out, "O thou villain! who hast attacked my chastity, and, I believe, ruined me in my sleep; I will swear a rape against thee; I will prosecute thee with the utmost vengeance."

The beau attempted to get loose, but she held him fast; and when he struggled, she cried out, "Murder! murder! rape! robbery! ruin!" At which words, Parson Adams, who lay in the next chamber, wakeful, and meditating on the pedlar's discovery, jumped out of bed, and, without staying to put a rag of clothes on, hastened into the apartment whence the cries proceeded. He made directly to the bed in the dark, where, laying hold of the beau's skin (for Slipslop had torn his shirt almost off), and finding his skin extremely soft, and hearing him in a low voice begging Slipslop to let him go, he no longer doubted but that this was the young woman in danger of ravishing: and immediately falling on the bed, and laying hold on Slipslop's chin, where he found a rough beard, his belief was confirmed; he, therefore, rescued the beau, who presently made his escape, and then turning towards Slipslop, received such a cuff on his chops, that his wrath kindling instantly, he offered to return the favour so stoutly, that had poor Slipslop received the fist, which in the dark passed by her, and fell on the pillow, she would most probable have given up the ghost.

Adams, missing his blow, fell directly on Slipslop, who cuffed and scratched as well as she could; nor was he behind-hand with her in his endeavours; but happily the darkness of the night befriended her. She then cried she was a woman, but Adams answered she was rather the devil, and if she was, he would grapple with him: and being again irritated by another stroke on his chops, he gave her such a remembrance in the g—s, that she began to roar loud enough to be heard all over the house. Adams then

seizing her by the hair (for her double-clout had fallen off in the scuffle), pinned her head down to the bolster, and then both called for lights together.

The Lady Booby, who was as wakeful as any of her guests, had been alarmed from the beginning; and being a woman of a bold spirit, she slipped on a night-gown, petticoat, and slippers; and taking a candle, which always burnt in her chamber, in her hand, she walked undauntedly to Slipslop's room; where she entered just at the instant as Adams had discovered, by the two mountains which Slipslop carried before her, that he was concerned with a female. He then concluded her to be a witch, and said, he fancied those breasts gave suck to a legion of devils.

Slipslop, seeing Lady Booby enter the room, cried "Help, or I am ravished," with a most audible voice; and Adams, perceiving the light, turned hastily, and saw the lady, as she did him, just as she came to the feet of the bed; nor did her modesty, when she found the naked condition of Adams, suffer her to approach farther. She then began to revile the parson as the wickedest of all men, and particularly railed at his impudence in choosing her house for the scene of his debaucheries, and her own woman for the object of his bestiality.

Poor Adams had before discovered the countenance of his first bedfellow; and now recollecting he was naked, he was no less confounded than Lady Booby herself, and immediately whipped under the bed-clothes, whence the chaste Slipslop endeavoured in vain to shut him out: then putting forth his head, on which, by way of ornament, he wore a flannel nightcap, he protested his innocence, and asked ten thousand pardons of Mrs. Slipslop for the blows he had struck her, vowing he had mistaken her for a witch.

Lady Booby, then casting her eyes on the ground, observed something sparkle with great lustre, which, when she had taken it up, appeared to be a very fine pair of diamond buttons for the sleeves. A little farther, she saw lie the sleeve itself of a shirt with laced ruffles. "Hey-day!" says she, "what is the meaning of this?"—"O madam," says Slipslop, "I don't know what has happened, I have been so terrified. Here may have been a dozen men in the room."—"To whom belongs this laced shirt and jewels?" says the lady. "Undoubtedly," cries the parson, "to the young gentleman, whom I mistook for a woman on coming into the room, whence proceeded all the subsequent mistakes; for if I had suspected him for a man, I would have seized him, had he been another Hercules, though, indeed, he seems rather to resemble Hylas."

He then gave an account of the reason of his rising from bed, and the rest, till the lady came into the room; at which, and the figures of Slipslop and her gallant (whose heads only were visible at the opposite corners of the bed), she could not refrain from laughter; nor did Slipslop persist in accusing the parson of any motions towards a rape. The lady therefore desired him to return to his bed as soon as she was departed, and then

ordering Slipslop to rise and attend her in her own room, she returned herself thither.

When she was gone, Adams renewed his petitions for pardon to Mrs. Slipslop, who with a most Christian temper, not only forgave, but began to move with much courtesy towards him, which he taking as a hint to be gone, immediately quitted the bed, and made the best of his way towards his own; but unluckily, instead of turning to the right, he turned to the left, and went to the apartment where Fanny lay, who, as the reader may remember, had not slept a wink the preceding night, and who was so hagged out with what had happened to her in the day, that, notwithstanding all thoughts of her Joseph, she was fallen into so profound a sleep, that all the noise in the adjoining room had not been able to disturb her. Adams groped out the bed, and, turning the clothes down softly (a custom Mrs. Adams had long accustomed him to), crept in and deposited his carcass on the bedpost—a place which that good woman had always assigned him.

As the cat or lap-dog of some lovely nymph, for whom ten thousand lovers languish, lies quietly by the side of the charming maid, and, ignorant of the scene of delight on which they repose, meditates the future capture of a mouse, or surprisal of a plate of bread and butter; so Adams lay by the side of Fanny, ignorant of the Paradise to which he was so near; nor could the emanation of sweets which flowed from her breath overpower the fumes of tobacco which played in the parson's nostrils. And now sleep had not overtaken the good man, when Joseph, who had secretly appointed Fanny to come to her at the break of day, rapped softly at the chamber door, which, when he had repeated twice, Adams cried, "Come in, whoever you are."

Joseph thought he had mistaken the door, though she had given him the most exact directions: however, knowing his friend's voice, he opened it, and saw some female vestments lying on a chair. Fanny waking at the same instant, and stretching out her hand on Adams's beard, she cried out,—“O heavens! where am I?”—“Bless me! where am I?” said the parson. Then Fanny screamed, Adams leaped out of bed, and Joseph stood, as the tragedians call it, like the statue of Surprise. “How came she into my room?” cried Adams. “How came you into hers?” cried Joseph in an astonishment. “I know nothing of the matter,” answered Adams, “but that she is a vestal for me. As I am a Christian, I know not whether she is a man or a woman. He is an infidel who does not believe in witchcraft. They as surely exist now as in the days of Saul. My clothes are bewitched away too, and Fanny's brought into their place:” for he still insisted he was in his own apartment; but Fanny denied it vehemently, and said, his attempting to persuade Joseph of such a falsehood, convinced her of his wicked designs. “How!” said Joseph in a rage, “has he offered any rudeness to you?” She answered, she could not accuse him of any more than villainously stealing to bed to her, which she thought

rudeness sufficient, and what no man would do without a wicked intention.

Joseph's great opinion of Adams was not easily to be staggered; and when he heard from Fanny that no harm had happened, he grew a little cooler; yet still he was confounded, and, as he knew the house, and that the women's apartments were on this side Mrs. Slipslop's room, and the men's on the other, he was convinced that he was in Fanny's chamber. Assuring Adams therefore of this truth, he begged him to give some account how he came there. Adams then, standing in his shirt (which did not offend Fanny, as the curtains of the bed were drawn), related all that had happened: and when he had ended, Joseph told him it was plain he had mistaken, by turning to the right instead of the left. "Odso!" cries Adams, "that's true: as sure as sixpence you have hit on the very thing."

He then traversed the room, rubbing his hands, and begged Fanny's pardon, assuring her he did not know whether she was man or woman. That innocent creature firmly believing all he said, told him she was no longer angry, and begged Joseph to conduct him into his own apartment, where he should stay himself till she had put her clothes on. Joseph and Adams accordingly departed, and the latter soon was convinced of the mistake he had committed; however, whilst he was dressing himself, he often asserted, he believed in the power of witchcraft notwithstanding, and did not see how a Christian could deny it.

CHAPTER XV.

The Arrival of Gaffer and Gammer Andrews, with another Person not much expected; and a perfect Solution of the Difficulties raised by the Pedlar.

As soon as Fanny was dressed, Joseph returned to her, and they had a long conversation together, the conclusion of which was, that if they found themselves to be really brother and sister, they vowed a perpetual celibacy, and to live together all their days, and indulge a Platonic friendship for each other.

The company were all very merry at breakfast, and Joseph and Fanny rather more cheerful than the preceding night. The Lady Booby produced the diamond button, which the beau most readily owned, and alleged that he was very subject to walk in his sleep. Indeed, he was far from being ashamed of his amour, and rather endeavoured to insinuate that more than was really true had passed between him and the fair Slipslop.

Their tea was scarce over, when news came of the arrival of old Mr. Andrews and his wife. They were immediately introduced, and kindly received by the Lady Booby, whose heart went now pit-a-pat, as did those of Joseph and Fanny. They felt perhaps little less anxiety in this interval than *Œdipus* himself, whilst his fate was revealing.

Mr. Booby first opened the cause, by informing the old gentleman that he had a child in the company more than he knew of; and, taking Fanny by the hand, told him, this was that daughter of his who had been stolen away by gipsies in her infancy. Mr. Andrews, after expressing some astonishment, assured his honour that he had never lost a daughter by gipsies, nor ever had any other children than Joseph and Pamela. These words were a cordial to the two lovers, but had a different effect on Lady Booby. She ordered the Pedlar to be called, who recounted his story as he had done before; at the end of which, old Mrs. Andrews running to Fanny, embraced her, crying out, "She is, she is my child!"

The company were all amazed at this disagreement between the man and his wife; and the blood had now forsaken the cheeks of the lovers, when the old woman, turning to her husband, who was more surprised than all the rest, and having a little recovered her own spirits, delivered herself as follows: "You may remember, my dear, when you went a serjeant to Gibraltar, you left me big with child: you stayed abroad, you know, upwards of three years. In your absence I was brought to bed, I verily believe, of this daughter, whom I am sure I have reason to remember, for I suckled her at this very breast till the day she was stolen from me. One afternoon, when the child was about a year or a year and a half old, or thereabouts, two gipsy women came to the door, and offered to tell my fortune. One of them had a child in her lap. I showed them my hand, and desired to know if you was ever to come home again, which, I remember as well as if it was but yesterday, they faithfully promised me you should. I left the girl in the cradle, and went to draw them a cup of liquor, the best I had: when I returned with the pot (I am sure I was not absent longer than whilst I am telling it to you), the women were gone. I was afraid they had stole something, and looked and looked, but to no purpose, and Heaven knows I had very little for them to steal. At last, hearing the child cry in the cradle, I went to take it up; but, O the living! how was I surprised to find, instead of my own girl that I had put into the cradle, who was as fine a fat, thriving child as you shall see in a summer's day, a poor sickly boy, that did not seem to have an hour to live! I ran out, pulling my hair off, and crying like any mad after the women, but never could hear a word of them from that day to this. When I came back, the poor infant, which is our Joseph there, as stout as he now stands, lifted up its eyes upon me so piteously, that, to be sure, notwithstanding my passion, I could not find it in my heart to do it any mischief. A neighbour of mine, happening to come in at the same time, and hearing the case, advised me to take care of this poor child, and God would perhaps one day restore me my own. Upon which I took the child up, and suckled it to be sure, all the world as if it had been of my own natural body: and as true as I am alive, in a little time I loved

the boy all to nothing as if it had been my own girl. Well, as I was saying, times growing very hard, I, having two children, and nothing but my own work, which was little enough, God knows, to maintain them, was obliged to ask relief of the parish; but instead of giving it me, they removed me, by justices' warrants, fifteen miles, to the place where I now live, where I had not been long settled before you came home. Joseph (for that was the name I gave him myself—the Lord knows whether he was baptised or no, or by what name)—Joseph, I say, seemed to me about five years old, when you returned; for I believe he is two or three years older than our daughter here, for I am thoroughly convinced she is the same; and when you saw him, you said he was a chopping boy, without ever minding his age; and so I, seeing you did not suspect anything of the matter, thought I might e'en as well keep it to myself, for fear you should not love him as well as I did. And all this is veritably true, and I will take my oath of it before any justice in the kingdom.

The pedlar, who had been summoned by the order of Lady Booby, listened with the utmost attention to Gammer Andrews' story; and when she had finished, asked her, if the supposititious child had no mark on its breast; to which she answered, "Yes, he had as fine a strawberry as ever grew in a garden." This Joseph acknowledged, and, unbuttoning his coat, at the intercession of the company, showed it to them. "Well," says Gaffer Andrews, who was a comical, sly old fellow, and very likely desired to have no more children than he could keep, "you have proved, I think, very plainly, that this boy does not belong to us; but how are you certain that this girl is ours?"

The parson then brought the pedlar forward, and desired him to repeat the story which he had communicated to him the preceding day at the alehouse, which he complied with; and related what the reader, as well as Mr. Adams, has seen before. He then confirmed, from his wife's report, all the circumstances of the exchange, and of the strawberry on Joseph's breast. At the repetition of the word strawberry, Adams, who had seen it without any emotion, started, and cried, "Bless me! something comes into my head:" but before he had time to bring anything out, a servant called him forth.

When he was gone, the pedlar assured Joseph that his parents were persons of much greater circumstances than those he had hitherto mistaken for such; for that he had been stolen from a gentleman's house, by those whom they call gipsies, and had been kept by them during a whole year; when, looking on him as in a dying condition, they had exchanged him for the other healthier child, in the manner before related. He said, as to the name of his father, his wife had either never known, or forgotten it: but that she had acquainted him he lived about forty miles from the place where the exchange had been made, and which way, promising to spare no pains in endeavouring with him to discover the place.

But Fortune, which seldom does good or ill, or makes men happy or miserable by halves, resolved to spare him this labour. The reader may please to recollect, that Mr. Wilson had intended a journey to the west, in which he was to pass through Mr. Adams's parish, and had promised to call on him. He was now arrived at the Lady Booby's gates for that purpose, being directed thither from the parson's house; and had sent in the servant, whom we have above seen called Mr. Adams forth. This had no sooner mentioned the discovery of a stolen child, and had uttered the word strawberry, than Mr. Wilson, with wildness in his looks, and the utmost eagerness in his words, begged to be shown into the room, where he entered, without the least regard to any of the company but Joseph, and embracing him with a complexion all pale and trembling, desired to see the mark on his breast: the parson followed him, capering, rubbing his hands, and crying out, *Hic est quem quæris; inventus est, &c.*

Joseph complied with the request of Mr. Wilson, who no sooner saw the mark, than, abandoning himself to the most extravagant rapture of passion, he embraced Joseph with inexpressible ecstasy, and cried out, in tears of joy, "I have discovered my son; I have him again in my arms!" Joseph was not sufficiently apprised yet to taste the same delight with his father, for so in reality he was; however, he returned with some warmth to his embraces: but he no sooner perceived, from his father's account, the agreement of every circumstance of person, time, and place, than he threw himself at his feet, and, embracing his knees, with tears begged his blessing, which was given with much affection, and received with much respect, mixed with such tenderness on both sides, that it affected all present; but none so much as Lady Booby, who left the room in an agony, which was but too much perceived, and not very charitably accounted for, by some of the company.

CHAPTER XVI.

Being the Last; in which this true History is brought to a happy Conclusion.

FANNY was very little behind her Joseph in the duty she expressed towards her parents, and the joy she evidenced in discovering them. Gammer Andrews kissed her, and said, she was heartily glad to see her; but, for her part, she could never love any one better than Joseph. Gaffer Andrews testified no remarkable emotion: he blessed and kissed her, but complained bitterly that he wanted his pipe, not having had a whiff that morning.

Mr. Booby, who knew nothing of his aunt's fondness, imputed her abrupt departure to her pride, and disdain of the family into which he was married; he was therefore desirous to be gone with the utmost celerity: and now, having congratulated Mr. Wilson and Joseph on the discovery, he saluted Fanny, called her sister,

and introduced her as such to Pamela, who behaved with great decency on the occasion.

He now sent a message to his aunt, who returned that she wished him a good journey, but was too disordered to see any company: he therefore prepared to set out, having invited Mr. Wilson to his house; and Pamela and Joseph both so insisted on his complying, that he at last consented, having first obtained a messenger from Mr. Booby, to acquaint his wife with the news; which, as he knew it would render her completely happy, he could not prevail on himself to delay a moment in acquainting her with.

The company were ranged in this manner: the two old people, with their two daughters, rode in the coach; the squire, Mr. Wilson, Joseph, Parson Adams, and the pedlar proceeded on horseback.

In their way, Joseph informed his father of his intended match with Fanny; to which, though he expressed some reluctance at first, on the eagerness of his son's instances he consented; saying if she was so good a creature as she appeared, and he described her, he thought the disadvantages of birth and fortune might be compensated. He however insisted on the match being deferred till he had seen his mother; in which Joseph, perceiving him positive, with great duty obeyed him, to the great delight of Parson Adams, who by these means saw an opportunity of fulfilling the church forms, and marrying his parishioners without a licence.

Mr. Adams, greatly exulting on this occasion (for such ceremonies were matters of no small moment with him), accidentally gave spurs to his horse; which the generous beast disdainingly, —for he was of high mettle, and had been used to more expert riders than the gentleman who at present bestrode him, for whose horsemanship he had perhaps some contempt,—immediately ran away full speed, and played so many antic tricks, that he tumbled the parson from his back; which Joseph perceiving, came to his relief.

This accident afforded infinite merriment to the servants, and no less frightened poor Fanny, who beheld him as he passed by the coach; but the mirth of the one and the terror of the other were soon determined, when the parson declared he had received no damage.

The horse, having freed himself from his unworthy rider, as he probably thought him, proceeded to make the best of his way: but was stopped by a gentleman and his servants, who were travelling the opposite way, and were now at a little distance from the coach. They soon met; and as one of the servants delivered Adams his horse, his master hailed him; and Adams, looking up, presently recollected he was the justice of peace before whom he and Fanny had made their appearance. The parson presently saluted him very kindly; and the justice informed him that he had found the fellow who attempted to swear against him and the young woman, the very next day, and had committed him to Salisbury jail, where he was charged with many robberies.

Many compliments having passed between the parson and the justice, the latter proceeded on his journey; and the former, having with some disdain refused Joseph's offer of changing horses, and declared he was as able a horseman as any in the kingdom, remounted his beast; and now the company again proceeded, and happily arrived at their journey's end, Mr. Adams, by good luck, rather than by good riding, escaping a second fall.

The company, arriving at Mr. Booby's house, were all received by him in the most courteous, and entertained in the most splendid manner, after the custom of the old English hospitality, which is still preserved in some very few families in the remote parts of England. They all passed that day with the utmost satisfaction; it being perhaps impossible to find any set of people more solidly and sincerely happy. Joseph and Fanny found means to be alone upwards of two hours, which were the shortest but the sweetest imaginable.

In the morning, Mr. Wilson proposed to his son to make a visit with him to his mother; which, notwithstanding his dutiful inclinations, and a longing desire he had to see her, a little concerned him, as he must be obliged to leave his Fanny: but the goodness of Mr. Booby relieved him; for he proposed to send his own coach-and-six for Mrs. Wilson, whom Pamela so very earnestly invited, that Mr. Wilson at length agreed with the entreaties of Mr. Booby and Joseph, and suffered the coach to go empty for his wife.

On Saturday night the coach returned with Mrs. Wilson, who added one more to this happy assembly. The reader may imagine much better and quicker too than I can describe, the many embraces and tears of joy which succeeded her arrival. It is sufficient to say she was easily prevailed with to follow her husband's example, in consenting to the match.

On Sunday Mr. Adams performed the service at the squire's parish church, the curate of which very kindly exchanged duty, and rode twenty miles to the Lady Booby's parish so to do: being particularly charged not to omit publishing the banns, being the third and last time.

At length the happy day arrived, which was to put Joseph in the possession of all his wishes. He arose, and dressed himself in a neat plain suit of Mr. Booby's, which exactly fitted him; for he refused all finery, as did Fanny likewise, who could be prevailed on by Pamela to attire herself in nothing richer than a white dimity nightgown. Her shift indeed, which Pamela presented her, was of the finest kind, and an edging of lace round the bosom. She likewise equipped her with a pair of fine white thread stockings, which were all she would accept; for she wore one of her own short round-eared caps, and over it a little straw hat, lined with cherry-coloured silk, and tied with a cherry-coloured riband.

In this dress she came forth from her chamber, blushing and breathing sweets; and was by Joseph, whose eyes sparkled fire, led to church,

the whole family attending, where Mr. Adams performed the ceremony; at which nothing was so remarkable as the extraordinary and unaffected modesty of Fanny, unless the true Christian piety of Adams, who publicly rebuked Mr. Booby and Pamela for laughing in so sacred a place, and on so solemn an occasion. Our parson would have done no less to the highest prince on earth; for though he paid all submission and deference to his superiors in other matters, where the least spice of religion intervened he immediately lost all respect of persons. It was his maxim, that he was a servant of the Highest, and could not, without departing from his duty, give up the least article of his honour, or of his cause, to the greatest earthly potentate. Indeed, he always asserted, that Mr. Adams at church with his surplice on, and Mr. Adams without that ornament, in any other place, were two very different persons.

When the church rites were over, Joseph led his blooming bride back to Mr. Booby's, for the distance was so very little, they did not think proper to use a coach: the whole company walked likewise on foot; and now a magnificent entertainment was provided, at which Parson Adams demonstrated an appetite surprising, as well as surpassing every one present. Indeed, the only persons who betrayed any deficiency on this occasion, were those on whose account the feast was provided. They pampered their imaginations with the much more exquisite repast which the approach of night promised them, the thoughts of which filled both their minds, though with different sensations; the one all desire, while the other had wishes tempered with fears.

At length, after a day passed with the utmost merriment, corrected by the strictest decency, in which, however, Parson Adams being well filled with ale and pudding, had given a loose to more facetiousness than was usual to him, the happy, the blessed moment arrived, when Fanny retired with her mother, her mother-in-law, and her sister.

She was soon undressed; for she had no jewels to deposit in their caskets, nor fine laces to fold with the nicest exactness. Undressing to her was properly discovering, not putting off, ornaments; for as all her charms were the gifts of nature, she could divest herself of none. How, reader, shall I give thee an adequate idea of this lovely young creature? The bloom of

roses and lilies might a little illustrate her complexion, or their smell her sweetness; but to comprehend her entirely, conceive youth, health, bloom, neatness, and innocence, in her bridal bed; conceive all these in their utmost perfection, and you may place the charming Fanny's picture before your eyes.

Joseph no sooner heard she was in bed, than he fled with the utmost eagerness to her. A minute carried him into her arms, where we shall leave this happy couple to enjoy the private rewards of their constancy; rewards so great and sweet, that I apprehend Joseph neither envied the noblest duke, nor Fanny the finest duchess that night.

The third day, Mr. Wilson and his wife, with their son and daughter, returned home; where they now live together in a state of bliss scarce ever equalled. Mr. Booby has, with unprecedented generosity, given Fanny a fortune of two thousand pounds, which Joseph has laid out in a little estate in the same parish with his father, which he now occupies, his father having stocked it for him; and Fanny presides with most excellent management in his dairy; where, however, she is not at present very able to bustle much, being, as Mr. Wilson informs me in his last letter, extremely big with her first child.

Mr. Booby has presented Mr. Adams with a living of one hundred and thirty pounds a-year. He at first refused it, resolving not to quit his parishioners, with whom he had lived so long; but, on recollecting he might keep a curate at this living, he has been lately inducted into it.

The pedlar, besides several handsome presents both from Mr. Wilson and Mr. Booby, is, by the latter's interest, made an exciseman; a trust which he discharges with such justice, that he is greatly beloved in his neighbourhood.

As for the Lady Booby, she returned to London in a few days, where a young captain of dragoons, together with eternal parties at cards, soon obliterated the memory of Joseph.

Joseph remains blessed with his Fanny, whom he dotes on with the utmost tenderness, which is all returned on her side. The happiness of this couple is a perpetual fountain of pleasure to their fond parents; and what is particularly remarkable, he declares he will imitate them in their retirement; nor will he be prevailed on by any booksellers, or their authors, to make his appearance in high life.

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