

JOSEPH ANDREWS



HENRY FIELDING

JOSEPH ANDREWS

Edited by

Deblina Hazra



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Preface

The eighteenth century witnessed the genesis and growth of a literary genre in Britain that would, in time, become one of the most significant and popular genres of literature across the globe. The germination and development of the genre of novel have been extensively traced by scholars such as Ian Watt, Michael McKeon, and Lennard J. Davies, almost all of whom have unanimously acknowledged Henry Fielding's contribution to the formalising of the genre, a task which would later be carried forward by the likes of Charles Dickens and William Makepeace Thackeray in the next century. *Joseph Andrews* (1742), Fielding's first full-length novel, is often eclipsed by the enormous popularity garnered by his later novel, *Tom Jones*, published in 1749. However, what often escapes our attention is that *Joseph Andrews* in its complex plot structure, satiric impulses, and commentary on social, political, and legal corruptions anticipates *Tom Jones* in more ways than one. *Joseph Andrews* can, therefore, be regarded as the foundation on which Fielding's engagement with the genre is built.

The present critical edition has been prepared keeping in mind the particular needs of students in Indian academia. The 'Introduction' aims to acquaint the readers with the troubled circumstances in which the novel was composed and familiarise them with the significant facets of the text, situating it within the larger literary and social context. The detailed explanatory notes will be useful not only in understanding various contextual matters but also in comparing different passages from the novel with other relevant literary and legal texts. The 'Critical Essays' section has been carefully compiled where each essay individually undertakes an in-depth study of diverse themes pertinent to the novel and hopes to further enrich the understanding of the text. The edition ends with a list of criticisms on Henry Fielding and his works, in general, and *Joseph Andrews*, in particular, but in no way can it be claimed to be exhaustive.

Despite the labour involved in putting the volume together, I believe there are definite scopes of improvement, and look forward to constructive criticisms and suggestions from teachers and students alike. I would like to take this opportunity to express my gratitude towards those without whom this work would not have seen the light of the day: Sachin Rastogi of Worldview for his immense patience; Dr. Ramit Samaddar of Jadavpur University for his constant guidance; and Dr. Sonia Sahoo for teaching me all about eighteenth century during my days at Jadavpur University as a student. I would consider this volume a success if it piques the interest of the students in this timeless classic and encourages them to actively engage with the text raising critical questions and forming newer readings.

Deblina Hazra

Introduction

The Licensing Act of 1737 marks the beginning of the genesis of Henry Fielding's (1707–1754) second novel *Joseph Andrews*, published in 1742. Prior to the passage of this censoring act, which not only restricted the number of theatres to those with official patents but also required all new plays to be licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, Fielding was experiencing a roaring success in the theatres with his satirical plays that entertained people and scandalised the ruling government. His satires, often in the form of parody or farce, primarily targeted literary affectations and were directed against any one — editors, booksellers, actors, dramatists, biographers — who he felt disturbed the order of the literary domain. Apart from polite society, Sir Robert Walpole and his government, too, became the object of his scathing satire when he returned to the Little Theatre in Haymarket in 1736. His portrayal of Walpole as the bribing fiddler Quidam, who used the influence of money to coerce the Patriots (the opposition party) into submission, finally propelled the government into action. This was, in fact, the exact opportunity that Walpole was looking for to censor theatres with government regulations, and in the process, shutting down Fielding's "scandal-shop", as Eliza Haywood termed it (Uglow 15). The loss of the lucrative career that he had set up for himself as a dramatist threw Fielding into a dire financial crisis that only aggravated over the following years. He tried his hand at the profession of law and, with his diligence and industry, rose to the bar in a record time of three years. However, even his job as a barrister in assize courts, and his travels to the Western Circuit (Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, Dorset, and Hampshire), failed to earn him enough income to support his wife and family. To further supplement his income, ever since his student days at the Middle Temple, Fielding started working as a Grub Street hack writer, especially espousing the Patriot cause. Given his long-

standing association with *The Champion*, a periodical that supported the cause of the Opposition and regularly featured Fielding's articles, it is surprising that Fielding severed all his ties with both the party and the journal at the crucial juncture of 1742 when the Patriots finally emerged victorious in the general election, ousting Robert Walpole, Prime Minister for two decades. Martin C. Battestin argues that while the reasons behind such a drastic step on part of Fielding, at a time when he was in desperate need of money, are difficult to determine, it can be inferred that his growing sense of disappointment with the party contributed partly to his decision:

As the signs of their eventual victory became clear, the Patriots were fast forgetting their grand professions and entering instead upon a furious race for power and place in government; what is more, they were not adequately rewarding him for his labors on their behalf. They had proved themselves hypocrites and ingrates, and Fielding could no longer afford to sacrifice the interests of himself and his family in a bad cause. (Battestin, Introduction xvii)

Battestin analyses a particular passage from *Joseph Andrews* to substantiate his inference:

[Fielding's] disaffection from the Opposition is implicit in an obscure, but interesting, episode in *Joseph Andrews* (Bk. II, chp. 7-9), a kind of political parable in which Parson Adams encounters a blustering fellow who speaks out vehemently against the Standing Army and the ineffectual pursuit of the war with Spain; the gentlemen's loud protestations of valor and self sacrifice for one's country soon prove empty, however, as he flees in fear of his life at the first hint of real danger. Fielding's readers would have been sure to penetrate the thin veil of this allegory and to associate this man of false courage with those Patriots (with a capital P) whose principles he shares and whose treacherous conduct he emulates. Appropriately delivered to this same gentleman, Adam's "notable dissertation" on his political adventures reveals that the parson, as well as his author, has experienced the hypocrisy and thanklessness of those members of the Country Party whom he helped to elect. (Battestin, Introduction xvii)

Before this momentous turn of events in Fielding's life with regards to his political allegiance, in 1740, when his creditors closed in on him, he was detained in the sponging-house which was the penultimate step

before the debtor's prison. Fielding remained in the sponging-house for a fortnight before being released on bail, and during the space of that time composed *An Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews* (1741). Three books, in particular, all of them published in 1740, prompted Fielding to write this work — Conyers Middleton's *The History of the Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero* (February 1741), the self-adulatory autobiography of the Poet Laureate Colley Cibber, *An Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber, Comedian, and Late Patentee of the Theatre-Royal. Written by Himself* (April 1740), and Samuel Richardson's *Pamela: or, Virtue Rewarded* (November 1740). Richardson's *Pamela* received an ovation hitherto unobserved in England's literary history. People across social sections, from the clergy to the literary establishment, to the common reading public, all appeared enamoured by the enrapturing display of virtue by Richardson's female protagonist and her eventual triumph. Fielding's aim behind writing *Shamela* was to ridicule both the "spirit and... method" of *Pamela*, exposing the novel as "an example of bad morality and bad writing," and "laugh[ing] the public into good sense" (Scanlon 11). Unfortunately, while *Shamela* ensured that Fielding had made a lifelong enemy out of Richardson, the novel did little to resume him from his financial woes. Adding to the economic crisis were the constant deaths in the family (Fielding lost his father in the summer of 1741 and his daughter, Charlotte, in March 1742) and his own failing health. Later, in the Preface to *Miscellanies* (1743), Fielding recalls these grim times:

Indeed when I look a year or two backwards, and survey the accidents which have befallen me, and the distresses I have waded through whilst I have been engaged in these works, I could almost challenge some philosophy to myself, for having been able to finish them as I have...

... While I was last winter [i.e., 1741–42] laid up in the gout, with a favourite child dying in one bed, and my wife in a condition very little better, on another, attended with other circumstances, which served as very proper decorations to such a scene...

Given the terrible times in which Fielding composed *Joseph Andrews*, Scanlon rightly observes that the novel "stands as a testament to his irrepressible humour and the 'philosophical' temper to which he repeatedly makes reference in his writings" (12). Fielding also introduces significant

stylistic, narratorial, and technical changes in *Joseph Andrews* that sets it apart from his debut novel. In writing *Shamela*, Fielding wished to primarily expose the inherent falseness of *Pamela*, and realised that a parody of the very content and form of Richardson's novel was the most befitting way to that end. However, he discards those weapons while composing *Joseph Andrews* and, besides a few deliberate exceptions, such as Joseph's two letters to his sister, Fielding stays clear of mimicking the manner and style of Richardson's epistolary romance. Battestin contends that the flippant resemblances to Richardson's novels, such as Lady Booby's attempt to seduce Joseph, and the introduction of the squire and Pamela in the end, are "unlike the method of *Shamela*... satirically allusive rather than imitative" (Introduction ix). He further asserts that while the narrative tools used in *Shamela* was "meant primarily to recall the technical and intellectual inadequacies of *Pamela*... the main narrative of *Joseph Andrews* offers instead a mature and antithetic alternative — the sweeping social comedy of the epic of the road" (Battestin, Introduction ix). That Fielding was attempting, through *Joseph Andrews*, to introduce a "new species of writing" in England, is evident in his Preface to *Joseph Andrews* which stands as a manifesto of his idea of his art.

* * *

In his preface to the novel, Fielding calls it a "comic Epic-Poem in Prose" and classifies it as a work that is significantly different from the established classical and neo-classical genres of comedy, tragedy, epic, romance, and burlesque (3). The author had multiple aims behind the composition of the preface. To begin with, Richardson had disavowed the need for a preface to *Pamela* and the preface to *Joseph Andrews* is Fielding's response to the former. Against the illusion of the absence of a third-person author in the epistolary format of *Pamela*, Fielding makes the presence of the author and the narrator quite evident in his novel. The preface is written by this *narrator* who also provides theoretical lenses through which the *author* expects us to explore the novel and appreciate the novel as an experiment that balances the conventional and the radical. At the same time, the preface also exposes certain ambivalences that complicates a unilateral reading of the novel

as a comedy. A closer textual reading of the preface along with certain episodes from the novel allows a more complex and, therefore, richer understanding of the text against its contemporary contexts. Fielding begins the preface by evoking both Homer and Aristotle who, he claims, wrote epic poems and philosophical tracts respectively which individually dealt with the literary representation and theoretical discussion of the genre of comedy. Even though both the pieces are now lost, Fielding's evocation of the classical authors aims at elevating his current work to the level of the classical touchstones. Having thus claimed that Homer wrote comic counterparts of *Iliad*, and rightfully arguing that Aristotle had philosophical observations about comedy as well, Fielding goes on to contend that the genre of epic might be found in prose as well, with an omission of one single part of an epic poem, the metre. Homer Goldberg argues that in referring to Homer, Aristotle, and the lost *Margites*, Fielding was trying to give his work "a literary pedigree" (198) and is seconded by Sheridan Baker who adds that such classical references "ally him with great literature and serious purpose: they form a large category of extended narrative literature in which he is placing his 'Idea of Romance'..." (64).

Fielding next categorises his novel as a "comic Romance" or a "comic Epic-Poem in Prose" stating that a comic romance is as different from comedy as is an epic different from a tragedy (3-4). Romance as a literary genre was already popular in Britain and the European continent in the Middle Ages where romances were verses narrating fictional events of romantic or chivalric adventures. The vogue of *prose* romances first gained ground in the continent, especially France, and reached the English shores at the turn of the eighteenth century. France, by this time, had already established modern prose romances as distinct from the classical epic and, now, the time was ripe for England to engage in the continental polemic about the relationship of romances to the classical canon. Though the French claimed that their modern prose romances differed significantly from the classical epic, the English were quick to observe several inconsistencies in their claim, especially with regards to their sincere emphasis on the importance of strict adherence to rules. In the words of Ethel M. Thornbury, "the champions of the moderns, while protesting that their own times were superior to the ancients

in various ways, nevertheless based their arguments for superiority largely upon the superiority of the moderns in *following the rules*" (67). The paradox in the continental theory of the prose romance that Thornbury highlights signals the necessity of taking into consideration the genre of the epic and its influence on *Joseph Andrews*, especially with respect to the neo-classical age's renewed interest in a revisioning of the conception of the genre.

René Le Bossu's *A Treatise of the Epic Poem* charts the eighteenth century's understanding of the salient features of epic. Le Bossu's insistence that the primary function of an epic was the imparting of moral instructions allows us to draw the conclusion that *Joseph Andrews*, in its explicit elements of morality, is akin to an epic. This argument is a corollary to E.T. Palmer's proposition that Fielding in claiming his project as a comic-epic prose reveals his intention of adhering to the epic convention and, since eighteenth-century readers identified epics with moral analysis, it proves his tacit aim of providing a moral tale to his contemporary society (331-32). Furthermore, even though Le Bossu spoke about the internal unity of epic, he makes provision for digressions, provided they contribute to the unified narrative. Palmer in his article "Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*: A comic epic in Prose" demonstrates how the digressions are not only relevant to the central theme but also integrated with the rest of the work:

The 'Leonora' episode exposes vanity, cupidity, inhumanity, materialism and lack of consideration for the feelings of others, all of them targets of Fielding's satire in the novel. The 'Paul and Leonard' episode exposes in the upper classes, qualities such as arrogance, pugnacity and obstinacy which are normally associated with Parson Adams. The 'poet and player' scene... deals with the relative merits of words and precepts on the one hand, and actual experience on the other — a major theme in the novel. (332)

In Book III, Chapter 1, the narrator says, "I declare here once for all, I describe not men but manners; not an individual, but a species" (170). Fielding's eighteenth-century readers, well conversant in Le Bossu's survey of the epic as a genre, would have immediately identified this statement with the latter's deduction that epics dealt with the manners and customs of a particular society. This view was widely prevalent in England during the Augustan age and is used by John Dryden in his

Discourse on Epic Poetry to distinguish between epic and tragedy (or dramatic). Dryden claims that tragedy dealt with passions and, therefore, involved psychological analysis and its impact on the audience, whereas epic concerned itself solely with the manners of men. Unlike Richardson's novels which probed into the psychology of his characters, Fielding was more interested in exploring types rather than individuals — the former, a typical feature of the dramatic mode, and the latter unique to the epic mode. Epics also recorded episodes that eulogised sexual integrity and accorded high value to the sanctity of the marriage bond. Differentiating between healthy sexual love and selfish lust, Fielding equates the former with the Greek *agape* which denoted the highest form of love and was contrasted with *eros* and *philia*. Palmer argues that the author locates this aspect of the 'agape' in Joseph's chaste love for Fanny, making him a representative of pure sexual love and its recognition by Christian morality. It can, therefore, be safely concluded that Fielding's 1742 novel exhibits a clear conformation to the demands of the epic convention.

To read the novel as an imitation of the classical epic because of the unquestionable presence of epic features would, however, be unfair and limiting since the preface is Fielding's way of establishing that his book is a "kind of Writing, which I do not remember to have seen hitherto attempted in our Language" (3). What cannot be denied, nevertheless, is that the author is also attempting to characterise its novelty in relation to its classical precedent. Roger D. Lund makes a similar argument when he writes:

[G]iven Fielding's preoccupation with formal definitions in the preface, it seems clear that for all his assertions of originality, he was also determined to place his new prose epic within the context of established genres. In order to accomplish this goal, Fielding had first to deal with the burlesque, the most influential and most ambiguously imitative form of the age, a form whose expectations and formal procedures had to be rejected, or at least modified, before he was free to get on with the business of fiction. (90)

It is important to note here that Fielding's strategy in the preface is to posit his novel project as different from the popular and established genres of the eighteenth century. He says that his "comic Epic-Poem in Prose" is different from comedy since "its action [is] more extended

and comprehensive; containing a much larger circle of incidents, and introducing a greater variety of characters” (3-4). Similarly, he also defines his genre as distinct from Romance with respect to fable, action, characters, sentiments, and diction. The plot of Fielding’s novel will be “light and ridiculous” as against the “grave and solemn” action of the Romances; unlike the characters from higher social order in the Romances, its characters will be “persons of inferiour rank,” displaying “inferiour manners”; in sentiments, the ludicrous will supplant the sublime; in its diction, Fielding permits occasional use of burlesque (4). It is this last feature that gives rise to a lot of complexities. Fielding next goes out of his way to devote a considerable section of his Preface in establishing how his novel is not a burlesque since “no two species of writing can differ more widely than the comic and the burlesque” (4). Differentiating between the two, he writes:

[Burlesque] is ever the exhibition of what is monstrous and unnatural, and where our delight... arises from the surprizing absurdity, as in appropriating the manners of the highest to the lowest... so in the [Comic], we should ever confine ourselves strictly to nature from the just imitation of which, will flow all the pleasure we can this way convey to a sensible reader. (4)

Since burlesque was a common medium in theatre, and because Fielding was trying to distance his novel both from the classical genres as well as Augustan theatre, he relegates the presence of burlesque to the sole realm of diction in his comic romance. Drawing an analogy with painting, Fielding states that “what *Caricatura* is in Painting, Burlesque is in Writing,” further supplementing his thesis with a definition of the form, “Its aim is to exhibit monsters, not men; and all distortions and exaggerations whatever are within its proper province” (5). However, as critics like J. Paul Hunter and Roger D. Lund have argued, Fielding’s break away from the burlesque, a form which he used liberally in his plays, was not without complications, for even in stepping away from the burlesque, he had to negotiate with it. Hunter records two considerations that conditioned Fielding’s experiment with the new genre that he had set out to create: “One is the question of literary models, the other the question of progression from simple to more complex literary forms” (15). Lund draws on Hunter’s argument to suggest that both the motives

help in elucidating Fielding's deviation from the discourse of burlesque, a genre that had brought him immense fame in theatre, to the novel which at the time was "an emerging genre marked by an insistence on its independence from earlier literary forms" (89-90).

Having thus established the nature of the major elements of his comic romance, Fielding shifts his focus to its moral function, which is ridiculing true affectation as manifested in hypocrisy and vanity. Of the two, he regards hypocrisy as a greater vice since while vanity is more "of the nature of ostentation" (7), hypocrisy is the opposite of what it pretends to be, and, hence, is of the character of villainy. Scanlon opines that "rather than developing a series of actions leading to suspense... Fielding more often relies upon the unexpected, closely linking the level of surprise and pleasure with that of the ridiculous" (16-17). Battestin locates in this the other part of his theory of comedy, "the doctrine of 'the Benefit of Laughing,'" which offers a comic (as opposed to Aristotle's tragic) catharsis as one of the form's primary functions (Martin and Ruthe 328). One possible reason for the prevalence of the unexpected in Fielding's novel is that his satire follows the Menippean tradition where, apart from a world of inversions and contrasts, one finds confusion and, yet, coexistence of polarities such as high and low, exhilaration and exigence, sublimity and banality. Undoubtedly, Fielding reserved his support for the existing social order but he was not ignorant either of the brutal realities of life. As he writes in "An Essay on the Knowledge of the Characters of Men,"

Thus while the crafty and designing part of mankind, consulting only their own separate advantage, endeavour to maintain one constant imposition on others, the whole world becomes a vast masquerade, where the greatest part appear disguised under false vizors and habits; a very few only showing their own faces, who become, by so doing, the astonishment and ridicule of all the rest.

Fielding's laughter, therefore, is purposeful, and his novel operates on two parallel courses which simultaneously attacks vices and follies on one hand, and on the other, provides "a positive ethical alternative, the standard against which the satirized are measured and judged" (Battestin, Introduction xxiii).

* * *

Joseph Andrews begins with a reversal of *Pamela*: instead of Mr. B—’s attack on the eponymous heroine’s virtue in his country estate, the readers find her brother at the receiving end of Lady Booby’s sexual threats at her London residence. However, this parodic inversion of *Pamela* soon gives way to a more universal depiction of harsh truths of Augustan society with the introduction of the character of Parson Adams. Fielding acquaints his readers with a microcosm of the society that he is about to largely depict in the novel first in Joseph’s earliest serious encounter on the highway, even before he could join Parson Adams and Fanny. Finding him alone on the road, two highwaymen rob him, beat him, and leave him to die in a ditch. A little later when a stagecoach passes by, all but a lowly postillion urge the coachman to hurry by and not rescue the wounded Joseph. The reactions of the different passengers to the plight of an unknown stranger give a glimpse of contemporary society:

The postillion hearing a man’s groans, stopt his horses, and told the coachman, ‘he was certain there was a *dead* man lying in the ditch, for he heard him groan.’ ‘Go on, sirrah,’ says the coachman, ‘we are confounded late, and have no time to look after dead men.’ A lady, who heard what the postillion said, and likewise heard the groan, called eagerly to the coachman, ‘to stop and see what was the matter.’ Upon which he bid the postillion ‘alight, and look into the ditch.’ He did so, and returned, ‘that there was a man sitting upright as naked as ever he was born.’ — ‘O *J-sus*,’ cry’d the lady, ‘A naked man! Dear coachman, drive on and leave him.’ Upon this the gentlemen got out of the coach; and Joseph begged them, ‘to have mercy upon him: for that he had been robbed, and almost beaten to death.’ ‘Robbed,’ cries an old gentleman; ‘let us make all the haste imaginable, or we shall be robbed too.’ (48)

With the appearance of Parson Adams soon after, as the embodiment of universal kindness, friendship, and charity, the focus of the narrative shifts largely to him.

In the latter half of the seventeenth century, the resurgence of a deeply religious and moral question concerning the existence of man, with relation to himself and god, reignited an old debate between the philosophies of St. Augustine and Pelagius. Augustine believed that

mankind has fallen because of the transgressive behaviour of Adam and Eve, and redemption is possible only through complete faith in God. Pelagius, on the other hand, believed in the innate goodness of man and argued that man can attain salvation through righteous deeds. Augustinian philosophy was the orthodox belief in the established church that upheld the essential depravity of humankind and was supported by the doctrines of Hobbes, Mandeville, and La Rochefoucauld who saw man as an ignoble creature guided by self-love and self-interest. Against this pessimistic view, Pelagianism, practised by the so-called latitudinarian divines — such rationalist theologians as Isaac Barrow, John Tillotson, Samuel Clarke, and Benjamin Hoadly — “turn[ed] Christianity into a kind of moral system, the foundation of which was charity rather than Christ, goodness rather than grace” (Battestin, Introduction xxiv). The basic tenets of the latitudinarian position were then adopted by Anthony Ashley Cooper, the Third Earl of Shaftesbury, who then declared innate virtue as the only prerequisite for moral action. Battestin locates the strain of sentimentalism and benevolence that runs through the works of writers like Richardson, Laurence Sterne, Henry Mackenzie, and Fielding in the ideologies of the latitudinarians and the school of Shaftesbury (Introduction xxiv). One crucial development from such an intellectual polemic is the concept of the Good Man or the Christian Hero, who stands in stark opposition to the fierce heroes of history and literature, such as Achilles, Hector, Caesar, Alexander, whose triumphs were at the cost of bloodshed and mayhem. The Christian Hero, on the contrary, is marked by charity and chastity and is “heroic for virtue’s sake” (Battestin, Introduction xxiv) and Fielding’s Quixotic character, Parson Adams, belongs to this legion.

The subtitle to *Joseph Andrews* — “Written in Imitation of the Manner of Cervantes, Author of Don Quixote” — throws considerable light on the way Fielding conceptualised the figure of Parson Adams. Adams is not only the English counterpart of the Spanish don, saving damsels and attacking inns, but also, as suggested by his name, the primal fallen man. He is, like Don Quixote, learned, devoted to ideals not shared by those around him, ignorant and yet fearless of the world, and the epitome of the Christian heroic virtues of chastity and charity, the twin values that summed up Christian morality. Chastity, Battestin

asserts, is symbolic of “the physical condition that signifies the individual’s ability to control and discipline his appetites” (Introduction xxxi), and charity is the base of ethics. Even though Adams is introduced in person in the narrative in Book I, Chapter 14, his essence looms large right from the beginning as a considerable moralising influence on Joseph Andrews. Much later, it is Adams who will insist that Joseph and Fanny follow the full procedure of publishing the wedding banns and not, by succumbing to their impulsive desires, marry by license straight away. Standing in stark contrast to the tarnished souls he encounters in his picaresque journey with Joseph and Fanny, Adams simultaneously and separately performs the three roles that Maynard Mack attributes to the satirist. First, the role of the *vir bonus* or moral man; second, the *naïf*, simple and unsophisticated, passing implicit judgment upon the immorality that bewilders him; and, third, the role of the hero, indignant and courageous, defending virtue and the public good (88-90). Despite his virtues, Parson Adams has his own share of faults and vulnerabilities. While his obsession with impractical theorising leads him to indoctrinate a grief-stricken Joseph with the dogma of Christian Stoicism, his own emotional outburst at the false news of his son’s death betrays his sympathetic heart. Though he was preaching about the Biblical Abraham, who sacrificed his son, Issac, at a time when the inaccurate account of his own son’s drowning reached him, Adam’s paternal feelings outstripped his stoic principles and, unlike his Biblical namesake, he engaged in a public display of his grief. Adams is marked out as a figure of learning but Fielding takes care to reveal his vulnerabilities even in his knowledge. Time and again his learning is questioned by men more uneducated and less well-read than him. This is because, as much as he is a scholar in classical learning, Adams is wanting in the knowledge of worldly affairs. His honest simplicity, childlike innocence, and ignorance of the ways of the world often leave him prey to the malicious and hypocritical. One such incident is the roasting scene in Book III, Chapter 7, where the squire and his friends do not leave any opportunity to ridicule the naive parson:

As soon as dinner was served, while Mr Adams was saying grace, the captain conveyed his chair from behind him; so that when he endeavoured to seat himself, he fell down on the ground; and thus compleated joke

the first, to the great entertainment of the whole company. The second joke was performed by the poet, who sat next him on the other side, and took an opportunity, while poor Adams was respectfully drinking to the master of the house, to overturn a plate of soup into his breeches; which, with the many apologies he made, and the parson's gentle answers, caused much mirth in the company. Joke the third was served up by one of the waiting-men, who had been ordered to convey a quantity of gin into Mr Adams's ale, which he declaring to be the best liquor he ever drank, but rather too rich of the malt, contributed again to their laughter. (220)

The Squire, ostentatiously introduced as a negative example and a paragon of vices, acts as a foil to the virtuous Parson and helps to further highlight the latter's good nature. However, eventually, his plot to insult the Parson backfires when Adams pulls one of his cronies into the tub of water that was set up to further humiliate him, making the squire and his associates appear like fools. Fielding repeatedly sets up Parson Adams against characters whose evil wickedness and narrow selfishness underscores the innate goodness of the former. For instance, when Adams, Joseph, and Fanny find themselves in an economically compromised position to arrange food and lodging for themselves, Adams visits the clergyman Trulliber to ask for a modest loan. Trulliber is described as a man who "had not only a very good character, as to other qualities, in the neighbourhood, but was reputed a man of great charity: for tho' he never gave a farthing, he had always that word in his mouth" (154). Eventually, his vehement reaction and threats to Adam's humble request do more than throw light on the truth of his individual character. It exposes the corruption inherent in the clergy who are far from practising what they preach, that is, the doctrine of Christian benevolence. Trulliber's opinion about charity is shared by Mrs. Tow-wouse, the boisterous innkeeper's wife: "Common charity, a f—t!" says she, 'common charity teaches us to provide for ourselves, and our families'" (52). Nor does Peter Pounce, Lady Booby's steward, much like the word, finding that it has "a mean parson-like quality" (247). The other purpose behind putting up such contrasting characters is to further Fielding's conviction of charity, a natural predisposition to which, according to him, is the foundational basis of morality and a distinct Christian virtue. Charity, moreover, has to be selfless, for any

atom of vested interest in a charitable work is inadmissible for Fielding. Such a kind of self-interested charity, Battestin records, can be located in Mrs. Tow-ouse who extends her hospitality to Joseph only when she is sure that he will be able to afford it (Bk I, chp. 15) and in Mrs. Slipslop who discharges Joseph's debts and uses his indebtedness to her to make him a more accessible target of her lust (*Moral Basis* 98-99). The narrator informs us that such a virtue is not proportionally related with the possession of wealth, for when their plea for help is turned down by the rich, they are "delivered out of their distress by the Charity of a poor Pedlar" who lend them all that he has, which is "six Shillings and Sixpence" (155). Citing the legion of vain and hypocritical innkeepers, justices, clergymen, squires, fops, and coquettes that pervade through the novel, Battestin attests that "Fielding was not so naive as to suppose that good nature is characteristic of the generality of men" (Introduction xxvi).

In order to interpret the differences in the nature of men and the striking dearth of good nature in some, Fielding returns to the theory of predominant passion and reads their actions as stemming from the impulses of a single predominant passion. A contemporary adaptation of the ancient medical theory of humors, the idea of predominant passion was popularised by Alexander Pope in his poem *An Essay on Man* (1733-34) as the theory of the "ruling passion":

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its *ruling passion* came;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul.
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

(Epistle II, 135-44; emphasis added)

Fielding believed that only in the case of a predominance of the passions of love and benevolence, will a man's true good nature develop. An absence or paucity of either will lead to a prevalence of other malicious passions such as the avarice of Peter Pounce, or the lust of Lady Booby or the cowardice of the false patriot. Debating with Adams the relative

merits of private or public schools, Joseph Andrews observes that if a man, like a horse, is vicious by nature, no amount of correction will improve him:

'Joseph,' cries Adams, screwing up his mouth, 'I have found it; I have discovered the cause of all the misfortunes which befel him. A public school, Joseph, was the cause of all the calamities which he afterwards suffered. Public schools are the nurseries of all vice and immorality. All the wicked fellows whom I remember at the university were bred at them....' 'It doth not become me,' answer'd Joseph, 'to dispute any thing, sir, with you, especially a matter of this kind; for to be sure you must be allowed by all the world to be the best teacher of a school in all our county...' 'However, sir, as you are pleased to bid me speak,' says Joseph, 'you know, my late master, Sir Thomas Booby, was bred at a public school, and he was the finest gentleman in all the neighbourhood.... if a young horse was vicious in his nature, no correction would make him otherwise; I take it to be equally the same among men : if a boy be of a mischievous wicked inclination, no school, tho' ever so private, will ever make him good; on the contrary, if he be of a righteous temper, you may trust him to London, or wherever else you please, he will be in no danger of being corrupted.' (207-208)

Fielding, however, also did not discount the contribution that corrupt or incompetent institutions of society, such as government, schools, or church might have towards cultivating follies or vices in its citizens. Man, to him, was essentially a rational creature born with a sense of morality, but in order for good nature to prevail, the intuitive moral sense needs to be cultivated and developed more fully. In *Joseph Andrews*, Mr. Wilson's disastrous career in London is attributed to his "early introduction into life, without a guide"; Lady Booby's sexual frustration to her "town-education"; and the "roasting" squire's evil disposition to his too indulgent tutor. Analysing the characters and their ruling passions in Fielding's works, Battestin insists that each of them "is perpetually engaged in a kind of psychomachy, a pitched battle in the mind between reason and a mutinous army of passions" and perceives that for the author "the first prerequisite to moral action is thus the conquest of oneself, what Fielding called 'that glorious precept *vince teipsum*' the necessity for the individual, by reason and will, to direct and order the passions" (Introduction xxvii).

Fielding's declaration in the Preface that he has a good reason behind making his hero a clergyman since "no other office could have given him so many opportunities of displaying his worthy inclinations," reveals that, in *Joseph Andrews*, he is further pursuing the campaign that he began in *The Champion* and continued in *Shamela*. The campaign is to ridicule the clergy and direct an opprobrium at their order with the aim of reforming them and shaking them out of their malpractices which were impairing the cause of religion. Simon Dickie's proposition that, in the mistreatment of Adams, Fielding was satirising upper-class anti-clerical wit highlights another aspect of this reading. Dickie argues that the incipient degradation in the clergy led to an "intermittent resistance" on part of the common public to the authorities of the clergy, which got manifested in the roasting scene of Parson Adams:

anti-clerical wit was almost inevitable at every level of early-modern society: clergymen were figures of prohibition and restraint; their authority rested upon a presumption of moral superiority; members of most communities were effectively obliged to listen to their lectures. Obviously many craved such instruction, heeded clerical warnings and were consoled by the promises of religion. But resistance — if only an intermittent resistance — was an equally natural response. (282)

The Quixotic Adams, therefore, is Fielding's instrument to serve multiple purposes from criticising the hypocritical order of the clergy; to hinting at the rising anti-clerical temperament of the times; to establishing the dual Christian virtues of chastity and charity, together which constitute the Good Man or the Christian Hero. He might be Fielding's medium of satire, but as William Hazlitt later concludes, "Our laughing at him does not once lessen our respect for him" (150).

* * *

Joseph Andrews, true to its parodic impulse, begins with a reversal of expectations where instead of Pamela, her chaste and virtuous brother is sexually pursued by his lustful mistress Lady Booby. Besides disrupting the standard expectations about gender and conduct, this role-reversal also raises a pertinent question put across succinctly by Jill Campbell: "[the role-reversal] strikes us as a kind of parodic reduction of Richardson's high drama; but it also confronts us with the question of

what has been reduced in the act of substitution — why what is virtue in one sex comes off as triviality in the other” (67). Thomas Keymar contends that Joseph’s exhibition of a traditional female chastity that is at war with the “masculine rakishness of his mistress” renders sexual abstinence “strange and wanting” (xxvi). Keymar is of the opinion that by the time Fielding was composing *Joseph Andrews*, both the word and concept of virtue had undergone a degeneration. As a result of this defamiliarisation of the culture of virtue, Fielding, according to Keymar, invites his readers to reconsider the notion of virtue, attaching a greater value to the virtue of charity than chastity. While undoubtedly Fielding emphasises the virtue of charity substantially, as discussed in the previous section, it is problematic to conclude that he was prioritising charity over chastity. Indeed, as Anthony J. Hassall asserts, “throughout Fielding’s work: promiscuity, either female, is always seen as a poor and unsatisfying substitute for monogamous sexual passion” (173), the attempted sexual assault on Joseph and his unflinching resistance does not trivialise male chastity. If at all, it lays bare the practice of sexual profligacy in the upper-class section of eighteenth-century society, prevalent among men and women alike. It is because of the common popularity of sexual licentiousness that both Lady Booby and Mrs. Slipslop are astounded by Joseph’s rejection of their sexual advances and find his adherence to sexual morality strange and absurd. Outraged at being refused by Joseph, Lady Booby cries: “Have you the assurance to pretend, that when a lady demeans herself to throw aside rules of decency, in order to honour you with the highest favour in her power, your virtue should resist her inclination?... Did ever mortal hear of a man’s virtue!” (37-38). A similar passionate outburst is observed in Mrs. Slipslop who angrily chides Joseph for not returning her amorous advances: “Do you intend to *result* my passion? Is it not enough, ungrateful as you are, to make no returns to all the favours I have done to you:... Barbarous monster!” (30). Both the women express their anger and disappointment at the footman’s moral earnestness by jeopardising his finances and character: while Lady Booby terminates him from her service, Mrs. Slipslop vilifies him by linking him falsely with the chambermaid, Betty.

E.M. Battestin, in his theorisation of different aspects of the novel,

designates both Mrs. Slipslop and Parson Adams as round characters: "Fielding's view of life however was of the sort that only rests content with the creation of solid round characters, and with the growth of Parson Adams and Mrs. Slipslop the fantasy ceases, and we get an independent work" (119). The narrator's first detailed physical introduction of Mrs. Slipslop depicts her in the manner of drunken and debauched old women in a Hogarthian printing, such as "Gin Lane" (1751): "she was a maiden gentlewoman of about forty-five years of age... very short, and rather too corpulent in body, and somewhat red, with the addition of pimples in the face. Her nose was likewise rather too short, and her eyes too little... one of her legs was also a little shorter than the other, which occasioned her to limp as she walked" (29-30). However, behind this catalogue of superficial bodily features lies a woman of layered character. Her lustful desire for Joseph is both comic and pathetic; having had sexually transgressed once in her youth she had continued to be a good "Maid," the word carrying connotations of both domestic servitude and sexual chastity. She had imagined that "by so long a self-denial, she had not only made amends for the small slip of her youth... but had likewise laid up a quantity of merit to excuse any future failings" (30). Mrs. Slipslop is observant, unscrupulous, and manipulative. She not only makes herself indispensable to Lady Booby by making careful observation of her mistress's follies and using them as her trump-cards, but also has the power of rationalizing her own vices into virtues. When abused by Lady Booby, she, in her rage, utters a few truths about both the honesty of Joseph and the evil disposition of her mistress: "Thou art a low creature... a reptile of a lower order, a weed that grows in the common garden of creation... Servants have flesh and blood as well as quality... I never heard (Joseph) say an ill word of anybody in his life... he is the best-natur'd man in the world" (269). Mrs. Slipslop is Fielding's representation of the life and vigor of that section of lowly servants who generally go unnoticed.

Judith Hawley observes that while Fielding had a preference for attractive women and all his heroines — Fanny, Sophia, Amelia — are women of beauty, he did not "expect absolute standards of sexual rectitude from them" (xiv). Hawley supports her argument by citing the example of Betty who is praised for her goodness rather than punished for her

lust and further points out that Fielding ridicules that hypocritical combination of eroticism and modesty in Richardson which reeks of affected purity. That Fielding did not consider the attempted assaults on Pamela a serious affair is evident in the fate that he designs for his heroine, Fanny Goodwill. Fanny is sexually harassed more often than Pamela and by multiple men, showcasing the vulnerability of innocence: she is kidnapped by the “roasting” squire; she ends up in bed with Parson Adams, though by an honest mistake; and is constantly ogled at by lecherous men. Even though the author does not give much words to Fanny to speak, and makes her a damsel in distress who needs constant saving, her sole spontaneous act of running away to search for Joseph requires attention. In her flight, Fanny not only establishes her loyalty and love for the novel’s eponymous hero, but also gives a glimpse of the agency that she is capable of exercising if given the opportunity.

The erstwhile mistress of Fanny, Lady Booby, is doubtlessly the most animated female character of the novel. Ruled by the passion of lust, she uses all her considerable power and influence to have Joseph to herself, but is not perceptive enough to understand Joseph’s rejection of her advances. When she finally gets to know of the impending marriage between Joseph and Fanny, her lust metamorphosises into malice and she conspires, first, to prevent the publication of the wedding banns; second, with the help of lawyer Scout, to banish Fanny from the parish; and third, to dissuade her nephew Mr. Booby from accepting the match of Joseph and Fanny, arguing that it would open the Booby family to more inferior relations. All her attempts are frustrated and Fanny, finally, is proven to be the lost sister of Pamela, and Joseph, the lost eldest son of Mr. Wilson. In Lady Booby can be witnessed a constant tussle between reason and passion, with the latter almost always emerging triumphant. Her shallowness, self-centeredness, and her dangerous legal manoeuvres can be largely attributed to her city education. Bred in an aristocratic urban life of libertinism, luxury, and indulgence, she is incapable of grasping the rustic simplicity and steadfast honesty of people like Joseph and Fanny. Lady Booby is also Fielding’s representation of the dangers lurking in a city life.

The association of the city with threats and the countryside with peace and virtue is underlined in Battestin’s reading of Joseph’s journey

from London to his father, Mr. Wilson's, country parish as "symbolic of the movement from vanity and vice to virtue and true contentment" (Introduction xxxvi). Fielding's readers were certainly familiar with John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* (1678) and the comparison of its hero's life with a pilgrimage that takes him from Babylon, through trying spaces of vanity and vexation, to his true home. Joseph's journey from London to the countryside can be allegorically read as a journey of purgation of his soul. Even though the good counsel of Parson Adams helps Joseph in preserving his chastity in the most hostile situations, the city environment does exert certain corrupting influences on him. Much to the delight of Lady Booby, he styles his hair after the latest fashion, leads the footmen into rioting at playhouses, and shows negligence in his attendance and behaviour at the church. However, the example set forth by Parson Adams soon awakens Joseph to the degeneracy of city life and he writes to his sister, "London is a bad place, and there is so little good fellowship, that the next-door neighbours don't know one another" (29). The antidote to this degradation, writes Battestin, "is depicted in the account of Mr. Wilson's solution: a rural life of retirement, simplicity, industry, and mutual love — Fielding's adaptation of a familiar classical ideal" (Introduction xxxvi). Battestin further reads Joseph's journey from the city to the country as an allegory of the development of his body and mind:

Joseph's flight from the city to Parson Adams' country parish becomes, in effect, a quest to regain a rural paradise lost after the arrival in London. This symbolic movement traces, too, the development of a related theme that Fielding seems to have intended: namely, the gradual progress of Joseph... from adolescence to adulthood, from the virtuous, but precarious, innocence of his London days to a moral maturity based on a surer knowledge of the world.... Upon his arrival in the country and the discovery of his true relationship with Mr. Wilson, Joseph's moral pilgrimage ends, consummated in his marriage to the chaste and loving Fanny Goodwill and fulfilled in their adoption of the mode of country living approved by the Wilsons.

(Introduction xxxvi-xxxvii)

Fielding's exaltation about country life and its people, however, is periodically punctured by a host of hypocritical country squires, innkeepers, clergymen, and justices whose misconduct, absence of

a charitable disposition, self-aggrandisement, and lack of empathy constantly remind the readers that the countryside is not an idealistic utopia devoid of vices.

* * *

The numerous (mis)adventures that periodically greet Joseph and Adams are interspersed with quite a few interpolated tales that digress considerably from the primary plot and, hence, are areas of contesting criticism amongst scholars. Dismissed as early as in 1821 by Sir Walter Scott for being unnecessary and artificial, in his essay on Henry Fielding, and as late as in 1960 by Irving Ehrenpreis who endorsed Scott's opinion by calling the interpolated tales dull and repetitive, the tales were eventually redeemed by a host of scholars who defended them as integrated components in the overall narrative which perform diverse crucial functions. I.B. Cauthen, Jr. in "Fielding's Digressions in *Joseph Andrews*" argues in favour of the tales analysing them as instructive in their exposition of affectation, vanity, and hypocrisy. Sheldon Sacks builds on Cauthen Jr.'s argument to defend the interpolated tales for their ethical comments on the actions of the important characters. The readings of both Cauthen Jr. and Sacks underscore the indispensability of the tales in furthering the novel's ethical lessons. Homer Goldberg offers a refreshing take on the tales which is distinct from the popular view of them being "insipid conventional exercises" (295). Goldberg retrieves them as skilful literary parodies modelled after Cervantes and Marivaux and claims that they "disclose an unsuspected dimension of Fielding's comic invention" (ibid.). Critics such as Douglas Brooks and Ehrenpreis offer an altogether different reading of the interpolated tales as analogues to or contrast with the principal characters and their circumstances. Jeffrey Williams's essay "The Narrative Circle: The Interpolated Tales in *Joseph Andrews*," included in the "Critical Essays" section in this volume is an interesting narratological reading of the digressions and interruptions in Fielding's novel. Williams claims that the interpolated tales foreground what he calls "narrative moments," arguing that "the tales disrupt the conventions of formal realism, signalling instead what Roland Barthes calls the literary code" (475). Borrowing tools from the theory of narratology, he examines how the

interpolated tales underscore the dynamics of narrative exchanges in a narrative scenario.

Preceding William's essay, in the "Critical Essays" section, is the well-known chapter by Ian Watt on Fielding's indebtedness to the epic theory. Drawing on Fielding's claim that his novel is a comic epic-romance in prose, Watt investigates the contribution of the tradition of epic to his novel. Fielding's contemporaries had disapproved of the epic tradition: Defoe undermined the genre for its lack of both morality and history; and Richardson replaced the masculine and aristocratic codes of honour found in the epics with a more internal one where morality is available across class and sex and demands only the will to exercise it. Unlike them, Fielding places his works within the classical tradition but not without necessary alterations to keep up with the spirit of changing times. Watt next, in the rest of his chapter, goes on to examine the points where his novels converge with the classical model as well as areas where they depart from it. The four other essays in the same section offer newer perspectives on various other issues concerning *Joseph Andrews*. Parama Basu in her essay titled "Interrogating Inns as Spaces of Social Interaction in *Joseph Andrews*" examines the relevance of the multiple inns that feature in the novel and reads the public spaces of these inns as sites of complex and contested social interactions and interpersonal relationships. Taniya Neogi in her essay "Of Chaste Men and Christian Marriages: Matrimony, Morality and Manliness in *Joseph Andrews*" explores the marriage plot of *Joseph Andrews* and in the process raises questions about the interconnectedness of the notions of matrimony, morality, and manliness in the context of the eighteenth century. The crime of rape as it prevailed in the age is examined in the essay "Rape in *Joseph Andrews*" by Basundhara Chakraborty, who explores how episodes of rapes and attempted rapes in *Joseph Andrews* throw light on Fielding's negotiation with the eighteenth-century discourse on rape, especially as a man of law, and his articulation of its social and legal dimensions. The last essay in the volume, by Sudipta Mondal, toys with Fielding's idea of virtue and the newly emerging Georgian libertinism and analyses the interaction of the two with reference to *Joseph Andrews*.

The text printed in this edition is based on the second edition of

Joseph Andrews. In Fielding's lifetime, *Joseph Andrews* appeared in five authorised editions with alterations in each but the second contained the most thorough revisions. So, it is only fitting that the second edition be used as the primary point of reference to the text.

NOTE

* References to *Joseph Andrews* have been taken from this edition.

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TEXT

Preface

As it is possible the mere English reader¹ may have a different idea of romance with the author of these little volumes;² and may consequently expect a kind of entertainment, not to be found, nor which was even intended, in the following pages; it may not be improper to premise a few words concerning this kind of writing, which I do not remember to have seen hitherto attempted in our language.

The epic as well as the drama is divided into tragedy and comedy. Homer, who was the father of this species of poetry, gave us a pattern of both these, tho' that of the latter kind is entirely lost; which Aristotle tells us, bore the same relation to comedy which his *Iliad* bears to tragedy.³ And perhaps, that we have no more instances of it among the writers of antiquity, is owing to the loss of this great pattern, which, had it survived, would have found its imitators equally with the other poems of this great original.

And farther, as this poetry may be tragic or comic, I will not scruple to say it may be likewise either in verse or prose: for tho' it wants one particular, which the critic enumerates in the constituent parts of an epic poem, namely metre; yet, when any kind of writing contains all its other parts, such as fable, action, characters, sentiments, and diction, and is deficient in metre only;⁴ it seems, I think, reasonable to refer it to the epic; at least, as no critic hath thought proper to range it under any other head, nor to assign it a particular name to itself.

Thus the *Telemachus* of the Arch-Bishop of Cambray⁵ appears to me of the epic kind, as well as the *Odyssey* of Homer; indeed, it is much fairer and more reasonable to give it a name common with that species from which it differs only in a single instance, than to confound it with those which it resembles in no other. Such are those voluminous works commonly called romances, namely, *Clelia*, *Cleopatra*, *Astrcea*, *Cassandra*, the *Grand Cyrus*,⁶ and innumerable others which contain, as I apprehend, very little instruction or entertainment.

Now a comic romance is a comic epic-poem in prose; differing from comedy, as the serious epic from tragedy: its action being more

extended and comprehensive; containing a much larger circle of incidents, and introducing a greater variety of characters. It differs from the serious romance in its fable and action, in this; that as in the one these are grave and solemn, so in the other they are light and ridiculous: it differs in its characters, by introducing persons of inferiour rank, and consequently of inferiour manners, whereas the grave romance, sets the highest before us; lastly in its sentiments and diction, by preserving the ludicrous instead of the sublime. In the diction I think, burlesque itself may be sometimes admitted; of which many instances will occur in this work, as in the descriptions of the battles, and some other places, not necessary to be pointed out to the classical reader; for whose entertainment those parodies or burlesque imitations are chiefly calculated.

But tho' we have sometimes admitted this in our diction, we have carefully excluded it from our sentiments and characters: for there it is never properly introduced, unless in writings of the burlesque kind, which this is not intended to be. Indeed, no two species of writing can differ more widely than the comic and the burlesque: for as the latter is ever the exhibition of what is monstrous and unnatural, and where our delight, if we examine it, arises from the surprizing absurdity, as in appropriating the manners of the highest to the lowest, or *è converso*; so in the former, we should ever confine ourselves strictly to nature from the just imitation of which, will flow all the pleasure we can this way convey to a sensible reader. And perhaps, there is one reason, why a comic writer should of all others be the least excused for deviating from nature, since it may not be always so easy for a serious poet to meet with the great and the admirable; but life every where furnishes an accurate observer with the ridiculous.

I have hinted this little, concerning burlesque; because, I have often heard that name given to performances, which have been truly of the comic kind, from the author's having sometimes admitted it in his diction only; which as it is the dress of poetry, doth like the dress of men establish characters, (the one of the whole poem, and the other of the whole man,) in vulgar opinion, beyond any of their greater excellencies: but surely, a certain drollery in style, where the characters and sentiments are perfectly natural, no more constitutes the burlesque,

than an empty pomp and dignity of words, where every thing else is mean and low, can entitle any performance to the appellation of the true sublime.

And I apprehend, my Lord Shaftesbury's opinion of mere burlesque agrees with mine, when he asserts, 'There is no such thing to be found in the writings of the antients.'⁷ But perhaps, I have less abhorrence than he professes for it: and that not because I have had some little success on the stage this way;⁸ but rather, as it contributes more to exquisite mirth and laughter than any other; and these are probably more wholesome physic for the mind, and conduce better to purge away spleen, melancholy and ill affections, than is generally imagined. Nay, I will appeal to common observation, whether the same companies are not found more full of good-humour and benevolence, after they have been sweeten'd for two or three hours with entertainments of this kind, than when soured by a tragedy or a grave lecture.

But to illustrate all this by another science, in which, perhaps, we shall see the distinction more clearly and plainly: let us examine the works of a comic history-painter, with those performances which the Italians call *caricatura*; where we shall find the true excellence of the former, to consist in the exactest copying of nature; insomuch, that a judicious eye instantly rejects any thing *outré*; any liberty which the painter hath taken with the features of that *alma mater*.⁹ — Whereas in the *caricatura* we allow all licence. Its aim is to exhibit monsters, not men; and all distortions and exaggerations whatever are within its proper province.

Now what *caricatura* is in painting, burlesque is in writing; and in the same manner the comic writer and painter correlate to each other. And here I shall observe, that as in the former, the painter seems to have the advantage; so it is in the latter infinitely on the side of the writer: for the *monstrous* is much easier to paint than describe, and the *ridiculous* to describe than paint.

And tho' perhaps this latter species doth not in either science so strongly affect and agitate the muscles as the other; yet it will be owned, I believe, that a more rational and useful pleasure arises to us from it. He who should call the ingenious Hogarth¹⁰ a burlesque painter, would, in my opinion, do him very little honour: for sure it is much

easier, much less the subject of admiration, to paint a man with a nose, or any other feature of a preposterous size, or to expose him in some absurd or monstrous attitude, than to express the affections of men on canvas. It hath been thought a vast commendation of a painter, to say his figures *seem to breathe*; but surely, it is a much greater and nobler applause, *that they appear to think*.

But to return — the ridiculous only, as I have before said, falls within my province in the present work. — Nor will some explanation of this word be thought impertinent by the reader, if he considers how wonderfully¹¹ it hath been mistaken, even by writers who have profess'd it: for to what but such a mistake, can we attribute the many attempts to ridicule the blackest villainies; and what is yet worse, the most dreadful calamities? What could exceed the absurdity of an author, who should write *the Comedy of Nero, with the merry Incident of ripping up his Mother's Belly*;¹² or what would give a greater shock to humanity, than an attempt to expose the miseries of poverty and distress to ridicule? And yet, the reader will not want much learning to suggest such instances to himself.

Besides, it may seem remarkable, that Aristotle, who is so fond and free of definitions, hath not thought proper to define the ridiculous. Indeed, where he tells us it is proper to comedy, he hath remarked that villany is not its object: but he hath not, as I remember, positively asserted what is.¹³ Nor doth the Abbé Bellegarde, who hath writ a treatise on this subject,¹⁴ tho' he shews us many species of it, once trace it to its fountain.

The only source of the true ridiculous (as it appears to me) is affectation. But tho' it arises from one spring only, when we consider the infinite streams into which this one branches, we shall presently cease to admire at¹⁵ the copious field it affords to an observer. Now affectation proceeds from one of these two causes, vanity, or hypocrisy: for as vanity puts us on affecting false characters, in order to purchase applause; so hypocrisy sets us on an endeavour to avoid censure by concealing our vices under an appearance of their opposite virtues. And tho' these two causes are often confounded, (for there is some difficulty in distinguishing them) yet, as they proceed from very different motives, so they are as clearly distinct in their operations: for

indeed, the affectation which arises from vanity is nearer to truth than the other; as it hath not that violent repugnancy of nature to struggle with, which that of the hypocrite hath. It may be likewise noted, that affectation doth not imply an absolute negation of those qualities which are affected: and therefore, tho' when it proceeds from hypocrisy, it be nearly allied to deceit; yet when it comes from vanity only, it partakes of the nature of ostentation: for instance, the affectation of liberality in a vain man, differs visibly from the same affectation in the avaricious; for tho' the vain man is not what he would appear, or hath not the virtue he affects, to the degree he would be thought to have it; yet it sits less awkwardly on him than on the avaricious man, who *is* the very reverse of what he would *seem* to be.

From the discovery of this affectation arises the ridiculous — which always strikes the reader with surprize and pleasure; and that in a higher and stronger degree when the affectation arises from hypocrisy, than when from vanity: for to discover any one to be the exact reverse of what he affects, is more surprizing, and consequently more ridiculous, than to find him a little deficient in the quality he desires the reputation of. I might observe that our Ben Johnson,¹⁶ who of all men understood the *ridiculous* the best, hath chiefly used the hypocritical affectation.

Now from affectation only, the misfortunes and calamities of life, or the imperfections of nature, may become the objects of ridicule. Surely he hath a very ill-framed mind, who can look on ugliness, infirmity, or poverty, as ridiculous in themselves: nor do I believe any man living who meets a dirty fellow riding through the streets in a cart, is struck with an idea of the ridiculous from it; but if he should see the same figure descend from his coach and six, or bolt from his chair¹⁷ with his hat under his arm, he would then begin to laugh, and with justice. In the same manner, were we to enter a poor house, and behold a wretched family shivering with cold and languishing with hunger, it would not incline us to laughter, (at least we must have very diabolical natures, if it would:) but should we discover there a grate, instead of coals, adorned with flowers, empty plate or china dishes on the side-board, or any other affectation of riches and finery either on their persons or in their furniture; we might then indeed be excused, for ridiculing so fantastical an appearance. Much less are

natural imperfections the objects of derision: but when ugliness aims at the applause of beauty, or lameness endeavours to display agility; it is then that these unfortunate circumstances, which at first moved our compassion, tend only to raise our mirth.

The poet carries this very far;

None are for being what they are in fault,

But for not being what they would be thought.¹⁸

Where if the metre would suffer the word *ridiculous* to close the first line, the thought would be rather more proper. Great vices are the proper objects of our detestation, smaller faults of our pity: but affectation appears to me the only true source of the ridiculous.

But perhaps it may be objected to me, that I have against my own rules introduced vices, and of a very black kind into this work. To which I shall answer: First, that it is very difficult to pursue a series of human actions and keep clear from them. Secondly, that the vices to be found here, are rather the accidental consequences of some human frailty, or foible, than causes habitually existing in the mind. Thirdly, that they are never set forth as the objects of ridicule but detestation. Fourthly, that they are never the principal figure at that time on the scene; and lastly, they never produce the intended evil.

Having thus distinguished *Joseph Andrews* from the productions of romance writers on the one hand, and burlesque writers on the other, and given some few very short hints (for I intended no more) of this species of writing, which I have affirmed to be hitherto unattempted in our language; I shall leave to my good-natur'd reader to apply my piece to my observations, and will detain him no longer than with a word concerning the characters in this work.

And here I solemnly protest, I have no intention to vilify or asperse any one: for tho' every thing is copied from the book of nature, and scarce a character or action produced which I have not taken from my own observations and experience, yet I have used the utmost care to obscure the persons by such different circumstances, degrees, and colours, that it will be impossible to guess at them with any degree of certainty; and if it ever happens otherwise, it is only where the failure

characterized is so minute, that it is a foible only which the party himself may laugh at as well as any other.

As to the character of Adams,¹⁹ as it is the most glaring in the whole, so I conceive it is not to be found in any book now extant. It is designed a character of perfect simplicity; and as the goodness of his heart will recommend him to the goodnatur'd; so I hope it will excuse me to the gentlemen of his cloth; for whom, while they are worthy of their sacred order, no man can possibly have a greater respect. They will therefore excuse me, notwithstanding the low adventures in which he is engaged, that I have made him a clergyman; since no other office could have given him so many opportunities of displaying his worthy inclinations.

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BOOK I

THE HISTORY OF THE ADVENTURES OF JOSEPH ANDREWS. AND OF HIS FRFIEND MR ABRAHAM ADAMS

CHAPTER I

*Of writing Lives in general, and particularly of Pamela;
with a Word by the bye of Colley Gibber and others.*

It is a trite but true observation, that examples work more forcibly on the mind than precepts: and if this be just in what is odious and blameable, it is more strongly so in what is amiable and praise-worthy. Here emulation most effectually operates upon us, and inspires our imitation in an irresistible manner. A good man therefore is a standing lesson to all his acquaintance, and of far greater use in that narrow circle than a good book.

But as it often happens that the best men are but little known, and consequently cannot extend the usefulness of their examples a great way; the writer may be called in aid to spread their history farther, and to present the amiable pictures to those who have not the happiness of knowing the originals; and so, by communicating such valuable patterns to the world, he may perhaps do a more extensive service to mankind than the person whose life originally afforded the pattern.

In this light I have always regarded those biographers who have recorded the actions of great and worthy persons of both sexes. Not to mention those ancient writers which of late days are little read, being written in obsolete, and, as they are generally thought, unintelligible languages; such as Plutarch, Nepos,¹ and others which I heard in my youth; our own language affords many of excellent use and instruction, finely calculated to sow the seeds of virtue in youth, and very easy to be comprehended by persons of moderate capacity. Such are the history of John the Great, who, by his brave and heroic actions against men

of large and athletic bodies, obtained the glorious appellation of the Giant-killer; that of an Earl of Warwick, whose Christian name was Guy; the lives of Argalus and Parthenia, and above all, the History of those seven worthy personages, the Champions of Christendom.² In all these, delight is mixed with instruction,³ and the reader is almost as much improved as entertained.

But I pass by these and many others, to mention two books lately published, which represent an admirable pattern of the amiable in either sex. The former of these which deals in male-virtue, was written by the great person himself, who lived the life he hath recorded, and is by many thought to have lived such a life only in order to write it. The other is communicated to us by an historian who borrows his lights, as the common Method is, from authentic papers and records.⁴ The reader, I believe, already conjectures, I mean, the lives of Mr Colley Cibber,⁵ and of Mrs⁶ Pamela Andrews. How artfully doth the former, by insinuating that he *escaped* being promoted to the highest stations in church and state, teach us a contempt of worldly grandeur! how strongly doth he inculcate an absolute submission to our superiors! Lastly, how completely doth he arm us against so uneasy, so wretched a passion as the fear of shame; how clearly doth he expose the emptiness and vanity of that fantom, reputation.⁷

What the female readers are taught by the memoirs of Mrs Andrews, is so well set forth in the excellent essays or letters prefixed to the second and subsequent editions of that work,⁸ that it would be here a needless repetition. The authentic history with which I now present the public, is an instance of the great good that book is likely to do, and of the prevalence of example which I have just observed: since it will appear that it was by keeping the excellent pattern of his sister's virtues before his eyes, that Mr Joseph Andrews was chiefly enabled to preserve his purity in the midst of such great temptations; I shall only add, that this character of male-chastity, tho' doubtless as desirable and becoming in one part of the human species, as in the other, is almost the only virtue which the great apologist hath not given himself for the sake of giving the example to his readers.

CHAPTER II

Of Mr Joseph Andrews his Birth, Parentage, Education, and great Endowments, with a Word or two concerning Ancestors.

Mr Joseph Andrews, the hero of our ensuing history, was esteemed to be the only son of Gaffar and Gammer¹ Andrews, and brother to the illustrious Pamela, whose virtue is at present so famous. As to his ancestors, we have searched with great diligence, but little success: being unable to trace them farther than his great grandfather, who, as an elderly person in the parish remembers to have heard his father say, was an excellent cudgel-player. Whether he had any ancestors before this, we must leave to the opinion of our curious reader, finding nothing of sufficient certainty to rely on. However, we cannot omit inserting an epitaph which an ingenious friend of ours hath communicated.

Stay traveller, for underneath this pew
Lies fast asleep that merry man *Andrew*;
When the last day's great sun shall gild the skies,
Then he shall from his tomb get up and rise.
Be merry while thou canst: for surely thou
Shall shortly be as sad as he is now.

The words are almost out of the stone with antiquity. But it is needless to observe, that Andrew here is writ without an *s*, and is besides a christian name. My friend moreover conjectures this to have been the founder of that sect of laughing philosophers, since called *Merry Andrews*.²

To wave therefore a circumstance, which tho' mentioned in conformity to the exact rules of biography, is not greatly material; I proceed to things of more consequence. Indeed it is sufficiently certain, that he had as many ancestors, as the best man living; and perhaps, if we look five or six hundred years backwards, might be related to some persons of very great figure at present, whose ancestors within half the last century are buried in as great obscurity. But suppose for argument's sake we should admit that he had no ancestors at all, but had sprung up, according to the modern phrase, out of a dunghill, as

the Athenians pretended they themselves did from the earth,³ would not this autokopros have been justly entitled to all the praise arising from his own virtues? Would it not be hard, that a man who hath no ancestors should therefore be render'd incapable of acquiring honour, when we see so many who have no virtues, enjoying the honour of their forefathers? At ten years old (by which time his education was advanced to writing and reading) he was bound an apprentice, according to the statute,⁴ to Sir Thomas Booby, an uncle of Mr Booby's by the father's side. Sir Thomas having then an estate in his own hands, the young Andrews was at first employed in what in the country they call *keeping birds*. His office was to perform the part the antients assigned to the god Priapus,⁵ which deity the moderns call by the name of Jack-o'-Lent;⁶ but his voice being so extremely musical, that it rather allured the birds than terrified them, he was soon transplanted from the fields into the dog-kennel, where he was placed under the huntsman, and made what sportsmen term a *whipper-in*.⁷ For this place likewise the sweetness of his voice disqualified him: the dogs preferring the melody of his chiding to all the alluring notes of the huntsman, who soon became so incensed at it, that he desired Sir Thomas to provide otherwise for him; and constantly laid every fault the dogs were at, to the account of the poor boy, who was now transplanted to the stable. Here he soon gave proofs of strength and agility, beyond his years, and constantly rode the most spirited and vicious horses to water with an intrepidity which surprized every one. While he was in this station, he rode several races for Sir Thomas, and this with such expertness and success, that the neighbouring gentlemen frequently solicited the knight, to permit little Joey (for so he was called) to ride their matches. The best gamesters, before they laid their money, always enquired which horse little Joey was to ride, and the betts were rather proportioned by the rider than by the horse himself; especially after he had scornfully refused a considerable bribe to play booty⁸ on such an occasion. This extremely raised his character,⁹ and so pleased the Lady Booby, that she desired to have him (being now seventeen years of age¹⁰) for her own foot-boy.

Joey was now preferred from the stable to attend on his lady; to go on her errands, stand behind her chair, wait at her tea-table,

and carry her prayer-book to church; at which place, his voice gave him an opportunity of distinguishing himself by singing psalms: he behaved likewise in every other respect so well at divine service, that it recommended him to the notice of Mr Abraham Adams the curate;¹¹ who took an opportunity one day, as he was drinking a cup of ale in Sir Thomas's kitchen, to ask the young man several questions concerning religion; with his answers to which he was wonderfully pleased.

CHAPTER III

*Of Mr Abraham Adams the Curate, Mrs Slipslop
the Chambermaid, and others.*

Mr Abraham Adams was an excellent scholar. He was a perfect master of the Greek and Latin languages; to which he added a great share of knowledge in the oriental tongues, and could read and translate French, Italian and Spanish. He had applied many years to the most severe study, and had treasured up a fund of learning rarely to be met with in a university. He was besides a man of good sense, good parts, and good nature;¹ but was at the same time as entirely ignorant of the ways of this world, as an infant just entered into it could possibly be. As he had never any intention to deceive, so he never suspected such a design in others. He was generous, friendly and brave to an excess; but simplicity was his characteristic: he did, no more than Mr Colley Cibber, apprehend any such passions as malice and envy to exist in mankind;² which was indeed less remarkable in a country parson than in a gentleman who hath past his life behind the scenes, a place which hath been seldom thought the school of innocence; and where a very little observation would have convinced the great apologist, that those passions have a real existence in the human mind.

His virtue and his other qualifications, as they rendered him equal to his office, so they made him an agreeable and valuable companion, and had so much endeared and well recommended him to a bishop, that at the age of fifty, he was provided with a handsome income of

twenty-three pounds a year; which however, he could not make any great figure with: because he lived in a dear country,³ and was a little incumbered with a wife and six children.

It was this gentleman, who, having, as I have said, observed the singular devotion of young Andrews, had found means to question him, concerning several particulars; as how many books there were in the New Testament? which were they? how many chapters they contained? and such like; to all which Mr Adams privately said,⁴ he answer'd much better than Sir Thomas, or two other neighbouring justices of the peace could probably have done.

Mr Adams was wonderfully solicitous to know at what time, and by what opportunity the youth became acquainted with these matters: Joey told him, that he had very early learnt to read and write by the goodness of his father, who, though he had not interest enough to get him into a charity school,⁵ because a cousin of his father's landlord did not vote on the right side for a church-warden in a borough town, yet had been himself at the expence of sixpence a week for his learning. He told him likewise, that ever since he was in Sir Thomas's family, he had employed all his hours of leisure in reading good books; that he had read the Bible, the *Whole Duty of Man*, and *Thomas à Kempis*; and that as often as he could, without being perceived, he had studied a great good book which lay open in the hall window, where he had read, *as how the Devil carried away half a church in sermon-time, without hurting one of the congregation; and as how a field of corn ran away down a hill with all the trees upon it, and covered another man's meadow*. This sufficiently assured Mr Adams, that the good Book meant could be no other than Baker's Chronicle.⁶

The curate, surprized to find such instances of industry and application in a young man, who had never met with the least encouragement, asked him, if he did not extremely regret the want of a liberal education, and the not having been born of parents, who might have indulged his talents and desire of knowledge? To which he answered, 'he hoped he had profited somewhat better from the books he had read, than to lament his condition in this world. That for his part, he was perfectly content with the state to which he was called, that he should endeavour to improve his talent, which was all required of him, but not repine at

his own lot, nor envy those of his betters.⁷ ‘Well said, my lad,’ reply’d the curate, ‘and I wish some who have read many more good books, nay and some who have written good books themselves, had profited so much by them.’

Adams had no nearer access to Sir Thomas, or my lady, than through the waiting-gentlewoman: for Sir Thomas was too apt to estimate men merely by their dress, or fortune; and my lady was a woman of gaiety, who had been bless’d with a town-education, and never spoke of any of her country neighbours, by any other appellation than that of *the brutes*. They both regarded the curate as a kind of domestic only, belonging to the parson of the parish,⁸ who was at this time at variance with the knight; for the parson had for many years lived in a constant state of civil war, or, which is perhaps as bad, of civil law, with Sir Thomas himself and the tenants of his manor. The foundation of this quarrel was a *modus*,⁹ by setting which aside, an advantage of several shillings *per annum* would have accrued to the rector: but he had not yet been able to accomplish his purpose; and had reaped hitherto nothing better from the suits than the pleasure (which he used indeed frequently to say was no small one) of reflecting that he had utterly undone many of the poor tenants, tho’ he had at the same time greatly impoverish’d himself.

Mrs Slipslop¹⁰ the waiting-gentlewoman, being herself the daughter of a curate, preserved some respect for Adams; she professed great regard for his learning, and would frequently dispute with him on points of theology; but always insisted on a deference to be paid to her understanding, as she had been frequently at London, and knew more of the world than a country parson could pretend to.

She had in these disputes a particular advantage over Adams: for she was a mighty affecter of hard words, which she used in such a manner, that the parson, who durst not offend her, by calling her words in question, was frequently at some loss to guess her meaning, and would have been much less puzzled by an Arabian manuscript.

Adams therefore took an opportunity one day, after a pretty long discourse with her on the *essence*, (or, as she pleased to term it, the *incense*) of matter, to mention the case of young Andrews; desiring her to recommend him to her lady as a youth very susceptible of learning,

and one, whose instruction in Latin he would himself undertake; by which means he might be qualified for higher station than that of a footman: and added, she knew it was in his master's power easily to provide for him in a better manner. He therefore desired, that the boy might be left behind under his care.

'La Mr Adams,' said Mrs Slipslop, 'do you think my lady will suffer any *preambles* about any such matter? She is going to London very *concisely*, and I am *confidous* would not leave Joey behind her on any account; for he is one of the genteelest young fellows you may see in a summer's day, and I am *confidous* she would as soon think of parting with a pair of her grey-mares: for she values herself as much on one as the other.' Adams would have interrupted, but she proceeded: 'And why is Latin more *necessitous* for a footman than a gentleman? It is very proper that you clargymen must learn it, because you can't preach without it: but I have heard gentlemen say in London, that it is fit for no body else. I am *confidous* my lady would be angry with me for mentioning it, and I shall draw myself into no such *delemy*.' At which words her lady's bell rung, and Mr Adams was forced to retire; nor could he gain a second opportunity with her before their London journey, which happened a few days afterwards. However, Andrews behaved very thankfully and gratefully to him for his intended kindness, which he told him he never would forget, and at the same time received from the good man many admonitions concerning the regulation of his future conduct, and his perseverance in innocence and industry.

CHAPTER IV

What happened after their Journey to London.

No sooner was young Andrews arrived at London, than he began to scrape an acquaintance with his party-colour'd brethren,¹ who endeavour'd to make him despise his former course of life. His hair was cut after the newest fashion, and became his chief care. He went abroad with it all the morning in papers, and drest it out in the afternoon; they

could not however teach him to game, swear, drink, nor any other genteel vice the town abounded with. He applied most of his leisure hours to music, in which he greatly improved himself, and became so perfect a connoisseur in that art, that he led the opinion of all the other footmen at an opera, and they never condemned or applauded a single song contrary to his approbation or dislike. He was a little too forward in riots at the play-houses and assemblies;² and when he attended his lady at church (which was but seldom) he behaved with less seeming devotion than formerly: however, if he was outwardly a pretty fellow, his morals remained entirely uncorrupted, tho' he was at the same time smarter and genteeler, than any of the beaus in town, either in or out of livery.

His lady, who had often said of him that Joey was the handsomest and genteelest footman in the kingdom, but that it was pity he wanted spirit, began now to find that fault no longer; on the contrary, she was frequently heard to cry out, *Aye, there is some life in this fellow*. She plainly saw the effects which town-air hath on the soberest constitutions. She would now walk out with him into Hyde-Park in a morning, and when tired, which happened almost every minute, would lean on his arm, and converse with him in great familiarity. Whenever she stepped out of her coach she would take him by the hand, and sometimes, for fear of stumbling, press it very hard; she admitted him to deliver messages at her bed-side in a morning, leered at him at table, and indulged him in all those innocent freedoms which women of figure may permit without the least sully of their virtue.

But tho' their virtue remains unsullied, yet now and then some small arrows will glance on the shadow of it, their reputation; and so it fell out to Lady Booby, who happened to be walking arm in arm with Joey one morning in Hyde-Park, when Lady Tittle and Lady Tattle came accidentally by in their coach. *Bless me*, says Lady Tittle, *can I believe my eyes? Is that Lady Booby? Surely*, says Tattle. *But what makes you surprized? Why is not that her footman?* reply'd Tittle. At which Tattle laughed and cried, *An old business, I assure you, is it possible you should not have heard it? The whole town bath known it this half year*. The consequence of this interview was a whisper through a hundred visits, which were separately performed by the two ladies

the same afternoon, and might have had a mischievous effect, had it not been stopt by two fresh reputations which were published³ the day afterwards, and engrossed the whole talk of the town.

But whatever opinion or suspicion the scandalous inclination of defamers might entertain of Lady Booby's innocent freedoms, it is certain they made no impression on young Andrews, who never offered to encroach beyond the liberties which his lady allowed him. A behaviour which she imputed to the violent respect he preserved for her, and which served only to heighten a something she began to conceive, and which the next chapter will open a little farther.

CHAPTER V

The Death of Sir Thomas Booby, with the affectionate and mournful Behaviour of his Widow, and the great Purity of Joseph Andrews.

At this time, an accident happened which put a stop to these agreeable walks, which probably would have soon puffed up the cheeks of fame,¹ and caused her to blow her brazen trumpet through the town, and this was no other than the death of Sir Thomas Booby, who departing this life, left his disconsolate lady confined to her house as closely as if she herself had been attacked by some violent disease. During the first six days the poor lady admitted none but Mrs Slipslop and three female friends who made a party at cards: but on the seventh she ordered Joey, whom for a good reason we shall hereafter call JOSEPH,² to bring up her tea-kettle. The lady being in bed, called Joseph to her, bad him sit down, and having accidentally laid her hand on his, she asked him, *if he had never been in love?* Joseph answered, with some confusion, 'it was time enough for one so young as himself to think on such things.' 'As young as you are,' reply'd the lady, 'I am convinced you are no stranger to that passion; come Joey,' says she, 'tell me truly, who is the happy girl whose eyes have made a conquest of you?' Joseph returned, 'that all women he had ever seen were equally indifferent to him.' 'O then,' said the lady, 'you are a general lover. Indeed you

handsome fellows, like handsome women, are very long and difficult in fixing: but yet you shall never persuade me that your heart is so insusceptible of affection; I rather impute what you say to your secrecy, a very commendable quality, and what I am far from being angry with you for. Nothing can be more unworthy in a young man than to betray any intimacies with the ladies.' *Ladies! Madam*, said Joseph, *I am sure I never had the impudence to think of any that deserve that name.* 'Don't pretend to too much modesty,' said she, 'for that sometimes may be impertinent: but pray, answer me this question, suppose a lady should happen to like you, suppose she should prefer you to all your sex, and admit you to the same familiarities as you might have hoped for, if you had been born her equal, are you certain that no vanity could tempt you to discover her? Answer me honestly, Joseph, Have you so much more sense and so much more virtue than you handsome young fellows generally have, who make no scruple of sacrificing our dear reputation to your pride, without considering the great obligation we lay on you, by our condescension and confidence? Can you keep a secret, my Joey?' 'Madam,' says he, 'I hope your ladyship can't tax me with ever betraying the secrets of the family, and I hope, if you was to turn me away, I might have that character of you.' 'I don't intend to turn you away, Joey,' said she, and sighed, 'I am afraid it is not in my power.' She then raised herself a little in her bed, and discovered³ one of the whitest necks that ever was seen; at which Joseph blushed. 'La!' says she, in an affected surprize, 'what am I doing? I have trusted myself with a man alone, naked in bed; suppose you should have any wicked intentions upon my honour, how should I defend myself?' Joseph protested that he never had the least evil design against her. 'No,' says she, 'perhaps you may not call your designs wicked, and perhaps they are not so.' — He swore they were not. 'You misunderstand me,' says she, 'I mean if they were against my honour, they may not be wicked, but the world calls them so. But then, say you, the world will never know any thing of the matter, yet would not that be trusting to your secrecy? Must not my reputation be then in your power? Would you not then be my master?' Joseph begged her ladyship to be comforted, for that he would never imagine the least wicked thing against her, and that he had rather die a thousand deaths⁴ than give her any reason to suspect

him. ‘Yes,’ said she, ‘I must have reason to suspect you. Are you not a man? and without vanity I may pretend to some charms. But perhaps you may fear I should prosecute you; indeed I hope you do, and yet heaven knows I should never have the confidence to appear before a court of justice, and you know, Joey, I am of a forgiving temper. Tell me Joey, don’t you think I should forgive you?’ ‘Indeed madam,’ says Joseph, ‘I will never do any thing to disoblige your ladyship.’ ‘How,’ says she, ‘do you think it would not disoblige me then? Do you think I would willingly suffer you?’ ‘I don’t understand you, madam,’ says Joseph. ‘Don’t you?’ said she, ‘then you are either a fool or pretend to be so, I find I was mistaken in you, so get you down stairs, and never let me see your face again: your pretended innocence cannot impose on me.’ ‘Madam,’ said Joseph, ‘I would not have your ladyship think any evil of me. I have always endeavoured to be a dutiful servant both to you and my master.’ ‘O thou villain,’ answered my lady, ‘Why did’st thou mention the name of that dear man, unless to torment me, to bring his precious memory to my mind, (*and then she burst into a fit of tears.*) Get thee from my sight, I shall never endure thee more.’ At which words she turned away from him, and Joseph retreated from the room in a most disconsolate condition, and writ that letter which the reader will find in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI

How Joseph Andrews writ a letter to his Sister Pamela.

To Mrs Pamela Andrews, living with Squire Booby.

‘Dear Sister,

‘Since I received your letter of your good lady’s death, we have had a misfortune of the same kind in our family. My worthy master, Sir Thomas, died about four days ago,¹ and what is worse, my poor lady is certainly gone distracted. None of the servants expected her to take it so to heart, because they quarrelled almost every day of their lives: but no more of that, because you know, Pamela, I never

loved to tell the secrets of my master's family;² but to be sure you must have known they never loved one another, and I have heard her ladyship wish his honour dead above a thousand times: but no body knows what it is to lose a friend till they have lost him.

'Don't tell any body what I write, because I should not care to have folks say I discover what passes in our family: but if it had not been so great a lady, I should have thought she had had a mind to me. Dear Pamela, don't tell any body: but she ordered me to sit down by her bed-side, when she was in naked bed;³ and she held my hand, and talked exactly as a lady does to her sweetheart in a stage-play, which I have seen in Covent-Garden,⁴ while she wanted him to be no better than he should be.

'If madam be mad, I shall not care for staying long in the family; so I heartily wish you could get me a place either at the squire's, or some other neighbouring gentleman's, unless it be true that you are going to be married to Parson Williams, as folks talk, and then I should be very willing to be his clerk: for which you know I am qualified, being able to read, and to set a psalm.

'I fancy, I shall be discharged very soon; and the moment I am, unless I hear from you, I shall return to my old master's country seat, if it be only to see Parson Adams, who is the best man in the world. London is a bad place, and there is so little good fellowship, that next-door neighbours don't know one another. Pray give my service to all friends that enquire for me; so I rest

Your loving brother,
Joseph Andrews.'

As soon as Joseph had sealed and directed this letter, he walked down stairs, where he met Mrs Slipslop, with whom we shall take this opportunity to bring the reader a little better acquainted. She was a maiden gentlewoman of about forty-five years of age, who having made a small slip in her youth had continued a good maid ever since. She was not at this time remarkably handsome; being very short, and rather too corpulent in body, and somewhat red, with the addition of pimples in the face. Her nose was likewise rather too large, and her eyes too little; nor did she resemble a cow so much in her breath, as

in two brown globes which she carried before her; one of her legs was also a little shorter than the other, which occasioned her to limp as she walked. This fair creature had long cast the eyes of affection on Joseph, in which she had not met with quite so good success as she probably wished, tho' besides the allurements of her native charms, she had given him tea, sweetmeats, wine, and many other delicacies, of which by keeping the keys, she had the absolute command. Joseph however, had not returned the least gratitude to all these favours, not even so much as a kiss; tho' I would not insinuate she was so easily to be satisfied: for surely then he would have been highly blameable. The truth is, she was arrived at an age when she thought she might indulge herself in any liberties with a man, without the danger of bringing a third person into the world to betray them. She imagined, that by so long a self-denial, she had not only made amends for the small slip of her youth above hinted at: but had likewise laid up a quantity of merit to excuse any future failings. In a word, she resolved to give a loose to her amorous inclinations, and pay off the debt of pleasure which she found she owed herself, as fast as possible.

With these charms of person, and in this disposition of mind, she encountered poor Joseph at the bottom of the stairs, and asked him if he would drink a glass of something good this morning. Joseph, whose spirits were not a little cast down, very readily and thankfully accepted the offer; and together they went into a closet,⁵ where having delivered him a full glass of ratifia,⁶ and desired him to sit down, Mrs Slipslop thus began:

'Sure nothing can be a more simple *contract* in a woman, than to place her affections on a boy. If I had ever thought it would have been my fate, I should have wished to die a thousand deaths rather than live to see that day. If we like a man, the lightest hint *sophisticates*. Whereas a boy *proposes* upon us to break through all the *regulations* of modesty, before we can make any *oppression* upon him.' Joseph, who did not understand a word she said, answered, 'Yes madam; — ' 'Yes madam!' reply'd Mrs Slipslop with some warmth, 'Do you intend to *result* my passion? Is it not enough, ungrateful as you are, to make no return to all the favours I have done you: but you must treat me with *ironing*? Barbarous monster! how have I deserved that my passion

should be *resulted* and treated with ironing?’ ‘Madam,’ answered Joseph, ‘I don’t understand your hard words: but I am certain, you have no occasion to call me ungrateful: for so far from intending you any wrong, I have always loved you as well as if you had been my own mother.’ ‘How, sirrah!’ says Mrs Slipslop in a rage: ‘Your own mother! Do you *assinnuate* that I am old enough to be your mother? I don’t know what a stripling may think: but I believe a man would *refer* me to any green-sickness⁷ silly girl *whatsomdever*: but I ought to despise you rather than be angry with you, for *referring* the conversation of girls to that of a woman of sense.’ ‘Madam,’ says Joseph, ‘I am sure I have always valued the honour you did me by your conversation; for I know you are a woman of learning.’ ‘Yes but, Joseph,’ said she a little softened by the compliment to her learning, ‘If you had a value for me, you certainly would have found some method of shewing it me; for I am *convicted* you must see the value I have for you. Yes, Joseph, my eyes whether I would or no, must have declared a passion I cannot conquer. — Oh! Joseph! — ’

As when a hungry tygress, who long had traversed the woods in fruitless search, sees within the reach of her claws a lamb, she prepares to leap on her prey; or as a voracious pike, of immense size, surveys through the liquid element a roach or gudgeon which cannot escape her jaws, opens them wide to swallow the little fish: so did Mrs Slipslop prepare to lay her violent amorous hands on the poor Joseph, when luckily her mistress’s bell rung, and delivered the intended martyr from her clutches. She was obliged to leave him abruptly, and defer the execution of her purpose to some other time. We shall therefore return to the Lady Booby, and give our reader some account of her behaviour, after she was left by Joseph in a temper of mind not greatly different from that of the inflamed Slipslop.

CHAPTER VII

Sayings of wise Men. A Dialogue between the Lady and her Maid, and a Panegyric or rather Satire on the Passion of Love, in the sublime Style.

It is the observation of some antient Sage, whose name I have forgot, that passions operate differently on the human mind, as diseases on the body, in proportion to the strength or weakness, soundness or rottenness of the one and the other.

We hope therefore, a judicious reader will give himself some pains to observe, what we have so greatly laboured to describe, the different operations of this passion of love in the gentle and cultivated mind of the Lady Booby, from those which it effected in the less polished and coarser disposition of Mrs Slipslop.

Another philosopher, whose name also at present escapes my memory, hath somewhere said, that resolutions taken in the absence of the beloved object are very apt to vanish in its presence; on both which wise sayings the following chapter may serve as a comment.

No sooner had Joseph left the room in the manner we have before related, than the lady, enraged at her disappointment, began to reflect with severity on her conduct. Her love was now changed to disdain, which pride assisted to torment her. She despised herself for the meanness¹ of her passion, and Joseph for its ill success. However, she had now got the better of it in her own opinion, and determined immediately to dismiss the object. After much tossing and turning in her bed, and many soliloquies, which, if we had no better matter for our reader, we would give him; she at last rung the bell as above-mentioned, and was presently attended by Mrs Slipslop, who was not much better pleased with Joseph, than the lady herself.

Slipslop said Lady Booby, *when did you see Joseph?* The poor woman was so surprized at the unexpected sound of his name, at so critical a time, that she had the greatest difficulty to conceal the confusion she was under from her mistress, whom she answered nevertheless, with pretty good confidence, though not entirely void of fear of suspicion, that she had not seen him that morning. ‘I am afraid,’ said Lady Booby,

‘he is a wild young fellow.’ ‘That he is,’ said Slipslop, ‘and a wicked one too. To my knowledge he games, drinks, swears and fights eternally: besides he is horribly *indicted* to wenching.’ ‘Ay!’ said the lady, ‘I never heard that of him.’ ‘O madam,’ answered the other, ‘he is so lewd a rascal that if your ladyship keeps him much longer, you will not have one virgin in your house except myself. And yet I can’t conceive what the wenches see in him, to be so foolishly fond as they are; in my eyes he is as ugly a scarecrow as I ever *upheld*.’ ‘Nay,’ said the lady, ‘the boy is well enough.’ — ‘La ma’am,’ cries Slipslop, ‘I think him the *ragmaticallest* fellow in the family.’ ‘Sure, Slipslop,’ says she, ‘you are mistaken: but which of the women do you most suspect?’ ‘Madam,’ says Slipslop, ‘there is Betty² the chamber-maid, I am almost *convicted*, is with child by him.’ ‘Ay!’ says the lady, ‘then pray pay her her wages instantly. I will keep no such sluts in my family. And as for Joseph, you may discard him too.’ ‘Would your ladyship have him paid off immediately?’ cries Slipslop, ‘for perhaps, when Betty is gone, he may mend; and really the boy is a good servant, and a strong healthy *luscious* boy enough.’ ‘This morning,’ answered the lady with some vehemence. ‘I wish madam,’ cries Slipslop, ‘your ladyship would be so good as to try him a little longer.’ ‘I will not have my commands disputed,’ said the lady, ‘sure you are not fond of him yourself.’ ‘I madam?’ cries Slipslop, reddening, if not blushing, ‘I should be sorry to think your ladyship had any reason to *respect* me of fondness for a fellow; and if it be your pleasure, I shall fulfill it with as much *reluctance* as possible.’ ‘As little, I suppose you mean,’ said the lady; ‘and so about it instantly.’ Mrs Slipslop went out, and the lady had scarce taken two turns before she fell to knocking and ringing with great violence. Slipslop, who did not travel post-haste, soon returned, and was countermanded as to Joseph, but ordered to send Betty about her business without delay. She went out a second time with much greater alacrity than before; when the lady began immediately to accuse herself of want of resolution, and to apprehend the return of her affection with its pernicious consequences: she therefore applied herself again to the bell, and resummoned Mrs Slipslop into her presence; who again returned, and was told by her mistress, that she had consider’d better of the matter, and was absolutely resolved to turn away Joseph; which she ordered her to do immediately.

Slipslop, who knew the violence of her lady's temper, and would not venture her place for any Adonis or Hercules in the universe, left her a third time; which she had no sooner done, than the little god Cupid, fearing he had not yet done the lady's business, took a fresh arrow with the sharpest point out of his quiver, and shot it directly into her heart: in other and plainer language, the lady's passion got the better of her reason. She called back Slipslop once more, and told her, she had resolved to see the boy, and examine him herself; therefore bid her send him up. This wavering in her mistress's temper probably put something into the waiting-gentlewoman's head, not necessary to mention to the sagacious reader.

Lady Booby was going to call her back again, but could not prevail with herself. The next consideration therefore was, how she should behave to Joseph when he came in. She resolved to preserve all the dignity of the woman of fashion to her servant, and to indulge herself in this last view of Joseph (for that she was most certainly resolved it should be) at his own expence, by first insulting, and then discarding him.

O Love, what monstrous tricks dost thou play with thy votaries of both sexes! How dost thou deceive them, and make them deceive themselves! Their follies are thy delight! Their sighs make thee laugh, and their pangs are thy merriment!

Not the great Rich,³ who turns men into monkeys, wheelbarrows, and whatever else best humours his fancy, hath so strangely metamorphosed the human shape; nor the great Cibber,⁴ who confounds all number, gender, and breaks through every rule of grammar at his will, hath so distorted the English language, as thou dost metamorphose and distort the human senses.

Thou puttest out our eyes, stoppest up our ears, and takest away the power of our nostrils; so that we can neither see the largest object, hear the loudest noise, nor smell the most poignant perfume. Again, when thou pleasest, thou canst make a mole-hill appear as a mountain; a jew's-harp sound like a trumpet; and a dazy smell like a violet. Thou canst make cowardice brave, avarice generous, pride humble, and cruelty tender-hearted. In short, thou turnest the heart of man inside-out, as a juggler doth a petticoat, and bringest whatsoever pleaseth thee out from it. If there be any one who doubts all this, let him read the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII

In which, after some very fine Writing, the History goes on, and relates the Interview between the Lady and Joseph; where the latter hath set an Example, which we despair of seeing followed by his Sex, in this vicious Age.

Now the rake Hesperus¹ had called for his breeches, and having well rubbed his drowsy eyes, prepared to dress himself for all night; by whose example his brother rakes on earth likewise leave those beds, in which they had slept away the day. Now Thetis² the good housewife began to put on the pot in order to regale the good man Phœbus,³ after his daily labours were over. In vulgar language, it was in the evening when Joseph attended his lady's orders.

But as it becomes us to preserve the character of this lady, who is the heroine of our tale; and as we have naturally a wonderful tenderness for that beautiful part of the human species, called the fair sex; before we discover too much of her frailty to our reader, it will be proper to give him a lively idea of that vast temptation, which overcame all the efforts of a modest and virtuous mind; and then we humbly hope his good-nature will rather pity than condemn the imperfection of human virtue.

Nay, the ladies themselves will, we hope, be induced, by considering the uncommon variety of charms, which united in this young man's person, to bridle their rampant passion for chastity, and be at least, as mild as their violent modesty and virtue will permit them, in censuring the conduct of a woman, who, perhaps, was in her own disposition as chaste as those pure and sanctified virgins, who, after a life innocently spent in the gaieties of the town, begin about fifty to attend twice *per diem*, at the polite churches and chapels, to return thanks for the grace which preserved them formerly amongst beaux from temptations, perhaps less powerful than what now attacked the Lady Booby.

Mr Joseph Andrews was now in the one and twentieth year of his age. He was of the highest degree of middle stature. His limbs were put together with great elegance and no less strength. His legs and

thighs were formed in the exactest proportion. His shoulders were broad and brawny, but yet his arms hung so easily, that he had all the symptoms of strength without the least clumsiness. His hair was of a nut-brown colour, and was displayed in wanton⁴ ringlets down his back. His forehead was high, his eyes dark, and as full of sweetness as of fire. His nose a little inclined to the roman. His teeth white and even. His lips full, red, and soft. His beard was only rough on his chin and upper lip; but his cheeks, in which his blood glowed, were overspread with a thick down. His countenance had a tenderness joined with a sensibility⁵ inexpressible. Add to this the most perfect neatness in his dress, and an air, which to those who have not seen many noblemen, would give an idea of nobility.

Such was the person who now appeared before the lady. She viewed him some time in silence, and twice or thrice before she spake, changed her mind as to the manner in which she should begin. At length, she said to him, 'Joseph, I am sorry to hear such complaints against you; I am told you behave so rudely to the maids, that they cannot do their business in quiet; I mean those who are not wicked enough to hearken to your solicitations. As to others, they may not, perhaps, call you rude: for there are wicked sluts who make one ashamed of one's own sex; and are as ready to admit any nauseous familiarity as fellows to offer it; nay, there are such in my family: but they shall not stay in it; that impudent trollop, who is with child by you, is discharged by this time.'

As a person who is struck through the heart with a thunderbolt, looks extremely surprised, nay, and perhaps is so too. — Thus the poor Joseph received the false accusation of his mistress; he blushed and looked confounded, which she misinterpreted to be symptoms of his guilt, and thus went on.

'Come hither, Joseph: another mistress might discard you for these offences; But I have a compassion for your youth, and if I could be certain you would be no more guilty — Consider, child, (*laying her hand carelessly upon his*) you are a handsome young fellow, and might do better; you might make your fortune —. 'Madam,' said Joseph, 'I do assure your ladyship, I don't know whether any maid in the house is man or woman —.' 'Oh fie! Joseph,' answer'd the lady, 'don't commit another crime in denying the truth. I could pardon the first; but I hate a liar.'

‘Madam,’ cries Joseph, ‘I hope your ladyship will not be offended at my asserting my innocence: for by all that is sacred, I have never offered more than kissing.’ ‘Kissing!’ said the lady, with great discomposure of countenance, and more redness in her cheeks, than anger in her eyes, ‘do you call that no crime? Kissing, Joseph, is as a prologue to a play. Can I believe a young fellow of your age and complexion will be content with kissing? No, Joseph, there is no woman who grants that but will grant more, and I am deceived greatly in you, if you would not put her closely to it. What would you think, Joseph, if I admitted you to kiss me?’ Joseph reply’d, ‘he would sooner die than have any such thought.’ ‘And yet, Joseph,’ returned she, ‘ladies have admitted their footmen to such familiarities; and footmen, I confess to you, much less deserving them; fellows without half your charms: for such might almost excuse the crime. Tell me, therefore, Joseph, if I should admit you to such freedom, what would you think of me? — tell me freely.’ ‘Madam’ said Joseph, ‘I should think your ladyship condescended a great deal below yourself.’ ‘Pugh!’ said she, ‘that I am to answer to myself: but would not you insist on more? Would you be contented with a kiss? Would not your inclinations be all on fire rather by such a favour?’ ‘Madam’ said Joseph, ‘if they were, I hope I should be able to controll them, without suffering them to get the better of my virtue.’ You have heard, reader, poets talk of the *statue of surprize*;⁶ you have heard likewise, or else you have heard very little, how surprize made one of the sons of Croesus speak tho’ he was dumb.⁷ You have seen the faces, in the eighteen-penny gallery, when through the trap-door, to soft or no musick, Mr Bridgewater, Mr William Mills,⁸ or some other of ghostly appearance, hath ascended with a face all pale with powder, and a shirt all bloody with ribbons; but from none of these, nor from Phidias, or Praxiteles,⁹ if they should return to life — no, not from the inimitable pencil of my friend Hogarth, could you receive such an idea of surprize, as would have entered in at your eyes, had they beheld the Lady Booby, when those last words issued out from the lips of Joseph. — ‘Your virtue! (said the lady recovering after a silence of two minutes) I shall never survive it. Your virtue! Intolerable confidence! Have you the assurance to pretend,¹⁰ that when a lady demeans herself to throw aside the rules of decency, in order to honour you with the highest favour in her power,

your virtue should resist her inclination? That when she had conquer'd her own virtue, she should find an obstruction in yours?' 'Madam,' said Joseph, 'I can't see why her having no virtue should be a reason against my having any. Or why, because I am a man, or because I am poor, my virtue must be subservient to her pleasures.' 'I am out of patience,' cries the lady: 'Did ever mortal hear of a man's virtue! Did ever the greatest, or the gravest men pretend to any of this kind! Will magistrates who punish lewdness, or parsons, who preach against it, make any scruple of committing it? And can a boy, a stripling, have the confidence to talk of his virtue?' 'Madam' says Joseph, 'that boy is the brother of Pamela, and would be ashamed, that the chastity of his family, which is preserved in her, should be stained in him. If there are such men as your ladyship mentions, I am sorry for it, and I wish they had an opportunity of reading over those letters, which my father hath sent me of my sister Pamela's, nor do I doubt that such an example would amend them.'¹¹ 'You impudent villain,' cries the lady in a rage, 'Do you insult me with the follies of my relation, who hath exposed himself all over the country upon your sister's account? a little vixen, whom I have always wondered my late Lady John Booby ever kept in her house. Sirrah! get out of my sight, and prepare to set out this night, for I will order you your wages immediately, and you shall be stripped and turned away —.' 'Madam,' says Joseph, 'I am sorry I have offended your ladyship, I am sure I never intended it.' 'Yes, sirrah,' cries she, 'you have had the vanity to misconstrue the little innocent freedom I took in order to try, whether what I had heard was true. O' my conscience, you have had the assurance to imagine, I was fond of you myself.' Joseph answered, he had only spoke out of tenderness for his virtue; at which words she flew into a violent passion, and refusing to hear more, ordered him instantly to leave the room.

He was no sooner gone, than she burst forth into the following exclamation: 'Whither doth this violent passion hurry us? What meannesses do we submit to from its impulse? Wisely we resist its first and least approaches; for it is then only we can assure ourselves the victory. No woman could ever safely say, *so far only will I go*. Have I not exposed myself to the refusal of my footman? I cannot bear the reflection.' Upon which she applied herself to the bell, and

rung it with infinite more violence than was necessary; the faithful Slipslop attending near at hand: to say the truth, she had conceived a suspicion at her last interview with her mistress; and had waited ever since in the antichamber, having carefully applied her ears to the key-hole during the whole time, that the preceeding conversation passed between Joseph and the lady.

CHAPTER IX

What passed between the lady and Mrs Slipslop, in which we prophesy there are some Strokes which every one will not truly comprehend at the first Reading.

‘Slipslop,’ said the lady, ‘I find too much reason to believe all thou hast told me of this wicked Joseph; I have determined to part with him instantly; so go you to the steward, and bid him pay him his wages.’ Slipslop, who had preserved hitherto a distance to her lady, rather out of necessity than inclination, and who thought the knowledge of this secret had thrown down all distinction between them, answered her mistress very pertly, ‘she wished she knew her own mind; and that she was certain she would call her back again, before she was got half way down stairs.’ The lady replied, ‘she had taken a resolution, and was resolved to keep it.’ ‘I am sorry for it,’ cries Slipslop; ‘and if I had known you would have punished the poor lad so severely, you should never have heard a particle of the matter. Here’s a fuss indeed, about nothing.’ ‘Nothing!’ returned my lady; ‘Do you think I will countenance lewdness in my house?’ ‘If you will turn away every footman,’ said Slipslop, ‘that is a lover of the sport, you must soon open the coach-door yourself, or get a sett of *mophrodites*¹ to wait upon you; and I am sure I hated the sight of them even singing in an opera.’ ‘Do as I bid you,’ says my lady, ‘and don’t shock my ears with your beastly language.’ ‘Marry-come-up,’ cries Slipslop, ‘people’s ears are sometimes the nicest² part about them.’

The lady, who began to admire³ the new style in which her waiting-

gentlewoman delivered herself, and by the conclusion of her speech, suspected somewhat the truth, called her back, and desired to know what she meant by that extraordinary degree of freedom in which she thought proper to indulge her tongue. 'Freedom!' says Slipslop, 'I don't know what you call freedom, madam; servants have tongues as well as their mistresses.' 'Yes, and saucy ones too,' answered the lady: 'but I assure you I shall bear no such impertinence.' 'Impertinence! I don't know that I am impertinent,' says Slipslop. 'Yes indeed you are,' cries my lady; 'and unless you mend your manners, this house is no place for you.' 'Manners!' cries Slipslop, 'I never was thought to want manners *nor modesty neither*; and for places, there are more places than one; and I know what I know.' 'What do you know, mistress?' answered the lady. 'I am not obliged to tell that to every body,' says Slipslop, 'any more than I am obliged to keep it a secret.' 'I desire you would provide yourself';⁴ answered the lady. 'With all my heart,' replied the waiting-gentlewoman; and so departed in a passion, and slapped the door after her.

The lady too plainly perceived that her waiting-gentlewoman knew more than she would willingly have had her acquainted with; and this she imputed to Joseph's having discovered to her what past at the first interview. This therefore blew up her rage against him, and confirmed her in a resolution of parting with him.

But the dismissing Mrs Slipslop was a point not so easily to be resolved upon: she had the utmost tenderness for her reputation, as she knew on that depended many of the most valuable blessings of life; particularly cards, making court'sies in public places, and above all, the pleasure of demolishing the reputations of others, in which innocent amusement she had an extraordinary delight. She therefore determined to submit to any insult from a servant, rather than run a risque of losing the title to so many great privileges.

She therefore sent for her steward, Mr Peter Pounce; and ordered him to pay Joseph his wages, to strip off his livery and turn him out of the house that evening.

She then called Slipslop up, and after refreshing her spirits with a small cordial which she kept in her closet, she began in the following manner:

'Slipslop, why will you, who know my passionate temper, attempt to provoke me by your answers? I am convinced you are an honest servant,

and should be very unwilling to part with you. I believe likewise, you have found me an indulgent mistress on many occasions, and have as little reason on your side to desire a change. I can't help being surprized therefore, that you will take the surest method to offend me. I mean repeating my words, which you know I have always detested.'

The prudent waiting-gentlewoman, had duly weighed the whole matter, and found on mature deliberation, that a good place in possession was better than one in expectation; as she found her mistress therefore inclined to relent, she thought proper also to put on some small condescension;⁵ which was as readily accepted: and so the affair was reconciled, all offences forgiven, and a present of a gown and petticoat made her as an instance of her lady's future favour.

She offered once or twice to speak in favour of Joseph: but found her lady's heart so obdurate, that she prudently dropt all such efforts. She considered there were more footmen in the house, and some as stout fellows, tho' not quite so handsome as Joseph: besides, the reader hath already seen her tender advances had not met with the encouragement she might have reasonably expected. She thought she had thrown away a great deal of sack and sweet-meats⁶ on an ungrateful rascal; and being a little inclined to the opinion of that female sect, who hold one lusty young fellow to be near as good as another lusty young fellow, she at last gave up Joseph and his cause, and with a triumph over her passion highly commendable, walked off with her present, and with great tranquility paid a visit to a stone-bottle, which is of sovereign use to a philosophical temper.

She left not her mistress so easy. The poor lady could not reflect, without agony, that her dear reputation was in the power of her servants. All her comfort, as to Joseph was, that she hoped he did not understand her meaning; at least, she could say for herself, she had not plainly express'd any thing to him; and as to Mrs Slipslop, she imagined she could bribe her to secrecy.

But what hurt her most was, that in reality she had not so entirely conquered her passion; the little god lay lurking in her heart, tho' anger and disdain so hoodwinked her, that she could not see him. She was a thousand times on the very brink of revoking the sentence she had passed against the poor youth. Love became his advocate, and whispered

many things in his favour. Honour likewise endeavoured to vindicate his crime, and Pity to mitigate his punishment; on the other side, Pride and Revenge spoke as loudly against him: and thus the poor lady was tortured with perplexity; opposite passions distracting and tearing her mind different ways.

So have I seen, in the Hall of Westminster; where Serjeant Bramble hath been retained on the right side, and Serjeant Puzzle⁷ on the left; the balance of opinion (so equal were their fees) alternately incline to either scale. Now Bramble throws in an argument, and Puzzle's scale strikes the beam; again, Bramble shares the like fate, overpowered by the weight of Puzzle. Here Bramble hits, there Puzzle strikes; here one has you, there t'other has you; 'till at last all becomes one scene of confusion in the tortured minds of the hearers; equal wagers are laid on the success, and neither judge nor jury can possibly make any thing of the matter; all things are so enveloped by the careful serjeants in doubt and obscurity.

Or as it happens in the conscience, where honour and honesty pull one way, and a bribe and necessity another. — If it was only our present business to make similies, we could produce many more to this purpose: but a similie (as well as a word) to the wise. We shall therefore see a little after our hero, for whom the reader is doubtless in some pain.

CHAPTER X

Joseph writes another Letter: His Transactions with Mr Peter Pounce, &c. with his departure from Lady Booby.

The disconsolate Joseph, would not have had an understanding sufficient for the principal subject of such a book as this, if he had any longer misunderstood the drift of his mistress; and indeed that he did not discern it sooner, the reader will be pleased to apply to an unwillingness in him to discover what he must condemn in her as a fault. Having therefore quitted her presence, he retired into his own garret, and

entered himself into an ejaculation¹ on the numberless calamities which attended beauty, and the misfortune it was to be handsomer than one's neighbours.

He then sat down and addressed himself to his sister Pamela, in the following words:

'Dear Sister Pamela,

'Hoping you are well, what news have I to tell you! O Pamela, my mistress is fallen in love with me — that is, what great folks call falling in love, she has a mind to ruin me; but I hope, I shall have more resolution and more grace than to part with my virtue to any lady upon earth.

'Mr Adams hath often told me, that chastity is as great a virtue in a man as in a woman. He says he never knew any more than his wife, and I shall endeavour to follow his example. Indeed, it is owing entirely to his excellent sermons and advice, together with your letters, that I have been able to resist a temptation, which he says no man complies with, but he repents in this world, or is damned for it in the next; and why should I trust to repentance on my death-bed, since I may die in my sleep? What fine things are good advice and good examples! But I am glad she turned me out of the chamber as she did: for I had once almost forgotten every word Parson Adams had ever said to me.

'I don't doubt, dear sister, but you will have grace to preserve your virtue against all trials; and I beg you earnestly to pray, I may be enabled to preserve mine: for truly, it is very severely attacked by more than one: but, I hope I shall copy your example, and that of Joseph, my name's-sake; and maintain my virtue against all temptations.'

Joseph had not finished his letter, when he was summoned down stairs by Mr Peter Pounce,² to receive his wages: for, besides that out of eight pounds a year, he allowed his father and mother four, he had been obliged, in order to furnish himself with musical instruments, to apply to the generosity of the aforesaid Peter, who, on urgent occasions, used to advance the servants their wages: not before they were due, but before they were payable; that is, perhaps, half a year after they were due, and this at the moderate premiums of fifty percent,³ or a little more; by which charitable methods, together with lending money to other people, and even to his own master and mistress, the honest

man had, from nothing, in a few years amassed a small sum of twenty thousand pounds or thereabouts.

Joseph having received his little remainder of wages, and having stript off his livery, was forced to borrow a frock⁴ and breeches of one of the servants: (for he was so beloved in the family, that they would all have lent him any thing) and being told by Peter, that he must not stay a moment longer in the house, than was necessary to pack up his linnen, which he easily did in a very narrow compass; he took a melancholy leave of his fellow-servants, and set out at seven in the evening.

He had proceeded the length of two or three streets, before he absolutely determined with himself, whether he should leave the town that night, or procuring a lodging, wait 'till the morning. At last, the moon, shining very bright, helped him to come to a resolution of beginning his journey immediately, to which likewise he had some other inducements which the reader, without being a conjurer, cannot possibly guess; 'till we have given him those hints, which it may be now proper to open.

CHAPTER XI

Of several new Matters not expected.

It is an observation sometimes made, that to indicate our idea of a simple fellow, we say, *He is easily to be seen through*: nor do I believe it a more improper denotation of a simple book. Instead of applying this to any particular performance, we chuse rather to remark the contrary in this history, where the scene opens itself by small degrees, and he is a sagacious reader who can see two chapters before him.

For this reason, we have not hitherto hinted a matter which now seems necessary to be explained; since it may be wondered at, first, that Joseph made such extraordinary haste out of town, which hath been already shewn; and secondly, which will be now shewn, that instead of proceeding to the habitation of his father and mother, or to his beloved

sister Pamela, he chose rather to set out full speed to the Lady Booby's country seat, which he had left on his journey to London.

Be it known then, that in the same parish where this seat stood, there lived a young girl whom Joseph (tho' the best of sons and brothers) longed more impatiently to see than his parents or his sister. She was a poor girl, who had been formerly bred up in Sir John's family;¹ when a little before the journey to London, she had been discarded by Mrs Slipslop on account of her extraordinary beauty: for I never could find any other reason.

This young creature (who now lived with a farmer in the parish) had been always beloved by Joseph, and returned his affection. She was two years only younger than our hero. They had been acquainted from their infancy, and had conceived a very early liking for each other, which had grown to such a degree of affection, that Mr Adams had with much ado prevented them from marrying; and persuaded them to wait, 'till a few years service and thrift had a little improved their experience, and enabled them to live comfortably together.

They followed this good man's advice; as indeed his word was little less than a law in his parish: for as he had shewn his parishioners by a uniform behaviour of thirty-five years duration, that he had their good entirely at heart; so they consulted him on every occasion, and very seldom acted contrary to his opinion.

Nothing can be imagined more tender than was the parting between these two lovers. A thousand sighs heaved the bosom of Joseph; a thousand tears distilled from the lovely eyes of Fanny, (for that was her name.) Tho' her modesty would only suffer her to admit his eager kisses, her violent love made her more than passive in his embraces; and she often pulled him to her breast with a soft pressure, which, tho' perhaps it would not have squeezed an insect to death, caused more emotion in the heart of Joseph, than the closest Cornish hug² could have done.

The reader may perhaps wonder, that so fond a pair should during a twelve-month's absence never converse with one another; indeed there was but one reason which did, or could have prevented them; and this was, that poor Fanny could neither write nor read, nor could she be prevailed upon to transmit the delicacies of her tender and chaste

passion, by the hands of an amanuensis.

They contented themselves therefore with frequent enquiries after each other's health, with a mutual confidence in each other's fidelity, and the prospect of their future happiness.

Having explained these matters to our reader, and, as far as possible, satisfied all his doubts, we return to honest Joseph, whom we left just set out on his travels by the light of the moon.

Those who have read any romance or poetry antient or modern, must have been informed, that love hath wings; by which they are not to understand, as some young ladies by mistake have done, that a lover can fly: the writers, by this ingenious allegory, intending to insinuate no more, than that lovers do not march like horse-guards; in short, that they put the best leg foremost, which our lusty youth, who could walk with any man, did so heartily on this occasion, that within four hours, he reached a famous house of hospitality well known to the western traveller. It presents you a lion on the sign post: and the master, who was christened Timotheus, is commonly called plain Tim.³ Some have conceived that he hath particularly chosen the lion for his sign, as he doth in countenance greatly resemble that magnanimous beast, tho' his disposition savours more of the sweetness of the lamb.⁴ He is a person well received among all sorts of men, being qualified to render himself agreeable to any; as he is well versed in history and politicks, hath a smattering in law and divinity, cracks a good jest, and plays wonderfully well on the French horn.

A violent storm of hail forced Joseph to take shelter in this inn, where he remembered Sir Thomas had dined in his way to town. Joseph had no sooner seated himself by the kitchen-fire, than Timotheus, observing his livery, began to condole the loss of his late master; who was, he said, his very particular and intimate acquaintance, with whom he had cracked many a merry bottle, aye many a dozen in his time. He then remarked that all those things were over now, all past, and just as if they had never been; and concluded with an excellent observation on the certainty of death, which his wife said was indeed very true. A fellow now arrived at the same inn with two horses, one of which he was leading farther down into the country to meet his master; these he put into the stable, and came and took his place by Joseph's side, who

immediately knew him to be the servant of a neighbouring gentleman, who used to visit at their house.

This fellow was likewise forced in by the storm; for he had orders to go twenty miles farther that evening, and luckily on the same road which Joseph himself intended to take. He therefore embraced this opportunity of complimenting his friend with his master's horses, (notwithstanding he had received express commands to the contrary) which was readily accepted: and so after they had drank a loving pot, and the storm was over, they set out together.

CHAPTER XII

Containing many surprizing Adventures, which Joseph Andrews met with on the Road, scarce credible to those who have never travelled in a Stage-Coach.¹

Nothing remarkable happened on the road, 'till their arrival at the inn, to which the horses were ordered; whither they came about two in the morning. The moon then shone very bright, and Joseph making his friend a present of a pint of wine, and thanking him for the favour of his horse, notwithstanding all entreaties to the contrary, proceeded on his journey on foot.

He had not gone above two miles, charmed with the hopes of shortly seeing his beloved Fanny, when he was met by two fellows in a narrow lane, and ordered to stand and deliver. He readily gave them all the money he had, which was somewhat less than two pounds; and told them he hoped they would be so generous as to return him a few shillings, to defray his charges on his way home.

One of the ruffians answered with an oath, *Yes, we'll give you something presently: but first strip and be d — n'd to you. — Strip, cry'd the other, or I'll blow your brains to the Devil.* Joseph, remembering that he had borrowed his coat and breeches of a friend; and that he should be ashamed of making any excuse for not returning them, reply'd, he hoped they would not insist on his clothes, which were not worth

much; but consider the coldness of the night. *You are cold, are you, you rascal!* says one of the robbers, *I'll warm you with a vengeance;* and damning his eyes, snapt a pistol at his head: which he had no sooner done, than the other levelled a blow at him with his stick, which Joseph, who was expert at cudgel-playing, caught with his, and returned the favour so successfully on his adversary, that he laid him sprawling at his feet, and at the same instant received a blow from behind, with the butt-end of a pistol from the other villain, which felled him to the ground, and totally deprived him of his senses.

The thief, who had been knocked down, had now recovered himself; and both together fell to be-labouring poor Joseph with their sticks, till they were convinced they had put an end to his miserable being: they then stript him entirely naked, threw him into a ditch, and departed with their booty.

The poor wretch, who lay motionless a long time, just began to recover his senses as a stage-coach came by. The postillion hearing a man's groans, stopt his horses, and told the coachman, 'he was certain there was a *dead* man lying in the ditch, for he heard him groan.' 'Go on, sirrah,' says the coachman, 'we are confounded late, and have no time to look after dead men.' A lady, who heard what the postillion said, and likewise heard the groan, called eagerly to the coachman, 'to stop and see what was the matter.' Upon which he bid the postillion 'alight, and look into the ditch.' He did so, and returned, 'that there was a man sitting upright as naked as ever he was born.' — 'O *J-sus*,' cry'd the lady, 'A naked man! Dear coachman, drive on and leave him.' Upon this the gentlemen got out of the coach; and Joseph begged them, 'to have mercy upon him: for that he had been robbed, and almost beaten to death.' 'Robbed,' cries an old gentleman; 'Let us make all the haste imaginable, or we shall be robbed too.' A young man, who belonged to the law answered, 'he wished they had past by without taking any notice: But that now they might be proved to have been *last in his company*; if he should die, they might be called to some account for his murther. He therefore thought it advisable to save the poor creature's life, for their own sakes, if possible; at least, if he died, to prevent the jury's finding *that they fled for it*.² He was therefore of *opinion*, to take the man into the coach, and carry him to the next

inn.' The lady insisted, 'that he should not come into the coach. That if they lifted him in, she would herself alight: for she had rather stay in that place to all eternity, than ride with a naked man.' The coachman objected, 'that he could not suffer him to be taken in, unless some body would pay a shilling for his carriage the four miles.' Which the two gentlemen refused to do; but the lawyer, who was afraid of some mischief happening to himself if the wretch was left behind in that condition, saying, 'no man could be too cautious in these matters, and that he remembred very extraordinary cases in the books,' threatned the coachman, and bid him deny taking him up at his peril; 'for that if he died, he should be indicted for his murther, and if he lived, and brought an action against him, he would willingly take a brief in it.' These words had a sensible effect on the coachman, who was well acquainted with the person who spake them; and the old gentleman abovementioned, thinking the naked man would afford him frequent opportunities of shewing his wit to the lady, offered to join with the company in giving a mug of beer for his fare; till partly alarmed by the threats of the one, and partly by the promises of the other, and being perhaps *a little* moved with compassion at the poor creature's condition, who stood bleeding and shivering with the cold, he at length agreed; and Joseph was now advancing to the coach, where seeing the lady, who held the sticks of her fan before her eyes, he absolutely refused, miserable as he was, to enter, unless he was furnished with sufficient covering, to prevent giving the least offence to decency. So perfectly modest was this young man; such mighty effects had the spotless example of the amiable Pamela, and the excellent sermons of Mr Adams wrought upon him.

Though there were several great coats about the coach, it was not easy to get over this difficulty which Joseph had started. The two gentlemen complained they were cold, and could not spare a rag; the man of wit saying, with a laugh, *that charity began at home*; and the coachman, who had two great coats spread under him, refused to lend either, lest they should be made bloody; the lady's footman desired to be excused for the same reason, which the lady herself, notwithstanding her abhorrence of a naked man, approved: and it is more probable, poor Joseph, who obstinately adhered to his modest resolution, must have

perished, unless the postillion, (a lad who hath been since transported for robbing a hen-roost³) had voluntarily stript off a great coat, his only garment, at the same time swearing a great oath, (for which he was rebuked by the passengers) 'that he would rather ride in his shirt all his life, than suffer a fellow-creature to lie in so miserable a condition.'

Joseph, having put on the great coat, was lifted into the coach, which now proceeded on its journey. He declared himself almost dead with the cold, which gave the man of wit an occasion to ask the lady, if she could not accommodate him with a dram. She answered with some resentment, 'she wondered at his asking her such a question;' but assured him, 'she never tasted any such thing.'

The lawyer was enquiring into the circumstances of the robbery, when the coach stopt, and one of the ruffians, putting a pistol in, demanded their money of the passengers; who readily gave it them; and the lady, in her fright, delivered up a little silver bottle, of about a half-pint size, which, the rogue clapping it to his mouth, and drinking her health, declared held some of the best nantes⁴ he had ever tasted: this the lady afterwards assured the company was the mistake of her maid, for that she had ordered her to fill the bottle with Hungary water.⁵

As soon as the fellows were departed, the lawyer, who had, it seems, a case of pistols in the seat of the coach, informed the company, that if it had been day-light, and he could have come at his pistols, he would not have submitted to the robbery; he likewise set forth, that he had often met highwaymen when he travelled on horseback, but none ever durst attack him; concluding, that if he had not been more afraid for the lady than for himself, he should not have now parted with his money so easily.

As wit is generally observed to love to reside in empty pockets; so the gentleman, whose ingenuity we have above remark'd, as soon as he had parted with his money, began to grow wonderfully facetious. He made frequent allusions to Adam and Eve, and said many excellent things on figs and fig leaves; which perhaps gave more offence to Joseph than to any other in the company.

The lawyer likewise made several very pretty jests, without departing from his profession. He said, 'if Joseph and the lady were alone, he would be the more capable of making a *conveyance* to her,

as his *affairs* were not *fettered* with any *incumbrance*; he'd warrant, he soon suffered a *recovery* by a writ of *entry*, which was the proper way to create *heirs in tail*; that for his own part, he would engage to make so *firm a settlement* in a coach, that there should be no danger of an *ejectment*;⁶ with an inundation of the like gibbrish, which he continued to vent till the coach arrived at an inn, where one servant-maid only was up in readiness to attend the coachman, and furnish him with cold meat and a dram. Joseph desired to alight, and that he might have a bed prepared for him, which the maid readily promised to perform; and being a good-natur'd wench, and not so squeamish as the lady had been, she clapt a large faggot on the fire, and furnishing Joseph with a great coat belonging to one of the hostlers, desired him to sit down and warm himself, whilst she made his bed. The coachman, in the mean time, took an opportunity to call up a surgeon, who lived within a few doors: after which, he reminded his passengers how late they were, and after they had taken leave of Joseph, hurried them off as fast as he could.

The wench soon got Joseph to bed, and promised to use her interest to borrow him a shirt; but imagined, as she afterwards said, by his being so bloody, that he must be a dead man: she ran with all speed to hasten the surgeon, who was more than half drest, apprehending that the coach had been overturned and some gentleman or lady hurt. As soon as the wench had informed him at his window, that it was a poor foot passenger who had been stripped of all he had, and almost murdered; he chid her for disturbing him so early, slipped off his clothes again, and very quietly returned to bed and to sleep.

Aurora⁷ now began to shew her blooming cheeks over the hills, whilst ten millions of feathered songsters, in jocund chorus, repeated odes a thousand times sweeter than those of our Laureate, and sung both *the day and the song*;⁸ when the master of the inn, Mr Tow-wouse, arose, and learning from his maid an account of the robbery, and the situation of his poor naked guest, he shook his head, and cried, *Good-lack-a-day!* and then ordered the girl to carry him one of his own shirts.

Mrs Tow-wouse was just awake, and had stretched out her arms in vain to fold her departed husband, when the maid entered the room. 'Who's there? Betty?' 'Yes madam.' 'Where's your master?' 'He's without,

madam; he hath sent me for a shirt to lend a poor naked man, who hath been robbed and murdered.' 'Touch one, if you dare, you slut,' said Mrs Tow-ouse, 'your master is a pretty sort of a man to take in naked vagabonds, and clothe them with his own clothes. I shall have no such doings. — If you offer to touch any thing, I will throw the chamber-pot at your head. Go, send your master to me.' 'Yes madam,' answered Betty. As soon as he came in, she thus began: 'What the Devil do you mean by this, Mr Tow-ouse? Am I to buy shirts to lend to a sett of scabby rascals?' 'My dear,' said Mr Tow-ouse, 'this is a poor wretch.' 'Yes,' says she, 'I know it is a poor wretch, but what the Devil have we to do with poor wretches? The law makes us provide for too many already. We shall have thirty or forty poor wretches in red coats⁹ shortly.' 'My dear,' cries Tow-ouse, 'this man hath been robbed of all he hath.' 'Well then,' says she, 'where's his money to pay his reckoning? Why doth not such a fellow go to an ale-house?¹⁰ I shall send him packing as soon as I am up, I assure you.' 'My dear,' said he, 'common charity won't suffer you to do that.' 'Common charity, a f—t!' says she, 'common charity teaches us to provide for ourselves, and our families; and I and mine won't be ruined by your charity I assure you.' 'Well,' says he, 'my dear, do as you will when you are up, you know I never contradict you.' 'No,' says she, 'if the Devil was to contradict me, I would make the house too hot to hold him.'

With such like discourses they consumed near half an hour, whilst Betty provided a shirt from the hostler, who was one of her sweethearts, and put it on poor Joseph. The surgeon had likewise at last visited him, had washed and drest his wounds, and was now come to acquaint Mr Tow-ouse, that his guest was in such extreme danger of his life, that he scarce saw any hopes of his recovery. — 'Here's a pretty kettle of fish,' cries Mrs Tow-ouse, 'you have brought upon us! We are like to have a funeral at our own expense.' Tow-ouse, (who notwithstanding his charity, would have given his vote as freely as he ever did at an election, that any other house in the kingdom, should have had quiet possession of his guest) answered, 'My dear, I am not to blame: he was brought hither by the stage-coach; and Betty had put him to bed before I was stirring.' 'T'll Betty her,' says she — At which, with half her garments on, the other half under her arm, she sallied out in quest of the unfortunate

Betty, whilst Tow-wouse and the surgeon went to pay a visit to poor Joseph, and enquire into the circumstance of this melancholy affair.

CHAPTER XIII

*What happened to Joseph during his Sickness at the Inn,
with the curious Discourse between him and Mr Barnabas
the Parson of the Parish.*

As soon as Joseph had communicated a particular history of the robbery, together with a short account of himself, and his intended journey, he asked the surgeon ‘if he apprehended him to be in any danger:’ To which the surgeon very honestly answered, ‘he feared he was; for that his pulse was very exalted and feverish, and if his fever should prove more than *symptomack*,¹ it would be impossible to save him.’ Joseph, fetching a deep sigh, cried, ‘*Poor Fanny, I would I could have lived to see thee! but G—’s will be done.*’

The surgeon then advised him, ‘if he had any worldly affairs to settle, that he would do it as soon as possible; for though he hoped he might recover, yet he thought himself obliged to acquaint him he was in great danger, and if the malign concoction of his humours should cause a suscitation of his fever,² he might soon grow delirious, and incapable to make his will.’ Joseph answered, ‘that it was impossible for any creature in the universe to be in a poorer condition than himself: for since the robbery he had not one thing of any kind whatever, which he could call his own.’ *I had*, said he, *a poor little piece of gold which they took away, that would have been a comfort to me in all my afflictions; but surely, Fanny, I want nothing to remind me of thee. I have thy dear image in my heart, and no villain can ever tear it thence.*

Joseph desired paper and pens to write a letter, but they were refused him; and he was advised to use all his endeavours to compose himself. They then left him; and Mr Tow-wouse sent to a clergyman, to come and administer his good offices to the soul of poor Joseph, since the surgeon despaired of making any successful applications to his body.

Mr Barnabas³ (for that was the clergyman's name) came as soon as sent for, and having first drank a dish of tea with the landlady, and afterwards a bowl of punch with the landlord, he walked up to the room where Joseph lay: but, finding him asleep, returned to take the other sneaker,⁴ which when he had finished, he again crept softly up to the chamber-door, and, having opened it, heard the sick man talking to himself in the following manner:

'O most adorable Pamela! most virtuous sister, whose example could alone enable me to withstand all the temptations of riches and beauty, and to preserve my virtue pure and chaste, for the arms of my dear Fanny, if it had pleased heaven that I should ever have come unto them. What riches, or honours, or pleasures can make us amends for the loss of innocence? Doth not that alone afford us more consolation, than all worldly acquisitions? What but innocence and virtue could give any comfort to such a miserable wretch as I am? Yet these can make me prefer this sick and painful bed to all the pleasures I should have found in my lady's. These can make me face death without fear; and though I love my Fanny more than ever man loved a woman; these can teach me to resign myself to the divine will without repining. O thou delightful charming creature, if Heaven had indulged thee to my arms, the poorest, humblest state would have been a paradise; I could have lived with thee in the lowest cottage, without envying the palaces, the dainties, or the riches of any man breathing. But I must leave thee, leave thee for ever, my dearest angel, I must think of another world, and I heartily pray thou may'st meet comfort in this.' — Barnabas thought he had heard enough; so down stairs he went, and told Tow-ouse he could do his guest no service: for that he was very light-headed, and had uttered nothing but a rhapsody of nonsense all the time he stayed in the room.

The surgeon returned in the afternoon, and found his patient in a higher fever, as he said, than when he left him, though not delirious: for notwithstanding Mr Barnabas's opinion, he had not been once out of his senses since his arrival at the inn.

Mr Barnabas was again sent for, and with much difficulty prevailed on to make another visit. As soon as he entered the room, he told Joseph, 'he was come to pray by him, and to prepare him for another world:

In the first place therefore, he hoped he had repented of all his sins?' Joseph answered, 'he hoped he had: but there was one thing which he knew not whether he should call a sin; if it was, he feared he should die in the commission of it, and that was the regret of parting with a young woman, whom he loved as tenderly as he did his heartstrings?' Barnabas bad him be assured, 'that any repining at the divine will, was one of the greatest sins he could commit; that he ought to forget all carnal affections, and think of better things.' Joseph said, 'that neither in this world nor the next, he could forget his Fanny, and that the thought, however grievous, of parting from her for ever, was not half so tormenting, as the fear of what she would suffer when she knew his misfortune.' Barnabas said, 'that such fears argued a diffidence and despondence very criminal; that he must divest himself of all human passion, and fix his heart above.' Joseph answered, 'that was what he desired to do, and should be obliged to him, if he would enable him to accomplish it.' Barnabas replied, 'That must be done by grace.' Joseph besought him to discover how he might attain it. Barnabas answered, 'By prayer and faith.' He then questioned him concerning his forgiveness of the thieves. Joseph answered, 'he feared, that was more than he could do: for nothing would give him more pleasure than to hear they were taken.' 'That,' cries Barnabas, 'is for the sake of justice.' 'Yes,' said Joseph, 'but if I was to meet them again, I am afraid I should attack them, and kill them too, if I could.' 'Doubtless,' answered Barnabas, 'it is lawful to kill a thief: but can you say, you forgive them as a Christian ought?' Joseph desired to know what that forgiveness was. 'That is,' answered Barnabas, 'to forgive them as — as — it is to forgive them as — in short, it is to forgive them as a Christian.' Joseph reply'd, 'he forgave them as much as he could.' 'Well, well,' said Barnabas, 'that will do.' He then demanded of him, 'if he remembered any more sins unrepented of; and if he did, he desired him to make haste and repent of them as fast as he could: that they might repeat over a few prayers together.' Joseph answered, 'he could not recollect any great crimes he had been guilty of, and that those he had committed, he was sincerely sorry for.' Barnabas said that was enough, and then proceeded to prayer with all the expedition he was master of: some company then waiting for him below in the parlour, where the ingredients for punch were all in

readiness; but no one would squeeze the oranges till he came.

Joseph complained he was dry, and desired a little tea; which Barnabas reported to Mrs Tow-ouse, who answered, 'she had just done drinking it, and could not be slopping all day;' but ordered Betty to carry him up some small beer.⁵

Betty obeyed her mistress's commands; but Joseph, as soon as he had tasted it, said, he feared it would encrease his fever, and that he longed very much for tea: to which the good-natured Betty answered, he should have tea, if there was any in the land; she accordingly went and bought him some herself, and attended him with it; where we will leave her and Joseph together for some time, to entertain the reader with other matters.

CHAPTER XIV

*Being very full of Adventures, which
succeeded each other at the Inn.*

It was now the dusk of the evening, when a grave person rode into the inn, and committing his horse to the hostler, went directly into the kitchen, and having called for a pipe of tobacco, took his place by the fire-side; where several other persons were likewise assembled.

The discourse ran altogether on the robbery which was committed the night before, and on the poor wretch, who lay above in the dreadful condition, in which we have already seen him. Mrs Tow-ouse said, 'she wondered what the devil Tom Whipwell meant by bringing such guests to her house, when there were so many ale-houses on the road proper for their reception? But she assured him, if he died, the parish should be at the expence of the funeral.' She added, 'nothing would serve the fellow's turn but tea, she would assure him.' Betty, who was just retired from her charitable office, answered, she believed he was a gentleman: for she never saw a finer skin in her life. 'Pox on his skin,' replied Mrs Tow-ouse, 'I suppose, that is all we are like to have for the reckoning. I desire no such gentlemen should ever call at the

Dragon;' (which it seems was the sign of the inn.)¹

The gentleman lately arrived discovered a great deal of emotion at the distress of this poor creature, whom he observed not to be fallen into the most compassionate hands. And indeed, if Mrs Tow-wouse had given no utterance to the sweetness of her temper, nature had taken such pains in her countenance, that Hogarth himself never gave more expression to a picture.

Her person was short, thin, and crooked. Her forehead projected in the middle, and thence descended in a declivity to the top of her nose, which was sharp and red, and would have hung over her lips, had not nature turned up the end of it. Her lips were two bits of skin, which, whenever she spoke, she drew together in a purse. Her chin was peeked, and at the upper end of that skin, which composed her cheeks, stood two bones, that almost hid a pair of small red eyes. Add to this, a voice most wonderfully adapted to the sentiments it was to convey, being both loud and hoarse.

It is not easy to say, whether the gentleman had conceived a greater dislike for his landlady, or compassion for her unhappy guest. He enquired very earnestly of the surgeon, who was now come into the kitchen, 'whether he had any hopes of his recovery?' he begged him, to use all possible means towards it, telling him, 'it was the duty of men of all professions, to apply their skill *gratis* for the relief of the poor and necessitous.' The surgeon answered, 'he should take proper care: but he defied all the surgeons in London to do him any good.' 'Pray, sir,' said the gentleman, 'What are his wounds?' — 'Why, do you know any thing of wounds?' says the surgeon, (winking upon Mrs Tow-wouse.) 'Sir, I have a small smattering in surgery,' answered the gentleman. 'A smattering — ho, ho, ho!' said the surgeon, 'I believe it is a smattering indeed.'

The company were all attentive, expecting to hear the doctor, who was what they call a dry fellow, expose the gentleman.

He began therefore with an air of triumph: 'I suppose, sir, you have travelled.' 'Not really, sir,' said the gentleman. 'Ho! then you have practised in the hospitals, perhaps.' — 'Not, sir.' 'Hum! not that neither? Whence, sir, then, if I may be so bold to enquire, have you got your knowledge in surgery?' 'Sir,' answered the gentleman, 'I do not pretend

to much; but, the little I know I have from books.' 'Books!' cries the doctor. — 'What, I suppose you have read Galen and Hippocrates!' 'No, sir,' said the gentleman. 'How! you understand surgery,' answers the doctor, 'and not read Galen and Hippocrates!' 'Sir,' cries the other, 'I believe there are many surgeons who have never read these authors.' 'I believe so too,' says the doctor, 'more shame for them: but thanks to my education: I have them by heart, and very seldom go without them both in my pocket.' 'They are pretty large books,' said the gentleman.² 'Aye,' said the doctor, 'I believe I know how large they are better than you,' (at which he fell a winking, and the whole company burst into a laugh.)

The doctor pursuing his triumph, asked the gentleman, 'if he did not understand physick as well as surgery.' 'Rather better,' answered the gentleman. 'Aye, like enough,' cries the doctor, with a wink. 'Why, I know a little of physick too,' 'I wish I knew half so much,' said Tow-wouse, 'I'd never wear an apron again.' 'Why, I believe, landlord,' cries the doctor, 'there are few men, tho' I say it, within twelve miles of the place, that handle a fever better. — *Veniente occurrere morbo*:³ that is my method. — I suppose brother, you understand Latin?' 'A little,' says the gentleman. 'Aye, and Greek now I'll warrant you: *Ton dapomibominos poluflosboio thalasses*.⁴ But I have almost forgot these things, I could have repeated Homer by heart once.' — 'Efags! the gentleman has caught a *Traytor*,⁵ says Mrs Tow-wouse; at which they all fell a laughing.

The gentleman, who had not the least affection for joking, very contentedly suffered the doctor to enjoy his victory; which he did with no small satisfaction: and having sufficiently sounded his depth, told him, 'he was thoroughly convinced of his great learning and abilities; and that he would be obliged to him, if he would let him know his opinion of his patient's case above stairs.' 'Sir,' says the doctor, 'his case is that of a dead man. — The contusion on his head has *perforated* the *internal membrane* of the *occiput*, and *divellicated* that *radical* small *minute* invisible *nerve*, which *coheres* to the *pericranium*; and this was attended with a fever at first *symptomattick*, then *pneumatick*,⁶ and he is at length *grown deliruuus*, or delirious, as the vulgar express it.'

He was proceeding in this learned manner, when a mighty noise interrupted him. Some young fellows in the neighbourhood had taken

one of the thieves, and were bringing him into the inn. Betty ran up stairs with this news to Joseph; who begged they might search for a little piece of broken gold, which had a ribband tied to it, and which he could swear to amongst all the hoards of the richest men in the universe.

Notwithstanding the fellow's persisting in his innocence, the mob were very busy in searching him, and presently, among other things, pulled out the piece of gold just mentioned; which Betty no sooner saw, than she laid violent hands on it, and conveyed it up to Joseph, who received it with raptures of joy, and hugging it in his bosom declared, *he could now die contented.*

Within a few minutes afterwards, came in some other fellows, with a bundle which they had found in a ditch; and which was indeed the clothes which had been stripped off from Joseph, and the other things they had taken from him.

The gentleman no sooner saw the coat, than he declared he knew the livery; and if it had been taken from the poor creature above stairs, desired he might see him: for that he was very well acquainted with the family to whom that livery belonged.

He was accordingly conducted up by Betty: but what, reader, was the surprize on both sides, when he saw Joseph was the person in bed; and when Joseph discovered the face of his good friend Mr Abraham Adams.

It would be impertinent to insert a discourse which chiefly turned on the relation of matters already well known to the reader: for as soon as the curate had satisfied Joseph concerning the perfect health of his Fanny, he was on his side very inquisitive into all the particulars which had produced this unfortunate accident.

To return therefore to the kitchen, where a great variety of company were now assembled from all the rooms of the house, as well as the neighbourhood: so much delight do men take in contemplating the countenance of a thief:

Mr Tow-wouse began to rub his hands with pleasure, at seeing so large an assembly; who would, he hoped, shortly adjourn into several apartments, in order to discourse over the robbery; and drink a health to all honest men: but Mrs Tow-wouse, whose misfortune it was commonly to see things a little perversly, began to rail at those who brought the

fellow into her house; telling her husband, 'they were very likely to thrive, who kept a house of entertainment for beggars and thieves.'

The mob had now finished their search; and could find nothing about the captive likely to prove any evidence: for as to the clothes, tho' the mob were very well satisfied with that proof; yet, as the surgeon observed, they could not convict him, because they were not found in his custody; to which Barnabas agreed: and added, that these were *bona waviata*,⁷ and belonged to the lord of the manor.

'How,' says the surgeon, 'do you say these goods belong to the lord of the manor?' 'I do,' cried Barnabas. 'Then I deny it,' says the surgeon. 'What can the lord of the manor have to do in the case? Will any one attempt to persuade me that what a man finds is not his own?' 'I have heard, (says an old fellow in the corner) Justice Wise-one say, that if every man had his right, whatever is found belongs to the King of London.' 'That may be true,' says Barnabas, 'in some sense: for the law makes a difference between things stolen, and things found: for a thing may be stolen that never is found; and a thing may be found that never was stolen. Now goods that are both stolen and found are *waviata*; and they belong to the lord of the manor.' 'So the lord of the manor is the receiver of stolen goods:' (says the doctor) at which there was a universal laugh, being first begun by himself.

While the prisoner, by persisting in his innocence, had almost (as there was no evidence against him) brought over Barnabas, the surgeon, Tow-ouse, and several others to his side; Betty informed them, that they had over-looked a little piece of gold, which she had carried up to the man in bed; and which he offered to swear to amongst a million, aye, amongst ten thousand. This immediately turned the scale against the prisoner; and every one now concluded him guilty. It was resolved therefore, to keep him secured that night, and early in the morning to carry him before a justice.

CHAPTER XV

Shewing how Mrs Tow-wouse was a little mollified; and how officious Mr Barnabas and the Surgeon were to prosecute the Thief: With a Dissertation accounting for their Zeal; and that of many other Persons not mentioned in this History.

Betty told her mistress, she believed the man in bed was a greater man than they took him for: for besides the extreme whiteness of his skin, and the softness of his hands; she observed a very great familiarity between the gentleman and him; and added, she was certain they were intimate acquaintance, if not relations.

This somewhat abated the severity of Mrs Tow-wouse's countenance. She said, 'God forbid she should not discharge the duty of a Christian, since the poor gentleman was brought to her house. She had a natural antipathy to vagabonds: but could pity the misfortunes of a Christian as soon as another.' Tow-wouse said, 'If the traveller be a gentleman, tho' he hath no money about him now, we shall most likely be paid hereafter; so you may begin to score¹ whenever you will.' Mrs Tow-wouse answered, 'Hold your simple tongue, and don't instruct me in my business. I am sure I am sorry for the gentleman's misfortune with all my heart, and I hope the villain who hath used him so barbarously will be hanged. Betty, go, see what he wants. G— forbid he should want any thing in my house.'

Barnabas, and the surgeon went up to Joseph, to satisfy themselves concerning the piece of gold. Joseph was with difficulty prevailed upon to shew it them; but would by no entreaties be brought to deliver it out of his own possession. He, however, attested this to be the same which had been taken from him; and Betty was ready to swear to the finding it on the thief.

The only difficulty that remained, was how to produce this gold before the justice: for as to carrying Joseph himself, it seemed impossible; nor was there any greater likelihood of obtaining it from him: for he had fastened it with a ribband to his arm, and solemnly vowed, that nothing but irresistible force should ever separate them; in which

resolution, Mr Adams, clenching a fist rather less than the knuckle of an ox, declared he would support him.

A dispute arose on this occasion concerning evidence, not very necessary to be related here; after which the surgeon dress'd Mr Joseph's head; still persisting in the imminent danger in which his patient lay: but concluding with a very important look, 'that he began to have some hopes; that he should send him a *sanative soporiferous* draught,² and would see him in the morning.' After which Barnabas and he departed, and left Mr Joseph and Mr Adams together.

Adams informed Joseph of the occasion of this journey which he was making to London, namely to publish three volumes of sermons; being encouraged, he said, by an advertisement lately set forth by a society of booksellers, who proposed to purchase any copies offered to them at a price to be settled by two persons:³ but tho' he imagined he should get a considerable sum of money on this occasion, which his family were in urgent need of; he protested, 'he would not leave Joseph in his present condition.' finally, he told him, 'he had nine shillings and three-pence-halfpenny in his pocket, which he was welcome to use as he pleased.'

This goodness of Parson Adams brought tears into Joseph's eyes; he declared 'he had now a second reason to desire life, that he might shew his gratitude to such a friend.' Adams bad him 'be chearful, for that he plainly saw the surgeon, besides his ignorance, desired to make a merit of curing him, tho' the wounds in his head, he perceived, were by no means dangerous; that he was convinced he had no fever, and doubted not but he would be able to travel in a day or two.'

These words infused a spirit into Joseph; he said, 'he found himself very sore from the bruises, but had no reason to think any of his bones injured, or that he had received any harm in his inside; unless that he felt something very odd in his stomach: but he knew not whether that might arise from not having eaten one morsel for above twenty-four hours.' Being then asked, if he had any inclination to eat, he answered in the affirmative; then Parson Adams desired him to name what he had the greatest fancy for; whether a poached egg, or chicken-broth: he answered, 'he could eat both very well; but that he seemed to have the greatest appetite for a piece of boiled beef and cabbage.'

Adams was pleased with so perfect a confirmation that he had not the least fever: but advised him to a lighter diet, for that evening. He accordingly eat either a rabbit or a fowl, I never could with any tolerable certainty discover which; after this he was by Mrs Tow-wouse's order conveyed into a better bed, and equipped with one of her husband's shirts.

In the morning early, Barnabas and the surgeon came to the inn, in order to see the thief conveyed before the justice. They had consumed the whole night in debating what measures they should take to produce the piece of gold in evidence against him: for they were both extremely zealous in the business, tho' neither of them were in the least interested in the prosecution; neither of them had ever received any private injury from the fellow, nor had either of them ever been suspected of loving the publick well enough, to give them a sermon or a dose of physick for nothing.

To help our reader therefore as much as possible to account for this zeal, we must inform him, that as this parish was so unfortunate as to have no lawyer in it; there had been a constant contention between the two doctors, spiritual and physical, concerning their abilities in a science, in which, as neither of them professed it, they had equal pretensions to dispute each other's opinions. These disputes were carried on with great contempt on both sides, and had almost divided the parish; Mr Tow-wouse and one half of the neighbours inclining to the surgeon, and Mrs Tow-wouse with the other half to the parson. The surgeon drew his knowledge from those inestimable fountains, called the *Attorney's Pocket-Companion*, and Mr Jacob's *Law-Tables*; Barnabas trusted entirely to *Wood's Institutes*.⁴ It happened on this occasion, as was pretty frequently the case, that these two learned men differed about the sufficiency of evidence: the doctor being of opinion, that the maid's oath⁵ would convict the prisoner without producing the gold; the parson, *è contra, totis viribus*.⁶ To display their parts therefore before the justice and the parish was the sole motive, which we can discover, to this zeal, which both of them pretended to be for publick justice.

O Vanity! How little is thy force acknowledged, or thy operations discerned? How wantonly dost thou deceive mankind under different disguises? Sometimes thou dost wear the face of pity, sometimes of

generosity: nay, thou hast the assurance even to put on those glorious ornaments which belong only to heroick virtue. Thou odious, deformed monster! whom priests have railed at, philosophers despised, and poets ridiculed: is there a wretch so abandoned as to own thee for an acquaintance in publick? yet, how few will refuse to enjoy thee in private? nay, thou art the pursuit of most men through their lives. The greatest villanies are daily practised to please thee: nor is the meanest thief below, or the greatest hero above thy notice. Thy embraces are often the sole aim and sole reward of the private robbery, and the plundered province. It is, to pamper up thee, thou harlot, that we attempt to withdraw from others what we do not want, or to withhold from them what they do. All our passions are thy slaves. Avarice itself is often no more than thy hand-maid, and even Lust thy pimp. The bully Fear like a coward, flies before thee, and Joy and Grief hide their heads in thy presence.

I know thou wilt think, that whilst I abuse thee, I court thee; and that thy love hath inspired me to write this sarcastical panegyrick on thee: but thou art deceived, I value thee not of a farthing; nor will it give me any pain, if thou should'st prevail on the reader to censure this digression as errant nonsense: for know to thy confusion, that I have introduced thee for no other purpose than to lengthen out a short chapter; and so I return to my history.

CHAPTER XVI

The Escape of the Thief. Mr Adams's Disappointment. The Arrival of two very extraordinary Personages, and the Introduction of Parson Adams to Parson Barnabas.

Barnabas and the surgeon being returned, as we have said, to the inn, in order to convey the thief before the justice, were greatly concerned to find a small accident had happened which somewhat disconcerted them; and this was no other than the thief's escape, who had modestly withdrawn himself by night, declining all ostentation, and not chusing,

in imitation of some great men, to distinguish himself at the expence of being pointed at.

When the company had retired the evening before, the thief was detained in a room where the constable, and one of the young fellows who took him, were planted as his guard. About the second watch, a general complaint of drowth was made both by the prisoner and his keepers. Among whom it was at last agreed, that the constable should remain on duty, and the young fellow call up the tapster; in which disposition the latter apprehended not the least danger, as the constable was well armed, and could besides easily summon him back to his assistance, if the prisoner made the least attempt to gain his liberty.

The young fellow had not long left the room, before it came into the constable's head, that the prisoner might leap on him by surprize, and thereby, preventing him of the use of his weapons, especially the long staff in which he chiefly confided, might reduce the success of a struggle to an equal chance. He wisely therefore, to prevent this inconvenience, slipt out of the room himself and locked the door, waiting without with his staff in his hand, ready lifted to fell the unhappy prisoner, if by ill fortune he should attempt to break out.

But human life, as hath been discovered by some great man or other, (for I would by no means be understood to affect the honour of making any such discovery) very much resembles a game at chess:¹ for, as in the latter, while a gamester is too attentive to secure himself very strongly on one side of the board, he is apt to leave an unguarded opening on the other; so doth it often happen in life; and so did it happen on this occasion: for whilst the cautious constable with such wonderful sagacity had possessed himself of the door, he most unhappily forgot the window.

The thief who played on the other side, no sooner perceived this opening, than he began to move that way; and finding the passage easy, he took with him the young fellow's hat; and without any ceremony, stepped into the street, and made the best of his way.

The young fellow returning with a double mug of strong beer was a little surprized to find the constable at the door: but much more so, when, the door being opened, he perceived the prisoner had made his escape, and which way: he threw down the beer, and without uttering

any thing to the constable, except a hearty curse or two, he nimbly leapt out at the window, and went again in pursuit of his prey: being very unwilling to lose the reward² which he had assured himself of.

The constable hath not been discharged of suspicion on this account: it hath been said, that not being concerned in the taking the thief, he could not have been entitled to any part of the reward, if he had been convicted. That the thief had several guineas in his pocket; that it was very unlikely he should have been guilty of such an oversight. That his pretence for leaving the room was absurd: that it was his constant maxim, that a wise man never refused money on any conditions: that at every election, he always had sold his vote to both parties, &c.

But notwithstanding these and many other allegations, I am sufficiently convinced of his innocence; having been positively assured of it, by those who received their informations from his own mouth; which, in the opinion of some moderns, is the best and indeed only evidence.

All the family were now up, and with many others assembled in the kitchen, where Mr Tow-ouse was in some tribulation; the surgeon having declared, that by law, he was liable to be indicted for the thief's escape, as it was out of his house: He was a little comforted however by Mr Barnabas's opinion, that as the escape was by night, the indictment would not lie.³

Mrs Tow-ouse delivered herself in the following words: 'Sure never was such a fool as my husband! would any other person living have left a man in the custody of such a drunken, drowsy blockhead as Tom Suckbribe?' (which was the constable's name) 'and if he could be indicted without any harm to his wife and children, I should be glad of it.' (Then the bell rung in Joseph's room.) 'Why Betty, John Chamberlain, where the devil are you all? Have you no ears, or no conscience, not to tend the sick better? — See what the gentleman wants; why don't you go yourself, Mr Tow-ouse? but any one may die for you; you have no more feeling than a deal-board. If a man lived a fortnight in your house without spending a penny, you would never put him in mind of it. See whether he drinks tea or coffee for breakfast.' 'Yes, my dear,' cry'd Tow-ouse. She then asked the doctor and Mr Barnabas what morning's draught they chose, who answered, they had a pot of syder-and,⁴ at the fire; which we will leave them

merry over, and return to Joseph.

He had rose pretty early this morning: but tho' his wounds were far from threatning any danger, he was so sore with the bruises, that it was impossible for him to think of undertaking a journey yet; Mr Adams therefore, whose stock was visibly decreased with the expences of supper and breakfast, and which could not survive that day's scoring, began to consider how it was possible to recruit it. At last he cry'd, 'he had luckily hit on a sure method, and though it would oblige him to return himself home together with Joseph, it mattered not much.' He then sent for Tow-ouse, and taking him into another room, told him, 'he wanted to borrow three guineas, for which he would put ample security into his hands.' Tow-ouse who expected a watch, or ring, or something of double the value, answered, 'he believed he could furnish him.' Upon which Adams pointing to his saddle-bag told him with a face and voice full of solemnity, 'that there were in that bag no less than nine volumes of manuscript sermons, as well worth a hundred pound as a shilling was worth twelve pence, and that he would deposite one of the volumes in his hands by way of pledge; not doubting but that he would have the honesty to return it on his repayment of the money: for otherwise he must be a very great loser, seeing that every volume would at least bring him ten pounds, as he had been informed by a neighbouring clergyman in the country: for, (said he) as to my own part, having never yet dealt in printing, I do not pretend to ascertain the exact value of such things.'

Tow-ouse, who was a little surprized at the pawn, said (and not without some truth) 'that he was no judge of the price of such kind of goods; and as for money, he really was very short.' Adams answered, 'certainly he would not scruple to lend him three guineas, on what was undoubtedly worth at least ten.' The landlord replied, 'he did not believe he had so much money in the house, and besides he was to make up a sum.⁵ He was very confident the books were of much higher value, and heartily sorry it did not suit him.' He then cry'd out, *Coming sir!* though no body called, and ran down stairs without any fear of breaking his neck.

Poor Adams was extremely dejected at this disappointment, nor knew he what farther stratagem to try. He immediately apply'd to his

pipe, his constant friend and comfort in his afflictions; and leaning over the rails, he devoted himself to meditation, assisted by the inspiring fumes of tobacco.

He had on a night-cap drawn over his wig, and a short great coat, which half covered his cassock; a dress, which added to something comical enough in his countenance, composed a figure likely to attract the eyes of those who were not over-given to observation.

Whilst he was smoaking his pipe in this posture, a coach and six, with a numerous attendance, drove into the inn. There alighted from the coach a young fellow, and a brace of pointers, after which another young fellow leapt from the box, and shook the former by the hand, and both together with the dogs were instantly conducted by Mr Tow-wouse into an apartment; whither as they passed, they entertained themselves with the following short facetious dialogue.

‘You are a pretty fellow for a coachman, Jack!’ says he from the coach, ‘you had almost overturned us just now.’ ‘Pox take you,’ says the coachman, ‘if I had only broke your neck, it would have been saving somebody else the trouble: but I should have been sorry for the pointers.’ ‘Why, you son of a b—,’ answered the other, ‘if no body could shoot better than you, the pointers would be of no use.’ ‘D — n me,’ says the coachman, ‘I will shoot with you, five guineas a shot,’ ‘You be hang’d,’ says the other, ‘for five guineas you shall shoot at my a —.’ ‘Done,’ says the coachman, ‘I’ll pepper you better than ever you was peppered⁶ by Jenny Bouncer.’ ‘Pepper your grand-mother,’ says the other, ‘here’s Tow-wouse will let you shoot at him for a shilling a time.’ ‘I know his honour better,’ cries Tow-wouse, ‘I never saw a surer shot at a partridge. Every man misses now and then; but if I could shoot half as well as his honour, I would desire no better livelihood than I could get by my gun.’ ‘Pox on you,’ said the coachman, ‘you demolish more game now than your head’s worth. There’s a bitch, Tow-wouse, by G— she never blinked a bird in her life.’ ‘I have a puppy, not a year old, shall hunt with her for a hundred,’ cries the other gentleman. ‘Done,’ says the coachman, ‘but you will be pox’d before you make the bett. If you have a mind for a bett,’ cries the coachman, ‘I will match my spotted dog with your white bitch for a hundred, play or pay.’⁷ ‘Done’ says the other, ‘and I’ll run Baldface against Slouch with you

for another.' 'No,' cries he from the box, 'but I'll venture Miss Jenny against Baldface, or Hannibal either.' 'Go to the devil,' cries he from the coach, 'I will make every bett your own way, to be sure! I will match Hannibal with Slouch for a thousand, if you dare, and I say done first.'

They were now arrived, and the reader will be very contented to leave them, and repair to the kitchin, where Barnabas, the surgeon, and an exciseman were smoaking their pipes over some syder-and, and where the servants, who attended the two noble gentlemen we have just seen alight, were now arrived.

'Tom,' cries one of the footmen, 'there's Parson Adams smoaking his pipe in the gallery.' 'Yes,' says Tom, 'I pulled off my hat to him, and the parson spoke to me.'

'Is the gentleman a clergyman then?' says Barnabas, (for his cassock had been tied up when first he arrived.) 'Yes, sir,' answered the footman, 'and one there be but few like.' 'Ay,' said Barnabas, 'if I had known it sooner, I should have desired his company; I would always shew a proper respect for the cloth; but what say you, doctor, shall we adjourn into a room, and invite him to take part of a bowl of punch?'

This proposal was immediately agreed to, and executed; and Parson Adams accepting the invitation; much civility passed between the two clergymen, who both declared the great honour they had for the cloth. They had not been long together before they entered into a discourse on small tithes,⁸ which continued a full hour, without the doctor or the exciseman's having one opportunity to offer a word.

It was then proposed to begin a general conversation, and the exciseman opened on foreign affairs: but a word unluckily dropping from one of them introduced a dissertation on the hardships suffered by the inferiour clergy;⁹ which, after a long duration, concluded with bringing the nine volumes of sermons on the carpet.¹⁰

Barnabas greatly discouraged poor Adams; he said, 'The age was so wicked, that no body read sermons: would you think it, Mr Adams, (said he) I once intended to print a volume of sermons myself, and they had the approbation of two or three bishops: but what do you think a bookseller offered me?' 'Twelve guineas perhaps (cried Adams.)' 'Not twelve pence, I assure you,' answered Barnabas, 'nay the dog refused me a concordance in exchange — At last, I offered to give him the

printing them, for the sake of dedicating them to that very gentleman who just now drove his own coach into the inn, and I assure you, he had the impudence to refuse my offer: by which means I lost a good living, that was afterwards given away in exchange for a pointer, to one who — but I will not say any thing against the cloth. So you may guess, Mr Adams, what you are to expect; for if sermons would have gone down, I believe — I will not be vain: but to be concise with you, three bishops said, they were the best that ever were writ: but indeed there are a pretty moderate number printed already, and not all sold yet.’ — ‘Pray, sir,’ said Adams, ‘to what do you think the numbers may amount?’ ‘Sir,’ answered Barnabas, ‘a bookseller told me he believed five thousand volumes at least.’ ‘Five thousand!’ quoth the surgeon, ‘what can they be writ upon? I remember, when I was a boy, I used to read one Tillotson’s sermons;¹¹ and I am sure, if a man practised half so much as is in one of those sermons, he will go to Heaven.’ ‘Doctor,’ cried Barnabas, ‘you have a profane way of talking, for which I must reprove you. A man can never have his duty too frequently inculcated into him. And as for Tillotson, to be sure he was a good writer, and said things very well: but comparisons are odious, another man may write as well as he — I believe there are some of my sermons,’ — and then he apply’d the candle to his pipe. — ‘And I believe there are some of my discourses,’ cries Adams, ‘which the bishops would not think totally unworthy of being printed; and I have been informed, I might procure a very large sum (indeed an immense one) on them.’ ‘I doubt that;’ answered Barnabas: ‘however, if you desire to make some money of them, perhaps you may sell them by advertising *the Manuscript Sermons of a Clergyman lately deceased, all warranted Originals, and never printed*. And now I think of it, I should be obliged to you, if there be ever a funeral one among them, to lend it me: for I am this very day to preach a funeral sermon, for which I have not penned a line, though I am to have a double price.’ Adams answered, ‘he had but one, which he feared would not serve his purpose, being sacred to the memory of a magistrate, who had exerted himself very singularly in the preservation of the morality of his neighbours, insomuch, that he had neither ale-house, nor lewd woman in the parish where he lived.’ — ‘No,’ replied Barnabas, ‘that will not do quite so well; for

the deceased, upon whose virtues I am to harangue, was a little too much addicted to liquor, and publickly kept a mistress. — I believe I must take a common sermon, and trust to my memory to introduce something handsome on him.’ — ‘To your invention rather, (said the doctor) your memory will be apter to put you out: for no man living remembers any thing good of him.’

With such kind of spiritual discourse, they emptied the bowl of punch, paid their reckoning, and separated: Adams and the doctor went up to Joseph; Parson Barnabas departed to celebrate the aforesaid deceased, and the exciseman descended into the cellar to gage the vessels.¹²

Joseph was now ready to sit down to a loin of mutton, and waited for Mr Adams, when he and the doctor came in. The doctor having felt his pulse, and examined his wounds, declared him much better, which he imputed to *that sanative soporiferous draught*, a medicine, ‘whose virtues,’ he said, ‘were never to be sufficiently extolled.’ And great indeed they must be, if Joseph was so much indebted to them as the doctor imagined, since nothing more than those effluvia, which escaped the cork, could have contributed to his recovery: for the medicine had stood untouched in the window ever since its arrival.

Joseph passed that day and the three following with his friend Adams, in which nothing so remarkable happened as the swift progress of his recovery. As he had an excellent habit of body,¹³ his wounds were now almost healed, and his bruises gave him so little uneasiness, that he pressed Mr Adams to let him depart, told him he should never be able to return sufficient thanks for all his favours; but begged that he might no longer delay his journey to London.

Adams, notwithstanding the ignorance, as he conceived it, of Mr Tow-ouse, and the envy (for such he thought it) of Mr Barnabas, had great expectations from his sermons: seeing therefore Joseph in so good a way, he told him he would agree to his setting out the next morning in the stage-coach, that he believed he should have sufficient after the reckoning paid, to procure him one day’s conveyance in it, and afterwards he would be able to get on, on foot, or might be favoured with a lift in some neighbour’s waggon, especially as there was then to be a fair in the town whither the coach would carry him, to which

numbers from his parish resorted. — And as to himself, he agreed to proceed to the great city.

They were now walking in the inn yard, when a fat, fair, short person rode in, and alighting from his horse went directly up to Barnabas, who was smoaking his pipe on a bench. The parson and the stranger shook one another very lovingly by the hand, and went into a room together.

The evening now coming on, joseph retired to his chamber, whither the good Adams accompanied him; and took this opportunity to expatiate on the great mercies God had lately shewn him, of which he ought not only to have the deepest inward sense; but likewise to express outward thankfulness for them. They therefore fell both on their knees, and spent a considerable time in prayer and thanksgiving.

They had just finished, when Betty came in and told Mr Adams, Mr Barnabas desired to speak to him on some business of consequence below stairs. Joseph desired, if it was likely to detain him long, he would let him know it, that he might go to bed, which Adams promised, and in that case, they wished one another good night.

CHAPTER XVII

A pleasant Discourse between the two Parsons and the Bookseller, which was broke off by an unlucky Accident happening in the Inn, which produced a Dialogue between Mrs Tow-wouse and her Maid of no gentle kind.

As soon as Adams came into the room, Mr Barnabas introduced him to the stranger, who was, he told him, a bookseller,¹ and would be as likely to deal with him for his sermons as any man whatever. Adams, saluting the stranger, answered Barnabas, that he was very much obliged to him, that nothing could be more convenient, for he had no other business to the great city, and was heartily desirous of returning with the young man who was just recovered of his misfortune. He then snapt his fingers (as was usual with him) and took two or three turns

about the room in an ecstasy. — And to induce the bookseller to be as expeditious as possible, as likewise to offer him a better price for his commodity, he assured him, their meeting was extremely lucky to himself: for that he had the most pressing occasion for money at that time, his own being almost spent, and having a friend then in the same inn who was just recovered from some wounds he had received from robbers, and was in a most indigent condition. ‘So that nothing,’ says he, ‘could be so opportune, for the supplying both our necessities, as my making an immediate bargain with you.’

As soon as he had seated himself, the stranger began in these words, ‘Sir, I do not care absolutely to deny engaging in what my friend Mr Barnabas recommends: but sermons are mere drugs.² The trade is so vastly stocked with them, that really unless they come out with the name of Whitfield or Westley,³ or some other such great man, as a bishop, or those sort of people, I don’t care to touch, unless now it was a sermon preached on the *30th of January*,⁴ or we could say in the title page, published at the *earnest request* of the congregation, or the inhabitants: but truly for a dry piece of sermons, I had rather be excused; especially as my hands are so full at present. However, sir, as Mr Barnabas mentioned them to me, I will, if you please, take the manuscript with me to town, and send you my opinion of it in a very short time.’

‘O,’ said Adams, ‘if you desire it, I will read two or three discourses as a specimen.’ This Barnabas, who loved sermons no better than a grocer doth figs, immediately objected to, and advised Adams to let the bookseller have his sermons; telling him, if he gave him a direction, he might be certain of a speedy answer: Adding, he need not scruple trusting them in his possession. ‘No,’ said the bookseller, ‘if it was a play that had been acted twenty nights together,⁵ I believe it would be safe.’

Adams did not at all relish the last expression; he said, he was sorry to hear sermons compared to plays. ‘Not by me, I assure you,’ cry’d the bookseller, ‘though I don’t know whether the licensing act⁶ may not shortly bring them to the same footing: but I have formerly known a hundred guineas given for a play —.’ ‘More shame for those who gave it,’ cry’d Barnabas. ‘Why so?’ said the bookseller, ‘for they got hundreds by it.’ ‘But is there no difference between conveying good or ill instructions to mankind?’ said Adams; ‘would not an honest mind rather lose money by

the one, than gain it by the other?’ ‘If you can find any such, I will not be their hinderance,’ answered the bookseller, ‘but I think those persons who get by preaching sermons, are the properest to lose by printing them: for my part, the copy that sells best, will be always the best copy in my opinion; I am no enemy to sermons but because they don’t sell: for I would as soon print one of Whitfield’s, as any farce whatever.’

‘Whoever prints such heterodox stuff, ought to be hanged,’ says Barnabas. ‘Sir,’ said he, turning to Adams, ‘this fellow’s writings (I know not whether you have seen them) are levelled at the clergy. He would reduce us to the example of the primitive ages forsooth! and would insinuate to the people, that a clergyman ought to be always preaching and praying. He pretends to understand the scripture literally, and would make mankind believe, that the poverty and low estate, which was recommended to the church in its infancy, and was only temporary doctrine adapted to her under persecution, was to be preserved in her flourishing and established state. Sir, the principles of Toland, Woolston, and all the free-thinkers,⁷ are not calculated to do half the mischief, as those professed by this fellow and his followers.’

‘Sir,’ answered Adams, ‘if Mr Whitfield had carried his doctrine no farther than you mention, I should have remained, as I once was, his well-wisher. I am myself as great an enemy to the luxury and splendour of the clergy as he can be. I do not, more than he, by the flourishing estate of the church, understand the palaces, equipages, dress, furniture, rich dainties, and vast fortunes of her ministers. Surely those things, which savour so strongly of this world, become not the servants of one who professed his Kingdom was not of it:⁸ but when he began to call nonsense and enthusiasm to his aid, and to set up the detestable doctrine of faith against good works, I was his friend no longer; for surely, that doctrine was coined in Hell, and one would think none but the Devil himself could have the confidence to preach it. For can any thing be more derogatory to the honour of God, than for men to imagine that the all-wise Being will hereafter say to the good and virtuous, *Notwithstanding the purity of thy life, notwithstanding that constant rule of virtue and goodness in which you walked upon earth, still as thou didst not believe every thing in the true orthodox manner, thy want of faith shall condemn thee?* Or on the other side, can any

doctrine have a more pernicious influence on society than a persuasion, that it will be a good plea for the villain at the last day; *Lord, it is true I never obeyed one of thy commandments, yet punish me not, for I believe them all?* 'I suppose, sir,' said the bookseller, 'your sermons are of a different kind.' 'Ay, sir,' said Adams, 'the contrary, I thank Heaven, is inculcated in almost every page, or I should belye my own opinion, which hath always been, that a virtuous and good Turk, or heathen, are more acceptable in the sight of their Creator, than a vicious and wicked Christian, tho' his faith was as perfectly orthodox as St. Paul's himself.' — 'I wish you success,' says the bookseller, 'but must beg to be excused, as my hands are so very full at present; and indeed I am afraid, you will find a backwardness in the trade, to engage in a book which the clergy would be certain to cry down.' 'God forbid,' says Adams, 'any books should be propagated which the clergy would cry down: but if you mean by the clergy, some few designing factious men, who have it at heart to establish some favourite schemes at the price of the liberty of mankind, and the very essence of religion, it is not in the power of such persons to decry any book they please; witness that excellent book called, *A Plain Account of the Nature and End of the Sacrament*; a book written (if I may venture on the expression) with the pen of an angel, and calculated to restore the true use of Christianity, and of that sacred institution: for what could tend more to the noble purposes of religion, than frequent cheerful meetings among the members of a society, in which they should in the presence of one another, and in the service of the supreme Being, make promises of being good, friendly and benevolent to each other? Now this excellent book was attacked by a party, but unsuccessfully.'⁹ At these words Barnabas fell a ringing with all the violence imaginable, upon which a servant attending, he bid him 'bring a bill immediately: for that he was in company, for aught he knew, with the Devil himself; and he expected to hear the Alcoran, the *Leviathan*, or *Woolston*¹⁰ commended, if he staid a few minutes longer.' Adams desired, 'as he was so much moved at his mentioning a book, which he did without apprehending any possibility of offence, that he would be so kind to propose any objections he had to it, which he would endeavour to answer.' 'I propose objections!' said Barnabas, 'I never read a syllable in any such wicked book; I never saw it in my

life, I assure you.' — Adams was going to answer, when a most hideous uproar began in the inn. Mrs Tow-wouse, Mr Tow-wouse, and Betty, all lifting up their voices together: but Mrs Tow-wouse's voice, like a bass viol in a concert, was clearly and distinctly distinguished among the rest, and was heard to articulate the following sounds. — 'O you damn'd villain, is this the return to all the care I have taken of your family? This is the reward of my virtue? Is this the manner in which you behave to one who brought you a fortune, and preferred you to so many matches, all your betters? To abuse my bed, my own bed, with my own servant: but I'll maul the slut, I'll tear her nasty eyes out; was ever such a pitiful dog, to take up with such a mean trollop? If she had been a gentlewoman like my self, it had been some excuse, but a beggarly saucy dirty servant-maid. Get you out of my house, you whore.' To which, she added another name, which we do not care to stain our paper with. — It was a monosyllable, beginning with a B—¹¹. and indeed was the same, as if she had pronounced the words, she-dog. Which term, we shall, to avoid offence, use on this occasion, tho' indeed both the mistress and maid uttered the above-mentioned B—, a word extremely disgustful to females of the lower sort. Betty had borne all hitherto with patience, and had uttered only lamentations: but the last appellation stung her to the quick, 'I am a woman as well as yourself,' she roared out, 'and no she-dog, and if I have been a little naughty, I am not the first; if I have been no better than I should be,' cries she sobbing, 'that's no reason you should call me out of my name; my be — betters are wo — worse than me.' 'Huzzy, huzzy,' says Mrs Tow-wouse, 'have you the impudence to answer me? Did I not catch you, you saucy — ' and then again repeated the terrible word so odious to female ears. 'I can't bear that name,' answered Betty, 'if I have been wicked, I am to answer for it myself in the other world, but I have done nothing that's unnatural, and I will go out of your house this moment: for I will never be called she-dog, by any mistress in England.' Mrs Tow-wouse then armed herself with the spit: but was prevented from executing any dreadful purpose by Mr Adams, who confined her arms with the strength of a wrist, which Hercules would not have been ashamed of. Mr Tow-wouse being caught, as our lawyers express it, with the manner,¹² and having no defence to make, very prudently

withdrew himself, and Betty committed herself to the protection of the hostler, who, though she could not conceive him pleased with what had happened, was in her opinion rather a gentler beast than her mistress.

Mrs Tow-ouse, at the intercession of Mr Adams, and finding the enemy vanished, began to compose herself, and at length recovered the usual serenity of her temper, in which we will leave her, to open to the reader the steps which led to a catastrophe, common enough, and comical enough too, perhaps in modern history, yet often fatal to the repose and well-being of families, and the subject of many tragedies, both in life and on the stage.

CHAPTER XVIII

The History of Betty the Chambermaid, and an Account of what occasioned the violent Scene in the preceding Chapter.

Betty, who was the occasion of all this hurry, had some good qualities. She had good-nature, generosity and compassion, but unfortunately her constitution was composed of those warm ingredients, which, though the purity of courts or nunneries might have happily controuled them, were by no means able to endure the ticklish situation of a chambermaid at an inn, who is daily liable to the solicitations of lovers of all complexions, to the dangerous addresses of fine gentlemen of the army, who sometimes are obliged to reside with them a whole year together, and above all are exposed to the caresses of footmen, stage-coachmen, and drawers;¹ all of whom employ the whole artillery of kissing, flattering, bribing and every other weapon which is to be found in the whole armory of love, against them.

Betty, who was but one and twenty, had now lived three years in this dangerous situation, during which she had escaped pretty well. An ensign of foot was the first person who made any impression on her heart; he did indeed raise a flame in her, which required the care of a surgeon to cool.

While she burnt for him, several others burnt for her. Officers of

the army, young gentlemen travelling the western circuit,² inoffensive squires, and some of graver character were set afire by her charms!

At length, having perfectly recovered the effects of her first unhappy passion, she seemed to have vowed a state of perpetual chastity. She was long deaf to all the sufferings of her lovers, till one day at a neighbouring fair, the rhetorick of John the hostler, with a new straw hat, and a pint of wine, made a second conquest over her.

She did not however feel any of those flames on this occasion, which had been the consequence of her former amour; nor indeed those other ill effects, which prudent young women very justly apprehend from too absolute an indulgence to the pressing endearments of their lovers. This latter, perhaps, was a little owing to her not being entirely constant to John, with whom she permitted Tom Whipwell the stage-coachman, and now and then a handsome young traveller, to share her favours.

Mr Tow-ouse had for some time cast the languishing eyes of affection on this young maiden. He had laid hold on every opportunity of saying tender things to her, squeezing her by the hand, and sometimes of kissing her lips: for as the violence of his passion had considerably abated to Mrs Tow-ouse; so like water, which is stopt from its usual current in one place, it naturally sought a vent in another. Mrs Tow-ouse is thought to have perceived this abatement, and probably it added very little to the natural sweetness of her temper: for tho' she was as true to her husband, as the dial to the sun,³ she was rather more desirous of being shone on, as being more capable of feeling his warmth.

Ever since Joseph's arrival, Betty had conceived an extraordinary liking to him, which discovered itself more and more, as he grew better and better; till that fatal evening, when, as she was warming his bed, her passion grew to such a height, and so perfectly mastered both her modesty and her reason, that after many fruitless hints, and sly insinuations, she at last threw down the warming-pan, and embracing him with great eagerness, swore he was the handsomest creature she had ever seen.

Joseph in great confusion leapt from her, and told her, he was sorry to see a young woman cast off all regard to modesty: but she had gone too far to recede, and grew so very indecent, that Joseph was obliged, contrary to his inclination, to use some violence to her, and taking her in his arms, he shut her out of the room, and locked the door.

How ought man to rejoice, that his chastity is always in his own power, that if he hath sufficient strength of mind, he hath always a competent strength of body to defend himself: and cannot, like a poor weak woman, be ravished against his will.

Betty was in the most violent agitation at this disappointment. Rage and lust pulled her heart, as with two strings, two different ways; one moment she thought of stabbing Joseph, the next, of taking him in her arms, and devouring him with kisses; but the latter passion was far more prevalent. Then she thought of revenging his refusal on herself: but whilst she was engaged in this meditation, happily death presented himself to her in so many shapes of drowning, hanging, poisoning, &c. that her distracted mind could resolve on none. In this perturbation of spirit, it accidentally occurred to her memory, that her master's bed was not made, she therefore went directly to his room; where he happened at that time to be engaged at his bureau. As soon as she saw him, she attempted to retire: but he called her back, and taking her by the hand, squeezed her so tenderly, at the same time whispering so many soft things into her ears, and, then pressed her so closely with his kisses, that the vanquished fair-one, whose passions were already raised, and which were not so whimsically capricious that one man only could lay them, though perhaps, she would have rather preferred that one: the vanquished fair-one quietly submitted, I say, to her master's will, who had just attained the accomplishment of his bliss, when Mrs Tow-ouse unexpectedly entered the room, and caused all that confusion which we have before seen, and which it is not necessary at present to take any farther notice of: since without the assistance of a single hint from us, every reader of any speculation,⁵ or experience, though not married himself, may easily conjecture, that it concluded with the discharge of Betty, the submission of Mr Tow-ouse, with some things to be performed on his side by way of gratitude for his wife's goodness in being reconciled to him, with many hearty promises never to offend any more in the like manner: and lastly, his quietly and contentedly bearing to be reminded of his transgressions, as a kind of penance, once or twice a day, during the residue of his life.

BOOK II
THE HISTORY OF THE ADVENTURES OF
JOSEPH ANDREWS, AND OF HIS FRIEND
MR ABRAHAM ADAMS

CHAPTER I

Of Divisions in Authors.

There are certain mysteries or secrets in all trades from the highest to the lowest, from that of *prime ministring* to this of *authoring*, which are seldom discovered, unless to members of the same calling. Among those used by us gentlemen of the latter occupation, I take this of dividing our works into books and chapters to be none of the least considerable. Now for want of being truly acquainted with this secret, common readers imagine, that by this art of dividing, we mean only to swell our works to a much larger bulk than they would otherwise be extended to. These several places therefore in our paper, which are filled with our books and chapters, are understood as so much buckram, stays, and stay-tape in a taylor's bill, serving only to make up the sum total, commonly found at the bottom of our first page, and of his last.

But in reality the case is otherwise, and in this, as well as all other instances, we consult the advantage of our reader, not our own; and indeed many notable uses arise to him from this method: for first, those little spaces between our chapters may be looked upon as an inn or resting-place, where he may stop and take a glass, or any other refreshment, as it pleases him. Nay, our fine readers will, perhaps, be scarce able to travel farther than through one of them in a day. As to those vacant pages which are placed between our books, they are to be regarded as those stages, where, in long journeys, the traveller stays some time to repose himself, and consider of what he hath seen in the parts he hath already past through; a consideration which I take the liberty to recommend a little to the reader: for however swift his

capacity may be, I would not advise him to travel through these pages too fast: for if he doth, he may probably miss the seeing some curious productions of nature which will be observed by the slower and more accurate reader. A volume without any such places of rest resembles the opening of wilds or seas, which tires the eye and fatigues the spirit when entered upon.

Secondly, what are the contents prefixed to every chapter, but so many inscriptions over the gates of inns (to continue the same metaphor,) informing the reader what entertainment he is to expect, which if he likes not, he may travel on to the next: for in biography, as we are not tied down to an exact concatenation equally with other historians; so a chapter or two (for instance this I am now writing) may be often pass'd over without any injury to the whole. And in these inscriptions I have been as faithful as possible, not imitating the celebrated Montagne,¹ who promises you one thing and gives you another; nor some title-page authors, who promise a great deal, and produce nothing at all.

There are, besides these more obvious benefits, several others which our readers enjoy from this art of dividing; tho' perhaps most of them too mysterious to be presently understood, by any who are not initiated into the science of authoring. To mention therefore but one which is most obvious, it prevents spoiling the beauty of a book by turning down its leaves, a method otherwise necessary to those readers, who, (tho' they read with great improvement and advantage) are apt, when they return to their study, after half an hour's absence, to forget where they left off.

These divisions have the sanction of great antiquity. Homer not only divided his great work into twenty-four books, (in compliment perhaps to the twenty-four letters to which he had very particular obligations)² but, according to the opinion of some very sagacious critics, hawked them all separately, delivering only one book at a time, (probably by subscription).³ He was the first inventor of the art which hath so long lain dormant, of publishing by numbers, an art now brought to such perfection, that even dictionaries are divided and exhibited piece-meal to the public; nay, one bookseller hath (*to encourage learning and ease the public*) contrived to give them a dictionary in this divided manner for only fifteen shillings more than it would have cost entire.⁴

Virgil hath given us his poem in twelve books, an argument of his modesty; for by that doubtless he would insinuate that he pretends to no more than half the merit of the Greek: for the same reason, our Milton went originally no farther than ten;⁵ 'till being puffed up by the praise of his friends, he put himself on the same footing with the Roman poet.

I shall not however enter so deep into this matter as some very learned criticks have done; who have with infinite labour and acute discernment discovered what books are proper for embellishment, and what require simplicity only, particularly with regard to similies, which I think are now generally agreed to become any book but the first.

I will dismiss this chapter with the following observation: that it becomes an author generally to divide a book, as it doth a butcher to joint his meat, for such assistance is of great help to both the reader and the carver. And now having indulged myself a little, I will endeavour to indulge the curiosity of my reader, who is no doubt impatient to know what he will find in the subsequent chapters of this book.

CHAPTER II

A surprizing Instance of Mr Adams's short Memory, with the unfortunate Consequences which it brought on Joseph.

Mr Adams and Joseph were now ready to depart different ways, when an accident determined the former to return with his friend, which Tow-ouse, Barnabas, and the bookseller had not been able to do. This accident was, that those sermons, which the parson was travelling to London to publish, were, O my good reader, left behind; what he had mistaken for them in the saddlebags being no other than three shirts, a pair of shoes, and some other necessaries, which Mrs Adams, who thought her husband would want shirts more than sermons on his journey, had carefully provided him.

This discovery was now luckily owing to the presence of Joseph at the opening the saddlebags; who having heard his friend say, he

carried with him nine volumes of sermons, and not being of that sect of philosophers, who can reduce all the matter of the world into a nutshell, seeing there was no room for them in the bags, where the parson had said they were deposited, had the curiosity to cry out, 'Bless me, sir, where are your sermons?' The parson answer'd, 'There, there, child, there they are, under my shirts.' Now it happened that he had taken forth his last shirt, and the vehicle remained visibly empty. 'Sure, sir,' says Joseph, 'there is nothing in the bags.' Upon which Adams starting, and testifying some surprize, cry'd, 'Hey! fie, fie upon it; they are not here sure enough. Ay, they are certainly left behind.'

Joseph was greatly concerned at the uneasiness which he apprehended his friend must feel from this disappointment: he begged him to pursue his journey, and promised he would himself return with the books to him, with the utmost expedition. 'No, thank you, child,' answered Adams, 'it shall not be so. What would it avail me, to tarry in the great city, unless I had my discourses with me, which are, *ut ita dicam*,¹ the sole cause, the *aitia monotote*² of my peregrination. No, child, as this accident hath happened, I am resolved to return back to my cure, together with you; which indeed my inclination sufficiently leads me to. This disappointment may, perhaps, be intended for my good.' He concluded with a verse out of Theocritus, which signifies no more than, *that sometimes it rains and sometimes the sun shines*.³

Joseph bowed with obedience, and thankfulness for the inclination which the parson express'd of returning with him; and now the bill was called for, which, on examination, amounted within a shilling to the sum Mr Adams had in his pocket. Perhaps the reader may wonder how he was able to produce a sufficient sum for so many days: that he may not be surprized, therefore, it cannot be unnecessary to acquaint him, that he had borrowed a guinea of a servant belonging to the coach and six, who had been formerly one of his parishioners, and whose master, the owner of the coach, then lived within three miles of him: for so good was the credit of Mr Adams, that even Mr Peter the Lady Booby's steward, would have lent him a guinea with very little security.

Mr Adams discharged the bill, and they were both setting out, having agreed *to ride and tie*: a method of travelling much used by persons who have but one horse between them, and is thus performed.

The two travellers set out together, one on horseback, the other on foot: now as it generally happens that he on horseback out-goes him on foot, the custom is, that when he arrives at the distance agreed on, he is to dismount, tie the horse to some gate, tree, post, or other thing, and then proceed on foot; when the other comes up to the horse, he unties him, mounts and gallops on, 'till having passed by his fellow-traveller, he likewise arrives at the place of tying. And this is that method of travelling so much in use among our prudent ancestors, who knew that horses had mouths as well as legs, and that they could not use the latter, without being at the expence of suffering the beasts themselves to use the former. This was the method in use in those days: when, instead of a coach and six, a member of parliament's lady used to mount a pillion behind her husband; and a grave serjeant at law condescended to amble to Westminster on an easy pad,⁴ with his clerk kicking his heels behind him.

Adams was now gone some minutes, having insisted on Joseph's beginning the journey on horseback, and Joseph had his foot in the stirrup, when the hostler presented him a bill for the horse's board during his residence at the inn. Joseph said Mr Adams had paid all; but this matter being referred to Mr Tow-ouse was by him decided in favour of the hostler, and indeed with truth and justice: for this was a fresh instance of that shortness of memory which did not arise from want of parts, but that continual hurry in which Parson Adams was always involved.

Joseph was now reduced to a dilemma which extremely puzzled him. The sum due for horse-meat was twelve shillings, (for Adams who had borrowed the beast of his clerk, had ordered him to be fed as well as they could feed him) and the cash in his pocket amounted to sixpence, (for Adams had divided the last shilling with him). Now, tho' there have been some ingenious persons who have contrived to pay twelve shillings with sixpence, Joseph was not one of them. He had never contracted a debt in his life, and was consequently the less ready at an expedient to extricate himself. Tow-ouse was willing to give him credit 'till next time, to which Mrs Tow-ouse would probably have consented (for such was Joseph's beauty, that it had made some impression even on that piece of flint which that good woman wore in

her bosom by way of heart.) Joseph would have found therefore, very likely, the passage free, had he not, when he honestly discovered the nakedness of his pockets, pulled out that little piece of gold which we have mentioned before. This caused Mrs Tow-wouse's eyes to water; she told Joseph, she did not conceive a man could want money whilst he had gold in his pocket. Joseph answered, he had such a value for that little piece of gold, that he would not part with it for a hundred times the riches which the greatest esquire in the county was worth. 'A pretty way indeed,' said Mrs Tow-wouse, 'to run in debt, and then refuse to part with your money, because you have a value for it. I never knew any piece of gold of more value than as many shillings as it would change for.' 'Not to preserve my life from starving, nor to redeem it from a robber, would I part with this dear piece,' answered Joseph. 'What (says Mrs Tow-wouse) I suppose, it was given you by some vile trollop, some miss⁵ or other; if it had been the present of a virtuous woman, you would not have had such a value for it. My husband is a fool if he parts with the horse, without being paid for him.' 'No, no, I can't part with the horse indeed, till I have the money,' cried Tow-wouse. A resolution highly commended by a lawyer then in the yard, who declared Mr Tow-wouse might justify the detainer.⁶

As we cannot therefore at present get Mr Joseph out of the inn, we shall leave him in it, and carry our reader on after Parson Adams, who, his mind being perfectly at ease, fell into a contemplation on a passage in *Æschylus*,⁷ which entertained him for three miles together, without suffering him once to reflect on his fellow-traveller.

At length having spun out this thread, and being now at the summit of a hill, he cast his eyes backwards, and wondered that he could not see any sign of Joseph. As he left him ready to mount the horse, he could not apprehend any mischief had happened, neither could he suspect that he had miss'd his way, it being so broad and plain: the only reason which presented itself to him, was that he had met with an acquaintance who had prevailed with him to delay some time in discourse.

He therefore resolved to proceed slowly forwards, not doubting but that he should be shortly overtaken, and soon came to a large water, which filling the whole road, he saw no method of passing unless by

wading through, which he accordingly did up to his middle; but was no sooner got to the other side, than he perceived, if he had looked over the hedge, he would have found a foot-path capable of conducting him without wetting his shoes.

His surprize at Joseph's not coming up grew now very troublesome: he began to fear he knew not what, and as he determined, to move no farther; and, if he did not shortly overtake him, to return back; he wished to find a house of publick entertainment where he might dry his clothes and refresh himself with a pint: but seeing no such (for no other reason than because he did not cast his eyes a hundred yards forwards) he sat himself down on a stile, and pulled out his Æschylus.

A fellow passing presently by, Adams asked him, if he could direct him to an alehouse. The fellow who had just left it, and perceived the house and sign to be within sight, thinking he had jeered him, and being of a morose temper, bad him *follow his nose and be d — n'd*. Adams told him he was a saucy jackanapes; upon which the fellow turned about angrily: but perceiving Adams clench his fist he thought proper to go on without taking any farther notice.

A horseman following immediately after, and being asked the same question, answered, 'Friend, there is one within a stone's-throw; I believe you may see it before you.' Adams lifting up his eyes, cry'd, 'I protest and so there is;' and thanking his informer proceeded directly to it.

CHAPTER III

*The Opinion of two Lawyers concerning the same Gentleman,
with Mr Adams's Enquiry into the Religion of his Host.*

He had just entered the house, had called for his pint and seated himself, when two horsemen came to the door, and fastening their horses to the rails, alighted. They said there was a violent shower of rain coming on, which they intended to weather there, and went into a little room by themselves, not perceiving Mr Adams.

One of these immediately asked the other, if he had seen a more

comical adventure a great while? Upon which the other said, 'he doubted whether by law, the landlord could justify detaining the horse for his corn and hay.' But the former answered, 'Undoubtedly he can:¹ it is an adjudged case, and I have known it tried.'

Adams, who tho' he was, as the reader may suspect, a little inclined to forgetfulness, never wanted more than a hint to remind him, over-hearing their discourse, immediately suggested to himself that this was his own horse, and that he had forgot to pay for him, which upon enquiry, he was certified of by the gentlemen; who added, that the horse was likely to have more rest than food, unless he was paid for.

The poor parson resolved to return presently to the inn, tho' he knew no more than Joseph, how to procure his horse his liberty: he was however prevailed on to stay under covert, 'till the shower which was now very violent, was over.

The three travellers then sat down together over a mug of good beer; when Adams, who had observed a gentleman's house as he passed along the road, enquired to whom it belonged: one of the horsemen had no sooner mentioned the owner's name, than the other began to revile him in the most opprobrious terms. The English language scarce affords a single reproachful word, which he did not vent on this occasion. He charged him likewise with many particular facts.² He said, — 'he no more regarded a field of wheat when he was hunting, than he did the high-way; that he had injured several poor farmers by trampling their corn under his horse's heels; and if any of them begged him with the utmost submission to refrain, his horse-whip was always ready to do them justice.' He said, 'that he was the greatest tyrant to the neighbours in every other instance, and would not suffer a farmer to keep a gun, tho' he might justify it by law;³ and in his own family so cruel a master, that he never kept a servant a twelve-month. In his capacity as a justice,' continued he, 'he behaves so partially, that he commits or acquits just as he is in the humour, without any regard to truth or evidence: the Devil may carry any one before him for me; I would rather be tried before some judges than be a prosecutor before him: if I had an estate in the neighbourhood, I would sell it for half the value, rather than live near him.' Adams shook his head, and said, 'he was sorry such men were suffered to proceed with impunity, and that

riches could set any man above law.' The reviler a little after retiring into the yard, the gentleman, who had first mentioned his name to Adams, began to assure him, 'that his companion was a prejudiced person. It is true,' says he, 'perhaps, that he may have sometimes pursued his game over a field of corn, but he hath always made the party ample satisfaction; that so far from tyrannizing over his neighbours, or taking away their guns, he himself knew several farmers not qualified, who not only kept guns, but killed game with them. That he was the best of masters to his servants, and several of them had grown old in his service. That he was the best justice of peace in the kingdom, and to his certain knowledge had decided many difficult points, which were referred to him, with the greatest equity, and the highest wisdom. And he verily believed, several persons would give a year's purchase⁴ more for an estate near him, than under the wings of any other great man.' He had just finished his encomium, when his companion returned and acquainted him the storm was over. Upon which, they presently mounted their horses and departed.

Adams, who was in the utmost anxiety at those different characters of the same person, asked his host if he knew the gentleman: for he began to imagine they had by mistake been speaking of two several gentlemen. 'No, no, master!' answered the host, a shrewd cunning fellow, 'I know the gentleman very well of whom they have been speaking, as I do the gentlemen who spoke of him. As for riding over other men's corn, to my knowledge he hath not been on horseback these two years. I never heard he did any injury of that kind; and as to making reparation, he is not so free of his money as that comes to neither. Nor did I ever hear of his taking away any man's gun; nay, I know several who have guns in their houses: but as for killing game with them, no man is stricter; and I believe he would ruin any who did. You heard one of the gentlemen say, he was the worst master in the world, and the other that he is the best: but as for my own part, I know all his servants, and never heard from any of them that he was either one or the other. — ' 'Aye, aye,' says Adams, 'and how doth he behave as a justice, pray?' 'Faith, friend,' answered the host, 'I question whether he is in the commission:⁵ the only cause I have heard he hath decided a great while, was one between those very two persons who just went out

of this house; and I am sure he determined that justly, for I heard the whole matter.' 'Which did he decide it in favour of?' quoth Adams. 'I think I need not answer that question,' cried the host, 'after the different characters you have heard of him. It is not my business to contradict gentlemen, while they are drinking in my house: but I knew neither of them spoke a syllable of truth.' 'God forbid! (said Adams,) that men should arrive at such a pitch of wickedness, to be-lye the character of their neighbour from a little private affection, or what is infinitely worse, a private spite. I rather believe we have mistaken them, and they mean two other persons: for there are many houses on the road.' 'Why prithee, friend,' cries the host, 'dost thou pretend never to have told a lye in thy life?' 'Never a malicious one, I am certain,' answered Adams; 'nor with a design to injure the reputation of any man living.' 'Pugh, malicious! no, no' replied the host; 'not malicious with a design to hang a man, or bring him into trouble: but surely out of love to one's self, one must speak better of a friend than an enemy.' 'Out of love to your self, you should confine yourself to truth,' says Adams, 'for by doing otherwise, you injure the noblest part of yourself, your immortal soul. I can hardly believe any man such an idiot to risque the loss of that by any trifling gain, and the greatest gain in this world is but dirt in comparison of what shall be revealed hereafter.' Upon which the host taking up the cup, with a smile drank a health to hereafter: adding, 'he was for something present.' 'Why,' says Adams very gravely. 'Do not you believe another world?' To which the host answered, 'yes, he was no atheist.' 'And you believe you have an immortal soul?' cries Adams: He answered, 'God forbid he should not.' 'And Heaven and Hell?' said the parson. The host then bid him 'not to prophane: for those were things not to be mentioned nor thought of but in church.' Adams asked him, 'why he went to church, if what he learned there had no influence on his conduct in life?' 'I go to church,' answered the host, 'to say my prayers and behave godly,' 'And dost not thou,' cry'd Adams, 'believe what thou hearest at church?' 'Most part of it, master,' returned the host. 'And dost not thou then tremble,' cries Adams, 'at the thought of eternal punishment?' 'As for that, master,' said he, 'I never once thought about it: but what signifies talking about matters so far off? the mug is out, shall I draw another?'

Whilst he was gone for that purpose, a stage-coach drove up to the door. The coachman coming into the house, was asked by the mistress, what passengers he had in his coach? 'A parcel of squinny-gut b—s, (says he) I have a good mind to overturn them; you won't prevail upon them to drink any thing I assure you.' Adams asked him, if he had not seen a young man on horse-back on the road, (describing Joseph). 'Aye,' said the coachman, 'a gentlewoman in my coach that is his acquaintance redeemed him and his horse; he would have been here before this time, had not the storm driven him to shelter.' 'God bless her,' said Adams in a rapture; nor could he delay walking out to satisfy himself who this charitable woman was; but what was his surprize, when he saw his old acquaintance, Madam Slipslop? Her's indeed was not so great, because she had been informed by Joseph, that he was on the road. Very civil were the salutations on both sides; and Mrs Slipslop rebuked the hostess for denying the gentleman to be there when she asked for him: but indeed the poor woman had not erred designedly: for Mrs Slipslop asked for a clergyman; and she had unhappily mistaken Adams for a person travelling to a neighbouring fair with the thimble and button,⁶ or some other such operation: for he marched in a swinging great, but short, white coat with black buttons, a short wig, and a hat, which so far from having a black hatband, had nothing black about it.

Joseph was now come up, and Mrs Slipslop would have had him quit his horse to the parson, and come himself into the coach: but he absolutely refused, saying he thanked Heaven he was well enough recovered to be very able to ride, and added, he hoped he knew his duty better than to ride in a coach while Mr Adams was on horseback.

Mrs Slipslop would have persisted longer, had not a lady in the coach put a short end to the dispute, by refusing to suffer a fellow in a livery to ride in the same coach with herself: so it was at length agreed that Adams should fill the vacant place in the coach, and Joseph should proceed on horseback.

They had not proceeded far before Mrs Slipslop, addressing herself to the parson, spoke thus: 'There hath been a strange alteration in our family, Mr Adams, since Sir Thomas's death.' 'A strange alteration indeed!' says Adams, 'as I gather from some hints which have dropped

from Joseph.' 'Aye,' says she, 'I could never have believed it, but the longer one lives in the world, the more one sees. So Joseph hath given you hints.' — 'But of what nature, will always remain a perfect secret with me,' cries the parson; 'he forced me to promise before he would communicate any thing. I am indeed concerned to find her ladyship behave in so unbecoming a manner. I always thought her in the main, a good lady, and should never have suspected her of thoughts so unworthy a Christian, and with a young lad her own servant.' 'These things are no secrets to me, I assure you,' cries Slipslop; 'and I believe, they will be none any where shortly: for ever since the boy's departure she hath behaved more like a mad woman than any thing else.' 'Truly, I am heartily concerned,' says Adams, 'for she was a good sort of a lady; indeed I have often wished she had attended a little more constantly at the service, but she hath done a great deal of good in the parish!' 'O Mr Adams!' says Slipslop, 'People that don't see all, often know nothing. Many things have been given away in our family, I do assure you, without her knowledge. I have heard you say in the pulpit, we ought not to brag: but indeed I can't avoid saying, if she had kept the keys herself, the poor would have wanted many a cordial which I have let them have. As for my late master, he was as worthy a man as ever lived, and would have done infinite good if he had not been controlled: but he loved a quiet life, heavens rest his soul! I am confident he is there, and enjoys a quiet life, which some folks would not allow him here.' Adams answered, 'he had never heard this before, and was mistaken, if she herself,' (for he remembered she used to commend her mistress and blame her master,) 'had not formerly been of another opinion.' 'I don't know, (replied she,) what I might once think: but now I am *confidous* matters are as I tell you: the world will shortly see who hath been deceived; for my part I say nothing, but that it is *wondersome* how some people can carry all things with a grave face.'

Thus Mr Adams and she discoursed: 'till they came opposite to a great house which stood at some distance from the road; a lady in the coach spying it, cry'd, 'Yonder lives the unfortunate Leonora, if one can justly call a woman unfortunate, whom we must own at the same time guilty, and the author of her own calamity.' This was abundantly sufficient to awaken the curiosity of Mr Adams, as indeed it did that

of the whole company, who jointly solicited the lady to acquaint them with Leonora's history, since it seemed, by what she had said, to contain something remarkable.

The lady, who was perfectly well bred, did not require many entreaties, and having only wished their entertainment might make amends for the company's attention, she began in the following manner.

CHAPTER IV

The History of Leonora, or the Unfortunate Jilt.

Leonora was the daughter of a gentleman of fortune; she was tall and well-shaped, with a sprightliness in her countenance, which often attracts beyond more regular features joined with an insipid air; nor is this kind of beauty less apt to deceive than allure; the good-humour which it indicates, being often mistaken for good-nature, and the vivacity for true understanding.

Leonora, who was now at the age of eighteen, lived with an aunt of her's in a town in the north of England. She was an extreme lover of gaiety, and very rarely missed a ball or any other publick assembly; where she had frequent opportunities of satisfying a greedy appetite of vanity with the preference which was given her by the men to almost every other woman present.

Among many young fellows who were particular in their gallantries towards her, Horatio soon distinguished himself in her eyes beyond all his competitors; she danced with more than ordinary gaiety when he happened to be her partner; neither the fairness of the evening nor the musick of the nightingale, could lengthen her walk like his company. She affected no longer to understand the civilities of others: whilst she inclined so attentive an ear to every compliment of Horatio, that she often smiled even when it was too delicate for her comprehension.

'Pray, madam,' says Adams, 'who was this Squire Horatio?'

Horatio, says the lady, was a young gentleman of a good family, bred to the law, and had been some few years called to the degree of

a barrister. His face and person were such as the generality allowed handsome: but he had a dignity in his air very rarely to be seen. His temper was of the saturnine complexion,¹ but without the least taint of moroseness. He had wit and humour with an inclination to satire, which he indulged rather too much.

This gentleman, who had contracted the most violent passion for Leonora, was the last person who perceived the probability of its success. The whole town had made the match for him, before he himself had drawn a confidence from her actions sufficient to mention his passion to her; for it was his opinion, (and perhaps he was there in the right) that it is highly impolitick to talk seriously of love to a woman before you have made such a progress in her affections, that she herself expects and desires to hear it.

But whatever diffidence the fears of a lover may create, which are apt to magnify every favour conferred on a rival, and to see the little advances towards themselves through the other end of the perspective;² it was impossible that Horatio's passion should so blind his discernment, as to prevent his conceiving hopes from the behaviour of Leonora; whose fondness for him was now as visible to an indifferent person in their company, as his for her.

'I never knew any of these forward sluts come to good, (says the lady, who refused Joseph's entrance into the coach,) nor shall I wonder at any thing she doth in the sequel.'

The lady proceeded in her story thus: It was in the midst of a gay conversation in the walks one evening, when Horatio whispered Leonora, 'that he was desirous to take a turn or two with her in private; for that he had something to communicate to her of great consequence.' 'Are you sure it is of consequence?' said she, smiling. — 'I hope,' answered he, 'you will think so too, since the whole future happiness of my life must depend on the event.'

Leonora, who very much suspected what was coming, would have deferred it 'till another time: but Horatio, who had more than half conquered the difficulty of speaking by the first motion, was so very importunate, that she at last yielded, and leaving the rest of the company, they turned aside into an unfrequented walk.

They had retired far out of the sight of the company, both maintaining

a strict silence. At last Horatio made a full stop, and taking Leonora, who stood pale and trembling, gently by the hand, he fetched a deep sigh, and then looking on her eyes with all the tenderness imaginable, he cried out in a faltering accent; 'O Leonora! is it necessary for me to declare to you on what the future happiness of my life must be founded! Must I say, there is something belonging to you which is a bar to my happiness, and which unless you will part with, I must be miserable?' 'What can that be?' replied Leonora. — 'No wonder,' said he, 'you are surprized, that I should make an objection to any thing which is yours, yet sure you may guess, since it is the only one which the riches of the world, if they were mine, should purchase of me. — O it is that which you must part with, to bestow all the rest! Can Leonora, or rather will she doubt longer? — Let me then whisper it in her ears, — It is your name, madam. It is by parting with that, by your condescension to be for ever mine, which must at once prevent me from being the most miserable, and will render me the happiest of mankind.' Leonora, covered with blushes, and with as angry a look as she could possibly put on, told him, 'that had she suspected what his declaration would have been, he should not have decoyed her from her company; that he had so surprized and frightened her, that she begged him to convey her back as quick as possible;' which he, trembling very near as much as herself, did.

'More fool he,' cried Slipslop, 'it is a sign he knew very little of our sect.' 'Truly, madam,' said Adams, 'I think you are in the right, I should have insisted to know a piece of her mind, when I had carried matters so far.' But Mrs Grave-airs desired the lady to omit all such fulsome stuff in her story: for that it made her sick.

Well then, madam, to be as concise as possible, said the lady, many weeks had not past after this interview, before Horatio and Leonora were what they call on a good footing together. All ceremonies except the last were now over; the writings were now drawn,³ and every thing was in the utmost forwardness preparative to the putting Horatio in possession of all his wishes. I will if you please repeat you a letter from each of them which I have got by heart, and which will give you no small idea of their passion on both sides.

Mrs Grave-airs objected to hearing these letters: but being put to

the vote, it was carried against her by all the rest in the coach; Parson Adams contending for it with the utmost vehemence.

HORATIO TO LEONORA

How vain, most adorable creature, is the pursuit of pleasure in the absence of an object to which the mind is entirely devoted, unless it have some relation to that object! I was last night condemned to the society of men of wit and learning, which, however agreeable it might have formerly been to me, now only gave me a suspicion that they imputed my absence in conversation to the true cause. For which reason, when your engagements forbid me the extatic happiness of seeing you, I am always desirous to be alone; since my sentiments for Leonora are so delicate, that I cannot bear the apprehension of another's prying into those delightful endearments with which the warm imagination of a lover will sometimes indulge him, and which I suspect my eyes then betray. To fear this discovery of our thoughts, may perhaps appear too ridiculous a nicety to minds, not susceptible of all the tendernesses of this delicate passion. And surely we shall suspect there are few such, when we consider that it requires every human virtue to exert itself in its full extent. Since the beloved whose happiness it ultimately respects, may give us charming opportunities of being brave in her defence, generous to her wants, compassionate to her afflictions, grateful to her kindness, and, in the same manner, of exercising every other virtue, which he who would not do to any degree, and that with the utmost rapture, can never deserve the name of a lover: it is therefore with a view to the delicate modesty of your mind that I cultivate it so purely in my own, and it is that which will sufficiently suggest to you the uneasiness I bear from those liberties which men to whom the world allow politeness will sometimes give themselves on these occasions.

Can I tell you with what eagerness I expect the arrival of that blest day, when I shall experience the falshood of a common assertion that the greatest human happiness consists in hope? A doctrine which no person had ever stronger reason to believe than myself at present, since none ever tasted such bliss as fires my bosom with the thoughts of spending my future days with such a companion, and that every action of my life will have the glorious satisfacion of conducing to your happiness.

LEONORA TO HORATIO

The refinement of your mind has been so evidently proved, by every word and action ever since I had first the pleasure of knowing you, that I thought it impossible my good opinion of Horatio could have been heightened by any additional proof of merit. This very thought was my amusement when I received your last letter, which, when I opened, I confess I was surprized to find the delicate sentiments expressed there, so far exceeded what I thought could come even from you, (altho' I know all the generous principles human nature is capable of, are centered in your breast) that words cannot paint what I feel on the reflection, that my happiness shall be the ultimate end of all your actions.

Oh Horatio! what a life that must be, where the meanest domestick cares are sweetened by the pleasing consideration that the man on earth who best deserves, and to whom you are most inclined to give your affections, is to reap either profit or pleasure from all you do! In such a case, toils must be turned into diversions, and nothing but the unavoidable inconveniences of life can make us remember that we are mortal.

If the solitary turn of your thoughts, and the desire of keeping them undiscovered, makes even the conversation of men of wit and learning tedious to you, what anxious hours must I spend who am condemn'd by custom to the conversation of women, whose natural curiosity leads them to pry into all my thoughts, and whose envy can never suffer Horatio's heart to be possessed by any one without forcing them into malicious designs, against the person who is so happy as to possess it: but indeed, if ever envy can possibly have any excuse, or even alleviation, it is in this case, where the good is so great, that it must be equally natural to all to wish it for themselves, nor am I ashamed to own it: and to your merit, Horatio, I am obliged, that prevents my being in that most uneasy of all the situations I can figure in my imagination, of being led by inclination to love the person whom my own judgment forces me to condemn.

Matters were in so great forwardness between this fond couple, that the day was fixed for their marriage, and was now within a fortnight, when the sessions chanced to be held for that county in a town about

twenty miles distance from that which is the scene of our story. It seems, it is usual for the young gentlemen of the bar to repair to these sessions, not so much for the sake of profit, as to shew their parts and learn the law of the justices of peace: for which purpose one of the wisest and gravest of all the justices is appointed speaker or chairman, as they modestly call it, and he reads them a lecture, and instructs them in the true knowledge of the law.

‘You are here guilty of a little mistake,’ says Adams, ‘which if you please I will correct; I have attended at one of these quarter sessions,⁴ where I observed the counsel taught the justices, instead of learning any thing of them.’

It is not very material, said the lady: hither repaired Horatio, who as he hoped by his profession to advance his fortune, which was not at present very large, for the sake of his dear Leonora, he resolved to spare no pains, nor lose any opportunity of improving or advancing himself in it.

The same afternoon in which he left the town, as Leonora stood at her window, a coach and six passed by: which she declared to be the completest, genteelest, prettiest equipage she ever saw; adding these remarkable words, *O I am in love with that equipage!* which, tho’ her friend Florella at that time did not greatly regard, she hath since remembered.

In the evening an assembly was held, which Leonora honoured with her company: but intended to pay her dear Horatio the compliment of refusing to dance in his absence.

O why have not women as good resolution to maintain their vows, as they have often good inclinations in making them!

The gentleman who owned the coach and six, came to the assembly. His clothes were as remarkably fine as his equipage could be. He soon attracted the eyes of the company; all the smarts,⁵ all the silk waistcoats with silver and gold edgings, were eclipsed in an instant.

‘Madam,’ said Adams, ‘if it be not impertinent, I should be glad to know how this gentleman was drest.’

Sir, answered the lady, I have been told he had on a cut-velvet coat of a cinnamon colour, lined with a pink satten, embroidered all over

with gold; his waistcoat, which was cloth of silver, was embroidered with gold likewise. I cannot be particular as to the rest of his dress: but it was all in the French fashion, for Bellarmine,⁶ (that was his name) was just arrived from Paris.

This fine figure did not more entirely engage the eyes of every lady in the assembly, than Leonora did his. He had scarce beheld her, but he stood motionless and fixed as a statue, or at least would have done so, if good-breeding had permitted him. However, he carried it so far before he had power to correct himself, that every person in the room easily discovered where his admiration was settled. The other ladies began to single out their former partners, all perceiving who would be Bellarmine's choice; which they however endeavoured, by all possible means, to prevent: many of them saying to Leonora, 'O madam, I suppose we shan't have the pleasure of seeing you dance to-night;' and then crying out in Bellarmine's hearing, 'O Leonora will not dance, I assure you; her partner is not here.' One maliciously attempted to prevent her, by sending a disagreeable fellow to ask her, that so she might be obliged either to dance with him, or sit down: but this scheme proved abortive.

Leonora saw herself admired by the fine stranger, and envied by every woman present. Her little heart began to flutter within her, and her head was agitated with a convulsive motion; she seemed as if she would speak to several of her acquaintance, but had nothing to say: for as she would not mention her present triumph, so she could not disengage her thoughts one moment from the contemplation of it: she had never tasted any thing like this happiness. She had before known what it was to torment a single woman; but to be hated and secretly cursed by a whole assembly, was a joy reserved for this blessed moment. As this vast profusion of ecstasy had confounded her understanding, so there was nothing so foolish as her behaviour; she played a thousand childish tricks, distorted her person into several shapes, and her face into several laughs, without any reason. In a word, her carriage was as absurd as her desires, which were to affect an insensibility of the stranger's admiration, and at the same time a triumph from that admiration over every woman in the room.

In this temper of mind, Bellarmine, having enquired who she was,

advanced to her, and with a low bow, begged the honour of dancing with her, which she with as low a curt'sy immediately granted. She danced with him all night, and enjoyed perhaps the highest pleasure, which she was capable of feeling.

At these words, Adams fetched a deep groan, which frightened the ladies, who told him, 'they hoped he was not ill.' He answered, 'he groaned only for the folly of Leonora.'

Leonora retired, (continued the lady) about six in the morning, but not to rest. She tumbled and tossed in her bed, with very short intervals of sleep, and those entirely filled with dreams of the equipage and fine clothes she had seen, and the balls, operas and ridotto's,⁷ which had been the subject of their conversation.

In the afternoon Bellarmine, in the dear coach and six, came to wait on her. He was indeed charmed with her person, and was, on enquiry, so well pleased with the circumstances of her father, (for he himself, notwithstanding all his finery, was not quite so rich as a Croesus or an Attälus.⁸) 'Attälüs,' says Mr Adams, 'but pray how came you acquainted with these names?' The lady smiled at the question, and proceeded — He was so pleased, I say, that he resolved to make his addresses to her directly. He did so accordingly, and that with so much warmth and briskness, that he quickly baffled her weak repulses, and obliged the lady to refer him to her father, who, she knew, would quickly declare in favour of a coach and six.

Thus, what Horatio had by sighs and tears, love and tenderness, been so long obtaining, the French-English Bellarmine with gaiety and gallantry possessed himself of in an instant. In other words, what modesty had employed a full year in raising, impudence demolished in twenty-four hours.

Here Adams groaned a second time, but the ladies, who began to smoke him,⁹ took no notice.

From the opening of the assembly 'till the end of Bellarmine's visit, Leonora had scarce once thought of Horatio: but he now began, tho' an unwelcome guest, to enter into her mind. She wished she had seen the charming Bellarmine and his charming equipage before matters had gone so far. 'Yet, why (says she) should I wish to have seen him before, or what signifies it that I have seen him now? Is not Horatio

my lover? almost my husband? Is he not as handsome, nay handsomer than Bellarmine? Aye, but Bellarmine is the genteeler and the finer man; yes, that he must be allowed. Yes, yes, he is that certainly. But did not I no longer ago than yesterday love Horatio more than all the world? aye, but yesterday I had not seen Bellarmine. But doth not Horatio doat on me, and may he not in despair break his heart if I abandon him? Well, and hath not Bellarmine a heart to break too? Yes, but I promised Horatio first; but that was poor Bellarmine's misfortune, if I had seen him first, I should certainly have preferred him. Did not the dear creature prefer me to every woman in the assembly, when every she was laying out for him? When was it in Horatio's power to give me such an instance of affection? Can he give me an equipage or any of those things which Bellarmine will make me mistress of? How vast is the difference between being the wife of a poor counsellor, and the wife of one of Bellarmine's fortune! If I marry Horatio, I shall triumph over no more than one rival: but by marrying Bellarmine, I shall be the envy of all my acquaintance. What happiness! — But can I suffer Horatio to die? for he hath sworn he cannot survive my loss: but perhaps he may not die; if he should, can I prevent it? Must I sacrifice my self to him? besides, Bellarmine may be as miserable for me too.' She was thus arguing with herself, when some young ladies called her to the walks, and a little relieved her anxiety for the present.

The next morning Bellarmine breakfasted with her in presence of her aunt, whom he sufficiently informed of his passion for Leonora; he was no sooner withdrawn, than the old lady began to advise her niece on this occasion. — 'You see, child, (says she) what fortune hath thrown in your way, and I hope you will not withstand your own preferments.' Leonora sighing, 'begged her not to mention any such thing, when she knew her engagements to Horatio.' 'Engagements to a fig,' cry'd the aunt, 'you should thank heaven on your knees that you have it yet in your power to break them. Will any woman hesitate a moment, whether she shall ride in a coach or walk on foot all the days of her life? — But Bellarmine drives six, and Horatio not even a pair.' 'Yes, but, madam, what will the world say?' answered Leonora; 'will not they condemn me?' 'The world is always on the side of prudence,' cries the aunt, 'and would surely condemn you if you sacrificed your interest

to any motive whatever. O, I know the world very well, and you shew your own ignorance, my dear, by your objection. O' my conscience the world is wiser. I have lived longer in it than you, and I assure you there is not any thing worth our regard besides money: nor did I ever know one person who married from other considerations, who did not afterwards heartily repent it. Besides, if we examine the two men, can you prefer a sneaking¹⁰ fellow, who hath been bred at a university, to a fine gentleman just come from his travels? — All the world must allow Bellarmine to be a fine gentleman, positively a fine gentleman, and a handsome man. —' 'Perhaps, Madam, I should not doubt, if I knew how to be handsomely off with the other.' 'O leave that to me,' says the aunt. 'You know your father hath not been acquainted with the affair. Indeed, for my part, I thought it might do well enough, not dreaming of such an offer: but I'll disengage you, leave me to give the fellow an answer. I warrant you shall have no farther trouble.'

Leonora was at length satisfied with her aunt's reasoning; and Bellarmine supping with her that evening, it was agreed he should the next morning go to her father and propose the match, which she consented should be consummated at his return.

The aunt retired soon after supper, and the lovers being left together, Bellarmine began in the following manner: 'Yes, madam, this coat I assure you was made at Paris, and I defy the best English taylor even to imitate it. There is not one of them can cut, madam, they can't cut. If you observe how this skirt is turned, and this sleeve, a clumsy English rascal can do nothing like it. — Pray how do you like my liveries?' Leonora answered, 'she thought them very pretty.' 'All French,' says he, 'I assure you, except the great coats; I never trust any thing more than a great coat to an Englishman; you know one must encourage our own people what one can, especially as, before I had a place, I was in the country interest, he, he, he!¹¹ but for myself, I would see the dirty island at the bottom of the sea, rather than wear a single rag of English work about me, and I am sure after you have made one tour to Paris, you will be of the same opinion with regard to your own clothes. You can't conceive what an addition a French dress would be to your beauty; I positively assure you, at the first opera I saw since I came over, I mistook the English ladies for chambermaids, he, he, he!'

With such sort of polite discourse did the gay Bellarmine entertain his beloved Leonora, when the door opened on a sudden, and Horatio entered the room. Here 'tis impossible to express the surprize of Leonora.

'Poor woman,' says Mrs Slipslop, 'what a terrible *quandary* she must be in!' 'Not at all,' says Miss Grave-airs, 'such sluts can never be confounded.' 'She must have then more than Corinthian assurance,' said Adams; 'ay, more than Lais herself.'¹²

A long silence, continued the lady, prevailed in the whole company: if the familiar entrance of Horatio struck the greatest astonishment into Bellarmine, the unexpected presence of Bellarmine no less surprized Horatio. At length Leonora collecting all the spirits she was mistress of, addressed herself to the latter, and pretended to wonder at the reason of so late a visit. 'I should, indeed,' answered he, 'have made some apology for disturbing you at this hour, had not my finding you in company assured me I do not break in on your repose.' Bellarmine rose from his chair, traversed the room in a minuet step, and hum'd an opera tune, while Horatio advancing to Leonora ask'd her in a whisper, if that gentleman was not a relation of her's; to which she answered with a smile, or rather sneer, 'No, he is no relation of mine yet;' adding, 'she could not guess the meaning of his question.' Horatio told her softly, 'it did not arise from jealousy.' 'Jealousy!' cries she, 'I assure you; — it would be very strange in a common acquaintance to give himself any of those airs.' These words a little surprized Horatio, but before he had time to answer, Bellarmine danced up to the lady, and told her, 'he feared he interrupted some business between her and the gentleman.' 'I can have no business,' said she, 'with the gentleman, nor any other, which need be any secret to you.'

'You'll pardon me,' said Horatio, 'if I desire to know who this gentleman is, who is to be intrusted with all our secrets.' 'You'll know soon enough,' cries Leonora, 'but I can't guess what secrets can ever pass between us of such mighty consequence.' 'No madam!' cries Horatio, 'I'm sure you would not have me understand you in earnest.' 'Tis indifferent to me,' says she, 'how you understand me; but I think so unseasonable a visit is difficult to be understood at all, at least when people find one engaged, though one's servants do not deny one, one may expect a well-bred person should soon take the hint.' 'Madam,'

said Horatio, 'I did not imagine any engagement with a stranger, as it seems this gentleman is, would have made my visit impertinent, or that any such ceremonies were to be preserved between persons in our situation.' 'Sure you are in a dream,' says she, 'or would persuade me that I am in one. I know no pretensions a common acquaintance can have to lay aside the ceremonies of good-breeding.' 'Sure,' said he, 'I am in a dream; for it is impossible I should be really esteemed a common acquaintance by Leonora, after what has passed between us!' 'Passed between us! Do you intend to affront me before this gentleman?' 'D — n me, affront the lady,' says Bellarmine, cocking his hat and strutting up to Horatio, 'does any man dare affront this lady before me, d — n me?' 'Harkee, sir,' says Horatio, 'I would advise you to lay aside that fierce air; for I am mightily deceived, if this lady has not a violent desire to get your worship a good drubbing.' 'Sir,' said Bellarmine, 'I have the honour to be her protector, and d — n me, if I understand your meaning.' 'Sir,' answered Horatio, 'she is rather your protectress: but give yourself no more airs, for you see I am prepared for you,' (shaking his whip at him.) 'Oh! *Serviteur tres humble*,' says Bellarmine, '*Je vous entends parfaitement bien*.'¹³ At which time the aunt, who had heard of Horatio's visit, entered the room and soon satisfied all his doubts. She convinced him that he was never more awake in his life, and that nothing more extraordinary had happened in his three days absence, than a small alteration in the affections of Leonora: who now burst into tears, and wondered what reason she had given him to use her in so barbarous a manner. Horatio desired Bellarmine to withdraw with him: but the ladies prevented it by laying violent hands on the latter; upon which, the former¹⁴ took his leave without any great ceremony, and departed, leaving the lady with his rival to consult for his safety, which Leonora feared her indiscretion might have endangered: but the aunt comforted her with assurances, that Horatio would not venture his person against so accomplished a cavalier as Bellarmine, and that being a lawyer, he would seek revenge in his own way, and the most they had to apprehend from him was an action.¹⁵

They at length therefore agreed to permit Bellarmine to retire to his lodgings, having first settled all matters relating to the journey which he was to undertake in the morning, and their preparations for

the nuptials at his return.

But alas! as wise men have observed, the seat of valour is not the countenance, and many a grave and plain man, will, on a just provocation, betake himself to that mischievous metal, cold iron; while men of a fiercer brow, and sometimes with that emblem of courage, a cockade, will more prudently decline it.

Leonora was waked in the morning, from a visionary coach and six, with the dismal account, that Bellarmine was run through the body by Horatio, that he lay languishing at an inn, and the surgeons had declared the wound mortal. She immediately leap'd out of the bed, danced about the room in a frantic manner, tore her hair and beat her breast in all the agonies of despair; in which sad condition her aunt, who likewise arose at the news, found her. The good old lady applied her utmost art to comfort her niece. She told her, 'while there was life, there was hope: but that if he should die, her affliction would be of no service to Bellarmine, and would only expose herself, which might probably keep her some time without any future offer; that as matters had happened, her wisest way would be to think no more of Bellarmine, but to endeavour to regain the affections of Horatio.' 'Speak not to me,' cry'd the disconsolate Leonora, 'is it not owing to me, that poor Bellarmine has lost his life? have not these cursed charms' (at which words she looked stedfastly in the glass,) 'been the ruin of the most charming man of this age? Can I ever bear to contemplate my own face again?' (with her eyes still fixed on the glass.) 'Am I not the murderess of the finest gentleman? No other woman in the town could have made any impression on him.' 'Never think of things passed,' cries the aunt, 'think of regaining the affections of Horatio.' 'What reason,' said the niece, 'have I to hope he would forgive me? no, I have lost him as well as the other, and it was your wicked advice which was the occasion of all; you seduced me, contrary to my inclinations, to abandon poor Horatio,' at which words she burst into tears; 'you prevailed upon me, whether I would or no, to give up my affections for him; had it not been for you, Bellarmine never would have entered into my thoughts; had not his addresses been backed by your persuasions, they never would have made any impression on me; I should have defied all the fortune and equipage in the world: but it was you, it was you, who

got the better of my youth and simplicity, and forced me to lose my dear Horatio for ever.'

The aunt was almost borne down with this torrent of words, she however rallied all the strength she could, and drawing her mouth up in a purse, began: 'I am not surprized, niece, at this ingratitude. Those who advise young women for their interest, must always expect such a return: I am convinced my brother will thank me for breaking off your match with Horatio at any rate.' 'That may not be in your power yet' answered Leonora; 'tho' it is very ungrateful in you to desire or attempt it, after the presents you have received from him.' (For indeed true it is, that many presents, and some pretty valuable ones, had passed from Horatio to the old lady: but as true it is, that Bellarmine when he breakfasted with her and her niece, had complimented her with a brilliant from his finger, of much greater value than all she had touched of the other.)

The aunt's gall was on float¹⁶ to reply, when a servant brought a letter into the room; which Leonora hearing it came from Bellarmine, with great eagerness opened, and read as follows:

'Most Divine Creature,

The wound which I fear you have heard I received from my rival, is not like to be so fatal as those shot into my heart, which have been fired from your eyes, *tout-brilliant*. Those are the only cannons by which I am to fall: for my surgeon gives me hopes of being soon able to attend your *ruelle*;¹⁷ 'till when, unless you would do me an honour which I have scarce the *hardiesse* to think of, your absence will be the greatest anguish which can be felt by,

MADAM,
Avec tout le respecte in the world,
 Your most obedient, most absolute
Devoté,
 Bellarmine'

As soon as Leonora perceived such hopes of Bellarmine's recovery, and that the gossip fame had, according to custom, so enlarged his danger, she presently abandoned all farther thoughts of Horatio, and was soon reconciled to her aunt, who received her again into favour, with a

more Christian forgiveness than we generally meet with. Indeed it is possible she might be a little alarmed at the hints which her niece had given her concerning the presents. She might apprehend such rumours, should they get abroad, might injure a reputation, which by frequenting church twice a day, and preserving the utmost rigour and strictness in her countenance and behaviour for many years, she had established.

Leonora's passion returned now for Bellarmine with greater force after its small relaxation than ever. She proposed to her aunt to make him a visit in his confinement, which the old lady, with great and commendable prudence advised her to decline: 'For,' says she, 'should any accident intervene to prevent your intended match, too forward a behaviour with this lover may injure you in the eyes of others. Every woman 'till she is married ought to consider of and provide against the possibility of the affair's breaking off.' Leonora said, 'she should be indifferent to whatever might happen in such a case: for she had now so absolutely placed her affections on this dear man (so she called him) that, if it was her misfortune to lose him, she should for ever abandon all thoughts of mankind.' She therefore resolved to visit him, notwithstanding all the prudent advice of her aunt to the contrary, and that very afternoon executed her resolution.

The lady was proceeding in her story, when the coach drove into the inn where the company were to dine, sorely to the dissatisfaction of Mr Adams, whose ears were the most hungry part about him; he being, as the reader may perhaps guess, of an insatiable curiosity, and heartily desirous of hearing the end of this amour, tho' he professed he could scarce wish success to a lady of so inconstant a disposition.

CHAPTER V

A dreadful Quarrel which happened at the Inn where the Company dined, with its bloody Consequences to Mr Adams.

As soon as the passengers had alighted from the coach, Mr Adams, as was his custom, made directly to the kitchen, where he found Joseph

sitting by the fire and the hostess anointing his leg: for the horse which Mr Adams had borrowed of his clerk, had so violent a propensity to kneeling, that one would have thought it had been his trade as well as his master's: nor would he always give any notice of such his intention; he was often found on his knees, when the rider least expected it. This foible however was of no great inconvenience to the parson, who was accustomed to it, and as his legs almost touched the ground when he bestrode the beast, had but a little way to fall, and threw himself forward on such occasions with so much dexterity, that he never received any mischief; the horse and he frequently rolling many paces distance, and afterwards both getting up and meeting as good friends as ever.

Poor Joseph, who had not been used to such kind of cattle, tho' an excellent horseman, did not so happily disengage himself: but falling with his leg under the beast, received a violent contusion, to which the good woman was, as we have said, applying a warm hand with some camphirated spirits¹ just at the time when the parson entered the kitchen.

He had scarce express'd his concern for Joseph's misfortune, before the host likewise entered. He was by no means of Mr Tow-ouse's gentle disposition, and was indeed perfect master of his house and every thing in it but his guests.

This surly fellow, who always proportioned his respect to the appearance of a traveller, from *God bless your honour*, down to plain *Coming presently*, observing his wife on her knees to a footman, cried out, without considering his circumstances, 'What a pox is the woman about? why don't you mind the company in the coach? Go and ask them what they will have for dinner?' 'My dear,' says she, 'you know they can have nothing but what is at the fire, which will be ready presently; and really the poor young man's leg is very much bruised.' At which words, she fell to chafing more violently than before: the bell then happening to ring, he damn'd his wife, and bid her go in to the company, and not stand rubbing there all day: for he did not believe the young fellow's leg was so bad as he pretended; and if it was, within twenty miles he would find a surgeon to cut it off. Upon these words, Adams fetched two strides across the room; and snapping his fingers over his head muttered aloud, 'he would excommunicate such a wretch for a farthing: for he believed the devil had more humanity.'

These words occasioned a dialogue between Adams and the host, in which there were two or three sharp replies, 'till Joseph bad the latter know how to behave himself to his betters. At which the host, (having first strictly surveyed Adams) scornfully repeating the word *betters*, flew into a rage, and telling Joseph he was as able to walk out of his house as he had been to walk into it, offered to lay violent hands on him; which perceiving, Adams dealt him so sound a compliment over his face with his fist, that the blood immediately gushed out of his nose in a stream. The host being unwilling to be outdone in courtesy, especially by a person of Adams's figure, returned the favour with so much gratitude, that the parson's nostrils likewise began to look a little redder than usual. Upon which he again assailed his antagonist, and with another stroke laid him sprawling on the floor.

The hostess, who was a better wife than so surly a husband deserved, seeing her husband all bloody and stretched along, hastened presently to his assistance, or rather to revenge the blow which to all appearance was the last he would ever receive; when, lo! a pan full of hog's-blood, which unluckily stood on the dresser, presented itself first to her hands. She seized it in her fury, and without any reflection discharged it into the parson's face, and with so good an aim, that much the greater part first saluted his countenance, and trickled thence in so large a current down his beard, and over his garments, that a more horrible spectacle was hardly to be seen or even imagined. All which was perceived by Mrs Slipslop, who entered the kitchen at that instant. This good gentlewoman, not being of a temper so extremely cool and patient as perhaps was required to ask many questions on this occasion; flew with great impetuosity at the hostess's cap, which, together with some of her hair, she plucked from her head in a moment, giving her at the same time several hearty cuffs in the face, which by frequent practice on the inferiour servants, she had learned an excellent knack of delivering with a good grace. Poor Joseph could hardly rise from his chair; the parson was employed in wiping the blood from his eyes, which had intirely blinded him, and the landlord was but just beginning to stir, whilst Mrs Slipslop holding down the landlady's face with her left hand, made so dextrous a use of her right, that the poor woman began to roar in a key, which alarmed all the company in the inn.

There happened to be in the inn at this time, besides the ladies who arrived in the stage-coach, the two gentlemen who were present at Mr Tow-ouse's when Joseph was detained for his horse-meat, and whom we have before mentioned to have stopt at the alehouse with Adams. There was likewise a gentleman just returned from his travels to Italy; all whom the horrid outcry of murder, presently brought into the kitchen, where the several combatants were found in the postures already described.

It was now no difficulty to put an end to the fray, the conquerors being satisfied with the vengeance they had taken, and the conquered having no appetite to renew the fight. The principal figure, and which engaged the eyes of all was Adams, who was all over covered with blood, which the whole company concluded to be his own; and consequently imagined him no longer for this world. But the host, who had now recovered from his blow, and was risen from the ground, soon delivered them from this apprehension, by damning his wife, for wasting the hog's puddings, and telling her all would have been very well if she had not intermeddled like a B— as she was; adding, he was very glad the gentlewoman had paid her, tho' not half what she deserved. The poor woman had indeed fared much the worst, having, besides the unmerciful cuffs received, lost a quantity of hair which Mrs Slipslop in triumph held in her left hand.

The traveller, addressing himself to Miss Grave-airs, desired her not to be frightened: for here had been only a little boxing, which he said to their *disgracia* the English were *accustomata* to; adding, it must be however a sight somewhat strange to him, who was just come from Italy, the Italians not being addicted to the *cuffardo*, but *bastonza*, says he. He then went up to Adams, and telling him he looked liked the ghost of Othello, bid him *not shake his gory locks at him, for he could not say he did it.*² Adams very innocently answered, *Sir, I am far from accusing you.* He then returned to the lady, and cried, 'I find the bloody gentleman is *uno insipido del nullo senso. Damnata di me*, if I have seen such a *spectaculo* in my way from Viterbo.'

One of the gentlemen having learnt from the host the occasion of this bustle, and being assured by him that Adams had struck the first blow, whispered in his ear: 'he'd warrant he would *recover*.' 'Recover!

master,' said the host, smiling: 'Yes, yes, I am not afraid of dying with a blow or two neither; I am not such a chicken as that.' 'Pugh!' said the gentleman, 'I mean you will recover damages, in that action which undoubtedly you intend to bring, as soon as a writ can be returned from London;'³ for you look like a man of too much spirit and courage to suffer any one to beat you without bringing your action against him: He must be a scandalous fellow indeed, who would put up a drubbing whilst the law is open to revenge it; besides, he hath drawn blood from you and spoiled your coat, and the jury will give damages for that too. An excellent new coat upon my word, and now not worth a shilling!

'I don't care,' continued he, 'to intermeddle in these cases:'⁴ but you have a right to my evidence; and if I am sworn, I must speak the truth. I saw you sprawling on the floor, and the blood gushing from your nostrils. You may take your own opinion; but was I in your circumstances, every drop of my blood should convey an ounce of gold into my pocket: remember I don't advise you to go to law, but if your jury were Christians, they must give swinging damages, that's all.' 'Master,' cry'd the host, scratching his head, 'I have no stomach to law, I thank you. I have seen enough of that in the parish, where two of my neighbours have been at law about a house, 'till they have both lawed themselves into a gaol.'⁵ At which words he turned about, and began to enquire again after his hog's puddings, nor would it probably have been a sufficient excuse for his wife that she spilt them in his defence, had not some awe of the company, especially of the Italian traveller, who was a person of great dignity, with-held his rage. Whilst one of the above-mentioned gentlemen was employed, as we have seen him, on the behalf of the landlord, the other was no less hearty on the side of Mr Adams, whom he advised to bring his action immediately. He said the assault of the wife was in law the assault of the husband; for they were but one person;⁶ and he was liable to pay damages, which he said must be considerable, where so bloody a disposition appeared. Adams answered, if it was true that they were but one person he had assaulted the wife; for he was sorry to own he had struck the husband the first blow. 'I am sorry you own it too,' cries the gentleman; 'for it could not possibly appear to the court: for here was no evidence present but the lame man in the chair, whom I suppose to be your

friend, and would consequently say nothing but what made for you.' 'How, sir,' says Adams, 'do you take me for a villain, who would prosecute revenge in cold blood, and use unjustifiable means to obtain it? If you knew me and my order, I should think you affronted both.' At the word order, the gentleman stared, (for he was too bloody to be of any modern order of knights,) and turning hastily about, said, every man knew his own business.

Matters being now composed, the company retired to their several apartments, the two gentlemen congratulating each other on the success of their good offices, in procuring a perfect reconciliation between the contending parties; and the traveller went to his repast, crying, as the Italian poet says,

'Je voi very well, que tutta e pace,
So send up dinner, good Boniface.'⁷

The coachman began now to grow importunate with his passengers, whose entrance into the coach was retarded by Miss Grave-airs insisting, against the remonstrances of all the rest, that she would not admit a footman into the coach: for poor Joseph was too lame to mount a horse. A young lady, who was, as it seems, an earl's grand daughter, begged it with almost tears in her eyes; Mr Adams prayed, and Mrs Slipslop scolded, but all to no purpose. She said, 'she would not demean herself to ride with a footman: that there were waggons on the road: that if the master of the coach desired it, she would pay for two places: but would suffer no such fellow to come in.' 'Madam,' says Slipslop, 'I am sure no one can refuse another coming into a stage-coach!' 'I don't know, madam,' says the lady, 'I am not much used to stage-coaches, I seldom travel in them.' 'That may be, madam,' replied Slipslop, 'very good people do, and some people's betters, for aught I know.' Miss Grave-airs said, 'some folks, might sometimes give their tongues a liberty, to some people that were their betters, which did not become them: for her part, she was not used to converse with servants.' Slipslop returned, 'some people kept no servants to converse with: for her part, she thanked heaven, she lived in a family where there were a great many; and had more under her own command, than any paultry little gentlewoman in the kingdom.' Miss Grave-airs cry'd, 'she believed, her mistress

would not encourage such sauciness to her betters.' 'My betters,' says Slipslop, 'who is my betters, pray?' 'I am your betters,' answered Miss Grave-airs, 'and I'll acquaint your mistress.' — At which Mrs Slipslop laughed aloud, and told her, 'her lady was one of the great gentry, and such little paultry gentlewomen, as some folks who travelled in stage-coaches, would not easily come at her.'

This smart dialogue between some people, and some folks, was going on at the coach-door, when a solemn person riding into the inn, and seeing Miss Grave-airs, immediately accosted her with, 'Dear child, how do you?' She presently answered, 'O! papa, I am glad you have overtaken me.' 'So am I,' answered he: 'for one of our coaches is just at hand; and there being room for you in it, you shall go no farther in the stage, unless you desire it.' 'How can you imagine I should desire it?' says she; so bidding Slipslop, 'ride with her fellow, if she pleased,' she took her father by the hand, who was just alighted, and walked with him into a room.

Adams instantly asked the coachman in a whisper, if he knew who the gentleman was? The coachman answered, he was now a gentleman, and kept his horse and man: 'but times are altered, master,' said he, 'I remember, when he was no better born than myself.' 'Aye, aye,' says Adams. 'My father drove the squire's coach,' answered he, 'when that very man rode postilion; but he is now his steward, and a great gentleman.' Adams then snapped his fingers, and cry'd, he thought *she* was *some such trollop*.

Adams made haste to acquaint Mrs Slipslop with this good news, as he imagined it; but it found a reception different from what he expected. That prudent gentlewoman, who despised the anger of Miss Grave-airs, whilst she conceived her the daughter of a gentleman of small fortune, now she heard her alliance with the upper servants of a great family in her neighbourhood, began to fear her interest with the mistress. She wished she had not carried the dispute so far, and began to think of endeavouring to reconcile herself to the young lady before she left the inn; when luckily, the scene at London, which the reader can scarce have forgotten, presented itself to her mind, and comforted her with such assurance, that she no longer apprehended any enemy with her mistress.

Every thing being now adjusted, the company entered the coach, which was just on its departure, when one lady recollected she had left her fan, a second her gloves, a third a snuffbox, and a fourth a smelling-bottle behind her; to find all which, occasioned some delay, and much swearing of the coachman.

As soon as the coach had left the inn, the women all together fell to the character of Miss Grave-airs, whom one of them declared she had suspected to be some low creature from the beginning of their journey; and another affirmed had not even the looks of a gentlewoman; a third warranted she was no better than she should be, and turning to the lady who had related the story in the coach, said, 'Did you ever hear, madam, any thing so prudish as her remarks? Well, deliver me from the censoriousness of such a prude.' The fourth added, 'O madam! all these creatures are censorious: but for my part, I wonder where the wretch was bred; indeed I must own I have seldom conversed with these mean kind of people, so that it may appear stranger to me; but to refuse the general desire of a whole company, hath something in it so astonishing, that, for my part, I own I should hardly believe it, if my own ears had not been witnesses to it;' 'Yes, and so handsome a young fellow,' cries Slipslop, 'the woman must have no compassion in her, I believe she is more of a Turk than a Christian; I am certain if she had any Christian woman's blood in her veins, the sight of such a young fellow must have warm'd it. Indeed there are some wretched, miserable old objects that turn one's stomach, I should not wonder if she had refused such a one; I am as nice as herself, and should have cared no more than herself for the company of stinking old fellows: but hold up thy head, Joseph, thou art none of those and she who hath no *compulsion* for thee is a *Myhummetman*, and I will maintain it.' This conversation made Joseph uneasy, as well as the ladies; who perceiving the spirits which Mrs Slipslop was in, (for indeed she was not a cup too low) began to fear the consequence; one of them therefore desired the lady to conclude the story — 'Ay madam,' said Slipslop, 'I beg your ladyship to give us that story you *commencated* in the morning,' which request that well-bred woman immediately complied with.

CHAPTER VI

Conclusion of the Unfortunate Jilt.

Leonora having once broke through the bounds which custom and modesty impose on her sex, soon gave an unbridled indulgence to her passion. Her visits to Bellarmine were more constant, as well as longer, than his surgeon's; in a word, she became absolutely his nurse, made his water-gruel, administred him his medicines, and, notwithstanding the prudent advice of her aunt to the contrary, almost intirely resided in her wounded lover's apartment.

The ladies of the town began to take her conduct under consideration; it was the chief topick of discourse at their tea-tables, and was very severely censured by the most part; especially by Lindamira, a lady whose discreet and starch carriage, together with a constant attendance at church three times a day, had utterly defeated many malicious attacks on her own reputation: for such was the envy that Lindamira's virtue had attracted, that notwithstanding her own strict behaviour and strict enquiry into the lives of others, she had not been able to escape being the mark of some arrows herself, which however did her no injury; a blessing perhaps owed by her to the clergy, who were her chief male companions, and with two or three of whom she had been barbarously and unjustly calumniated.

'Not so unjustly neither perhaps,' says Slipslop, 'for the clergy are men as well as other folks.'

The extreme delicacy of Lindamira's virtue was cruelly hurt by these freedoms which Leonora allowed herself; she said, 'it was an affront to her sex, that she did not imagine it consistent with any woman's honour to speak to the creature, or to be seen in her company; and that, for her part, she should always refuse to dance at an assembly with her, for fear of contamination, by taking her by the hand.'

But to return to my story: As soon as Bellarmine was recovered, which was somewhat within a month from his receiving the wound, he set out, according to agreement, for Leonora's father's, in order to propose the match and settle all matters with him touching settlements, and the like.

A little before his arrival, the old gentleman had received an intimation of the affair by the following letter; which I can repeat *verbatim*, and which they say was written neither by Leonora nor her aunt, tho' it was in a woman's hand. The letter was in these words:

'Sir

I am sorry to acquaint you that your daughter Leonora hath acted one of the basest, as well as most simple parts with a young gentleman to whom she had engaged herself, and whom she hath (pardon the word) jilted for another of inferiour fortune, notwithstanding his superiour figure. You may take what measures you please on this occasion; I have performed what I thought my duty, as I have, tho' unknown to you, a very great respect for your family.'

The old gentleman did not give himself the trouble to answer this kind of epistle, nor did he take any notice of it after he had read it, 'till he saw Bellarmine. He was, to say the truth, one of those fathers who look on children as an unhappy consequence of their youthful pleasures; which as he would have been delighted not to have had attended them, so was he no less pleased with any opportunity to rid himself of the incumbrance. He pass'd in the world's language as an exceeding good father, being not only so rapacious as to rob and plunder all mankind to the utmost of his power, but even to deny himself the conveniences and almost necessities of life; which his neighbours attributed to a desire of raising immense fortunes for his children: but in fact it was not so, he heaped up money for its own sake only, and looked on his children as his rivals, who were to enjoy his beloved mistress, when he was incapable of possessing her, and which he would have been much more charmed with the power of carrying along with him: nor had his children any other security of being his heirs, than that the law would constitute them such without a will, and that he had not affection enough for any one living to take the trouble of writing one.

To this gentleman came Bellarmine on the errand I have mentioned. His person, his equipage, his family and his estate seemed to the father to make him an advantageous match for his daughter; he therefore very readily accepted his proposals: but when Bellarmine imagined the principal affair concluded, and began to open the incidental matters of

fortune; the old gentleman presently changed his countenance, saying, 'he resolved never to marry his daughter on a Smithfield match;¹ that whoever had love for her to take her, would, when he died, find her share of his fortune in his coffers: but he had seen such examples of undutifulness happen from the too early generosity of parents, that he had made a vow never to part with a shilling whilst he lived.' He commended the saying of Solomon,² *he that spareth the rod, spoileth the child*: but added, 'he might have likewise asserted, that *he that spareth the purse, saveth the child*.' He then ran into a discourse on the extravagance of the youth of the age; whence he launched into a dissertation on horses, and came at length to commend those Bellarmine drove. That fine gentleman, who at another season would have been well enough pleased to dwell a little on that subject, was now very eager to resume the circumstance of fortune. He said, 'he had a very high value for the young lady, and would receive her with less than he would any other whatever; but that even his love to her made some regard to worldly matters necessary; for it would be a most distracting sight for him to see her, when he had the honour to be her husband, in less than a coach and six.' The old gentleman answer'd, 'Four will do, four will do;' and then took a turn from horses to extravagance, and from extravagance to horses, till he came round to the equipage again, whither he was no sooner arrived, than Bellarmine brought him back to the point; but all to no purpose, he made his escape from that subject in a minute, till at last the lover declared, 'that in the present situation of his affairs it was impossible for him, though he loved Leonora more than *tout le monde*, to marry her without any fortune.' To which the father answered, 'he was sorry then his daughter must lose so valuable a match; that if he had an inclination at present, it was not in his power to advance a shilling: that he had had great losses and been at great expences on projects, which, though he had great expectation from them, had yet produced him nothing: that he did not know what might happen hereafter, as on the birth of a son, or such accident, but he would make no promise, or enter into any article: for he would not break his vow for all the daughters in the world.'

In short, ladies, to keep you no longer in suspense, Bellarmine having tried every argument and persuasion which he could invent, and

finding them all ineffectual, at length took his leave, but not in order to return to Leonora; he proceeded directly to his own seat, whence after a few days stay, he returned to Paris, to the great delight of the French, and the honour of the English nation.

But as soon as he arrived at his home, he presently dispatched a messenger, with the following epistle to Leonora.

‘Adorable and charmante,

I am sorry to have the honour to tell you I am not the *heureux* person destined for your divine arms. Your papa hath told me so with a *politesse* not often seen on this side Paris. You may perhaps guess his manner of refusing me — Ah *mon Dieu!* You will certainly believe me, madam, incapable of my self delivering this *triste* message: which I intend to try the French air to cure the consequences of — Ah *jamais! Cœur! Ange!* — Ah *Diable!* — If your papa obliges you to a marriage, I hope we shall see you at Paris, till when the wind that flows from thence will be the warmest *dans le monde*: for it will consist almost entirely of my sighs. *Adieu, ma princesse! Ah l’amour!*

Bellarmino’

I shall not attempt ladies, to describe Leonora’s condition when she received this letter. It is a picture of horror, which I should have as little pleasure in drawing as you in beholding. She immediately left the place, where she was the subject of conversation and ridicule, and retired to that house I shewed you when I began the story, where she hath ever since led a disconsolate life, and deserves perhaps pity for her misfortunes more than our censure, for a behaviour to which the artifices of her aunt very probably contributed, and to which very young women are often rendered too liable, by that blameable levity in the education of our sex.

‘If I was inclined to pity her,’ said a young lady in the coach, ‘it would be for the loss of Horatio; for I cannot discern any misfortune in her missing such a husband as Bellarmino.’

‘Why I must own,’ says Slipslop, ‘the gentleman was a little false-hearted: but *howsumever* it was hard to have two lovers, and get never a husband at all — But pray, madam, what became of *Ourasho?*’

He remains, said the lady, still unmarried, and hath applied himself so strictly to his business, that he hath raised I hear a very considerable

fortune. And what is remarkable, they say, he never hears the name of Leonora without a sigh, nor hath ever uttered one syllable to charge her with her ill conduct towards him.

CHAPTER VII

A very short Chapter, in which Parson Adams went a great Way.

The lady having finished her story received the thanks of the company, and now Joseph putting his head out of the coach, cried out, 'Never believe me, if yonder be not our parson Adams walking along without his horse.' 'On my word, and so he is,' says Slipslop; 'and as sure as two-pence, he hath left him behind at the inn.' Indeed, true it is, the parson had exhibited a fresh instance of his absence of mind: for he was so pleased with having got Joseph into the coach, that he never once thought of the beast in the stable; and finding his legs as nimble as he desired, he sallied out brandishing a crabstick, and had kept on before the coach, mending and slackening his pace occasionally, so that he had never been much more or less than a quarter of a mile distant from it.

Mrs Slipslop desired the coachman to overtake him, which he attempted, but in vain: for the faster he drove, the faster ran the parson, often crying out, *Aye, aye, catch me if you can*: 'till at length the coachman swore he would as soon attempt to drive after a greyhound; and giving the parson two or three hearty curses, he cry'd, 'Softly, softly boys,' to his horses, which the civil beasts immediately obeyed.

But we will be more courteous to our reader than he was to Mrs Slipslop, and leaving the coach and its company to pursue their journey, we will carry our reader on after Parson Adams, who stretched forwards without once looking behind him, 'till having left the coach full three miles in his rear, he came to a place, where by keeping the extremest track to the right, it was just barely possible for a human creature to miss his way. This track, however did he keep, as indeed he had a wonderful capacity at these kinds of bare possibilities; and travelling in it about three miles over the plain, he arrived at the summit of a

hill, whence looking a great way backwards, and perceiving no coach in sight, he sat himself down on the turf, and pulling out his Æschylus determined to wait here for its arrival.

He had not sat long here, before a gun going off very near, a little startled him; he looked up, and saw a gentleman within a hundred paces taking up a partridge, which he had just shot.

Adams stood up, and presented a figure to the gentleman which would have moved laughter in many: for his cassock had just again fallen down below his great coat, that is to say, it reached his knees; whereas, the skirts of his great coat descended no lower than half way down his thighs; but the gentleman's mirth gave way to his surprize, at beholding such a personage in such a place.

Adams advancing to the gentleman told him he hoped he had good sport; to which the other answered, 'Very little.' 'I see, sir,' says Adams, 'you have smote one partridge:' to which the sportsman made no reply, but proceeded to charge his piece.

Whilst the gun was charging, Adams remained in silence, which he at last broke, by observing that it was a delightful evening. The gentleman, who had at first sight conceived a very distasteful opinion of the parson, began, on perceiving a book in his hand, and smoking likewise the information of the cassock, to change his thoughts, and made a small advance to conversation on his side, by saying, *Sir, I suppose you are not one of these parts?*

Adams immediately told him, No; that he was a traveller, and invited by the beauty of the evening and the place to repose a little, and amuse himself with reading. 'I may as well repose myself too,' said the sportsman; 'for I have been out this whole afternoon, and the devil a bird have I seen 'till I came hither.'

'Perhaps then the game is not very plenty hereabouts,' cries Adams. 'No, sir,' said the gentleman, 'the soldiers, who are quartered in the neighbourhood, have killed it all.' 'It is very probable,' cries Adams, 'for shooting is their profession.' 'Ay, shooting the game,' answered the other, 'but I don't see they are so forward to shoot our enemies. I don't like that affair of Carthage;¹ if I had been there, I believe I should have done otherguess things, d — n me; what's a man's life when his country demands it; a man who won't sacrifice his life for his country

deserves to be hanged, d — n me.' Which words he spoke with so violent a gesture, so loud a voice, so strong an accent, and so fierce a countenance, that he might have frightned a captain of trained-bands² at the head of his company; but Mr Adams was not greatly subject to fear, he told him intrepidly that he very much approved his virtue, but disliked his swearing, and begged him not to addict himself to so bad a custom, without which he said he might fight as bravely as Achilles did. Indeed he was charmd with this discourse, he told the gentleman he would willingly have gone many miles to have met a man of his generous way of thinking; that if he pleased to sit down, he should be greatly delighted to commune with him: for tho' he was a clergyman, he would himself be ready, if thereto called, to lay down his life for his country.

The gentleman sat down and Adams by him, and then the latter began, as in the following chapter, a discourse which we have placed by itself, as it is not only the most curious in this, but perhaps in any other book.

CHAPTER VIII

A notable Dissertation, by Mr Abraham Adams; wherein that Gentleman appears in a political Light.

'I do assure you, sir,' says he, taking the gentleman by the hand, 'I am heartily glad to meet with a man of your kidney: for tho' I am a poor parson, I will be bold to say, I am an honest man, and would not do an ill thing to be made a bishop: Nay, tho' it hath not fallen in my way to offer so noble a sacrifice, I have not been without opportunities of suffering for the sake of my conscience, I thank Heaven for them: for I have had relations, tho' I say it, who made some figure in the world; particularly a nephew, who was a shopkeeper, and an alderman of a corporation. He was a good lad, and was under my care when a boy, and I believe would do what I bad him to his dying day. Indeed, it looks like extreme vanity in me, to affect being a man of such consequence, as to have so great an interest in an alderman; but others have thought so too, as manifestly appeared by the rector, whose curate I formerly

was, sending for me on the approach of an election, and telling me if I expected to continue in his cure, that I must bring my nephew to vote for one Colonel Courtly, a gentleman whom I had never heard tidings of 'till that instant. I told the rector, I had no power over my nephew's vote, (God forgive me for such prevarication!) that I supposed he would give it according to his conscience, that I would by no means endeavour to influence him to give it otherwise. He told me it was in vain to equivocate: that he knew I had already spoke to him in favour of esquire Fickle my neighbour, and indeed it was true I had: for it was at a season when the Church was in danger,¹ and when all good men expected they knew not what would happen to us all. I then answered boldly, If he thought I had given my promise, he affronted me, in proposing any breach of it. Not to be too prolix: I persevered, and so did my nephew, in the esquire's interest, who was chose chiefly through his means, and so I lost my curacy. Well, sir, but do you think the esquire ever mentioned a word of the church? *Ne verbum quidem, ut ita dicam*;² within two years he got a place, and hath ever since lived in London; where I have been informed, (but G— forbid I should believe that) that he never so much as goeth to church. I remained, sir, a considerable time without any cure, and lived a full month on one funeral sermon, which I preached in the indisposition of a clergyman: but this by the bye. At last, when Mr Fickle got his place, Colonel Courtly stood again; and who should make interest for him, but Mr Fickle himself: that very identical Mr Fickle, who had formerly told me, the colonel was an enemy to both the church and state, had the confidence to sollicite my nephew for him, and the colonel himself offered me to make me chaplain to his regiment, which I refused in favour of Sir Oliver Hearty, who told us, he would sacrifice every thing to his country; and I believe he would, except his hunting, which he stuck so close to, that in five years together, he went but twice up to parliament; and one of those times, I have been told, never was within sight of the house. However, he was a worthy man, and the best friend I ever had: for by his interest with a bishop, he got me replaced into my curacy, and gave me eight pounds out of his own pocket to buy me a gown and cassock, and furnish my house. He had our interest while he lived, which was not many years. On his death, I had fresh

applications made to me; for all the world knew the interest I had in my good nephew, who now was a leading man in the corporation; and Sir Thomas Booby, buying the estate which had been Sir Oliver's, proposed himself a candidate. He was then a young gentleman just come from his travels;³ and it did me good to hear him discourse on affairs, which for my part I knew nothing of. If I had been master of a thousand votes, he should have had them all. I engaged my nephew in his interest, and he was elected, and a very fine parliament-man he was. They tell me he made speeches of an hour long; and I have been told very fine ones; but he could never persuade the parliament to be of his opinion. — *Non omnia possumus omnes*.⁴ He promised me a living, poor man; and I believe I should have had it, but an accident happened; which was, that my lady had promised it before unknown to him. This indeed I never heard 'till afterwards: for my nephew, who died about a month before the incumbent, always told me I might be assured of it. Since that time, Sir Thomas, poor man, had always so much business, that he never could find leisure to see me. I believe it was partly my lady's fault too: who did not think my dress good enough for the gentry at her table. However, I must do him the justice to say, he never was ungrateful; and I have always found his kitchen, and his cellar too, open to me; many a time after service on a Sunday, for I preach at four churches, have I recruited my spirits with a glass of his ale. Since my nephew's death, the corporation is in other hands; and I am not a man of that consequence I was formerly. I have now no longer any talents to lay out in the service of my country; and to whom nothing is given, of him can nothing be required. However, on all proper seasons, such as the approach of an election, I throw a suitable dash or two into my sermons; which I have the pleasure to hear is not disagreeable to Sir Thomas, and the other honest gentlemen my neighbours, who have all promised me these five years, to procure an ordination for a son of mine, who is now near thirty, hath an infinite stock of learning, and is, I thank Heaven, of an unexceptionable life; tho', as he was never at an university, the bishop refuses to ordain him. Too much care cannot indeed be taken in admitting any to the sacred office; tho' I hope he will never act so as to be a disgrace to any order: but will serve his God and his country to the utmost of his power,

as I have endeavoured to do before him; nay, and will lay down his life whenever called to that purpose. I am sure I have educated him in those principles; so that I have acquitted my duty, and shall have nothing to answer for on that account: but I do not distrust him; for he is a good boy; and if providence should throw it in his way, to be of as much consequence in a public light, as his father once was, I can answer for him, he will use his talents as honestly as I have done.’

CHAPTER IX

*In which the Gentleman descants on Bravery and heroic Virtue,
till an unlucky Accident puts an end to the Discourse.¹*

The gentleman highly commended Mr Adams for his good resolutions, and told him, ‘he hoped his son would tread in his steps;’ adding, ‘that if he would not die for his country, he would not be worthy to live in it; I’d make no more of shooting a man that would not die for his country, than —

‘Sir,’ said he, ‘I have disinherited a nephew who is in the army, because he would not exchange his commission, and go to the West-Indies. I believe the rascal is a coward, tho’ he pretends to be in love forsooth. I would have all such fellows hanged, sir, I would have them hanged.’ Adams answered, ‘that would be too severe: that men did not make themselves; and if fear had too much ascendance in the mind, the man was rather to be pitied than abhorred: that reason and time might teach him to subdue it.’ He said, ‘a man might be a coward at one time, and brave at another. Homer,’ says he, ‘who so well understood and copied nature, hath taught us this lesson: for Paris fights, and Hector runs away:² nay, we have a mighty instance of this in the history of later ages, no longer ago, than the 705th year of Rome, when the great Pompey,³ who had won so many battles, and been honoured with so many triumphs, and of whose valour, several authors, especially Cicero and Paterculus, have formed such elogiums; this very Pompey left the battle of Pharsalia before he had lost it, and retreated to his tent, where

he sat like the most pusillanimous rascal in a fit of despair, and yielded a victory, which was to determine the empire of the world, to Caesar. I am not much travelled in the history of modern times, that is to say, these last thousand years: but those who are, can, I make no question, furnish you with parallel instances.' He concluded therefore, that had he taken any such hasty resolutions against his nephew, he hoped he would consider better and retract them. The gentleman answered with great warmth, and talked much of courage and his country,'till perceiving it grew late, he asked Adams, 'what place he intended for that night?' He told him, 'he waited there for the stage-coach.' 'The stage-coach! Sir,' said the gentleman, 'they are all past by long ago. You may see the last yourself, almost three miles before us.' 'I protest and so they are,' cries Adams, 'then I must make haste and follow them.' The gentleman told him, 'he would hardly be able to overtake them; and that if he did not know his way, he would be in danger of losing himself on the downs; for it would be presently dark; and he might ramble about all night, and perhaps, find himself farther from his journey's end in the morning than he was now. He advised him therefore to accompany him to his house, which was very little out of his way,' assuring him, 'that he would find some country-fellow in his parish, who would conduct him for sixpence to the city, where he was going.' Adams accepted this proposal, and on they travelled, the gentleman renewing his discourse on courage, and the infamy of not being ready at all times to sacrifice our lives to our country. Night overtook them much about the same time as they arrived near some bushes: whence, on a sudden, they heard the most violent shrieks imaginable in a female voice. Adams offered to snatch the gun out of his companion's hand. 'What are you doing?' said he. 'Doing!' says Adams, 'I am hastening to the assistance of the poor creature whom some villains are murdering.' 'You are not mad enough, I hope,' says the gentleman, trembling: 'Do you consider this gun is only charged with shot, and that the robbers are most probably furnished with pistols loaded with bullets? This is no business of ours; let us make as much haste as possible out of the way, or we may fall into their hands ourselves.' The shrieks now encreasing, Adams made no answer, but snap'd his fingers, and brandishing his crabstick, made directly to the place whence the voice issued; and the man of courage

made as much expedition towards his own home, whither he escaped in a very short time without once looking behind him: where we will leave him, to contemplate his own bravery, and to censure the want of it in others; and return to the good Adams, who, on coming up to the place whence the noise proceeded, found a woman struggling with a man, who had thrown her on the ground, and had almost overpowered her. The great abilities of Mr Adams were not necessary to have formed a right judgment of this affair, on the first sight. He did not therefore want the entreaties of the poor wretch to assist her, but lifting up his crabstick, he immediately levelled a blow at that part of the ravisher's head, where, according to the opinion of the ancients, the brains of some persons are deposited, and which he had undoubtedly let forth, had not nature, (who, as wise men have observed, equips all creatures with what is most expedient for them;) taken a provident Care, (as she always doth with those she intends for encounters) to make this part of the head three times as thick as those of ordinary men, who are designed to exercise talents which are vulgarly called rational, and for whom, as brains are necessary, she is obliged to leave some room for them in the cavity of the skull: whereas, those ingredients being entirely useless to persons of the heroic calling, she hath an opportunity of thickening the bone, so as to make it less subject to any impression or liable to be cracked or broken; and indeed, in some who are predestined to the command of armies and empires, she is supposed sometimes to make that part perfectly solid.

As a game-cock when engaged in amorous toying with a hen, if perchance he espies another cock at hand, immediately quits his female, and opposes himself to his rival; so did the ravisher, on the information of the crabstick, immediately leap from the woman, and hasten to assail the man. He had no weapons but what nature had furnished him with. However, he clenched his fist, and presently darted it at that part of Adams's breast where the heart is lodged. Adams staggered at the violence of the blow, when throwing away his staff, he likewise clenched that fist which we have before commemorated, and would have discharged it full in the breast of his antagonist, had he not dexterously caught it with his left hand, at the same time darting his head, (which some modern heroes, of the lower class, use like the battering-ram of the ancients,

for a weapon of offence; another reason to admire the cunningness of nature, in composing it of those impenetrable materials) dashing his head, I say, into the stomach of Adams, he tumbled him on his back, and not having any regard to the laws of heroism, which would have restrained him from any farther attack on his enemy, 'till he was again on his legs, he threw himself upon him, and laying hold on the ground with his left hand, he with his right belaboured the body of Adams 'till he was weary, and indeed, 'till he concluded (to use the language of fighting) *that he had done his business*; or, in the language of poetry, *that he had sent him to the shades below*; in plain English, *that he was dead*.

But Adams, who was no chicken, and could bear a drubbing as well as any boxing champion in the universe, lay still only to watch his opportunity; and now perceiving his antagonist to pant with his labours, he exerted his utmost force at once, and with such success, that he overturned him and became his superiour; when fixing one of his knees in his breast, he cried out in an exulting voice, *It is my turn now*: and after a few minutes constant application, he gave him so dextrous a blow just under his chin, that the fellow no longer retained any motion, and Adams began to fear he had struck him once too often; for he often asserted, 'he should be concerned to have the blood of even the wicked upon him.'

Adams got up, and called aloud to the young woman, — 'Be of good cheer, damsel,' said he, 'you are no longer in danger of your ravisher, who, I am terribly afraid, lies dead at my feet; but G— forgive me what I have done in defence of innocence.' The poor wretch, who had been some time in recovering strength enough to rise, and had afterwards, during the engagement, stood trembling, being disabled by fear, even from running away, hearing her champion was victorious, came up to him, but not without apprehensions, even of her deliverer; which, however, she was soon relieved from, by his courteous behaviour and gentle words. They were both standing by the body, which lay motionless on the ground, and which Adams wished to see stir much more than the woman did, when he earnestly begged her to tell him 'by what misfortune she came, at such a time of night, into so lonely a place?' She acquainted him, 'she was travelling towards London, and had accidentally met with the person from whom he had delivered her, who told her he was likewise on his journey to the same place, and

would keep her company; an offer which, suspecting no harm, she had accepted; that he told her, they were at a small distance from an inn where she might take up her lodging that evening, and he would show her a nearer way to it than by following the road. That if she had suspected him, (which she did not, he spoke so kindly to her,) being alone on these downs in the dark, she had no human means to avoid him; that therefore she put her whole trust in Providence, and walk'd on, expecting every moment to arrive at the inn; when, on a sudden, being come to those bushes, he desired her to stop, and after some rude kisses, which she resisted, and some entreaties, which she rejected, he laid violent hands on her, and was attempting to execute his wicked will, when, she thanked G—, he timely came up and prevented him.' Adams encouraged her for saying, she had put her whole trust in Providence, and told her 'he doubted not but Providence had sent him to her deliverance, as a reward for that trust. He wished indeed he had not deprived the wicked wretch of life, but G—'s will be done;' he said, 'he hoped the goodness of his intention would excuse him in the next world, and he trusted in her evidence to acquit him in this.' He was then silent, and began to consider with himself, whether it would be properer to make his escape, or to deliver himself into the hands of justice; which meditation ended, as the reader will see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER X

*Giving an Account of the strange Catastrophe of the preceding
Adventure, which drew poor Adams into fresh Calamities;
and who the Woman was who owed the Preservation
of her Chastity to his victorious Arm.*

The silence of Adams, added to the darkness of the night, and loneliness of the place, struck dreadful apprehensions into the poor woman's mind: she began to fear as great an enemy in her deliverer, as he had delivered her from; and as she had not light enough to discover the age of Adams, and the benevolence visible in his countenance, she suspected he had

used her as some very honest men have used their country; and had rescued her out of the hands of one rifler, in order to rifle her himself. Such were the suspicions she drew from his silence: but indeed they were ill-grounded. He stood over his vanquished enemy,¹ wisely weighing in his mind the objections which might be made to either of the two methods of proceeding mentioned in the last chapter, his judgment sometimes inclining to the one and sometimes to the other; for both seemed to him so equally adviseable, and so equally dangerous, that probably he would have ended his days, at least two or three of them, on that very spot, before he had taken any resolution. At length he lifted up his eyes, and spied a light at a distance, to which he instantly addressed himself with *Heus tu*,² traveller, *heus tu!* He presently heard several voices, and perceived the light approaching toward him. The persons who attended the light began some to laugh, others to sing, and others to hollow, at which the woman testified some fear, (for she had concealed her suspicions of the parson himself,) but Adams said, 'Be of good cheer, damsel, and repose thy trust in the same Providence, which hath hitherto protected thee, and never will forsake the innocent.' These people who now approached were no other, reader, than a set of young fellows, who came to these bushes in pursuit of a diversion which they call *bird-batting*. This, if thou art ignorant of it (as perhaps if thou hast never travelled beyond Kensington, Islington, Hackney, or the Borough,³ thou mayst be) I will inform thee, is performed by holding a large clap-net⁴ before a lanthorn, and at the same time, beating the bushes: for the birds, when they are disturbed from their places of rest, or roost, immediately make to the light, and so are enticed within the net. Adams immediately told them, what had happened, and desired them, 'to hold the lanthorn to the face of the man on the ground, for he feared he had smote him fatally.' But indeed his fears were frivolous, for the fellow, though he had been stunned by the last blow he received, had long since recovered his senses, and finding himself quit of Adams, had listened attentively to the discourse between him and the young woman; for whose departure he had patiently waited, that he might likewise withdraw himself, having no longer hopes of succeeding in his desires, which were moreover almost as well cooled by Mr Adams, as they could have been by the young woman herself, had he obtained

his utmost wish. This fellow, who had a readiness at improving any accident, thought he might now play a better part than that of a dead man; and accordingly, the moment the candle was held to his face, he leapt up, and laying hold on Adams, cried out, 'No, villain, I am not dead, though you and your wicked whore might well think me so, after the barbarous cruelties you have exercised on me. Gentlemen,' said he, 'you are luckily come to the assistance of a poor traveller, who would otherwise have been robbed and murdered by this vile man and woman, who led me hither out of my way from the high-road, and both falling on me have used me as you see.' Adams was going to answer, when one of the young fellows, cry'd, 'D — n them, let's carry them both before the justice.' The poor woman began to tremble, and Adams lifted up his voice, but in vain. Three or four of them laid hands on him, and one holding the lanthorn to his face, they all agreed, *he had the most villainous countenance* they ever beheld, and an attorney's clerk who was of the company declared, *he was sure he had remembered him at the bar*. As to the woman, her hair was dishevelled in the struggle, and her nose had bled, so that they could not perceive whether she was handsome or ugly: but they said her fright plainly discovered her guilt. And searching her pockets, as they did those of Adams for money, which the fellow said he had lost, they found in her pocket a purse with some gold in it, which abundantly convinced them, especially as the fellow offered to swear to it. Mr Adams was found to have no more than one halfpenny about him. This the clerk said, 'was a great presumption that he was an old offender, by cunningly giving all the booty to the woman.' To which all the rest readily assented.

This accident promising them better sport, than what they had proposed, they quitted their intention of catching birds, and unanimously resolved to proceed to the justice with the offenders. Being informed what a desperate fellow Adams was, they tied his hands behind him, and having hid their nets among the bushes, and the lanthorn being carried before them, they placed the two prisoners in their front, and then began their march: Adams not only submitting patiently to his own fate, but comforting and encouraging his companion under her sufferings.

Whilst they were on their way, the clerk informed the rest, that this adventure would prove a very beneficial one: for that they would be all

entitled to their proportions of 80 *l.* for apprehending the robbers. This occasion'd a contention concerning the parts which they had severally born in taking them; one insisting, 'he ought to have the greatest share, for he had first laid his hands on Adams;' another claiming a superiour part for having first held the lanthorn to the man's face, on the ground, by which, he said, 'the whole was discovered.' The clerk claimed four fifths of the reward, for having proposed to search the prisoners; and likewise the carrying them before the justice: he said indeed, 'in strict justice he ought to have the whole.' These claims however they at last consented to refer to a future decision, but seemed all to agree that the clerk was intitled to a moiety. They then debated what money should be allotted to the young fellow, who had been employed only in holding the nets. He very modestly said, 'that he did not apprehend any large proportion would fall to his share; but hoped they would allow him something; he desired them to consider, that they had assigned their nets to his care, which prevented him from being as forward as any in laying hold of the robbers, (for so these innocent people were called;) that if he had not occupied the nets, some other must; concluding however that he should be contented with the smallest share imaginable, and should think that rather their bounty than his merit.' But they were all unanimous in excluding him from any part whatever, the clerk particularly swearing, 'if they gave him a shilling, they might do what they pleased with the rest; for he would not concern himself with the affair.' This contention was so hot, and so totally engaged the attention of all the parties, that a dextrous nimble thief, had he been in Mr Adams's situation, would have taken care to have given the justice no trouble that evening. Indeed it required not the art of a Shepherd⁵ to escape, especially as the darkness of the night would have so much befriended him: but Adams trusted rather to his innocence than his heels, and without thinking of flight, which was easy, or resistance (which was impossible, as there were six lusty young fellows, besides the villain himself, present) he walked with perfect resignation the way they thought proper to conduct him.

Adams frequently vented himself in ejaculations during their journey; at last poor Joseph Andrews occurring to his mind, he could not refrain sighing forth his name, which being heard by his companion

in affliction, she cried, with some vehemence, 'Sure I should know that voice, you cannot certainly, sir, be Mr Abraham Adams?' 'Indeed damsel,' says he, 'that is my name; there is something also in your voice, which persuades me I have heard it before.' 'La, sir,' says she, 'don't you remember poor Fanny?' 'How Fanny!' answered Adams, 'indeed I very well remember you; what can have brought you hither?' 'I have told you sir,' replied she, 'I was travelling towards London; but I thought you mentioned Joseph Andrews, pray what is become of him?' 'I left him, child, this afternoon,' said Adams, 'in the stage-coach, in his way towards our parish, whither he is going to see you.' 'To see me? La, sir,' answered Fanny, 'sure you jeer me; what should he be going to see me for?' 'Can you ask that?' replied Adams. 'I hope Fanny you are not inconstant; I assure you he deserves much better of you.' 'La! Mr Adams,' said she, 'what is Mr Joseph to me? I am sure I never had any thing to say to him, but as one fellow-servant might to another.' 'I am sorry to hear this,' said Adams, 'a virtuous passion for a young man, is what no woman need be ashamed of. You either do not tell me truth, or you are false to a very worthy man.' Adams then told her what had happened at the inn, to which she listened very attentively; and a sigh often escaped from her, notwithstanding her utmost endeavours to the contrary, nor could she prevent herself from asking a thousand questions, which would have assured any one but Adams, who never saw farther into people than they desired to let him, of the truth of a passion she endeavoured to conceal. Indeed the fact was, that this poor girl having heard of Joseph's misfortune by some of the servants belonging to the coach, which we have formerly mentioned to have stopped at the inn while the poor youth was confined to his bed, that instant abandoned the cow she was milking, and taking with her a little bundle of clothes under her arm, and all the money she was worth in her own purse, without consulting any one, immediately set forward, in pursuit of one, whom, notwithstanding her shyness to the parson, she loved with inexpressible violence,⁶ though with the purest and most delicate passion. This shyness therefore, as we trust it will recommend her character to all our female readers, and not greatly surprize such of our males as are well acquainted with the younger part of the other sex, we shall not give our selves any trouble to vindicate.

CHAPTER XI

*What happened to them while before the Justice.
A Chapter very full of Learning.*

Their fellow-travellers were so engaged in the hot dispute concerning the division of the reward for apprehending these innocent people, that they attended very little to their discourse. They were now arrived at the justice's house, and sent one of his servants in to acquaint his worship, that they had taken two robbers, and brought them before him. The justice, who was just returned from a fox-chace, and had not yet finished his dinner, ordered them to carry the prisoners into the stable, whither they were attended by all the servants in the house, and all the people of the neighbourhood, who flock'd together to see them with as much curiosity as if there was something uncommon to be seen, or that a rogue did not look like other people.

The justice being now in the height of his mirth and his cups, bethought himself of the prisoners, and telling his company he believed they should have good sport in their examination, he ordered them into his presence. They had no sooner entered the room, than he began to revile them, saying, 'that robberies on the highway were now grown so frequent, that people could not sleep safely in their beds, and assured them they both should be made examples of at the ensuing assizes.' After he had gone on some time in this manner, he was reminded by his clerk, 'that it would be proper to take the deposition of the witnesses against them.' Which he bid him do, and he would light his pipe in the mean time. Whilst the clerk was employed in writing down the depositions of the fellow who had pretended to be robbed, the justice employed himself in cracking jests on poor Fanny, in which he was seconded by all the company at table. One asked, 'whether she was to be indicted for a highwayman?' Another whispered in her ear, 'if she had not provided herself a great belly,¹ he was at her service.' A third said, 'he warranted she was a relation of Turpin.'² To which one of the company, a great wit, shaking his head and then his sides, answered, 'he believed she was nearer related to Turpis;³ at which there was an

universal laugh. They were proceeding thus with the poor girl, when somebody smoaking the cassock, peeping forth from under the great coat of Adams, cried out, 'What have we here, a parson?' 'How, sirrah,' says the justice, 'do you go a robbing in the dress of a clergyman? let me tell you, your habit will not entitle you to the *benefit of the clergy*.⁴ 'Yes,' said the witty fellow, 'he will have one benefit of clergy, he will be exalted above the heads of the people,' at which there was a second laugh. And now the witty spark, seeing his jokes take, began to rise in spirits; and turning to Adams, challenged him to cap verses,⁵ and provoking him by giving the first blow, he repeated,

*Molle meum levibus cord est vilebile telis.*⁶

Upon which Adams, with a look full of ineffable contempt, told him, he deserved scourging for his pronuntiation. The witty fellow answered, 'What do you deserve, doctor, for not being able to answer the first time? Why, I'll give you one you blockhead — with an S?

*Si licet, ut fulvum spectatur in igdibus haurum.*⁷

'What can'st not with an *M* neither? Thou are a pretty fellow for a parson —. Why did'st not steal some of the parson's Latin as well as his gown?' Another at the table then answered, 'If he had, you would have been too hard for him; I remember you at the college a very devil at this sport, I have seen you catch a fresh man: for no body that knew you, would engage with you.' 'I have forgot those things now,' cried the wit, 'I believe I could have done pretty well formerly. — Let's see, what did I end with — an *M* again — ay —

*Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.*⁸

'I could have done it once.' — 'Ah! evil betide you, and so you can now,' said the other, 'no body in this county will undertake you.' Adams could hold no longer; 'Friend,' said he, 'I have a boy not above eight years old, who would instruct thee, that the last verse runs thus:

Ut sunt Divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.

'I'll hold thee a guinea of that,' said the wit, throwing the money on the table. — 'And I'll go your halves,' cries the other. 'Done,' answered

Adams, but upon applying to his pocket, he was forced to retract, and own he had no money about him; which set them all a laughing, and confirmed the triumph of his adversary, which was not moderate, any more than the approbation he met with from the whole company, who told Adams he must go a little longer to School, before he attempted to attack that gentleman in Latin.

The clerk having finished the depositions, as well of the fellow himself, as of those who apprehended the prisoners, delivered them to the justice; who having sworn the several witnesses, without reading a syllable, ordered his clerk to make the *mittimus*.⁹

Adams then said, 'he hoped he should not be condemned unheard.' 'No, no,' cries the justice, 'you will be asked what you have to say for your self, when you come on your trial, we are not trying you now; I shall only commit you to goal: if you can prove your innocence at size, you will be found *ignoramus*,¹⁰ and so no harm done.' 'Is it no punishment, sir, for an innocent man to lie several months in gaol?' cries Adams: 'I beg you would at least hear me before you sign the *mittimus*.' 'What signifies all you can say?' says the justice, 'is it not here in black and white against you? I must tell you, you are a very impertinent fellow, to take up so much of my time. — So make haste with his *mittimus*.'

The clerk now acquainted the justice, that among other suspicious things, as a penknife, &c. found in Adams's pocket, they had discovered a book written, as he apprehended, in ciphers: for no one could read a word in it. 'Ay,' says the justice, 'this fellow may be more than a common robber, he may be in a plot against the government. — Produce the book.' Upon which the poor manuscript of Æschylus, which Adams had transcribed with his own hand, was brought forth; and the justice looking at it, shook his head, and turning to the prisoner, asked the meaning of those ciphers. 'Ciphers!' answer'd Adams, 'it is a manuscript of Æschylus.' 'Who? who?' said the justice. Adams repeated, 'Æschylus.' 'That is an outlandish name,' cried the clerk. 'A fictitious name rather, I believe,' said the justice. One of the company declared it looked very much like Greek. 'Greek!' said the justice, 'why 'tis all writing.' 'Nay,' says the other, 'I don't positively say it is so: for it is a very long time since I have seen any Greek. There's one,' says he, turning to the parson

of the parish, who was present, ‘will tell us immediately.’ The parson taking up the book, and putting on his spectacles and gravity together, muttered some words to himself, and then pronounced aloud — ‘Ay indeed it is a Greek manuscript, a very fine piece of antiquity. I make no doubt but it was stolen from the same clergyman from whom the rogue took the cassock.’ ‘What did the rascal mean by his Æschylus?’ says the justice. ‘Pooh!’ answered the doctor with a contemptuous grin, ‘do you think that fellow knows any thing of this book? Æschylus! ho! ho! ho! I see now what it is. — A manuscript of one of the Fathers.¹¹ I know a nobleman who would give a great deal of money for such a piece of antiquity. — Ay, ay, question and answer. The Beginning is the catechism in Greek. — Ay, — Ay, — *Pollaki toi* — What’s your name?’ — ‘Ay, what’s your name?’ says the justice to Adams, who answered, ‘It is Æschylus, and I will maintain it.’ — ‘O it is,’ says the justice; ‘make Mr Æschylus his *mittimus*. I will teach you to banter me with a false name.’

One of the company having looked stedfastly at Adams, asked him, ‘if he did not know Lady Booby?’ Upon which Adams presently calling him to mind, answered in a rapture, ‘O squire, are you there? I believe you will inform his worship I am innocent.’ ‘I can indeed say,’ replied the squire, ‘that I am very much surprized to see you in this situation;’ and then addressing himself to the justice, he said, ‘Sir, I assure you Mr Adams is a clergyman as he appears, and a gentleman of a very good character. I wish you would enquire a little farther into this affair: for I am convinced of his innocence.’ ‘Nay,’ says the justice, ‘if he is a gentleman, and you are sure he is innocent, I don’t desire to commit him, not I; I will commit the woman by herself, and take your bail for the gentleman; look into the book, clerk, and see how it is to take bail; come — and make the *mittimus* for the woman as fast as you can.’ ‘Sir,’ cries Adams, ‘I assure you she is as innocent as myself.’ ‘Perhaps,’ said the squire, ‘there may be some mistake; pray let us hear Mr Adams’s relation.’ ‘With all my heart,’ answered the justice, ‘and give the gentleman a glass to whet his whistle before he begins. I know how to behave myself to gentlemen as well as another. No body can say I have committed a gentleman since I have been in the commission.’ Adams then began the narrative, in which, though he was very prolix, he was

uninterrupted, unless by several *Hums* and *Ha's* of the justice, and his desire to repeat those parts which seemed to him most material. When he had finished; the justice, who, on what the squire had said, believed every syllable of his story on his bare affirmation, notwithstanding the depositions on oath to the contrary, began to let loose several *rogues* and *rascals* against the witness, whom he ordered to stand forth, but in vain: the said witness, long since finding what turn matters were like to take, had privily withdrawn, without attending the issue. The justice now flew into a violent passion, and was hardly prevailed with not to commit the innocent fellows, who had been imposed on as well as himself. He swore, 'they had best find out the fellow who was guilty of perjury, and bring him before him within two days; or he would bind them all over to their good behaviour.' They all promised to use their best endeavours to that purpose, and were dismissed. Then the justice insisted, that Mr Adams should sit down and take a glass with him; and the parson of the parish delivered him back the manuscript without saying a word; nor would Adams, who plainly discerned his ignorance, expose it. As for Fanny, she was, at her own request, recommended to the care of a maid-servant of the house, who helped her to new dress, and clean herself.

The company in the parlour had not been long seated, before they were alarmed with a horrible uproar from without, where the persons who had apprehended Adams and Fanny, had been regaling, according to the custom of the house, with the justice's strong beer. These were all fallen together by the ears, and were cuffing each other without any mercy. The justice himself sallied out, and with the dignity of his presence, soon put an end to the fray. On his return into the parlour, he reported, 'that the occasion of the quarrel, was no other than a dispute, to whom, if Adams had been convicted, the greater share of the reward for apprehending him had belonged.' All the company laughed at this, except Adams, who taking his pipe from his mouth fetched a deep groan, and said, he was concerned to see so litigious a temper in men. That he remembered a story something like it in one of the parishes where his cure lay: 'There was,' continued he, 'a competition between three young fellows, for the place of the clerk, which I disposed of, to the best of my abilities, according to merit: that

is, I gave it to him who had the happiest knack at setting a psalm. The clerk was no sooner established in his place, than a contention began between the two disappointed candidates, concerning their excellence, each contending, on whom, had they two been the only competitors, my election would have fallen. This dispute frequently disturbed the congregation, and introduced a discord into the psalmody, 'till I was forced to silence them both. But alas, the litigious spirit could not be stifled; and being no longer able to vent itself in singing, it now broke forth in fighting. It produced many battles, (for they were very near a match;) and, I believe, would have ended fatally, had not the death of the clerk given me an opportunity to promote one of them to his place; which presently put an end to the dispute, and entirely reconciled the contending parties.' Adams then proceeded to make some philosophical observations on the folly of growing warm in disputes, in which neither party is interested. He then applied himself vigorously to smocking; and a long silence ensued, which was at length broken by the justice; who began to sing forth his own praises, and to value himself exceedingly on his nice discernment in the cause, which had lately been before him. He was quickly interrupted by Mr Adams, between whom and his Worship a dispute now arose, whether he ought not, in strictness of law, to have committed him, the said Adams; in which the latter maintained he ought to have been committed, and the justice as vehemently held he ought not. This had most probably produced a quarrel, (for both were very violent and positive in their opinions) had not Fanny accidentally heard, that a young fellow was going from the justice's house, to the very inn where the stage-coach in which Joseph was, put up. Upon this news, she immediately sent for the parson out of the parlour. Adams, when he found her resolute to go, (tho' she would not own the reason, but pretended she could not bear to see the faces of those who had suspected her of such a crime,) was as fully determined to go with her; he accordingly took leave of the justice and company, and so ended a dispute, in which the law seemed shamefully to intend to set a magistrate and a divine together by the ears.

CHAPTER XII

*A very delightful Adventure, as well to the Persons
concerned as to the good-natur'd Reader.*

Adams, Fanny, and the guide set out together, about one in the morning, the moon then just being risen. They had not gone above a mile, before a most violent storm of rain obliged them to take shelter in an inn, or rather alehouse; where Adams immediately procured himself a good fire, a toast and ale,¹ and a pipe, and began to smoke with great content, utterly forgetting every thing that had happened.

Fanny sat likewise down by the fire; but was much more impatient at the storm. She presently engaged the eyes of the host, his wife, the maid of the house, and the young fellow who was their guide; they all conceived they had never seen any thing half so handsome; and indeed, reader, if thou art of an amorous hue, I advise thee to skip over the next paragraph; which to render our history perfect, we are obliged to set down, humbly hoping, that we may escape the fate of Pygmalion:² for if it should happen to us or to thee to be struck with this Picture, we should be perhaps in as helpless a condition as Narcissus;³ and might say to ourselves, *Quod petis est nusquam*.⁴ Or if the finest features in it should set Lady — 's image before our eyes, we should be still in as bad situation, and might say to our desires, *Cælum ipsum petimus stultitia*.⁵

Fanny was now in the nineteenth year of her age; she was tall and delicately shaped; but not one of those slender young women, who seem rather intended to hang up in the hall of an anatomist, than for any other purpose. On the contrary, she was so plump, that she seemed bursting through her tight stays, especially in the part which confined her swelling breasts. Nor did her hips want the assistance of a hoop to extend them. The exact shape of her arms, denoted the form of those limbs which she concealed; and tho' they were a little reddend'd by her labour, yet if her sleeve slipt above her elbow, or her handkerchief discovered any part of her neck, a whiteness appeared which the finest Italian paint would be unable to reach. Her hair was of a chestnut

brown, and nature had been extremely lavish to her of it, which she had cut, and on Sundays used to curl down her neck in the modern fashion. Her forehead was high, her eye-brows arched, and rather full than otherwise. Her eyes black and sparkling; her nose, just inclining to the Roman; her lips red and moist, and her under-lip, according to the opinion of the ladies, too pouting. Her teeth were white, but not exactly even. The small-pox had left one only mark on her chin, which was so large, it might have been mistaken for a dimple, had not her left cheek produced one so near a neighbour to it, that the former served only for a foil to the latter. Her complexion was fair, a little injured by the sun, but overspread with such a bloom, that the finest ladies would have exchanged all their white for it: add to these, a countenance in which tho' she was extremely bashful, a sensibility appeared almost incredible; and a sweetness, whenever she smiled, beyond either imitation or description. To conclude all, she had a natural gentility, superior to the acquisition of art, and which surprized all who beheld her.

This lovely creature was sitting by the fire with Adams, when her attention was suddenly engaged by a voice from an inner room, which sung the following song:

THE SONG

SAY, *Chloe*,⁶ where must the swain stray
 Who is by thy beauties undone,
 To wash their remembrance away,
 To what distant *Lethe*⁷ must run?
 The wretch who is sentenc'd to die,
 May escape and leave justice behind;
 From his country perhaps he may fly,
 But O can he fly from his mind!

O rapture! unthought of before,
 To be thus of *Chloe* possess;
 Nor she, nor no tyrant's hard power,
 Her image can tear from my breast.
 But felt not *Narcissus* more joy,
 With his eyes he beheld his lov'd charms?
 Yet what he beheld, the fond boy
 More eagerly wish'd in his arms.

How can it thy dear image be,
 Which fills thus my bosom with woe?
 Can aught bear resemblance to thee,
 Which grief and not joy can bestow?
 This counterfeit snatch from my heart,
 Ye pow'rs, tho' with torment I rave,
 Tho' mortal will prove the fell smart,
 I then shall find rest in my grave.

Ah! see, the dear nymph o'er the plain,
 Comes smiling and tripping along,
 A thousand loves dance in her train,
 The Graces around her all throng.
 To meet her soft *Zephyrus*⁸ flies,
 And wafts all the sweets from the flow'rs;
 Ah rogue! whilst he kisses her eyes,
 More sweets from her breath he devours.

My soul, whilst I gaze, is on fire,
 But her looks were so tender and kind,
 My hope almost reach'd my desire,
 And left lame despair far behind.
 Transported with madness I flew
 And eagerly seiz'd on my bliss;
 Her bosom but half she withdrew,
 But half she refus'd my fond kiss.

Advances like these made me bold,
 I whisper'd her, *Love*, — *we're alone*,
 The rest let immortals unfold,
 No language can tell but their own.
 Ah! *Chloe*, expiring, I cry'd,
 How long I thy cruelty bore?
 Ah! *Strephon*⁹, she blushing reply'd,
 You ne'er was so pressing before.

Adams had been ruminating all this time on a passage in Æschylus, without attending in the least to the voice, tho' one of the most melodious that ever was heard; when casting his eyes on Fanny, he cried out, 'Bless us, you look extremely pale.' 'Pale! Mr Adams,' says she, 'O Jesus!' and fell backwards in her chair. Adams jumped up, flung his

Æschylus into the fire, and fell a roaring to the people of the house for help. He soon summoned every one into the room, and the songster among the rest: but, O reader, when this nightingale, who was no other than Joseph Andrews himself, saw his beloved Fanny in the situation we have described her, can'st thou conceive the agitations of his mind? If thou can'st not, wave that meditation to behold his happiness, when clasping her in his arms, he found life and blood returning into her cheeks; when he saw her open her beloved eyes, and heard her with the softest accent whisper, 'Are you Joseph Andrews?' 'Art thou my Fanny?' he answered eagerly, and pulling her to his heart, he imprinted numberless kisses on her lips, without considering who were present.

If prudes are offended at the lusciousness of this picture, they may take their eyes off from it, and survey Parson Adams dancing about the room in a rapture of joy. Some philosophers may perhaps doubt, whether he was not the happiest of the three; for the goodness of his heart enjoyed the blessings which were exulting in the breasts of both the other two, together with his own. But we shall leave such disquisitions as too deep for us, to those who are building some favourite hypotheses, which they will refuse no metaphysical rubbish to erect, and support: for our part, we give it clearly on the side of Joseph, whose happiness was not only greater than the parson's, but of longer duration: for as soon as the first tumults of Adams's rapture were over, he cast his eyes towards the fire, where Æschylus lay expiring; and immediately rescued the poor remains, to-wit, the sheepskin covering of his dear friend, which was the work of his own hands, and had been his inseparable companion for upwards of thirty years.

Fanny had no sooner perfectly recovered herself, than she began to restrain the impetuosity of her transports; and reflecting on what she had done and suffered in the presence of so many, she was immediately covered with confusion; and pushing Joseph gently from her, she begged him to be quiet: nor would admit of either kiss or embrace any longer. Then seeing Mrs Slipslop she curtsied, and offered to advance to her; but that high woman would not return her curtsies; but casting her eyes another way, immediately withdrew into another room, muttering as she went, she wondered *who the creature was*.

CHAPTER XIII

A Dissertation concerning high People and low People, with Mrs Slipslop's Departure in no very good Temper of Mind, and the evil Plight in which she left Adams and his Company.

It will doubtless seem extremely odd to many readers, that Mrs Slipslop, who had lived several years in the same house with Fanny, should in a short separation utterly forget her. And indeed the truth is, that she remembered her very well. As we would not willingly therefore, that any thing should appear unnatural in this our history, we will endeavour to explain the reasons of her conduct; nor do we doubt being able to satisfy the most curious reader, that Mrs Slipslop did not in the least deviate from the common road in this behaviour; and indeed, had she done otherwise, she must have descended below herself, and would have very justly been liable to censure.

Be it known then, that the human species are divided into two sorts of people, to-wit, *high* people and *low* people. As by high people, I would not be understood to mean persons literally born higher in their dimensions than the rest of the species, nor metaphorically those of exalted characters or abilities; so by low people I cannot be construed to intend the reverse. High people signify no other than people of fashion, and low people those of no fashion. Now this word *fashion*, hath by long use lost its original meaning, from which at present it gives us a very different idea: for I am deceived, if by persons of fashion, we do not generally include a conception of birth and accomplishments superior to the herd of mankind; whereas in reality, nothing more was originally meant by a person of fashion, than a person who drest himself in the fashion of the times; and the word really and truly signifies no more at this day. Now the world being thus divided into people of fashion, and people of no fashion, a fierce contention arose between them, nor would those of one party, to avoid suspicion, be seen publicly to speak to those of the other; tho' they often held a very good correspondence in private. In this contention, it is difficult to say which party succeeded: for whilst the people of fashion seized several

places to their own use, such as courts, assemblies, operas, balls, &c. the people of no fashion, besides one royal place called his Majesty's Bear-Garden,¹ have been in constant possession of all hops,² fairs, revels, &c. Two places have been agreed to be divided between them, namely the church and the play-house; where they segregate themselves from each other in a remarkable manner: for as the people of fashion exalt themselves at church over the heads of the people of no fashion; so in the play-house they abase themselves in the same degree under their feet. This distinction I have never met with any one able to account for; it is sufficient, that so far from looking on each other as brethren in the Christian language, they seem scarce to regard each other as of the same species. This the terms *strange persons*, *people one does not know*, *the creature*, *wretches*, *beasts*, *brutes*, and many other appellations evidently demonstrate; which Mrs Slipslop having often heard her mistress use, thought she had also a right to use in her turn: and perhaps she was not mistaken; for these two parties, especially those bordering nearly on each other, to-wit the lowest of the high, and the highest of the low, often change their parties according to place and time; for those who are people of fashion in one place, are often people of no fashion in another: and with regard to time, it may not be unpleasant to survey the picture of dependance like a kind of ladder; as for instance, early in the morning arises the postillion, or some other boy which great families no more than great ships are without, and falls to brushing the clothes, and cleaning the shoes of John the footman, who being drest himself, applies his hands to the same labours for Mr Second-hand the squire's gentleman; the gentleman in the like manner, a little later in the day, attends the squire; the squire is no sooner equipped, than he attends the levee³ of my lord; which is no sooner over, than my lord himself is seen at the levee of the favourite, who after his hour of homage is at an end, appears himself to pay homage to the levee of his sovereign. Nor is there perhaps, in this whole ladder of dependance, any one step at a greater distance from the other, than the first from the second: so that to a philosopher the question might only seem whether you would chuse to be a great man at six in the morning, or at two in the afternoon. And yet there are scarce two of these, who do not think the least familiarity with the persons below them a condescension, and

if they were to go one step farther, a degradation.

And now, reader, I hope thou wilt pardon this long digression, which seemed to me necessary to vindicate the great character of Mrs Slipslop, from what low people, who have never seen high people, might think an absurdity: but we who know them, must have daily found very high persons know us in one place and not in another, to-day, and not to-morrow; all which, it is difficult to account for, otherwise than I have here endeavour'd; and perhaps, if the gods, according to the opinion of some, made men only to laugh at them,⁴ there is no part of our behaviour which answers the end of our creation better than this.

But to return to our history: Adams, who knew no more of all this than the cat which sat on the table, imagining Mrs Slipslop's memory had been much worse than it really was, followed her into the next room, crying out, 'Madam Slipslop, here is one of your old acquaintance: do but see what a fine woman she is grown since she left Lady Booby's service.' 'I think I *reflect* something of her,' answered she with great dignity, 'but I can't remember all the inferior servants in our family.' She then proceeded to satisfy Adams's curiosity, by telling him, 'when she arrived at the inn, she found a chaise ready for her; that her lady being expected very shortly in the country, she was obliged to make the utmost haste, and in *commensuration* of Joseph's lameness, she had taken him with her;' and lastly, 'that the excessive *virulence* of the storm had driven them into the house where he found them.' After which, she acquainted Adams with his having left his horse, and exprest some wonder at his having strayed so far out of his way, and at meeting him, as she said, 'in the company of that wench, who she feared was no better than she should be.'

The horse was no sooner put into Adams's head, but he was immediately driven out by this reflection on the character of Fanny. He protested, 'he believed there was not a chaster damsel in the universe. I heartily wish, I heartily wish,' cry'd he, (snapping his fingers) 'that all her betters were as good.' He then proceeded to inform her of the accident of their meeting; but when he came to mention the circumstance of delivering her from the rape, she said, 'she thought him properer for the army than the clergy: that it did not become a clergyman to lay violent hands on any one, that he should have rather prayed that

she might be strengthened.' Adams said, 'he was very far from being ashamed of what he had done;' she replied, 'want of shame was not the *currycuristick* of a clergyman.' This dialogue might have probably grown warmer, had not Joseph opportunely entered the room, to ask leave of Madam Slipslop to introduce Fanny: but she positively refused to admit any such trollops; and told him, 'she would have been burnt before she would have suffered him to get into a chaise with her; if she had once *respected* him of having his sluts way-laid on the road for him,' adding, 'that Mr Adams acted a very pretty part, and she did not doubt but to see him a bishop.' He made the best bow he could, and cried out, 'I thank you, madam, for that right reverend appellation, which I shall take all honest means to deserve.' 'Very honest means,' returned she with a sneer, 'to bring good people together.' At these words, Adams took two or three strides a-cross the room, when the coachman came to inform Mrs Slipslop, 'that the storm was over, and the moon shone very bright.' She then sent for Joseph, who was sitting without with his Fanny; and would have had him gone with her; but he peremptorily refused to leave Fanny behind; which threw the good woman into a violent rage. She said, 'she would inform her lady what doings were carrying on, and did not doubt, but she would rid the parish of all such people;' and concluded a long speech full of bitterness and very hard words, with some reflections on the clergy, not decent to repeat: at last finding Joseph unmoveable, she flung herself into the chaise, casting a look at Fanny as she went, not unlike that which Cleopatra gives Octavia in the play.⁵ To say the truth, she was most disagreeably disappointed by the presence of Fanny; she had from her first seeing Joseph at the inn, conceived hopes of something which might have been accomplished at an alehouse as well as a palace; indeed it is probable, Mr Adams had rescued more than Fanny from the danger of a rape that evening.

When the chaise had carried off the enraged Slipslop; Adams, Joseph, and Fanny assembled over the fire; where they had a great deal of innocent chat, pretty enough; but as possibly, it would not be very entertaining to the reader, we shall hasten to the morning; only observing that none of them went to bed that night. Adams, when he had smoked three pipes, took a comfortable nap in a great chair, and left the lovers, whose eyes were too well employed to permit any

desire of shutting them, to enjoy by themselves during some hours, an happiness which none of my readers, who have never been in love, are capable of the least conception of, tho' we had as many tongues as Homer desired⁶ to describe it with, and which all true lovers will represent to their own minds without the least assistance from us.

Let it suffice then to say, that Fanny after a thousand entreaties at last gave up her whole soul to Joseph, and almost fainting in his arms, with a sigh infinitely softer and sweeter too, than any Arabian breeze, she whispered to his lips, which were then close to hers, 'O Joseph, you have won me; I will be yours for ever.' Joseph, having thanked her on his knees, and embraced her with an eagerness, which she now almost returned, leapt up in a rapture, and awakened the parson, earnestly begging him, 'that he would that instant join their hands together.' Adams rebuked him for his request, and told him, 'he would by no means consent to any thing contrary to the forms of the church, that he had no licence, nor indeed would he advise him to obtain one. That the church had prescribed a form, namely the publication of banns, with which all good Christians ought to comply, and to the omission of which, he attributed the many miseries which befel great folks in marriage; concluding, *As many as are joined together otherwise than G—d's word doth allow, are not joined together by G—, neither is their matrimony lawful.*⁷ Fanny agreed with the parson, saying to Joseph with a blush, 'she assured him she would not consent to any such thing, and that she wondred at his offering it.' In which resolution she was comforted, and commended by Adams, and Joseph was obliged to wait patiently till after the third publication of the banns, which however, he obtained the consent of Fanny in the presence of Adams to put in at their arrival.

The sun had been now risen some hours, when Joseph finding his leg surprisingly recovered, proposed to walk forwards; but when they were all ready to set out, an accident a little retarded them. This was no other than the reckoning which amounted to seven shillings; no great sum, if we consider the immense quantity of ale which Mr Adams poured in. Indeed they had no objection to the reasonableness of the bill, but many to the probability of paying it; for the fellow who had taken poor Fanny's purse, had unluckily forgot to return it. So that the account stood thus:

Mr Adams and Company Dr. ⁸	0	7	0
In Mr Adams's Pocket, _____	0	0	6½
In Mr Joseph's, _____	0	0	0
In Mrs Fanny's _____	0	0	0
Balance _____	0	6	5½

They stood silent some few minutes, staring at each other, when Adams whipt out on his toes, and asked the hostess 'if there was no clergyman in that parish?' She answered, 'there was.' 'Is he wealthy?' replied he, to which she likewise answered in the affirmative. Adams then snapping his fingers returned overjoyed to his companions, crying out, '*Eureka, Eureka;*' which not being understood, he told them in plain English 'they need give themselves no trouble; for he had a brother in the parish, who would defray the reckoning, and that he would just step to his house and fetch the money, and return to them instantly.'

CHAPTER XIV

An Interview between Parson Adams and Parson Trulliber.¹

Parson Adams came to the house of Parson Trulliber, whom he found stript into his waistcoat, with an apron on, and a pail in his hand, just come from serving his hogs; for Mr Trulliber was a parson on Sundays, but all the other six might more properly be called a farmer.² He occupied a small piece of land of his own, besides which he rented a considerable deal more. His wife milked his cows, managed his dairy, and followed the markets with butter and eggs. The hogs fell chiefly to his care, which he carefully waited on at home, and attended to fairs; on which occasion he was liable to many jokes, his own size being with much ale rendered little inferiour to that of the beasts he sold. He was indeed one of the largest men you should see, and could have acted the part of Sir John Falstaff without stuffing. Add to this, that the rotundity of his belly was considerably increased by the shortness

of his stature, his shadow ascending very near as far in height when he lay on his back, as when he stood on his legs. His voice was loud and hoarse, and his accents extremely broad; to complete the whole, he had a stateliness in his gate, when he walked, not unlike that of a goose, only he stalked slower.

Mr Trulliber being informed that somebody wanted to speak with him, immediately slipt off his apron, and clothed himself in an old night-gown,³ being the dress in which he always saw his company at home. His wife who informed him of Mr Adams's arrival, had made a small mistake; for she had told her husband, 'she believed here was a man come for some of his hogs.' This supposition made Mr Trulliber hasten with the utmost expedition to attend his guest; he no sooner saw Adams, than not in the least doubting the cause of his errand to be what his wife had imagined, he told him, 'he was come in very good time; that he expected a dealer that very afternoon;' and added, 'they were all pure and fat, and upwards of twenty score a piece.' Adams answered, 'he believed he did not know him.' 'Yes, yes,' cry'd Trulliber, 'I have seen you often at fair; why, we have dealt before now mun, I warrant you; yes, yes,' cries he, 'I remember thy face very well, but won't mention a word more till you have seen them, tho' I have never sold thee a flitch of such bacon as is now in the sty.' Upon which he laid violent hands on Adams, and dragged him into the hogs-stye, which was indeed but two steps from his parlour window. They were no sooner arrived there than he cry'd out, 'Do but handle them, step in, friend, art welcome to handle them whether dost buy or no.' At which words opening the gate, he pushed Adams into the pig-stye, insisting on it, that he should handle them, before he would talk one word with him. Adams, whose natural complacence was beyond any artificial, was obliged to comply before he was suffered to explain himself, and laying hold on one of their tails, the unruly beast gave such a sudden spring, that he threw poor Adams all along in the mire. Trulliber instead of assisting him to get up, burst into a laughter, and entering the sty, said to Adams with some contempt, *Why, dost not know how to handle a hog?* and was going to lay hold of one himself; but Adams, who thought he had carried his complacence far enough, was no sooner on his legs, than he escaped out of the reach of the animals, and cry'd out, *nihil habeo cum*

porcis:⁴ 'I am a clergyman, sir, and am not come to buy hogs.' Trulliber answered, 'he was sorry for the mistake; but that he must blame his wife;' adding, 'she was a fool, and always committed blunders.' He then desired him to walk in and clean himself, that he would only fasten up the sty and follow him. Adams desired leave to dry his great coat, wig, and hat by the fire, which Trulliber granted. Mrs Trulliber would have brought him a bason of water to wash his face, but her husband bid her be quiet like a fool as she was, or she would commit more blunders, and then directed Adams to the pump. While Adams was thus employed, Trulliber conceiving no great respect for the appearance of his guest, fastened the parlour-door, and now conducted him into the kitchen; telling him, he believed a cup of drink would do him no harm, and whispered his wife to draw a little of the worst ale. After a short silence, Adams said, 'I fancy, sir, you already perceive me to be a clergyman.' 'Ay, ay,' cries Trulliber grinning; 'I perceive you have some cassock; I will not venture to *caale* it a whole one.' Adams answered, 'it was indeed none of the best; but he had the misfortune to tear it about ten years ago in passing over a stile.' Mrs Trulliber returning with the drink, told her husband 'she fancied the gentleman was a traveller, and that he would be glad to eat a bit.' Trulliber bid her 'hold her impertinent tongue;' and asked her 'if parsons used to travel without horses?' adding, 'he supposed the gentleman had none by his having no boots on!' 'Yes, sir, yes,' says Adams, 'I have a horse, but I have left him behind me.' 'I am glad to hear you have one,' says Trulliber; 'for I assure you, I don't love to see clergymen on foot; it is not seemly nor suiting the dignity of the cloth.' Here Trulliber made a long oration on the dignity of the cloth (or rather gown) not much worth relating, till his wife had spread the table and set a mess⁵ of porridge on it for his breakfast. He then said to Adams, 'I don't know, friend, how you came to *caale* on me; however, as you are here, if you think proper to eat a morsel, you may.' Adams accepted the invitation, and the two parsons sat down together, Mrs Trulliber waiting behind her husband's chair, as was, it seems, her custom. Trulliber eat heartily, but scarce put any thing in his mouth without finding fault with his wife's cookery. All which the poor woman bore patiently. Indeed she was so absolute an admirer of her husband's greatness and importance, of which she had

frequent hints from his own mouth, that she almost carried her adoration to an opinion of his infallibility. To say the truth, the parson had exercised her more ways than one; and the pious woman had so well edified by her husband's sermons, that she had resolved to receive the good things of this world together with the bad. She had indeed been at first a little contentious; but he had long since got the better, partly by her love for *this*, partly by her fear of *that*, partly by her religion, partly by the respect he paid himself, and partly by that which he received from the parish: she had, in short, absolutely submitted, and now worshipped her husband as Sarah did Abraham, calling him (not lord but) master. Whilst they were at table, her husband gave her a fresh example of his greatness; for as she had just delivered a cup of ale to Adams, he snatched it out of his hand, and crying out, *I caal'd vurst*, swallowed down the ale. Adams denied it, and it was referred to the wife, who tho' her conscience was on the side of Adams, durst not give it against her husband. Upon which he said, 'No, sir, no, I should not have been so rude to have taken it from you, if you had *caal'd vurst*; but I'd have you know I'm a better man than to suffer the best he in the kingdom to drink before me in my own house, when I *caale vurst*.'

As soon as their breakfast was ended, Adams began in the following manner: 'I think, sir, it is high time to inform you of the business of my embassy. I am a traveller, and am passing this way in company with two young people, a lad and a damsel, my parishioners, towards my own cure: we stopt at a house of hospitality in the parish, where they directed me to you, as having the cure.' — 'Tho' I am but a curate,' says Trulliber, 'I believe I am as warm⁶ as the vicar himself, or perhaps the rector of the next parish too; I believe I could buy them both.' 'Sir,' cries Adams, 'I rejoice thereat. Now, sir, my business is, that we are by various accidents stript of our money, and are not able to pay our reckoning, being seven shillings. I therefore request you to assist me with the loan of those seven shillings, and also seven shillings more, which peradventure I shall return to you; but if not, I am convinced you will joyfully embrace such an opportunity of laying up a treasure in a better place than any this world affords.'

Suppose a stranger, who entered the chambers of a lawyer, being imagined a client, when the lawyer was preparing his palm for the fee,

should pull out a writ against him. Suppose an apothecary, at the door of a chariot containing some great doctor of eminent skill, should, instead of directions to a patient, present him with a potion for himself. Suppose a minister should, instead of a good round sum, treat my Lord — or Sir — or Esq; — with a good broomstick. Suppose a civil companion, or a led captain⁷ should, instead of virtue, and honour, and beauty, and parts, and admiration, thunder vice and infamy, and ugliness, and folly, and contempt, in his patron's ears. Suppose when a tradesman first carries in his bill, the man of fashion should pay it; or suppose, if he did so, the tradesman should abate what he had overcharged on the supposition of waiting. In short — suppose what you will, you never can nor will suppose anything equal to the astonishment which seiz'd on Trulliber, as soon as Adams had ended his speech. A while he rolled his eyes in silence, some times surveying Adams, then his wife, then casting them on the ground, then lifting them to Heaven. At last, he burst forth in the following accents. 'Sir, I believe I know where to lay my little treasure up as well as another; I thank G— if I am not so warm as some, I am content; that is a blessing greater than riches; and he to whom that is given need ask no more. To be content with a little is greater than to possess the world, which a man may possess without being so. Lay up my treasure! what matters where a man's treasure is, whose heart is in the scriptures?⁸ there is the treasure of a Christian.' At these words the water ran from Adams's eyes; and catching Trulliber by the hand, in a rapture, 'Brother,' says he, 'Heavens bless the accident by which I came to see you; I would have walked many a mile to have communed with you, and, believe me, I will shortly pay you a second visit: but my friends, I fancy, by this time, wonder at my stay, so let me have the money immediately.' Trulliber then put on a stern look, and cry'd out, 'Thou dost not intend to rob me?' At which the wife, bursting into tears, fell on her knees and roared out, 'O dear sir, for Heaven's sake don't rob my master, we are but poor people.' 'Get up for a fool as thou art, and go about thy business,' said Trulliber, 'dost think the man will venture his life? he is a beggar and no robber.' 'Very true indeed,' answered Adams. 'I wish, with all my heart, the tithing-man⁹ was here,' cries Trulliber, 'I would have thee punished as a vagabond for thy impudence. Fourteen shillings indeed! I

won't give thee a farthing. I believe thou art no more a clergyman than the woman there, (pointing to his wife) but if thou art, dost deserve to have thy gown stript over thy shoulders, for running about the country in such a manner.' 'I forgive your suspicions,' says Adams, 'but suppose I am not a clergyman, I am nevertheless thy brother, and thou, as a Christian, much more as a clergyman, art obliged to relieve my distress.' 'Dost preach to me,' replied Trulliber, 'dost pretend to instruct me in my duty?' 'Ifacks,¹⁰ a good story,' cries Mrs Trulliber, 'to preach to my master.' 'Silence, woman,' cries Trulliber; 'I would have thee know, friend, (addressing himself to Adams,) I shall not learn my duty from such as thee; I know what charity is, better than to give to vagabonds.' 'Besides, if we were inclined, the poor rate¹¹ obliges us to give so much charity,' (cries the wife.) 'Pugh! thou are a fool. Poors reate! hold thy nonsense,' answered Trulliber, and then turning to Adams, he told him, 'he would give him nothing.' 'I am sorry,' answered Adams, 'that you do know what charity is, since you practise it no better; I must tell you, if you trust to your knowledge for your justification, you will find yourself deceived, tho' you should add faith to it without good works.' 'Fellow,' cries Trulliber, 'Dost thou speak against faith in my house? Get out of my doors, I will no longer remain under the same roof with a wretch who speaks wantonly of faith and the scriptures.' 'Name not the scriptures,' says Adams. 'How, not name the scriptures!' Do you disbelieve the scriptures?' cries Trulliber. 'No, but you do,' answered Adams, 'if I may reason from your practice: for their commands are so explicate, and their rewards and punishments so immense, that it is impossible a man should steadfastly believe without obeying. Now, there is no command more express, no duty more frequently enjoined than charity. Whoever therefore is void of charity, I make no scruple of pronouncing that he is no Christian.' 'I would not advise thee, (says Trulliber) to say that I am no Christian. I won't take it of you: for I believe I am as good a man as thyself;' (and indeed, tho' he was now rather too corpulent for athletic exercises, he had in his youth been one of the best boxers and cudgel-players in the county.) His wife seeing him clench his fist, interposed, and begged him not to fight, but shew himself a true Christian, and take the law of him. As nothing could provoke Adams to strike, but an absolute assault on himself or

his friend; he smiled at the angry look and gestures of Trulliber; and telling him, he was sorry to see such men in orders, departed without farther ceremony.

CHAPTER XV

*An Adventure, the Consequence of a new Instance
which Parson Adams gave of his Forgetfulness.*

When he came back to the inn, he found Joseph and Fanny sitting together. They were so far from thinking his absence long, as he had feared they would, that they never once miss'd or thought of him. Indeed, I have been often assured by both, that they spent these hours in a most delightful conversation: but as I never could prevail on either to relate it, so I cannot communicate it to the reader.

Adams acquainted the lovers with the ill success of his enterprize. They were all greatly confounded, none being able to propose any method of departing, 'till Joseph at last advised calling in the hostess, and desiring her to trust them; which Fanny said she despaired of her doing, as she was one of the sourest-fac'd women she had ever beheld.

But she was agreeably disappointed; for the hostess was no sooner asked the question than she readily agreed; and with a curt'sy and smile, wished them a good journey. However, lest Fanny's skill in physiognomy should be called in question, we will venture to assign one reason, which might probably incline her to this confidence and good-humour. When Adams said he was going to visit his brother, he had unwittingly imposed on Joseph and Fanny; who both believed he had meant his natural brother, and not his brother in divinity; and had so informed the hostess on her enquiry after him. Now Mr Trulliber had by his professions of piety, by his gravity, austerity, reserve, and the opinion of his great wealth, so great an authority in his parish, that they all lived in the utmost fear and apprehension of him. It was therefore no wonder that the hostess, who knew it was in his option whether she should ever sell another mug of drink, did not dare to

affront his supposed brother by denying him credit.

They were now just on their departure, when Adams recollected he had left his great coat and hat at Mr Trulliber's. As he was not desirous of renewing his visit, the hostess herself, having no servant at home, offered to fetch it.

This was an unfortunate expedient: for the hostess was soon undeceived in the opinion she had entertained of Adams, whom Trulliber abused in the grossest terms, especially when he heard he had had the assurance to pretend to be his near relation.

At her return therefore, she entirely changed her note. She said, 'Folks might be ashamed of travelling about and pretending to be what they were not. That taxes were high, and for her part, she was obliged to pay for what she had; she could not therefore possibly, nor would she trust any body, no not her own father. That money was never scarcer, and she wanted to make up a sum. That she expected therefore they should pay their reckoning before they left the house.'

Adams was now greatly perplexed: but as he knew that he could easily have borrowed such a sum in his own parish, and as he knew he would have lent it himself to any mortal in distress; so he took fresh courage, and sallied out all round the parish, but to no purpose; he returned as pennyless as he went, groaning and lamenting, that it was possible in a country professing Christianity, for a wretch to starve in the midst of his fellow-creatures who abounded.

Whilst he was gone, the hostess who stayed as a sort of guard with Joseph and Fanny entertained them with the goodness of Parson Trulliber; and indeed he had not only a very good character, as to other qualities, in the neighbourhood, but was reputed a man of great charity: for tho' he never gave a farthing, he had always that word in his mouth.

Adams was no sooner returned the second time, than the storm grew exceeding high, the hostess declaring among other things, that if they offered to stir without paying her, she would soon overtake them with a warrant.

Plato or aristotle, or some body else hath said, THAT WHEN THE MOST EXQUISITE CUNNING FAILS, CHANCE OFTEN HITS THE MARK, AND THAT BY MEANS THE LEAST EXPECTED. Virgil expresses this very boldly:

Turne quod optanti divûm promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultro.¹

I would quote more great men if I could: but my memory not permitting me, I will proceed to exemplify these observations by the following instance.

There chanced (for Adams had not cunning enough to contrive it) to be at that time in the alehouse, a fellow, who had been formerly a drummer in an Irish regiment, and now travelled the country as a pedlar. This man having attentively listened to the discourse of the hostess, at last took Adams aside, and asked him what the sum was for which they were detained. As soon as he was informed, he sighed and said, 'he was sorry it was so much: for that he had no more than six shillings and sixpence in his pocket, which he would lend them with all his heart.' Adams gave a caper, and cry'd out, 'it would do: for that he had sixpence himself.' And thus these poor people, who could not engage the compassion of riches and piety, were at length delivered out of their distress by the charity of a poor pedlar.

I shall refer it to my reader, to make what observations he pleases on this incident: it is sufficient for me to inform him, that after Adams and his companions had returned him a thousand thanks, and told him where he might call to be repaid, they all sallied out of the house without any complements from their hostess, or indeed without paying her any; Adams declaring, he would take particular care never to call there again, and she on her side assuring them she wanted no such guests.

CHAPTER XVI

A very curious Adventure, in which Mr Adams gave a much greater Instance of the honest Simplicity of his Heart than of his Experience in the Ways of this World.

Our travellers had walked about two miles from that inn, which they had more reason to have mistaken for a castle, than Don Quixote ever had any of those in which he sojourned; seeing they had met with such difficulty in escaping out of its walls; when they came to a parish, and

beheld a sign of invitation hanging out. A gentleman sat smoaking a pipe at the door; of whom Adams enquired the road, and received so courteous and obliging an answer, accompanied with so smiling a countenance, that the good parson, whose heart was naturally disposed to love and affection, began to ask several other questions; particularly the name of the parish, and who was the owner of a large house whose front they then had in prospect. The gentleman answered as obligingly as before; and as to the house, acquainted him it was his own. He then proceeded in the following manner: 'Sir, I presume by your habit you are a clergyman: and as you are travelling on foot, I suppose a glass of good beer will not be disagreeable to you; and I can recommend my landlord's within, as some of the best in all this county. What say you, will you halt a little and let us take a pipe together: there is no better tobacco in the kingdom?' This proposal was not displeasing to Adams, who had allayed his thirst that day, with no better liquor than what Mrs Trulliber's cellar had produced; and which was indeed little superior either in richness or flavour to that which distilled from those grains her generous husband bestowed on his hogs. Having therefore abundantly thanked the gentleman for his kind invitation, and bid Joseph and Fanny follow him, he entered the ale-house, where a large loaf and cheese and a pitcher of beer, which truly answered the character given of it, being set before them, the three travellers fell to eating with appetites infinitely more voracious than are to be found at the most exquisite eating-houses in the parish of St. James's.

The gentleman expressed great delight in the hearty and chearful behaviour of Adams; and particularly in the familiarity with which he conversed with Joseph and Fanny, whom he often called his children, a term, he explained to mean no more than his parishioners; saying, he looked on all those whom God had entrusted to his cure, to stand to him in that relation. The gentleman shaking him by the hand highly applauded those sentiments. 'They are indeed,' says he, 'the true principles of a Christian divine; and I heartily wish they were universal: but on the contrary, I am sorry to say the parson of our parish instead of esteeming his poor parishioners as a part of his family, seems rather to consider them as not of the same species with himself. He seldom speaks to any unless some few of the richest of us; nay indeed, he will

not move his hat to the others. I often laugh when I behold him on Sundays strutting along the church-yard, like a turkey-cock, through rows of his parishioners; who bow to him with as much submission and are as unregarded as a set of servile courtiers by the proudest prince in Christendom. But if such temporal pride is ridiculous, surely the spiritual is odious and detestable: if such a puffed up empty human bladder strutting in princely robes, justly moves one's derision; surely in the habit of a priest it must raise our scorn.'

'Doubtless,' answered Adams, 'your opinion is right; but I hope such examples are rare. The clergy whom I have the honour to know, maintain a different behaviour; and you will allow me, sir, that the readiness, which too many of the laity show to condemn the order, may be one reason of their avoiding too much humility.' 'Very true indeed,' says the gentleman; 'I find, sir, you are a man of excellent sense, and am happy in this opportunity of knowing you: perhaps, our accidental meeting may not be disadvantageous to you neither. At present, I shall only say to you, that the incumbent of this living is old and infirm; and that it is in my gift. Doctor, give me your hand; and assure yourself of it at his decease.' Adams told him, 'he was never more confounded in his life, than at his utter incapacity to make any return to such noble and unmerited generosity.' 'A mere trifle, sir,' cries the gentleman, 'scarce worth your acceptance; a little more than three hundred a year. I wish it was double the value for your sake.' Adams bowed, and cried from the emotions of his gratitude; when the other asked him, 'if he was married, or had any children, besides those in the spiritual sense he had mentioned.' 'Sir,' replied the parson, 'I have a wife and six at your service.' 'That is unlucky,' says the gentleman; 'for I would otherwise have taken you into my own house as my chaplain: however, I have another in the parish, (for the parsonage house is not good enough) which I will furnish for you. Pray does your wife understand a dairy?' 'I can't profess she does,' says Adams. 'I am sorry for it,' quoth the gentleman; 'I would have given you half a dozen cows, and very good grounds to have maintained them.' 'Sir,' says Adams, in an ecstasy, 'you are too liberal; indeed you are.' 'Not at all,' cries the gentleman, 'I esteem riches only as they give me an opportunity of doing good; and I never saw one whom I had a greater inclination to serve.' At

which words he shook him heartily by the hand, and told him he had sufficient room in his house to entertain him and his friends. Adams begged he might give him no such trouble, that they could be very well accommodated in the house where they were; forgetting they had not a six-penny piece among them. The gentleman would not be denied; and informing himself how far they were travelling, he said it was too long a journey to take on foot, and begged that they would favour him, by suffering him to lend them a servant and horses; adding withal, that if they would do him the pleasure of their company only two days, he would furnish them with his coach and six. Adams turning to Joseph, said, 'How lucky is this gentleman's goodness to you, who I am afraid would be scarce able to hold out on your lame leg,' and then addressing the person who made him these liberal promises, after much bowing, he cried out, 'Blessed be the hour which first introduced me to a man of your charity: you are indeed a Christian of the true primitive kind, and an honour to the country wherein you live. I would willingly have taken a pilgrimage to the holy land to have beheld you: for the advantages which we draw from your goodness, give me little pleasure, in comparison of what I enjoy for your own sake; when I consider the treasures you are by these means laying up for yourself in a country that passeth not away. We will therefore, most generous sir, accept your goodness, as well the entertainment you have so kindly offered us at your house this evening, as the accommodation of your horses to-morrow morning.' He then began to search for his hat, as did Joseph for his; and both they and Fanny were in order of departure, when the gentleman stopping short, and seeming to meditate by himself for the space of about a minute, exclaimed thus: 'Sure never any thing was so unlucky; I have forgot that my house-keeper was gone abroad, and hath locked up all my rooms; indeed I would break them open for you, but shall not be able to furnish you with a bed; for she hath likewise put away all my linnen. I am glad it entered into my head before I had given you the trouble of walking there; besides, I believe you will find better accommodations here than you expect. Landlord, you can provide good beds for these people, can't you?' 'Yes and please your worship,' cries the host, 'and such as no lord or justice of the peace in the kingdom need be ashamed to lie in.' 'I am heartily sorry,' says the

gentleman, 'for this disappointment. I am resolved I will never suffer her to carry away the keys again.' 'Pray, sir, let it not make you uneasy,' cries Adams, 'we shall do very well here; and the loan of your horses is a favour, we shall be incapable of making any return to.' 'Ay!' said the squire, 'the horses shall attend you here at what hour in the morning you please.' And now after many civilities too tedious to enumerate, many squeezes by the hand, with most affectionate looks and smiles on each other, and after appointing the horses at seven the next morning, the gentleman took his leave of them, and departed to his own house. Adams and his companions returned to the table, where the parson smoaked another pipe, and then they all retired to rest.

Mr Adams rose very early and called Joseph out of his bed, between whom a very fierce dispute ensued, whether Fanny should ride behind Joseph, or behind the gentleman's servant; Joseph insisting on it, that he was perfectly recovered, and was as capable of taking care of Fanny, as any other person could be. But Adams would not agree to it, and declared he would not trust her behind him; for that he was weaker than he imagined himself to be.

This dispute continued a long time, and had begun to be very hot, when a servant arrived from their good friend, to acquaint them that he was unfortunately prevented from lending them any horses; for that his groom had, unknown to him, put his whole stable under a course of physick.

This advice presently struck the two disputants dumb; Adams cried out, 'Was ever any thing so unlucky as this poor gentleman? I protest I am more sorry on his account, than my own. You see, Joseph, how this good-natur'd man is treated by his servants; one locks up his linen, another physicks his horses; and I suppose by his being at this house last night, the butler had locked up his cellar. Bless us! how good-nature is used in this world! I protest I am more concerned on his account than my own.' 'So am not I,' cries Joseph; 'not that I am much troubled about walking on foot; all my concern is, how we shall get out of the house; unless God sends another pedlar to redeem us. But certainly, this gentleman has such an affection for you, that he would lend you a larger sum than we owe here; which is not above four or five shillings.' 'Very true, child,' answered Adams; 'I will write a letter to him, and

will even venture to solicit him for three half-crowns; there will be no harm in having two or three shillings in our pockets: as we have full forty miles to travel, we may possibly have occasion for them.'

Fanny being now risen, Joseph paid her a visit, and left Adams to write his letter; which having finished, he dispatched a boy with it to the gentleman, and then seated himself by the door, lighted his pipe, and betook himself to meditation.

The boy staying longer than seemed to be necessary, Joseph who with Fanny was now returned to the parson, expressed some apprehensions, that the gentleman's steward had locked up his purse too. To which Adams answered, 'It might very possibly be; and he should wonder at no liberties which the Devil might put into the head of a wicked servant to take with so worthy a master:' but added, 'that as the sum was so small, so noble a gentleman would be easily able to procure it in the parish; tho' he had it not in his own pocket. Indeed,' says he, 'if it was four or five guineas, or any such large quantity of money, it might be a different matter.'

They were now sat down to breakfast over some toast and ale, when the boy returned; and informed them, that the gentleman was not at home. 'Very well,' cries Adams; 'but why, child, did you not stay 'till his return? Go back again, my good boy, and wait for his coming home: he cannot be gone far, as his horses are all sick; and besides, he had no intention to go abroad; for he invited us to spend this day and to-morrow at his house. Therefore, go back, child, and tarry 'till his return home.' The messenger departed, and was back again with great expedition; bringing an account, that the gentleman was gone a long journey, and would not be at home again this month. At these words, Adams seemed greatly confounded, saying. 'This must be a sudden accident, as the sickness or death of a relation, or some such unforeseen misfortune;' and then turning to Joseph, cried, 'I wish you had reminded me to have borrowed this money last night.' Joseph smiling, answered, 'he was very much deceived, if the gentleman would not have found some excuse to avoid lending it. I own,' says he, 'I was never much pleased with his professing so much kindness for you at first sight: for I have heard the gentlemen of our cloth in London tell many such stories of their masters. But when the boy brought the message

back of his not being at home, I presently knew what would follow; for whenever a man of fashion doth not care to fulfil his promises, the custom is, to order his servants that he will never be at home to the person so promised. In London they call it denying him. I have myself denied Sir Thomas Booby above a hundred times; and when the man hath danced attendance for about a month, or sometimes longer, he is acquainted in the end, that the gentleman is gone out of town, and could do nothing in the business.' 'Good Lord!' says Adams; 'What wickedness is there in the Christian world? I profess, almost equal to what I have read of the heathens. But surely, Joseph, your suspicions of this gentleman must be unjust; for, what a silly fellow must he be, who would do the Devil's work for nothing? and can'st thou tell me any interest he could possibly propose to himself by deceiving us in his professions?' 'It is not for me,' answered Joseph, 'to give reasons for what men do, to a gentleman of your learning.' 'You say right,' quoth Adams; 'knowledge of men is only to be learnt from books, Plato and Seneca¹ for that; and those are authors, I am afraid child, you never read.' 'Not I, sir, truly,' answered Joseph; 'all I know is, it is a maxim among the gentlemen of our cloth, that those masters who promise the most perform the least; and I have often heard them say, they have found the largest vailes² in those families, where they were not promised any. But, sir, instead of considering any farther these matters, it would be our wisest way to contrive some method of getting out of this house: for the generous gentleman, instead of doing us any service, hath left us the whole reckoning to pay.' Adams was going to answer, when their host came in; and with a kind of jeering-smile said, 'Well, masters! the squire hath not sent his horses for you yet. Laud help me; how easily some folks make promises!' 'How!' says Adams, 'have you ever known him do any thing of this kind before?' 'Aye marry have I,' answered the host; 'it is no business of mine, you know, sir, to say any thing to a gentleman to his face: but now he is not here, I will assure you, he hath not his fellow within the three next market-towns. I own, I could not help laughing, when I heard him offer you the living; for thereby hangs a good jest. I thought he would have offered you my house next; for one is no more his to dispose of than the other.' At these words, Adams blessing himself, declared, 'he had never read

of such a monster; but what vexes me most,' says he, 'is that he hath decoyed us into running up a long debt with you, which we are not able to pay; for we have no money about us; and what is worse, living at such a distance, that if you should trust us, I am afraid you would lose your money, for want of our finding any conveniency of sending it.' 'Trust you, master!' says the host, 'that I will with all my heart; I honour the clergy too much to deny trusting one of them for such a trifle; besides, I like your fear of never paying me. I have lost many a debt in my lifetime; but was promised to be paid them all in a very short time. I will score this reckoning for the novelty of it. It is the first I do assure you of its kind. But what say you, master, shall we have t'other pot before we part? It will waste but a little chalk more; and if you never pay me a shilling, the loss will not ruin me.' Adams liked the invitation very well; especially as it was delivered with so hearty an accent. — He shook his host by the hand, and thanking him, said, 'he would tarry another pot, rather for the pleasure of such worthy company than for the liquor;' adding, 'he was glad to find some Christians left in the kingdom; for that he almost began to suspect that he was sojourning in a country inhabited only by Jews and Turks.'

The kind host produced the liquor, and Joseph with Fanny retired into the garden; where while they solaced themselves with amorous discourse, Adams sat down with his host; and both filling their glasses and lighting their pipes, they began that dialogue, which the reader will find in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XVII

A Dialogue between Mr Abraham Adams and his Host, which, by the Disagreement in their Opinions seemed to threaten an unlucky Catastrophe, had it not been timely prevented by the Return of the Lovers.

'Sir,' said the host, 'I assure you, you are not the first to whom our squire hath promised more than he hath performed. He is so famous for this practice, that his word will not be taken for much by those

who know him. I remember a young fellow whom he promised his parents to make an exciseman. The poor people, who could ill afford it, bred their son to writing and accounts, and other learning, to qualify him for the place; and the boy held up his head above his condition with these hopes; nor would he go to plough, nor do any other kind of work; and went constantly drest as fine as could be, with two clean holland¹ shirts a week, and this for several years; 'till at last he followed the squire up to London, thinking there to mind him of his promises: but he could never get sight of him. So that being out of money and business, he fell into evil company, and wicked courses; and in the end came to a sentence of transportation, the news of which broke the mother's heart. I will tell you another true story of him: there was a neighbour of mine, a farmer, who had two sons whom he bred up to the business. Pretty lads they were; nothing would serve the squire, but that the youngest must be made a parson. Upon which, he persuaded the father to send him to school, promising, that he would afterwards maintain him at the university; and when he was of a proper age, give him a living. But after the lad had been seven years at school, and his father brought him to the squire with a letter from his master, that he was fit for the university; the squire, instead of minding his promise, or sending him thither at his expence, only told his father, that the young man was a fine scholar; and it was pity he could not afford to keep him at Oxford for four or five years more, by which time, if he could get him a curacy, he might have him ordained.' The farmer said, 'he was not a man sufficient to do any such thing.' 'Why then,' answered the squire; 'I am very sorry you have given him so much learning; for if he cannot get his living by that, it will rather spoil him for any thing else; and your other son who can hardly write his name, will do more at plowing and sowing, and is in a better condition than he: and indeed so it proved; for the poor lad not finding friends to maintain him in his learning, as he had expected; and being unwilling to work, fell to drinking, though he was a very sober lad before; and in a short time, partly with grief, and partly with good liquor, fell into a consumption and died. Nay, I can tell you more still: there was another, a young woman, and the handsomest in all this neighbourhood, whom he enticed up to London, promising to make her a gentlewoman to one

of your women of quality: but instead of keeping his word, we have since heard, after having a child by her himself, she became a common whore; then kept a coffee-house in Covent-Garden,² and a little after died of the French distemper³ in a goal. I could tell you many more stories: but how do you imagine he served me myself? You must know, sir, I was bred a sea-faring man, and have been many voyages; 'till at last I came to be master of a ship myself, and was in a fair way of making a fortune, when I was attacked by one of those cursed guarda-costas, who took our ships before the beginning of the war;⁴ and after a fight wherein I lost the greater part of my crew, my rigging being all demolished, and two shots received between wind and water, I was forced to strike.⁵ The villains carried off my ship, a brigantine of 150 tons, a pretty creature she was, and put me, a man, and a boy, into a little bad pink,⁶ in which with much ado, we at last made Falmouth; tho' I believe the Spaniards did not imagine she could possibly live a day at sea. Upon my return hither, where my wife who was of this country then lived, the squire told me, he was so pleased with the defence I had made against the enemy, that he did not fear getting me promoted to a lieutenantcy of a man of war, if I would accept of it, which I thankfully assured him I would. Well, sir, two or three years past, during which, I had many repeated promises, not only from the squire, but (as he told me) from the Lords of the Admiralty. He never returned from London, but I was assured I might be satisfied now, for I was certain of the first vacancy; and what surprizes me still, when I reflect on it, these assurances were given me with no less confidence, after so many disappointments, than at first. At last, sir, growing weary and somewhat suspicious after so much delay, I wrote to a friend in London, who I knew had some acquaintance at the best house in the Admiralty; and desired him to back the squire's interest: for indeed, I feared he had solicited the affair with more coldness than he pretended. — And what answer do you think my friend sent me? — Truly, sir, he acquainted me, that the squire had never mentioned my name at the Admiralty in his life; and unless I had much faithfuller interest, advised me to give over my pretensions, which I immediately did; and with the concurrence of my wife, resolved to set up an alehouse, where you are heartily welcome: and so my service to you; and may

the squire, and all such sneaking rascals go to the Devil together.' 'Oh fie!' says Adams; 'Oh fie! He is indeed a wicked man; but G— will, I hope, turn his heart to repentance. Nay, if he could but once see the meanness of this detestable vice; would he but once reflect that he is one of the most scandalous as well as pernicious lyars; sure he must despise himself to so intolerable a degree, that it would be impossible for him to continue a moment in such a course. And to confess the truth, notwithstanding the baseness of this character, which he hath too well deserved, he hath in his countenance sufficient symptoms of that *bona indoles*, that sweetness of disposition which furnishes out a good Christian.' 'Ah! master, master, (says the host,) if you had travelled as far as I have, and conversed with the many nations where I have traded, you would not give any credit to a man's countenance. Symptoms in his countenance, quotha! I would look there perhaps to see whether a man had had the small-pox, but for nothing else!' He spoke this with so little regard to the parson's observation, that it a good deal nettled him; and taking the pipe hastily from his mouth, he thus answered: — 'Master of mine, perhaps I have travelled a great deal farther than you without the assistance of a ship. Do you imagine sailing by different cities or countries is travelling? No.

*Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*⁷

I can go farther in an afternoon, than you in a twelve-month. What, I suppose you have seen the Pillars of Hercules, and perhaps the Walls of Carthage. Nay, you may have heard Scylla, and seen Charybdis; you may have entered the closet where Archimedes was found at the taking Syracuse. I suppose you have sailed among the Cyclades, and passed the famous streights which take their name from the unfortunate Helle, whose fate is sweetly described by Apollonius Rhodius; you have past the very spot, I conceive, where Dædalus fell into that sea, his waxen wings being melted by the sun; you have traversed the Euxine Sea, I make no doubt; nay, you may have been on the banks of the Caspian, and called at Colchis, to see if there is ever another golden fleece!⁸ — 'Not I truly, master,' answered the host, 'I never touched at any of these places.' 'But I have been at all these,' replied Adams. 'Then I suppose,' cries the host, 'you have been at the East Indies, for

there are no such, I will be sworn, either in the West or the Levant.’⁹ ‘Pray where’s the Levant?’ quoth Adams, ‘that should be in the East Indies by right.’ — ‘O ho! you are a pretty traveller,’ cries the host, ‘and not know the Levant. My service to you, master; you must not talk of these things with me! you must not tip us the traveller; it won’t go here.’ ‘Since thou art so dull to misunderstand me still,’ quoth Adams, ‘I will inform thee; the travelling I mean is in books, the only way of travelling by which any knowledge is to be acquired. From them I learn what I asserted just now, that nature generally imprints such a portraiture of the mind in the countenance, that a skilful physiognomist will rarely be deceived. I presume you have never read the story of Socrates¹⁰ to this purpose, and therefore I will tell it you. A certain physiognomist asserted of Socrates, that he plainly discovered by his features that he was a rogue in his nature. A character so contrary to the tenour of all this great man’s actions, and the generally received opinion concerning him, incensed the boys of Athens so that they threw stones at the physiognomist, and would have demolished him for his ignorance, had not Socrates himself prevented them by confessing the truth of his observations, and acknowledging that tho’ he corrected his disposition by philosophy, he was indeed naturally as inclined to vice as had been predicated of him. Now, pray resolve me, — How should a man know this story, if he had not read it?’ ‘Well master,’ said the host, ‘and what signifies it whether a man knows it or no? He who goes abroad as I have done, will always have opportunities enough of knowing the world, without troubling his head with Socrates, or any such fellows.’ — ‘Friend,’ cries Adams, ‘if a man would sail round the world, and anchor in every harbour of it, without learning, he would return home as ignorant as he went out.’ ‘Lord help you,’ answered the host, ‘there was my boatswain, poor fellow! he could scarce either write or read, and yet he would navigate a ship with any master of a man of war; and a very pretty knowledge of trade he had too.’ ‘Trade,’ answered Adams, ‘as Aristotle proves in his first chapter of *Politics*,¹¹ is below a philosopher, and unnatural as it is managed now.’ The host look’d stedfastly at Adams, and after a minute’s silence asked him ‘if he was one of the writers of the Gazetteers?’¹² for I have heard,’ says he, ‘they are writ by parsons.’ ‘Gazetteers!’ answer’d Adams ‘What is that?’

'It is a dirty news-paper,' replied the host, 'which hath been given away all over the nation for these many years to abuse trade and honest men, which I would not suffer to lie on my table, tho' it hath been offered me for nothing.' 'Not I truly,' said Adams, 'I never write any thing but sermons, and I assure you I am no enemy to trade, whilst it is consistent with honesty; nay, I have always looked on the tradesman, as a very valuable member of society, and perhaps inferior to none but the man of learning.' 'No, I believe he is not, nor to him neither,' answered the host. 'Of what use would learning be in a country without trade? What would all you parsons do to clothe your backs and feed your bellies? Who fetches you your silks and your linens, and your wines, and all the other necessities of life? I speak chiefly with regard to the sailors.' 'You should say the extravagancies of life,' replied the parson, 'but admit they were the necessities, there is something more necessary than life it self, which is provided by learning; I mean the learning of the clergy. Who clothes you with piety, meekness, humility, charity, patience, and all the other Christian virtues? Who feeds your souls with the milk of brotherly love, and diets them with all the dainty food of holiness, which at once cleanses them of all impure carnal affections, and fattens them with the truly rich spirit of grace? — Who doth this?' 'Ay, who indeed!' cries the host; 'for I do not remember ever to have seen any such clothing or such feeding. And so in the mean time, master, my service to you.' Adams was going to answer with some severity, when Joseph and Fanny returned, and pressed his departure so eagerly, that he would not refuse them; and so grasping his crabstick, he took leave of his host, (neither of them being so well pleased with each other as they had been at their first sitting down together) and with Joseph and Fanny, who both exprest much impatience, departed; and now all together renewed their journey.

BOOK III
THE HISTORY OF THE ADVENTURES OF
JOSEPH ANDREWS, AND OF HIS FRIEND
MR ABRAHAM ADAMS

CHAPTER I

Matter prefatory in Praise of Biography.

Notwithstanding the preference which may be vulgarly given to the authority of those romance-writers, who intitle their books, the History of England, the History of France, of Spain, &c. it is most certain, that truth is only to be found in the works of those who celebrate the lives of great men, and are commonly called biographers, as the others should indeed be termed topographers or chorographers: words which might well mark the distinction between them; it being the business of the latter chiefly to describe countries and cities, which, with the assistance of maps, they do pretty justly, and may be depended upon: but as to the actions and characters of men, their writings are not quite so authentic, of which there needs no other proof than those eternal contradictions, occurring between two topographers who undertake the history of the same country: for instance, between my Lord Clarendon and Mr Whitlock, between Mr Echard and Rapin,¹ and many others; where facts being set forth in a different light, every reader believes as he pleases, and indeed the more judicious and suspicious very justly esteem the whole as no other than a romance, in which the writer hath indulged a happy and fertile invention. But tho' these widely differ in the narrative of facts; some ascribing victory to the one, and others to the other party: some representing the same man as a rogue, to whom others give a great and honest character, yet all agree in the scene where the fact is supposed to have happened; and where the person, who is both a rogue, and an honest man, lived. Now with us biographers the case is different, the facts we deliver may be relied on, tho' we often mistake the age and country wherein they happened: for tho' it may be

worth the examination of critics, whether the shepherd Chrysostom, who, as Cervantes informs us, died for love of the fair Marcella, who hated him, was ever in Spain, will any one doubt but that such a silly fellow hath really existed? Is there in the world such a sceptic as to disbelieve the madness of Cardenio, the perfidy of Ferdinand, the impertinent curiosity of Anselmo, the weakness of Camilla, the irresolute friendship of Lothario;² tho' perhaps as to the time and place where those several persons lived, that good historian may be deplorably deficient. But the most known instance of this kind is in the true history of Gil-Blas, where the inimitable biographer hath made a notorious blunder in the country of Dr Sangrado, who used his patients as a vintner doth his wine-vessels, by letting out their blood, and filling them up with water. Doth not every one, who is the least versed in physical history, know that Spain was not the country in which this doctor lived? The same writer hath likewise erred in the country of his arch-bishop, as well as that of those great personages whose understandings were too sublime to taste any thing but tragedy, and in many others.³ The same mistakes may likewise be observed in Scarron, the *Arabian Nights*, the *History of Marianne* and *Le Paisan Parvenu*,⁴ and perhaps some few other writers of this class, whom I have not read, or do not at present recollect; for I would by no means be thought to comprehend those persons of surprising genius, the authors of immense romances, or the modern novel and *Atalantis* writers;⁵ who without any assistance from nature or history, record persons who never were, or will be, and facts which never did nor possibly can happen: whose heroes are of their own creation, and their brains the chaos whence all their materials are collected. Not that such writers deserve no honour; so far otherwise, that perhaps they merit the highest: for what can be nobler than to be as an example of the wonderful extent of human genius. One may apply to them what Balzac says of Aristotle, that they are a *second nature*,⁶ for they have no communication with the first; by which authors of an inferiour class, who can not stand alone, are obliged to support themselves as with crutches; but these of whom I am now speaking, seem to be possessed of *those stilts*, which the excellent Voltaire tells us in his letters *carry the genius far off, but with an irregular pace*.⁷ Indeed far out of the sight of the reader,

*Beyond the realm of chaos and old night.*⁸

But, to return to the former class, who are contented to copy nature, instead of forming originals from the confused heap of matter in their own brains; is not such a book as that which records the achievements of the renowned Don Quixotte, more worthy the name of a history than even Mariana's;⁹ for whereas the latter is confined to a particular period of time, and to a particular nation; the former is the history of the world in general, at least that part which is polished by laws, arts and sciences; and of that from the time it was first polished to this day; nay and forwards, as long as it shall so remain.

I shall now proceed to apply these observations to the work before us; for indeed I have set them down principally to obviate some constructions, which the good-nature of mankind, who are always forward to see their friends virtues recorded, may put to particular parts. I question not but several of my readers will know the lawyer in the stage-coach, the moment they hear his voice. It is likewise odds, but the wit and the prude meet with some of their acquaintance, as well as all the rest of my characters. To prevent therefore any such malicious applications, I declare here once for all, I describe not men, but manners; not an individual, but a species. Perhaps it will be answered, Are not the characters then taken from life? To which I answer in the affirmative; nay, I believe I might aver, that I have writ little more than I have seen. The lawyer is not only alive, but hath been so these 4000 years, and I hope G— will indulge his life as many yet to come. He hath not indeed confined himself to one profession, one religion, or one country; but when the first mean selfish creature appeared on the human stage, who made self the centre of the whole creation; would give himself no pain, incur no danger, advance no money to assist, or preserve his fellow-creatures; then was our lawyer born; and whilst such a person as I have described, exists on earth, so long shall he remain upon it. It is therefore doing him little honour, to imagine he endeavours to mimic some little obscure fellow, because he happens to resemble him in one particular feature, or perhaps in his profession; whereas his appearance in the world is calculated for much more general and noble purposes; not to expose one pitiful wretch, to the small and contemptible circle of his acquaintance; but to hold the glass to thousands in their closets,

that they may contemplate their deformity, and endeavour to reduce it, and thus by suffering private mortification may avoid public shame. This places the boundary between, and distinguishes the satirist from the libeller; for the former privately corrects the fault for the benefit of the person, like a parent; the latter publicly exposes the person himself, as an example to others, like an executioner.

There are besides little circumstances to be considered, as the drapery of a picture, which tho' fashion varies at different times, the resemblance of the countenance is not by those means diminished. Thus, I believe, we may venture to say, Mrs Tow-ouse is coeval with our lawyer, and tho' perhaps during the changes, which so long an existence must have passed through, she may in her turn have stood behind the bar at an inn, I will not scruple to affirm, she hath likewise in the revolution of ages sat on a throne. In short where extreme turbulence of temper, avarice, and an insensibility of human misery, with a degree of hypocrisy, have united in a female composition, Mrs Tow-ouse was that woman; and where a good inclination eclipsed by a poverty of spirit and understanding, hath glimmer'd forth in a man, that man hath been no other than her sneaking husband.

I shall detain my reader no longer than to give him one caution more of an opposite kind: for as in most of our particular characters we mean not to lash individuals, but all of the like sort; so in our general descriptions, we mean not universals, but would be understood with many exceptions: for instance, in our description of high people, we cannot be intended to include such, as whilst they are an honour to their high rank, by a well-guided condescension, make their superiority as easy as possible, to those whom fortune chiefly hath placed below them. Of this number I could name a peer¹⁰ no less elevated by nature than by fortune, who whilst he wears the noblest ensigns of honour on his person, bears the truest stamp of dignity on his mind, adorned with greatness, enriched with knowledge, and embellished with genius. I have seen this man relieve with generosity, while he hath conversed with freedom, and be to the same person a patron and a companion. I could name a commoner¹¹ raised higher above the multitude by superior talents, than is in the power of his prince to exalt him; whose behaviour to those he hath obliged is more amiable than the obligation

itself, and who is so great a master of affability, that if he could divest himself of an inherent greatness in his manner, would often make the lowest of his acquaintance forget who was the master of that palace, in which they are so courteously entertained. These are pictures which must be, I believe, known: I declare they are taken from the life, and not intended to exceed it. By those high people therefore whom I have described, I mean a set of wretches, who while they are a disgrace to their ancestors, whose honours and fortunes they inherit, (or perhaps a greater to their mother, for such degeneracy is scarce credible) have the insolence to treat those with disregard, who are at least equal to the founders of their own splendor. It is, I fancy, impossible to conceive a spectacle more worthy of our indignation, than that of a fellow who is not only a blot in the escutcheon of a great family, but a scandal to the human species, maintaining a supercilious behaviour to men who are an honour to their nature, and a disgrace to their fortune.

And now, reader, taking these hints along with you, you may, if you please, proceed to the sequel of this our true history.

CHAPTER II

*A Night-Scene, wherein several wonderful Adventures
befel Adams and his Fellow-Travellers.*

It was so late when our travellers left the inn or ale-house, (for it might be called either) that they had not travelled many miles before night overtook them, or met them, which you please. The reader must excuse me if I am not particular as to the way they took; for as we are now drawing near the seat of the Boobies; and as that is a ticklish name, which malicious persons may apply according to their evil inclinations to several worthy country 'squires, a race of men whom we look upon as entirely inoffensive, and for whom we have an adequate regard, we shall lend no assistance to any such malicious purposes.

Darkness had now overspread the hemisphere, when Fanny whispered Joseph, 'that she begged to rest herself a little, for that she was so tired,

she could walk no farther.' Joseph immediately prevailed with Parson Adams, who was as brisk as a bee, to stop. He had no sooner seated himself, than he lamented the loss of his dear Æschylus; but was a little comforted, when reminded, that if he had it in his possession, he could not see to read.

The sky was so clouded, that not a star appeared. It was indeed, according to Milton, darkness visible.¹ This was a circumstance however very favourable to Joseph; for Fanny, not suspicious of being overseen by Adams, gave a loose to her passion, which she had never done before; and reclining her head on his bosom, threw her arm carelessly round him, and suffered him to lay his cheek close to hers. All this infused such happiness into Joseph, that he would not have changed his turf for the finest down in the finest palace in the universe.

Adams sat at some distance from the lovers, and being unwilling to disturb them, applied himself to meditation; in which he had not spent much time, before he discovered a light at some distance, that seemed approaching towards him. He immediately hailed it, but to his sorrow and surprize it stopped for a moment and then disappeared. He then called to Joseph, asking him, 'if he had not seen the light.' Joseph answered, 'he had.' 'And did you not mark how it vanished? (returned he) tho' I am not afraid of ghosts, I do not absolutely disbelieve them.'

He then entered into a meditation on those unsubstantial beings, which was soon interrupted, by several voices which he thought almost at his elbow, tho' in fact they were not so extremely near. However, he could distinctly hear them agree on the murder of any one they met. And a little after heard one of them say, 'he had killed a dozen since that day fortnight.'

Adams now fell on his knees, and committed himself to the care of Providence; and poor Fanny, who likewise heard those terrible words, embraced Joseph so closely, that had not he, whose ears were also open, been apprehensive on her account, he would have thought no danger which threatned only himself too dear a price for such embraces.

Joseph now drew forth his penknife, and Adams having finished his ejaculations, grasped his crabstick, his only weapon, and coming up to Joseph would have had him quit Fanny, and place her in their rear: but his advice was fruitless, she clung closer to him, not at all

regarding the presence of Adams, and in a soothing voice declared, 'she would die in his arms.' Joseph clasping her with inexpressible eagerness, whispered her, 'that he preferred death in hers, to life out of them.' Adams brandishing his crabstick, said, 'he despised death as much as any man,' and then repeated aloud,

'Est hic, est animus lucis contemptor, et illum,
Qui vita bene credat emi quo tendis, honorem.'²

Upon this the voices ceased for a moment, and then one of them called out, 'D — n you, who is there?' To which Adams was prudent enough to make no reply; and of a sudden he observed half a dozen lights, which seemed to rise all at once from the ground, and advance briskly towards him. This he immediately concluded to be an apparition, and now beginning to conceive that the voices were of the same kind, he called out, 'In the name of the L — d what would'st thou have?' He had no sooner spoke, than he heard one of the voices cry out, 'D — n them, here they come;' and soon after heard several hearty blows, as if a number of men had been engaged at quarterstaff. He was just advancing towards the place of combat, when Joseph catching him by the skirts, begged him that they might take the opportunity of the dark, to convey away Fanny from the danger which threatned her. He presently complied, and Joseph lifting up Fanny, they all three made the best of their way, and without looking behind them or being overtaken, they had travelled full two miles, poor Fanny not once complaining of being tired; when they saw far off several lights scattered at a small distance from each other, and at the same time found themselves on the descent of a very steep hill. Adams's foot slipping, he instantly disappeared, which greatly frightened both Joseph and Fanny; indeed, if the light had permitted them to see it, they would scarce have refrained laughing to see the parson rolling down the hill, which he did from top to bottom, without receiving any harm. He then hollowed as loud as he could, to inform them of his safety, and relieve them from the fears which they had conceived for him. Joseph and Fanny halted some time, considering what to do; at last they advanced a few paces, where the declivity seemed least steep; and then Joseph taking his Fanny in his arms, walked firmly down the hill, without making a false step, and

at length landed her at the bottom, where Adams soon came to them.

Learn hence, my fair countrywomen, to consider your own weakness, and the many occasions on which the strength of a man may be useful to you; and duly weighing this, take care, that you match not yourselves with the spindle-shanked beaus and *petit maîtres*³ of the age, who instead of being able like Joseph Andrews, to carry you in lusty arms through the rugged ways and downhill steepes of life, will rather want to support their feeble limbs with your strength and assistance.

Our travellers now moved forwards, whither the nearest light presented itself, and having crossed a common field, they came to a meadow, whence they seemed to be at a very little distance from the light, when, to their grief, they arrived at the banks of a river. Adams here made a full stop, and declared he could swim, but doubted how it was possible to get Fanny over; to which Joseph answered, 'if they walked along its banks they might be certain of soon finding a bridge, especially as by the number of lights they might be assured a parish was near.' 'Odso, that's true indeed,' said Adams, 'I did not think of that.' Accordingly Joseph's advice being taken, they passed over two meadows, and came to a little orchard, which led them to a house. Fanny begged of Joseph to knock at the door, assuring him, 'she was so weary that she could hardly stand on her feet.' Adams who was foremost performed this ceremony, and the door being immediately opened, a plain kind of a man appeared at it; Adams acquainted him, 'that they had a young woman with them, who was so tired with her journey, that he should be much obliged to him, if he would suffer her to come in and rest herself.' The man, who saw Fanny by the light of the candle which he held in his hand, perceiving her innocent and modest look, and having no apprehensions from the civil behaviour of Adams, presently answered, that the young woman was very welcome to rest herself in his house, and so were her company. He then ushered them into a very decent room, where his wife was sitting at a table; she immediately rose up, and assisted them in setting forth chairs, and desired them to sit down, which they had no sooner done, than the man of the house asked them if they would have any thing to refresh themselves with? Adams thanked him, and answered, he should be obliged to him for a cup of his ale, which was likewise chosen by Joseph

and Fanny. Whilst he was gone to fill a very large jugg with this liquor, his wife told Fanny she seemed greatly fatigued, and desired her to take something stronger than ale; but she refused, with many thanks, saying it was true, she was very much tired, but a little rest she hoped would restore her. As soon as the company were all seated, Mr Adams, who had filled himself with ale, and by publick permission had lighted his pipe; turned to the master of the house, asking him, 'if evil spirits did not use to walk in that neighbourhood?' To which receiving no answer, he began to inform him of the adventure which they had met with on the downs; nor had he proceeded far in his story, when somebody knocked very hard at the door. The company expressed some amazement, and Fanny and the good woman turned pale; her husband went forth, and whilst he was absent, which was some time, they all remained silent looking at one another, and heard several voices discoursing pretty loudly. Adams was fully persuaded that spirits were abroad, and began to meditate some exorcisms; Joseph a little inclined to the same opinion: Fanny was more afraid of men, and the good woman herself began to suspect her guests, and imagined those without were rogues belonging to their gang. At length the master of the house returned, and laughing, told Adams he had discovered his apparition; that the murderers were sheep-stealers, and the twelve persons murdered were no other than twelve sheep. Adding that the shepherds had got the better of them, had secured two, and were proceeding with them to a justice of peace. This account greatly relieved the fears of the whole company; but Adams muttered to himself, 'he was convinced of the truth of apparitions for all that.'

They now sat chearfully round the fire, 'till the master of the house having surveyed his guests, and conceiving that the cassock, which having fallen down, appeared under Adams's greatcoat, and the shabby livery on Joseph Andrews, did not well suit with familiarity between them, began to entertain some suspicions, not much to their advantage: addressing himself therefore to Adams, he said, 'he preceived he was a clergyman by his dress, and supposed that honest man was his footman.' 'Sir,' answered Adams, 'I am a clergyman at your service; but as to that young man, whom you have rightly termed honest, he is at present in no body's service, he never lived in any other family than that of Lady

Booby, from whence he was discharged, I assure you, for no crime.' Joseph said, 'he did not wonder the gentleman was surprized to see one of Mr Adams's character condescend to so much goodness with a poor man.' 'Child,' said Adams, 'I should be ashamed of my cloth, if I thought a poor man, who is honest, below my notice or my familiarity. I know not how those who think otherwise, can profess themselves followers and servants of him who made no distinction, unless, peradventure, by preferring the poor to the rich. Sir,' said he, addressing himself to the gentleman, 'these two poor young people are my parishioners, and I look on them and love them as my children. There is something singular enough in their history, but I have not now time to recount it.' The master of the house, notwithstanding the simplicity which discovered itself in Adams, knew too much of the world to give a hasty belief to professions. He was not yet quite certain that Adams had any more of the clergyman in him than his cassock. To try him therefore further, he asked him, 'if Mr Pope had lately published any thing new?' Adams answered, 'he had heard great commendations of that poet, but that he had never read, nor knew any of his works.' 'Ho! ho!' says the gentleman to himself, 'have I caught you?' 'What,' said he, 'have you never seen his Homer?'⁴ Adams answered, 'he had never read any translation of the classicks.' 'Why truly,' reply'd the gentleman, 'there is a dignity in the Greek language which I think no modern tongue can reach.' 'Do you understand Greek, sir?' said Adams hastily. 'A little, sir,' answered the gentleman. 'Do you know, sir,' cry'd Adams, 'where I can buy an Æschylus? an unlucky misfortune lately happened to mine.' Æschylus was beyond the gentleman, tho' he knew him very well by name; he therefore returning back to Homer, asked Adams 'what part of the *Iliad* he thought most excellent.' Adams return'd, 'his question would be properer, what kind of beauty was the chief in poetry, for that Homer was equally excellent in them all.

'And indeed,' continued he, 'what Cicero says of a complete orator, may well be applied to a great poet; *He ought to comprehend all perfections*.⁵ Homer did this in the most excellent degree; it is not without reason therefore that the philosopher, in the 22d Chapter of his *Poeticks*, mentions him by no other appellation than that of *the poet*.⁶ He was the father of the drama, as well as the epic: not of tragedy only,

but of comedy also; for his *Margites*, which is deplorably lost, bore, says Aristotle, the same analogy to comedy, as his *Odyssey* and *Iliad* to tragedy.⁷ To him therefore we owe Aristophanes,⁸ as well Euripides, Sophocles, and my poor Æschylus. But if you please we will confine ourselves (at least for the present) to the *Iliad*, his noblest work; tho' neither Aristotle, nor Horace give it the preference, as I remember, to the *Odyssey*. First then as to his subject, can any thing be more simple, and at the same time more noble? He is rightly praised by the first of those judicious critics, for not chusing the whole war,⁹ which, tho' he says, it hath a compleat beginning and end, would have been too great for the understanding to comprehend at one view. I have therefore often wondered why so correct a writer as Horace should in his Epistle to Lollius call him the *Trojani belli scriptorem*.¹⁰ Secondly, his action, termed by Aristotle *pragmaton systasis*;¹¹ is it possible for the mind of man to conceive an idea of such perfect unity, and at the same time so replete with greatness? And here I must observe what I do not remember to have seen noted by any, the *harmotton*,¹² that agreement of his action to his subject: for as the subject is anger, how agreeable is his action, which is war? from which every incident arises, and to which every episode immediately relates. Thirdly, his manners, which Aristotle places second in his description of the several parts of tragedy, and which he says are included in the action;¹³ I am at a loss whether I should rather admire the exactness of his judgment in the nice distinction, or the immensity of his imagination in their variety. For, as to the former of these, how accurately is the sedate, injured resentment of Achilles distinguished from the hot insulting passion of Agamemnon? How widely doth the brutal courage of Ajax differ from the amiable bravery of Diomedes; and the wisdom of Nestor, which is the result of long reflection and experience, from the cunning of Ulysses, the effect of art and subtilty only? If we consider their variety, we may cry out with Aristotle in his 24th chapter, that no part of this divine poem is destitute of manners.¹⁴ Indeed I might affirm, that there is scarce a character in human nature untouched in some part or other. And as there is no passion which he is not able to describe, so is there none in his reader which he cannot raise. If he hath any superior excellence to the rest, I have been inclined to fancy

it is in the pathetick. I am sure I never read with dry eyes, the two episodes, where Andromache is introduced, in the former lamenting the danger, and in the latter the death of Hector.¹⁵ The images are so extremely tender in these, that I am convinced, the poet had the worthiest and best heart imaginable. Nor can I help observing how short Sophocles falls of the beauties of the original, in that imitation of the dissuasive speech of Andromache, which he hath put into the mouth of Tecmessa.¹⁶ And yet Sophocles was the greatest genius who ever wrote tragedy, nor have any of his successors in that art, that is to say, neither Euripides nor Seneca the tragedian been able to come near him. As to his sentiments and diction, I need say nothing; the former are particularly remarkable for the utmost perfection on that head, namely propriety; and as to the latter, Aristotle, whom doubtless you have read over and over, is very diffuse.¹⁷ I shall mention but one thing more, which that great critic in his division of tragedy calls *opsis*,¹⁸ or the scenery, and which is as proper to the epic as to the drama, with this difference, that in the former it falls to the share of the poet, and in the latter to that of the painter. But did ever painter imagine a scene like that in the 13th and 14th Iliads? where the reader sees at one view the prospect of Troy, with the army drawn up before it; the Grecian army, camp, and fleet, Jupiter sitting on Mount Ida, with his head wrapt in a cloud, and a thunderbolt in his hand looking towards Thrace; Neptune driving through the sea, which divides on each side to permit his passage, and then seating himself on Mount Samos: the heavens opened, and the deities all seated on their thrones. This is sublime! This is poetry!’ Adams then rapt out a hundred Greek verses, and with such a voice, emphasis and action, that he almost frighten’d the women; and as for the gentleman, he was so far from entertaining any further suspicion of Adams, that he now doubted whether he had not a bishop in his house. He ran into the most extravagant encomiums on his learning, and the goodness of his heart began to dilate to all the strangers. He said he had great compassion for the poor young woman, who looked pale and faint with her journey; and in truth he conceived a much higher opinion of her quality than it deserved. He said, he was sorry he could not accommodate them all: but if they were contented with his fire-side, he would sit up with the men, and

the young woman might, if she pleased, partake his wife's bed, which he advis'd her to; for that they must walk upwards of a mile to any house of entertainment, and that not very good neither. Adams, who liked his seat, his ale, his tobacco and his company, persuaded Fanny to accept this kind proposal, in which sollicitation he was seconded by Joseph. Nor was she very difficultly prevailed on; for she had slept little the last night, and not at all the preceding, so that love itself was scarce able to keep her eyes open any longer. The offer therefore being kindly accepted, the good woman produced every thing eatable in her house on the table, and the guests being heartily invited, as heartily regaled themselves, especially Parson Adams. As to the other two, they were examples of the truth of the physical¹⁹ observation, that love, like other sweet things, is no whettter of the stomach.

Supper was no sooner ended, than Fanny at her own request retired, and the good woman bore her company. The man of the house, Adams and Joseph, who would modestly have withdrawn, had not the gentleman insisted on the contrary, drew round the fire-side, where Adams, (to use his own words) replenished his pipe, and the gentleman produced a bottle of excellent beer, being the best liquor in his house.

The modest behaviour of Joseph, with the gracefulness of his person, the character which Adams gave of him, and the friendship he seemed to entertain for him, began to work on the gentleman's affections, and raised in him a curiosity to know the singularity which Adams had mentioned in his history. This curiosity Adams was no sooner informed of, than with Joseph's consent, he agreed to gratify it, and accordingly related all he knew, with as much tenderness as was possible for the character of Lady Booby; and concluded with the long, faithful and mutual passion between him and Fanny, not concealing the meanness of her birth and education. These latter circumstances entirely cured a jealousy²⁰ which had lately risen in the gentleman's mind, that Fanny was the daughter of some person of fashion, and that Joseph had run away with her, and Adams was concerned in the plot. He was now enamour'd of his guests, drank their healths with great cheerfulness, and return'd many thanks to Adams, who had spent much breath; for he was a circumstantial teller of a story.

Adams told him it was now in his power to return that favour;

for his extraordinary goodness, as well as that fund of literature he was master of, which he did not expect to find under such a roof, had raised in him more curiosity than he had ever known. ‘Therefore,’ said he, ‘if it be not too troublesome, sir, your history, if you please.’

The gentleman answered, he could not refuse him what he had so much right to insist on; and after some of the common apologies, which are the usual preface to a story, he thus began.

CHAPTER III

In which the Gentleman relates the History of his Life.

Sir, I am descended of a good family, and was born a gentleman. My education was liberal, and at a public school, in which I proceeded so far as to become master of the Latin, and to be tolerably versed in the Greek language. My father died when I was sixteen, and left me master of myself. He bequeathed me a moderate fortune, which he intended I should not receive till I attained the age of twenty-five: for he constantly asserted that was full early enough to give up any man entirely to the guidance of his own discretion. However, as this intention was so obscurely worded in his will, that the lawyers advised me to contest the point with my trustees, I own I paid so little regard to the inclinations of my dead father, which were sufficiently certain to me, that I followed their advice, and soon succeeded: for the trustees did not contest the matter very obstinately on their side. ‘Sir,’ said Adams, ‘May I crave the favour of your name?’ The gentleman answer’d, ‘his name was Wilson,’ and then proceeded.

I stay’d a very little while at school after his death; for being a forward youth, I was extremely impatient to be in the world: for which I thought my parts, knowledge, and manhood thoroughly qualified me. And to this early introduction into life, without a guide, I impute all my future misfortunes; for besides the obvious mischiefs which attend this, there is one which hath not been so generally observed. The first impression which mankind receives of you, will be very difficult to

eradicate. How unhappy, therefore, must it be to fix your character in life, before you can possibly know its value, or weigh the consequences of those actions which are to establish your future reputation?

A little under seventeen I left my school and went to London, with no more than six pounds in my pocket. A great sum as I then conceived; and which I was afterwards surprized to find so soon consumed.

The character I was ambitious of attaining, was that of a fine gentleman; the first requisites to which, I apprehended were to be supplied by a taylor, a periwig-maker, and some few more tradesmen, who deal in furnishing out the human body. Notwithstanding the lowness of my purse, I found credit with them more easily than I expected, and was soon equipped to my wish. This I own then agreeably surprized me; but I have since learn'd, that it is a maxim among many tradesmen at the polite end of the town to deal as largely as they can, reckon as high as they can, and arrest as soon as they can.

The next qualifications, namely dancing, fencing, riding the great horse,¹ and musick, came into my head; but as they required expence and time, I comforted myself, with regard to dancing, that I had learned a little in my youth, and could walk a minuet genteelly enough; as to fencing, I thought my good-humour would preserve me from the danger of a quarrel; as to the horse, I hoped it would not be thought of; and for musick, I imagined I could easily acquire the reputation of it; for I had heard some of my school-fellows pretend to knowledge in operas, without being able to sing or play on the fiddle.

Knowledge of the town seemed another ingredient; this I thought I should arrive at by frequenting publick places. Accordingly I paid constant attendance to them all; by which means I was soon master of the fashionable phrases, learn'd to cry up the fashionable diversions, and knew the names and faces of the most fashionable men and women.

Nothing now seemed to remain but an intrigue, which I was resolved to have immediately; I mean the reputation of it; and indeed I was so successful, that in a very short time I had half a dozen with the finest women in town.

At these words Adams fetched a deep groan, and then blessing himself, cry'd out, *Good Lord! What wicked times these are?*

Not so wicked as you imagine, continued the gentleman; for I assure you, they were all vestal virgins for any thing which I knew to the contrary. The reputation of intriguing with them was all I sought, and was what I arriv'd at: and perhaps I only flattered myself even in that; for very probably the persons to whom I shewed their billets, knew as well as I, that they were counterfeits, and that I had written them to myself.

'WRITE *letters to yourself*?' said Adams staring!

O Sir, answered the gentleman, *It is the very error of the times.* Half our modern plays have one of these characters in them.² It is incredible the pains I have taken, and the absurd methods I employed to traduce the character of women of distinction. When another had spoken in raptures of any one, I have answered, 'D—n her, she! We shall have her at H—d's³ very soon.' When he hath reply'd, 'he thought her virtuous,' I have answered, 'Ay, thou wilt always think a woman virtuous, till she is in the streets, but you and I, Jack or Tom, (turning to another in company) know better.' At which I have drawn a paper out of my pocket, perhaps a taylor's bill, and kissed it, crying at the same time, *By Gad I was once fond of her.*

'Proceed, if you please, but do not swear any more,' said Adams.

Sir, said the gentleman, I ask your pardon. Well, sir, in this course of life I continued full three years, — 'What course of life?' answered Adams; 'I do not remember you have yet mentioned any.' — Your remark is just, said the gentleman smiling, I should rather have said, in this course of doing nothing. I remember some time afterwards I wrote the journal of one day, which would serve, I believe, as well for any other, during the whole time; I will endeavour to repeat it to you.

In the morning I arose, took my great stick, and walked out in my green frock with my hair in papers, (*a groan from Adams*) and sauntered about till ten.

Went to the auction; told Lady — she had a dirty face; laughed heartily at something Captain — said; I can't remember what, for I did not very well hear it; whispered Lord —; bowed to the Duke of —; and was going to bid for a snuff-box; but did not, for fear I should have had it.

From 2 to 4, drest myself.	A groan.
4 to 6, dined.	A groan.
6 to 8, coffee-house.	
8 to 9, Drury-Lane Play-house.	
9 to 10, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. ⁴	
10 to 12, drawing-room.	A great groan.

At all which places nothing happened worth remark. At which Adams said with some vehemence, 'Sir, this is below the life of an animal, hardly above vegetation; and I am surprized what could lead a man of your sense into it.' What leads us into more follies than you imagine, doctor, answered the gentleman; vanity: for as contemptible a creature as I was, and I assure you, yourself cannot have more contempt for such a wretch than I now have, I then admir'd myself, and should have despised a person of your present appearance (you will pardon me) with all your learning, and those excellent qualities which I have remarked in you. Adams bowed, and begged him to proceed. After I had continued two years in this course of life, said the gentleman, an accident happened which obliged me to change the scene. As I was one day at St. James's Coffee-house,⁵ making very free with the character of a young lady of quality, an officer of the guards who was present, thought proper to give me the lye. I answered, I might possibly be mistaken; but I intended to tell no more than the truth. To which he made no reply, but by a scornful sneer. After this I observed a strange coldness in all my acquaintance; none of them spoke to me first, and very few returned me even the civility of a bow. The company I used to dine with, left me out, and within a week I found myself in as much solitude at St. James's, as if I had been in a desert. An honest elderly man, with a great hat and long sword, at last told me, he had a compassion for my youth, and therefore advised me to shew the world I was not such a rascal as they thought me to be. I did not at first understand him: but he explained himself, and ended with telling me, if I would write a challenge to the captain, he would out of pure charity go to him with it. 'A very charitable person truly!' cried Adams. I desired till the next day, continued the gentleman, to consider on it, and retiring to my lodgings, I weighed the consequences

on both sides as fairly as I could. On the one, I saw the risk of this alternative, either losing my own life, or having on my hands the blood of a man with whom I was not in the least angry. I soon determined that the good which appeared on the other, was not worth this hazard. I therefore resolved to quit the scene, and presently retired to the Temple,⁶ where I took chambers. Here I soon got a fresh set of acquaintance, who knew nothing of what had happened to me. Indeed they were not greatly to my approbation; for the beaus of the Temple are only the shadows of the others. They are the affectation of affectation. The vanity of these is still more ridiculous, if possible, than of the others. Here I met with smart fellows who drank with lords they did not know, and intrigued with women they never saw. Covent-Garden was now the farthest stretch of my ambition, where I shone forth in the balconies at the play-houses, visited whores, made love to orange-wenches, and damned plays. This career was soon put a stop to by my surgeon, who convinced me of the necessity of confining myself to my room for a month. At the end of which, having had leisure to reflect, I resolved to quit all further conversation with beaus and smarters of every kind, and to avoid, if possible, any occasion of returning to this place of confinement. 'I think,' said Adams, 'the advice of a month's retirement and reflection was very proper; but I should rather have expected it from a divine than a surgeon.' The gentleman smiled at Adams's simplicity, and without explaining himself farther on such an odious subject went on thus: I was no sooner perfectly restored to health, than I found my passion for women, which I was afraid to satisfy as I had done, made me very uneasy; I determined therefore to keep a mistress. Nor was I long before I fixed my choice on a young woman, who had before been kept by two gentlemen, and to whom I was recommended by a celebrated bawd. I took her home to my chambers, and made her a settlement, during cohabitation. This would perhaps have been very ill paid: however, she did not suffer me to be perplexed on that account; for before quarterday,⁷ I found her at my chambers in too familiar conversation with a young fellow who was drest like an officer, but was indeed a city apprentice. Instead of excusing her inconstancy, she rapped out half a dozen oaths, and snapping her fingers at me, swore she scorned to confine herself to the best man in

England. Upon this we parted, and the same bawd presently provided her another keeper. I was not so much concerned at our separation, as I found within a day or two I had reason to be for our meeting: for I was obliged to pay a second visit to my surgeon. I was now forced to do penance for some weeks, during which time I contracted an acquaintance with a beautiful young girl, the daughter of a gentleman, who after having been forty years in the army, and in all the campaigns under the Duke of Marlborough,⁸ died a lieutenant on half-pay; and had left a widow with this only child, in very distress circumstances: they had only a small pension from the government, with what little the daughter could add to it by her work; for she had great excellence at her needle. This girl was, at my first acquaintance with her, solicited in marriage by a young fellow in good circumstances. He was apprentice to a linen-draper, and had a little fortune sufficient to set up his trade. The mother was greatly pleased with this match, as indeed she had sufficient reason. However, I soon prevented it. I represented him in so low a light to his mistress, and made so good an use of flattery, promises, and presents, that, not to dwell longer on this subject than is necessary, I prevailed with the poor girl, and convey'd her away from her mother! In a word, I debauched her. — (At which words, Adams started up, fetch'd three strides cross the room, and then replaced himself in his chair.) You are not more affected with this part of my story than myself: I assure you it will never be sufficiently repented of in my own opinion. But if you already detest it, how much more will your indignation be raised when you hear the fatal consequences of this barbarous, this villainous action? If you please therefore, I will here desist. — 'By no means,' cries Adams, 'Go on, I beseech you, and Heaven grant you may sincerely repent of this and many other things you have related.' — I was now, continued the gentleman, as happy as the possession of a fine young creature, who had a good education, and was endued with many agreeable qualities, could make me. We liv'd some months with vast fondness together, without any company or conversation more than we found in one another: But this could not continue always; and tho' I still preserved a great affection for her, I began more and more to want the relief of other company, and consequently to leave her by degrees, at last, whole days to herself. She

failed not to testify some uneasiness on these occasions, and complained of the melancholy life she led; to remedy which, I introduced her into the acquaintance of some other kept mistresses, with whom she used to play at cards, and frequent plays and other diversions. She had not liv'd long in this intimacy, before I perceived a visible alteration in her behaviour; all her modesty and innocence vanished by degrees, till her mind became thoroughly tainted. She affected the company of rakes, gave herself all manner of airs, was never easy but abroad, or when she had a party at my chambers. She was rapacious of money, extravagant to excess, loose in her conversation; and if ever I demurred to any of her demands, oaths, tears, and fits, were the immediate consequences. As the first raptures of fondness were long since over, this behaviour soon estranged my affections from her; I began to reflect with pleasure that she was not my wife, and to conceive an intention of parting with her, of which having given her a hint, she took care to prevent me the pains of turning her out of doors, and accordingly departed herself, having first broken open my escrutore, and taken with her all she could find, to the amount of about 200 *l*. In the first heat of my resentment, I resolved to pursue her with all the vengeance of the law: but as she had the good luck to escape me during that ferment, my passion afterwards cooled, and having reflected that I had been the first aggressor, and had done her an injury for which I could make her no reparation, by robbing her of the innocence of her mind; and hearing at the same time that the poor old woman her mother had broke her heart, on her daughter's elopement from her, I, concluding myself her murderer ('As you very well might,' cries Adams, with a groan;) was pleased that God Almighty had taken this method of punishing me, and resolved quietly to submit to the loss. Indeed I could wish I had never heard more of the poor creature, who became in the end an abandoned profligate; and after being some years a common prostitute, at last ended her miserable life in Newgate. — Here the gentleman fetch'd a deep sigh, which Mr Adams echo'd very loudly, and both continued silent looking on each other for some minutes. At last the gentleman proceeded thus: I had been perfectly constant to this girl, during the whole time I kept her: but she had scarce departed before I discovered more marks of her infidelity to me, than the loss of my money. In short, I was forced

to make a third visit to my surgeon, out of whose hands I did not get a hasty discharge.

I now forsook all future dealings with the sex, complained loudly that the pleasure did not compensate the pain, and railed at the beautiful creatures, in as gross language as Juvenal himself formerly reviled them in.⁹ I looked on all the town-harlots with a detestation not easy to be conceived, their persons appeared to me as painted palaces inhabited by disease and death: nor could their beauty make them more desirable objects in my eyes, than gilding could make me covet a pill, or golden plates a coffin. But tho' I was no longer the absolute slave, I found some reasons to own myself still the subject of love. My hatred for women decreased daily; and I am not positive but time might have betrayed me again to some common harlot, had I not been secured by a passion for the charming Saphira; which having once entered upon, made a violent progress in my heart. Saphira was wife to a man of fashion and gallantry, and one who seemed, I own, every way worthy of her affections, which however he had not the reputation of having. She was indeed a *coquette achevée*.¹⁰ 'Pray sir,' says Adams, 'What is a coquette? I have met with the word in French authors, but never could assign any idea to it. I believe it is the same with *une sottie*, Anglicé *a fool*.' Sir, answer'd the gentleman, perhaps you are not much mistaken: but as it is a particular kind of folly, I will endeavour to describe it. Were all creatures to be ranked in the order of creation, according to their usefulness, I know few animals that would not take place of a coquette; nor indeed hath this creature much pretence to any thing beyond instinct: for tho' sometimes we might imagine it was animated by the passion of vanity, yet far the greater part of its actions fall beneath even that low motive; for instance, several absurd gestures and tricks, infinitely more foolish than what can be observed in the most ridiculous birds and beasts, and which would persuade the beholder that the silly wretch was aiming at our contempt. Indeed its characteristick is affectation, and this led and governed by whim only: for as beauty, wisdom, wit, good-nature, politeness and health are sometimes affected by this creature; so are ugliness, folly, nonsense, ill-nature, ill-breeding and sickness likewise put on by it in their turn. Its life is one constant lye, and the only rule by which you can form any judgment of them is,

that they are never what they seem. If it was possible for a coquette to love (as it is not, for if ever it attains this passion, the coquette ceases instantly) it would wear the face of indifference if not of hatred to the beloved object; you may therefore be assured, when they endeavour to persuade you of their liking, that they are indifferent to you at least. And indeed this was the case of my Saphira, who no sooner saw me in the number of her admirers, than she gave me what is commonly called encouragement; she would often look at me, and when she perceived me meet her eyes, would instantly take them off, discovering at the same time as much surprize and emotion as possible. These arts failed not of the success she intended; and as I grew more particular to her than the rest of her admirers, she advanced in proportion more directly to me than to the others. She affected the low voice, whisper, lisp, sigh, start, laugh, and many other indications of passion, which daily deceive thousands. When I play'd at whisk¹¹ with her, she would look earnestly at me, and at the same time lose deal or revoke; then burst into a ridiculous laugh, and cry, 'La! I can't imagine what I was thinking of.' To detain you no longer, after I had gone through a sufficient course of gallantry, as I thought, and was thoroughly convinced I had raised a violent passion in my mistress; I sought an opportunity of coming to an eclaircissement¹² with her. She avoided this as much as possible, however great assiduity at length presented me one. I will not describe all the particulars of this interview; let it suffice, that when she could no longer pretend not to see my drift, she first affected a violent surprize, and immediately after as violent a passion: she wondered what I had seen in her conduct, which could induce me to affront her in this manner: and breaking from me the first moment she could, told me, I had no other way to escape the consequence of her resentment, than by never seeing, or at least speaking to her more. I was not contented with this answer; I still pursued her, but to no purpose, and was at length convinced that her husband had the sole possession of her person, and that neither he nor any other had made any impression on her heart. I was taken off from following this *ignis fatuus* by some advances which were made me by the wife of a citizen,¹³ who tho' neither very young nor handsome, was yet too agreeable to be rejected by my amorous constitution. I accordingly soon satisfy'd

her, that she had not cast away her hints on a barren or cold soil; on the contrary, they instantly produced her an eager and desiring lover. Nor did she give me any reason to complain; she met the warmth she had raised with equal ardour. I had no longer a coquette to deal with, but one who was wiser than to prostitute the noble passion of love to the ridiculous lust of vanity. We presently understood one another; and as the pleasures we sought lay in a mutual gratification, we soon found and enjoyed them. I thought myself at first greatly happy in the possession of this new mistress, whose fondness would have quickly surfeited a more sickly appetite, but it had a different effect on mine; she carried my passion higher by it than youth or beauty had been able: but my happiness could not long continue uninterrupted. The apprehensions we lay under from the jealousy of her husband, gave us great uneasiness. ‘Poor wretch! I pity him,’ cry’d Adams. He did indeed deserve it, said the gentleman, for he loved his wife with great tenderness, and I assure you it is a great satisfaction to me that I was not the man who first seduced her affections from him. These apprehensions appeared also too well grounded; for in the end he discovered us, and procur’d witnesses of our caresses. He then prosecuted me at law, and recovered 3000 *l.* damages, which much distressed my fortune to pay: and what was worse, his wife being divorced, came upon my hands. I led a very uneasy life with her; for besides that my passion was now much abated, her excessive jealousy was very troublesome. At length death delivered me from an inconvenience, which the consideration of my having been the author of her misfortunes, would never suffer me to take any other method of discarding.

I now bad adieu to love, and resolved to pursue other less dangerous and expensive pleasures. I fell into the acquaintance of a set of jolly companions, who slept all day and drank all night: fellows who might rather be said to consume time than to live. Their best conversation was nothing but noise: singing, hollowing, wrangling, drinking, toasting, sp—wing,¹⁴ smoking, were the chief ingredients of our entertainment. And yet bad as these were, they were more tolerable than our graver scenes, which were either excessive tedious narratives of dull common matters of fact, or hot disputes about trifling matters, which commonly ended in a wager. This way of life the first serious reflection put a

period to, and I became member of a club frequented by young men of great abilities. The bottle was now only called in to the assistance of our conversation, which rolled on the deepest points of philosophy. These gentlemen were engaged in a search after truth, in the pursuit of which they threw aside all the prejudices of education, and governed themselves only by the infallible guide of human reason. This great guide, after having shewn them the falshood of that very antient but simple tenet, that there is such a Being as a Deity in the universe, helped them to establish in his stead a certain *rule of right*,¹⁵ by adhering to which they all arrived at the utmost purity of morals. Reflection made me as much delighted with this society, as it had taught me to despise and detest the former. I began now to esteem myself a being of a higher order than I had ever before conceived, and was the more charmed with this rule of right, as I really found in my own nature nothing repugnant to it. I held in utter contempt all persons who wanted any other inducement to virtue besides her intrinsick beauty and excellence; and had so high an opinion of my present companions, with regard to their morality, that I would have trusted them with whatever was nearest and dearest to me. Whilst I was engaged in this delightful dream, two or three accidents happen'd successively, which at first much surprized me. For, one of our greatest philosophers, or *rule of right-men* withdrew himself from us, taking with him the wife of one of his most intimate friends. Secondly, another of the same society left the club without remembring to take leave of his bail.¹⁶ A third having borrowed a sum of money of me, for which I received no security, when I asked him to repay it, absolutely denied the loan. These several practices, so inconsistent with our golden rule, made me begin to suspect its infallibility; but when I communicated my thoughts to one of the club, he said 'there was nothing absolutely good or evil in itself; that actions were denominated good or bad by the circumstances of the agent.'¹⁷ That possibly the man who ran away with his neighbour's wife might be one of very good inclinations, but over-prevalled on by the violence of an unruly passion, and in other particulars might be a very worthy member of society. That if the beauty of any woman created in him an uneasiness, he had a right from nature to relieve himself; with many other things, which I then detested so much, that

I took leave of the society that very evening, and never returned to it again. Being now reduced to a state of solitude, which I did not like, I became a great frequenter of the play-houses, which indeed was always my favourite diversion, and most evenings past away two or three hours behind the scenes, where I met with several poets, with whom I made engagements at the taverns. Some of the players were likewise of our parties. At these meetings we were generally entertain'd by the poets with reading their performances, and by the players with repeating their parts: upon which occasions, I observed the gentleman who furnished our entertainment, was commonly the best pleased of the company; who, tho' they were pretty civil to him to his face, seldom failed to take the first opportunity of his absence to ridicule him. Now I made some remarks, which probably are too obvious to be worth relating. 'Sir,' says Adams, 'your remarks if you please.' First then, says he, I concluded that the general observation, that wits are most inclined to vanity, is not true. Men are equally vain of riches, strength, beauty, honours, &c. But, these appear of themselves to the eyes of the beholders, whereas the poor wit is obliged to produce his performance to shew you his perfection, and on his readiness to do this that vulgar opinion I have before mentioned is grounded: but doth not the person who expends vast sums in the furniture of his house, or the ornaments of his person, who consumes much time, and employs great pains in dressing himself, or who thinks himself paid for self-denial, labour, or even villany by a title or a ribbon, sacrifice as much to vanity as the poor wit, who is desirous to read you his poem or his play? My second remark was, that vanity is the worst of passions, and more apt to contaminate the mind than any other: for as selfishness is much more general than we please to allow it, so it is natural to hate and envy those who stand between us and the good we desire. Now in lust and ambition these are few; and even in avarice we find many who are no obstacles to our pursuits; but the vain man seeks pre-eminence; and every thing which is excellent or praise-worthy in another, renders him the mark of his antipathy. Adams now began to fumble in his pockets, and soon cried out, 'O la! I have it not about me.' — Upon this the gentleman asking him what he was searching for, he said he searched after a sermon, which he thought his master-piece, against vanity. 'Fie

upon it, fie upon it,' cries he, 'why do I ever leave that sermon out of my pocket? I wish it was within five miles, I would willingly fetch it, to read it to you.' The gentleman answered, that there was no need, for he was cured of the passion. 'And for that very reason,' quoth Adams, 'I would read it, for I am confident you would admire it: indeed, I have never been a greater enemy to any passion than that silly one of vanity.' The gentleman smiled, and proceeded — From this society I easily past to that of the gamesters, where nothing remarkable happened, but the finishing my fortune, which those gentlemen soon helped me to the end of. This opened scenes of life hitherto unknown; poverty and distress with their horrid train of duns, attorneys, bailiffs, haunted me day and night. My clothes grew shabby, my credit bad, my friends and acquaintance of all kinds cold. In this situation the strangest thought imaginable came into my head; and what was this, but to write a play? for I had sufficient leisure; fear of bailiffs confined me every day to my room; and having always had a little inclination and something of a genius that way, I set myself to work, and within few months produced a piece of five acts, which was accepted of at the theatre. I remembered to have formerly taken tickets of other poets for their benefits long before the appearance of their performances,¹⁸ and resolving to follow a precedent, which was so well suited to my present circumstances; I immediately provided myself with a large number of little papers. Happy indeed would be the state of poetry, would these tickets pass current at the bakehouse, the ale-house, and the Chandler's-shop: But alas! far otherwise; no taylor will take them in payment for buckram, stays, stay-tape; nor no bailiff for civility-money. They are indeed no more than a passport to beg with, a certificate that the owner wants five shillings, which induces well-disposed Christians to charity. I now experienced what is worse than poverty, or rather what is the worst consequence of poverty, I mean attendance and dependance on the great. Many a morning have I waited hours in the cold parlours of men of quality, where after seeing the lowest rascals in lace and embroidery, the pimps and buffoons in fashion admitted, I have been sometimes told on sending in my name, that my lord could not possibly see me this morning; a sufficient assurance that I should never more get entrance into that house. Sometimes I have been at last admitted,

and the great man hath thought proper to excuse himself, by telling me he was *tied up*. ‘*Tied up*,’ says Adams, ‘pray what’s that?’ Sir, says the gentleman, the profit which booksellers allowed authors for the best works, was so very small, that certain men of birth and fortune some years ago, who were the patrons of wit and learning, thought fit to encourage them farther, by entering into voluntary subscriptions for their encouragement.¹⁹ Thus Prior, Rowe, Pope, and some other men of genius, received large sums for their labours from the public. This seemed so easy a method of getting money, that many of the lowest scriblers of the times ventured to publish their works in the same way; and many had the assurance to take in subscriptions for what was not writ, nor ever intended. Subscriptions in this manner growing infinite, and a kind of tax on the public; some persons finding it not so easy a task to discern good from bad authors, or to know what genius was worthy encouragement, and what was not, to prevent the expence of subscribing to so many, invented a method to excuse themselves from all subscriptions whatever; and this was to receive a small sum of money in consideration of giving a large one if ever they subscribed; which many have done, and many more have pretended to have done, in order to silence all solicitation. The same method was likewise taken with playhouse tickets, which were no less a public grievance; and this is what they call being *tied up* from subscribing. ‘I can’t say but the term is apt enough, and somewhat typical,’ said Adams; ‘for a man of large fortune, who ties himself up, as you call it, from the encouragement of men of merit, ought to be tied up in reality.’ Well, sir, says the gentleman, to return to my story. Sometimes I have received a guinea from a man of quality, given with as ill a grace as alms are generally to the meanest beggar, and purchased too with as much time spent in attendance, as, if it had been spent in honest industry, might have brought me more profit with infinitely more satisfaction. After about two months spent in this disagreeable way with the utmost mortification, when I was pluming my hopes on the prospect of a plentiful harvest from my play, upon applying to the prompter to know when it came into rehearsal, he informed me he had received orders from the managers to return me the play again; for that they could not possibly act it that season; but if I would take it and revise it against the next, they would

be glad to see it again. I snatch'd it from him with great indignation, and retired to my room, where I threw myself on the bed in a fit of despair — 'You should rather have thrown yourself on your knees,' says Adams; 'for despair is sinful.' As soon, continued the gentleman, as I had indulged the first tumult of my passion, I began to consider coolly what course I should take, in a situation without friends, money, credit or reputation of any kind. After revolving many things in my mind, I could see no other possibility of furnishing myself with the miserable necessities of life than to retire to a garret near the Temple, and commence hackney-writer to the lawyers; for which I was well qualify'd, being an excellent penman. This purpose I resolved on, and immediately put it in execution. I had an acquaintance with an attorney who had formerly transacted affairs for me, and to him I applied: but instead of furnishing me with any business, he laugh'd at my undertaking, and told me 'he was afraid I should turn his deeds into plays, and he should expect to see them on the stage.' Not to tire you with instances of this kind from others, I found that Plato himself did not hold poets in greater abhorrence than these men of business do.²⁰ Whenever I durst venture to a coffee-house, which was on Sundays only,²¹ a whisper ran round the room, which was constantly attended with a sneer — *That's poet Wilson*: for I know not whether you have observed it, but there is a malignity in the nature of man, which when not weeded out, or at least covered by a good education and politeness, delights in making another uneasy or dissatisfied with himself. This abundantly appears in all assemblies, except those which are filled by people of fashion, and especially among the younger people of both sexes, whose birth and fortunes place them just without the polite circles; I mean the lower class of the gentry, and the higher of the mercantile world, who are in reality the worst bred part of mankind. Well, sir, whilst I continued in this miserable state, with scarce sufficient business to keep me from starving, the reputation of a poet being my bane, I accidentally became acquainted with a bookseller, who told me 'it was a pity a man of my learning and genius should be obliged to such a method of getting his livelihood; that he had a compassion for me, and if I would engage with him, he would undertake to provide handsomely for me.' A man in my circumstances, as he very well knew, had no choice. I accordingly

accepted his proposal with his conditions, which were none of the most favourable, and fell to translating with all my might. I had no longer reason to lament the want of business; for he furnished me with so much, that in half a year I almost writ myself blind. I likewise contracted a distemper by my sedentary life, in which no part of my body was exercised but my right arm, which rendered me incapable of writing for a long time. This unluckily happening to delay the publication of a work, and my last performance not having sold well, the bookseller declined any further engagement, and aspersed me to his brethren as a careless, idle fellow. I had however, by having half-work'd and half-starv'd myself to death during the time I was in his service, saved a few guineas, with which I bought a lottery-ticket,²² resolving to throw myself into fortune's lap, and try if she would make me amends for the injuries she had done me at the gaming-table. This purchase being made left me almost pennyless; when, as if I had not been sufficiently miserable, a bailiff in woman's clothes got admittance to my chamber, whither he was directed by the bookseller. He arrested me at my taylor's suit, for thirty-five pounds; a sum for which I could not procure bail, and was therefore conveyed to his house, where I was locked up in an upper chamber. I had now neither health (for I was scarce recovered from my indisposition) liberty, money, or friends; and had abandoned all hopes, and even the desire of life. 'But this could not last long,' said Adams, 'for doubtless the taylor released you the moment he was truly acquainted with your affairs; and knew that your circumstances would not permit you to pay him.' Oh, sir, answered the gentleman, he knew that before he arrested me; nay, he knew that nothing but incapacity could prevent me paying my debts; for I had been his customer many years, had spent vast sums of money with him, and had always paid most punctually in my prosperous days: But when I reminded him of this, with assurances that if he would not molest my endeavours, I would pay him all the money I could, by my utmost labour and industry, procure, reserving only what was sufficient to preserve me alive: he answered, His patience was worn out; that I had put him off from time to time; that he wanted the money; that he had put it into a lawyer's hands; and if I did not pay him immediately, or find security, I must lie in goal and expect no mercy. 'He may expect mercy,' cries Adams

starting from his chair, 'where he will find none. How can such a wretch repeat the Lord's Prayer, where the word which is translated, I know not for what reason, *trespasses*, is in the original *debts*? And as surely as we do not forgive others their debts when they are unable to pay them; so surely shall we ourselves be unforgiven, when we are in no condition of paying.' He ceased, and the gentleman proceeded. While I was in this deplorable situation a former acquaintance, to whom I had communicated my lottery-ticket, found me out, and making me a visit with great delight in his countenance, shook me heartily by the hand, and wished me joy of my good fortune: 'For,' says he, 'your ticket is come up a prize of 3000 *l*.' Adams snapt his fingers at these words in an ecstasy of joy; which however did not continue long: for the gentleman thus proceeded. Alas! sir, this was only a trick of Fortune to sink me the deeper: for I had disposed of this lottery-ticket two days before to a relation, who refused lending me a shilling without it, in order to procure myself bread.²³ As soon as my friend was acquainted with my unfortunate sale, he began to revile me, and remind me of all the ill conduct and miscarriages of my life. He said, 'I was one whom Fortune could not save, if she would; that I was now ruined without any hopes of retrieval, nor must expect any pity from my friends; that it would be extreme weakness to compassionate the misfortunes of a man who ran headlong to his own destruction.' He then painted to me in as lively colours as he was able, the happiness I should have now enjoyed, had I not foolishly disposed of my ticket. I urg'd the plea of necessity: but he made no answer to that, and began again to revile me, till I could bear it no longer, and desired him to finish his visit. I soon exchanged the bailiff's house for a prison; where, as I had not money sufficient to procure me a separate apartment, I was crouded in with a great number of miserable wretches, in common with whom I was destitute of every convenience of life, even that which all the brutes enjoy, wholesome air. In these dreadful circumstances I applied by letter to several of my old acquaintance, and such to whom I had formerly lent money without any great prospect of its being returned, for their assistance; but in vain. An excuse instead of a denial was the gentlest answer I received. — Whilst I languished in a condition too horrible to be described, and which in a land of humanity,

and, what is much more Christianity, seems a strange punishment for a little inadvertency and indiscretion. Whilst I was in this condition, a fellow came into the prison, and enquiring me out deliver'd me the following letter:

Sir,

My father, to whom you sold your ticket in the last lottery, died the same day in which it came up a prize, as you have possibly heard, and left me sole heiress of all his fortune. I am so much touched with your present circumstances, and the uneasiness you must feel at having been driven to dispose of what might have made you happy, that I must desire your acceptance of the inclosed, and am

Your humble servant,

Harriet Hearty

And what do you think was inclosed? 'I don't know,' cried Adams: 'Not less than a guinea, I hope.' — Sir, it was a bank-note for 200 *l.* — '200 *l.*?' says Adams, in a rapture. — No less, I assure you, answered the gentleman; a sum I was not half so delighted with, as with the dear name of the generous girl that sent it me; and who was not only the best, but the handsomest creature in the universe; and for whom I had long had a passion, which I never durst disclose to her. I kiss'd her name a thousand times, my eyes overflowing with tenderness and gratitude, I repeated —. But not to detain you with these raptures, I immediately acquired my liberty, and having paid all my debts, departed with upwards of fifty pounds in my pocket, to thank my kind deliverer. She happened to be then out of town, a circumstance which, upon reflection, pleased me; for by that means I had an opportunity to appear before her in a more decent dress. At her return to town within a day or two, I threw myself at her feet with the most ardent acknowledgments, which she rejected with an unfeigned greatness of mind, and told me, I could not oblige her more than by never mentioning, or if possible, thinking on a circumstance which must bring to my mind an accident that might be grievous to me to think on. She proceeded thus: 'What I have done is in my own eyes a trifle, and perhaps infinitely less than would have become me to do. And if you think of engaging in any business, where a larger sum may be serviceable to you, I shall not be

over-rigid, either as to the security or interest.' I endeavoured to express all the gratitude in my power to this profusion of goodness, tho' perhaps it was my enemy, and began to afflict my mind with more agonies, than all the miseries I had underwent; it affected me with severer reflections than poverty, distress, and prisons united had been able to make me feel: for, sir, these acts and professions of kindness, which were sufficient to have raised in a good heart the most violent passion of friendship to one of the same, or to age and ugliness in a different sex, came to me from a woman, a young and beautiful woman, one whose perfections I had long known; and for whom I had long conceived a violent passion, tho' with a despair, which made me endeavour rather to curb and conceal, than to nourish or acquaint her with it. In short, they came upon me united with beauty, softness, and tenderness, such bewitching smiles. — O Mr Adams, in that moment, I lost myself, and forgetting our different situations, nor considering what return I was making to her goodness, by desiring her who had given me so much, to bestow her all, I laid gently hold on her hand, and conveying it to my lips, I prest it with inconceivable ardour; then lifting up my swimming eyes, I saw her face and neck overspread with one blush; she offered to withdraw her hand, yet not so as to deliver it from mine, tho' I held it with the gentlest force. We both stood trembling, her eyes cast on the ground, and mine stedfastly fixed on her. Good G— , what was then the condition of my soul! burning with love, desire, admiration, gratitude, and every tender passion, all bent on one charming object. Passion at last got the better of both reason and respect, and softly letting go her hand, I offered madly to clasp her in my arms; when a little recovering herself, she started from me, asking me with some shew of anger, 'if she had any reason to expect this treatment from me.' I then fell prostrate before her, and told her, 'if I had offended, my life was absolutely in her power, which I would in any manner lose for her sake. Nay, madam, (said I) you shall not be so ready to punish me, as I to suffer. I own my guilt. I detest the reflection that I would have sacrificed your happiness to mine. Believe me, I sincerely repent my ingratitude, yet believe me too, it was my passion, my unbounded passion for you, which hurried me so far; I have loved you long and tenderly; and the goodness you have shewn me, hath innocently weighed

down a wretch undone before. Acquit me of all mean mercenary views, and before I take my leave of you for ever, which I am resolved instantly to do, believe me, that fortune could have raised me to no height to which I could not have gladly lifted you. O curst be Fortune.' — 'Do not,' says she, interrupting me with the sweetest voice, 'Do not curse Fortune, since she hath made me happy, and if she hath put your happiness in my power, I have told you, you shall ask nothing in reason which I will refuse.' 'Madam,' said I, 'you mistake me if you imagine, as you seem, my happiness is in the power of Fortune now. You have obliged me too much already; if I have any wish, it is for some blest accident, by which I may contribute with my life to the least augmentation of your felicity. As for my self, the only happiness I can ever have, will be hearing of your's; and if Fortune will make that complete, I will forgive her all her wrongs to me.' 'You may, indeed,' answered she, smiling, 'For your own happiness must be included in mine. I have long known your worth; nay, I must confess,' said she, blushing, 'I have long discovered that passion for me you profess, notwithstanding those endeavours which I am convinced were unaffected, to conceal it; and if all I can give with reason will not suffice, — take reason away, — and now I believe you cannot ask me what I will deny.' — She uttered these words with a sweetness not to be imagined. I immediately started, my blood which lay freezing at my heart, rushed tumultuously through every vein. I stood for a moment silent, then flying to her, I caught her in my arms, no longer resisting, — and softly told her, she must give me then herself. — O sir, — Can I describe her look? She remained silent and almost motionless several minutes. At last, recovering herself a little, she insisted on my leaving her, and in such a manner that I instantly obeyed: You may imagine, however, I soon saw her again. — But I ask pardon, I fear I have detained you too long in relating the particulars of the former interview. 'So far otherwise,' said Adams, licking his lips, 'that I could willingly hear it over again.' Well, sir, continued the gentleman, to be as concise as possible, within a week she consented to make me the happiest of mankind. We were married shortly after; and when I came to examine the circumstances of my wife's fortune; (which I do assure you I was not presently at leisure enough to do) I found it amounted to about six thousand pounds,

most part of which lay in effects; for her father had been a wine-merchant, and she seemed willing, if I liked it, that I should carry on the same trade. I readily and too inconsiderately undertook it: for not having been bred up to the secrets of the business, and endeavouring to deal with the utmost honesty and uprightness, I soon found our fortune in a declining way, and my trade decreasing by little and little: For my wines which I never adulterated after their importation, and were sold as neat as they came over, were universally decried by the vintners, to whom I could not allow them quite as cheap as those who gained double the profit by a less price. I soon began to despair of improving our fortune by these means; nor was I at all easy at the visits and familiarity of many who had been my acquaintance in my prosperity, but denied, and shunned me in my adversity, and now very forwardly renewed their acquaintance with me. In short, I had sufficiently seen, that the pleasures of the world are chiefly folly, and the business of it mostly knavery; and both, nothing better than vanity: the men of pleasure tearing one another to pieces, from the emulation of spending money, and the men of business from envy in getting it. My happiness consisted entirely in my wife, whom I loved with an inexpressible fondness, which was perfectly returned; and my prospects were no other than to provide for our growing family; for she was now big of her second child; I therefore took an opportunity to ask her opinion of entering into a retired life, which after hearing my reasons, and perceiving my affection for it, she readily embraced. We soon put our small fortune, now reduced under three thousand pounds, into money, with part of which we purchased this little place, whither we retired soon after her delivery, from a world full of bustle, noise, hatred, envy, and ingratitude, to ease, quiet, and love. We have here liv'd almost twenty years, with little other conversation than our own, most of the neighbourhood taking us for very strange people; the squire of the parish representing me as a madman, and the parson as a presbyterian; because I will not hunt with the one, nor drink with the other. 'Sir,' says Adams, 'Fortune hath I think paid you all her debts in this sweet retirement.' Sir, replied the gentleman, I am thankful to the great Author of all things for the blessings I here enjoy. I have the best of wives, and three pretty children, for whom I have the true tenderness of a

parent; but no blessings are pure in this world. Within three years of my arrival here I lost my eldest son. (*Here he sighed bitterly.*) ‘Sir,’ says Adams, ‘we must submit to Providence, and consider death is common to all.’ We must submit, indeed, answered the gentleman; and if he had died, I could have borne the loss with patience: but alas! sir, he was stolen away from my door by some wicked travelling people whom they call *Gipsies*, nor could I ever with the most diligent search recover him. Poor child! he had the sweetest look, the exact picture of his mother; at which some tears unwittingly dropt from his eyes, as did likewise from those of Adams, who always sympathized with his friends on those occasions. Thus, sir, said the gentleman, I have finished my story, in which if I have been too particular, I ask your pardon; and now, if you please, I will fetch you another bottle; which proposal the parson thankfully accepted.

CHAPTER IV

*A Description of Mr Wilson’s Way of Living. The tragical
Adventure of the Dog, and other grave Matters.*

The gentleman returned with the bottle, and Adams and he sat some time silent, when the former started up and cried, ‘*No, that won’t do.*’ The gentleman enquired into his meaning; he answered, ‘he had been considering that it was possible the late famous King Theodore¹ might have been that very son whom he lost;’ but added, ‘that his age could not answer that imagination. However,’ says he, ‘G— disposes all things for the best, and very probably he may be some great man, or duke, and may one day or other revisit you in that capacity.’ The gentleman answered, he should know him amongst ten thousand, for he had a mark on his left breast, of a strawberry, which his mother had given him by longing for that fruit.

That beautiful young lady, the morning, now rose from her bed, and with a countenance blooming with fresh youth and sprightliness, like Miss —, with soft dews hanging on her pouting lips, began to take her

early walk over the eastern hills; and presently after, that gallant person the sun stole softly from his wife's chamber to pay his addresses to her; when the gentleman ask'd his guest if he would walk forth and survey his little garden, which he readily agreed to, and Joseph at the same time awaking from a sleep in which he had been two hours buried, went with them. No parterres,² no fountains, no statues embellished this little garden. Its only ornament was a short walk, shaded on each side by a filbert hedge, with a small alcove at one end, whither in hot weather the gentleman and his wife used to retire and divert themselves with their children, who played in the walk before them. But tho' vanity had no votary in this little spot, here was variety of fruit, and every thing useful for the kitchen, which was abundantly sufficient to catch the admiration of Adams, who told the gentleman he had certainly a good gardener. Sir, answered he, that gardener is now before you; whatever you see here, is the work solely of my own hands. Whilst I am providing necessaries for my table, I likewise procure myself an appetite for them. In fair seasons I seldom pass less than six hours of the twenty-four in this place, where I am not idle, and by these means I have been able to preserve my health ever since my arrival here without assistance from physick. Hither I generally repair at the dawn, and exercise myself whilst my wife dresses her children, and prepares our breakfast, after which we are seldom asunder during the residue of the day; for when the weather will not permit them to accompany me here, I am usually within with them; for I am neither ashamed of conversing with my wife, nor of playing with my children: to say the truth, I do not perceive that inferiority of understanding which the levity of rakes, the dulness of men of business, or the austerity of the learned would persuade us of in women. As for my woman, I declare I have found none of my own sex capable of making juster observations on life, or of delivering them more agreeably; nor do I believe any one possessed of a faithfuller or braver friend. And sure as this friendship is sweetened with more delicacy and tenderness, so is it confirmed by dearer pledges than can attend the closest male alliance: for what union can be so fast, as our common interest in the fruits of our embraces? Perhaps, sir, you are not yourself a father; if you are not, be assured you cannot conceive the delight I have in my

little-ones. Would you not despise me, if you saw me stretched on the ground, and my children playing round me? 'I should reverence the sight,' quoth Adams, 'I myself am now the father of six, and have been of eleven, and I can say I never scourged a child of my own, unless as his school-master, and then have felt every stroke on my own posteriors. And as to what you say concerning women, I have often lamented my own wife did not understand Greek.' — The gentleman smiled, and answered, he would not be apprehended to insinuate that his own had an understanding above the care of her family, on the contrary, says he, my Harriet I assure you is a notable housewife, and the house-keepers of few gentlemen understand cookery or confectionary better; but these are arts which she hath no great occasion for now: however, the wine you commended so much last night at supper, was of her own making, as is indeed all the liquor in my house, except my beer, which falls to my province. ('And I assure you it is as excellent,' quoth Adams, 'as ever I tasted.') We formerly kept a maid-servant, but since my girls have been growing up, she is unwilling to indulge them in idleness; for as the fortunes I shall give them will be very small, we intend not to breed them above the rank they are likely to fill hereafter, nor to teach them to despise or ruin a plain husband. Indeed I could wish a man of my own temper, and a retired life, might fall to their lot: for I have experienced that calm serene happiness which is seated in content, is inconsistent with the hurry and bustle of the world. He was proceeding thus, when the little things, being just risen, ran eagerly towards him, and asked him blessing: they were shy to the strangers, but the eldest acquainted her father that her mother and the young gentlewoman were up, and that breakfast was ready. They all went in, where the gentleman was surprized at the beauty of Fanny, who had now recovered herself from her fatigue, and was entirely clean drest; for the rogues who had taken away her purse, had left her her bundle. But if he was so much amazed at the beauty of this young creature, his guests were no less charmed at the tenderness which appeared in the behaviour of husband and wife to each other, and to their children, and at the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of these to their parents. These instances pleased the well-disposed mind of Adams equally with the readiness which they express to oblige their guests, and their

forwardness to offer them the best of every thing in their house; and what delighted him still more, was an instance or two of their charity: for whilst they were at breakfast, the good woman was called forth to assist her sick neighbour, which she did with some cordials made for the public use; and the good man went into his garden at the same time, to supply another with something which he wanted thence, for they had nothing which those who wanted it were not welcome to. These good people were in the utmost cheerfulness, when they heard the report of a gun, and immediately afterwards a little dog, the favourite of the eldest daughter, came limping in all bloody, and laid himself at his mistress's feet. The poor girl, who was about eleven years old, burst into tears at the sight, and presently one of the neighbours came in and informed them, that the young squire, the son of the lord of the manor, had shot him as he past by, swearing at the same time he would prosecute the master of him for keeping a spaniel; for that he had given notice he would not suffer one in the parish. The dog, whom his mistress had taken into her lap, died in a few minutes, licking her hand. She expressed great agony at his loss, and the other children began to cry for their sister's misfortune, nor could Fanny herself refrain. Whilst the father and mother attempted to comfort her, Adams grasped his crab stick, and would have sallied out after the squire, had not Joseph withheld him. He could not however bridle his tongue — He pronounced the word *rascal* with great emphasis, said he deserved to be hanged more than a highwayman, and wished he had the scourging him. The mother took her child, lamenting and carrying the dead favourite in her arms out of the room, when the gentleman said, this was the second time this squire had endeavoured to kill the little wretch, and had wounded him smartly once before, adding, he could have no motive but ill-nature; for the little thing, which was not near as big as one's fist, had never been twenty yards from the house in the six years his daughter had had it. He said he had done nothing to deserve this usage: but his father had too great a fortune to contend with. That he was as absolute as any tyrant in the universe, and had killed all the dogs, and taken away all the guns in the neighbourhood, and not only that, but he trampled down hedges, and rode over corn and gardens, with no more regard than if they were the highway. 'I wish I could catch him in my garden,'

said Adams; 'tho' I would rather forgive him riding through my house than such an ill-natur'd act as this.'

The cheerfulness of their conversation being interrupted by this accident, in which the guests could be of no service to their kind entertainer, and as the mother was taken up in administering consolation to the poor girl, whose disposition was too good hastily to forget the sudden loss of her little favourite, which had been fondling with her a few minutes before; and as Joseph and Fanny were impatient to get home and begin those previous ceremonies to their happiness which Adams had insisted on, they now offered to take their leave. The gentleman importuned them much to stay dinner: but when he found their eagerness to depart, he summoned his wife, and accordingly having performed all the usual ceremonies of bows and curtsies, more pleasant to be seen than to be related, they took their leave, the gentleman and his wife heartily wishing them a good journey, and they as heartily thanking them for their kind entertainment. They then departed, Adams declaring that this was the manner in which the people had lived in the golden age.

CHAPTER V

A Disputation on Schools, held on the Road between Mr Abraham Adams and Joseph; and a Discovery not unwelcome to them both.

Our travellers having well refreshed themselves at the gentleman's house, Joseph and Fanny with sleep, and Mr Abraham Adams with ale and tobacco, renewed their journey with great alacrity; and, pursuing the road in which they were directed, travelled many miles before they met with any adventure worth relating. In this interval, we shall present our readers with a very curious discourse, as we apprehend it, concerning public schools, which pass'd between Mr Joseph Andrews and Mr Abraham Adams.

They had not gone far, before Adams calling to Joseph, asked him if he had attended to the gentleman's story; he answered 'to all the

former part.' 'And don't you think,' says he, 'he was a very unhappy man in his youth?' 'A very unhappy man indeed,' answered the other. 'Joseph,' cries Adams, screwing up his mouth, 'I have found it; I have discovered the cause of all the misfortunes which befel him. A public school, Joseph, was the cause of all the calamities which he afterwards suffered. Public schools are the nurseries of all vice and immorality. All the wicked fellows whom I remember at the university were bred at them. — Ah Lord! I can remember as well as if it was but yesterday, a knot of them; they called them King's scholars,¹ I forget why — very wicked fellows! Joseph, you may thank the Lord you were not bred at a public school, you would never have preserved your virtue as you have. The first care I always take, is of a boy's morals, I had rather he should be a blockhead than an atheist or a presbyterian. What is all the learning of the world compared to his immortal soul? What shall a man take in exchange for his soul? But the masters of great schools trouble themselves about no such thing. I have known a lad of eighteen at the university, who hath not been able to say his catechism; but for my own part, I always scourged a lad sooner for missing that than any other lesson. Believe me, child, all that gentleman's misfortunes arose from his being educated at a public school.'

'It doth not become me,' answer'd Joseph, 'to dispute any thing, sir, with you, especially a matter of this kind; for to be sure you must be allowed by all the world to be the best teacher of a school in all our county.' 'Yes, that,' says Adams, 'I believe, is granted me; that I may without much vanity pretend to — nay I believe I may go to the next county too — but *gloriari non est meum*.² — 'However, sir, as you are pleased to bid me speak,' says Joseph, 'you know, my late master, Sir Thomas Booby, was bred at a public school, and he was the finest gentleman in all the neighbourhood. And I have often heard him say, if he had a hundred boys he would breed them all at the same place. It was his opinion, and I have often heard him deliver it, that a boy taken from a public school, and carried into the world, will learn more in one year there, than one of a private education will in five. He used to say, the school itself initiated him a great way, (I remember that was his very expression) for great schools are little societies, where a boy of any observation may see in epitome what he will afterwards find in

the world at large.' *'Hinc illæ lachrymæ;*³ for that very reason,' quoth Adams, 'I prefer a private school, where boys may be kept in innocence and ignorance: for, according to that fine passage in the play of *Cato*, the only English tragedy I ever read,

If knowledge of the world must make men villains,
May *Juba* ever live in ignorance.⁴

Who would not rather preserve the purity of his child, than wish him to attain the whole circle of arts and sciences; which, by the bye, he may learn in the classes of a private school? for I would not be vain, but I esteem myself to be second to none, *nulli secundum*, in teaching these things; so that a lad may have as much learning in a private as in a public education.' 'And with submission,' answered Joseph, 'he may get as much vice, witness several country gentlemen, who were educated within five miles of their own houses, and are as wicked as if they had known the world from their infancy. I remember when I was in the stable, if a young horse was vicious in his nature, no correction would make him otherwise; I take it to be equally the same among men: if a boy be of a mischievous wicked inclination, no school, tho' ever so private, will ever make him good; on the contrary, if he be of a righteous temper, you may trust him to London, or wherever else you please, he will be in no danger of being corrupted. Besides, I have often heard my master say, that the discipline practised in public schools was much better than that in private.' — 'You talk like a jackanapes,' says Adams, 'and so did your master. Discipline indeed! because one man scourges twenty or thirty boys more in a morning than another, is he therefore a better disciplinarian? I do presume to confer⁵ in this point with all who have taught from Chiron's⁶ time to this day; and, if I was master of six boys only, I would preserve as good discipline amongst them as the master of the greatest school in the world. I say nothing, young man; remember, I say nothing; but if Sir Thomas himself had been educated nearer home, and under the tuition of somebody, remember, I name nobody, it might have been better for him — but his father must institute him in the knowledge of the world. *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.*⁷ Joseph seeing him run on in this manner asked pardon many times, assuring him he had no intention

to offend. 'I believe you had not, child,' said he, 'and I am not angry with you: but for maintaining good discipline in a school; for this, —' And then he ran on as before, named all the masters who are recorded in old books, and preferred himself to them all. Indeed if this good man had an enthusiasm, or what the vulgar call a blind-side, it was this: he thought a schoolmaster the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest of all schoolmasters, neither of which points he would have given up to Alexander the Great at the head of his army.⁸

Adams continued his subject till they came to one of the beautifullest spots of ground in the universe. It was a kind of natural amphitheatre, formed by the winding of a small rivulet, which was planted with thick woods, and the trees rose gradually above each other by the natural ascent of the ground they stood on; which ascent, as they hid with their boughs, they seemed to have been disposed by the design of the most skillful planter. The soil was spread with a verdure which no paint could imitate, and the whole place might have raised romantic ideas in elder minds than those of Joseph and Fanny, without the assistance of love.

Here they arrived about noon, and Joseph proposed to Adams that they should rest awhile in this delightful place, and refresh themselves with some provisions which the good-nature of Mrs Wilson had provided them with. Adams made no objection to the proposal, so down they sat, and pulling out a cold fowl, and a bottle of wine, they made a repast with a cheerfulness which might have attracted the envy of more splendid tables. I should not omit, that they found among their provision a little paper, containing a piece of gold, which Adams imagining had been put there by mistake, would have returned back, to restore it; but he was at last convinced by Joseph, that Mr Wilson had taken this handsome way of furnishing them with a supply for their journey, on his having related the distress which they had been in, when they were relieved by the generosity of the pedlar. Adams said, he was glad to see such an instance of goodness, not so much for the conveniency which it brought them, as for the sake of the doer, whose reward would be great in Heaven. He likewise comforted himself with a reflection, that he should shortly have an opportunity of returning it him; for the gentleman was within a week to make a journey into Somersetshire, to pass through Adams's parish, and had faithfully promised

to call on him: a circumstance which we thought too immaterial to mention before; but which those who have as great an affection for that gentleman as ourselves will rejoice at, as it may give them hopes of seeing him again. Then Joseph made a speech on charity, which the reader, if he is so disposed, may see in the next chapter; for we scorn to betray him into any such reading, without first giving him warning.

CHAPTER VI

Moral Reflections by Joseph Andrews, with the Hunting Adventure, and Parson Adams's miraculous Escape.

'I have often wondered, sir,' said Joseph, 'to observe so few instances of charity among mankind; for tho' the goodness of a man's heart did not incline him to relieve the distresses of his fellow-creatures, methinks the desire of honour should move him to it. What inspires a man to build fine houses, to purchase fine furniture, pictures, clothes, and other things at a great expence, but an ambition to be respected more than other people? Now would not one great act of charity, one instance of redeeming a poor family from all the miseries of poverty, restoring an unfortunate tradesman by a sum of money to the means of procuring a livelihood by his industry, discharging an undone debtor from his debts or a goal, or any such like example of goodness, create a man more honour and respect than he could acquire by the finest house, furniture, pictures or clothes that were ever beheld? For not only the object himself, who was thus relieved, but all who heard the name of such a person must, I imagine, reverence him infinitely more than the possessor of all those other things: which when we so admire, we rather praise the builder, the workman, the painter, the laceman, the taylor, and the rest, by whose ingenuity they are produced, than the person who by his money makes them his own. For my own part, when I have waited behind my lady in a room hung with fine pictures, while I have been looking at them I have never once thought of their owner, nor hath any one else, as I ever observed; for when it hath been

asked whose picture that was, it was never once answered, the master's of the house, but Ammyconni, Paul Varnish, Hannibal Scratchi, or Hogarthi,¹ which I suppose were the names of the painters: but if it was asked, who redeemed such a one out of prison? who lent such a ruined tradesman money to set up? who clothed that family of poor small children? it is very plain, what must be the answer. And besides, these great folks are mistaken, if they imagine they get any honour at all by these means; for I do not remember I ever was with my lady at any house where she commended the house or furniture, but I have heard her at her return home make sport and jeer at whatever she had before commended: and I have been told by other gentlemen in livery, that it is the same in their families: but I defy the wisest man in the world to turn a true good action into ridicule.² I defy him to do it. He who should endeavour it, would be laughed at himself, instead of making others laugh. Nobody scarce doth any good, yet they all agree in praising those who do. Indeed it is strange that all men should consent in commending goodness, and no man endeavour to deserve that commendation; whilst, on the contrary, all rail at wickedness, and all are as eager to be what they abuse. This I know not the reason of, but it is as plain as daylight to those who converse in the world, as I have done these three years.' 'Are all the great folks wicked then?' says Fanny. 'To be sure there are some exceptions,' answered Joseph. 'Some gentlemen of our cloth report charitable actions done by their lords and masters, and I have heard squire Pope, the great poet, at my lady's table, tell stories of a man that lived at a place called Ross, and another at the Bath, one Al — Al — I forget his name, but it is in the book of verses.'³ This gentleman hath built up a stately house too, which the 'squire likes very well; but his charity is seen farther than his house, tho' it stands on a hill, ay, and brings him more honour too. It was his charity that put him in the book, where the 'squire says he puts all those who deserve it; and to be sure, as he lives among all the great people, if there were any such, he would know them.' — This was all of Mr Joseph Andrews's speech which I could get him to recollect, which I have delivered as near as was possible in his own words, with a very small embellishment. But I believe the reader hath not been a little surprized at the long silence of Parson Adams, especially as so

many occasions offer'd themselves to exert his curiosity and observation. The truth is, he was fast asleep, and had so been from the beginning of the preceding narrative: and indeed if the reader considers that so many hours had past since he had closed his eyes, he will not wonder at his repose, tho' even Henley himself,⁴ or as great an orator (if any such be) had been in his rostrum or tub⁵ before him.

Joseph, who whilst he was speaking, had continued in one attitude, with his head reclining on one side, and his eyes cast on the ground, no sooner perceived, on looking up, the position of Adams, who was stretched on his back, and snored louder than the usual braying of the animal with long ears; than he turned towards Fanny, and taking her by the hand, began a dalliance, which, tho' consistent with the purest innocence and decency, neither he would have attempted, nor she permitted before any witness. Whilst they amused themselves in this harmless and delightful manner, they heard a pack of hounds approaching in full cry towards them, and presently afterwards saw a hare pop forth from the wood, and crossing the water, land within a few yards of them in the meadows. The hare was no sooner on shore, than it seated itself on its hinder legs, and listened to the sound of the pursuers. Fanny was wonderfully pleased with the little wretch, and eagerly longed to have it in her arms, that she might preserve it from the dangers which seemed to threaten it: but the rational part of the creation do not always aptly distinguish their friends from their foes; what wonder then if this silly creature, the moment it beheld her, fled from the friend who would have protected it, and traversing the meadows again, past the little rivulet on the opposite side. It was however so spent and weak, that it fell down twice or thrice in its way. This affected the tender heart of Fanny, who exclaimed with tears in her eyes against the barbarity of worrying a poor innocent defenceless animal out of its life, and putting it to the extremest torture for diversion. She had not much time to make reflections of this kind, for on a sudden the hounds rushed through the wood, which resounded with their throats, and the throats of their retinue, who attended on them on horseback. The dogs now past the rivulet, and pursued the footsteps of the hare; five horsemen attempted to leap over, three of whom succeeded, and two were in the attempt thrown from their saddles into the water;

their companions and their own horses too proceeded after their sport, and left their friends and riders to invoke the assistance of fortune, or employ the more active means of strength and agility for their deliverance. Joseph however was not so unconcerned on this occasion; he left Fanny for a moment to herself, and ran to the gentlemen, who were immediately on their legs, shaking their ears, and easily with the help of his hand attained the bank, (for the rivulet was not at all deep) and without staying to thank their kind assister, ran dripping across the meadow, calling to their brother sportsmen to stop their horses: but they heard them not.

The hounds were now very little behind their poor reeling, staggering prey, which fainting almost at every step, crawled through the wood, and had almost got round to the place where Fanny stood, when it was overtaken by its enemies; and being driven out of the covert was caught, and instantly tore to pieces before Fanny's face, who was unable to assist it with any aid more powerful than pity; nor could she prevail on Joseph, who had been himself a sportsman in his youth, to attempt any thing contrary to the laws of hunting, in favour of the hare, which he said was killed fairly.

The hare was caught within a yard or two of Adams, who lay asleep at some distance from the lovers, and the hounds in devouring it, and pulling it backwards and forwards, had drawn it so close to him, that some of them (by mistake perhaps for the hare's skin) laid hold of the skirts of his cassock; others at the same time applying their teeth to his wig, which he had with a handkerchief fastened to his head, they began to pull him about; and had not the motion of his body had more effect on him than seemed to be wrought by the noise, they must certainly have tasted his flesh, which delicious flavour might have been fatal to him: but being roused by these tuggings, he instantly awaked, and with a jerk delivering his head from his wig, he with most admirable dexterity recovered his legs, which now seemed the only members he could entrust his safety to. Having therefore escaped likewise from at least a third part of his cassock, which he willingly left as his *exuviae*⁶ or spoils to the enemy, he fled with the utmost speed he could summon to his assistance. Nor let this be any detraction from the bravery of his character; let the number of the enemies, and the

surprize in which he was taken, be considered; and if there be any modern so outrageously brave, that he cannot admit of flight in any circumstance whatever, I say (but I whisper that softly, and I solemnly declare, without any intention of giving offence to any brave man in the nation) I say, or rather I whisper that he is an ignorant fellow, and hath never read Homer nor Virgil, nor knows he any thing of Hector or Turnus;⁷ nay, he is unacquainted with the history of some great men living, who, tho' as brave as lions, ay, as tigers, have run away the Lord knows how far, and the Lord knows why, to the surprize of their friends, and the entertainment of their enemies. But if persons of such heroick disposition are a little offended at the behaviour of Adams, we assure them they shall be as much pleased with what we shall immediately relate of Joseph Andrews. The master of the pack was just arrived, or, as the sportsmen call it, *come in*, when Adams set out, as we have before mentioned. This gentleman was generally said to be a great lover of humour; but not to mince the matter, especially as we are upon this subject, he was a great *hunter of men*:⁸ indeed he had hitherto followed the sport only with dogs of his own species; for he kept two or three couple of barking curs for that use only. However, as he thought he had now found a man nimble enough, he was willing to indulge himself with other sport, and accordingly crying out, *Stole away*, encouraged the hounds to pursue Mr Adams, swearing it was the largest jack hare he ever saw; at the same time hallooing and hooping as if a conquered foe was flying before him; in which he was imitated by these two or three couple of human, or rather two-leg'd curs on horseback which we have mentioned before.

Now thou, whoever thou art, whether a muse, or by what other name soever thou chusest to be called, who presidest over biography, and hast inspired all the writers of lives in these our times: thou who didst infuse such wonderful humour into the pen of immortal Gulliver, who hast carefully guided the judgment, whilst thou hast exalted the nervous manly style of thy Mallet:⁹ thou who hadst no hand in that dedication, and preface, or the translations which thou wouldst willingly have struck out of the *Life of Cicero*:¹⁰ lastly, thou who without the assistance of the least spice of literature, and even against his inclination, hast, in some pages of his book, forced Colley Cibber to write English;

do thou assist me in what I find myself unequal to. Do thou introduce on the plain, the young, the gay, the brave Joseph Andrews, whilst men shall view him with admiration and envy; tender virgins with love and anxious concern for his safety.

No sooner did Joseph Andrews perceive the distress of his friend, when first the quick-scenting dogs attacked him, than he grasped his cudgel¹¹ in his right hand, a cudgel which his father had of his grandfather, to whom a mighty strong man of Kent¹² had given it for a present in that day, when he broke three heads on the stage. It was a cudgel of mighty strength and wonderful art, made by one of Mr Deard's best workmen,¹³ whom no other artificer can equal; and who hath made all those sticks which the beaus have lately walked with about the Park¹⁴ in a morning: but this was far his master-piece; on its head was engraved a nose and chin, which might have been mistaken for a pair of nut-crackers. The learned have imagined it designed to represent the Gorgon: but it was in fact copied from the face of a certain long English baronet¹⁵ of infinite wit, humour, and gravity. He did intend to have engraved here many histories: As the first night of Captain B—'s play, where you would have seen criticks in embroidery transplanted from the boxes to the pit, whose ancient inhabitants were exalted to the galleries, where they played on catcalls. He did intend to have painted an auction-room, where Mr Cock¹⁶ would have appeared aloft in his pulpit, trumpeting forth the praises of a china bason; and with astonishment wondering that *Nobody bids more for that fine, that superb* — He did intend to have engraved many other things, but was forced to leave all out for want of room.

No sooner had Joseph grasped this cudgel in his hands, than lightning darted from his eyes; and the heroick youth, swift of foot,¹⁷ ran with the utmost speed to his friend's assistance. He overtook him just as Rockwood had laid hold of the skirt of his cassock, which being torn hung to the ground. Reader, we would make a simile on this occasion, but for two reasons: the first is, it would interrupt the description, which should be *rapid* in this part; but that doth not weigh much, many precedents occurring for such an interruption: the second, and much the greater reason is, that we could find no simile adequate to our purpose: for indeed, what instance could we bring to

set before our reader's eyes at once the idea of friendship, courage, youth, beauty, strength, and swiftness; all which blazed in the person of Joseph Andrews. Let those therefore that describe lions and tigers, and heroes fiercer than both, raise their poems or plays with the simile of Joseph Andrews, who is himself above the reach of any simile.

Now Rockwood had laid fast hold on the parson's skirts, and stopt his flight; which Joseph no sooner perceived, than he levelled his cudgel at his head, and laid him sprawling. Jowler and Ringwood then fell on his great-coat, and had undoubtedly brought him to the ground, had not Joseph, collecting all his force given Jowler such a rap on the back, that quitting his hold he ran howling over the plain: a harder fate remained for thee, O Ringwood. Ringwood the best hound that ever pursued a hare, who never threw his tongue but where the scent was undoubtedly true; good at *trailing*; and *sure in a highway*, no *babler*, no *over-runner*,¹⁸ respected by the whole pack: for, whenever he opened, they knew the game was at hand. He fell by the stroke of Joseph. Thunder, and Plunder, and Wonder, and Blunder, were the next victims of his wrath, and measured their lengths on the ground. Then Fairmaid, a bitch which Mr John Temple¹⁹ had bred up in his house, and fed at his own table, and lately sent the squire fifty miles for a present, ran fiercely at Joseph, and bit him by the leg; no dog was ever fiercer than she, being descended from an Amazonian breed, and had worried bulls in her own country, but now waged an unequal fight; and had shared the fate of those we have mentioned before, had not Diana²⁰ (the reader may believe it or not, as he pleases) in that instant interposed, and in the shape of the huntsman snatched her favourite up in her arms.

The parson now faced about, and with his crab stick felled many to the earth, and scattered others, till he was attacked by Cæsar and pulled to the ground; then Joseph flew to his rescue, and with such might fell on the victor, that, O eternal blot to his name! Cæsar ran yelping away.

The battle now raged with the most dreadful violence, when lo the huntsman, a man of years and dignity, lifted his voice, and called his hounds from the fight; telling them, in a language they understood, that it was in vain to contend longer; for that fate had decreed the victory to their enemies.

Thus far the muse hath with her usual dignity related this prodigious

battle, a battle we apprehend never equalled by any poet, romance or life-writer whatever, and having brought it to a conclusion she ceased; we shall therefore proceed in our ordinary style with the continuation of this history. The squire and his companions, whom the figure of Adams and the gallantry of Joseph had at first thrown into a violent fit of laughter, and who had hitherto beheld the engagement with more delight than any chace, shooting-match, race, cock-fighting, bull or bear-baiting had ever given them, began now to apprehend the danger of their hounds, many of which lay sprawling in the fields. The squire therefore having first called his friends about him, as guards for safety of his person, rode manfully up to the combatants, and summoning all the terror he was master of, into his countenance, demanded with an authoritative voice of Joseph, what he meant by assaulting his dogs in that manner. Joseph answered with great intrepidity, that they had first fallen on his friend; and if they had belonged to the greatest man in the kingdom, he would have treated them in the same way; for whilst his veins contained a single drop of blood, he would not stand idle by, and see that gentleman (*pointing to Adams*) abused either by man or beast; and having so said, both he and Adams brandished their wooden weapons, and put themselves into such a posture, that the squire and his company thought proper to preponderate, before they offered to revenge the cause of their four-footed allies.

At this instant Fanny, whom the apprehension of Joseph's danger had alarmed so much, that forgetting her own she had made the utmost expedition, came up. The squire and all the horsemen were so surprized with her beauty, that they immediately fixed both their eyes and thoughts solely on her, every one declaring he had never seen so charming a creature. Neither mirth nor anger engaged them a moment longer; but all sat in silent amaze. The huntsman only was free from her attraction, who was busy in cutting the ears of the dogs,²¹ and endeavouring to recover them to life; in which he succeeded so well, that only two of no great note remained slaughtered on the field of action. Upon this the huntsman declared, 'twas well it was no worse; for his part he could not blame the gentleman, and wondered his master would encourage the dogs to hunt Christians; that it was the surest way to spoil them, to make them follow *vermin* instead of sticking to a hare.'

The squire being informed of the little mischief that had been done; and perhaps having more mischief of another kind in his head, accosted Mr Adams with a more favourable aspect than before: he told him he was sorry for what had happened; that he had endeavoured all he could to prevent it, the moment he was acquainted with his cloth, and greatly commended the courage of his servant; for so he imagined Joseph to be. He then invited Mr Adams to dinner, and desired the young woman might come with him. Adams refused a long while; but the invitation was repeated with so much earnestness and courtesy, that at length he was forced to accept it. His wig and hat, and other spoils of the field, being gathered together by Joseph, (for otherwise probably they would have been forgotten;) he put himself into the best order he could; and then the horse and foot moved forward in the same pace towards the squire's house, which stood at a very little distance.

Whilst they were on the road, the lovely Fanny attracted the eyes of all; they endeavoured to outvie one another in encomiums on her beauty; which the reader will pardon my not relating, as they had not any thing new or uncommon in them: so must he likewise my not setting down the many curious jests which were made on Adams, some of them declaring that parson-hunting was the best sport in the world: others commending his standing at bay, which they said he had done as well as any badger; with such like merriment, which tho' it would ill become the dignity of this history, afforded much laughter and diversion to the squire, and his facetious companions.

CHAPTER VII

*A Scene of Roasting¹ very nicely adapted to the present
Taste and Times.*

They arrived at the squire's house just as his dinner was ready. A little dispute arose on the account of Fanny, whom the squire who was a batchelor, was desirous to place at his own table; but she would not consent, nor would Mr Adams permit her to be parted from Joseph: so

that she was at length with him consigned over to the kitchen, where the servants were ordered to make him drunk; a favour which was likewise intended for Adams: which design being executed, the squire thought he should easily accomplish, what he had, when he first saw her, intended to perpetrate with Fanny.

It may not be improper, before we proceed farther to open a little the character of this gentleman, and that of his friends. The master of this house then was a man of a very considerable fortune; a batchelor, as we have said, and about forty years of age: he had been educated (if we may here use that expression) in the country, and at his own home, under the care of his mother and a tutor, who had orders never to correct him nor to compel him to learn more than he liked, which it seems was very little, and that only in his childhood; for from the age of fifteen he addicted himself entirely to hunting and other rural amusements, for which his mother took care to equip him with horses, hounds, and all other necessities: and his tutor endeavouring to ingratiate himself with his young pupil, who would, he knew, be able handsomely to provide for him, became his companion, not only at these exercises, but likewise over a bottle, which the young squire had a very early relish for. At the age of twenty, his mother began to think she had not fulfilled the duty of a parent; she therefore resolved to persuade her son, if possible, to that which she imagined would well supply all that he might have learned at a publick school or university. This is what they commonly call *travelling*; which, with the help of the tutor who was fixed on to attend him, she easily succeeded in. He made in three years the tour of Europe, as they term it, and returned home, well furnish'd with French clothes, phrases and servants, with a hearty contempt for his own country; especially what had any savour of the plain spirit and honesty of our ancestors. His mother greatly applauded herself at his return; and now being master of his own fortune, he soon procured himself a seat in parliament, and was in the common opinion one of the finest gentlemen of his age. But what distinguished him chiefly, was a strange delight which he took in every thing which is ridiculous, odious, and absurd in his own species; so that he never chose a companion without one or more of these ingredients, and those who were marked by nature in the most eminent degree with them,

were most his favourites: if he ever found a man who either had not or endeavoured to conceal these imperfections, he took great pleasure in inventing methods of forcing him into absurdities, which were not natural to him, or in drawing forth and exposing those that were; for which purpose he was always provided with a set of fellows whom we have before called curs; and who did indeed no great honour to the canine kind: their business was to hunt out and display everything that had any savour of the above mentioned qualities, and especially in the gravest and best characters: but if they failed in their search, they were to turn even virtue and wisdom themselves into ridicule for the diversion of their master and feeder. The gentlemen of curlike disposition, who were now at his house, and whom he had brought with him from London, were an old half-pay officer, a player, a dull poet, a quack doctor, a scraping fidler, and a lame German dancing-master.

As soon as dinner was served, while Mr Adams was saying grace, the captain conveyed his chair from behind him; so that when he endeavoured to seat himself, he fell down on the ground; and thus compleated joke the first, to the great entertainment of the whole company. The second joke was performed by the poet, who sat next him on the other side, and took an opportunity, while poor Adams was respectfully drinking to the master of the house, to overturn a plate of soup into his breeches; which, with the many apologies he made, and the parson's gentle answers, caused much mirth in the company. Joke the third was served up by one of the waiting-men, who had been ordered to convey a quantity of gin into Mr Adams's ale, which he declaring to be the best liquor he ever drank, but rather too rich of the malt, contributed again to their laughter. Mr Adams, from whom we had most of this relation, could not recollect all the jests of this kind practised on him, which the inoffensive disposition of his own heart made him slow in discovering; and indeed, had it not been for the information which we received from a servant of the family, this part of our history, which we take to be none of the least curious, must have been deplorably imperfect; tho' we must own it probable, that some more jokes were (as they call it) *cracked* during their dinner; but we have by no means been able to come at the knowledge of them. When dinner was removed, the poet began to repeat some verses, which he said were made *extempore*.

The following is a copy of them, procured with the greatest difficulty.

An extempore Poem on Parson Adams.

Did ever mortal such a parson view;
 His cassock old, his wig not over-new?
 Well might the hounds have him for fox mistaken,
 In smell more like to that, than rusty² bacon.
 But would it not make any mortal stare,
 To see this parson taken for a hare?
 Could *Phoebus* err thus grossly, even he
 For a good player might have taken thee.

At which words the bard whip'd off the player's wig, and received the approbation of the company, rather perhaps for the dexterity of his hand than his head. The player, instead of retorting the jest on the poet, began to display his talents on the same subject. He repeated many scraps of wit out of plays, reflecting on the whole body of the clergy, which were received with great acclamations by all present. It was now the dancing-master's turn to exhibit his talents; he therefore addressing himself to Adams in broken English, told him, 'he was a man ver well made for de dance, and he suppose by his walk, dat he had learn of some great master. He said it was ver pretty quality in clergyman to dance;' and concluded with desiring him to dance a minuet, telling him, 'his cassock would serve for petticoats; and that he would himself be his partner.' At which words, without waiting for an answer, he pulled out his gloves, and the fiddler was preparing his fiddle. The company all offered the dancing-master wagers that the parson outdanced him, which he refused, saying, 'he believed so too; for he had never seen any man in his life who looked de dance so well as de gentleman.' He then stepped forwards to take Adams by the hand, which the latter hastily withdrew, and at the same time clenching his fist, advised him not to carry the jest too far, for he would not endure being put upon. The dancing-master no sooner saw the fist than he prudently retired out of it's reach, and stood aloof mimicking Adams, whose eyes were fixed on him, not guessing what he was at, but to avoid his laying hold on him, which he had once attempted. In the mean while, the captain perceiving an opportunity pinned a cracker or devil to the cassock,

and then lighted it with their little smoaking candle. Adams being a stranger to this sport, and believing he had been blown up in reality, started from his chair, and jumped about the room, to the infinite joy of the beholders, who declared he was the best dancer in the universe. As soon as the devil had done tormenting him, and he had a little recovered his confusion, he returned to the table, standing up in the posture of one who intended to make a speech. They all cried out, *Hear him, hear him*; and he then spoke in the following manner: ‘Sir, I am sorry to see one to whom Providence hath been so bountiful in bestowing his favours, make so ill and ungrateful a return for them; for tho’ you have not insulted me yourself, it is visible you have delighted in those that do it, nor have once discouraged the many rudenesses which have been shewn towards me; indeed towards yourself, if you rightly understood them; for I am your guest, and by the laws of hospitality entitled to your protection. One gentleman hath thought proper to produce some poetry upon me, of which I shall only say, that I had rather be the subject than the composer. He hath pleased to treat me with disrespect as a parson; I apprehend my order is not the object of scorn, nor that I can become so, unless by being a disgrace to it, which I hope poverty will never be called. Another gentleman indeed hath repeated some sentences, where the order itself is mentioned with contempt. He says they are taken from plays. I am sure such plays are a scandal to the government which permits them, and cursed will be the nation where they are represented. How others have treated me, I need not observe; they themselves, when they reflect, must allow the behaviour to be as improper to my years as to my cloth. You found me, sir, travelling with two of my parishioners, (I omit your hounds falling on me; for I have quite forgiven it, whether it proceeded from the wantonness or negligence of the huntsman,) my appearance might very well persuade you that your invitation was an act of charity, tho’ in reality we were well provided; yes, sir, if we had had an hundred miles to travel, we had sufficient to bear our expences in a noble manner.’ (At which words he produced the half guinea which was found in the basket.) ‘I do not shew you this out of ostentation of riches, but to convince you I speak truth. Your seating me at your table was an honour which I did not ambitiously affect; when I was here, I endeavoured to

behave towards you with the utmost respect; if I have failed, it was not with design, nor could I, certainly, so far be guilty as to deserve the insults I have suffered. If they were meant therefore either to my order or my poverty (and you see I am not very poor) the shame doth not lie at my door, and I heartily pray, that the sin may be averted from your's.' He thus finished, and received a general clap from the whole company. Then the gentleman of the house told him, 'he was sorry for what had happened; that he could not accuse him of any share in it: that the verses were, as himself had well observed, so bad, that he might easily answer them; and for the serpent,³ it was undoubtedly a very great affront done him by the dancing-master, for which if he well thrashed him, as he deserved, (the gentleman said) he should be very much pleased to see it;' (in which probably he spoke truth.) Adams answered, 'whoever had done it, it was not his profession to punish him that way; but for the person whom he had accused, I am a witness, (says he) of his innocence, for I had my eye on him all the while. Whoever he was, God forgive him, and bestow on him a little more sense as well as humanity.' The captain answer'd with a surly look and accent, 'that he hoped he did not mean to reflect on him; d — n him, he had as much imanity as another, and if any man said he had not, he would convince him of his mistake by cutting his throat.' Adams smiling, said, 'he believed he had spoke right by accident.' To which the captain returned, 'What do you mean by my speaking right? if you was not a parson, I would not take these words; but your gown protects you. If any man who wears a sword had said so much, I had pulled him by the nose before this.' Adams replied, 'if he attempted any rudeness to his person, he would not find any protection for himself in his gown;' and clenching his fist, declared he had threshed many a stouter man. The gentleman did all he could to encourage this warlike disposition in Adams, and was in hopes to have produced a battle: But he was disappointed; for the captain made no other answer than, 'It is very well you are a parson,' and so drinking off a bumper to old mother church, ended the dispute.

Then the doctor, who had hitherto been silent, and who was the gravest, but most mischievous dog of all, in a very pompous speech highly applauded what Adams had said; and as much discommended

the behaviour to him; he proceeded to encomiums on the church and poverty; and lastly recommended forgiveness of what had past to Adams, who immediately answered, 'that every thing was forgiven;' and in the warmth of his goodness he filled a bumper of strong beer, (a liquor he preferred to wine) and drank a health to the whole company, shaking the captain and the poet heartily by the hand, and addressing himself with great respect to the doctor; who indeed had not laughed outwardly at any thing that past, as he had a perfect command of his muscles, and could laugh inwardly without betraying the least symptoms in his countenance. The doctor now began a second formal speech, in which he declaimed against all levity of conversation; and what is usually called mirth. He said, 'there were amusements fitted for persons of all ages and degrees, from the rattle to the discussing a point of philosophy, and that men discovered themselves in nothing more than in the choice of their amusements; for,' says he, 'as it must greatly raise our expectation of the future conduct in life of boys, whom in their tender years we perceive instead of taw⁴ or balls, or other childish play-things, to chuse, at their leisure-hours, to exercise their genius in contentions of wit, learning, and such like; so must it inspire one with equal contempt of a man, if we should discover him playing at taw or other childish play.' Adams highly commended the doctor's opinion, and said, 'he had often wondered at some passages in ancient authors, where Scipio, Lælius,⁵ and other great men were represented to have passed many hours in amusements of the most trifling kind.' The doctor reply'd, 'he had by him an old Greek manuscript where a favourite diversion of Socrates was recorded.' 'Ay,' says the parson eagerly, 'I should be most infinitely obliged to you for the favour of perusing it.' The doctor promised to send it him, and farther said, 'that he believed he could describe it. I think,' says he, 'as near as I can remember, it was this. There was a throne erected, on one side of which sat a king, and on the other a queen, with their guards and attendants ranged on both sides; to them was introduced an ambassador, which part Socrates always used to perform himself; and when he was led up to the footsteps of the throne, he addressed himself to the monarchs in some grave speech, full of virtue and goodness, and morality, and such like. After which, he was seated between the king and queen, and royally entertained.

This I think was the chief part. — Perhaps I may have forgot some particulars; for it is long since I read it.' Adams said, 'it was indeed a diversion worthy the relaxation of so great a man; and thought something resembling it should be instituted among our great men, instead of cards and other idle pass-time, in which he was informed they trifled away too much of their lives.' He added, 'the Christian religion was a nobler subject for these speeches than any Socrates could have invented.' The gentleman of the house approved what Mr Adams said, and declared, 'he was resolved to perform the ceremony this very evening.' To which the doctor objected, as no one was prepared with a speech, 'Unless,' said he, (turning to Adams with a gravity of countenance which would have deceived a more knowing man) 'you have a sermon about you, doctor.' — 'Sir,' says Adams, 'I never travel without one, for fear what may happen.' He was easily prevailed on by his worthy friend, as he now called the doctor, to undertake the part of the ambassador; so that the gentleman sent immediate orders to have the throne erected; which was performed before they had drank two bottles: and perhaps the reader will hereafter have no great reason to admire the nimbleness of the servants. Indeed, to confess the truth, the throne was no more than this; there was a great tub of water provided, on each side of which were placed two stools raised higher than the surface of the tub, and over the whole was laid a blanket; on these stools were placed the king and queen, namely, the master of the house, and the captain. And now the ambassador was introduced, between the poet and the doctor, who having read his sermon to the great entertainment of all present, was led up to his place, and seated between their majesties. They immediately rose up, when the blanket wanting its supports at either end, gave way, and soused Adams over head and ears in the water; the captain made his escape, but unluckily the gentleman himself not being as nimble as he ought, Adams caught hold of him before he descended from his throne, and pulled him in with him, to the entire secret satisfaction of all the company. Adams after ducking the squire twice or thrice leapt out of the tub, and looked sharp for the doctor, whom he would certainly have convey'd to the same place of honour; but he had wisely withdrawn: he then searched for his crabstick, and having found that, as well as his fellow-travellers,

he declared he would not stay a moment longer in such a house. He then departed, without taking leave of his host, whom he had exacted a more severe revenge on, than he intended: for as he did not use sufficient care to dry himself in time, he caught a cold by the accident, which threw him into a fever, that had like to have cost him his life.

CHAPTER VIII

Which some Readers will think too short, and others too long.

Adams, and Joseph, who was no less enraged than his friend, at the treatment he met with, went out with their sticks in their hands; and carried off Fanny, notwithstanding the opposition of the servants, who did all, without proceeding to violence, in their power to detain them. They walked as fast as they could, not so much from any apprehension of being pursued, as that Mr Adams might by exercise prevent any harm from the water. The gentleman who had given such orders to his servants concerning Fanny, that he did not in the least fear her getting away, no sooner heard that she was gone, than he began to rave, and immediately dispatched several with orders, either to bring her back, or never return. The poet, the player, and all but the dancing-master and doctor went on this errand.

The night was very dark, in which our friends began their journey; however they made such expedition, that they soon arrived at an inn, which was at seven miles distance. Here they unanimously consented to pass the evening, Mr Adams being now as dry as he was before he had set out on his embassy.

This inn, which indeed we might call an ale-house, had not the words, *The New Inn*, been writ on the sign, afforded them no better provision than bread and cheese, and ale; on which, however, they made a very comfortable meal; for hunger is better than a French cook.

They had no sooner supped, than Adams returning thanks to the Almighty for his food, declared he had eat his homely commons,¹ with much greater satisfaction than his splendid dinner, and exprest

great contempt for the folly of mankind, who sacrificed their hopes of heaven to the acquisition of vast wealth, since so much comfort was to be found in the humblest state and the lowest provision. ‘Very true, sir,’ says a grave man who sat smoking his pipe by the fire, and who was a traveller as well as himself. ‘I have often been as much surprized as you are, when I consider the value which mankind in general set on riches, since every day’s experience shews us how little is in their power; for what indeed truly desirable can they bestow on us? Can they give beauty to the deformed, strength to the weak, or health to the infirm? Surely if they could, we should not see so many ill-favoured faces haunting the assemblies of the great, nor would such numbers of feeble wretches languish in their coaches and palaces. No, not the wealth of a kingdom can purchase any paint, to dress pale ugliness in the bloom of that young maiden, nor any drugs to equip disease with the vigour of that young man. Do not riches bring us sollicitude instead of rest, envy instead of affection, and danger instead of safety? Can they prolong their own possession, or lengthen his days who enjoys them? So far otherwise, that the sloth, the luxury, the care which attend them, shorten the lives of millions, and bring them with pain and misery, to an untimely grave. Where then is their value, if they can neither embellish, or strengthen our forms, sweeten or prolong our lives? Again — Can they adorn the mind more than the body? Do they not rather swell the heart with vanity, puff up the cheeks with pride, shut our ears to every call of virtue, and our bowels to every motive of compassion!’ ‘Give me your hand, brother,’ said Adams in a rapture; ‘for I suppose you are a clergyman.’ ‘No truly,’ answered the other, (indeed he was a priest of the Church of Rome; but those who understand our laws² will not wonder he was not over-ready to own it.) ‘Whatever you are,’ cries Adams, ‘you have spoken my sentiments: I believe I have preached every syllable of your speech twenty times over: for it hath always appeared to me easier for a cable rope (which by the way is the true rendering of that word we have translated *camel*) to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to get into the Kingdom of Heaven.’ ‘That, sir,’ said the other, ‘will be easily granted you by divines, and is deplorably true: but as the prospect of our good at a distance doth not so forcibly affect us, it might be of

some service to mankind to be made thoroughly sensible, which I think they might be with very little serious attention, that even the blessings of this world, are not to be purchased with riches. A doctrine in my opinion, not only metaphysically, but if I may so say, mathematically demonstrable; and which I have been always so perfectly convinced of, that I have a contempt for nothing so much as for gold.' Adams now began a long discourse; but as most which he said occurs among many authors, who have treated this subject, I shall omit inserting it. During its continuance Joseph and Fanny retired to rest, and the host likewise left the room. When the English parson had concluded, the Romish resumed the discourse, which he continued with great bitterness and invective; and at last ended by desiring Adams to lend him eighteen pence to pay his reckoning; promising, if he never paid him, he might be assured of his prayers. The good man answered, that eighteen pence would be too little to carry him any very long journey; that he had half a guinea in his pocket, which he would divide with him. He then fell to searching his pockets, but could find no money: for indeed the company with whom he dined, had past one jest upon him which we did not then enumerate, and had picked his pocket of all that treasure which he had so ostentatiously produced.

'Bless me,' cry'd Adams, 'I have certainly lost it, I can never have spent it. Sir, as I am a Christian I had a whole half guinea in my pocket this morning, and have not now a single halfpenny of it left. Sure the Devil must have taken it from me.' 'Sir,' answered the priest smiling, 'You need make no excuses; if you are not willing to lend me the money, I am contented.' 'Sir,' cries Adams, 'if I had the greatest sum in the world; ay, if I had ten pounds about me, I would bestow it all to rescue any Christian from distress. I am more vexed at my loss on your account than my own. Was ever any thing so unlucky? because I have no money in my pocket, I shall be suspected to be no Christian.' 'I am more unlucky,' quoth the other, 'if you are as generous as you say: for really a crown would have made me happy, and conveyed me in plenty to the place I am going, which is not above twenty miles off, and where I can arrive by to-morrow night. I assure you I am not accustomed to travel pennyless. I am but just arrived in England, and we were forced by a storm in our passage to throw all

we had overboard. I don't suspect but this fellow will take my word for the trifle I owe him; but I hate to appear so mean as to confess myself without a shilling to such people: for these, and indeed too many others know little difference in their estimation between a beggar and a thief. However, he thought he should deal better with the host that evening than the next morning; he therefore resolved to set out immediately, notwithstanding the darkness; and accordingly as soon as the host returned he communicated to him the situation of his affairs; upon which the host scratching his head, answered, 'Why, I do not know, master, if it be so, and you have no money, I must trust I think, tho' I had rather always have ready money if I could; but, marry, you look like so honest a gentleman, that I don't fear your paying me, if it was twenty times as much.' The priest made no reply, but taking leave of him and Adams, as fast as he could, not without confusion, and perhaps with some distrust of Adams's sincerity, departed.

He was no sooner gone than the host fell a shaking his head, and declared if he had suspected the fellow had no money, he would not have drawn him a single drop of drink; saying, he despaired of ever seeing his face again; for that he looked like a confounded rogue. 'Rabbit³ the fellow,' cries he, 'I thought by his talking so much about riches, that he had a hundred pounds at least in his pocket.' Adams chid him for his suspicions, which he said were not becoming a Christian; and then without reflecting on his loss, or considering how he himself should depart in the morning, he retired to a very homely bed, as his companions had before; however, health and fatigue gave them a sweeter repose than is often in the power of velvet and down to bestow.

CHAPTER IX

Containing as surprizing and bloody Adventures as can be found in this, or perhaps any other authentic History.

It was almost morning when Joseph Andrews, whose eyes the thoughts of his dear Fanny had opened, as he lay fondly meditating on that lovely

creature, heard a violent knocking at the door over which he lay; he presently jumped out of bed, and opening the window, was asked if there were no travellers in the house; and presently by another voice, If two men and a young woman had not taken up their lodgings there that night. Tho' he knew not the voices, he began to entertain a suspicion of the truth; for indeed he had received some information from one of the servants of the squire's house, of his design; and answered in the negative. One of the servants who knew the host well, called out to him by his name, just as he had opened another window, and asked him the same question; to which he answered in the affirmative. 'O ho!' said another; 'Have we found you?' And ordered the host to come down and open his door. Fanny, who was as wakeful as Joseph, no sooner heard all this, than she leap'd from her bed, and hastily putting on her gown and petticoats, ran as fast as possible to Joseph's room, who then was almost drest; he immediately let her in, and embracing her with the most passionate tenderness, bid her fear nothing: for he would die in her defence. 'Is that a reason why I should not fear,' says she, 'when I should lose what is dearer to me than the whole world?' Joseph then kissing her hand, said he could almost thank the occasion which had extorted from her a tenderness she would never indulge him with before. He then ran and waked his bedfellow Adams, who was yet fast asleep, notwithstanding many calls from Joseph: but was no sooner made sensible of their danger than he leaped from his bed, without considering the presence of Fanny, who hastily turned her face from him, and enjoyed a double benefit from the dark, which as it would have prevented any offence to an innocence less pure, or a modesty less delicate, so it concealed even those blushes which were raised in her.

Adams had soon put on all his clothes but his breeches, which in the hurry he forgot; however, they were pretty well supplied by the length of his other garments: and now the house-door being opened, the captain, the poet, the player, and three servants came in. The captain told the host, that two fellows who were in his house had run away with a young woman, and desired to know in which room she lay. The host, who presently believed the story, directed them, and instantly the captain and poet, jostling one another, ran up. The poet, who was the nimblest, entering the chamber first, searched the bed

and every other part, but to no purpose; the bird was flown, as the impatient reader, who might otherwise have been in pain for her, was before advertised. They then enquired where the men lay, and were approaching the chamber, when Joseph roared out in a loud voice, that he would shoot the first man who offered to attack the door. The captain enquired what fire-arms they had; to which the host answered, he believed they had none; nay, he was almost convinced of it: for he had heard one ask the other in the evening, what they should have done, if they had been overtaken when they had no arms; to which the other answered, they would have defended themselves with their sticks as long as they were able, and G— would assist a just cause. This satisfied the captain, but not the poet, who prudently retreated down stairs, saying it was his business to record great actions, and not to do them. The captain was no sooner well satisfied that there were no fire-arms, than bidding defiance to gunpowder, and swearing he loved the smell of it, he ordered the servants to follow him, and marching boldly up, immediately attempted to force the door, which the servants soon helped him to accomplish. When it was opened, they discovered the enemy drawn up three deep; Adams in the front, and Fanny in the rear. The captain told Adams, that if they would go all back to the house again, they should be civilly treated: but unless they consented, he had orders to carry the young lady with him, whom there was great reason to believe they had stolen from her parents; for notwithstanding her disguise, her air, which she could not conceal, sufficiently discovered her birth to be infinitely superiour to theirs. Fanny bursting into tears, solemnly assured him he was mistaken; that she was a poor helpless foundling, and had no relation in the world which she knew of; and throwing herself on her knees, begged that he would not attempt to take her from her friends, who she was convinced would die before they would lose her, which Adams confirmed with words not far from amounting to an oath. The captain swore he had no leisure to talk, and bidding them thank themselves for what happened, he ordered the servants to fall on, at the same time endeavouring to pass by Adams in order to lay hold on Fanny; but the parson interrupting him, received a blow from one of them, which without considering whence it came, he returned to the captain, and gave him so dextrous a knock in that part

of the stomach which is vulgarly called the pit, that he staggered some paces backwards. The captain, who was not accustomed to this kind of play, and who wisely apprehended the consequence of such another blow, two of them seeming to him equal to a thrust through the body, drew forth his hanger,¹ as Adams approached him, and was levelling a blow at his head, which would probably have silenced the preacher for ever, had not Joseph in that instant lifted up a certain huge stone pot of the chamber with one hand, which six beaus could not have lifted with both,² and discharged it, together with the contents, full in the captain's face. The uplifted hanger dropped from his hand, and he fell prostrate on the floor *with a lumpish noise, and his halfpence rattled in his pocket*;³ the red liquor which his veins contained, and the white liquor which the pot contained, ran in one stream down his face and his clothes. Nor had Adams quite escaped, some of the water having in its passage shed its honours on his head, and began to trickle down the wrinkles or rather furrows of his cheeks, when one of the servants snatching a mop out of a pail of water which had already done its duty in washing the house, pushed it in the parson's face; yet could not he bear him down; for the parson wresting the mop from the fellow with one hand, with the other brought his enemy as low as the earth, having given him a stroke over that part of the face, where, in some men of pleasure, the natural and artificial noses are conjoined.

Hitherto Fortune seemed to incline the victory on the travellers side, when, according to her custom, she began to shew the fickleness of her disposition: for now the host entering the field, or rather chamber, of battle, flew directly at Joseph, and darting his head into his stomach (for he was a stout fellow, and an expert boxer) almost staggered him; but Joseph stepping one leg back, did with his left hand so chuck him under the chin that he reeled. The youth was pursuing his blow with his right hand, when he received from one of the servants such a stroke with a cudgel on his temples, that it instantly deprived him of sense, and he measured his length on the ground.

Fanny rent the air with her cries, and Adams was coming to the assistance of Joseph: but the two serving-men and the host now fell on him, and soon subdued him, tho' he fought like a madman, and looked so black with the impressions he had received from the mop,

than Don Quixotte would certainly have taken him for an enchanted Moor. But now follows the most tragical part; for the captain was risen again, and seeing Joseph on the floor, and Adams secured, he instantly laid hold on Fanny, and with the assistance of the poet and player, who hearing the battle was over, were now come up, dragged her, crying and tearing her hair, from the sight of her Joseph, and with a perfect deafness to all her entreaties, carried her down stairs by violence, and fastened her on the player's horse; and the captain mounting his own, and leading that on which this poor miserable wretch was, departed without any more consideration of her cries than a butcher hath of those of a lamb; for indeed his thoughts were only entertained 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 bed-posts, 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 go near them till he had farther orders, they departed towards 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.¹ Which piece indeed is therefore danced, and not spoke, 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 hath 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 hath indeed some chance for success; but they have lost all taste for the sublime. Tho’ 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 Shakespear or an Otway;² and indeed I may turn your observation against you, and with truth say, that the reason no authors are encouraged, is because we have no good new plays.’ ‘I have not affirmed the contrary,’ said the poet, ‘but I am surprized 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 Sandfords³ 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,’ answer’d the player, ‘in what I have said of other poets; for d — n me, if there are not manly strokes, ay whole scenes, in your last tragedy, which at least equal Shakespear. 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-writ, lifeless, spiritless, low, groveling stuff, that I almost pity the actor who is oblig'd to get it by heart, which must be almost as difficult to remember as words in a language you don't understand.' 'I am sure,' said the player, 'if the sentences have little meaning when they are writ, 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 tho' 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*,⁴ or those low, dirty, last dying-speeches, which a fellow in the City or Wapping, your Dillo or Lillo,⁵ what was his name, called tragedies?' — 'Very well, sir,' 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?⁶ What work would they make with your Shakespeares, 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 rememb'ring who our fathers were:
 Fly to the arbors, grots and flowry 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.⁷

‘Or how would this disdain of Otway,

Who’d be that foolish, sordid thing, call’d man?⁸

‘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 forgot it.’ — ‘Ay, you was not quite perfect enough in it when you play’d 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 hiss’d more than any passage in the whole play.’ — ‘Ay your speaking it was hiss’d,’ said the poet. ‘My speaking it!’ said the player. — ‘I mean your not speaking it,’ said the poet. ‘You was out, and then they hiss’d.’ — ‘They hiss’d, and then I was out, if I remember,’ answer’d 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,’ reply’d the poet. ‘Why you know it was acted but one night,’ cried the player. ‘No,’ said the poet, ‘you and the whole town know I had enemies; the pit were all my enemies, fellows that would cut my throat, if the fear of hanging did not restrain them. All taylors, sir, all taylors.’ — ‘Why should the taylors 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; tho’ 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 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 hath since among the polite readers; for you can’t say it had

justice done it by the performers.' — 'I think,' answer'd 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;¹ 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 any 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 surprize, 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,' answer'd Adams. 'I have stated your misfortune 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, much more of 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 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 physick,' says Adams, 'when you are well, and refuse it when you are sick? Is not comfort to be administred 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 inclose 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?' answer'd Adams. 'Your knowledge encreases 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 tho' it was not Cicero's,² 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; tho' 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 them 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 —³

Adams asked him what stuff that was he repeated? — To which he answer'd, they were some lines he had gotten by heart out of a play. — 'Ay, there is nothing but heathenism to be learn'd from plays,' reply'd he — 'I never heard of any plays fit for a Christian to read, but *Cato* and the *Conscious Lovers*;⁴ 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 enquire after the subject of their conversation.

CHAPTER XII

*More adventures, which we hope will as
much please as surprize the Reader.*

Neither the facetious dialogue which pass'd between the poet and 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 convey'd 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 splendor 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 wet 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 stopt 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 past, than the captain abused her violently for breaking his commands, and threaten'd 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 eagerly, ‘Zounds, I know her.’ and then turning to her said, ‘Sure you are not Fanny Goodwill?’ — ‘Indeed, indeed I am,’ she cry’d — ‘O John, I know you now — Heaven hath sent you to my assistance, to deliver me from this wicked man, who is carrying me away for his vile purposes — O for G—’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 any thing, 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 while 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 stopt 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 doth 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, stopt to see him, and receive his homage; for, as Peter was an 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 goal, on no greater security than a bond and judgment,¹ which probably he would have made no use of, tho' 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 violent hurry, that he had on neither breeches nor stockings; nor had he taken from his head a red spotted handkerchief, which by night bound his wig, that was 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 linnen appear below that; to which we may add the several colours which appeared on his face, where a long piss-burnt 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 his 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 the Lady Booby's livery, was not a little surprized 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 past, 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 numscull, 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 put² 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 goal, 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 block-head 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 stopt 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, tho' 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,' says he, 'I would wage a shilling, that the *pedestrian* out-stripped 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, aver'd 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, tho' they have both asserted they would not eat such a nice morsel, and each insisted 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, tho' he afterwards said, 'he ascended the chariot rather that 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 on 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 this 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 a 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 any thing 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.*³

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 only a blessing 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; tho' 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 sallads 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.'¹ 'A plague of your *Jehosaphats*,' 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 doth 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 stole 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 fart. 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 hath descended in my family through many generations; but I know the 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;² 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 leapt 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 stopt to bear him company the rest of the way, which was not above a mile.

BOOK IV
THE HISTORY OF THE ADVENTURES OF
JOSEPH ANDREWS, AND OF HIS FRIEND
MR ABRAHAM ADAMS

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 glow'd with red, and immediately after became as totally pale. She had in her surprize almost stopt 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 a constant employment and supply; and with the offals¹ of whose table the infirm, aged, and infant poor are abundantly fed, with a generosity which hath scarce a visible effect on their benefactor's pockets?

But if their interest inspired so publick 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 vyed with each other in demonstrations of duty and love. The parson on his side shook every one by the hand, enquiring heartily after the healths of all that were absent, of their children and relations, and exprest 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 every thing, 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; and 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 forbad 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; every thing but dislike of her person; a thought, which as it would have been intolerable to her, she checked the moment it endeavoured to arise. Revengé came now to her assistance; and she considered her dismissal of him stript, 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 drest 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* every body 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 stript 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 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 where-ever he went; and he pray’d God to bless you; for you was the best of ladies, tho’ his enemies had set you against him: I wish you had not turned him away; for I believe you have not a faithfuller servant in the house.’ — ‘How came you then,’ replied the lady, ‘to advise me to turn him away?’ ‘I, madam,’ said 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 *hint or fear* on those 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 belyed the poor fellow, which incensed me against him? He may thank you for all that hath happened; and so may I for the loss of a good 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 not you 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!' said 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 the words, tho' 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 hath 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 fore-runners; and lastly, that of the lady herself.

The morning after her arrival being Sunday, she went to church, to the great surprize of every body, who wondered to see her ladyship, being no very constant churchwoman, 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 women sat, and persisted in looking that way during the remainder of the sermon, in so scrutinizing 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 hath, in the course of this history, been minutely acquainted) 'that you will ungratefully show any respect to a fellow who hath been turned out of it for his misdeeds. Nor doth 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 of 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 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, tho' 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 hath 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 on 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.'¹ — '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.'² 'Lawyer Scout,' replied 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 incumbrances brought on us; so I desire you will proceed no farther.' 'Madam,' returned Adams, 'I would obey your ladyship in every thing that is lawful; but surely the parties being poor is no reason against their marrying. G—d 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 licence³) thinks proper to turn me out from my cure, G— 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 person's doors against their will: but I am assured, when you have enquired 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 past 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 hath 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 doth 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 hath 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 lady, '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,¹ 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.² 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 tho' 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 hath taken several poor off our hands, that the law would never lay hold on. I know some justices who make as much of committing a man to Bridewell³ 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' un there, we seldom hear any more o' un. 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 its 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,⁴ 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 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 falshoods 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 past 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 person 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 surprize, 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 doth your ladyship think? To be sure Lawyer Scout hath carried Joseph and Fanny both before the justice. All the parish are in tears, and say they

will certainly be hanged: for no body knows what it is for.' — 'I suppose they deserve it,' says the lady. 'What dost thou mention such wretches to me?' — 'O dear madam,' answer'd 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 hath done any thing, I could venture to swear she *traduced* him to it: few men ever come to *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 tho' 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; and 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 resolution 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 surprize, 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 past some little time in ordinary discourse, when a servant came and whispered Mr Booby, who presently told the ladies he must depart 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 enquire after Mr Joseph, from whom they said their lady had not heard a word to her great surprize, 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 arriv'd 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 servants 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 past 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 her 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,

shewing him a deposition, which in the absence of his clerk he had writ himself, of which we have with great difficulty procured an authentick copy; and here it follows *verbatim et literatim*.¹

The Deposition of James Scout, Layer, and Thomas Trotter, Yeoman, taken befor mee, on 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, betwin the ours of 2 and 4 in the afternoon, he zeed Joseph Andrews and Francis Goodwill walk akross a certane felde belunging 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 hassel-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 cumfarting, eading and abatting 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.'² — '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 hath no other means, as they are legally settled there, to prevent their bringing an incumbrance 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 incumbrance on her. I shall be oblig'd to you therefore, if, instead of Bridewell, you will commit them to my custody.' — 'O to be sure, sir, if you desire it,' answer'd the justice; and without more ado, Joseph and Fanny were delivered over to Squire Booby, whom Joseph knew very well; but little ghest 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 cloakbag³ 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 his servant to take out a suit of his own clothes, with linnen 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 lopped 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 it; 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; tho' she did not know either had done any thing 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 drest 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 taylor'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 natur'd 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 hollowed 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-prevailed 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 exprest 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 shew 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 hath been your servant; but he is now become my brother; and I have one happiness, that neither his character, his behaviour or appearance give me any reason to be ashamed of calling him so. In short, he is now below, drest 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, tho' she will not mention it.'

This was a stroke of fortune beyond Lady Booby's hopes or expectation; she answered him eagerly, 'Nephew, you know how easily I am prevailed on to do any thing 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,' answer'd 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,' reply'd 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 fewel only; and this was increased 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 the 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 answer'd, 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 the 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, alledging that the parish 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 complacency 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 thoughts 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 leapt from her bed, and dressing herself in a few minutes, went down to him. They past 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,' answer'd the lady, 'what you think of the dowdy, my niece I think I am to call her?' Slipslop, wanting no further 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 hack'd and hew'd in the like barbarous manner, concluding with an observation that there was always something in those low-life creatures which must eternally distinguish them from their betters. 'Really,' said the lady, 'I think there is one exception to your rule, I am certain you may gness 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*,' answer'd 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 every thing to his superiours, yet unattended by that mean servility which is called good-behaviour in such persons. Every thing he doth hath no mark of the base motive of fear, but visibly shews 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 possest 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?' reply'd the lady, 'thou art always one's echo. Is he not more worthy of affection than a dirty country clown, tho' born of a family as old as the flood, or an idle worthless rake, or little puisny¹ 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 no body.' — '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,' cried 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 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, tho' 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 any thing of the matter.' — 'I believe indeed thou dost not understand me. — Those 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 garden² 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 *specious*. 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 hath seen him in his new clothes, must confess he looks as much like a gentleman as any body. Coarse, quotha! I can't bear to hear the poor young fellow run down neither; for I will say this, I never heard him say an ill word of any body in his life. I am sure his coarseness doth not lie in his heart; for he is the best-natur'd 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. Ifaukins!³ 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 no body 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.

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, hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind, that there is scarce any thing 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 of 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 doth 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 past their second climacteric,¹ 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 hath 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, tho' they no longer apprehend devouring, cannot so entirely shake off all that hath 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, began 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 her's; 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,² or some other genteel employment, he might soon put young Mr Andrews on the foot 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 shew 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 possest 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 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, tho' 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 beauty to my Pamela; nor hath 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 hath done, and throwing down our family again, after he hath 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 stopt his horse, and swore she was the most beautiful creature he ever beheld. Then instantly alighting, and delivering his horse to his servant, he rapt 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 employ'd in an office he had been long 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, tho' 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 answer'd, 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 antient 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 any 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 any thing that is swifter, if any thing be, he ran towards her, and coming up just as the ravisher had torn her handkerchief from her breast, 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 this method of salutation, he collected all his force, and aimed a blow at Joseph's breast, which he artfully parry'd 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 inferiour 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 upwards at the same time, threw his head so dextrously 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 G—, that he had 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 answer'd 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 tore her handkerchief from Fanny's neck, by which he had discovered such a sight; that Joseph hath declared all the statues he ever beheld were so much inferiour 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 exchanged

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 mention'd 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 will 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 any thing 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 second son an exciseman 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 up submission to superiours, 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 were often no better than they should be; that G— 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, he 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 every where 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 eat nor drank 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 past 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 licence, saying he could easily borrow the money. The parson answered, that he had already given his sentiments concerning a licence, and that a very few days would make it unnecessary. 'Joseph,' says he, 'I wish this haste doth 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 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, child, 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 not set our affections so much on any thing here, as not to be able to 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,¹ 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,² 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 G— 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 remember'd out of his own discourses both in private and publick, (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 born 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-temper'd boy, who never did a thing to offend me. It was but this morning I gave him his first lesson in *Quæ genus*.³ This was the very book he learnt, poor child! it is of no further 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 Jacky,⁴ 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 cry'd out, 'Where is my little darling?' and was sallying out, when to his great surprize and joy, in which I hope the reader will sympathize, 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 frantick; 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 can'st 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 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 recover'd.' — 'Boy,' reply'd Adams, raising his voice, 'it doth 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 doat 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 hath a right to insist on her husband's loving her as much as ever he can: and he is a sinful villain who doth not. Doth he not promise to love her, and to 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 good Lady Booby and
her polite Friend paid to 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 curtsies; 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, tho' he was in his half-cassock and a flannel night-cap. He said, 'they were heartily welcome to his poor cottage,² and turning to Mr Didapper,¹ cried out, *Non mea renidet in domo lacunar.*¹ The beau answered, 'he did not understand Welch;' at which the parson stared, and made no reply.

Mr Didapper, or Beau Didapper, was a young gentleman of about four foot five inches in height. He wore his own hair, tho' 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 expences: nor had he all the features of prodigality; 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 drinker 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: 'Tho' 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 expence of his conscience, his honour, and of his country; in which he had himself so very large a share.³ And to finish his character, 'As 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.'⁴ 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 chimneyside, where they had been seated, to give room to the lady and hers. Instead of returning any of the curtsies 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 was 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 coquette 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 *quere genius*,' answered she, 'let me hear him read a little English.' — '*Lege*, Dick, *lege*,' said Adams: but the boy made no answer, till he saw the parson knit his brows; and then cried, 'I don't understand you, father.' 'How, boy,' says Adams, 'What doth *Lego* make in the imperative mood? *Legito*, doth it not?' 'Yes,' answered Dick. — 'And what besides?' says the father. '*Lege*,' quoth the son, after some hesitation. 'A good boy,' says the father: 'And now, child, what is the

English of *Lego*?' — To which the boy, after long puzzling, answered, he could not tell. 'How,' cries Adams in a passion, — 'What hath 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 then the parson cried twice or thrice, '*Le — , Le — .*' — Dick answered, '*Lego.*' — 'Very well; — and then, what is the English,' says the parson, 'of the verb *Lego*?' — '*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*⁵ 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 an 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,' cry'd 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 nor 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 pound; and Paul was arrived to the degree

of a lieutenant of 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 surprized; but had soon sufficient information from his friend, whom he no sooner remembred, 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 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 must 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 tho’ 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 past after Paul’s arrival before any instances of this appear’d; 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 shewing 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 any thing so unreasonable, says he, as this woman? What shall I do with her? I doat 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 anywise material? What signified it whether you was 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, tho’ 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, tho' she had promised not to mention what her husband 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, reply'd the husband, and I am convinced I have not seen a woodcock this year; however, tho' 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 wonder'd 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 ever 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 obliges 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 was entirely in the wrong; the cause I own not worth disputing, but the bird was undoubtedly a partridge. O sir, reply'd 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, cry'd he, he might from a person of your excellent understanding; and pardon me for saying such a condescension would have shewn 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, answer'd he, it would be the greatest instance of affection imaginable: for can any thing 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 complacence; that she was ashamed to think a word had past on so silly an occasion, especially as she was satisfy'd she had been mistaken. A little contention followed, but with the utmost goodwill 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 past 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 answer'd, 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 reply'd — 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 the 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 (tho’ with difficulty) to follow her advice; but they both exprest such unusual coldness that day to Paul, that he, who was quick of apprehension, taking Lennard aside, prest 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 reply’d, 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 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 screamed 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, re-adjusted 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,' said 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 proper 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 doing; and I am very much surprized 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 hath little enough, as your ladyship knows, for me and mine.' — 'You say very well, Mrs Adams,' quoth the Lady Booby, who had not spoke 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 lov'd 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 foolish tricks: 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 any thing 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 hath: but for the girl, — Why doth she not return to her place she ran away from? I would not give such a vagabond slut a halfpenny, tho’ I had a million of money; no, tho’ 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 scripture¹ 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 prophane 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 bespoke a piece of bacon

and greens for their dinner.' Mrs Adams, who was a very good sort of woman, only rather too strict in œconomicks,² 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-natur'd 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 learnt 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: 'Tho' 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 Froome (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 drum, were provided with their women, except myself) she continued to travel on with us. I perceiving she must fall to my lot, advanced presently to her, 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 licence: 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 licence to go to bed together, without any banns.' — 'Ay, ay,' said the parson, '*ex necessitate*, a licence 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 Galloway, 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 half old when I kidnapped it. We kept her (for she was a girl) above 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 forgot 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, Pamēla 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 chaffing 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, tho' 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 eat nothing. As soon as her 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 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 cross the room, cry'd 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 hath 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 mynx,' cries Slipslop, 'leave her to me. — I suppose your ladyship hath heard of Joseph's *fitting* with one of Mr Didapper's servants about her; and his master hath ordered them to carry her away by force this evening. I'll take care they shall not want assistance. I was talking with his 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 past 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 doat 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. Doth he not? — Yes, he doth 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, tho' I despise him myself; tho' I would spurn him from my feet, was he to languish at them, no other should 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 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 hath 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, cry’d 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 a jinketting; and he says, there is a strange man who hath discovered that Fanny and Joseph are brother and sister.’ — ‘How, Slipslop,’ cries the lady in a surprize. — ‘I had not time, madam,’ cries Slipslop, ‘to enquire about *particles*, 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 had 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 staid 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 by his duty, as he apprehended, 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 falshood 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 perfectly knowing the truth or falshood 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 falshood 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 past 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 at each other.

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 nightgown, 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 mimick) '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 surprized 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 tho' 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 her bed, she caught fast hold of his shirt, at the same time roaring out, 'O thou villain! who hast attacked my chastity, and I believed 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 cry'd out, 'Murther! Murther! 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 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, receiv'd 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 past by her and fell on the pillow, she would most probably 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 cry'd 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 give her such a remembrance in the guts, 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 slipt on a nightgown, petticoat and slippers, and taking a candle, which was 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,¹ 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 chusing 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 bedfellow, and now first recollecting he was naked, he was no less confounded than Lady Booby herself, and immediately whipt 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. ‘Heyday!’ says she, ‘what is the meaning of this?’ — ‘O, madam,’ says Slipslop, ‘I don’t know what hath 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, tho’ indeed he seems rather to resemble Hylas.’² 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 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 curtesy 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 out³ with what had happen’d 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 carcase on the bedpost, a place which that good woman had always assigned him.

As the cat or lapdog 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 surprizal 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 cry'd, *Come in, whoever you are*. Joseph thought he had mistaken the door, tho' 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 cry'd out, — 'O Heavens! where am I?' 'Bless me! where am I?' said the parson. Then Fanny skreamed, Adams leapt out of bed, and Joseph stood, as the tragedians call it, like the statue of Surprize. '*How came she into my room?*' cry'd Adams. '*How came you into hers?*' cry'd 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 woman. He is an infidel who doth not believe in witchcraft. They as surely exist now as in the days of Saul.⁴ 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 falshood, convinced her of his wicked designs. 'How!' said Joseph, in a rage, 'Hath 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. 'Odsol!' 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 Gaffar and Gammar Andrews, with another
Person, not much expected; and a perfect Solution of the
Difficulties raised by the Pedlar.*

As soon as Fanny was drest, 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 platonick 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 alledged 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 past 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 Œdipus¹ himself whilst his fate was revealing.

Mr Booby first open'd 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 the gypsies in her infancy. Mr Andrews, after expressing some astonishment, assured his honour that he had never lost a daughter by gypsies, 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 surprized 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 staid 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 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 shewed 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 stolen 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 surprized 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 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 G— 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 born 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, G— 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 baptized or no, or by what name) Joseph, I say, seemed to me to be 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 chopping² boy, without ever minding his age; and so I seeing you did not suspect any thing 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 Gammar Andrews's 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, shewed to them. ‘Well,’ says Gaffar 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 doth not belong to us; but how are you certain that the 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, hath 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 cry’d, *Bless me! something comes into my head*. But before he had time to bring any thing 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 gypsies, 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 forgot 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 doth 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 call 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 shewed into the room,

where he entred 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.*³ 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 extasy, and cried out in tears of joy, *I have discovered my son, I have him again in my arms.* Joseph was not sufficiently apprized yet, to taste the same delight with his father, (for so in reality he was;) however, he returned 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 such 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 exprest towards her parents; and the joy she evidenced in discovering them. Gammar Andrews kiss'd her, and said she was heartily glad to see her: But for her part she could never love any one better than Joseph. Gaffar 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, tho' 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 disdaining, for he was high of 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 past by the coach; but the mirth of the one, and 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 goal, where he was charged with many robberies.

Many compliments having past 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, re-mounted 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 past 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 return'd 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 drest himself in a neat, but 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 night-gown. Her shift indeed, which Pamela presented her, was of the finest kind, and had 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-ear'd caps, and over it a little straw hat, lined with cherry-coloured silk, and tied with a cherry-coloured ribbon. 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 so solemn an occasion. Our parson would have done no less to the highest prince on earth: for tho' 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 attended them likewise on foot; and now a most magnificent entertainment was provided, at which Parson Adams demonstrated an appetite surprizing, 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, tho' with different sensations; the one all desire, while the other had her wishes tempered with fears.

At length, after a day past 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 blest moment arrived, when Fanny retired with her mother, her mother-in-law, and her sister. She was soon undrest; for she had no jewels to deposite 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 lillies might a little illustrate her complexion, or their smell her sweetness: but to comprehend her entirely, conceive youth, health, bloom, beauty, 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 hath with unprecedented generosity given Fanny a fortune of two thousand pound, which Joseph hath laid out in a little estate in the same parish with his father, which he now occupies, (his father having stock'd 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 hath 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 hath lived so long: But on recollecting he might keep a curate at this living, he hath 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 excise-man; 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 blest with his Fanny, whom he doats 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 be prevailed on by any booksellers, or their authors, to make his appearance in *High-Life*.¹

Explanatory Notes

PREFACE

1. (p. 3) *mere English Reader*: Readers who read only English (not necessarily disparaging).
2. (p. 3) *a different idea of romance with the author of these little volumes*: *Joseph Andrews* was originally published in two duodecimo volumes, a sharp contrast to the widely popular huge and extravagant romances of his times, especially those of La Calprenède and Mlle de Scudery which he names below.
3. (p. 3) *Homer . . . his Iliad bears to tragedy*: Throughout the preface Fielding claims to be following the rules set by Aristotle's *Poetics*. *Poetics* was composed in circa 4 B.C and contains an analytical study of Greek literature, especially tragedy and epic. Aristotle attributes a lost mock-epic, called *Margites*, to Homer: "His *Margites* stands in the same relation to comedy as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* do to tragedy" (*Poetics*, Pearson Longman edition, 7-8).
4. (p. 3) *for tho' . . . metre only*: According to Aristotle tragedy has six component parts: plot, character, diction, reasoning, spectacle, and lyric poetry.
5. (p. 3) *Thus the Telemachus . . . Cambray: Les Aventures de Télémaque fils d'Ulysse* (1699) was a popular prose epic concerning the moral education of a prince. It was written by François de Salignac de la Mothe Fénelon (1651-1715) who was later appointed the Archbishop of Cambrai in 1695.
6. (p. 3) *Clelia . . . the Grand Cyrus*: Multi-volume French romances which were translated into English in the seventeenth century and gained immense popularity with the English readers.
Clélie (10 vols., 1654-60) and *Artamène, ou le Grand Cyrus* (10 vols., 1649-53) were by Madeleine de Scudéry (1607-1701); *Cassandre* (10 vols., 1644-50) *Cléopâtre* (12 vols., 1647-56) were by Gauthier de Costes de la Calprenède (1614-63); *Astrée* (5 parts, 1607-28) was by Honoré d'Urfé (1567-1625).
7. (p. 5) *And I apprehend . . . Writings of the Antients*: Anthony Ashley Cooper, third Earl of Shaftesbury, was of the opinion that buffonery flourishes under despotism: "The higher the Slavery, the more exquisite the Buffoonery . . . 'Tis for this reason, I verily believe, that the Antients discover so

little of this spirit, and that there is hardly such a thing found as mere *Burlesque* in any Authors of the politer Ages" [*Sensus Communis: An Essay on the Freedom of Wit and humour*, 5th ed. (1732; first published 1709, later included in *Characteristicks* (1711)], part I, sections 4 and 5, I, 73.

8. (p. 5) *I have had . . . on the stage this way*: Fielding's name appeared on the title page of *Joseph Andrews* only in the 3rd edition (1743), but he appears to have expected the readers to identify the novel as authored by the writer of such successful burlesques as *Tom Thumb* (1730), *The Covent-Garden Tragedy* (1732), and *Tumble-Down Dick; or, Phaeton in the Suds* (1736).
9. (p. 5) *Alma Mater*: 'Literally: bounteous mother, used of schools or universities with the sense that they are foster mothers to their alumni' (OED).
10. (p. 5) *the Ingenious Hogarth*: William Hogarth (1697-1764), a friend of fielding and the 'Comic History-Painter' referred to above, repaid this compliment in *Characters and Caricatures* (1743), where he referred to the Preface to *Joseph Andrews*.
11. (p. 6) *wonderfully*: Astonishingly
12. (p. 6) *the Comedy of Nero . . . Mother's Belly*: When Nero (reigned AD 54-68) ordered the assassination of his mother, Agrippina, in AD 59, she symbolically proffered her womb to the murderers bidding them to stab her there (Tacitus, *Annals*, xiv, 8).
13. (p. 6) *Besides, it may seem . . . asserted what is*: *Poetics*, 5, 1-2.
14. (p. 6) *Nor doth the Abbé Bellegarde . . . on this subject*: Jean Baptiste Morvan de Bellegarde (1648-1734), *Reflexions sur le ridicule, et sur les moyens d l'éviter* (1696).
15. (p. 6) *admire at*: Wonder at.
16. (p. 7) *Ben Johnson*: I.e. Ben Jonson (1572?-1637), poet and dramatist in the Jacobean period.
17. (p. 7) *Chair*: Sedan chair.
18. (p. 8) *None are for . . . be thought*: From William Congreve (1670-1729), 'Of Pleasing; an Epistle to Sir Richard Temple', II, 63-4.
19. (p. 9) *the Character of Adams*: According to Martin Battestein, the character of Parson Adams is modelled upon Fielding's friend, the learned and absent-minded Dorsetshire curate, William Young (1702?-57).

BOOK I

CHAPTER I

1. (p. 17) *Plutarch, Nepos*: Plutarch (c. AD 46–120), renowned Greek philosopher and biographer, author of the *Parallel Lives* of famous Greeks and Romans; Cornelius Nepos (c.99-c.24 BC), Roman historian, author of *De Viris Illustribus*.
2. (p. 18) *history of John the Great . . . Champions of Christendom*: Fielding is alluding to the following chapbooks: *The History of Jack and the Giants*; *The History of Guy, Earl of Warwick*; *The Unfortunate Lovers*; *The History of Argalus and Parthenia*; *The Illustrious and Renown'd History of the Seven Famous Champions of Christendom*.
3. (p. 18) *delight is mixed with instruction*: An ironic allusion to Horace's precept that literature should be '*utile et dulce*' (see *Ars Poetica*, 333-46).
4. (p. 18) *Authentic Papers and Records*: Richardson claimed to be the editor, and not author, of *Pamela* which comprised actual letters and journals.
5. (p. 18) *Colley Cibber*: Colley Cibber (1671-1757), actor, dramatist, theatre manager, and created poet laureate in 1730. He produced and acted in Fielding's first play, *Love in Several Masques* (1728) but their friendship soon turned into enmity and in his autobiography, *An Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber* (1740), he calls Fielding 'a broken Wit' and 'a mad poet' who tried to assassinate Walpole's reputation. Cibber also launched a lengthy defence of the Stage Licensing Act of 1737 that drove Fielding away from theatre.
6. (p. 18) *Mrs.*: Short for Mistress, a title used to denote both single and married ladies alike at this time.
7. (p. 18) *How artfully doth the former . . . fantom, reputation*: Cf. Cibber's *Apology*, chp. iii: "I am now come to that Crisis of my Life, when Fortune seem'd to be at a Loss what she should do with me. Had she favour'd my Father's first Designation of me, he might then, perhaps, have had as sanguine Hopes of my being a Bishop, as I afterwards conceiv'd of my being a General, when I first took Arms at the Revolution. Nay, after that, I had a third Chance too, equally as good, of becoming an Under-propper of the State" (2nd ed. p. 47).
8. (p. 18) *the excellent Essays . . . editions of that work*: The first edition of *Pamela* had 14 pages of 'puffery' prefixed to it and the second edition added 24 more pages of extravagant praise.

CHAPTER II

1. (p. 19) *Gaffar and Gammer*: Used, at times, contemptuously by Fielding, the terms derive from godfather and Godmother and are rustic terms of respect for older people of low rank.
2. (p. 19) *Merry Andrews*: "A buffoon; a zany; a jack-pudding" (Johnson).
3. (p. 20) *as the Athenians pretended they themselves did from the earth*: The ancient Athenians claimed to be *autochthones* (literally, 'sprung from the earth'), and traced their ancestry back to the legendary kings Cecrops and Erectheus, sons of Gaia, the earth goddess.
This passage is an implied reference to Walpole whose pretensions to an ancient lineage were ridiculed by Opposition journalism.
4. (p. 20) *apprentice, according to the statute*: Reference to an act of 1563, 5 Elizabeth, chapter 4, commonly known as the 'Statute of Apprentices'.
5. (p. 20) *Priapus*: According to Greek mythology, Priapus, the son of Dionysus and Aphrodite, was the god of fertility and the guardian deity of gardens. Represented by a phallus, or by a grotesque little figure with an enormous penis, the statues of Priapus were erected in gardens, to both encourage fruitfulness and to serve as a scarecrow.
6. (p. 20) *Jack-o'-Lent*: A scarecrow figure associated with Ash Wednesday. The figure was used as a target in a West Country throwing game
7. (p. 20) *Whipper-in*: "A huntsman's assistant who keeps the hounds from straying by driving them back into the pack with a whip" (OED).
8. (p. 20) *Play booty*: "To play falsely; covertly to help one's apparent opponent" (Partridge).
9. (p. 20) *Character*: Reputation
10. (p. 20) *Seventeen Years of Age*: The age of the biblical Joseph when he was sold to Potiphar (Genesis 37:2, 36).
11. (p. 21) *Abraham Adams the Curate*: Fielding uses biblical names for his characters, a choice that is significant but ambiguous. Martin Battestin in *The Moral Basis of Fielding's Art* (chp. iii) argues that Abraham had become a symbol of 'the good man' and that Adams is suggestive of 'natural innocence'. But it could also be a comical reference to 'Jack Adams', a fool, and to Abram men, who were pseudo-mad men.

CHAPTER III

1. (p. 21) *good Nature*: See Fielding's essay on Good Nature in *The Champion*, 27 March, 1749.
2. (p. 21) *he did, no more than Mr Colley Cibber, . . . to exist in mankind*: Cf.

Cibber's *Apology*, chp. I: "My Ignorance, and want of Jealousy of Mankind has been so strong, that it is with Reluctance I even yet believe any Person, I am acquainted with, can be capable of Envy, Malice, or Ingratitude..." (2nd ed., p. 7).

3. (p. 22) *that at the age of fifty . . . a handsome income . . . dear country*: Here country means county. In 1713 an act of parliament designated the scale of stipends for licenced curates at £20-£50 per annum, and the scheme of Queen Anne's Bounty was introduced to raise the value of poor livings. In 1741, Opposition newspapers recurrently wrote on the effect of rising costs on the poor in the provinces. See Bk. I, chp. XVI, note.9, below.
4. (p. 22) *Adams privately said*: Because critics had complained of Pamela's impudence, Fielding, in the fourth edition added the word 'privately' to make Adams seem less critical.
5. (p. 22) *charity school*: Charity schools were guided by religious and philanthropic impulses. They provided free uniforms, religious education, instructions in reading, writing, and arithmetic, along with some vocational training for children of the poor. However, they were political, too, in two senses. One, they were part of a larger project of reforming society's manners and morals. Two, they were often influenced by the patrons who provided for the schools. The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge founded the most significant Charity Schools in the eighteenth century.
6. (p. 22) *that he had read . . . Whole Duty of Man, . . . Thomas à Kempis; . . . Baker's Chronicles*: Fielding uses a range of diverse but equally popular books to suggest the influences that a gullible country boy is susceptible to. *The Whole Duty of Man, Laid Down in a Plain and Familiar Way for the Use of All, but Especially the Meanest Reader* (1658) was one of the most popular devotional texts of the period. Authored probaby by Richad Allestree, the book was a favourite of Richardson's *Pamela*. Thomas à Kempis, or Thomas Hemerken of Kempen (1380-1471) was an Augustan monk to whom is ascribed the early fifteenth-century devotional work *Imitation of Christ*. Sir Richard Baker (c.1568-1645) wrote *A Chronicle of the Kings of England from the time of the Romans Government unto the Raigne of our Sovereaigne Lord King Charles* (1643). The incidents referred to here are the 'Casualties', both natural disasters and extraordinary events that occurred during the reign of Henry IV and Elizabeth I respectively.
7. (p. 23) *he hoped he had profited . . . his betters*: Matthew 25:14 ff.
8. (p. 23) *The curate as a kind of . . . parson of the parish*: Curates were often

victims of uncertain positions where, though appointed by the bishop and allotted a fixed stipend, they could be easily dismissed.

9. (p. 23) *modus*: i.e. *modus decimandi*, “a money payment in lieu of tithe” (OED).
10. (p. 23) *Mrs Slipslop*: This name carries interesting associations; according to Johnson, ‘slipslop’ means poor quality liquor and the word is formed by reduplication of *slop*. Humorist Ned Ward (1667–1731) also used the word to mean ‘soft drinks’ and ‘kissing’.

CHAPTER IV

1. (p. 24) *party-colour'd brethren*: Referring to the variegated costumes worn by footmen.
2. (p. 25) *riots at the play-houses and assemblies*: Revelry.
3. (p. 26) *published*: To make something open to the public.

CHAPTER V

1. (p. 26) *cheeks of fame*: Goddess Fame (Rumour), in *Aeneid*, 4, 173–97, spread the scandalous account of Dido’s liaison with Aeneas. Fielding is probably alluding to that episode, though Virgil’s Fame lacked cheeks and a trumpet. They became her attributes only during the Renaissance.
2. (p. 26) *JOSEPH*: An allusion to Genesis 39: 7 ff, where the biblical Joseph, the symbol of chastity, resisted the advances of Potiphar’s wife.
3. (p. 27) *discovered*: Disclosed, revealed.
4. (p. 27) *die a thousand deaths*: Perhaps an echo of Pamela’s vow: “I will die a thousand deaths rather than be dishonoured in any way” (letter III).

CHAPTER VI

1. (p. 28) *four Days ago*: According to the previous chapter, seven days ago.
2. (p. 29) *never loved . . . master’s family*: In *Shamela*, Parson Oliver accuses Pamela of influencing chambermaids to betray the secrets of their families.
3. (p. 29) *in naked bed*: Originally this phrase meant “a bed in which the occupant slept entirely naked; later used with reference to the removal of ordinary wearing apparel” (OED).
4. (p. 29) *a stage-play . . . Covent-Garden*: Possibly an allusion to George Lillo’s *The London Merchant* (1731) which Fielding greatly appreciated.
5. (p. 30) *closet*: A small private room
6. (p. 30) *ratifia*: “A fine liquor, prepared from the kernels of apricots and spirits” (OED).

7. (p. 31) *green-sickness*: “An anaemic disease which mostly affects young women about the age of puberty and gives a pale or greenish tinge to the complexion” (OED).

CHAPTER VII

1. (p. 32) *meanness*: Baseness
2. (p. 33) *Betty*: A common name for chambermaids
3. (p. 34) *the great Rich*: John rich (1682?–1761), theatrical manager at Lincoln’s Inn Fields and founder of Covent Garden Theatre in 1732. Rich was known for staging spectacular pantomimes with gimmicky stage-effects.
4. (p. 34) *the great Cibber*: Fielding, in *The Champion*, repeatedly attacks Cibber for his poor linguistic skills.

CHAPTER VIII

1. (p. 35) *Hesperus*: The evening star.
2. (p. 35) *Thetis*: Daughter of Nereus and a sea divinity.
3. (p. 35) *Phæbus*: Another name of Greek god Apollo.
4. (p. 36) *wanton*: Luxuriant.
5. (p. 36) *sensibility*: A key term in eighteenth century thought and vocabulary, approximately meaning sensitivity.
6. (p. 37) *the statue of surprise*: A prevalent rhetorical trope and physical pose in heroic drama, this is also an allusion to theatrical convention in *Joseph Andrews*. Martin Battestein notes parallels for this image in Ovid, *Metamorphosis*, 3, 418-19; Shakespeare, *Richard III*, III, vii, 24-6; Lewis Theobald, *Persian Princess*, IV, ii; Edward Young, *Busiris*, IV.
7. (p. 37) *how surprise . . . he was dumb*: When Cræsus, the last king of Lydia (c.560–c.546 BC) was captured by the Persians and a Persian soldier approached to kill him, Cræsus’s mute son cried out in shock, “Man, do not slay Cræsus!”, saving his father’s life and gaining the power of speech (Herodotus, *History*, i, 85).
8. (p. 37) *Mr Bridgewater, Mr William Mills*: Two actors who played in Fielding’s plays. Fielding compliments them in the *Jacobite’s Journal* (23 April 1748) and *Tom Jones* (VII, i).
9. (p. 37) *Phidias, or Praxiteles*: Two ancient Athenian sculptors belonging to the fifth and fourth century BC respectively. Fielding pays his friend William Hogarth a compliment by comparing him to these master artists.
10. (p. 37) *Have you the assurance to pretend*: Do you have the confidence to claim

11. (p. 38) *letters, which my father . . . would amend them*: At the beginning and end of *Pamela*, Richardson, as the disguised editor, charts the moral improvements which would benefit the readers from Pamela's letters. Fielding mocks these claims at the beginning and end of *Shamela*, too.

CHAPTER IX

1. (p. 39) *mophrodites*: Hermaphrodites, a term applied loosely to an effeminate man. Slipslop, here, is referring to the *castrati*, male sopranos, who played lead roles in Italian operas around that time.
2. (p. 39) *nicest*: Most meticulous.
3. (p. 39) *admire*: Wonder at.
4. (p. 40) *provide yourself*: I.e., be prepared to leave Lady Booby's service.
5. (p. 41) *condescension*: "Voluntary submission to equality with inferiors" (Johnson).
6. (p. 41) *sack and sweet-meats*: Sack: "A kind of sweet wine, now brought chiefly from the Canaries" (Johnson).
Sweet-meat: sweet foods like sugared cakes, candied fruits, sugared nuts, etc.
7. (p. 42) *So have I seen, in the Hall of Westminster . . . Serjeant Bramble . . . and Serjeant Puzzle*: Hall of Westminster: the chief court of law in England until the late nineteenth century.
Serjeant: "A lawyer of the highest rank under a judge" (Johnson).
Bramble, Puzzle: colloquial names for lawyers, the former suggesting that he will entangle the suitor and the latter suggesting a confused knowledge of law.

CHAPTER X

1. (p. 43) *ejaculation*: An emotional exclamation.
2. (p. 43) *Mr Peter Pounce*: Based on the notoriously greedy moneylender Peter Walker (1664?-1746) of Stalbridge Park, Dorset. He was a regular target of Opposition satire and Fielding himself attacked him in *the Champion* (31 May 1740) and in various parts of *Miscellaneous* (1743).
3. (p. 43) *premiums of fifty percent*: Rate of interest was fixed at five per cent by an act of 1713, but Pounce charges ten times the allowable rate of interest.
4. (p. 44) *frock*: i.e., frockcoat

CHAPTER XI

1. (p. 45) *Sir John's family*: Fielding means 'Sir Thomas's'.
2. (p. 45) *Cornish hug*: "The Cornishmen were famous wrestlers, and tried to throttle their antagonist with a particular lock, called the cornish hug" (Brewer, *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*)
3. (p. 46) *plain Tim*: Probably a reference to Timothy Harris, keeper of 'The Red Lion' at Egham, Surrey. Fielding praises him in *Tom Jones* as a man of 'good Taste' (VIII, viii).
4. (p. 46) *It presents you a lion . . . sweetness of the lamb*: In the eighteenth century, the signs of the inns or shops were almost invariably emblematic.

CHAPTER XII

1. (p. 47) *Containing many surprizing . . . a Stage-Coach*: Fielding continues his examination of charity in this chapter.
2. (p. 48) *they fled for it*: "It is held, that when one indicted of any capital Crime . . . is acquitted at his Trial, but found to have fled, he shall notwithstanding his Acquittal, forfeit his Goods" (Giles Jacob, *A New Law Dictionary*, 1739).
3. (p. 50) *transported for robbing a hen-roost*: Fielding comments on the extreme severity of the Transformation Act of 1718 which allowed courts to transport non-capital felons to America for seven years as a form of punishment. However, often people would be transported for petty crimes like stealing ducks and would be sold as labourers in America.
4. (p. 50) *nantes*: French brandy
5. (p. 50) *Hungary water*: Used as a remedy for fainting and hysteria, it is a kind of "distilled water, denominated from a queen of Hungary, for whose use it was first prepared . . . made of rosemary flowers infused in rectified spirit of wine, and thus distilled" (OED, citing Chambers's *Cyclopædia*, 1727-41).
6. (p. 51) . . . *a conveyance to her, . . . any incumbrance . . . recovery by a writ of entry . . . heirs in a tail . . . no danger of an ejectment*.: Quibbles on legal terms defined by the OED as follows:
 Conveyance: "The transference of property (eso. real property) from one person to another by any lawful act . . .";
 incumbrance: "A burden on property.' A claim, lien, liability attached to property; as a mortgage, a registered, a registered judgement, etc.'";
 Recovery: "the fact or procedure of gaining possession of some property or right by a . . . judgement of court; *spec.* The process . . . by which an

entailed state was commonly transferred from one party to another”;

Heir in tail: “the person who succeeds or is entitled to succeed to an entailed estate by virtue of the deed of entail . . .”;

Ejectment: “The act or process of ejecting a person from his holding”.

7. (p. 51) *Aurora*: Dawn
8. (p. 51) *repeated odes . . . the day and the song*: Colley Cibber as the poet Laureate composed odes for the New Year and the King’s birthday which were much mocked. Fielding here alludes to his parodying of an ode Cibber composed for the New Year: “Then sing the Day,/ And sing the Song;/And thus be merry/All Day long” (*The Historical Register for the Year 1736*, I, i).
9. (p. 51) *poor wretches in red coats*: Due to acute shortages of barracks in Britain, soldiers were often lodged in inns and alehouses whose owners were compelled by law to give them beer, board, and lodging for only four pence per day.
10. (p. 52) *ale-house*: A modest drinking establishment that was distinct from a tavern or an inn.

CHAPTER XIII

1. (p. 53) *symptomick*: “Of the nature of, or constituting, a symptom of disease; spec. Applied to a secondary disease or morbid state arising from and accompanying a primary one” (OED, citing this passage).
2. (p. 53) *the malign concoction of his humours . . . suscitation of his fever*: Human body was believed to be composed of four fluids, or humours — blood, yellow bile, black bile, and phlegm — that corresponded to the four elements of air, water, fire and earth. Any imbalance in the proportion of these fluids would create resultant imbalance in the physical disposition of an individual.
Suscitation is “the act of rousing or exciting” (Johnson).
3. (p. 54) *Barnabas*: Unlike the biblical Barnabas who was a charitable man and sold all his material possessions to donate the proceedings to the apostles, the clergyman Mr Barnabas is a man who is well aware of his vested interests.
4. (p. 54) *sneaker*: “A large vessel of drink” (Johnson); used here ironically to denote a small bowl of punch.
5. (p. 56) *small beer*: Brew of weak or inferior quality.

CHAPTER XIV

1. (p. 57) *the Dragon . . . sign of the inn*: Emblematic once again, the sign of the dragon alludes to the character of Mrs Tow-ouse. The dragon, traditionally, stood for avarice (since mythologically it is the guard of gold). The dragon, here, also carries the additional meaning of “a fierce violent man or woman” (Johnson).
2. (p. 58) *What, I suppose you have read Galen and Hippocrates . . . said the gentleman*: Galen (c. AD 130–c.200) and Hippocrates (c.460–c.357) are celebrated Greek physicians. The theory of humours (see Bk. I, chp. XIII, note. 2, above) is attributed to Hippocrates.
The tone of exchange suggests that the boasting doctor is probably unaware of the works of the fathers of western medicine.
3. (p. 58) *Veniente occurrite morbo*: Persius, *Satires*, iii, 64: ‘venienti occurrite morbo’ (‘remedy the disease at its first approach’), cf. *Tom Jones*, v, vii, and *Jonathan Wild*, I, iii.
The change to ‘*accurrite*’ from ‘*occurrite*’ underscores the impression of the doctor’s ignorance and hypocrisy. He, in fact, takes little care to treat Joseph’s injuries.
4. (p. 58) *Ton dapomibominos poluflosboio thalasses*: The doctor combines two unrelated phrases from the *Iliad*: *ton d’apameibomenos*, ‘then answering him’ (e.g. *Iliad*, i. 84, 130, 285); and *polufloisboio thalasses*, ‘of the loud sounding sea’ (*Iliad*, i. 34, vi. 347, etc.).
5. (p. 58) *caught a Traytor*: It is possibly a malapropism on Mrs Tow-ouse’s part where she actually tried to mean ‘caught a tartar’.
6. (p. 58) *occiput . . . divelllicated . . . coheres . . . pericranium . . . symptomatick . . . pneumatick*: A confusing mixture of medical jargon:
Occiput: “The hinder part of the had” (Johnson);
Divelllicated: “pulled to pieces” (OED; cf. *Tom Jones*, VII, xiii);
Coheres: in error for adheres;
Pericranium: “the membrane that covers the skull” (Johnson)
Symptomatick: a morbid state arising from the primary one;
Pneumatick: pertaining to the respiratory system.
7. (p. 60) *bona waviata*: In Thomas Wood’s *Institute of the Laws of England*, which the amateur lawyer Barnabas ‘trusted entirely to’ (see Bk I, chp. XV, note. 4, below), the phrase is defined as follows:

Waifs (Bona Waviata) are Goods which are stolen and waived upon Pursuit (for Fear of being Apprehended) by the Thief in his Flight,

and upon that Account forfeited to the Lord of the Manor. The Reason of this Forfeiture is as a Punishment of the Owner of the Goods, for not Pursuing and Bringing the Thief to be Attained. If the Thief had not the Goods in Possession upon Pursuit, there is no Forfeiture; and then the Owner may seise them where He finds them, without any fresh Pursuit. (5th edn., 1734, II, ii; p. 213)

CHAPTER XV

1. (p. 61) *to score*: To keep a tally.
2. (p. 62) *sanative soporiferous draught*: A potion to heal and induce sleep.
3. (p. 62) *society of booksellers . . . two persons*: Thomas Osborne, a friend of Richardson, founded in 1741, 'the Society of Booksellers for promoting of Learning, by purchasing of Manuscripts, Copies, &c. Design'd for the Press' advertised in *The Champion* from 4 March to 8 August 1741, that they would buy manuscripts approved by 'two Persons of Judgement, to be nominated one by the Author, the other by the Society'. Booksellers meant publishers.
4. (p. 63) *The Attorney's Pocket Companion . . . Mr Jacob's Law-Tables . . . Wood's Institutes*: Early eighteenth century legal handbooks: *The Attorney's Pocket Companion*; or, *A Guide to the Practisers of the Law*, by John Mallory; *The Statute-Law Common plac'd*; or, *A General Table to the Statutes* by Giles Jacob; and *An Institute of the Laws of England*; or, *The Laws of England in their Natural Order, according to Common Use* (1720), by Thomas Wood.
5. (p. 63) *the maid's oath*: Fielding here alludes to the complexity of the question of evidence. The Doctor rightly states that except for matters of Treason (where the law demands two witnesses), the testimony of one evidence is sufficient. Wood states that servants can be witnesses (Wood, *Institute*, 598), but Jacob adds a caution: "the Credit of Servants is left to the Jury" (*Common Law*, s.v. 'Witnesses', 484).
6. (p. 63) *è contra, totis viribus*: Vigorously opposed o him

CHAPTER XVI

1. (p. 65) *game at chess*: Fielding may have had in mind Cervantes, *Don Quixote*, II, xii; Richard Braithwaite, *The English Gentleman* (1630), III; or Abraham Cowley, *Destiny*.
2. (p. 66) *reward*: By the statute 4 & 5 William and Mary, chapter 8, "He who Apprehends and Prosecutes a *Highway-Man* ti Conviction, shall. . .Receive. . .Forty Pounds. . .with His Horse, Furniture, Arms, Money, and

- other Goods taken with him; not taking away the Rights of any Persons claiming the same, from whom they were taken” (Wood, *Institute*, II, i, 373).
3. (p. 66) *as the escape . . . not lie*: According to Wood, if a gaoler deliberately helps a prisoner to escape, he will be deemed guilty of the offence for which the prisoner was convicted; and if the prisoner manages to escape because of the negligence of the gaoler, he will be guilty of misdemeanour (*Institute*, 75-9, 350-51). Though Mr Tow-ouse is not a gaoler he could be held responsible for the escape of a convict lawfully detained on his premises. The case, however, is unclear since the prisoner was not legally indicted; it is also uncertain if Tow-ouse will be absolved of his guilt since the escape was by night.
 4. (p. 66) *syder-and*: “Cider mixed with spirits or some other ingredient” (OED).
 5. (p. 67) *make up a sum*: I.e, pay a sum by a certain date.
 6. (p. 68) *peppered*: “Infected with the venereal disease” (Grose).
 7. (p. 68) *play or pay*: “A bet requiring the bettor to pay if his contender does not appear for the match” (Goldberg).
 8. (p. 69) *small tithes*: The tax raised to support the clergy; great tithes were raised on agricultural produce, and small tithes on lesser products and profits from labour.
 9. (p. 69) *the hardships . . . inferiour clergy*: While some of the clerics around this time acquired huge wealth, the lower clergy — curates, parsons, and priests — were often poor enough to not be able to avail proper education or provide charitable support. The contempt of the clergy was a subject of concern to Fielding.
 10. (p. 69) *on the carpet*: Under consideration.
 11. (p. 70) *Tillotson’s sermons*: John Tillotson (1630-94), Archbishop of Canterbury (1691) and latitudinarian divine. Tillotson emphasised the importance of morality and good works, rather than original sin, justification by faith, or dogmatic zeal, thereby, directing the Church of England on a course that is moderate, rational, and optimistic.
 12. (p. 71) *gage the vessels*: Assess the quantity of beer and ale liable for tax.
 13. (p. 71) *habit of body*: “Bodily condition or constitution” (OED).

CHAPTER XVII

1. (p. 72) *a bookseller*: Fielding may have had either of the two well-known booksellers in mind who published *Pamela* — Charles Rivington (1688-1742) or Thomas Osborne (d. 1767).
2. (p. 73) *drugs*: “A commodity which is no longer in demand, and so is

unsaleable" (OED).

3. (p. 73) *Whitfield or Westley*: George Whitefield (1714-70) and John Wesley (1703-91), founders of Methodism.
4. (p. 73) *30th of January*: The anniversary of the execution of Charles I (1649); usually the occasion for a political sermon.
5. (p. 73) *a play . . . twenty nights together*: Plays were rarely performed for more than a few nights in a row. So, a play that ran for twenty nights would have been an extremely profitable work for the bookseller.
6. (p. 73) *the licensing act*: Passed in 1737 and particularly directed at Fielding's satirical plays against the government, this act closed all unlicensed theatres (including Fielding's Little Theatre in Haymarket), and ordained that all new plays be submitted to the Lord Chamberlain for censorship.
7. (p. 74) *Toland, Woolston, and all the free-thinkers*: 'Free-thinkers' was a term adopted in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth century to loosely denote a group of radical philosophers who subjected religion and morality to the test of reason.

John Toland (1670?-1722) and Thomas Woolston (1670-1733) were two of the most militant free-thinkers of the time.

8. (p. 74) *his Kingdom was not of it*: Quote from John 18:36.
9. (p. 75) *A Plain Account . . . but unsuccessfully: A Plain Account of the Nature and End of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper* (1735) by the latitudinarian Bishop of Winchester, Benjamin Hoadly (1676-1761). Hoadly, in his work, argued that the virtuous heathen could be saved.
10. (p. 75) *Alcoran, the Leviathan, or Woolston: The Alcoran (Quran)*, the sacred book of Islam, *The Leviathan: or, the Matter, form, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil* (1651) by Thomas Hobbes (1588-1679), and Thomas Woolston (see Bk. 1, Chp. XVII, note 8, above) were all condemned by the Church for blasphemy and impiety.
11. (p. 76) *B—*: "The most offensive appellation that can be given to an English woman, even more provoking than that of whore" (Grose, s.v. Bitch).
12. (p. 76) *being caught . . . with the Manner*: "To be Taken with the Manner, is where a Thief having stolen any thing, is taken with the same about him, as it were in his *Hands*; which is called *Flagrante delicto*" (Jacob, *A New Law Dictionary*, s.v. Manner). Compare *The Covent-Garden Journal*, 28 October, 1752.

CHAPTER XVIII

1. (p. 77) *drawers*: "A tapster at a tavern" (OED).
2. (p. 78) *western circuit*: One of the eight districts (six in England, two in

Wales) through which itinerant judges would travel twice a year to try cases at the court of assizes. Fielding himself, as a barrister, travelled the western circuit.

3. (p. 78) *the dial to the sun*: A common simile
4. (p. 79) *Speculation*: Perception

BOOK II

CHAPTER I

1. (p. 81) *Montagne*: The *Essais* (1580) of Michel Eyquem de Montaigne (1533-92), which often deviate from the subject indicated in their titles.
2. (p. 81) *Homer . . . twenty four letters . . . obligations*: The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, epic poems by Homer, were divided (probably by a later hand) into twenty-four books designated by the Greek alphabets:
3. (p. 81) *But, according to the opinion . . . probably by subscription*: An allusion to the recent debate between Mme Dacier and Henry Felton on one hand, and René Rapin and Richard Bentley on the other, as to whether Homer's poems were composed as an organic whole or assembled from fragments by a later editor. That Fielding favoured the former view is suggested by Adam's discussion of Homer in Bk III, chp. 2.

Subscription refers to the profitable method of subscription publication whereby authors issued proposals and subscribers paid in advance of publication. Alexander Pope's translation of the *Iliad*, in five installments (1715-20) was published via this method.

4. (p. 81) *He was the first inventor . . . cost entire*: A satire upon the very lucrative practice of serial publication, which became popular in the decade before *Joseph Andrews*. Fielding, here, may be specifically targeting the bookseller, Thomas Osborne, Richardson's friend, who published Robert James's *Medicinal Dictionary* in unusually expensive parts.
5. (p. 82) *Milton . . . no farther than ten*: *Paradise Lost* was first published in 1667 in 10 books; the second edition (1674) comprised 12 books because the longest (7 and 10) were divided in two.

CHAPTER II

1. (p. 83) *ut ita dicam*: Latin for "so to speak"

2. (p. 83) *aitia monotate*: Greek for “solo cause”
3. (p. 83) *He concluded . . . Theocritus . . . sun shines*: Corydon comforts / battus on the loss of his lover with the words, “Good luck comes with another Battus morn; while there’s life here’s hope; rain one day, shine the next” (Theocritus, *Idyll*, 4, 41-3).
4. (p. 84) *an easy pad*: “An easy paced horse” (Johnson)
5. (p. 85) *miss*: A kept mistress or a whore
6. (p. 85) *detainer*: To withhold someone else’s possession, here to constrain them o pay a debt
7. (p. 85) *Æschylus*: Greek tragic poet (c. 525–456 BC).

CHAPTER III

1. (p. 87) *Undoubtedly he can*: The gentleman is correct
2. (p. 87) *facts*: Actions cognizable in law; evil deeds, crimes.
3. (p. 87) *would not suffer a farmer . . . it by law*: A series of statutes restricted the hunting of game and the ownership of guns and dogs for that purpose.
4. (p. 88) *a year’s purchase*: The annual return or rent from land.
5. (p. 88) *in the commission*: A Justice of the Peace
6. (p. 90) *thimble and button*: A trick played by a conman, or a ‘thimble-rigger’: bystanders were challenged to wager under which thimble a pea was hidden. Here, Adams has been mistaken for a thimblerrigger.

CHAPTER IV

1. (p. 93) *saturnine complexion*: A sluggish, cold and gloomy temperament
2. (p. 93) *perspective*: Telescope
3. (p. 94) *writings were now drawn*: “The legal papers stipulating the marital property settlement were prepared” (Goldberg)
4. (p. 97) *quarter sessions*: Justices of the Peace presided over Quarter Sessions, courts lasting two or three days, held to try small offences four times a year in every county. Though they were supposed to be dignified affairs, attended by all legal hierarchy, Wood records that special or petty sessions were often held in an inn for expedited solutions.
5. (p. 97) *smarts*: Elegant young men, or those pretending elegance.
6. (p. 98) *Bellarmino*: In *The Champion*, 7 February 1740, Fielding had used this name for a fop who tricks a rich widow, Amanda, into thinking that he loves her, but wastes her money after marriage before abandoning her.
7. (p. 99) *ridotto*: Introduced in England in the early eighteenth century, the ridotto is “an entertainment or social assembly consisting of music

and dancing” (OED).

8. (p. 99) *a Cræsus or an Attalus*: Cræsus, the last king of Lydia, reigned from 560 to 546 BC. He was so wealthy that all the wise men of Greece were attracted to his court. Attalus was the name of three successive kings of Pergamum whose reigns spanned the years 241-133 BC. Although all four largely increased the wealth of their kingdom, Fielding probably has in mind specifically Attalus III who in his will bequeathed his wealth to Rome.
9. (p. 99) *to smoke him*: “To smell out; to find out” (Johnson).
10. (p. 101) *sneaking*: “Servile; mean; low;. Covetous; niggardly; meanly parsimonious” (Johnson).
11. (p. 101) ‘*All French*,’ . . . *he, he, he!*: The phrase “before I had a place, I was in the Country Interest” was added in the second edition, and is possibly a sign of Fielding’s changing political allegiances. He had supported the Country Interest, or Patriots, when they were in opposition, but withdrew his support when he realized that after gaining power they had become as corrupt as Walpole’s ministry.
“Place” means government appointment.
12. (p. 102) *more than Corinthian Assurance* . . . *Lais herself*: The ancient Greek city of Corinth was reputed for its immorality. There were two legendary courtesans named Lais, both of whom resided in Corinth.
13. (p. 103) *Serviteur tres humble* . . . *Je Vous entend parfaitement bien*: Your very humble servant . . . I understand you perfectly well.
14. (p. 103) *The latter* . . . *the former*: Fielding is probably referring to his sister Sarah (1710-68), for whose first and most famous novel, *The Adventures of David Simple* (1744), he wrote a preface.
15. (p. 103) *action*: Lawsuit
16. (p. 105) *The aunt’s gall was on float*: She was angry; the term is derived from the old system of humours
17. (p. 105) *Ruelle*: “A bedroom, where ladies of fashion in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, especially in France, held a morning reception of persons of distinction; hence, a reception of this kind” (OED).

CHAPTER V

1. (p. 107) *camphirated spirits*: Spirits infused with bitter distilled oil; used for their cooling properties.
2. (p. 109) *ghost of Othello* . . . *he did it*: The traveller has mixed up his shakespeare. Macbeth says to the ghost of Banquo, “Thou canst say I did it. Never shake/ Thy gory locks at me” (*Macbeth*, III, iv, 49-50).

3. (p. 110) *as soon as a writ can be returned from London*: “To initiate a lawsuit, the plaintiff had to obtain a writ from the Court of chancery directing the sheriff of the county to order the defendant’s appearance in the court” (Goldberg).
4. (p. 110) *I don’t care . . . cases*: Wood records that a lawyer could be charged with the crime of maintenance if he intermeddles in a case in which he has no interest (*Institute*, III, iii, 418).
5. (p. 110) *gaol*: Gaol; presumably debtors’ prison.
6. (p. 110) *they were but one person*: According to Wood, “the *Husband* and *Wife* are accounted to be but *one Person* in Law” (*Institute*, 59).
7. (p. 111) *Boniface*: Originally the name of the innkeeper in George Farquhar’s *The Beaux’ Stratagem* (1707), it later became a generic name for innkeepers in general.

CHAPTER VI

1. (p. 116) *a Smithfield match*: A marriage for money (named after the London cattle market).
2. (p. 116) *the saying of Solomon*: Proverbs 13:24: “He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes”.

CHAPTER VII

1. (p. 119) *that affair of Carthagena*: A reference to the British attack against the Spaniards led by Admiral Vernon and General Wentworth, at the fortified seaport of Cartagena in the West Indies in 1741. The attack failed because of poor leadership and ill-trained troops. The Patriot opposition capitalized on the failure.
2. (p. 120) *trained-bands*: “A trained company of citizen soldiery, organized in London and other parts in the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries” (OED).

CHAPTER VIII

1. (p. 121) *the Church was in danger*: A phrase commonly used by High Churchmen in the early part of the eighteenth century against Nonconformists or Dissenters.
2. (p. 121) *Ne verbum quidem, ut ita dicem*: Latin for “not even a word, so to speak”.
3. (p. 122) *his Travels*: The Grand European tour which was considered essential for the completion of a gentleman’s education, or to ruin his morals.

4. (p. 122) *Non omnia possumus omnes*: A favorite motto of Fielding: “All things are not in the power of all” (Virgil, *Eclogues*, viii, 64).

CHAPTER IX

1. (p. 123) *In which the Gentleman . . . the Discourse*: Modelled on *Don Quixote*, I, i, iv, in which the knight rescues a servant who is being beaten, only to cause more problems.
2. (p. 123) *Paris fights, and Hector runs away*: *Iliad*, xi and xxii respectively. Paris initiated the Trojan war by abducting Helen from Sparta. Hector was the chief Trojan hero, who flew in fear of Achilles.
3. (p. 123) *the great Pompey*: Pompey (106-48 BC), a Roman general and statesman, was eulogized by Cicero in *Pro lege Manilia* and by Paterculus in *Roman History*, II, xxix. However, Pompey crumbled in the face of Caesar’s attack in the battle of Pharsalia in 48 BC. For the incident referred to here, see Plutarch’s *Life of Pompey*.

CHAPTER X

1. (p. 128) *The silence of Adams . . . vanquished enemy*: This passage was added in the second edition of 1742, after Walpole’s fall from office. This is possibly another instance that indicate Fielding’s disillusionment with the Country Party who rifled their country after coming to power.
2. (p. 128) *Heus tu*: “Ho there!”
3. (p. 128) *the Borough*: Southwark was traditionally known as “the Borough”
4. (p. 128) *clap-net*: “A kind of Net so constructed that it can be suddenly shut by pulling a string” (OED).
5. (p. 130) *Shepherd*: A reference to Jack Shepherd (1702-24), a robber and highwayman, who escaped four times from prison in 1724 before being hanged on 16 November. Daniel Defoe published two accounts of his exploits.
6. (p. 131) *violence*: Force

CHAPTER XI

1. (p. 132) *a great belly*: “Pregnant women condemned to death could plead their condition in hopes that the sentence would be mitigated or deferred” (Battestin).
2. (p. 132) *Turpin*: Dick Turpin (1706-39), the highwayman.
3. (p. 132) *Turpis*: Latin for “shameful” or “disgraceful”.
4. (p. 133) *benefit of the clergy*: “Originally the privilege allowed to clergymen

- of exemption from trial by a secular court; modified and extended later to everyone who could read . . . Abolished in 1827” (OED).
5. (p. 133) *to cap verses*: “To name alternately verses beginning with a particular letter” (Johnson).
 6. (p. 133) *Molle meum . . . Telis*: Misquotation of Ovid’s “*molle meum levibusque cor est violabile telis*” (Heroides, 15, 79), meaning, “Tender is my heart, and easily pierced by the light shaft”).
 7. (p. 133) *Si licet . . . haurum*: Another misquotation from Ovid’s *Tristia*, 1, 5, 25-6: “*scilicet ut fulvum spectatur in ignibus aurum, / tempore sic duro est inspicienda*” (“’Tis clear that as tawny gold is tested in the flames so loyalty must be proved in time of stress”).
 8. (p. 133) *Mars, Bacchus . . . Virorum*: The wit misquotes a phrase which was used to teach the gender of nouns. Parson Adams correctly quotes it: “*Propria quae maribus tribuntur, mascula dicas; / Ut sunt Divorum; Mars, Bacchus, Apollo: vivorum; / Ut Cato, Vigilius: fluviorum; ut Tiberis, Orontes; / Mensium; ut, October: ventorum; ut, Notus, Auster*” (“Proper names that are assigned to the male kind you may call masculines, / As are those of Gods: Mars, Bacchus, Apollo; of men, / like Cato, Virgil; or rivers, like the Tiber, Orontes; / Of months; like October; of winds; like Notus, Auster”).
 9. (p. 134) *mittimus*: “A warrant by which a justice commits an offender to prison” (Johnson).
 10. (p. 134) *ignoramus*: “The endorsement formerly made by a Grand Jury upon a bill or indictment presented to them, when they considered the evidence for the prosecution insufficient to warrant the case going to a petty jury” (OED).
 11. (p. 135) *one of the Fathers*: “The Church Fathers, a group of ecclesiastical writers from about the fourth to the eighth century AD who have carried particular authority in the Christian church because of their piety and orthodox doctrines” (Hawley).

CHAPTER XII

1. (p. 138) *toast and ale*: “Bread dried and put into liquor” (Johnson).
2. (p. 138) *Pygmalion*: The King of Cyprus, who constructed an ivory statue of a maiden, fell in love with her, and prayed to Venus to breathe life into her (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, 10, 243-97).
3. (p. 138) *Narcissus*: The youth who, obsessed with himself, rejected all his lovers, and, so, was punished by Nemesis to fall in love with his own face when he saw it reflected in a well.

4. (p. 138) *Quod petis est nusquam*: “What you seek is nowhere” (*Metamorphoses*, 3, 433).
5. (p. 138) *Cælum ipsum petimus stultitia*: “In our folly we strive after heaven itself” (Horace, *Odes*, I, iii, 38).
6. (p. 139) *Chloe*: Generic name for pastoral lover
7. (p. 139) *Lethe*: The Greek name for the river in the underworld, from which the dead drank water and forgot their past lives. It denotes “oblivion”.
8. (p. 140) *Zephyrus*: Personification of the west wind in Greek mythology.
9. (p. 140) *Strephon*: Another generic name for pastoral lover.

CHAPTER XIII

1. (p. 143) *Bear-Garden*: The Bear-Garden in Hockley-in-the-Hole, near Clerkenwell Garden, was famous for bear-baiting, cock-fighting, cudgel-playing and other rough sports.
2. (p. 143) *hops*: A hop, “a place where meaner people dance” (Johnson).
3. (p. 143) *levee*: “The concourse of those who croud round a man of power in a morning” (Johnson).
4. (p. 144) *if the gods . . . laugh at them*: A philosophy, popular among the freethinkers, that is actually a version of Epicurus (b. 341 BC).
5. (p. 145) “*not unlike that . . . Octavia in the play*”: A reference to John Dryden’s *All for Love* (1678).
6. (p. 146) *as many tongues as Homer desired*: An allusion to Homer’s claim that without the help of the muses, he could have told of the Greek heroes “not though ten tongues were mine and ten mouths and a voice unwearying” (*Iliad*, 2, 489-90). Also, cf. Alexander Pope’s “To count them all, demands a thousand Tongues,/ A Throat of Brass, and Adamantine Lungs” (*Iliad*, 2, 580-81).
7. (p. 146) *As many . . . matrimony lawful*: “For be ye well assured, that so many are coupled together otherwise than God’s Word doth allow are not joined together by God, neither is their Matrimony lawful” (from “The Form of Solemnization of Matrimony” in the Book of Common Prayer).
8. (p. 147) *Dr.*: Debtor

CHAPTER XIV

1. (p. 147) *Trulliber*: A name derived from the phrase “tripes and trullibubs”, meaning entrails, hence “a jeering nickname for a fat man” (Patridge); also from trolubber”: “a husbandman, a day-labourer” (Grose, *A Provincial Glossary*).
2. (p. 147) *a farmer*: The clergy was not legally allowed to farm or sell lands

so as not to prevent them from an unhindered deliverance of their duties to the soul of men.

3. (p. 148) *night-gown*: Dressing gown
4. (p. 149) *nihil habeo cum porcis*: “I have nothing to do with pigs” (Pigs were traditionally the emblem of gluttony and intemperance).
5. (p. 149) *mess*: “A dish” (Johnson)
6. (p. 150) *warm*: Rich
7. (p. 151) *led captain*: “An humble dependent in a great family, who for a precarious subsistence and distant hopes of rment suffers every kind of indignity, and is the butt of every species of joke or ill humour” (Grose, *Provincial Glossary*).
8. (p. 151) *what matters . . . scriptures*: “Matthew 6:21: “For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also”.
9. (p. 151) *tithing-man*: The parish constable
10. (p. 152) *Ifacks*: In faith
11. (p. 152) *poor rate*: “A rate or assessment for the relief or support of the poor” (OED).

CHAPTER XV

1. (p. 155) *Turne quod . . . attulit ultro*: “Turnus, that which no god had dared to promise to thy prayers, lo, the circling hour has brought unasked” (Virgil, *Aeneid*, 9, 6-7).

CHAPTER XVI

1. (p. 161) *Seneca*: Lucius Annaeus Seneca (c. 4BC–65 AD), Roman Stoic philosopher.
2. (p. 161) *vailles*: “Money given to servants” (Johnson).

CHAPTER XVII

1. (p. 163) *holland*: “Fine linen made in Holland” (Johnson).
2. (p. 164) *Covent-Garden*: A district notorious for its brothels
3. (p. 164) *French distemper*: Slang for venereal disease
4. (p. 164) *those cursed guarda-costas . . . beginning of the war*: In 1731 spanish coastguard vessels pillaged Richard Jenkin’s ship *Rebecca* and cut off his ear. This incident, among many others, against British vessels eventually forced the British government to declare war on Spain in 1739.
5. (p. 164) *to strike*: To surrender
6. (p. 164) *pink*: “A kind of heavy narrow-sterned ship” (Johnson).

7. (p. 165) *Cælum non . . . mare currunt*: “They change their clime, not their mind, who rush across the sea” (Horace, *Epistles*, I, II, 27).
8. (p. 165) *What, I suppose . . . Dædalus fell into that sea . . . golden fleece: Pillars of Hercules*: Calpe and Abyla in the ancient age; now known as Rock of Gibraltar and Mount Acho.
Carthage: Phoenician city, founded by Dido, on the north coast of Africa.
Scylla and Charybdis: a rock and a whirlpool between Italy and Sicily.
Archimedes . . . Syracuse: Archimedes. Syracusan mathematician, was killed by Roman soldiers at the sacking of Syracuse.
The Cyclades: islands in the Aegean sea.
the unfortunate Helle . . . Apollonius Rhodius: Apollonius Rhodius (b.235 BC?). Helle gave her name to the sea Hellespont when she was fleeing with her brother on a golden-fleece: ram.
Dædalus . . . Sun: it was in fact the wings of Icarus, Dædalus’s son, that melted when he neared the sun.
the Euxine Sea . . . Colchis: Black Sea, across which the Argonauts voyaged to fetch the golden fleece from Colchis (a province in Asia).
9. (p. 166) *Levant*: A term applied at this time to the eastern Mediterranean and/or the Orient.
10. (p. 166) *the story of Socrates*: The story is told by Cicero in *Tusculan Disputations* (4, 37, 80).
11. (p. 166) *Aristotle . . . in his first chapter of Politics*: Aristotle, *Politics*, I, iii. 23, iv. 5.
12. (p. 166) *Gazetteers: The Daily Gazetteer*, Walpole’s leading medium of propaganda, printed by Richardson from 1735 to 1746. Fielding repeatedly attacks it in *The Champion*.

BOOK III

CHAPTER I

1. (p. 168) *my Lord Clarendon . . . Rapin: The True Historical Narrative of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England* (1702–18), by Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon (1609–74); *The History of England* (1707–18), by Lawrence Eachard (1670?–1730); *Memorials of the English affairs from the Beginning of the Reign of Charles I to the Happy Restoration of King Charles II* (1682)

- by Bulstrode Whitelocke (1605–75); *Histoire d'Angleterre* (1720–25) by Paul de Rapin Thoyras (1661–1725), translated by Nicholas Tindal.
2. (p. 169) *Chrysostom . . . Marcella . . . Cardenio . . . Ferdinand . . . Anselmo . . . Camilla . . . Lothario*: Characters in the interpolated tales in *Don Quixote*; for Chrysostom and Marcella, see I, ii.; I, iv–vi; for Cardenio and Ferdinand, see I, iii.; I, ix; for Anselmo, Camilla and Lothario, see I, iv; I, vi–viii.
 3. (p. 169) *But the most known instance . . . in many others*: See Alain René Le Sage (1668–1747), *L'Histoire de Gil Blas de Santillane* (1715, 1724, 1735): Dr Sangrado appears in II, iii–v; the Archbishop of Granada in VII, ii–iv; the “great Personages” are the members of the salon of the Marchioness de Chaves who condemn witty and humorous works (IV, viii).
 4. (p. 169) *Scarron, . . . Le Paisan Parvenu*: Paul Scarron (1610–60), *Roman Comique* (1651–57); *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, translated from the French of Antoine Galland; *La Vie de Marianne* (1731–41) and *Le Paysan parvenu* (1734–36) are two novels by Pierre Carlet de Chamblain de Marivaux (1688–1763).
 5. (p. 169) *Atalantis writers*: Mrs Mary de la Rivière Manley (1663–1724), *Secret Memoirs and Manners of several Persons of Quality of both Sexes: From the New Atalantis* (1709); a scandalous *roman à clef* exposing the Whig ministry.
 6. (p. 169) *Balzac . . . second nature*: Jean-Loius Guez de Balzac (1597–1654) cites a philosopher in *Deux Discours envoyez à Rome, à monseigneur le cardinal Bentivoglio* (1627) who called Aristotle “VNE SECONDE NATURE”.
 7. (p. 169) *those stilts . . . irregular pace*: Voltaire was highly critical of English tragedy; see *Letters concerning the English Nation*, translated by J. Lockman (1733), Letter XVIII, 178.
 8. (p. 170) *Beyond the realm . . . old Night*: Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, I, 541–43: “A shout that tore Hell's Concave, and beyond/Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.”
 9. (p. 170) *Mariana's: Historia general de España* (1601) by Juan de Mariana (1536–1624), translated into English by John Stevens (1699).
 10. (p. 171) *a peer*: Probably Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield (1694–1773).
 11. (p. 171) *a Commoner*: Ralph Allen (1693–1764), philanthropist, postmaster at Bath, and a model for Squire Allworthy in *Tom Jones*. The “Palace” is his newly built Palladian mansion, Prior Park, near Bath.

CHAPTER II

1. (p. 173) *darkness visible*: Cf. the description of hell in Milton, *Paradise Lost*, I, 63.
2. (p. 174) *Est hic . . . honorem*: "Here, here is a soul that scorns the light, and counts that fame, where to thou strivest, cheaply caught with a life" (Virgil, *Aeneid*, 9, 205-6).
3. (p. 175) *spindle-shanked . . . maitres*: Skinny-legged fops
4. (p. 177) *if Mr Pope . . . his Homer*: Pope's translation of the *Iliad* appeared in six volumes, 1715-20; the *Odyssey* (translated by Pope, William Broome, and Elijah Fenton) was published in five volumes, 17252-6.
5. (p. 177) *what Cicero . . . all perfections*: See Cicero, *De Oratore*, I, 6, 20: "in my opinion, no man can be an orator complete in all points of merit, who has not attained a knowledge of all important subjects and arts".
6. (p. 177) *it is not without reason . . . the poet*: See Aristotle, *Poetics*, 22, 9.
7. (p. 178) *for his Margites . . . tragedy*: See *Poetics*, 4, 12, and compare the preface to *Joseph Andrews*.
8. (p. 178) *Aristophanes*: Greek comic dramatist (c.445-c.380 BC).
9. (p. 178) *He is rightly . . . whole war*: See Aristotle, *Poetics*, 23, 5.
10. (p. 178) *Trojani belli scriptorem*: "Writer of the Trojan War" (Horace, *Epistles*, 1, 2, 1).
11. (p. 178) *termed by Aristotle pragmaton systasis*: "Arrangement of the incidents" (*Poetics*, 6, 12).
12. (p. 178) *harmotton*: "Appropriateness" or "propriety"; a term used by Aristotle with reference to character (*Poetics*, 15, 4).
13. (p. 178) *Thirdly, his manners. . . Action*: See Aristotle, *Poetics*, 6, 12-14, 19.
14. (p. 178) *Aristotle in his 24th . . . manners*: "Homer after a brief prelude at once brings in a man or a woman or some other character, never without character, but all having character of their own" (Aristotle, *Poetics*, 24-14).
15. (p. 179) *where Andromache . . . Hector*: See *Iliad*, 6, 407-39, and 24, 723-45.
16. (p. 179) *Nor can I help . . . Tecmessa*: See Sophocles's tragedy *Ajax*, 485-524.
17. (p. 179) *As to his sentiments . . . very diffuse*: *Poetics*, 19-22.
18. (p. 179) *opsis*: Spectacle. See *Poetics*, 6, 9, 6, 28-9.
19. (p. 180) *physical*: medical.
20. (p. 180) *Jealousy*: suspicion.

CHAPTER III

1. (p. 182) *riding the great horse*: “The horse used in battle and tournament” (OED). Colloquially, to put on airs.
2. (p. 183) *WRITE Letters . . . characters in them*: Fielding employed this device in *The Old Debauchess* (1732), I, ix. The most famous instance occurs in Congreve’s *The Way of the World* (1700), I, i. This might also be an allusion to an anecdote concerning Revd William Young (1702?-57), the supposed model for Parson Adams, who apparently wrote a letter of invitation to himself, but absent-mindedly presented this unopened letter to his patron.
3. (p. 183) *at H—d’s*: Mother Haywood’s brothel in Covent Garden.
4. (p. 184) *Lincoln’s Inn-Fields*: Where John Rich’s theater was located.
5. (p. 184) *St. James’s Coffee-house*: Established in 1705 and situated near St James’s Palace on the corner of St James’s Street
6. (p. 185) *the Temple*: The Inner and Middle Temple, two of the Inns of Court.
7. (p. 185) *quarterday*: “One of the four days in the year, on which rent or interest is paid” (Johnson).
8. (p. 186) *the Duke of Marlborough*: John Churchill, the first Duke of Marlborough (1650–1722). Fielding’s father served under him and Fielding greatly admired him.
9. (p. 188) *railed at . . . reviled them in*: An allusion to the Latin poet Juvenal’s vicious attack on the female sex in his *Sixth Satire*.
10. (p. 188) *coquette achevée*: A skilled flirt.
11. (p. 189) *whisk*: The card game whist.
12. (p. 189) *eclaircissement*: An explanation.
13. (p. 189) *citizen*: “A townsman; a man of trade; not a gentleman” (Johnson).
14. (p. 190) *sp—wing*: spewing
15. (p. 191) *rule of right*: The phrase had been a key one in the Deist controversy from Shaftesbury.
16. (p. 191) *without remembering . . . Bail*: “Apparently another member who has put up some financial surety that his friend will continue to attend regularly and pay his share of the club’s expenses” (Goldberg).
17. (p. 191) *there was nothing absolutely good . . . of the agent*: Cf. Hobbes: “For these words of Good, Evil, and Contemptible, are ever used with relation to the person that useth them: There being nothing simply and absolutely so; nor any common rule of Good and Evil, to be taken from the Objects themselves . . .” (*Leviathan*, I, vi), and Bernard Mandeville:

"It is in Morality as it is in Nature, there is nothing so perfectly Good in Creatures that it cannot be hurtful to any one of the Society, nor anything so entirely Evil, but it may prove beneficial to some part or other of the Creation: So that things are only Good and Evil in reference to something else, and according to the Light and Position they are placed in" (*The Fable of the Bees*, ed. F. D. Kaye (1924), I, 367).

18. (p. 193) *tickets of other poets . . . performances*: "The playwright received profits of the third, sixth, and ninth performances, if the play ran that long; but he also had to guarantee to cover the theatre's expenses for the first of these. Hence authors often sold tickets to their first benefit night in advance of the production" (Goldberg).
19. (p. 194) *voluntary subscriptions for their encouragement*: Subscription publishing gave authors the opportunity of not being dependent upon booksellers and the market, since it was a system in which subscribers paid in full or part in advance for a work.
20. (p. 195) *Plato . . . men of business do*: See Plato, *Republic*, 2, 3, 10.
21. (p. 195) *on Sundays only*: Legal arrests were forbidden on Sundays because of the Act for the Better Observation of the Lord's Day (1726).
22. (p. 196) *a Lottery-Ticket*: State lotteries were held at intervals from 1694 to 1826 and Fielding repeatedly satirized this corrupt and exploitative system.
23. (p. 197) *to procure myself bread*: "Jailors were not obligated to feed prisoners. Although an imprisoned debtor was legally entitled to fourpence a day subsistence, he was at the mercy of his creditor, who could refuse to pay this sum without fear of prosecution" (Goldberg).

CHAPTER IV

1. (p. 202) *the late famous King Theodore*: Theodor Stephen, Baron von Neuhoof (1694–1756), German adventurer who was proclaimed king of Corsica in 1736, but was expelled after his unsuccessful war against the Genoese. He spent the rest of his life in England.
2. (p. 203) *parterres*: Level spaces in the garden which were designed with ornamental flower beds.

CHAPTER V

1. (p. 207) *King's scholars*: Scholars of Westminster School who are eventually elected to Christ Church, Oxford, or Trinity College, Cambridge; scholars of Eton who eventually gain scholarship to King's College, Cambridge; and, scholars from Winchester who are admitted to New College, Oxford.

2. (p. 207) *gloriaru non est meum*: Latin for “It is not for me to boast”.
3. (p. 208) *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*: Latin for “Hence those tears”.
4. (p. 208) *If knowledge of the world . . . in ignorance*: In Joseph Addison, *Cato* (1713), II, v, Juba says to Syphax: “if knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,/ May Juba ever live in ignorance!”
5. (p. 208) *confer*: Conform
6. (p. 208) *Chiron’s*: Chiron was the wisest centaur according to Greek mythology. He was a disciple of Apollo and Artemis, and a tutor of Achilles and Hercules, and Asclepius, the god of medicine.
7. (p. 208) *Nemo . . . sapit*: “No mortal is wise all the time” (Pliny, *Natural History*, VII, xl, 131).
8. (p. 209) *Alexander the Great . . . army*: Fielding seems to be alluding to the confrontation between Alexander the Great and philosopher Diogenes. Cf. Cicero, *Tusculan Disputations*, v. xxxii. 92, and Plutarch, *Life of Alexander*, xiv. 1-3.

CHAPTER VI

1. (p. 211) *Ammyconni, Paul Varnish, Hannibal, Scratchi, or Hogarthi*: Joseph refers to Jacopo Amigoni (1675–1752), Paolo Veronese (1528–88), Annibale Carracci (1560–1609), and, of course, William Hogarth.
2. (p. 211) *but I defy . . . into ridicule*: Cf. Shaftesbury, *Sensus Communis: An Essay on the Freedom of Wit and Humour*, IV, i: “One may defy the World to turn real *Bravery* or *Generosity* into *Ridicule*” (in *Characteristicks*, I, 129).
3. (p. 211) *Some gentlemen . . . book of verses*: See Pope’s *Epistle to Bathurst* (1733), 250-90. The “Man of Ross” was John Kyrle, who, as Pope’s note to l. 250 explains, “died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interr’d in the chancel of the church of Ross in Herefordshire”. In his *Epilogue to the Satires* (1738), dialogue I, 135-36, Pope praises Ralph Allen, which is later used by Fielding in his dedication to *Tom Jones*.
4. (p. 212) *Henley himself*: John “Orator” Henley (1692-1756), the Non-conformist preacher whose chapel was in Lincoln’s Inn Fields.
5. (p. 212) *tub*: “The pulpit of a Dissenter is usually called a Tub; but that of Mr. Orator *Henley* was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold” (Pope’s note to *The Dunciad*, ii, 2).
6. (p. 213) *exuviae*: “Anything cast or taken off, such as skins or shells of animals, hence spoils” (OED).
7. (p. 214) *Hector or Turnus*: Epic heroes who fled before attack; for Turnus, see *Aeneid*, 12; for Hector, see *Iliad*, 22.

8. (p. 214) *hunter of men*: An allusion to the biblical tyrant Nimrod
9. (p. 214) *mallet*: David Mallet (1705-65), Scottish poet and dramatist, whose *Life of Francis Bacon* (1740) Fielding is alluding to here.
10. (p. 214) *the Life of Cicero*: A reference to *The History of the Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero* (1741) by Conyers Middleton (1638-1750).
11. (p. 215) *his Cudgel*: The lines which follow parody Agamemnon's scepter (*Iliad*, 2, 100-09), and the shield of Achilles (*Iliad*, 18, 478-607).
12. (p. 215) *Man of Kent*: William Joy (d. 1734) who went by the professional name "Samson, the strong man of Kent".
13. (p. 215) *one of Mr Deard's best workmen*: William Deard (d. 1761), fashionable jeweler, toyman, and pawnbroker.
14. (p. 215) *the Park*: St. James's Park
15. (p. 215) *a certain long English baronet*: Sir Thomas Robinson (1700?-77), renowned for his dullness, and marked out for his height, was appointed the Governor of Barbados in 1741.
16. (p. 215) *Mr. Cock*: Christopher Cock (d. 1748), auctioneer of Covent Garden, satirized by fielding in *The Historical Register for the Year 1736*.
17. (p. 215) *swift of foot*: A phrase commonly used to describe Achilles throughout *Iliad*.
18. (p. 216) *no babler, no over-runner*: 'A "babler" is a hound who barks indiscriminately; an "over-runner" runs past a hare when it doubles back on itself to evade pursuit' (Hawley).
19. (p. 216) *Mr John Temple*: The Hon. John Temple, Esq. (1680-1752/3?), an admirer of Fielding's plays, and who lived at Moor Park, Surrey.
20. (p. 216) *Diana*: Virgin goddess of hunt (Artemis in Greek mythology).
21. (p. 217) *cutting the ears of the dogs*: To bleed them (a common treatment for humans).

CHAPTER VII

1. (p. 218) *Roasting*: "Ridicule . . . in a severe or merciless fashion" (OED).
2. (p. 221) *rusty*: Rancid
3. (p. 223) *the serpent*: A firecracker of that shape
4. (p. 224) *taw*: Marbles
5. (p. 224) *Scipio, Lælius*: Scipio Africanus Minor (c.185-129 BC) was known for his friendship with Caius Lælius Sapiens (born c.186 BC). For the incident referred to here, see Cicero, *De Oratore*, 2, 6, 22).

CHAPTER VIII

1. (p. 226) *commons*: “Food; fare; diet” (Johnson).
2. (p. 227) *our laws*: Anti-Catholic laws, though not always usually enforced, were pretty severe. For example, priests returning from abroad could be fined £200 and charged with treason; Catholic laymen were prohibited from becoming doctors, lawyers, or members of Parliament; restrictions were imposed on their travel and they were not allowed to travel more than five miles without a special license, etc.
3. (p. 229) *Rabbit*: “Confound” (Patridge).

CHAPTER IX

1. (p. 232) *hanger*: “A short broad sword” (Johnson).
2. (p. 232) *huge stone pot . . . lifted with both*: An echo of *Aeneid*, 12, 896-902, where Turnus seizes a huge stone with one hand and throws it at Aeneas.
3. (p. 232) *with a lumpish . . . pocket*: A parody of *Iliad* where the dead frequently fall “with a thud”.

CHAPTER X

1. (p. 233) *some excellent piece . . . dance*: From the Little Theater at Haymarket, Fielding excluded the Entr’acte dance which were popular in all theaters after the Restoration.
2. (p. 234) *Booth . . . Otway*: Barton Booth (1681–1733), well known tragic actor. Thomas Otway (1652–85), poet and dramatist.
3. (p. 234) *Bettertons and Sandfords*: Thomas Betterton (1635?–1710) and Samuel Stanford (dates unknown) were renowned actors of the Restoration stage.
4. (p. 235) *Fenton’s Mariamne . . . Eurydice: Mariamne* (1723) by Elijah Fenton (1683–1730); *Philotas* (1731) by Philip Frowde (d. 1738); *Eurydice* (1731) by David Mallet (1705–65).
5. (p. 235) *your Dillo or Lillo*: George Lillo (1693–1739), best known for his two tragedies *The London Merchant* (1731) and *Fatal Curiosity* (1736).
6. (p. 235) *Quin . . . Delane . . . Cibber . . . Macklin . . . Mrs Clive*: Names of famous actors admired by Fielding.
James Quin (1693–1766); Dennis Delane (1700–53); Theophilus Cibber (1703–58), son of Colley Cibber; Charles Macklin (1697?–1797); Catherine (Kitty) Clive (1711–85).

7. (p. 236) *No more . . . sleep till morn*: Quoted with minor changes from *Theodosius: or the Force of Love* (1680), II, i, by Nathaniel Lee (1653?–92).
8. (p. 236) *Who'd be that foolish . . . call'd Man?*: From Otway's *The Orphan; or, The Unhappy Marriage* (1680), I, i: "Who'd be that sordid foolish thing call's Man . . . ?"

CHAPTER XI

1. (p. 237) *Containing the Exhortations . . . in Affliction*: Cf. Fielding's essay, *Of the Remedy of Affliction for the Loss of Our Friends* (1743).
2. (p. 239) *Consolation . . . Cicero's*: Fielding alludes to the spurious *Consolatio Ciceronis*, first published in Venice in 1583, and supposedly written by Cicero on the death of his daughter Tullia. Fielding reportedly turned to the book in times of affliction.
3. (p. 240) *Yes, I will bear . . . dear to me*: Cf. *Macbeth*, IV, iii, 221-25: Macduff's speech on hearing of the murder of his family.
4. (p. 240) *Cato . . . Conscious Lovers*: Parson Adams quotes *Cato* (1713), by Joseph Addison, in III, 5, above. *The Conscious Lovers* (1722) was a play by Richard Steele.

CHAPTER XII

1. (p. 243) *a bond and judgment*: A deed by which a person binds himself, his heirs, and executors to pay a certain sum of money to another assigning his chattels as security for the debt.
2. (p. 244) *put*: "A rustic; a clown" (Johnson).
3. (p. 246) *which, . . . apologist . . . chapter*: Suggesting a change of subject. Cibber announces: "I shall therefore make use of those several Vehicles, to carry you thro' the rest of the Journey, at your Leisure" (*Apology*, 2nd ed., IV, 100).

CHAPTER XIII

1. (p. 247) *gymnosophists*: "A sect of ancient Hindu philosophers of ascetic habits . . . who wore little or no clothing, denied themselves flesh meat, and gave themselves up to mystical contemplation" (OED).
2. (p. 248) *rush*: "Any thing proverbially worthless" (Johnson).

BOOK IV

CHAPTER I

1. (p. 249) *offals*: Remnants

CHAPTER II

1. (p. 254) *surcease*: stop
2. (p. 254) *gains a settlement . . . where he serves*: The Act of Settlement of 1662 gave overseers forty days to remove any vagabond from their parish who was likely in need of poor relief, but could resettle them if they rented property, paid taxes, held public offices, were bound apprentices, or were hired unmarried servants, for one year.
3. (p. 255) *a Licence*: License to preach

CHAPTER III

1. (p. 256) *dowdy . . . drab*: Dowdy: “An awkward, ill-dressed inelegant woman” (Johnson).
Drab: “A whore; a strumpet” (Johnson).
2. (p. 257) *When a man is married . . . not removable*: See Jacob, *A New Law-Dictionary*, s.v. Poor.
3. (p. 257) *Bridewell*: Bridewell Hospital in London where whores, vagrants, etc. were condemned to menial labor. Later, the term became a generic name for any house of correction.
4. (p. 258) *in defiance of an act of parliament*: “An Act for the Better Regulation of Attorneys and Solicitors” (1729) charged a fine of £5 from those who practiced law without serving the mandatory apprenticeship of five year with an attorney and without being duly sworn in.

CHAPTER V

1. (p. 261) *verbatim . . . literatim*: Word for word and letter for letter.
2. (p. 261) *Jesu! said the squire . . . both hanged*: According to the statute 43 Elizabeth I, chapter 7, anyone convicted of having cut any fruit trees, robbed any orchard or broken any hedges, pales or other fences, should pay the damages, or be committed to the constable to be whipped (see Wood, *Institute*, III, iii, 442).

3. (p. 262) *cloakbag*: “A portmanteau; a bag in which cloath are carried” (Johnson).

CHAPTER VI

1. (p. 267) *puisny*: Puny
2. (p. 269) *common garden*: Colloquial for Covent Garden
3. (p. 269) *Ifaukins!*: In faith

CHAPTER VII

1. (p. 271) *climacteric*: A critical period in life “containing a certain number of years, at the end of which some great change is supposed to befall the body” (Johnson).
2. (p. 272) *a commission in the army*: “An army regiment was like a corporation in which the officers owned shares according to their rank. In the time of Queen Anne, about thirty years earlier, a commission at the lowest rank of an ensign could be purchased for two hundred to five hundred pounds, depending on the regiment” (Goldberg).

CHAPTER VIII

1. (p. 279) *Had Abraham . . . required*: See Genesis 22: 1-18.
2. (p. 279) *cure*: Spiritual care.
3. (p. 280) *Quæ genus*: The section “Of Nouns Heteroclite; or Irregular” in the Eton Latin Grammar begins: “*Quæ genus aut flexum variant . . .*” (*An Introduction to the Latin Tongue*, Eton. 1814, 68).
4. (p. 280) *Jacky*: An inconsistency. The boy’s name is in fact Dick.

CHAPTER IX

1. (p. 283) *Didapper*: The name had multiple connotations like dapper, pertness, amphibiousness, sodomy, and ingratiation.
2. (p. 283) *Non mea . . . lacunar*: Cf. Horace, *Odes*, 2, 18, 1-2: “No ivory or gilded ceiling glitters in my house”.
3. (p. 284) *Tho’ he was born . . . large a share*: Battestin has suggested that the effeminate John, Lord Hervey, Baron Ickworth (1696-1743), provided the original for *Didapper*.
4. (p. 284) *And to finish his . . . in another*: An allusion to the dispute between Hervey and Pope. Pope attacked Hervey in *A Letter to a Noble Lord* (1733) and in *An Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* (1735).

5. (p. 285) *Propria quæ Maribus*: This is the opening of the lesson from *Lily's Grammar* quoted by Adams in Bk II, chp. xi.

CHAPTER XI

1. (p. 293) *many texts of scripture*: See, for example, Ephesians 5:22-3; 1 Peter 3.1; and Colossians 3.18.
2. (p. 294) *Æconomicks*: "Household management; the term retained its limited meaning and Latin spelling until the nineteenth century" (Goldberg).

CHAPTER XIV

1. (p. 302) *the naked condition of Adams*: Adams is undressed, but is wearing a nightshirt.
2. (p. 303) *Hylas*: The favorite of Hercules who was drowned by the nymphs when he went to fetch water.
3. (p. 303) *hagged out*: exhausted
4. (p. 304) *days of Saul*: Saul and the witch of Endor (1 Samuel 28: 7-25).

CHAPTER XV

1. (p. 306) *Ædipus*: King of Thebes, who unknowingly married his own mother.
2. (p. 307) *chopping*: "Lusty" (OED).
3. (p. 309) *Hic est quem . . . est & c*: "Here is the one you are seeking; he is found". Adams confuses verses from Matthew 28: 5-6, and Luke 15: 24.

CHAPTER XVI

1. (p. 314) *his appearance in High-Life*: A final dig at Richardson who had published a two volume sequel to *Pamela* on 7 December 1741. But Fielding could very well be attacking John Kelly's *Pamela's Conduct in High Life* (1741).

BACKGROUND ESSAYS

Spectator, No. 47

JOSEPH ADDISON

Tuesday, April, 24, 1711.

'Ride si sapis'

Mart.

Mr. *Hobbs*, in his Discourse of Human Nature,¹ which, in my humble Opinion, is much the best of all his Works, after some very curious Observations upon Laughter, concludes thus:

'The Passion of Laughter is nothing else but sudden Glory arising from some sudden Conception of some Eminency in ourselves by Comparison with the Infirmary of others, or with our own formerly: For Men laugh at the Follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to Remembrance, except they bring with them any present Dishonour.'

According to this Author, therefore, when we hear a Man laugh excessively, instead of saying he is very Merry, we ought to tell him he is very Proud. And, indeed, if we look into the bottom of this Matter, we shall meet with many Observations to confirm us in his Opinion. Every one laughs at some Body that is in an inferior State of Folly to himself. It was formerly the Custom for every great House in *England* to keep a tame Fool dressed in Petticoats, that the Heir of the Family might have an Opportunity of joking upon him, and diverting himself with his Absurdities. For the same Reason Idiots are still in Request in most of the Courts of *Germany*, where there is not a Prince of any

* Source: Addison, Joseph. *Spectator*, no. 47, 1711. <http://fullreads.com/essay/no-047-from-the-spectator/>. Accessed on 15 February 2022.

great Magnificence, who has not two or three dressed, distinguished, undisputed Fools in his Retinue, whom the rest of the Courtiers are always breaking their Jests upon.

The *Dutch*, who are more famous for their Industry and Application, than for Wit and Humour, hang up in several of their Streets what they call the Sign of the *Gaper*, that is, the Head of an Idiot dressed in a Cap and Bells, and gaping in a most immoderate manner: This is a standing Jest at *Amsterdam*.

Thus every one diverts himself with some Person or other that is below him in Point of Understanding, and triumphs in the Superiority of his Genius, whilst he has such Objects of Derision before his Eyes. Mr. *Dennis* has very well expressed this in a Couple of humorous Lines, which are part of a Translation of a Satire in Monsieur Boileau.²

*Thus one Fool lolls his Tongue out at another,
And shakes his empty Noddle at his Brother.*

Mr. *Hobbs's* Reflection gives us the Reason why the insignificant People above-mentioned are Stirrers up of Laughter among Men of a gross Taste: But as the more understanding Part of Mankind do not find their Risibility affected by such ordinary Objects, it may be worth the while to examine into the several Provocatives of Laughter in Men of superior Sense and Knowledge.

In the first Place I must observe, that there is a Set of merry Drolls, whom the common People of all Countries admire, and seem to love so well, *that they could eat them*, according to the old Proverb: I mean those circumforaneous Wits whom every Nation calls by the Name of that Dish of Meat which it loves best. In *Holland* they are termed *Pickled herrings*; in *France*, *Jean Pottages*; in *Italy*, *Maccaronies*; and in *Great Britain*, *Jack Puddings*. These merry Wags, from whatsoever Food they receive their Titles, that they may make their Audiences laugh, always appear in a Fool's Coat, and commit such Blunders and Mistakes in every Step they take, and every Word they utter, as those who listen to them would be ashamed of.

But this little Triumph of the Understanding, under the Disguise of Laughter, is no where more visible than in that Custom which prevails every where among us on the first Day of the present Month, when

every Body takes it in his Head to make as many Fools as he can. In proportion as there are more Follies discovered, so there is more Laughter raised on this Day than on any other in the whole Year. A Neighbour of mine, who is a haberdasher by Trade, and a very shallow conceited Fellow, makes his Boasts that for these ten Years successively he has not made less than an hundred *April* Fools. My Landlady had a falling out with him about a Fortnight ago, for sending every one of her Children upon some *Sleeveless Errand*, as she terms it. Her eldest Son went to buy an Half-penny worth of Inkle at a Shoe-maker's; the eldest Daughter was dispatch'd half a Mile to see a Monster; and, in short, the whole Family of innocent Children made *April* Fools. Nay, my Landlady herself did not escape him. This empty Fellow has laughed upon these Conceits ever since.

This Art of Wit is well enough, when confined to one Day in a Twelvemonth; but there is an ingenious Tribe of Men sprung up of late Years, who are for making *April* Fools every Day in the Year. These Gentlemen are commonly distinguished by the Name of *Biters*; a Race of Men that are perpetually employed in laughing at those Mistakes which are of their own Production.

Thus we see, in proportion as one Man is more refined than another, he chooses his Fool out of a lower or higher Class of Mankind: or, to speak in a more Philosophical Language, That secret Elation and Pride of Heart, which is generally called Laughter, arises in him from his comparing himself with an Object below him, whether it so happens that it be a Natural or an Artificial Fool. It is indeed very possible, that the Persons we laugh at may in the main of their Characters be much wiser Men than ourselves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they must fall short of us in those Respects which stir up this Passion.

I am afraid I shall appear too Abstracted in my Speculations, if I shew that when a Man of Wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying some Oddness or Infirmary in his own Character, or in the Representation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a Brute or even [at] an inanimate thing, it is at some Action or Incident that bears a remote Analogy to any Blunder or Absurdity in reasonable Creatures.

But to come into common Life I shall pass by the Consideration of those Stage Coxcombs that are able to shake a whole Audience, and

take notice of a particular sort of Men who are such Provokers of Mirth in Conversation, that it is impossible for a Club or Merry-meeting to subsist without them; I mean, those honest Gentlemen that are always exposed to the Wit and Raillery of their Well-wishers and Companions; that are pelted by Men, Women, and Children, Friends and Foes, and, in a word, stand as *Butts* in Conversation, for every one to shoot at that pleases. I know several of these *Butts*, who are Men of Wit and Sense, though by some odd Turn of Humour, some unlucky Cast in their Person or Behaviour, they have always the Misfortune to make the Company merry. The Truth of it is, a Man is not qualified for a *Butt*, who has not a good deal of Wit and Vivacity, even in the ridiculous side of his Character. A stupid *Butt* is only fit for the Conversation of ordinary People: Men of Wit require one that will give them Play, and bestir himself in the absurd Part of his Behaviour. A *Butt* with these Accomplishments frequently gets the Laugh of his side, and turns the Ridicule upon him that attacks him. Sir *John Falstaff* was an Hero of this Species, and gives a good Description of himself in his Capacity of a *Butt*, after the following manner; *Men of all Sorts* (says that merry Knight) *take a pride to gird at me. The Brain of Man is not able to invent any thing that tends to Laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only only Witty in my self, but the Cause that Wit is in other Men.*³

NOTES

1. Chap. ix. Sec. 13. Thomas Hobbes's 'Human Nature' was published in 1650. He died in 1679, aged 91.
2. Boileau's 4th Satire. John Dennis was at this time a leading critic of the French school, to whom Pope afterwards attached lasting ridicule. He died in 1734, aged 77.
3. 'Henry IV Part II.' Act I. Sec. 2.

An Inquiry Concerning Virtue or Merit

ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

PART 3: THE CAUSES OF VICE

SECTION 1: LACK OF MORAL SENSE

As I have said, the nature of virtue consists in a certain just disposition, or appropriate affection, of a rational creature towards the moral objects of right and wrong. In a rational creature, what can possibly exclude a principle of virtue or make it ineffectual? For this to happen, something must

1. take away the natural and just sense of right and wrong, or
2. bring error into the creature's sense of right and wrong, or
3. causes the unerroneous sense of right and wrong to be opposed by contrary affections.

(And for something to assist or advance the principle of virtue, it must

1. in some way nourish and promote a sense of right and wrong, or
2. keep that sense genuine and uncorrupt, or
3. cause it to be obeyed by subduing contrary affections.)

Our next concern is to consider how any of the opinions about a deity... might lead to any of these three effects — loss of moral sense, perversion of moral sense, victory of opposing affections. Let us start with the first of them.

You'll surely understand that I'm not talking about the loss of the

* Source: Cooper, Anthony Ashley. "An Inquiry Concerning Virtue or Merit." *Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, Times*, pp. 12-20. Accessed from The Early Modern Texts Iframe on Plato, <https://www.earlymoderntexts.com/assets/pdfs/shaftesbury1711book1.pdf>.

notion of what is good or bad for the species or for society. No rational creature can possibly be unaware of the reality of such a good and bad. Everyone sees and acknowledges a public interest, and is conscious of what affects his community. So when we say of a creature ‘He has wholly lost the sense of right and wrong’ we mean that although he can discern the good and bad of his species he has no concern for either, no sense of excellence or baseness in any moral action involving one or the other. Apart from what involves his own narrowly conceived self-interest, we are saying that in this creature there is no liking or dislike of ways of behaving, no admiration or love of anything as morally good or hatred of anything — however unnatural or ugly — as morally bad.

Every rational creature knows that when he voluntarily offends or harms anyone, he is bound to create an apprehension and fear of similar harm, and consequently resentment and hostility in every creature who observes him. So the offender *must* be aware that he is liable to such treatment from everyone, as though he had to some degree offended everyone.

So offence and injury are always known to be punishable by everyone; and good behaviour — known as *merit* — is universally known to be rewardable by everyone. Even the wickedest creature alive must have a sense of this. So if there’s any further meaning in this ‘sense of right and wrong’ — if there really is any sense of this kind that an absolutely wicked creature doesn’t have — it must consist in a real antipathy or aversion to injustice or wrong, and in a real affection or love towards justice and right, for its own sake and just because of its own natural beauty and worth.

It’s impossible to conceive of a sentient creature who is basically so badly constituted, so unnatural, that from the moment he comes into interaction with sensible objects he doesn’t have a single good passion towards his kind, doesn’t have any foundation of pity, love, kindness, or social affection. It’s equally impossible to conceive that a rational creature coming into his first interaction with rational objects, receiving into his mind the images or representations of justice, generosity, gratitude, or other virtues, might have no liking for these or dislike of their contraries — being absolutely indifferent towards anything of this sort that is presented to him. A soul might as well be without sense as without admiration for things of which it has any knowledge.

Coming therefore to an ability to see and admire in this new way, it *must* find beauty and ugliness actions, minds and temperaments as well as in shapes, sounds, or colours. If there's no real amiableness or ugliness in moral acts there is at least an imaginary one of full force. Even if the thing itself didn't exist in nature, the imagination or fancy of it is entirely natural; and it would take skill and strong endeavour, together with long practice and meditation, to overcome the mind's natural disposition to distinguish right from wrong.

Because a sense of right and wrong is as natural to us as natural affection itself, and is a first principle in our make-up, there is no theory, opinion, persuasion or belief that can immediately or directly exclude or destroy it. If something is basic and purely natural, it can't be displaced by anything except contrary habit and custom (which create a second nature). And *this* affection is a basic one — one of the first to arise in the 'affectionate' part of the soul — so that nothing except frequent blocking and control by contrary affections can destroy it altogether or even diminish it.

If we have an oddity of facial expression or gesture that is either natural to us and a result of our bodily constitution, or accidental and acquired through habit, we know that we can't get rid of it by our immediate disapproval of it or by strenuously trying to avoid it. Such a change can only be brought about by extraordinary means, the intervention of art and method, strict attention, and repeated self-correction. And even with all this, we find that nature is hardly mastered, but lies sullen and ready to revolt at the first opportunity. This is even more so in the case of the mind in respect of the natural affection and anticipating fancy [Shaftesbury's phrase] that makes the sense of right and wrong. It's impossible for this to be effaced, deleted from the natural temperament, instantly or without much force and violence, even by means of the most extravagant belief or opinion in the world.

Thus, neither theism nor atheism, nor daemonism, nor any religious or irreligious belief of any kind can operate immediately or directly in this case. For any such belief to affect someone's moral sense, it would have to do so indirectly, by stirring up opposing or favouring affections casually excited by any such belief...

SECTION 2: DEFECTIVE MORAL SENSE

As for the second case, namely an erroneous sense of what is right and wrong: this can only come from the force of custom and education in opposition to nature. We can see this happen in countries where custom or political institution bring it about that certain actions that are naturally foul and odious are repeatedly applauded and regarded as honourable.

In some parts of the world a man may force himself to eat the flesh of his enemies, conduct that goes against his stomach and against his nature, thinking it a right and honourable service to his community because it can advance the name and spread the terror of his nation.

But now let us come to our topic — the question of whether and how opinions relating to a deity can affect the content of someone's sense of right and wrong. It doesn't seem that atheism can directly contribute to someone's having false views about right and wrong. Customs and activities favoured by atheism could lead a man to lose much of his natural moral sense; but it doesn't seem that atheism could by itself cause anyone to judge to be fair, noble, and deserving something that was the contrary. For example, atheism could never make anyone think that eating man's flesh or committing bestiality is good and excellent in itself. But corrupt religion, i.e. superstition, *can* cause many horribly unnatural and inhuman things to be accepted as excellent, good, and praiseworthy in themselves.

Whenever something that is in its nature odious and abominable is advanced by religion as the will or pleasure of a supreme deity, if that doesn't make it look any less bad or odious to the believer, then the deity must bear the blame and be regarded as a naturally bad and odious being, however much courted and solicited through mistrust and fear. But that's just what religion, in the main, forbids us to imagine! It always prescribes esteem and honour in company with worship and awe. So whenever it teaches the love and admiration of a deity who has any apparent bad qualities, it teaches at the same time a love and admiration for that badness, and causes to be regarded as good and amiable something that is in itself horrible and detestable.

For instance, if Jupiter is regarded with awe and reverence, and if

his history reports him as amorously inclined and permitting his desires of this kind to wander in the loosest manner, his worshippers, believing this history to be literally and strictly true, will be taught a greater love of amorous and wanton acts. If there's a religion that teaches awe and love towards a god whose character is like this:

- he is quarrelsome, resentful, given to anger, furious, revengeful;
- when he is offended he gets revenge on people other than those who gave the offence;
- he has a fraudulent disposition, and encourages deceit and treachery amongst men;
- he favours a few, though for slight causes, and is cruel to everyone else;

it's obvious that when such a religion is strongly enforced it is bound to create even approval and respect for vices of this kind, and to breed in its followers a suitable disposition — a capricious, biased, vengeful, and deceitful temperament....

If in the worship of such a deity there is nothing but going through the motions, nothing except what comes from mere example, custom, constraint, or fear; if basically the worshippers *hearts* are not in this, and no real esteem or love is involved, then a worshipper may not be much misled in his notions of right and wrong. If in obeying the commands of his supposed god, or in doing what he judges necessary to satisfy his deity, he is compelled only by fear, and makes himself perform an act that he secretly detests as barbarous and unnatural, then he still has a sense of right and wrong, and is aware of evil in the character of his god — however cautious he may be about saying this aloud or even thinking it as an explicit theological opinion. But if this happens:

as he proceeds in his religious faith and devout worship, he very gradually comes to be more and more reconciled to the malignity, arbitrariness, bias and vengefulness of the deity he believes in,

his reconciliation with these qualities themselves will soon grow proportionately; and by the power of this example the most cruel, unjust, and barbarous acts will often be considered by him not only as just and lawful but as divine and worthy of imitation.

For anyone who thinks there is a god, and explicitly claims to believe that he is just and good, must think that there is independently such a thing as justice and injustice, truth and falsehood, right and wrong, according to which he declares that God is just, righteous, and true. Some will try to avoid this result by claiming that the mere will, decree, or law of God constitutes right and wrong, so that God's righteousness etc. don't involve any independent moral standard. But if that were right, then the words 'right' and 'wrong' would be meaningless.... If one person were sentenced to suffer for someone else's fault, that sentence would be just and fair. If arbitrarily and without reason some beings were destined to endure perpetual evil and others as constantly to enjoy good, this would also count as just and fair. But to call something 'just' on a basis like that is to say nothing, to speak without a meaning.

And so we see that where a real devotion and heart-felt worship is paid to a supreme being who is represented as something other than really and truly just and good, this is sure to lead to a loss of rectitude in the believer, a disturbance of his thought and a corruption of his temperament and conduct. His honesty will inevitably be supplanted by his zeal while he is in this way unnaturally influenced and made immorally devout.

One thing needs to be added. Just as a god's bad character harms men's affections and spoils their natural sense of right and wrong, so also a god's good character —

a god who is always and in all accounts of him represented as being a true model and example of the most exact justice, and the highest goodness and worth

— will contribute greatly (nothing could contribute more) to the fixing of a sound judgment or sense of right and wrong in the minds of those who worship him. Such a view of divine providence and generosity, extended to everyone and expressed in a constant good affection towards the whole, *must* draw us into acting within our own sphere with a similar principle and affection. And once we have focused on the good of our species or public as our end or aim, there's no way we can be led astray by any false apprehension or sense of right or wrong.

That completes the second case. We have found that religion is capable of doing great good, or great harm, depending on what kind

of religion it is; and that atheism does nothing positive in either way. It may indirectly lead to men's losing a good and sufficient sense of right and wrong; but atheism as such can't lead to anyone's setting up a false kind of 'right and wrong.' Only false religion, or fantastical opinion produced by superstition and credulity, can do that.

SECTION 3: OPPOSITION FROM OTHER AFFECTIONS

Now we come to the third and last possible cause of vice, namely the opposition that other affections bring against the natural sense of right and wrong.

It's obvious that a creature having any degree of this kind of moral sense, or good affection, must act according to it whenever it happens not to be opposed either by some settled calm affection towards a conceived private good, or by some sudden, strong and forcible passion — e.g. of lust or anger — which may not only subdue the sense of right and wrong but even the sense of private good, overruling the most familiar and accepted opinions about what conduces to self-interest.

But I am not concerned here with examining the many ways in which this corruption of the moral sense is introduced or increased. My topic the question of how opinions concerning a deity can make a difference to this in one way or another.

It will hardly be questioned that a creature capable of using reflection could have a liking or dislike for moral actions, and thus a sense of right and wrong, before having any settled notion of a god. We don't expect it to happen — indeed it couldn't happen — that a human child slowly and gradually rising to various levels of reason and reflection will from the outset be taken up with speculations, or more refined sort of reflections, on the topic of God's existence.

Let us suppose a creature who lacks reason and can't reflect, but who has many good qualities and affections, such as love for his kind, courage, gratitude, pity. If you give this creature a capacity to reflect, he will at the same instant *approve of* gratitude, kindness, and pity, be pleased with any show or representation of the social passion — the passion for doing good to the public — and think that nothing is more amiable than this or more odious than its contrary. This will be his becoming capable of virtue, and having a sense of right and wrong.

Thus, before a creature can have any positive view, one way or the other, on the subject of a god, he can be supposed to have a sense of right and wrong, and to be possessed of virtue and vice in different degrees. We know this from our experience of people whose place and way of life led to their never having any serious thoughts of religion, yet who greatly differ from one another in their characters of honesty and worth: some being naturally modest, kind, friendly, and consequently lovers of kind and friendly actions; others proud, harsh, cruel, and consequently inclined to admire rather the acts of violence and mere power.

As for the belief in a deity, and how men are influenced by it: we should first think about why men give their obedience to such a supreme being. It must be either

- (A) because of his power, and the associated thought of him as a possible source of disadvantage or benefit, or
- (B) because of his excellence and worth, and the associated thought of him as the best thing on which to try to model oneself.

(A) If there's a belief or conception of a deity who is considered only as having power over his creatures and enforcing obedience to his absolute will by particular rewards and punishments; and if it's only on this account — the hope for reward, or fear of punishment — that the creature is incited to do the good that he hates or restrained from doing the evil to which he is not otherwise in the least averse; then, I repeat, there is in him no virtue or goodness whatsoever. The creature, despite his good conduct, is intrinsically no better, morally, than if he had acted in his natural way when under no dread or terror of any sort. There's no more rectitude, piety or sanctity in that creature than there is meekness or gentleness in a tiger that is strongly chained, or innocence and sobriety in a monkey disciplined by a whip.... The moral quality of the deity or the man with the whip doesn't affect this. Indeed, the more perfect the deity is, the *worse* it is for the creature to obey him solely in hope of reward or fear of punishment.

(B) If there's a belief or conception of a deity who is considered not merely as powerful and knowing but also as worthy and good, and admired and revered as such;.... and if this sovereign and mighty

being is represented or historically described as having a high and eminent regard for what is good and excellent, a concern for the good of all, and an affection of benevolence and love towards the whole; such an example must undoubtedly raise and increase the affection towards virtue, and help to submit and subdue all other affections to that alone; which is to say that it does affect the moral quality of the believers.

And this good effect doesn't come merely from the example set by the deity. Someone who entirely and perfectly believes in this deity must have a steady opinion of the superintendency of a supreme being, a witness and spectator of human life who is conscious of everything that is felt or done in the universe. This believer, even in his deepest solitude, must always have a sense of someone remaining with him — someone whose presence must be more important than that of the most august assembly on earth. In such a presence, obviously, the shame of guilty actions must be the greatest of any and so must the honour be of well-doing, even when people wrongly condemn it. This shows how a perfect theism must be conducive to virtue, and how powerless atheism is in this respect.

If in addition to that belief there is *also* a fear of future punishment and hope for future reward, what can this hope and fear contribute towards virtue? Well, what I have already said shows that neither this fear nor this hope can possibly count as *good* affections of the sort that are agreed to be the springs and sources of all truly good actions. Furthermore, as I have already indicated, if this fear or hope is either essential to or a considerable motive to some act that ought to have been caused solely by some better affection, then the fear or hope doesn't really consist with virtue or goodness. [*He means something like 'isn't really consistent with virtue or goodness', but not exactly that. His point is that in any particular episode where virtue and hope-or-fear are both at work, the hope-or-fear doesn't give a shove in the same direction as the virtue, fitting in with it and helping it along. The following paragraph moves from the individual episode to the general way of life.*]

It may go further than that. In *this* this sort of 'religious' discipline, the principle of self-love, which is naturally so strong in us, is actually made stronger every day through the exercise of the passions in a person whose self-interest has an ever wider range. There's reason to

fear that this aspect of his temperament will extend itself through all the parts of his life. For if the habit —

meaning: the habit of approaching questions of the form ‘Should I do this?’ in terms of hopes for reward and/or fear of punishment.

— has the effect of making the person maintain a steady concern for his own good, his own interests, it must gradually diminish his affections towards public good, i.e. the interests of society, and introduce a certain narrowness of spirit. Some people contend that such narrowness of spirit is conspicuous in devout believers and zealots of almost every religious persuasion.

And there’s no getting away from this: if true piety involves loving God for his own sake, the undue concern about private good expected from him *must* diminish piety. Why? Because when God is loved only as the cause of the believer’s private good, he is being loved in just the same way that any other instrument or means of pleasure can be loved by any vicious creature. And the more there is of this violent affection towards one’s own private good, the less room there is for the other sort of affection, namely affection towards goodness itself, or towards any good and deserving object that is worthy of love and admiration for its own sake — which is what God is acknowledged to be by everyone or at least by all civilized or refined worshippers.

It’s in this respect that a strong desire for and love of life may also be an obstacle to piety as well as to virtue and public love. For the stronger this affection is in a person, the less capable he will be of true resignation, i.e. submission to the rule and order of the deity. And if what the believer calls ‘resignation’ depends solely on his expectations regarding infinite retribution or infinite reward, he isn’t showing any more worth or virtue here than in any other bargain of interest [‘than in any other profitable deal that he makes’]. All there is to his ‘resignation’ is this: he resigns his present life and pleasures on condition that this brings him something that he admits is vastly more valuable, namely eternal life in a state of highest pleasure and enjoyment.

Despite this way in which the increase of the selfish passion can harm the principle of virtue, the fear of future punishment and hope for future reward, however mercenary or servile it may be, is in many

circumstances a great advantage, security, and support to virtue.

To see how, remember my point that even with someone who has implanted in his heart a real sense of right and wrong, a real good affection towards the species or society, this good affection may often be controlled and overcome by the violence of rage, lust, or any other counterworking passion. If nothing in his mind can make such bad passions the objects of its aversion, causing it to oppose them earnestly, it's clear how much a good temperament must eventually suffer from them, and how a character must gradually change for the worse. But if religion steps in with a belief that a deity is opposed to such bad passions...., this belief is bound to be a useful remedy against vice, and to be in a particular way helpful to virtue. That is because a belief of this kind will calm the mind down considerably, getting the person to pull himself together and more strictly conform to the good and virtuous principle that draws him wholly onto its side as long as he attends to it.

And this belief in future rewards and punishments, as well as helping a believer not to stray, can also provide help to those who have already strayed. When bad opinion and wrong thought have turned someone's mind against the honest course, and brought it down to the level of valuing and deliberately preferring a vicious one, the belief in question may be the only relief and safety.

Consider someone who has much goodness and natural rectitude in his temperament, but also a softness or effeminacy that unfits him to bear poverty, crosses or adversity. If he has the bad luck to meet with many trials of this kind, that must certainly bring a sourness and distaste into his temperament, and make him exceedingly hostile to what he may wrongly think has led to such calamity. Now, if his own thoughts or the corrupt insinuations of others lead him often to think

(a) 'My honesty is what led to this calamity; if I could get rid of this restraint of virtue and honesty, I might be much happier',

it's obvious that his respect for honesty and virtue must diminish by the day, as his temperament becomes uneasy and quarrels with itself. But if he opposes to the thought

(b) 'Honesty carries with it an advantage — if not a present then

at least a future one — that will compensate me for this loss of private good’;

then this may prevent from harming his good temperament and honest principle, so that his love or affection towards honesty and virtue remains as it was before.

And here’s another way in which the reward-or-punishment thought can serve the cause of virtue. Consider a person or society that is outright hostile to what is good and virtuous (e.g. because leniency and forgiveness are despised, and revenge is highly thought of and beloved). If this further thought enters the picture: ‘Leniency is rewarded in such a way as to bring greater self-good and enjoyment than can be found in revenge’, that very affection of leniency and mildness may come to be industriously nourished, and the contrary passion suppressed. In this way temperance, modesty, candour, benignity, and other good affections, however despised they were at first, may eventually come to be valued for their own sakes, the contrary affections rejected, and the good and proper object be loved and pursued without any thought of reward or punishment.

So we see that in a civil state a virtuous administration and a fair distribution of rewards and punishments is of the highest service. Not only by restraining the vicious and forcing them to act in ways that are useful to society, but also by causing virtue to be visibly in everyone’s interests. This removes all prejudices against virtue, creates a fair reception for it, and leads men into a virtuous path that they can’t ever easily quit. Think of a people who are raised from barbarity or despotic rule, civilised by laws, and made virtuous by a long course of lawful and just government; if they happen to fall suddenly under any misgovernment of unjust and arbitrary power, this will stir them into an even stronger virtue in opposition to this violence and corruption. And even if through long and continued arts of a prevailing tyranny such a people are at last totally oppressed, the scattered seeds of virtue will for a long time remain alive, even to a second generation, before the utmost force of misapplied rewards and punishments can bring them down to the abject and compliant state of slaves who have become accustomed to their condition.

But although a proper distribution of justice in a government is such an essential cause of virtue, what chiefly influences mankind and forms the character and disposition of a people is *example*. A virtuous administration has to be accompanied by virtue in the legal system. Otherwise it couldn't have much effect, and couldn't last long. But where it [i.e. such an administration] is sincere and well established, virtue and the laws must be respected and be loved. The effectiveness of punishments and rewards, then, comes not so much from the fear or expectation that they raise as from a natural esteem for virtue, and detestation of villainy, which are both awakened and energised by these public expressions of mankind's approval (or hatred) of the conduct that is being rewarded (or punished). In public executions of the greatest villains, we see generally that the infamy and odiousness of their crime and the shame of it before mankind contribute more to their misery than all the rest of the situation; and that what creates so much horror in the sufferers and the spectators is not the immediate pain, or death itself, but the ignominy of suffering a death that is inflicted for public crimes and violations of justice and humanity.

Reward and punishment have the same role in private families as they do in public states. Slaves and paid servants who are restrained and made orderly by punishment and the severity of their master are not made good or honest by this. But the same master of the family teaches his children goodness by the use of proper rewards and gentle punishments; and this helps to instruct them in a virtue that in later years they practise on other grounds, with no thought of a penalty or bribe. And this way of handling the young is what we call a liberal education and a liberal service; the contrary service and obedience, whether towards God or man, is illiberal, and unworthy of any honour or commendation.

Religion, however, is a special case. If by 'the hope of reward' we mean 'the love of and desire for virtuous enjoyment, or for the exercise of virtue in another life' this expectation or hope is so far from being harmful to virtue that it is evidence of our loving it the more sincerely and for its own sake. And this principle can't fairly be called 'selfish'; for if the love of virtue is not mere self-interest, the love and desire for life for virtue's sake can't be regarded as self-interested either. But if the

desire for life comes purely from the violence of the natural aversion to death — if it comes from the love of something other than virtuous affection, or from an unwillingness to part with some such thing — then it is no longer a sign or sample of real virtue.

Thus, a person who loves life for life's sake and doesn't love virtue at all may, by the promise or hope of life and the fear of death or some other evil, be induced to practise virtue and even to try to be truly virtuous through a love of what he practises. But this attempt isn't virtuous: the man may intend to be virtuous, but he hasn't succeeded because this intention is motivated by love of the reward for virtue. But as soon as he comes to have any affection towards what is morally good, and can like such good for its own sake, as good and amiable in itself, *then* he is in some degree good and virtuous — but not until then.

Affective Individualism in the Family

LAWRENCE STONE

ATTACKS ON PATRIARCHY

The most direct and explicit link between political theory and family life occurs in John Locke's *Two Treatises on Government*, published in 1689, but written a decade earlier. The first Treatise attacked Robert Filmer's *Patriarcha*, which had based the authority of the king in the state on the analogy of the authority of the father in the family, and in the process it redefined the latter as well as the former. Marriage was stated to be a mere contractual relationship giving 'common interest and property', but not, for example, the power of life and death over a wife. It was argued that the power of the father over his children is merely a utilitarian by-product of his duty to nourish them until they can look after themselves. It is thus only a limited and temporary authority, which automatically ends when the child grows up. In any case, paternal authority is irrelevant to the authority of a king, to which adults voluntarily submit on condition that he acts for their own good. The practical need to remodel the political theory of state power in the late seventeenth century thus brought with it a severe modification of theories about patriarchal power within the family and the rights of the individual.

In 1691 Guy Miedge tried to save the situation by the bizarre argument that 'The law of Nature has put no difference (or subordination) amongst men, except it be that of children to their parents or of wives to their husbands. So that with relation to the law of Nature, all men are born free.'

* Source: Stone, Lawrence. "Affective Individualism in the Family." *The Family, Sex and Marriage in England 1500-1800*. New York: Harper and Row, pp. 239-246, 256-257.

This neat trick by which the law of nature as the basis for a contractual system of government was reconciled with the continued subordination of women and children naturally did not go unchallenged. The issue had already been debated on the stage in 1697, when in Vanbrugh's play *The Provoked Wife* Lady Brute applies Locke's breakable contract theory of the state to her own situation: 'The argument's good between the King and the people, why not between the husband and the wife?' In 1701 Mary Chudleigh also criticized men because

Passive Obedience you've transferred to us

.....

That antiquated doctrine you disown,

'Tis now your scorn, and fit for us alone.

In 1706 Mary Astell asked 'If absolute sovereignty be not necessary in a state, how comes it to be so in a family ? Or if in a family, why not in a state ?... Is it not then partial in men to the last degree to contend for and practise that arbitrary dominion in their families which they abhor and exclaim against in the state ?... If all men are born free, how is it that all women are born slaves ?'

The incompatibility of domestic patriarchy with the political theory of contractual obligation became so glaring that the moral theologians were forced to modify their position. In 1705 Bishop Fleetwood set out the new doctrine, which in effect undermined the traditional absolute authority of the father and husband. 'There is no relation in the world, either natural or civil and agreed upon, but there is a reciprocal duty obliging each party... I only mention this to make it very evident that the obligation of children to love, honour, respect and obey their parents is founded originally upon the parents' love and care of them.' Marriage was now similarly a contract, with mutual rights and obligations, whose nature could be debated endlessly. It was still the duty of wives to be 'submissive, subject and obedient to their husbands', but it was also the duty of husbands to 'love their wives', a duty which carried obligations of affection, fidelity and care.

In 1724 Bernard de Mandeville added his satirical pen to the continuing debate. By making fun of a father who was still 'preaching nothing but Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance to his daughter',

he helped to undermine parental authority over the marriage of their children. He put into the mouth of the opponent of this view the Lockean idea that 'when we come to be of age, we are no more tied to so strict an obedience to their commands.' He also took the side of wives against husbands, describing an offer of marriage as 'that the person to whom he pays his devotion would be so kind as to oblige herself solemnly, before witnesses, on the penalty of being damned, to be his slave as long as she lives, unless he should happen to die before her.'

Domestic patriarchy was also coming under attack from religious dissenters. After the Restoration, the radical dissenting sects were well aware of the importance of patriarchal power in the household as an obstacle to their proselytizing mission. In 1666 John Bunyan denounced 'mad-brained blasphemous husbands that are against the godly and chaste conversation of their wives; also you that hold your servants so hard to it that you will not spare them time to hear the Word.' He was driven by his frustrations to demand a relaxation of household patriarchy as a means of exposing women, children and servants to his preaching. Others felt the same way, and the publisher and bookseller John Dunton in about 1705 flatly declared that rigidly patriarchal heads of households 'are no better than domestic tyrants, and the perfect enemies to peace within doors.'

Another philosophical trend, towards the pursuit of individual happiness as an ideal, also had profound repercussions on ideas about power relationships within the family. Under this new scale of values, marriage ceased to be mainly an artificial but necessary constraint placed upon man's otherwise unbridled lust, and became instead a prime source of personal pleasure, both emotional and sexual. Those who wished to reduce the amount of adultery were concerned to make marriage a companionate bond freely entered into, so that sexual passion could be more comfortably confined to the marriage bed. This new pragmatism planned to make the individual's selfish desire for happiness contribute to the common good. As such, it was a potent force eroding the legitimacy of patriarchal control of marriage arrangements among the propertied classes.

It is symptomatic of how far this new attitude had penetrated the thinking of the landed classes that when the clause in Lord Hardwicke's

Marriage Bill, making parental consent obligatory for all under twenty-one, was being debated in Parliament in 1753, there was opposition to it on ethical as well as self-interested grounds. It was said that the clause involved 'controlling all the emotions of love and genuine affection in youth by the frigid maxims of avarice and ambition imbibed by age.' The result would be to enforce 'a splendid and wretched state of legal prostitution in which the happiness of the party was sacrificed to the pride of family.' Twenty years later a female writer to *The Lady's Magazine* was alleging that 'no law was ever made since the Revolution that has occasioned so many broken hearts, unhappy lives, and accumulated distresses as this has.' Behind the windy rhetoric there clearly lies a passion for individual welfare as opposed to family interest, which would never have found wide acceptance at an earlier period. The contrast with Lord Halifax's cynical and pessimistic *Advice to a Daughter* of 1688 could hardly be greater. The opinions of Romeo and Juliet were now emerging from the mouths of their parents.

The practical consequences of this slow shift of opinion soon showed up in many areas. The mounting criticism of the sale by auction of the wardship and marriage of fatherless heirs and heiresses by the Crown in the seventeenth century, culminating in the abolition of the court at the Restoration, is one piece of evidence of the spread of a sense that each individual has certain innate rights which should not be bartered away by anyone else. This sentiment was directly applied to marriage by the political philosopher James Harrington in the 1650s: 'Whereas it is a mischief beyond any that we can do to our enemies, we persist to make nothing of breaking the affection of our children!' This observation was the product of a new attitude towards the proper responsibility of parents and children in matrimonial decision-making. Practices which had been acceptable to most children in 1560 or 1600 were now being challenged by theologians and philosophers as well as by the children themselves.

Another way this criticism of patriarchy made itself felt was in the establishment of new property arrangements among wealthy landowners. It will be remembered that between about 1500 to 1660, the current owner was relatively free to dispose of his estates as he wished, which gave him a formidable weapon to help impose his will upon his children.

The threat of partial or even complete disinheritance as a penalty for disobedience was a very real one. During the early seventeenth century, progressive attempts were made by current owners to tighten up the legal arrangements again so as to preserve the family patrimony, and to reduce the freedom of their successors to alienate it. These efforts culminated in the development in the middle of the century of a legal device called the 'strict settlement'. Under its provisions, the powers of the current owner were once again reduced to those of a life trustee, since he had willed away his rights to his unborn children in a settlement drawn up before his marriage.

This resulted in a third set of family property arrangements, by which the owner was again no more than a life tenant, but careful provisions were now made for the settlement of annuities or marriage portions on all children before they were born. The owner could thus neither alienate the property nor deprive any of his children of their arranged inheritances. He could reward favourites by giving them more, but he could not punish those who displeased him by giving them less. The rights of each member of the family were thus clearly defined and carefully preserved against encroachment by any other member. The difference that the strict settlement made was not in changing the distribution of property among the children so much as in reducing the arbitrary control of the father over that distribution and therefore his power to enforce his own will upon them over such critical issues as marriage. That this was the issue at stake was clearly seen at the time, and in 1715 Defoe described 'the mischievous consequence of leaving estates to children entirely independent of their parents' as 'a fatal obstruction to parental authority.' This was an exaggeration, but not an unreasonable distortion of the new reality of a decline in patriarchy within the family. More enlightened parents, however, came to regard it as morally wrong to manipulate their children by the exercise of economic blackmail. Thus in 1775 Mrs Hester Thrale, who was by temperament a dictatorial and authoritarian parent, was given power by her husband to settle her own inherited estate on her children in any manner she wished. Her lawyer pointed out to her that 'I had a right to leave it to whichever of my children I pleased, or to keep such a right in reserve for the greater encouragement of them to duty

and attention. But I scorned to create such paltry dependencies and resolved to entail it according to birth alone, that there might be no temptation in me to practise, or in them to suspect, so mean partiality.'

The concept of individualism, the respect for the rights of others, that lay behind Mrs Thrale's self-satisfied comment, is clearly of decisive importance in guiding this change. A second possibility is that the change was in part a product of a revival of confidence among large landowners in the long-term economic and political prospects of their families. Having weathered the economic crisis of the late sixteenth century and the political crisis of the early seventeenth century, the survivors dug in, seized power over patronage and consolidated their gains. The experience of the Civil War confiscations convinced many of the need for legally water-tight vesting of title in trustees rather than in the name of the current owner. In any case there was a rising interest in the long-term continuity of the family heritage. By now the newly enriched gentry of the sixteenth century were well established, several generations of younger sons had built up a reserve bank of male heirs if direct succession failed, and their estates were beginning to acquire the lustre of ancient possession. The current owners were therefore increasingly anxious to ensure family perpetuity, particularly since the first sufferers from any new limitations on property transfers would be not themselves but their heirs. They could, therefore, be virtuous at the next generation's expense.

Another feature of late seventeenth- and eighteenth-century marriage settlements was that far greater care was taken to protect the property rights of the wife. Not only was an allowance of pocket-money — 'pin money' — specified in the marriage contract, but increasingly she was managing to keep more of her own property under her personal control. Partly, this was due to a series of judicial decisions in the law courts, which went a long way towards protecting married women's property. Partly, also, it was because an increasing number of women, especially widows, were taking the precaution of vesting their property in separate trustees before marriage, so that their husbands could not touch it. Men who found their powers hampered in this way often took it very badly. When Sir John Guise made his second marriage in 1710, it was under the novel system of the separation of estate and goods. He found it

most unsatisfactory, causing him eight years of hell, and he advised his posterity 'Let all men and women, I say, avoid these things.'

At first sight this reaffirmation of the principle of primogeniture to preserve in perpetuity the family estates appears to run contrary to the spirit of individualism, which might seem to argue for partible inheritance. In fact, however, the careful provisions for younger sons, daughters and widows secured the rights of all parties, and thus undermined the principle of patriarchal power. By this means, primogeniture was successfully harmonized with individualism, although admittedly it preserved a highly inequalitarian distribution of family resources.

Less tangible indication of the same underlying trend of thought can be seen in attitudes towards family prayers, towards death, and towards personal and bodily privacy.

DECLINE OF FAMILY PRAYERS

The general decline in religious enthusiasm in the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries carried away with it the role of the husband and father as the religious head of the household, symbolized by the regular assembly of all members, often twice a day, to hear him lead the family in prayer and obtain his blessing. The corrosive influence of the individual religious conscience bred of sectarian radical ideas in destroying this traditional hierarchical custom is well brought out in the autobiography of the later Ranter, Laurence Clarkson. His religious career began in his teens in the 1630s by defiance of the views of his cautiously conformist Arminian father. He found himself unable to accept the Book of Common Prayer and, therefore, was driven to reject his father. 'The next thing I scrupled was asking my parents' blessing; that oftentimes in the winter mornings, after I have been out of my bed, I have stood freezing above, and durst not come down till my father was gone abroad. And the reason, I was satisfied the blessing or prayers of a wicked man God would not hear, and so should offend God to ask him blessing. For either of these two ways I must down on my knees and say "Father, pray to God to bless me", or "Give me your blessing, for God's sake", either of which I durst not use with my lips.'

This appeal to the individual conscience generated by religious radicalism was one factor in the undermining of family prayers, but

far more important was the general decline of religious enthusiasm and religious practice in the reaction against the rule of the Puritans after the Restoration. In the 1660s, Samuel Pepys, who seems to have been fairly average in his respect for religious observance, only held a family service once a week, on Sunday evenings, when the maid read a passage from the Bible and Pepys led the family prayers. In 1692 John Dunton in the *Athenian Mercury* urged his numerous bourgeois readers to keep up the old practice of family prayers in the home, one reason being that it 'conciliates respect and reverence to the head of it' — a frank confession of its function in reinforcing patriarchy. It was the current decline in family prayers, Dunton thought, which was responsible for the rise of 'atheism, profaneness and all kinds of villainy'. An anonymous pamphleteer of about 1700 and Defoe in 1715 reiterated the complaint that family worship and religious instruction were dying. Three-quarters of a century later it was dead: in 1778 James Boswell lamented 'that there was no appearance of family religion today, not even reading of chapters. How different from what was the usage in my grandfather's day, or my mother's time.'

It is no coincidence that this formal ritual of regular, daily, collective family prayers developed in the sixteenth century, along with patriarchalism ; declined in the eighteenth century as a more egalitarian, individualistic and companionate family type developed; revived again in the nineteenth century along with the Victorian patriarchal family ;³⁹ and died out once again in the twentieth century with the revival of the more egalitarian and permissive family type. The rise and fall of family prayers coincided not only with the rise and fall of religious enthusiasm, but also with the rise and fall of patriarchy in the family....

BODILY PRIVACY

One aspect of this trend to individualism and privacy was an outgrowth of the Renaissance Humanist stress on 'civility', defined as a set of external behaviour traits which distinguished the civilized from the uncivilized. Spreading outwards and downwards from the princely courts of Europe, this aspect of Renaissance thought was particularly stressed by Erasmus. One of the features of this new 'civility' was the physical withdrawal of the individual body and its waste products from contact

with others. It is no coincidence that the fork, the handkerchief and the nightdress arrived more or less together and spread slowly together in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. A plentiful supply of plates, knives, forks, and spoons were now provided by the host, to be changed at each course. They were meant for personal use only, and were no longer to be dipped in the communal dish after being put in the mouth. There was no longer any chance of a mingling of the salivas of different persons around a dinner-table. Another aspect of the same trend was the rise of personal cleanliness. Spitting was frowned upon. Shaving the head and using wigs, which became common among the elite in the late seventeenth century, though no doubt mainly adopted to stay in fashion, was one way to keep down lice. Finally, the habit of washing the body, and the introduction of wash-basins and portable bathtubs into the bedroom began to spread among wealthy households in the late eighteenth century.

The motive behind all these refinements of manners is clear enough. It was a desire to separate one's body and its juices and odours from contact with other people, to achieve privacy in many aspects of one's personal activities, and generally to avoid giving offence to the 'delicacy' of others. The odour of stale sweat, which had been taken for granted for millennia, was now beginning to be thought offensive; spitting and nose-blowing were now to be carried out discreetly, and indeed the former was actively discouraged. Both sexual activity and excretion became more private, preparing the way for nineteenth-century prudery. The development of these new behaviour patterns clearly had nothing to do with problems of hygiene and bacterial infection, which were never even mentioned in the conduct books. It had exclusively to do with conforming to increasingly artificial standards of gentlemanly behaviour, which were internalized in the young at an early age (the apogee of this development being the intensive toilet training of the infant in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries).

The essence of this movement was to create a culture in which the elite, the gentleman and the lady, were clearly distinguished by a whole set of immediately recognizable external behaviour traits. Even their language now began to divide on status lines. In the sixteenth century the prime characteristics of language were local dialect rather

than national status patterns, but by the eighteenth century there was a fashionable language taught at school and used in the upper-class home, which overrode the provincial dialects of the uneducated. A new word was invented for this elite: 'the quality', a word whose significance is clear enough.

CRITICAL ESSAYS

Fielding and the Epic Theory of the Novel

IAN WATT

Since it was *Pamela* that supplied the initial impetus for the writing of *Joseph Andrews*, Fielding cannot be considered as having made quite so direct a contribution as Richardson to the rise of the novel, and he is therefore given somewhat less extensive treatment here. His works in any case raise very different problems, since their distinguishing elements have their roots not so much in social change as in the neo-classical literary tradition. This in itself may be regarded as presenting something of a challenge to the basic argument of the present study: if the main features of *Tom Jones*, for example, were in fact the result of an independent and autonomous development within the Augustan world of letters, and if these features later became typical of the novel in general, it is evident that the crucial importance attributed above to the role of social change in bringing about the rise of the new form could hardly be sustained.

Fielding's celebrated formula of 'the comic epic in prose' undoubtedly lends some authority to the view that, far from being the unique literary expression of modern society, the novel is essentially a continuation of a very old and honoured narrative tradition. This view is certainly widely enough held, albeit in a rather general and unformulated way, to deserve consideration. It is evident that since the epic was the first example of a narrative form on a large scale and of a serious kind, it is reasonable that it should give its name to the general category which contains all such works: and in this sense of the term the novel may be said to be of the epic kind. One can perhaps go further, and, like Hegel, regard the novel as a manifestation of the spirit of epic under

* Source: Watt, Ian. "Fielding and the Epic Theory of the Novel." *The Rise of the Novel: Studies in Defoe, Richardson, and Fielding*. California: University of California Press, 1959.

the impact of a modern and prosaic concept of reality.¹ Nevertheless, it is surely evident that the actual similarities are of such a theoretical and abstract nature that one cannot make much of them without neglecting most of the specific literary characteristics of the two forms: the epic is, after all, an oral and poetic genre dealing with the public and usually remarkable deeds of historical or legendary persons engaged in a collective rather than an individual enterprise; and none of these things can be said of the novel.

They certainly cannot be said of the novels of Defoe or Richardson; and as it so happens that their occasional remarks about the epic do something to illuminate the social and literary differences between the two genres, their views on the subject will be briefly considered before Fielding's conception of the epic analogy, and the nature of its contribution to his novels are investigated.

I

Apart from one rather conventional contrast between 'the immortal Virgil's... accurate judgement' and Homer's 'more fertile and copious invention and fancy',² Defoe's general attitude to epic was one of casual depreciation: 'It is easy to tell you the Consequences of Popular Confusions, Private Quarrels, and Party Feuds, without Reading *Virgil*, *Horace*, or *Homer*', he writes in *The Review* (1705),³ and in a 1711 pamphlet, *The Felonious Treaty*, he tells us that the siege of Troy was all for 'the Rescue of a Whore'.⁴ This view of Helen was not uncommon: but the terseness of Defoe's reduction of the whole matter to a simple moral judgement reminds us how the primacy of ethical considerations in the literary outlook of the middle class was likely to undermine much of the prestige of classical literature. Defoe's condemnation of the 'long ago exploded... Latin bawdy authors Tibullus, Propertius and others',⁵ and his lament that there was 'not a Moralist among the *Greeks* but *Plutarch*',⁶ may serve as further confirmations of this tendency.

If Defoe did not approve of Homer as a moralist he was even more explicit in condemning him as a historian. Defoe's interest in literature was almost exclusively dictated by his voracious appetite for facts, and Homer's value as a repository of fact obviously had serious limitations, as did oral tradition in general. This theme occurs as early

as the preface to *The Storm* in 1704, and is very fully developed in Defoe's *Essay upon Literature*, published in 1726.

By literature Defoe means writing. His general thesis is that the art of writing was a divine gift given by Moses which enabled man to escape from 'that most corrupting, multiplying Usage of Tradition', that is, the primitive, 'oral History of Men and Things', which in fact always tended to turn history into 'Fable and Romance', 'Scoundrels' into 'Heroes', and 'Heroes' into 'Gods'. Homer was a very notable offender in this respect. His works are irreplaceable historical documents: we should know nothing of 'the Siege of Troy, were it unsung by Homer'; and yet, unfortunately, 'even now we scarce know whether it is a History, or that Ballad-Singer's Fable to get a Penny'.⁷

This last phrase echoes Defoe's most extended reference to Homer, which occurs in the course of a very amusing intervention in the controversy which arose over Pope's unacknowledged collaboration with Broome and Fenton on his translation of the *Odyssey*. Writing in *Applebee's Journal*, where indiscriminate impudence was at a premium, Defoe argues that it is ridiculous to single out Pope for attack, since all writers, from Homer down, have been plagiarists:

... a Merry Fellow of my Acquaintance assures me, that our cousin *Homer* himself was guilty of the same *Plagiarism*. Cousin *Homer* you must note was an old blind Ballad Singer at *Athens*, and went about the country there, and at other Places in Greece, singing his Ballads from Door to Door; only with this difference, that the Ballads he sung were generally of his own making.... But, says my Friend, this *Homer*, in Process of Time, when he had gotten some Fame, — and perhaps more Money than Poets ought to be trusted with, grew Lazy and Knavish, and got one *Andronicus* a Spartan, and one Dr. S — — I, a Philosopher of Athens, both pretty good Poets, but less eminent than himself, to make his songs for him; which, they being poor and starving, did for him for a small Matter. And so, the Poet never did much himself, only published and sold his Ballads still, in his own Name, as if they had been his own; and by that, got great Subscriptions, and a high Price for them.⁸

Defoe had close precedents for this picture of Homer — d'Aubignac and Perrault in France, and more recently Bentley and Henry Felton in England, had seen the Homeric poems as collections of the songs of a

strolling bard;⁹ but the account of Homer as a plagiarist and a successful literary entrepreneur seems to have been invented to suit the argument of the moment. Defoe's strategy — to reduce all literary matters to their commercial equivalent — is perfectly calculated not only to undermine the prestige of epic and the classical premises of Augustan culture, but also to reduce the great ones of literature to the same low Grub Street level to which they had contemptuously relegated him.

Defoe had yet another important objection to Homer — the fact that he shared the pagan credulity of his age. One of his conclusions in *A System of Magic* (1727) is that 'the Greeks were the most superstitious of all the Devil-worshippers in the World, worse than the Persians and Chaldeans', and that their religious literature was vitiated by the 'infernal juggles' of the devil who continually 'chops in' with 'a horrid Rhapsody of complicated Idolatry'.¹⁰ In another work, *The History and Reality of Apparitions* (1727), Defoe examines the statements of Homer and Virgil on apparitions, and concludes scornfully: 'What learned Nonsense, and what a great deal of it is here, to reconcile a thing, which, upon the Christian foundation, is made as easy as anything not immediately visible to the common eye can be made!'¹¹

This note of hardly concealed impatience at the irrational and immoral idolatry of the ancients is a suitable one on which to leave Defoe. Homer could have been a most valuable source of historical evidence. But — partly because of his own inveterate ballad-mongering, and partly because of the obdurate superstitiousness of the Greek civilization — he sang 'the Wars of the Greeks... from a Reality, into a meer Fiction...'¹² If only Troy had had a really good journalist!

II

One would not expect from Richardson's cautious temperament the defiant assertion of personal opinion that came so naturally to Defoe; but, with two minor exceptions,¹³ a similar hostility to the epic can be discerned in his novels and letters.

Richardson's main antipathy to the heroic genre was, as we should expect, based on the manners and morals which it exhibited. His most outspoken attack occurs in a letter to Lady Bradshaigh, who had apparently initiated a correspondence with him on the dire consequences of epic poetry:

I admire you for what you say of the fierce, fighting Iliad. Scholars, judicious scholars, dared they to speak out, against a prejudice of thousands of years in its favour, I am persuaded would find it possible for Homer to nod, at least. I am afraid this poem, noble as it truly is, has done infinite mischief for a series of ages; since to it, and its copy the Eneid; is owing, in a great measure, the savage spirit that has actuated, from the earliest ages to this time, the fighting fellows, that, worse than lions or tigers, have ravaged the earth, and made it a field of blood.¹⁴

The ideas in the attack are not original. Pope had written that 'the most shocking' thing in Homer was 'that spirit of cruelty which appears too manifestly in the *Iliad*'.¹⁵ And it is obvious that since, in epic, warfare is 'an essential rather than an accessory',¹⁶ its moral world stands for values which are alien and unwelcome to the members of a peace-loving society. Richardson, however, goes a good deal further, and his talk of the 'infinite mischief' done by the *Aeneid* is substantially new, and anticipates Blake's more general accusation that '... it is the Classics... that Desolate Europe with Wars'.¹⁷

The dangerous sanction which the prestige of epic afforded vicious models of individual behaviour was an abiding preoccupation with Richardson. In *Grandison* Lady Charlotte repeats his views as given to Lady Bradshaigh almost verbatim, but finishes by broadening the charge:

... men and women are cheats to one another. But we may, in a great measure, thank the poetical tribe for the fascination. I hate them all. Are they not inflamers of the worst passions? With regard to *epics*, would Alexander, madman as he was, have been so *much* a madman, had it not been for Homer? Of what violences, murders, depredations, have not the epic poets been the occasion, by propagating false honours, false glory, and false religion?¹⁸

The epic's false code of honour, like that of heroic tragedy, was masculine, bellicose, aristocratic and pagan: it was therefore wholly unacceptable to Richardson, whose novels are largely devoted to attacking this ideology, and replacing it by a radically different one in which honour is internal, spiritual, and available without distinction of class or sex to all who had the will to act morally.

Richardson's fullest demonstration of the new type of heroism was *Sir Charles Grandison*, the result, he stated in his Preface, of the insistence

of his friends that he ‘produce into public view the character and actions of a man of TRUE HONOUR’: and it makes much of the crucial social issue on which the new and the old codes of honour differ — the question of duelling. Although Grandison is an admirable swordsman, he is so determined an opponent of this barbarism that he even refuses a challenge. In the ‘Concluding Note’ Richardson defended this course of action very strongly. He reiterated Harriet Byron’s opposition to the old code — ‘Murderous, vile word *honour*!... the very opposite to duty, goodness, piety, religion...’;¹⁹ pointed out that the ‘notion of honour is evidently an absurd and mischievous one’; and insisted that challenges to a duel are nothing less than ‘polite *invitations to murder*’ which every man of Christian principles should refuse, since ‘true bravery is to adhere to all duties under disadvantages’.

There is much else in *Grandison*, as well as in *Pamela* and *Clarissa*, to support the view that Richardson’s novels are the climax of a long-standing movement in Christian and middleclass apologetics against the glamour of the pagan and warrior virtues. Steele had wondered ‘why the Heathen struts, and the Christian sneaks in our imagination?’²⁰ Defoe had suggested as a solution that the real test of courage was ‘to dare to be good’.²¹ Richardson gave models of this daring; but the conflict between the active and extroverted ideals of the Homeric world and his own way of life is perhaps even more clearly shown in his sedentary and suburban reflection to Miss Highmore that ‘In such a world as this, and with a feeling heart, content is heroism!’²²

Richardson’s distaste for the heroic virtues would alone, perhaps, have been enough to lead him to reject the epic as a literary model; but, of course, the rejection was very likely on many other grounds.

In the early half of the eighteenth century there was an increasing awareness of the great and numerous disparities between the Homeric and the contemporary world. This tendency was most notably expressed by Thomas Blackwell, whose *Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer* (1735) gave a more detailed answer than ever before to the much-debated question of why no later poet had been able to achieve the greatness of an *Iliad* or an *Odyssey*. Blackwell’s main thesis was that Homer had received unique poetic advantages from his social environment, advantages which could not be duplicated in eighteenth-century England; living

in a period of transition between complete barbarism and the sloth of settled commercial civilisation, Homer had rejoiced in a naturally heroic culture when 'living by Plunder gave a Reputation for Spirit and Bravery'. Nor was Homer's audience composed of 'the Inhabitants of a *great luxurious City*', but of simpler and more martial folk who wanted to listen to tales of 'the Prowess of their Ancestors'.²³

Three of the applications which Blackwell makes of this contrast are very relevant to the differences between the epic and the novel in general, and to the conditions underlying Richardson's literary innovations in particular. Homer's poems, Blackwell writes, were 'made to be *recited*, or sung to a *Company*; and not read in private, or perused in a *Book*'. Secondly, 'the *natural Greek*... covered none of his Sentiments' and for this reason Blackwell prefers them to his contemporaries 'with more refined but double characters'. Lastly, since epic portrays '*more natural Manners*', it follows not only that the contemporary writer must '*unlearn* [his] daily way of life' if he is to 'poetize in the higher strains', but that the reader of epic must project himself into persons and situations that he is likely to find both unusual and unpleasant. So Blackwell, with all his enthusiasm for Homer, cannot but conclude that although his patron 'may regret the Silence of the Muses, yet I am persuaded your Lordship will join in the Wish, *That we may never be the proper Subject of an Heroic Poem*'.²⁴

Blackwell's views go far to explain the unpopularity of the epic with the reading public of his day, and the popularity of the novel. That the epic was unpopular can be surmised, for example, from Richardson's suggestion to Aaron Hill in 1744 that when he published his *Gideon, An Epic Poem*, he should not 'call it epic in the title page, since hundreds who see the title, will not, at the same time, have seen your admirable definition of the word'.²⁵ This unpopularity must have been connected with the fact that reading epic meant a continuous effort to exclude the normal expectations of everyday contemporary life — the very expectations which the novel exploited. Addison had already said in the *Spectator* that when reading Homer it was difficult not to feel that 'you were reading the History of another Species'.²⁶ while Voltaire, in his early *Essay on Epic Poetry* (1727), had specifically contrasted the very different ways that the *Iliad* and Madame de La Fayette's *Zaïde* were

read by his contemporaries: 'it is very strange, yet true, that among the most learned, and the greatest Admirers of Antiquity, there is scarce one to be found, who ever read the *Iliad*, with that Eagerness and Rapture, which a Woman feels when she reads the Novel of *Zaïda*.'²⁷

Not only must the feminine devotees of *Zaïde* — and *Pamela* — have found it difficult to identify themselves with Homer's characters; they must also have been shocked by his treatment of their sex. Greek men, Blackwell tells us, were not ashamed of 'their natural appetites';²⁸ and, as James Macpherson was later to say, 'Homer, of all ancient poets, uses the sex with least ceremony.'²⁹ This scandalous indelicacy supplies a further reason for Richardson's antipathy — it is noticeable that his attacks on the epic were stimulated by a feminine correspondent, and expressed mainly through his female characters. In *Sir Charles Grandison*, for instance, Harriet Byron is a strong supporter of the claims of Christian epic and of Milton, as against Homer, and she cites Addison's papers in the *Spectator*, as well as 'the admirable Mr. Deane', to support her position; on the other hand, Homer gets the most damaging kind of support — the praise of pedantic males like Mr. Walden, or of forward and masculine disgraces to the female sex such as Miss Barnevelt, of whom Miss Byron reports to Miss Selby, in tones that echo Richardson's own ejaculatory horror to Lady Bradshaigh, that 'Achilles, the savage Achilles, charmed her'.³⁰ Even more damning, perhaps, is the fact that in *Clarissa* the infamous Lovelace is tarred with the epic feather. He justifies his treatment of Clarissa by Virgilian precedent, asking Belford whether he is not 'as much entitled to forgiveness on Miss Harlowe's account, as Virgil was on Queen Dido's?'; and is even impudent enough to argue that since he does not have 'half the obligation to her that Aeneas had to the Queen of Carthage', there is no reason why it should not be 'the *pious* Lovelace, as well as the *pious* Aeneas'.³¹

A late eighteenth-century essayist, Martin Sherlock, expressed a fairly widely held view when he wrote that Richardson's 'misfortune was that he did not know the Ancients'.³² The opposite is much more likely to be the case, at least as far as his literary originality is concerned, and it is significant that in his later years Richardson became an ardent supporter of the Moderns against the Ancients. This is made clear by the part he played in the composition of Edward Young's *Conjectures on Original*

Composition in a Letter to the Author of Sir Charles Grandison (1759), where, as A. D. McKillop has shown,³³ he was responsible for a general sharpening of Young's polemic in the direction of a new anti-classical hierarchy of literary values. One celebrated passage of the *Conjectures* which was actually written by Richardson suggests that he was also aware of having a personal stake in the controversy:

After all, the first ancients had no merit in being originals: they could not be imitators. Modern writers have a choice to make; and therefore have a merit in their power. They may soar in the regions of liberty, or move in the soft fetters of easy imitation; and imitation has as many plausible reasons to urge, as pleasure had to offer Hercules. Hercules made the choice of an hero, and so became immortal.³⁴

Richardson's ulterior purpose is transparent. He had been an original, not willy-nilly, like Homer, but by a deliberate rejection of previous models. The new literary Hercules was, of course, being brave after the event, since we have no evidence of his serious concern with classical models until after the completion of *Clarissa*. But we must accede to part of Richardson's plea: the originality which secured his immortality was connected, whether by accident or design, with his neglect of established literary models in favour of his own vivid awareness of life, and the unconventional but peculiarly appropriate methods which enabled him to express it directly and naturally.

III

Unlike Defoe and Richardson, Fielding was steeped in the classical tradition, and though he was by no means a slavish supporter of the Rules, he felt strongly that the growing anarchy of literary taste called for drastic measures. In the *Covent Garden Journal*, for example, he proposed that 'No author is to be admitted into the Order of Critics, until he hath read over, and understood, Aristotle, Horace, and Longinus, in their original Language'.³⁵ Similar qualifications, he felt, were particularly necessary to preserve the new realm of fiction against what George Eliot once eloquently described as 'the intrusions of mere left-handed imbecility'; 'a good share of learning', he suggested in *Tom Jones*, was an essential prerequisite for those who wished to write 'such histories

as these;³⁶ and such learning was undoubtedly intended to include a knowledge of Latin and Greek.

It is therefore wholly in keeping with his general outlook that in *Joseph Andrews* (1742), his first work in the novel genre, Fielding should have been at pains to justify his enterprise both to himself and to his literary peers by bringing it into line with the classical critical tradition. Nor could there be much doubt as to what direction such a justification should take. Many previous writers and critics of fiction, notably of the seventeenth-century French romances, had assumed that any imitation of human life in narrative form ought to be assimilated as far as possible to the rules that had been laid down for the epic by Aristotle and his innumerable interpreters; and Fielding — apparently quite independently — started from the same point of view.³⁷

He began his Preface by suggesting, somewhat patronisingly perhaps, that ‘As it is possible the mere English reader may have a different idea of romance from the author of these little volumes... it may not be improper to premise a few words concerning this kind of writing, which I do not remember to have seen hitherto attempted in our language’. He then continued:

The Epic, as well as the Drama, is divided into tragedy and comedy. Homer, who was the father of this species of poetry, gave us a pattern of both these, though that of the latter kind is entirely lost; which Aristotle tells us, bore the same relation to comedy which his *Iliad* bears to tragedy...

And farther, as this poetry may be tragic or comic, I will not scruple to say it may be likewise either in verse or prose; for though it wants one particular, which the critic enumerates in the constituent parts of an epic poem, namely metre; yet, when any kind of writing contains all its other parts, such as fable, action, characters, sentiments, and diction, and is deficient in metre only; it seems, I think, reasonable to refer it to the epic; at least as no critic hath thought proper to range it under any other head, or to assign it a particular name to itself.

Fielding’s argument here for ‘referring’ his novel to the epic genre is unimpressive: *Joseph Andrews*, no doubt, has five out of the six parts under which Aristotle considered epic; but then it is surely impossible to conceive of any narrative whatever which does not in some way

contain 'fable, action, characters, sentiments, and diction'.

The possession of these five elements certainly does nothing to elucidate the distinction which Fielding goes on to make between the prose epic and French romances:

Thus the Telemachus of the archbishop of Cambray appears to me of the epic kind, as well as the *Odyssey* of Homer; indeed, it is much fairer and more reasonable to give it a name common with that species from which it differs only in a single instance, than to confound it with those which it resembles in no other. Such are those voluminous works, commonly called Romances, namely *Clelia*, *Cleopatra*, *Astrae*, *Cassandra*, the *Grand Cyrus*, and innumerable others, which contain, as I apprehend, very little instruction or entertainment.

Fielding's distinction between Fénelon's *Télémaque* and the French heroic romances, it will be observed, is entirely based on the introduction of a new factor, 'instruction or entertainment', which is obviously a question of personal value judgements, and therefore very difficult to fit into any general analytic scheme. It is not surprising, therefore, that when Fielding goes on to distinguish his own 'comic epic in prose' from serious epic and its prose analogues he makes no use of this criterion either; instead he applies the Aristotelian distinction between the serious and the comic modes in a way that would actually put all the French romances in the same category as the *Odyssey* and *Télémaque*:

Now a comic romance is a comic epic poem in prose; differing from comedy, as the serious epic from tragedy: its action being more extended and comprehensive; containing a much larger circle of incidents, and introducing a greater variety of characters. It differs from the serious romance in its fable and action, in this; that as in the one these are grave and solemn, so in the other they are light and ridiculous; it differs in its characters, by introducing persons of inferior... manners, whereas the grave romance sets the highest before us; lastly, in its sentiments and diction, by preserving the ludicrous instead of the sublime.

This completes Fielding's critical exposition of the epic analogy in the Preface to *Joseph Andrews*. It is obvious that the whole operative force of the argument depends on the term comic, and the remainder of the preface, comprising some five-sixths of the total, is engaged in developing

his ideas of 'the ludicrous'. This, of course, is inevitably accompanied by the dropping of the epic analogy; for, since Homer's *Margites* was lost, and the comic epic received but a bare mention in the *Poetics*, Fielding's attempts to bring his novel into line with classical doctrine could not be supported either by existing literary parallel or theoretical precedent.

Before considering the practical effects of the epic analogy on the novels, it should perhaps be pointed out that what has been reproduced above constitutes almost everything that Fielding said about the comic epic in prose. *Joseph Andrews* was a hurriedly composed work of somewhat mixed intentions, begun as a parody of *Pamela* and continued in the spirit of Cervantes; and this perhaps suggests that not too much importance should be attached to its Preface, which does not really adumbrate a whole theory of fiction; it merely, as Fielding himself says, contains 'some few very short hints'. The formula of 'the comic epic poem in prose' is only such a hint; and although Fielding referred to it briefly in his preface to his sister Sarah's *David Simple* (1744), and subsequently called *Tom Jones* (1749) a 'heroic, historical, prosaic poem' and a specimen of 'prosai-comi-epic writing',³⁸ he did not develop or modify his early formula in his later writings; indeed, he paid very little further attention to it.

IV

Since it was a comic variant of epic that Fielding wished to produce he was debarred from imitating two at least of its component parts — characters and sentiments; heroic persons and sublime thoughts obviously had no place in *Joseph Andrews* or *Tom Jones*. Some aspects of epic plot could, however, be adapted to his purpose, and epic diction could be used in burlesque form.

Even as regards plot, it is true, the differences were bound to be more marked than the similarities: comic characters could hardly be allowed to perform heroic acts, and whereas epic plots were based on history or legend, Fielding had to invent his stories. The most that he could do, therefore, was to retain some other general features of the epic plot while altering the content. The best example of this is probably *Tom Jones*, whose action has epic quality at least in the sense that it presents a sweeping panorama of a whole society, as opposed to

Richardson's detailed picture of a very small social group.

But although the magnitude and variety of the structure of *Tom Jones* fit in very well with the chief connotation of the term 'epic' today, it is, after all, mainly a question of scale, and it cannot be held as evidence of any specific indebtedness on Fielding's part to an epic prototype. There are, however, at least two other more definite ways in which Fielding transposed characteristic features of the epic plot into a comic context: his use of surprise, and his introduction of mock-heroic battles.

It was generally agreed in neo-classical theory that the action of epic was characterised by two elements — verisimilitude and the marvellous: the ways in which these incongruous bedfellows could be happily mated had taxed all the ingenuity of the Renaissance critics, and their somewhat sophistic arguments had later been retailed by many of the French writers of romance. Fielding attacked the problem in the introductory chapter to the eighth book of *Tom Jones*. He began by excusing the incredible episodes in Homer on the grounds that he 'wrote to heathens, to whom poetical fables were articles of faith'; even so, Fielding could not refrain from wishing that Homer could have known and obeyed Horace's rule prescribing that supernatural agents be introduced 'as little as possible'. In any case, Fielding proceeded, writers of epic and genuine historians were able to introduce unlikely events much more plausibly than novelists, since they recorded 'public transactions' which were already known, whereas 'we who deal in private character... have no public notoriety, no concurrent testimony, no records to support and corroborate what we deliver'. He concluded that it 'becomes' the novelist 'to keep within the limits not only of possibility, but of probability too'.

Fielding, then, prescribed a greater emphasis on verisimilitude for the new genre than that current in epic or romance. He qualified this, however, by admitting that since 'the great art of poetry is to mix truth with fiction, in order to join the credible with the surprising', 'complaisance to the scepticism of the reader' should not be taken to a point at which the only characters or incidents permitted are 'trite, common, or vulgar; such as may happen in every street, or in every house, or which may be met with in the home articles of a newspaper'.

What Fielding actually means by ‘the surprising’ is made clear by the context: he is referring primarily to the series of coincidences whereby Tom Jones successively meets the beggar who has picked up Sophia’s pocket-book, the Merry Andrew who has seen her pass along the road, and her actual guide for part of the route; more generally, to the way that hero and heroine continually cross each other’s path on their journey to London without ever meeting. Fielding valued such devices because they made it possible to weave the whole narrative into a very neat and entertaining formal structure; but although such apposite juxtapositions of persons and events do not violate verisimilitude so obviously as the supernatural interventions that are common in Homer or Virgil, it is surely evident that they nevertheless tend to compromise the narrative’s general air of literal authenticity by suggesting the manipulated sequences of literature rather than the ordinary processes of life. Thus even Fielding’s relatively inconspicuous concessions to the doctrine of the marvellous tended to confirm, as far as the novel was concerned, the reality of the dilemma of the would-be writer of epic in modern times which Blackwell had stated in his *Enquiry*: ‘The marvellous and wonderful is the nerve of the epic strain: but what marvellous things happen in a well ordered state? We can hardly be surprised.’³⁹

Fielding’s most obvious imitation of the epic model in the action of his novels — the mock-heroic battles — is also somewhat at variance both with the dictates of formal realism and with the life of his time. Either because the events themselves are inherently improbable — as is the case, for instance, with the fight between *Joseph Andrews* and the pack of hounds that is pursuing Parson Adams⁴⁰ — or because they are narrated in such a way as to deflect our attention from the events themselves to the way that Fielding is handling them and to epic parallels involved. This is actually the case in the episode from *Joseph Andrews*, and it is even more obviously so in Moll Seagrim’s celebrated churchyard battle in *Tom Jones*.⁴¹ The spectacle of a village mob assaulting a pregnant girl after church service is in itself anything but amusing, and only Fielding’s burlesque manner, his ‘Homerican style’, enables him to maintain the comic note. It is certain that this and some other episodes would be quite unacceptable if Fielding directed our attention wholly to the actions and feelings of the participants; and,

even so, it may be doubted whether the Moll Seagrim scene, at least, coming from so humane a man as Fielding, does not give some colour to Richardson's objections to the bellicose influence of epic.

Fielding's Homeric style itself suggests a somewhat ambiguous attitude to the epic model: were it not for the Preface we would surely be justified in taking *Joseph Andrews* as a parody of epic procedures rather than as the work of a writer who planned to use them as a basis for the new genre: and even if we take account of the Preface, Fielding's novel surely reflects the ambiguous attitude of his age, an age whose characteristic literary emphasis on the mock- heroic reveals how far it was from the epic world it so much admired.

The reasons for this ambivalence, indeed, are evident in the Preface to *Joseph Andrews*, where Fielding by implication admits that the direct imitation of the epic was in opposition to the imitation of 'nature' when he states that although he has allowed 'parodies or burlesque imitations' in his diction, chiefly for the 'entertainment' of 'the classical reader', he has 'carefully excluded' them from his sentiments and characters because it is his major intention to confine himself 'strictly to nature, from the just imitation of which will flow all the pleasure we can... convey to the sensible reader'. The difficulty with such a dual attitude, of course, is that, as a good Aristotelian like Fielding must have known, no single component of a literary work can in fact be treated as an independent entity. He argues in *Tom Jones*, for example, that without 'sundry similes, descriptions, and other kind of poetical embellishments the best narrative of plain matter of fact must overpower every reader'; but when he goes on to inform us that the introduction of the heroine requires 'the utmost solemnity in our power, with an elevation of style, and all other circumstance proper to raise the veneration of our reader',⁴² and follows this with a chapter entitled 'A Short Hint of what we can do in the Sublime, and a Description of Miss *Sophia Western*', which begins: 'Hushed be every ruder breath. May the heathen ruler of the winds confine in iron chains the boisterous limbs of noisy Boreas' — it is surely evident that Fielding has achieved his 'poetical embellishment' at a very considerable price: Sophia never wholly recovers from so artificial an introduction, or at least never wholly disengages herself from the ironical attitude which it has induced.

A similar diminution of the reader's belief in the authenticity of the character or the action occurs whenever the usual tenor of Fielding's narrative is interrupted by the stylistic devices of epic; this surely underlines the fact that the conventions of formal realism compose an inseparable whole, of which the linguistic one is an integral part; or, as one of his contemporaries, Lord Monboddo, put it, Fielding's abandonment of his 'simple and familiar' style impaired 'the probability of the narrative, which ought to be carefully studied in all... imitations of real life and manners.'⁴³

V

Fielding's last novel, *Amelia* (1751), is wholly serious in moral purpose and narrative manner; and its allegiance to the epic model is of a very different kind. There is no reference to the formula of the comic epic in prose, and both mock-heroic incidents and epic diction have been abandoned; in their place, as Fielding announced in the *Covent Garden Journal*, Virgil's *Aeneid* 'was the noble model, which I have made use of on this occasion.'⁴⁴ Booth also is an unemployed soldier, the episode in Newgate with Miss Matthews refers to the loves of Aeneas and Dido in the cave, and there are some other slight parallels which have been outlined by George Sherburn.⁴⁵

It will be noted that this kind of analogy involves no more than a kind of narrative metaphor which assists the imagination of the writer to find a pattern for his own observation of life without in any way detracting from the novel's appearance of literal veracity: nor does the reader need to know about the analogy to appreciate *Amelia*, as he does with the burlesque passages in Fielding's earlier novels. For these reasons *Amelia* may be regarded as the work in which the influence of the epic on Fielding was most fruitful; and it is certainly here that he had his most illustrious successor. When T. S. Eliot, with that leap into hyperbole which seems mandatory whenever the relation of novel and epic is being mooted, writes that James Joyce's use of the epic parallel in *Ulysses* 'has the importance of a scientific discovery',⁴⁶ and claims that 'no one else has built a novel upon such a foundation before', he is surely being distinctly unfair to Fielding's no doubt fragmentary application of a similar idea.

After *Amelia*, Fielding continued to move away from his earlier literary outlook. He came to see the insufficiency of his early views of affectation as the only source of the ridiculous, and therefore of comedy, and his increasingly serious moral outlook even made him find much to regret in two of his early comic favourites, Aristophanes and Rabelais.⁴⁷ At the same time his attitude towards epic changed, a change whose climax comes in the Preface to *The Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*:

But, in reality, the *Odyssey*, the *Telemachus*, and all of that kind, are to the voyage-writing I here intend, what romance is to true history, the former being the confounder and corrupter of the latter. I am far from supposing that Homer, Hesiod, and the other ancient poets and mythologists, had any settled design to pervert and confuse the records of antiquity; but it is certain that they have effected it; and for my part I must confess that I should have honoured and loved Homer more had he written a true history of his own times in humble prose, than those noble poems that have so justly collected the praise of all ages; for, though I read these with more admiration and astonishment, I still read Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon with more amusement and more satisfaction.

The statement must be taken in its context. The *Odyssey* is obviously an unsatisfactory model for an account of an eighteenth-century voyage to Lisbon. Still, to couple *Télémaque* and the *Odyssey* as romances, represents a total reversal of Fielding's position in *Joseph Andrews*. The contrast between both of them, on the one hand, and 'true history' on the other is also taken far beyond what was needed for a prefatory explanation of the type of writing which he was proposing to follow; and Fielding comes very close to Defoe's position when he speaks of the way that Homer and the other 'original poets' corrupted historical truth. The reason he gives for their doing so is an interesting one: 'they found the limits of nature too straight for the immensity of their genius, which they had not room to exert without extending fact by fiction: and that especially at a time when the manners of men were too simple to afford that variety which they have since offered in vain to the choice of the meanest writers'.

Fielding, then, eventually came to see his own society as offering sufficient interest and variety to make possible a literary genre exclusively

devoted to engaging the reader in a closer scrutiny of 'nature' and of modern 'manners' than had ever been attempted before: and his own literary development was certainly in this direction. Amelia is, as has often been said, much closer to Richardson's close study of domestic life than his previous works; and although Fielding did not live long enough to embody his reorientation in another novel, there seems to be no doubt that he had become conscious of the fact that his earlier applications of the epic analogy had been responsible for his most obvious divergences from the role proper to the faithful historian of the life of his time — a realisation, incidentally, which is implicit in his ironical defence of the epic diction in *Tom Jones* which was introduced, he explained, so that it 'might be in no danger of being likened to the labours of [modern] historians'.⁴⁸

At the same time the extent of the influence of the epic analogy on Fielding's earlier novels must not be exaggerated. He called *Tom Jones* 'A History', and habitually described his role as that of historian or biographer whose function was to give a faithful presentation of the life of his time. Fielding's conception of this role, it is true, was different from that of Defoe or Richardson, but the difference is mainly connected, not with his attempt to imitate epic, but with the general influence of the neo-classical tradition on every aspect of his work. The most specific literary debt manifested in *Tom Jones*, indeed, is not to epic but to drama: not so much because his main critical source, Aristotle's *Poetics*, was primarily concerned with drama and gave epic a secondary place, as because Fielding had been a dramatist himself for over a decade before attempting fiction. The remarkable coherence of the plot of *Tom Jones* surely owes little to the actual example of Homer or Virgil, and little more to Aristotle's insistence that 'in the Epic as in Tragedy, the story should be constructed on dramatic principles';⁴⁹ it is very palpably the product of Fielding's experience as a practising dramatist. It is also highly likely, incidentally, that some of the other features of his novels, such as the coincidences and discoveries which provide surprise at the cost of a certain loss of authenticity, are also a legacy from the drama rather than from the epic; and even the burlesque and mock-heroic elements had appeared long ago in many of his plays, such as *Tom Thumb, a Tragedy* (1730).

Why, then, it may be asked, has the formula of the comic epic in prose so ‘obsessed critics of novels’, to use George Sherburn’s phrase?⁵⁰ It no doubt makes an immediate appeal to those who, like Peacock’s Dr. Folliott, habitually manifest ‘a safe and peculiar inaccessibility to ideas except such as are recommended by an almost artless simplicity or a classical origin’;⁵¹ and this perhaps gives a clue both to the reason why Fielding was led to invent the formula and to why it later flourished.

In 1742 the novel was a form in grave disrepute, and Fielding probably felt that to enlist the prestige of epic might help win for his first essay in the genre a less prejudiced hearing from the *literati* than might otherwise have been expected. In this Fielding was actually following the example of the French writers of romance a century earlier; they, too, had laid claim to the epic filiation in prefatory asseverations which were not so much accurate analyses of their achievement as attempts to assuage their own anxieties and those of their readers about the uncanonised nature of what was to follow in the text. Nor have such attempts to dissipate the odour of unsanctity in which prose fiction seems destined to have its being ceased even in our day — F. R. Leavis’s ‘The Novel as Dramatic Poem’ would seem to be an analogous attempt to smuggle the novel into the critical Pantheon under the disguise of an ancient and honoured member.

At the same time, however, the fact that the formulae both of Fielding and of Leavis connect the novel with major poetic forms suggests an effort to put the genre into the highest possible literary context. Obviously both the creation and the criticism of the novel cannot but gain from this, and it is indeed likely that the most positive gain which Fielding derived from thinking about his narrative in terms of epic was that it encouraged him to as intense and serious a travail as the loftiest literary forms were presumed to demand.

Apart from this it is likely that the epic influence on Fielding was very slight, mainly retrograde, and of little importance in the later tradition of the novel. To call Fielding, as Ethel Thornbury does in her monograph on the subject, ‘the founder of the English Prose epic’⁵² is surely to award him a somewhat sterile paternity; Fielding’s greatest followers, Smollett, Dickens and Thackeray, do not, for example, imitate the very few specifically epic features in his work. But, as we have

seen, the idea of 'the comic epic in prose' is by no means Fielding's major claim on our attention: its main function was to suggest one of the high standards of literary achievement which he wished to keep in mind when he began on his new path in fiction; it was certainly not intended as yet another of the innumerable eighteenth-century 'Receipts to make an Epick Poem'; and this is fortunate, for, in literature at least, the nostrum killeth but the nostalgia may give life.

NOTES

1. See *The Philosophy of Fine Art*, trans. Osmaston (London, 1920), IV, 171.
2. *The Life of Mr. Duncan Campbell* (Oxford, 1841), p. 86.
3. No. 39 (1705).
4. p. 17.
5. *Mist's Journal*, April 5, 1719, *cit.* William Lee, *Daniel Defoe* (London, 1869), II, 31.
6. *Essay upon Literature* (1736), p. 118.
7. pp. 115, 17, 115, 117.
8. July 31, 1725; Defoe's two letters on the topic are reprinted in Lee (III, 410-414).
9. See Donald M. Foerster, *Homer in English Criticism* (New Haven, 1947), pp. 17-23, 28.
10. Oxford, 1840, pp. 226, 191, 193.
11. Oxford, 1840, pp. 171-174.
12. p. 22.
13. See Postscript, *Clarissa*, and *Grandison*, I, 284.
14. *Correspondence*, IV, 287; the letter is undated but was probably written in 1749.
15. Note, *Iliad*, IV, 75, cited by Foerster, *Homer*, p. 16.
16. H. M. and N. K. Chadwick, *The Growth of Literature* (Cambridge, 1936), II, 488.
17. In "On Homer's Poetry" (c. 1820); *Poetry and Prose*, ed. Keynes (London, 1946), p. 583.
18. VI, 315.
19. *Grandison*, I, 304; see also *Clarissa*, IV, 461-463.
20. *The Christian Hero*, ed. Blanchard (London, 1932), p. 15.
21. *Applebee's Journal*, August 29, 1724, cited from Lee, III, 299-300.
22. *Correspondence*, II, 252 (July 20, 1750).

23. 2nd ed., 1736, pp. 16, 123.
24. pp. 122, 340, 24, 25, 28.
25. *Correspondence*, I, 122.
26. No. 209.
27. Florence D. White, *Voltaire's Essay on Epic Poetry: A Study and an Edition* (Albany, 1915), p. 90.
28. *Enquiry*, p. 340.
29. *Temora, an Ancient Epic Poem* (1763), p. 206, n.; cited by Foerster, *Homer*, p. 57. *Enquiry*, p. 340.
30. *Grandison*, I, 67–86.
31. *Clarissa* IV, 30–31; see also II, 424; IV, 451.
32. In *Lettres d'un voyageur anglais* (1779), trans. Duncombe, *cit.* John Nichols, *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century* (1812), IV, 585.
33. "Richardson, Young, and the Conjectures", *MP*, XXII (1925), 393–399.
34. Young, *Works* (1773), V, 94.
35. No. 3 (1752).
36. Bk. IX, ch. 1.
37. See René Bray, *La Formation de la doctrine classique en France* (Paris, 1927), pp. 347–349; Arthur L. Cooke, "Henry Fielding and the Writers of Heroic Romance", *PMLA*, LXII (1947), 984–994.
38. Bk. IV, ch. 1; Bk. V, ch. 1. It is interesting, incidentally, to observe that these references occur early; after the first six books of *Tom Jones* Fielding changes over to a more completely dramatic method, as W. L. Cross points out (*History of Henry Fielding*, II, 179). Further evidence for believing that Fielding did not take the epic analogy seriously enough to explore the critical issues fully is afforded by the fact that he took no account either of Aristotle's mention of the form of literature which represented men 'as they are in real life' (*Poetics*, ch. 2), which would presumably be the category into which *Amelia* at least would fall, or of the contemporary controversy as to whether an 'epic in prose' was not a contradiction in terms (see H. T. Swedenberg, *The Theory of the Epic in England, 1650–1800* (Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1944), pp. 155, 158–159).
39. p. 26.
40. *Joseph Andrews*, Bk. III, ch. 6.
41. *Tom Jones*, Bk. V, ch. 8.
42. Bk. IV, ch. 1.
43. *Of the Origin and Progress of Language* (Edinburgh, 1776), III, 296–298.
44. No. 8 (1752).

45. "Fielding's Amelia: An Interpretation", *ELH*, III (1936), 3-4.
46. "Ulysses, Order and Myth", *Dial*, 1923; quoted from *Forms of Modern Fiction*, ed. O'Connor (Minneapolis, 1948), p. 123.
47. See *Covent Garden Journal*, Nos. 10 and 55 (1752).
48. Bk. IV, ch. 1. On this see Robert M. Wallace, "Fielding's Knowledge of History and Biography", *SP*, XLIV (1947), 89-107.
49. *Poetics*, ch. 23.
50. Fielding's *Amilia*, p. 2.
51. Carl van Doren, *Life of Thomas Love Peacock* (London, 1911), p. 194.
52. *Henry Fielding's Theory of the Comic Prose Epic*. Madison, 1931, p. 166.

The Narrative Circle: The Interpolated Tales in *Joseph Andrews*

JEFFREY WILLIAMS

There are sometimes events in or features of novels that, although somewhat anomalous or irrelevant to the normally constituted action, seem to draw disproportionate amounts of critical attention. The interpolated tales in *Joseph Andrews* — especially “The History of Leonora, or the Unfortunate Jilt,” as well as the brief “History of Two Friends” — are cases in point.¹ They account for a significant portion of the current reception of *Joseph Andrews* — including several articles in the pages of *Studies in the Novel* — and in tandem they have been highlighted as the interpretive crux of the text. While there has been a range of criticism on *Joseph Andrews* — for instance, on its literary sources and analogues, on the role of the narrator and implied ethical themes, and more recently on the construction of the reader² — a nodal point of the reception over the past forty years has been to explain the relevance of the tales, thematically, plot-wise, or otherwise. In a sense, their very irrelevance seems to spur yet further explanations of their place in the novel, and thereby to provide a fertile site for critical performance.³

Overall, commentary on the tales pivots on the poles of dismissal and justification. The established consensus, from the initial reception through the 1960s and beyond, holds to the former, singling out the tales as irrecoverable flaws that mar the course of the otherwise continuous travel-narrative. Sir Walter Scott expresses the tenor of the early reception, commenting that the reader normally “glides down the narrative like a boat on the surface of some broad navigable river,”

* Source: Williams, Jeffrey. “The Narrative Circle: The Interpolated Tales in *Joseph Andrews*.” *Studies in the Novel*, vol. 30, no. 4, Johns Hopkins University Press, 1998, pp. 473–88, <http://www.jstor.org/stable/29533293>.

but “one exception to this praise... [is that] Fielding has thrust into the midst of his narrative... the history of Leonora, unnecessarily and inartificially.”⁴ This view continues in modern-day criticism, articulated by Irving Ehrenpreis, that they are “dull and repetitious” and an obvious flaw,⁵ and I would speculate in ordinary reading and teaching, since they disrupt the plot of Joseph’s adventures, therefore, “break[ing] the spell of the imaginary world represented in the novel,” extending Ian Watt’s complaint about Fielding’s interruptions.⁶ In the face of this consensus, a cluster of recent readings recuperates the tales as aesthetically assured and integrated components in the overall narrative, proposing an array of explanations: they are thematically unified with the rest of the novel and underscore its ethical lesson;⁷ they work as comic and skillful literary parody, after Cervantes;⁸ they provide analogues to or contrasts with the main characters and their situations;⁹ they effect a dramatic pause or contrast to contribute to the narrative pacing;¹⁰ and they highlight the theme of reading and interpretation that occurs throughout the novel.¹¹

In a manner of speaking, this recent course of criticism thus performs a revisionary apologetics, making what were previously thought to be discordant features cohere with the salient dimensions of the novel (theme, character, plot, etc.), in turn affirming that the novel is unified and artfully accomplished. As J. Paul Hunter notes, this criterion of unity is a distinctly modern one, predominant with the rise of the New Criticism, *not* an eighteenth-century one. Hunter comments that while the tales might be an “embarrassment” to the expectation of organic unity, such digressive or interruptive features were not unusual in eighteenth-century narratives.¹² It is worth remarking that the inaugural line of justifications of the tales coincides with the establishment of the New Criticism in the 1950s and 1960s. In this light, the tendency to smooth over the formal or thematic dissonance of the tales functions, in Paul de Man’s formulation, as “paraphrase,” a common process of reading that hides discontinuities and disruptions, subordinating them to “the teleology of controlled meaning.”¹³ Beyond the interpretive problematic that de Man pinpoints, I would add that this move toward “paraphrase” has larger implication and speaks to the institutional economy of literary studies. This mode of apologetics works to revalue *Joseph Andrews* as fit for inclusion in the canon of “classic” novels, which are defined *a priori* as formally accomplished and artfully

constructed. In this sense, the institutional placement of the novel (as one by Fielding, a touchstone in the standard history of the English novel) mandates its artistic accomplishment — and hence catalyzes readings that testify to its skill and coherence.

To put this another way, this cluster of criticism, despite many perceptive observations, protests too much and goes to too much effort to justify the tales. Against this revisionist tendency, I would maintain that the interpolated tales are indeed *inept* narratives, stilted and laborious in themselves and distending the plot of Joseph's (and Adams's and Fanny's) comedic history and adventures.¹⁴ However, what I find remarkable about them — especially “The History of Leonora,” which receives extended treatment — is their embedding in fully articulated narrative scenarios, the characters engaged in if not enthralled by the performance and exchange of narrative, all the more remarkable precisely because of the poor quality of the inset stories.¹⁵ Their ineptness and dissonance charges the self-representation of narrative hyperbolically, projecting its irresistible power. By this, I do not mean to subscribe to the claim that the tales provide a contrast or pause in the pacing that integrates formally with the rest of the narrative;¹⁶ any such inserted story, no matter how plodding, irrelevant, or even intriguing might be said to provide such a contrast, while formally incoherent with the narrative proper. Rather, I would argue that the tales disrupt the conventions of formal realism, signalling instead what Roland Barthes calls the literary code.¹⁷ That is, while one assumes that they depict a realistic scenario of characters travelling in a stagecoach or sitting in a parlor, this representation is charged rhetorically in excess of any naturalistic scene, one which postulates a preternaturally propitious time and place for narrative to occur, the act of narrative elevated in exaggerated terms, proffered to extraordinarily receptive consumers. These scenarios are determined not by ordinary world expectations but by the code and rhetoric of literary narrative, where characters exist for the sake of narrative.

The interpolated tales foreground what I call *narrative moments*, when narrative conspicuously represents its own modal form, dynamic of exchange, and affective power. This phrase draws on what J. Hillis Miller calls a “linguistic moment,” which he defines as “the moment in a work of literature when its own medium is put in question.”¹⁸

However, I would expand this definition from the more narrow linguistic problematic that Miller observes. For Miller, a linguistic moment results in an epistemological paradox, pointing to the deconstructive failure to discern the status of the linguistic mode and hence the impossibility of assurance in interpretation. While acknowledging that narrative moments raise questions about their linguistic status, I would assert that they also register a rhetorical excess and take an ideological significance, specifically advertising the affective power and desirability of narrative, rhetorically postulating the code and intractability of literary expectation, and historically promulgating the institution of what Clifford Siskin calls “novelism.”¹⁹ Overall, in the various narrative moments throughout — in the narrator’s narrative of his narrating,²⁰ in the narrative of his gathering Joseph’s history (citing his sources, recounted in comments such as “had it not been for the information which we received from a Servant”), and in the characters’ constant exchange of narrative²¹ — *Joseph Andrews* records an alterior plot of the narrative of narrative.

Distinct from the narrator’s dispersed commentary and other such narrative moments, the interpolated tales explicitly foreground the act and economy of narrative in relatively complete vignettes. In rudimentary narratological terms, Tzvetan Todorov defines a narrative as a proposition, parsing its parts in the form of a sentence, so that the primary character stands as the subject, the primary act as the predicate, and descriptive details as adjectives.²² Structurally, then, the predicate of the interpolated tales is first and foremost the act of narrative. As Todorov puts it in “Narrative-Men” — by which he means those characters whose primary action is to tell stories — the propositional structure of an embedding narrative is by definition the narrative of narrative.²³ To extend this, given “The History of Leonora,” one might more accurately say Narrative-Women (the well-bred Lady), and, given “The History of Two Friends,” Narrative-Children (Dick).

Further, the interpolated tales foreground the dynamic of narrative exchange, explicitly casting the other characters as fully engaged participants — what Gerald Prince calls *narratees* — in the narrative scenario. As Prince reasons, “All narration... presupposes not only (at least) one narrator but also (at least) one narratee, the narratee being someone

whom the narrator addresses.”²⁴ While the distinction between the actual author and the represented persona of the author is a commonplace of narrative criticism, this apposition of the “reader” has been largely neglected. In the case of *Joseph Andrews*, many otherwise careful critics take the narrator’s intoning his “dear Reader” as a direct address to an actual reader and as unmediated instruction from the author. Even as theoretically sophisticated and rhetorically attuned a critic as Wolfgang Iser misses this subtle distinction, taking the narrator’s address to his “Reader” as literal, direct address (“The author explicitly instructs his readers...,” “Fielding actually informs his readers...”).²⁵ To see this characterization as the literal reader not only ignores the fact that it is a narrative construction — a narratee — but that these addresses are so frequently ironic. While there are different kinds of narratees — a narrator might tacitly address an unnamed but linguistically implicit “reader,” or a narrative might depict a narrator and narratee in an explicit scenario (for instance, Nelly’s late-night recounting Heathcliff’s history to Lockwood in *Wuthering Heights*) — the interpolated tales foreground the interaction of narrator and narratees, representing the comprehensive economy of narrative exchange.

From this we can see that Todorov’s definition of “Narrative-Men” is limited to only one facet of the economy of narrative, its delivery; given the examples of the interpolated tales, the narrative of narrative encompasses not simply the delivery of narrative but its active exchange and reception, all of the characters taking the status of *Narrative-People*. The tales enlist a wide range of characters — across class lines, from the well-bred Lady to Slipslop; across gender lines, from Mrs. Grave-Airs to Adams; and across age lines, from Lady Booby to Dick — projecting the act of and urge for narrative as universal, indiscriminate, and natural, as an indubitable “human” attribute that goes without saying and that effects a tacit social bond. The scenario that features “The History of Leonora, or the Unfortunate Jilt” demonstrates this succinctly. After passing the “great House which stood at some distance from the Road,” the Lady remarks that the unfortunate Leonora lives there, which is “sufficient to awaken the Curiosity of Mr. Adams, as indeed it did that of the *whole Company*, who *jointly* solicited the Lady to acquaint them with Leonora’s History.”²⁶ The company in the coach includes the

“well-bred Lady” who tells the story, Mrs. Grave-airs (who has refused Joseph’s being let in the coach since he is dressed in livery), Adams, and Slipslop, and they each indicate their avid attention to the story by their various interjections through its course, carrying on a running dialogue about proper conduct, love and relationships, whether Leonora deserves sympathy or reproach, and so forth, and periodically shushing Adams.²⁷ To a less concerted extent, the scenario embedding “The History of Two Friends” also depicts an involved company that incorporates characters from a range of social positions, Adams and Lady Booby most prominent among them in their repeated interjections, and Dick, showing in microcosm how the ritual of narrative exchange is propagated.

This social bridge or levelling induced by narrative — which encodes the cross-class bond of narrative, or more exactly effaces the effect of class — is especially striking given the exchange between Slipslop and Mrs. Grave-airs at the Inn when they stop for dinner, at which point Mrs. Grave-airs cattily snipes, putting Slipslop in her place, as that saying goes: “Some Folks might sometimes give their tongues a liberty; to some people that were their betters, which did not become them: for her part, she was not used to converse with servants” (p. 113). In other words, the narrative scenario depicts a space that transcends the protocols and expectations of normal and ordinary social relations — a kind of utopic storyworld, the characters joined by a common and seemingly natural and innate interest in storytelling to form a *narrative circle*, or *company*, as the novel names those in the coach — despite the fact that the text otherwise confirms and asserts the hierarchy of those social relations. This manifest contradiction indicates the way in which the narrative is hyperbolically charged; the narrative code (equality in the narrative space) overrides the normative cultural code (class hierarchy), displacing realistic expectation with the protocols of an alterior narrative world.

The scenarios embedding both tales invoke the rhetoric of a narrative world in several other ways. The stagecoach scene measures the story of Leonora against a journey, invoking the commonplace figure of *narrative as travel*, similar to the overall spatial-temporal correlative for the movement of narrative in the plot proper — Joseph’s leaving and return to Booby Hall and environs. Further, the coach ride serves to establish the figure of a propitious *space* and *occasion* for the

act of narrative, when and where it seems narrative must naturally occur, since characters are gathered in close quarters, biding time, the carriage of a coach presumably promoting intimacy — regardless of social differences. Finally, the story is prompted by passing the “great House which stood at some distance from the Road,” which functions as a *narrative prop*, an arbitrary and accidental figure that spurs the narration, which seems inevitably to issue from it. “The History of Two Friends” also constructs a distinct narrative space, all of the characters gathered around and the space demarcated and guarded by Lady Booby, shushing the irrepressible Adams, as the Ladies in the coach do.²⁸ Both scenarios project an entry into a *narrative space*, a *narrative time*, and a *narrative society*, in which the characters are joined by their desire for and absorption in narrative.

Overall, a predominant action of the novel is the characters telling and listening to stories — their frequent casting as Narrative-People. Wilson tells his story, and Adams listens breathlessly, as do Joseph and Fanny at points. Along the journey Adams periodically tells his story — about his trip to London to sell his sermons, about Joseph and Fanny — and much of the action, or what impels their moving on, is motivated by Adams talking if not arguing with other characters (with Trulliber, Barnabas, the gentleman hunting, Joseph on education, and his wife). At points, Joseph relays his story: in letters to his sister, Pamela, to the Tow-ouse’s at the Inn, to the justice, to the salesman who generously gives them money. And Adams and Joseph receive stories from many of the other characters they encounter at the various stopping points along the way.²⁹ Bryan Burns, in “The Story-telling in *Joseph Andrews*,” likewise observes this predominance of storytelling, stating that “*Joseph Andrews* is almost entirely composed of stories formally or informally arising as the travellers move on their way.”³⁰ For Burns, this tendency works to give a fuller sense of the characters and their motives, to reinforce the moral lessons of the surface story and to intone picaresque elements. In other words, while Burns highlights this strata of the novel, he still sees it as subservient to the normal plot, integrating it as a didactic support, in large part following earlier critics like Sheldon Sacks. Rather than seeing it as a support, I would argue that the invocation of the topoi of narrative performance codes

this strata allegorically, in effect superceding the normal plot and its representational code to project an ulterior plot of narrative exchange, the characters functioning less in these instances as actants in Joseph's story than as allegorical registers, as prosopetic figures for narrative — as Narrative Curiosity, Narrative Desire, Narrative Fellowship, and so on.

Susan McNamara also remarks of the storytelling — in *Tom Jones*, but which might be applied to *Joseph Andrews* — “Storytelling and fiction-making are endemic to the entire world of the novel.”³¹ For McNamara, this implies a critique of realism; the novel reflexively calls attention to the boundary between fiction and a putative reality, so the fiction is self-referential and validated within a “closed system.”³² McNamara underscores that one level is not more ontologically assured than another. While I would agree with the general import of McNamara's argument, it is finally tautological since all fiction postulates such a closed referential system; though there are different rhetorical positions, all levels of fiction are fictional (the narrator has a superior rhetorical position, but receives his information from the various characters along the way, and thus his information is not any more ontologically assured — it does not happen in the real world). I would stress instead the way in which “storytelling” and the subscription to standard figures and motifs of the performance of narrative overwrite the representation, signalling not the exposure of “illusion” but the allegorical coding of narrative.

Seen in this light, the episodic obstacle structure that motivates the plot of *Joseph Andrews* — Joseph, Adams, and Fanny's being impeded by various problems and snafus (seduction, attack, lack of money, disguise of their identities, and so forth), repeatedly preventing resolution — functions to facilitate and provide occasion for these narrative scenarios. The quasi-realistic travel narrative provides a series of tableaux for the generation and exchange of narrative; its reiterative holding pattern sets the stage for what these characters seem naturally to do while waiting, or while coming upon new characters: tell and receive stories. In other words, while travel constitutes a standard realistic motif against which to stage action and adventure, it also forms an allegorical topography for the narrative of narrative, replete with Narrative-People, actants in the narrative world according to the tropes of narrative self-representation.

These iterative and ingrained storytelling scenarios valorize narrative through the characters' functioning not simply as passive receivers but as desiring and avid participants in the performance of narrative. To focus on the example of "The History of Leonora," the various riders in the coach enthusiastically prompt the narrative; the simple mention of her "Calamity" is "abundantly sufficient to awaken the curiosity... of the whole company" (pp. 92-93), and they each demonstrate their interest through their various interjections, spurring the story on. Even after the break in the story and the "uneasiness" at the Inn — in part to quell that uneasiness, narrative figured as a salve to assuage social insult and injustice — the company in the coach immediately "desired the lady to conclude the story" (p. 115), and Slipslop reinforces the request: "I beg your ladyship to give us that story you *commenced* in the morning" (emphasis in text; p. 115). These prompts are not simply mechanical set-ups of the story, but testify to a heightened narrative desire, beyond ordinary plausibility — the audience is "abundantly" curious and none of the characters abstain, but the "whole Company" is unabashedly implicated in the economy of narrative desire.

In particular, Adams hyperbolically and comically figures the desire for narrative throughout the text. Again, the mere mention of Leonora's unfortunate circumstance goads his curiosity; when the prissy Mrs. Grave-airs objects at one point he urges the story to continue "with the utmost vehemence" (p. 96), and he signals his interest through the tale by constant interjections — asking how Bellarmine is dressed, correcting a point of fact about the Court, his "deep Groans" (which at first "frighted the Ladies"), and so on. He is not merely disappointed in the delay in the story when they stop at the Inn, but his desire for narrative is depicted in extreme if not salacious terms: "The lady was proceeding in her story, when the coach drove... Mr. Adams, *whose ears were the most hungry part* about him; he being, as the reader may perhaps guess, of an *insatiable curiosity*, and *heartily desirous* of hearing the end of this amour" (my emphases; p. 107).

This extreme characterization of Adams as narratee occurs throughout the text, in the various narrative interludes on the way, such as when he "discourses" variously with Barnabas, the gentleman who is hunting, Trulliber, the sailor, Joseph, or in reading his Aeschylus, as well as in

the scenes of the interpolated tales. It also receives sustained elaboration in the context of Wilson's History, which is prompted by Adams's dire curiosity (p. 130), and Adams indicates his enthrallment by emitting more "deep groan" and various cries, again commenting "with some vehemence" (p. 132), and at points "snap[ping] his fingers at these words in an ecstasy of joy" and "starting from his chair" (p. 199). When Wilson apologizes that his account has taken so long, Adams responds, somewhat pruriently, "'So far otherwise,' said Adams, licking his lips, 'that I could willingly hear it over again'" (p. 203).

These various interjections offer what I would call *narrative adverts* or *spurs*, functional devices to effect the continuation of the narrative, and their cumulative excess builds to valorize the act of and desire for narrative in the highest of terms, marking Adams as a prosopoetic figure for a kind of Narrative Immersion if not Lust. Beyond his being a moral overvoice or an example of the disparity between pedantic knowledge and lived experience — two common and understandable views in the criticism³³ — his dominant characterization in this regard is as an *obsessive*, or as the stagecoach scene declares him, an *insatiable narratee*. This is of course humorous, since Adams' interest seems salacious, although he himself frequently censures any immorality and has unimpeachable intentions; Adams' interest in hearing stories, in receiving narrative, is figured in terms of innate appetite, fusing the appetites of hunger (his "Ears were the most Hungry part about him," licking his lips) and sex ("heartily desirous," his prurience and insatiability), and transposing them to a kind of irrepressible and socially countenanced lust for narrative.

In general, this appetite for narrative is summarized under the figure of Curiosity, which constantly impels Adams and the other characters to consume stories.³⁴ As mentioned, "The History of Leonora" is prompted by the Curiosity of Adams and the company in the coach, and Adams' "insatiable Curiosity" catalyzes many of the stories along the way. Curiosity is defined not as a trivial or inconsequential emotion, but as a primary human "Affection" or quality which calls for gratification and which all the characters and even the projected "Reader" are subject to, which the narrator frequently offers to "indulge." This postulation of Curiosity as the prime category that motivates narrative is especially

distinctive in that it grounds narrative in terms of *affect*, of an innate consuming appetite, rather than in terms of a fulfillment of mimetic representation, as one might expect given the traditional protocols of narrative criticism, from Aristotle on down.³⁵

If one recalls Aristotle's *Poetics*, the primary motivation of art — tragedy, epic, and so on, but that is usually applied to our category of narrative — is mimesis, and Aristotle goes so far as to project an anthropological foundation for this urge:

For imitating is innate in men from childhood. Men differ from other animals in that they are the most imitative, and their first learning is produced through imitation. Again, all men delight in imitations... For we delight in contemplating the most exact likenesses of things which are in themselves painful to see, e.g. the shapes of the most dishonored beasts and corpses... For men delight in seeing likenesses because in contemplating them it happens that they are learning and reasoning out what each thing is.³⁶

The burgeoning eighteenth-century discourse on aesthetics diverges from this grounding of art in mimesis.³⁷ To cite one particularly relevant example, Edmund Burke's *Enquiry on the Sublime and Beautiful*, roughly contemporaneous with *Joseph Andrews*, begins with this highlighting of Curiosity and its ensuing drive toward Novelty:

The first and simplest emotion which we discover in the human mind, is Curiosity. By curiosity, I mean whatever desire we have for, or whatever pleasure we take in novelty. We see children perpetually running from place to place to hunt out something new... But as those things which engage us merely by their novelty, cannot attach us for any length of time, curiosity is the most superficial of all the affections... it has an appetite which is very sharp, but very easily satisfied... Curiosity from its nature is a very active principle... Some degree of novelty must be one of the materials in every instrument which works upon the mind; and curiosity blends itself more or less with all our passions.³⁸

While Curiosity has a decidedly transient quality, Burke casts it as central and fundamental to cognitive activity, and he grounds the impulse toward novelty anthropologically, its innateness demonstrated by its occurrence in the presumably primitive state of childhood, which parallels Aristotle's claiming imitation as a primary human impulse.

Burke goes on to single out imitation (respectfully citing Aristotle) as a social passion, which forms a social link through the imitation of manners, opinions, and conduct, but the impulse toward novelty takes priority: “But when the object of the painting or poem is such as we should run to see if real, let it affect us with what odd sort of sense it will, we may rely upon it, that the power of the poem or picture is more owing to the nature of the thing itself than to the mere effect of imitation, or to a consideration of the skill of the imitator however excellent.”³⁹ For Aristotle, artistic pleasure derives from imitation, and the value of a poetic object from its formal skill. For Burke, novelty and its affective power — that which makes us run to see it (such as a fatal accident or a public execution, as he notes, rather than a well-done play) — supplant the interest in and take priority over sheer imitation.

This discursive field of aesthetics — centering on a concern with the affective power of the object, rather than the formal properties of the object — marks a different prospect by which to assess the novel, whereby affective categories such as novelty and curiosity supercede the protocols of formal realism. In *Joseph Andrews*, the textual assertion of Curiosity does not dispense with mimesis, but reorients the categorical priority of narrative to an affective or aesthetic basis. The repeated positing of an “insatiable” curiosity and appetite for narrative exceeds the parameters of realistic description and functions as a blatantly ideological register that testifies to and reinforces the affective power of literary narrative and constitutes the desire for it as the most primary and indubitable of human Affections. To put this another way, the self-representation of narrative is not simply a question of linguistic reflexivity (a “linguistic moment”), but encodes an allegory of desire for and power of an historically specific instantiation of literature — the novel and novelistic modes of literary practice. It is ideological because it naturalizes what is an historical form as a universal and essential human appetite, transcending history.⁴⁰ Curiosity, reiteratively fulfilled by novelty, presents the recoding of desire from naturally irrepressible appetites such as sex and hunger to an irrepressible desire for novelistic forms — engendered by and satisfied under the aegis of new capitalist modes of production, particularly the *material* production of the thing published, sold, consumed, and consecrated in the eighteenth century as

the novel.⁴¹ This transposition of desire from presumably natural appetites such as sex and hunger is most familiar to us in advertising, and one might say that narrative, at least in these depictions, advertises itself.

The reflexive process of the self-valorization and advertisement of narrative works in a manner similar to what Eugene Vance describes in “Roland and the Poetics of Memory,” where he argues that the pattern in oral poetic discourse not only “make[s] experience intelligible” — ordering events in plot, for instance — but makes “intelligible... the model that subtends communication itself.” Vance continues:

what we call myth and legend (poetic or not) always tend to be structured no less by their mode of dissemination in culture than by the ‘events’ in the past that such myths are purported to convey, no matter how much these events are accepted as being truly historical. Thus, if memory is the principal means of preserving sacred history, history must serve, reciprocally, to sacralize the faculty of memory.⁴²

In other words, poetic representation is not a one-way relay or medium delivering myth or history, but reciprocally valorizes its mode, enabling and guaranteeing its dissemination and reproduction. Similarly, one might say that narrative does not simply deliver plausible realworld events but, particularly in the reflexive action of narrative moments, valorizes its modal form and sacralizes the exchange of and desire for literary narrative.

This reflexive process is hardly unique to eighteenth-century narratives — one might observe it in earlier narratives and proto-novels, such as *Don Quixote*, the *Decameron*, or *One Thousand and One Nights* — but it takes particular significance and I would conjecture is more concertedly exploited in the eighteenth-century English novel as part of the development of “novelism.” As Siskin argues, the eighteenth century demonstrated the vastly increased production and proliferation of writing, which largely came to be encompassed by the disciplinary rubric of the novel. Siskin sees this as a technological shift comparable in degree to the present shift to electronic media, one that effected a fundamental change in readers and writers, inducing a precipitous rise in the production and consumption of writing. Part of the function of the novel was to domesticate this strange new technology; as Siskin

explains, “novelism is the discursive site on which the naturalization of writing is negotiated.”⁴³ Siskin distinguishes “novelism” from the standard “rise of the novel,” which yields a self-contained genealogy of a literary genre, to indicate the full range of its historical determinants; he locates it in the context of the competing discourses of the eighteenth century, the development of disciplinary distinctions among them, the advent of modern professions, the growth of reading and writing publics, and the articulation of British nationalism.

In particular, Siskin observes that Richardson and Fielding “standardized writing’s self-reflexive turns”; despite their claims for newness, “this newness was intended to make writing seem less strange, more acceptable, natural.”⁴⁴ The interpolated tales project their novelistic modes — “The History of Leonora” presents a kind of vignette of epistolary writing, akin to Richardson, and “The History of Two Friends” a more straightforward albeit interrupted narrative, in keeping with Fielding’s manner — as natural, unsurprising, and normal, accepted without question and avidly exchanged by the narrative circle. The scenarios embedding the tales present in microcosm a model for a writing and reading public, casting the desire to produce and consume novelistic writing as an innate human attribute applying to all classes, ages, genders, and creeds, thereby naturalizing and domesticating that desire. The discursive matrix elevating Curiosity and the affective power of narrative contributes to the construction of the cultural institution of novelism, promoting novelistic writing as satisfying the most primary of human Affections — like food and sex, something that we cannot do without — circularly promulgating its further consumption and production, its reading and writing.

NOTES

1. To specify it, most of the criticism focuses on “The History of Leonora,” since it is far more fully elaborated (over most of three lengthy chapters) than the brief (one short chapter) “History of Two Friends.” See my survey of the criticism below. While garnering occasional mention, Wilson’s tale is not usually grouped with the “interpolated” tales, since it bears directly on Joseph’s history and is therefore not considered independent. See note 14.
2. On its literary sources, see Homer Goldberg, *The Art of Joseph Andrews* (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1969); on its moral message, see Martin

Battestin, *The Moral Basis of Fielding's Art: A Study of "Joseph Andrews"* (Middletown, CT: Wesleyan Univ. Press, 1959); on the role of the narrator in shaping its ethical views, see Sheldon Sacks, *Fiction and the Shape of Belief: A Study of Henry Fielding with Glances at Swift, Johnson, and Richardson* (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1964). In the 1970s and 80s, the criticism shifts to a predominant concern with reader response, inaugurated by Wolfgang Iser's "The Role of the Reader in Fielding's *Joseph Andrews* and *Tom Jones*," *The Implied Reader: Patterns of Communication in Prose Fiction from Bunyan to Beckett* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Univ. Press, 1974), pp. 29-56. See also Jeffrey Perl, "Anagogic Surfaces: How to Read *Joseph Andrews*," *The Eighteenth Century* 22 (1981): 249-70; Raymond Stephanson, "The Education of the Reader in Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*," *Philological Quarterly* 61 (1982): 243-58; and specifically on the interpolated tales, Joseph Bartolomeo, "Interpolated Tales as Allegories of Reading: *Joseph Andrews*," *Studies in the Novel* 23 (1991): 401-15; and Raymond Stephanson, "'Silenc'd by Authority' in *Joseph Andrews*: Power, Submission, and Mutuality in 'The History of Two Friends,'" *Studies in the Novel* 24 (1992): 1-12. More recently, probably due to the influence of the new historicism, there has been concerted attention to commercialism and the eighteenth-century publishing, legal, and national context; see, for instance, James Cruise, "Fielding, Authority, and the New Commercialism in *Joseph Andrews*," *ELH* 54 (1987): 253-76.

3. On the question of critical performance and competition within the current academic institution, see Richard Levin, *New Readings vs. Old Plays: Recent Trends in the Reinterpretation of English Renaissance Drama* (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1979).
4. Sir Walter Scott, "Henry Fielding (1821)," *The English Novel: Background Readings*, ed. Lynn C. Bartlett and William R. Sherwood (Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1967), p. 29.
5. Irving Ehrenpreis, "Fielding's Use of Fiction: The Autonomy of *Joseph Andrews*," *Twelve Original Essays: On Great English Novels*, ed. Charles Shapiro (Detroit, MI: Wayne State Univ. Press, 1960), pp. 23-42. F. Homes Dudden, in his *Henry Fielding: His Life, Works, and Times*, vol. 1 ([Oxford: Clarendon, 1952], pp. 351-52), also attests to this view, seeing the "two independent stories" as a chief weakness of *Joseph Andrews*.
6. Ian Watt, *The Rise of the Novel: Studies in Defoe, Richardson, and Fielding* (Berkeley: Univ. of California Press, 1957), p. 285. While this surmise is admittedly impressionistic and impossible to document, I would hazard that Watt's criterion for formal realism still holds for most ordinary readers. To offer one pedagogical instance, when I first read *Joseph Andrews* in

the 1980s, my professor — a noted eighteenth-century scholar — told us we could skip over them, since they bore little on the history of Joseph Andrews.

7. The defenses of the tales begin in 1956, with I. B. Cauthen, Jr. ("Fielding's Digressions in *Joseph Andrews*," *College English* 17 [1956]: 379-82), who argues that they are instructive, exposing affectation, vanity and hypocrisy. Sheldon Sacks claims they give relevant "ethical comment on the actions of the important characters" (*Fiction and the Shape of Belief*, p. 213).
8. Initiating a different line of justification, Homer Goldberg argues explicitly against the view that they are "insipid conventional exercises" and recoups them as skillful parodies of the literary tradition (after Cervantes and Marivaux), claiming that they "disclose an unsuspected dimension of Fielding's comic invention" ("The Interpolated Stories in *Joseph Andrews* or 'The History of the World in General' Satirically Revised," *Modern Philology* 63 [1966]: 295-310).
9. Irving Ehrenpreis ("Fielding's Use of Fiction"), while granting their flaws, reclaims the tales as "negative analogues" to the main characters. Douglas Brooks, in "The Interpolated Tales in *Joseph Andrews* Again" (*Modern Philology* 65 [1968]: 208-13), notes the parallels between characters in the novel and within the tales (i.e., Leonora vs. Fanny). Leon V. Driskell ("Interpolated Tales in *Joseph Andrews*," *South Atlantic Bulletin* 33 [1968]: 5-8) underscores how the tales apply to their particular auditors. In "Chastity and Interpolation: Two Aspects of *Joseph Andrews*" (*Journal of English and Germanic Philology* 69 [1970]: 14-31), Howard D. Weinbrot points out the contrast of the "benevolent God" of "Fielding" to the "foolish" narrators of the tales.
10. Robert Alter reads the tales as "an integral part of the artistic scheme of the novel," their contrast providing "texture" to the narrative (*Fielding and the Nature of the Novel* [Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1968], pp. 108-13). J. Paul Hunter claims that they contribute to the pacing as "pauses" in the "motion" of the plot (*Occasional Form: Henry Fielding and the Chains of Circumstance* [Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Univ. Press, 1975], pp. 151-61). In my view, this is decidedly circular reasoning: any bad inserted tale might be said to provide "texture" and offer a refreshing "pause." This might have truth as a description, but hardly qualifies as an aesthetic justification. More recently, Hunter acknowledges that such tales might be formally flawed by our standards, but are a typical and common feature of eighteenth-century narrative (*Before Novels: The Cultural Contexts of Eighteenth Century English Fiction* [New York: Norton, 1990], p. 47).
11. In "The Interpolated Narrative in the Fiction of Fielding and Smollett: An

- Epistemological View" (*Studies in the Novel* 5 [1973]: 271-82), John M. Warner argues that the tales foreshadow a Romantic concern with "epistemological uncertainty" by juxtaposing different perspectives. Joseph Bartolomeo ("Interpolated Tales as Allegories of Reading") claims that they present allegorical scenes of reading (drawing on Iser rather than de Man, as his title otherwise suggests). Finally, Raymond Stephanson ("Silenc'd by Authority") looks at the reader's response to narrative authority in the latter tale.
12. See *Before Novels*, pp. 47-48.
 13. See Paul de Man, "Foreword to Carol Jacobs' *The Dissimulating Harmony*," *Critical Writings, 1953-1978*, ed. Lindsay Waters (Minneapolis: Univ. of Minnesota Press, 1989), p. 220-21.
 14. In simple Aristotelian terms, they depict incidents that are not necessary to the progress of the plot toward the telos of Joseph's recognition of his name and his reversal of fortune and position. As a point of comparison, Wilson's tale, while a digression from the "road" narrative, bears directly on the plot of Joseph's recovery of his name and birthright, setting the stage for the final recognition and reversal, and the incidents Wilson recounts carry a decided interest (sex, drinking) and an explicit but not tendentious moral lesson. This is not the case with the "History of Leonora" and "History of Two Friends," which are only very indirectly relevant and stilted and belabored. This accounts for why Wilson's tale is accorded a separate status in the criticism, since its relevance is more obvious, whereas the relevance of "Leonora" and "Two Friends" remains obscure.
 15. Bartolomeo and Stephanson ("Silenced by Authority") both focus on the ways in which the tales depict models of reading and narrative authority; though I have much affinity for their arguments, I see these scenes more dramatically (in Kenneth Burke's phrase) as sites of narrative performance rather than as instruction in interpretation — as allegories of narrative rather than, as Bartolomeo puts it, allegories of reading. Further, I see them as dissonant rather than consonant features, as Bartolomeo and Stephanson do. For a companion discussion of narrative performance — of an extraordinary rather than subpar story — and the rhetoric of narrative desire and exchange, see my "Narrative Games: The Frame in *The Turn of the Screw*," *Journal of Narrative Technique* 28.1 (1998): 43-55.
 16. As Alter and Hunter propose; see note 10.
 17. See Roland Barthes' distinction of the literary "real" and what is actually operable in *S/Z*, trans. Richard Howard (New York: Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 1974), pp. 80-81; and "The Reality Effect," *The Rustle of Language*, trans. Richard Howard (New York: Hill and Wang, 1986), pp. 141-48.
 18. J. Hillis Miller, "The Critic as Host," *Deconstruction and Criticism*, ed.

- Harold Bloom et al. (New York: Seabury, 1979), p. 250. See also his book so titled, *The Linguistic Moment: From Wordsworth to Stevens* (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1985).
19. Clifford Siskin, "Epilogue: The Rise of Novelism," *Cultural Institutions of the Novel*, ed. Deidre Lynch and William B. Warner (Durham: Duke Univ. Press, 1996), pp. 423-40.
 20. As Wayne Booth claims apropos *Tom Jones*, Fielding's narrator develops a "plot of intimacy" with his Reader; see "The Self-Conscious Narrator in Comic Fiction Before *Tristram Shandy*," *PMLA* 67 (1952): 180; see also Booth's *The Rhetoric of Fiction*, 2nd ed. (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1983), p. 215. On the issue of the alterior or allegorical plot of the narrating, see my "Narrative of Narrative (*Tristram Shandy*)," *MLN* 105 (1990): 1032-45.
 21. Sheldon Sacks observes that "the major characters' total participation in many episodes consists of listening to and commenting upon the tale of a newly introduced character," but sees their relevance in terms of ethical value (*Fiction and the Shape of Belief*, pp. 211ff.).
 22. Todorov puts it this way in "The Grammar of Narrative": "To study the structure of a narrative's plot, we must first present this plot in the form of a summary, in which each distinct action of the story has a corresponding proposition" (*The Poetics of Prose*, trans. Richard Howard [Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell Univ. Press, 1977], p. 110). See also *Introduction to Poetics*, trans. Richard Howard (Minneapolis: Univ. of Minnesota Press, 1981), pp. 48- 53.
 23. See Tzvetan Todorov, "Narrative-Men," *The Poetics of Prose*, pp. 66-79.
 24. See Gerald Prince, "Introduction to the Study of the Narratee," *Reader-Response Criticism: From Formalism to Post-Structuralism*, ed. Jane P. Tompkins (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Univ. Press, 1980), p. 6. See also his *Narratology: The Form and Functioning of Narrative* (Berlin: Mouton, 1982), pp. 16-26.
 25. Wolfgang Iser, *The Act of Reading: A Theory of Aesthetic Response* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Univ. Press, 1978), pp. 142, 218.
 26. Henry Fielding, *Joseph Andrews, with Shamela and Related Writings*, Norton Critical Ed., ed. Homer Goldberg (New York: Norton, 1987), p. 80; my emphases.
 27. The story itself consists, for the most part, of the exchange of letters between Horatio and Leonora, in over-inflated Augustan rhetoric (see Jeffrey Plank, "The Narrative Forms of *Joseph Andrews*," *Papers on Language and Literature* 24 (1988): 142-58), and long, overdrawn scenes involving Horatio, Leonora, and Bellarmine, the false seducer. The comments of the

audience spur and intensify the otherwise plodding history.

28. To qualify this, "The History of Two Friends" is not simply an innocent entertainment to pass the time, as "The History of Leonora" in the coach is, but a pretext for Lady Booby's and Didapper's designs. Still, Booby seems to become engaged in the narrative, as evidenced by her reactions to Adams' interruptions.
29. The story of Leonora in itself projects a complex of narratorial relations, and one might say her situation is governed by discourse-exchange — in the various exchanges of letters, promises, etc. And the story of Leonard and Paul centers on narrative double-dealing.
30. Bryan Burns, "The Story-telling in *Joseph Andrews*," *Henry Fielding: Justice Observed*, ed. K. G. Simpson (Totowa, NJ: Barnes & Noble, 1985), p. 126. While perceptive, Burns fails to take account of Sacks' or McNamara's earlier and one would assume germane arguments, cited below.
31. Susan McNamara, "Mirrors of Fiction Within *Tom Jones*: The Paradox of Self-Reference," *Eighteenth-Century Studies* 12 (1978-79): 374.
32. *Ibid.*, p. 388.
33. See, for instance, Aaron Schneider, "Hearts and Minds in *Joseph Andrews*: Parson Adams and a War of Ideas," *Philological Quarterly* 66 (1989): 367-89.
34. See Bartolomeo, who notes Adams' curiosity in prompting additional information (pp. 412-13).
35. I would contend that this criterion continues in present-day narratology; see chapters one and two of my *Theory and the Novel: Reflexivity in the English Tradition* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1998).
36. *Aristotle's Poetics*, trans. Kenneth A. Telford (Lanham: Univ. Press of America, 1985), pp. 6-7. For a lucid discrimination of the formal basis of mimesis as opposed to affective response, see Telford's commentary, esp. his discussion of *catharsis* (pp. 103-05). Telford largely follows Richard McKeon, who distinguishes the formal concerns of the *Poetics* from the affective concerns of the *Rhetoric* in "Rhetoric and Poetic in the Philosophy of Aristotle," *Aristotle's "Poetics" and English Literature: A Collection of Critical Essays*, ed. Elder Olson (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1965), pp. 201-36. See also Alexander Nehamas' update on McKeon, "Pity and Fear in the *Rhetoric* and the *Poetics*," *Aristotle's Rhetoric: Philosophical Essays*, eds. David J. Furley and Alexander Nehamas (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1994), pp. 257-82.
37. For a discussion of the history of the aesthetic, see Terry Eagleton, *The Ideology of the Aesthetic* (Oxford: Blackwell, 1990).
38. Edmund Burke, *A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origins of Our Ideas of*

the Sublime and Beautiful, ed. J. T. Boulton (Notre Dame: Univ. of Notre Dame Press, 1968), p. 31.

39. Burke, pp. 49-50.
40. In Althusserian terms, ideology, defined as the imaginary relation to the real conditions of existence, functions to reproduce the mode of production; the imaginary relation promulgated by narrative itself — as a natural human Affection — functions to reproduce the mode of production of the then-nascent publishing venture, the novel. See Louis Althusser, “Ideology and Ideological State Apparatuses,” *Lenin and Philosophy and Other Essays*, trans. Ben Brewster (New York: Monthly Review, 1971), pp. 127-86.
41. As Clifford Siskin argues, though there were many extant modes of writing, the diverse audiences of the eighteenth century coalesced around the novel, consolidating the novel’s cultural power (“Eighteenth-Century Periodicals and the Romantic Rise of the Novel,” *Studies in the Novel* 26 [1994]: 26-42).
42. Eugene Vance, “Roland and the Poetics of Memory,” *Textual Strategies: Perspectives in Post-Structuralist Criticism*, ed. Josué V. Harari (Ithaca: Cornell Univ. Press, 1979), p. 379.
43. “Novelism,” p. 425.
44. *Ibid.*, p. 431.

Interrogating Inns as Spaces of Social Interaction in *Joseph Andrews*

PARAMA BASU

From a sociological perspective, human conflicts have been sought to be resolved through the ages by trying to end the antagonism between the sparring parties and bring in peaceful co-existence in its place. This resolution is ensured by insisting upon the dual forces of social interaction, viz., accommodation and assimilation. “Accommodation,” as explained in experimental psychology, is the process of social adaptation which emphasises upon adjustment and cooperation, paving the way for inculcating social responsibility and mutual tolerance. Accommodations follow a set hierarchy, helping to maintain order and regulate power equations of the members inhabiting it, and this holds true for both private and commercial establishments of stay. Thus, much like houses in the domestic sphere, inns also provide their customers both the safety of the home and a space for social interaction, and also contribute towards a socially committed model of consumerism. The twin influences of commercial and proprietary concerns in the functioning of inn houses often replicate the patterns of patriarchal authority as manifested in the political order and social hierarchy of the state.

According to Gillin and Gillin (1948), “accommodation is the term used by sociologists to describe a process by which competing and conflicting individuals and groups adjust their relationships to each other in order to overcome the difficulties which arise in competition, contravention or conflict” (505). The representation of inns in the novelistic form of *Joseph Andrews* (1742) takes cognizance of such acquired alterations and carefully planned adjustments of behavioural patterns which help foster inclusivity and tolerance in individuals. Just as the inns depicted herein represent an environment away from home yet much like it, the conflicts which take place at the site of

this accommodation are sought to be resolved in a bid to regulate and improve interpersonal relations.

The inns function as social units which lend themselves to patterns of social organisation such as those found in houses, but do so from a commercial aspect of profiteering through hospitality services. Thus, even though these two disparate units of accommodation are regulated along separate lines, both forms lend themselves to a setting wherein much drama and action unfolds in literary forms such as the novel. The incidents which take place therein play a great part in taking the narrative forward. Since most of the chief characters frequent the inn, this form of lodging gains relevance in the course of the novel.

The literary origins of the inn in British history can be traced back to its most rudimentary form, as was seen in some of Britain's Roman-inspired posting-houses, which were consequently replaced by monasteries which offered subsidised lodging options, and by aristocratic mansions, repurposed as income-generating habitation structures for travellers. Etymologically, the term "inn" first evolved circa 1000, from the Latin term "*hospitum*", referring to "a residence for students" and later, around the thirteenth century, it came to denote "a public house kept for the lodging and entertainment of travellers, or of any who wish to use its accommodation" (OED). The evolving connotations of the term "inn" are itself proof of the way in which the term has travelled — over time and across cultures. From the early medieval travellers who were primarily pilgrims needing to rest at inns while they were on their way to or from their place of worship, the purpose of travel for lodgers at inns during the eighteenth century was largely necessitated by internal trade, and for purposes of leisure or education. The spread and improvement of travel by road allowed for easier methods to commute, and this was responsible for a steady increase in the number of people undertaking journeys for various purposes. This, in turn, facilitated the proliferation of inns along the routes frequented by passing travellers. Prior to 1800, inns functioned as important centres of trade and commerce which enabled the forging of new contacts, as places where business could be conducted and exchanges made, and they were different from taverns in that they provided the option of accommodation that was not to be found in the generic alehouses.

The Tabard Inn at Southwark in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the Boar's Head Inn in Eastcheap, London, in William Shakespeare's *Henry IV* plays, and Upton-on-Seven Inn in Fielding's *Tom Jones* (1749) by Henry Fielding are some of the noteworthy inns one encounters in the pages of literature wherein the inn topos has been masterfully connected to the narrative form. The inn as depicted in such fiction sets up a rather unique mutual relationship: while the social construct of the inn helps shape fiction realistically from the inside, fictional techniques on the other hand inform the individual experiences of the characters shown to be frequenting the inns. Thus, writings that classify as Inn Fiction delineate a curious admixture of private and public lives of characters, especially replicating patterns of their domestic lives as they inhabit the surrogate homely space of the inns. This equivalence is then further complicated by hinting at the similarities between processes of domestic and personal internalisation. This transformation and reorganisation of the tropes of domestic life in the fictional representations of inns show the defining lines between interior and exterior spaces colliding, coalescing and continuously evolving, leading to newer cultural interpretations of time, space and social mobility.

Fielding's prefatory agenda while writing *Joseph Andrews* was to explore and affirm the satirical tone of his "comic epic-poem in prose," (3) for, as he stated in his preface, "the ridiculous only, as I have before said, falls within my province in the present work," and that "The only source of the true ridiculous (as it appears to me) is affectation" (6). Fielding marks a clear distinction between affectation arising from vanity and hypocrisy, and opines, "From the discovery of this [vanity's] affectation arises the ridiculous — which always strikes the reader with surprize and pleasure; and that in a higher and stronger degree when the affectation arises from hypocrisy" (7), and to this end, he satirises human follies and vices, and uses humour to urge people to trade their frailties for good manners.

In this literary work, which ranked among the first few novels written in the English language, Fielding used the trope of travel to analyse social spaces such as inns, and the public discourses generated therein would often help the satirist expose societal ills. The transitory stop provided by the inns on the journey route provided travellers hailing

from a wide cross-section of society an opportunity not only to take rest and stop over for the night, but also a chance to interact with each other and share experiences and ideas. The inn, in eighteenth-century British literature, came to occupy an important function as it signified both the rise of travel and the concomitant commercial viability of the service of hospitality. Food and lodging were provided by inns in exchange for money, and the code of conduct expected from both guests and hosts depended on this monetary transaction. Thus, the safety offered by the inns was a social benefit only to those travellers who had the power to purchase it.

In metaphorical terms, human beings are often deemed sojourners in the journey to their final destination culminating in their death, and the world is represented as an inn, which provides them a temporary dwelling place during their rite of passage. Just as the inn provides an interim lodging, man's time on earth is also not permanent. The transience of life on earth compares the world humans inhabit to the provisional abode offered by inns, both being interlinked as they serve as resting points in a long journey. John Bunyan in *Pilgrim's Progress* (1678, 1684) conceptualises life as one such spiritual journey wherein his time on earth is likened to a stoppage at an inn wherein he has time to reflect and learn from his actions and experiences. By interpreting the physical and material repose of the inn symbolically in spiritual terms, such literary works reinforced a reflective style of reading, and this recursive discourse was further emphasised in eighteenth-century fiction.

The inns also become important as convening spaces for microcosmic representations of society where strict social boundaries and hierarchies are mapped, overlapped, and even eroded at times, as the requirement of the narrative may demand. The inns represent a feeling of home outside of it, where classical hospitality has become a commercial enterprise, and it is in this straddling between the private and public spheres, between inside and outside spaces, that the inns provide a pivotal intersection which draws together the elite and the plebeian, the charitable and the dishonest, the rich and the poor, the noble and the vulgar. The role of inns in *Joseph Andrews* is to find the significance of using such temporary and liminal spaces to denote not only the circumstantial and temporal narrative progression, but also the

wider context of a rapidly evolving British society marked particularly by the rise of the middle-classes.

In the comic-romance narrative of *Joseph Andrews*, the various depictions of inns by Fielding become important tools to interrogate the discursive space where commerce, domesticity, and religion thrive together, where romance, intrigue and adventure coningle, and the easy communication between strangers hailing from diverse backgrounds is often aided by the security of their anonymity. The open spaces of inns become amenable centres for social dialogue to emerge from gatherings under the rigidly observant satirical scrutiny of social commentary. The various inn visits during the journey of Parson Abraham Adams and his protégé Joseph Andrews from London back to their country home allow a close look at the full socio-cultural spectrum of eighteenth-century English life, and the good-humoured satiric perspective of Fielding, as evidenced in his treatment of flawed individuals and their sham ethics, is certainly Cervantean.

Will McMorran in his seminal work *The Inn and the Traveller: Digressive Topographies in the Early Modern European Novel* opines that the inn discursively functions as a form of digression, symbolically pausing on the onward journey towards the main plot to explore the thematic option of the subplot. This relation between the main plot and the subsidiary plots is also replicated by Fielding in *Joseph Andrews* as he leaves the main plot repeatedly to focus attention on the subplots, viz. the history of Leonora (Bk. II, ch. 4 and 6), Mr. Wilson's Tale (Bk. III, ch. 3) and the story of Leonard and Paul (Bk. IV, ch. 10). However, making such multiple stops in the main narrative does not disrupt its progress, rather, just as the inn rejuvenates the weary traveller to undertake the remainder of his journey with renewed enthusiasm, the subplots also create intertextuality through the metafiction and serve as a narrative technique for providing important information about the characters and background of the plot. Fielding himself writes of the connection between inns and the art of dividing a written work into chapters in Book II:

[...] those little spaces between our chapters may be looked upon as an inn or resting-place, where he may stop and take a glass, or any other refreshment, as it pleases him. Nay, our fine readers will, perhaps, be scarce able to travel farther than through one of them in a day. As to

those vacant pages which are placed between our books, they are to be regarded as those stages, where, in long journeys, the traveller stays some time to repose himself, and consider of what he hath seen in the parts he hath already passed through; a consideration which I take the liberty to recommend a little to the reader: for however swift his capacity may be, I would not advise him to travel through these pages too fast: for if he doth, he may probably miss the seeing some curious productions of nature which will be observed by the slower and more accurate reader. A volume without any such places of rest resembles the opening of wilds or seas, which tires the eye and fatigues the spirit when entered upon. (80-81)

In structural terms, the chapter titles closely resemble inscriptions over the gates of inns, announcing to the readers what awaits them in the chapter, "... informing the reader what entertainment he is to expect, which if he likes not, he may travel on to the next" (82). The author further emphasises how truthfully he has laid bare the details of every chapter in the titles so that his readers can gauge the content from the introductory inscriptions and make informed choices of what they wish to read, and in granting his readers this choice Fielding makes them equally responsible for their decision, much in the same way as travellers deciding to repose their trust in an inn of their choice. Even though Fielding posits the reliability of the chapter descriptions vis-à-vis the interpretive judgment of his readers, the clarity in some chapter descriptors is compromised at times, causing the readers great befuddlement. When chapter content indicators are deliberately vague, the readers can hardly know what to expect when the chapter signpost cautions "Of several new Matters not expected" (44); or suggests "Which some Readers will think too short, and others too long" (226); and one "Of which you are desired to read no more than you like" (265). For a reader to decide to read a chapter despite the vague description provided is to consciously agree to continue his textual journey without being prepared for what lies ahead. Even though chapter signposts in this textual journey may sometimes prove unworthy of the complete trust of the readers, the bodily sign of the strawberry mark forms the cornerstone of the narrative in *Joseph Andrews*. This birthmark on Joseph's left breast is a crucial sign in leading to the discovery of his own identity and brings about his reunion with his biological parents. Thus, this physical sign of recognition blends the external sign with the

innermost desire of the self, and writing about it constitutes the spiritual journey covered by the novel. On the other hand, inn signs are largely ignored by the characters in the novel and the readers are left to uncover and interpret the significance of these fictional signs all by themselves.

The textual medium of the narrative in *Joseph Andrews* mentions three inns by name — the Lion, the Dragon, and the New Inn — and in each case, there are discrepancies between what the inn signs announce and what they actually signify. The Red Lion, the inn that Joseph chances upon while trying to find refuge during a hail storm, is easily hyper-pictorialised in its naming. The contraindication between the sign and the signifier is very apparent to the readers once they realise that the inscription at the gate of this abode of hospitality sets up the scene for a majestic beast of power, but on entering the premises, one is welcomed by the innkeeper Timotheus, who may have a large stature and a brutish countenance, but is as meek as a lamb:

It presents you a lion on the sign post: and the master, who was christened Timotheus, is commonly called plain Tim. Some have conceived that he hath particularly chosen the lion for his sign, as he doth in countenance greatly resemble that magnanimous beast, tho' his disposition savours more of the sweetness of the lamb. He is a person well received among all sorts of men, being qualified to render himself agreeable to any; as he is well versed in history and politicks, hath a smattering in law and divinity, cracks a good jest, and plays wonderfully on the French horn. (46)

In the case of the second inn, the name is not revealed to the readers until two chapters after Joseph enters the lodge, is mercilessly beaten, and consequently visited by both the surgeon and the clergyman Mr. Barnabas, who prepare him for his death. When the name of the inn is revealed to be “the Dragon,” it is in connection with the insensitive Mrs. Tow-wouse’s snide remark to Betty’s open admiration of Joseph’s spotless skin: “Pox on his skin... I suppose, that is all we are like to have for the reckoning. I desire no such gentlemen should ever call at the Dragon;’ (which it seems was the sign of the inn)” (56). The implicit comparison drawn in this case is between the name of the sign and the termagant disposition of Mr. Tow-wouse. The narrator draws attention to the physical affinities between the bodily features of the landlady at the Dragon and the picture of the fiery creature on the

signboard and thus comments on the manner in which the physical similarities such as her “short, thin, and crooked” body, a “sharp and red” nose, “a Pair of small red Eyes,” and a “loud and hoarse” voice suggest deeper moral shortcomings (57).

For each sign-post of the inns mentioned in the novel, Fielding manipulates exactly when and how the narrator shall disclose the name of the inn to the readers. Sometimes the name of the inn is revealed before the readers are surprised to see the innkeeper being more popular than the inn itself, and that too, bearing a temperament exactly opposite of what his appearance hinted at. At other times, when the inn is revealed before its name is shared, the name is thrust as a satirical comment on the landlady of the inn. In the case of the third inn, the name of the lodge is let onto the readers only as a verbal cue which they must interpret and understand. Fielding writes, “This inn, which indeed we might call an ale-house, had not the words, *The New Inn*, been writ on the sign, afforded them no better provision than bread and cheese, and ale; on which, however, they made a very comfortable meal; for Hunger is better than a French cook” (226). This final inn poses problems in terms of categorisation, because it lacks in accommodation, making it more like the rather inferior social structure of the alehouse rather than the more reputable institution of the inn that the signage announced it to be. Thus, the writer maintains an interpretive play on words through his varied presentation of the inn signs. By creating this intentionally slippery terrain, Fielding both destabilises the set social hierarchy of public houses in the eighteenth century and sets up a masterfully crafted gap between appearance and reality in his fiction, which in turn symbolise a society in flux wherein it is impossible to rigidly define signs and structures.

Fielding’s fictional inns, as depicted in his ballad opera *Don Quixote in England* (1734), *Tom Jones*, *Joseph Andrews* and *A Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon* (1755) all trace a definite shift in the eighteenth century from traditional modes of hospitality to more commercially viable ones. The gathering of strangers under one roof would often be dictated by the availability of space at inns and the affordability of those who frequented these. These visitors could cut across social norms of stratification with ease as the inns facilitated porous boundaries between social classes

and fostered free social interaction amongst the guests. The inns soon became sites for exchanging views, advice, gossip, stories and even witnessed verbal duels and physical brawls from time to time. Since none of these were limited by considerations of class background or socio-economic position of the lodgers, the fictional inn in Fielding's work came to stand for the ideation of a transient space where the flexible boundaries of an old world order of feudal values constantly merged with the values of a progressive, mercantile social order.

Fielding consciously exploited the motif of the village inn in *Joseph Andrews*, using the ambience of anonymity fostered by the venue to promote uninhibited social dialogues between characters from different social backgrounds and bearing differing moral standpoints. Public discourse, as was carried out in the common social space of the inn, could often be a social exchange between disparate and sometimes conflicting social orders brought together in an environment ruled by the codes of propriety and social conventions. The conversational exchanges between hitherto unknown people often involved lies, deception and secrecy, which when exposed, showed the follies and foibles that marred society. Writing in a satirical vein within the travel narrative, Fielding depicted the devolvement of characters to betray their deviant ways and expose the hypocrisies of society. Fielding's satire was genial and aimed to instruct the readers in morals and manners. On the use of satire by Fielding, Martin C. Battestin comments:

Fielding chose, as he variously put it, to speak truth with a smiling countenance, to laugh mankind out of their favorite follies and vices, to tickle them into good manners ... the satirist's craft was a responsible one: he wrote with the Horatian design to instruct, as well as to delight, his readers; he acted, in a real sense as the arbiter and custodian of the good manners, morals, and taste of his society. Though laughter is his mode, the satirist is, then, fundamentally, a moralist. (Battestin x)

The temporary social clusters encountered by Joseph and Parson Adams at various places along their journeys including inns are closely scrutinised by the author for detecting fault lines in society building up to hostile or pretentious behaviour. With an almost didactic zeal, Fielding takes on the task of betraying the human weaknesses which plague society in his bid to cure the community of these. Even in this

purportedly light-hearted novel, discerning readers can find the author's attempts to deliver social commentary through the machinery of satire.

The scope of multiple relations and interactions that the travel narrative of *Joseph Andrews* allows has multiple characters featuring in the narrative, with the plot moving forward by unfolding multiple tales. Due to the condition of obscurity that the inns offer to its temporary dwellers, and the attendant fact that change is a constant factor at these lodgings, the characters are granted the opportunity of altering their appearances or reviewing their pretensions every time with a new audience. The resting houses punctuate the journeys undertaken by the characters, and gaining entry herein does not depend on one's knowledge, wealth, rank, or class. Neither does one's identity need to be compulsorily disclosed. In such a situation, identities are also easily mistaken especially when the external markers of assessing social worth such as clothes, hygiene etc. are absent or minimally present. The victim of a robbery, Joseph arrives at the inn when his own identity seems unclear to those who chanced upon him in that naked condition on that eventful day. Betty, the servant girl, remarks about Joseph that she "told her mistress she believed the man in bed was a greater man than they took him for" (61).

The social space of the alehouse is by proxy an inn where conversations reveal character. The overstatements are lofty but false assurances of the squire at the alehouse are the repercussions of a severely contested tussle between intrinsic virtue and societal honour that constantly defines his dilemma in life and the resultant affectation in his behaviour. Fielding's characters such as the squire depict how vanity dictates their every action only so they may ensure recognition and applause for themselves. Central characters in the novel such as Adams, Joseph and Fanny are pivotal in uncovering the affected nature of the squire. Between the bartender and Adams, a clash of opinions over the value of experiential learning versus learning from the book begins a nasty dispute which deflects them from analysing the squire's behaviour and reveals their own faults of stubbornness, overconfidence, and towering intolerance towards the views of others which prevent them from reaching any consensus in their heated debate. James Cruise further explores in his insightful article "Fielding, Authority, and the

New Commercialism in *Joseph Andrews*” that public houses have commercialised the pastoral virtue of hospitality, and in the world of fiction woven by *Joseph Andrews*, one can observe the extent to which the needs of commerce have dissociated men from the ideals of a more generous and kind-hearted worldview (257).

The demands of the profit-making space of the inns often alienate men from heeding to their hearts and cause them to act without concern and charity. Fielding satirises the shortcomings of the eighteenth-century society in *Joseph Andrews* when he writes of the ulterior motives of Wilson, a gentleman who apparently shows helpfulness to the three wayfarers, but is, in actuality, as cunning as the squire. The seemingly caring ways of Wilson make Adam declare “that this was the manner in which the people had lived in the golden age” (206). Adam’s assumptions of the gentility of Wilson’s character stem from the act of his hospitality and in this regard, the squire is always compared unfavourably to him. However, it must be remembered that these impressions regarding personality types are biased by a tacit acknowledgement of Wilson’s status as a propertied gentleman in society. Hence, it cannot be denied that affectation exists at all levels of the social order and spares no one from its grasp. Even those characters who profess virtue in their individual words and deeds are guilty of falling prey to vanity while passing a judgment on others. *Joseph Andrews* is thus an exercise in advocating restraint towards all forms of affectation or trying to abstain from such vice altogether.

As temporary spaces of habitation, the inns in the eighteenth century symbolised isolated communities formed by travellers on the move, and functionally, these represented micro-units of the contemporary English society. The diverse cross-section of society that the inns portray was structurally a classless one, for the space of the inn was a democratic and utilitarian setup where the entire social spectrum could easily communicate. However, by the early nineteenth century, with the advent of the improved transport system of the railways, humble inns by the road began to lose their relevance and were gradually relegated as a thing of the past. The affable hospitality and companionability offered by the inns were steadily replaced by the host of specialised and commercial privileges brought in by the urbanised hotel industry.

In the words of Alan Everitt,

“[M]any of the historic inns of England rapidly declined in importance with the coming of the railways and with the building of public halls, corn exchanges, auction rooms, banks, town halls and county halls, which transferred much of the traditional business of provincial inns to these and other specialist buildings. By the middle of Queen Victoria’s reign or thereabouts it may be said that the age of the inn has given way to the age of the hotel” (92).

NOTE

* References to *Joseph Andrews* have been taken from this edition.

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Of Chaste Men and Christian Marriages: Matrimony, Morality and Manliness in *Joseph Andrews*

TANIYA NEOGI

The marriage plot refers to a narrative which revolves around the obstacles that a couple has to negotiate before they can achieve the felicity of marital consummation. It revolves around connubial themes,

either focusing on the process of courtship (usually stopping at the threshold of matrimony, with a wedding ceremony and an insinuation of the happiness that will follow), or presenting a moment of crisis in the marriage state (generally involving prospective or consummated adultery), which is resolved at the end. (Castro-Santana 6)

The marriage ending was a standardised norm in the theatre of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries — the expected happy denouement after a tumultuous courtship. The marriage plot, with its associated concerns of class and commerce, was a consistent theme in Henry Fielding's plays and, later in a modified form, in his novels. Of the twenty-eight plays he wrote, only two did not ostensibly revolve around the matrimonial theme. In *Love in Several Masques* (1728), his first theatrical production, Fielding explored the theme of marriage hinged on the conflict between material consideration and affection. In *The Temple Beau* (1730) and *An Old Man Taught Wisdom* (1735), Fielding revisits the theme as a satire against the commercialisation of marriage. While the marriage plot was a regular theme in theatre, it was not yet the convention in the nascent literary form of the novel. The early novels of Aphra Behn, Delarivier Manley, and Eliza Haywood provoked a spate of anti-novel discourse for their predominantly amatory content. In these novels, the storylines revolve around the seduction and abandonment of credulous, virginal women that end in misery, death or a marriage

of compulsion. As Anaclara Castro-Santana argues,

The focus of these stories was not marriage as an idealized goal, but the operations of transgressive sexual relations within the social prescriptions of a culture rife with double standards, usually concentrating on the emotional and physical vulnerability of women, which allowed for their seduction and betrayal. (183)

While novel reading was considered to be a taboo or at the very least, improper in respectable circles, especially for women, the vast popularity of the genre demonstrates the changing culture of literary production and consumption. The proliferation of these romances in the eighteenth century highlights the extensive network of the burgeoning print market while the tremendous public demand underlines the desire for leisure reading. Clara Reeve underscores the importance of entertainment as she explains the explosive demand for reading amorous prose writing, “People must read something, they cannot always be engaged by dry disquisitions, the mind requires some amusement” (97). The novel incited both widespread popularity and censure, a dichotomy that proved to be fertile ground for the rise of the novel in the eighteenth century. Richardson recognised the profit potential of this “new species of writing” (*Selected Letters* 40) and shrewdly molded the much-maligned seduction plots of earlier novelists into a plot of genteel conjugal happiness achieved through virtue in *Pamela; or Virtue Rewarded* (1740). By upholding virtuous nuptial narrative instead of sexual intrigue as the central theme of his novel, Richardson helped legitimise the genre of novel as a respectable aesthetic medium that could be an effective conduit for moral instruction. In his famous letter to Aaron Hill, Richardson explained his intention “to introduce a new species of writing that might possibly turn young people into a course of reading different from the pomp and parade of romance-writing” (*Selected Letters* 40). By “dismissing the improbable and marvelous, with which novels generally abound,” Richardson aimed to “promote the cause of religion and virtue” (40).

The meteoric popularity of *Pamela* that transformed it into an unprecedented literary phenomenon ascribed a cultural worth to the genre of fiction that was hitherto lacking. It also proved for Fielding a

fertile ground to pave his alternate career path, following the Licensing Act of 1737 which debarred him from theatre for his satiric plays, and plunged him into a financial precipice. Fielding was fueled by the same motivation as Richardson — shaping the virgin genre of fiction to accommodate his moral vision for the society. However, the marriage plot delineated in *Pamela* and the hearty celebration of the acquisitive virtue of the protagonist represented for Fielding the moral depravity vitiating the institution of marriage and society at large. The all-encompassing appeal of Pamela's virtue which did not leave even the pious clergy untouched, particularly irked Fielding. Benjamin Slocock's uninhibited commendation of Pamela's virtue from the pulpit of St Saviour's in Southwark attests the uncontested social acceptance of the prudent morality espoused in *Pamela*. In his plays, Fielding satirised the cliché of the marriage plot, but his satire was directed towards the literary treatment of what he perceived as symptomatic of debasement of the institution of marriage in modern society. He sought to extend the experiment with the nuptial theme, which he initiated in his dramaturgy onto novel writing. The virgin narrative telos of fiction furnished for Fielding an opportunity to foreground the possibility of marital bliss disengaged from social pragmatics. Fielding recognised the potential of the novel as a mass medium for affecting "the morals and literary standards of his time" (Castro-Santana 138) as he had purported to do from the stage. Moreover, *Pamela* comprised a narrative that would ensure smooth transition of Fielding from a dramatist to a novelist as the courtship plot was "a storyline with which he had familiarized himself and experimented for almost a decade" (170). Though the marriage plot was pioneered by Richardson in English novels, Fielding's *Joseph Andrews* (1742) was pivotal in developing an antithetical model of marriage. The marriage plot which became a pivotal theme in the English novel, ever since the publication of *Pamela*, served a dual function in *Joseph Andrews*: first, it provided an alternative instructional model, that undercut previous treatment of the matrimonial theme, namely in contemporary English theatre and Richardson's novel *Pamela*; second, the marriage plot reflected how the moral perspective endorsed by Fielding emerged from contemporary cultural reconfigurations of Christianity across class and gender spectrum, binding the institution

of marriage and the genre of novel in a reciprocal relation.

Both Richardson and Fielding were responding to the middle-class indignation to Restoration values by delineating virtuous marriages in their novels. Lisa O' Connell in *The Origins of the English Marriage Plot: Literature, Politics and Religion in the Eighteenth Century* asserts that the coalescence of Christian virtue and moral worth "defines the English marriage plot" (186). However, Fielding focuses on the chastity and constancy of both Joseph and Fanny, rather than the pragmatic morality and sexual bartering of the heroine seen in *Pamela*. *Joseph Andrews* is singular in positing that both men and women have to overcome threats to their modesty in order to achieve "so great and sweet" rewards of marriage (313). Mr Allworthy in *Tom Jones* (1749) underlines the indispensability of sincere mutual affection when he endorses love as "the only Foundation of Happiness in a married State," claiming that "all those Marriages which are contracted from other Motives, are greatly criminal; they are a Profanation of a most holy Ceremony, and generally end in Disquiet and Misery" (70-71). Fielding echoes a similar sentiment in yet another of his later novels *Jonathan Wild* (1743) where he testifies for the redemptive potential of chaste and affectionate marriage for personal fulfilment and social health, ensuring a "State of tranquil Felicity" (111). The emphasis placed on personal feelings (rather than monetary advancement) and the importance of moral and legal sanction for such love relationships through proper nuptial ceremony evince the shifting patterns of marital unions emerging in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This shift in turn triggered widespread social concern regarding upholding the sanctity of such autonomous relationships that were initiated without parental participation. Lawrence Stone in *The Family, Sex and Marriage in England 1500-1800* demonstrates the nature of this dramatic shift seen in marriage with the emergence of the "closed domesticated nuclear family, which evolved in the late seventeenth century and predominated in the eighteenth" (36). He further explicates:

This was a decisive shift, for this new type of family was the product of the rise of Affective Individualism. It was a family organised around the principle of personal autonomy, and bound together by strong affective ties. Husbands and wives selected each other rather than obeying parental

wishes, and their prime motives were now long-term personal affection rather than economic or status advantage for the lineage as a whole. (ibid.)

There was a rallying of popular support in favour of marriages that were founded on affection since they were more likely to be successful than the one that were purely mercenary. Joseph Addison in *The Spectator* comments, “Those marriages generally abound most with love and constancy that are preceded by a long courtship. The passion should strike root and gather strength before marriage be grafted on it” (qtd. in Stone 356). Fielding’s novel reflects these changes in the society through the chaste courtship of Joseph and Fanny, in a way that Richardson fails in *Pamela*. In Richardson’s *Pamela*, the moral is motivated by the mercenary, and the relationship between Pamela and Squire B. is mutually exploitative rather than affectionate. E.T. Palmer demonstrates the parallel between selfless love and selfless charity in his comment:

The importance of love must not be overlooked in *Joseph Andrews* in particular, and in Fielding’s work in general. Fielding feels that since healthy sexual love is the opposite of selfish lust, it is as much a part of ‘agape’ or charity, as good nature itself. It is this aspect of ‘agape’ that Joseph represents in his chaste love for Fanny; he demonstrates the value of decent sexual love and its place in Christian morality. (334)

Significantly, it was the rise in love marriages in the society that triggered a growing concern regarding the sanctity of marriage as an institution in an age that favoured personal affection over family interest. The concern is further fuelled by the rise of illegitimate or clandestine marriages that proliferated in Fleet Street, London. As Christopher Lasch comments,

[T]he general looseness of morals in the period of the Restoration [and eighteenth-century], gave rise to another outbreak of middle-class indignation, led once again by intellectuals eager to defend the sanctity of marriage in what they perceived to be an age of unparalleled depravity. (95)

Extensive debates and intellectual deliberations abound in contemporary journalistic and theological proceedings regarding what constitutes a proper marriage ceremony and how it could be inviolably instated. The passing of the Clandestine Marriages Act of 1753 made official marriages imperative in order to be legally valid. Official marriage was sanctioned both by ecclesiastical and common law. Henceforth, a marriage would be

deemed sacrosanct, legally and socially if it had “a written legal contract concerning finances and property, the proclamation of banns for three subsequent services — or the purchasing of an official licence — and a public ceremony in church, performed by an ordained priest in front of witnesses, during canonical hours” in the parish of any one of the couple (Castro-Santana 16). Prior to the Marriage Act of 1753, the period when Richardson and Fielding were writing their first novels, the laws regarding marriage were a “hybrid of customs, ceremonies, and laws” (Gugler 14). Apart from the official marriages, there was a widespread prevalence of contract marriages and clandestine marriages till 1753. A contract marriage “consisted in the declaration of espousals, or vows, which could be *per verba de futuro* — an oral pledge to marry in the future” (Castro-Santana 16) which created a great deal of confusion about the validity of the betrothal versus the actual marriage. It also led to a significant number of cases where women were seduced under the promise of a contract and then abandoned. Clandestine marriages, which could be carried out by unlicensed clergymen for a small fee, were widely popular, especially among the poor, as they were less expensive, relatively faster, did not require parental consent and ensured a couple’s privacy since no banns were read. The mushrooming of love marriages consequently led to a growing concern regarding the moral implications surrounding convenient marriage ceremonies prevalent at the time as “any irregular marriage, including a clandestine marriage, therefore posed a serious threat to the stability of society” (Gugler 20).

Richardson and Fielding both highlight this social apprehension in their novels. For example, in Richardson’s *Pamela*, Mr. B— proposes a marriage to be performed in his house within fourteen days from his proposal. Pamela resists the proposal and insists that the “Holy Rite” (276) of marriage should be held at a “Holy place” (277), that is, the church. A marriage ceremony held in a place other than the parish church was deemed questionable. Another episode in *Pamela* also highlights the precarity in which women could find themselves owing to the prevalence of irregular marriages and the obscurity of laws with respect to marriage. Just before the miraculous transformation of Mr. B— from a rake to a faithful lover, Pamela is informed by a disguised character about the malicious intention of Mr. B— to conduct a “sham,

wicked marriage” (226) so that Pamela is hoodwinked into yielding her virginity to him. It is interesting to note that Fielding’s first novel *Shamela* makes a play on the word “sham” to underline not just the farcical character of Pamela’s modesty and her marriage, but also perhaps demonstrate that marriages without proper Anglican ceremony are a sham. In *Pamela*, the matrimonial ceremony was replaced by a “commercial transaction,” a “contract-signing” (Castro-Santana 174), and in *Shamela*, it was altogether absent. As opposed to the absent nuptial ceremony in *Shamela*, Fielding foregrounds the indispensability of proper Anglican marriage ceremony in *Joseph Andrews* in his vision of the ideal marriage. Fielding’s novel, published a decade earlier than the Marriage Act, contributes to the debate regarding the role of state and religion in the civil institution of marriage by showing an ideal love match who get married following proper Anglican ceremonial rituals. Parson Adams, a clergyman with “worthy inclinations,” “perfect simplicity” and “goodness of heart” (*Joseph Andrews* 9) as opposed to the dubious, unlicensed clergymen who flourished in the notorious Fleet Street “insists on the importance of a proper marriage service, in which banns are read and the community is involved” (Castro-Santana 185). Parson Adams

would by no means consent to any thing contrary to the forms of the church, that he had no licence... That the church had prescribed a form, namely the publication of banns, with which all good Christians ought to comply, and to the omission of which, he attributed the many miseries which befel great folks in marriage. (*Joseph Andrews* 146)

When Parson Adams suspects Joseph’s desire to get hurriedly married without publishing the banns thrice, he suspects him of impious motives. His chiding of Joseph is, in fact, the summation of Fielding’s vision of a morally-robust marriage, disengaged from concerns of materiality. According to him, marrying with the intention of “indulgence of carnal appetites” would make Joseph “guilty of a very heinous sin” (ibid. 278-279). He further expounds,

Marriage was ordained for nobler purposes, as you will learn when you hear the service provided on that occasion read to you... 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. (Ibid. 279)

Fielding asserts the importance of involving the community in nuptial ceremony by reading out the banns, by tactfully inserting the possibility of an incestuous marriage. As a consequence of the affair being made public, Joseph and Fanny's actual identities are revealed and misunderstandings clarified. Fielding tacitly hints at the indispensability of Christian ceremonies of reading the banns by foregrounding its utilitarian value.

The intense debate surrounding marriage in the eighteenth century unsurprisingly paved its way at the "centre of the English novel largely in response to changing relations between the Anglican Church, the English state and the commercial sphere" (O'Connell 3). In this context, Lisa O'Connell aptly points out that,

Anglican proper wedding ceremony that legitimates simultaneously social status, states of feeling, Christian virtue and moral worth, will increasingly coalesce in realist novels written after 1740. More than anything, that coalescence defines the English marriage plot. (6)

The marriage plot of *Joseph Andrews* dabbles in the twin themes of "Christian virtue and moral worth" as it is weaved in the adventure-on-the-road storyline. Both Fanny and Joseph suffer several onslaughts on their virtue as they traverse the road, which ultimately leads them to marital happiness in the end. The high value set on male chastity by Joseph can be construed to be a comic instrument to ridicule the mercenary morality of Pamela, as Joseph is Pamela's brother, and he frequently refers to Pamela as the exemplar of virtue that he intends to follow. Considering the ostensive parody of Pamela's calculative morality in Fielding's earlier work *Shamela*, Fielding's satiric intention in Joseph's reverence of Pamela cannot be completely precluded. However, to limit Joseph to be merely another caricature of Pamela would be a restrictive reading of Fielding's moral vision as delineated in the novel. The moral fulcrum of the novel is hinged on Fielding's vision that the contemporary debasement of the institution of marriage can be redeemed through following Christian virtues of sexual modesty and

marital felicity can be achieved without designs for pecuniary ascent. In *Shamela*, Fielding burlesques the covetous principle informing the virtue of Pamela and lays bare the vacuity of a marital alliance forged on commercial intentions masquerading as a Christian virtue. In *Joseph Andrews*, Fielding posits an alternative marital consummation based on affection untainted by sexual or monetary avarice, and consecrated by proper Christian ceremony. In the characters of Parson Adams and Joseph, Fielding lays down the antithetical model of morality and ethical marriage that was dissociated from monetary expediency. The naming of his protagonists after Biblical characters exemplifying Christian virtues underlines the seriousness of Fielding's moral vision. Parson Adams is named after the Biblical Abraham known for his piety and sacrifice and Joseph is named after his Old testament counterpart who thwarted the advances of his master's wife Potiphar. When Lady Booby accosts him with her improper request, Joseph steadfastly declines her proposal. Joseph avows the importance of virtue, irrespective of the sexes and subverts any assumptions of class privilege that Lady Booby might have had. In a letter to Pamela, he indignantly writes, "I can't see why her having no virtue should be a reason against my having any. Or why, because I am a man, or because I am poor, my virtue must be subservient to her pleasures" (*Joseph Andrews* 38).

By making Parson Adams and Joseph the heroes of the novel, who take forward the action and who are capable of showcasing their masculine robustness, Fielding prevents the moral vision of the novel from downgrading into the ludicrous. While Pamela might be a dubious role model, Parson Adams most certainly is not, as Fielding himself testifies for Parson's exemplary moral character in the Preface to the novel. It is from Parson Adams that Joseph learns that "chastity is as great a virtue in a man as in a woman" (*ibid.* 43).

Furthermore, Fielding bestows Andrews with all the masculine brawn and agency of typical heroes that would scarcely make sense if Fielding had wanted Joseph to cut a ridiculous figure. Joseph is given the typical attributes of a hero — a masculine, cudgel-wielding "heroick youth" (*ibid.* 215) who delivers both Fanny and Parson Adams from rogues and robbers, showcasing "instances of industry and application" (*ibid.* 22). Joseph's physical attributes reflect the "idea of nobility," his

“nose a little inclined to the roman,” his “shoulders were broad and brawny,” and he possessed all the “symptoms of strength without the least clumsiness” (ibid. 36). When Parson Adams was set upon by a pack of blood-thirsty hounds, Joseph leaps to his rescue with “a cudgel of mighty strength and wonderful art, made by one of Mr Deard’s best workmen” (ibid. 215). Joseph’s heroic rescue of his friend is described in no ambiguous terms by Fielding: “Let those therefore that describe lions and tigers, and heroes fiercer than both, raise their poems or plays with the simile of Joseph Andrews” (ibid. 216). Adams and Joseph’s encounter with the Squire’s hounds outlines “Fielding’s idea of perfect heroic masculinity” (NeCastro 42). Joseph Wiesenfarth compares Fielding’s virtuous and virile hero with the superior “gallant, classical masculinity” that “Richardson’s (gentry and low) men lacked” (360). It is thus unlikely that the sole purpose of the novel’s protagonist was parodic, given the fact that Joseph emblematises the masculine ideal of the age — a virtuous man whose morality is not an impediment to his masculinity.

It is significant to note that the concept of moral man as a hero who is polite, restrained, and ethical took shape in the homiletic and the vastly popular conduct literature of the time. The prescriptive advice literature of the time, such as conduct guides, periodical essays, sermons, academic treatises of the time engaged in debates and interactions “advocating a reform of male manners” (Carter 2). Lawrence E. Klein asserts how politeness entered its “significant career only in the mid-seventeenth century” (8) and was consolidated in the eighteenth century through “reorganisation of culture and social life” (8). This remapping of the cultural life of English society was largely carried out by pro-Whig periodical writers such as Joseph Addison, Richard Steele, Abel Boyer, the third Earl of Shaftesbury, and David Hume at the beginning of the century. The call for reform in morals, more than manners arose out of a reaction against the debauched life of the Restoration court and moral campaigners and organisations such as the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge (established in 1698) called for “improved standards of behaviour, especially in men” (Carter 25).

The emergence of polite society was a consequence of significant, and welcome, late seventeenth century social and economic change, consolidated and further stimulated by the political settlement following the Glorious

Revolution. Through these events the nation was, it was argued, becoming more powerful, prosperous, tolerant and civilized. (ibid. 1)

The pious tone of the periodical essays of Addison and Steele purported to purge the society of its “desperate state of folly and vice” (ibid. 25). The politeness and “manly virtue” espoused by these theorists and writers did not simply comprise the sensibility of civility and refinement, which would have been closer to courtly manners (ibid. 1). The culture of gentlemanly politeness developed in the eighteenth century had an essential theological underpinning. Isaac Barrow, the latitudinarian priest, in his sermon “Of Being Imitators of Christ” (1671) highlights the dual points of “the good man as hero and the notion that the sum of his goodness is chastity (or virtue or temperance, the control of reason over the passions) with respect to himself, and charity with respect to society” (Battestin 26). Treatises such as Richard Brathwaite’s *The English Gentleman* (1630) and Richard Allestree’s widely popular *The Whole Duty of Man* (1658) and *The Gentleman’s Calling* (1673) valorised the desirability of the “figure of the good Christian” (Carter 60). Central to the refined gentleman’s sociability “was his synthesis of external manners with Christian morality which theorists considered a necessary requirement for participation in polite society” (ibid. 10).

Many of these intellectual debates on social refinement came from the clergy and theologians highlighting the importance of the “reciprocal relationship between Christian morality and social refinement” (ibid. 16). In *The Christian Hero: An Argument Proving that No Principles but Those of Religion are Sufficient to Make a Great Man* (1701), Steele asserts “the superiority of the moral man’s spiritual heroism” (Battestin 28) to that of the warrior or statesman extensively. Joseph embodies a specific model of moral masculinity that is a reflection of the emergent public culture of gentlemanly politeness and moral masculinity in the eighteenth century. Fielding deliberately adopts an inversion tactic for both class and gender expectations of morality. Joseph’s hidden noble lineage is only revealed when he has sufficiently demonstrated his virtue, a term which Fielding seeks to restore from “its reduction to chastity in women and to birth and wealth in men, to its proper function as the external sign and the inward spirit of England’s social and political elite” (Rumml 196). The moral revolution that the conduct literature

writers and the theologians tried to affect in the society, Fielding posits in his fictional universe vis-à-vis the marriage plot. In the words of Wiesenfarth, *Joseph Andrews* delineates a moral revolution of gender and class norms in which “Fielding turns the social ladder upside down and makes his lowest people socially (Abraham, Joseph, and Fanny) his highest people morally” (359). Fielding extends this upheaval by likening the demeanor of Lady Booby to Slipslop and Betty and proving herself to be “no better than a chambermaid” (ibid.). Martin C. Battestin in his influential study *The Moral Basis of Fielding’s Art: A Study of Joseph Andrews* traces the basis of Fielding’s ethic to popular latitudinarianism which informs the moral scaffolding of his novel. Latitudinarianism stresses on the “cultivation of the social affections of benevolence and compassion, its distinctive doctrine of the forgiveness of injuries” (Battestin 12). Fielding’s debt to latitudinarian principles is evidenced by the characterisation of Parson Adams and Joseph as exemplars of social chastity and personal chastity respectively. The virtue of the male protagonist signals the emergence of a new kind of masculinity that was not aligned with the boisterous masculinity of the courtier or the rake. The marriage plot of *Joseph Andrews* thus subsumes within its fictional fabric, the reshuffled class and gender dynamics occurring in the public culture of eighteenth-century England. The idealised marital union seen at the end of *Joseph Andrews* could only happen between a virtuous hero oriented symmetrically with the virtuous heroine. The marriage plot of *Joseph Andrews* embodies how the rise of “companionate marriages” (Stone 184) as well as sustained public disquisition regarding the desirability of the moral hero were the results of the profound changes in the socio-economic and political structure of England in the seventeenth century, that initiated the legitimisation process of both the genre as well as the institution of marriage in eighteenth-century England. Fielding’s chaste Christian hero, hence, is an illustration of the complex negotiations and debate surrounding morality, manliness and matrimony in the eighteenth-century public culture and the rapidly intertwining role of state and religion in the civil institution of marriage.

NOTE

* References to *Joseph Andrews* have been taken from this edition.

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Rape in *Joseph Andrews*

BASUNDHARA CHAKRABORTY

Rapes, attempted rapes, and rape trials abound in the literature of the 1700s. Almost all literary stalwarts of the time — Daniel Defoe,¹ Alexander Pope,² Samuel Richardson,³ Henry Fielding,⁴ and Tobias Smollett⁵ — have dealt with the sensitive subject of sexual violence in their works. The present essay will study one such fictional depiction of rape by Fielding in *Joseph Andrews* (1742) and examine the eighteenth-century realities associated with rape. This essay will also scrutinise how Fielding's delineation of the crime was duly informed by his own legal knowledge — he was appointed as Justice of Peace for Westminster in 1748. The essay will also discuss the significant legal and social contexts that played an instrumental role in interpreting rape in eighteenth-century England. In short, this essay will discuss how Fielding has negotiated and presented the eighteenth-century discourse of rape and its contemporary legal and social dimensions in his celebrated novel *Joseph Andrews*.

Before delving into the main focus of the essay — how rape is shown in *Joseph Andrews* — it is necessary to understand the eighteenth-century discourse on the crime of rape. The anonymous narrator of *The Case of the Ld. John Drummond* (1715) in his narration of the 1715 trials of Lord John Drummond and Captain Hugh Lesson commented: “the nature of rape is very perplexed” (2). Despite an unambiguous legal definition, there was confusion regarding the “nature” of the crime as there were multiple connotations of the word rape. The term was often used randomly in contemporary popular print media to denote anything from an allegation to a normative sexual encounter or an actual assault. This made the distinction between the permissible pleasurable act and criminal sexual behaviour all the more problematic. Despite the legal definition of rape as “a Felony committed by a Man,

in the violent deflowering of a Woman against her will,” and “a Rape or Ravishment of the Body of a woman against her will [...]” (Cowell 263), rape was perhaps the only crime in eighteenth-century England that lacked linguistic precision; there was a need for an unambiguous definition that would “express the precise idea which it entertains of the offence” (Blackstone 302). Law both inscribed and practised, and the literary interpretations played an instrumental role in influencing the contemporary definition of sexual violation as a crime. In this context, we should also consider the fact that all these eighteenth-century definitions were collected and recorded by men. Christine Rose in *Representing Rape in Medieval and Early Modern Literature* (2001) argued that “representation of an act of rape by a male author does not constitute valorization of that act or patriarchal ideology, but may, in fact, offer the possibility of subversion or critique” (1). In *Joseph Andrews*, Fielding has subverted the tradition of valorisation and critiqued the contemporary social and legal attitudes towards the crime of sexual violence and the female victim. The novel can be best read as a reflection on the interpretive dilemma that surrounded the problem of sexual violence in the long eighteenth century.

By drawing on the public/private binary and its effect on the interpretations of rape and the credibility of the accusation, *Joseph Andrews* turns out to be an important text to understand the discourse concerning rape in the eighteenth century. The crime, if occurred in public settings like inns, streets, or highways, was often seen suspiciously as a false allegation since common consensus was that sexual assault is not feasible in public and populated spaces. Anna Clerk in her book *Women's Silence, Men's Violence: Sexual Assault in England, 1770–1845* (1987) has pointed out that according to the eighteenth-century moral conventions, a woman entering the public domain without any male accompaniment was looked down upon as a woman of questionable character, asking for sexual attention (3). The trial of James Raven at the Old Bailey in 1752, who had allegedly raped Mary Irish beside the highway and his acquittal by the jury despite the testimony of two eyewitnesses, is a classic instance of the misogynist stance of eighteenth-century legal bodies believing that rape was not possible in public space as there would be enough people to come to the victim's

rescue. *The Old Bailey Proceedings* records how during the trial the court questioned the authenticity of the victim's claim:

What Highway was this; is it not a publick Road? [...] And if this Woman in the Field could see this Fact; if you had scream'd out, all these Pease-pickers must have heard you. What, none of these come to your Assistance? (qtd. in McDonnell 178).

This misogynistic attitude of the legal system is what Fielding questioned in his literary works as in his novels, the violation or the attempt at violation takes place mostly in the public spheres — the highway, the street, and the inn. Karen Lipsedge in *Domestic Space in Eighteenth-Century British Novels* (2012) has pointed out how a woman's presence in the public space at night was considered as evidence of her lack of moral character and a threat to the male species: in seduction narratives, the public sphere visited by a woman “act as stepping stones” to the socially-legally acceptable narrative conclusions where the sexual act is consensual (132). Fielding in his rape-centric narratives such as *Joseph Andrews* and *Tom Jones* has subverted this tradition of his time and exposed the unstable and lawless nature of the public domain that was threatening to women.

The attempted rape of Fanny in *Joseph Andrews* has challenged the eighteenth-century legal myth that considered populated and visible public spaces to be safe for women. It also exposed how the streets and highways were perilous spaces that cannot be effectively governed by the legal and social structures of surveillance. Danielle Rebecca McDonnell comments: “Fielding's highway is an unsafe and threatening space for men and women that facilitates crime by destabilizing the social structures of surveillance and crime prevention” (195). Fanny, in *Joseph Andrews*, is “attacked” on the highway when she sets out on a journey to meet Joseph. The timely intervention of Parson Adams, who was travelling by coach, saved her:

[Adams] heard the most violent shrieks imaginable in a female voice [...] The shrieks now encreasing, Adams made no answer, but snap't his fingers, and brandishing his crabstick, made directly to the place whence the voice issued; and the man of courage made as much expedition towards his own home, whither he escaped in a very short time without once looking behind him: where we will leave him, to contemplate his own bravery,

and to censure the want of it in others; and return to the good Adams, who, on coming up to the place whence the noise proceeded, found a woman struggling with a man, who had thrown her on the ground, and had almost overpowered her. The great abilities of Mr Adams were not necessary to have formed a right judgment of this affair, on the first sight. He did not therefore want the entreaties of the poor wretch to assist her, but lifting up his crabstick, he immediately levelled a blow at that part of the ravisher's head, where, according to the opinion of the ancients, the brains of some persons are deposited. (*Joseph Andrews* 124-125)

Fanny's "violent Shrieks" and "struggle[s]" are evidence of her victim status — she is a woman of good moral character who cried for help until the good-natured Adams, driven by a sense of moral responsibility came to her rescue. Armed with a "Crabstick," he proceeded to help the wretched woman and knocked the assailant unconscious and mistook him to be dead. His chivalrous move linked him with the self-sacrificing courageous heroes of the past and marked a sharp contrast with the cowardice and selfishness of another man present at that scene whom Fielding ironically mentioned as "Man of Courage": he prioritised his safety over everything and advised Adams to "make as much haste as possible out of the way, or we may fall into their hands ourselves" (*ibid.* 124). This explains how often people within the vicinity prioritised their personal safety over their social responsibility and turned a deaf ear to the cry for help on a highway or beside it. The cries of Elizabeth Humphreys were similarly ignored by a passer-by on the highway outside of Islington on the evening of 28 March 1752. During the trial, she recollected that she "saw a man pass by on foot; I was in hopes he would help me; I called murder: no help came" (qtd. in McDonnell 192). Later reading about the trial and being sanguine about the moral character of the concerned woman that apathetic passer-by came forward to testify at the trial. On being questioned about his previous indifference, the man explained his earlier attitude thus:

I was afraid there was something more in it than should be, so I dar'd not stay to assist [...] Because there are so many traps laid to draw people in, such as stratagems of women crying out, and the like. (*ibid.*)

The eighteenth-century doubt regarding "traps" or "stratagems" of women was exploited by Fanny's assailant when he regained consciousness and,

witnessing a group of people around, presented a counter-narrative of the incident:

‘... Gentlemen,’ said he, ‘you are luckily come to the assistance of a poor traveller, who would otherwise have been robbed and murdered by this vile man and woman, who led me hither out of my way from the high-road, and both falling on me have used me as you see.’ (*Joseph Andrews* 129)

While in reality, it was innocent Fanny who was “led” by the “stratagems” of a wicked fellow traveller:

‘she was travelling towards London, and had accidentally met with the person from whom he had delivered her, who told her he was likewise on his journey to the same place, and would keep her company; an offer which, suspecting no harm, she had accepted; that he told her, they were at a small distance from an inn where she might take up her lodging that evening, and he would show her a nearer way to it than by following the road. That if she had suspected him, (which she did not, he spoke so kindly to her,) being alone on these downs in the dark, she had no human means to avoid him; that therefore she put her whole trust in Providence, and walk’d on, expecting every moment to arrive at the inn; when, on a sudden, being come to those bushes, he desired her to stop, and after some rude kisses, which she resisted, and some entreaties, which she rejected, he laid violent hands on her, and was attempting to execute his wicked will, when, she thanked G—, he timely came up and prevented him.’ (ibid. 126-127)

Being confused by these two opposite versions of the same incident, the group decided to bring all three of them before the local justice of Peace as crimes that happened on the highway were outside the jurisdiction of London’s central courts. And here begins another struggle for Fanny — to prove her innocence before the law.

Fielding has presented the rape trial of Fanny within the discourse of rape trials in the eighteenth century and brought out the misogynistic attitude prevalent in the judicial system of that time. By studying the interaction between Fielding’s literary and legal concerns, Raymond Stephanson argues that in his fictional works law turns out to be both the metaphor and discourse. He writes that the legal references in Fielding’s works guide the reader to explore “the epistemological problems arising from the process of judgement itself” in the minds of

characters (154). Ian Bell in *Literature and Crime in Augustan England* (1991) terms the rape trial of Fanny as “farcical,” “a satire on the ill-prepared Justices of the Peace” (205). He further adds how the legal dimensions of Fielding’s works address “the ways in which... the dynamic tensions of the courtroom and inefficiency of the institutions of law could disfigure the implementation of justice and create the possibility that great injustices might unwittingly be performed” (Bell 205). Susan Staves in “Fielding and the Comedy of Attempted Rape” praises Fielding for adding legal dimensions to his literary works. Through the plight of Fanny, Fielding highlighted how a victim of abuse was always been misjudged by the same legal conventions that were intended to bring her justice. In eighty per cent of the rape trials at the Old Bailey between 1720 and 1750, the convict was acquitted as opposed to fifty per cent for all other sexual crimes and thirty-five per cent for theft (“Baily Proceedings”). J.M. Beattie in *Crime and the Courts in England, 1600–1800* (1985) points out how forty-four per cent of rape claims were dismissed by the juries in Surrey only (402). In *Joseph Andrews*, Fielding draws the reader’s attention to this process of determining the truth in rape trials through the trial of Fanny. Under the presumptive suspicion of the judicial bodies, Fanny’s allegation of rape was already treated as doubtful as the eyewitnesses testify of Fanny’s face being dirty and she was carrying some gold in her purse.

In the courtroom, during the trial, the accuser/victim needed to testify her heroic struggle and outcry against the assailant to defend her against the implicit indictment that she was a willing participant in the act. “The party ravished” wrote Matthew Hale,⁶ “is in law a competent witness, but the credibility of her testimony, and how far... she is to be believed, must be left to the jury” (633). The victim/accuser must be of “good fame” and be able to show “signs of the injury, whereof many are of that nature” that would testify of her being “forced” (ibid.). In his law manual, *Every Man His Own Lawyer* (1736), Giles Jacob writes:

A Woman’s positive Oath of a Rape, without concurring Circumstances, is seldom credited: If a Man can prove himself to be in another Place, or in other Company, at the Time she charges him with committing the Fact, this will invalidate her Oath so if she is wrong in the Description of the Place where done, or swears the Fact to be committed in such

Place, to which it is impossible the Man could have Access at that Time; as if the Room was then lock'd up, and the Key in the keeping of another Person, &c. (442)

The circumstantial evidences were very important in rape trials as the lack of such a “circumstance carries a strong presumption, that [the accuser’s] testimony is false or feigned... and malicious” (Hale 635). Thus, a woman’s credibility was determined by the circumstantial shreds of evidence and her moral character was decided by the society, and these factors, in turn, also verified a woman’s character. But Fanny did not testify the very details of the abuse, nor was she seen to prove her unwillingness in front of the court. “Fielding’s heroines,” Staves remarks, do not initiate proceedings against their attackers because “[a] woman’s willingness to tell the story of her rape threatened of itself to constitute evidence of her immodesty and unchastity, to plunge her into the category of loose women” (105). Fanny, in order to safeguard her modesty, also remains silent while encountering the systematic suspicion of social bodies in general, and legal-judicial bodies in particular. Though taken to parodic extreme, Fielding has manipulated Fanny’s voicelessness to emphasise the importance of the assault’s “voice” in the legal procedure to seek justice. The only person who seemed to have “heard” her speaking is Adams to whom she testified. But her testimony is presented to the reader in indirect speech through the omniscient narrator. In this way, Fielding turned his readers into eyewitnesses, active participants in determining the truth, unlike the dispassionate judges who wanted to pass their judgements through the testimonies only. Apart from that one instance of her “speaking out,” Fanny was silent throughout the important events of the novel — she did not speak when the group of young men approached and it was Adams who narrated her story; she remained silent when the assaulter counter-accused her. She was silent before the court as well despite being abused verbally and ordered to put behind the bar to await trial. Again it was Adams who became her “voice” and defended her case before the jury: “Adams then began the narrative, in which, though he was very prolix, he was uninterrupted, unless by several *Hums* and *Ha’s* of the justice, and his desire to repeat those parts which seemed to him most material” (*Joseph Andrews* 135-136).

Yet, Fanny's silences speak volumes. She seems to be a symbolic figure — a quintessence of those abused women who have found it difficult to speak out the truth and defend themselves against the hegemonic misogyny of society and its institutions. Fanny's moral character was already decided by the patriarchy that censured her for being a liar and feigning virtue. The onlookers on the crime scene, the unnamed justice of the first trial, the inn-keeper, the passing horseman in Book III, and Justice Frolick in Book IV — all of them presumed that she is a thieving prostitute, an eloping heiress, an adulterous wife, a beggar slut. Her words of defence would have turned futile because the respectable middle class of her society has already passed its judgements over her virtue and character. Melissa Bloom Bissonette has read Fanny's silence to be a “pronounced” one as through her, “Fielding implicitly recognizes the rape victim's dilemma: speaking out against misrepresentations of her character or lies about her actions might paradoxically confirm those charges. Thus, Fielding can defend Fanny only by keeping her silent” (854). It was Adams's “gentleman” status that made him a reliable defender of Fanny's virtue before the court and she was acquitted only because Adams guaranteed for her virtue. Thus, Fielding exposed the gap in the art of judgement making in the eighteenth century that had blind faith in the words of a gentleman but was prejudiced against the moral character of a woman without giving her an opportunity for self-defence.

Fielding has used this silence of Fanny as proof of her virtuous nature and strong moral character by associating it with the very essence of female virtue. The otherwise silent Fanny is seen to speak, though for a brief period, only to deny her feelings for Joseph Andrews for whom she took the risk of travelling alone and landed up in problems one after another: “‘La! Mr Adams,’ said she, ‘what is Mr Joseph to me? I am sure I never had any thing to say to him, but as one fellow-servant might to another’” (*Joseph Andrews* 131) But the omniscient narrative voice assured the reader that

[N]otwithstanding her shyness to the parson, she loved [Joseph] with inexpressible violence, though with the purest and most delicate passion. This shyness, therefore, as we trust it will recommend her character to all our female readers... we shall not give ourselves any trouble to vindicate. (Ibid.)

Her denial and subsequent silence over her passionate love for Joseph have been defended by Fielding himself as indubitable evidence of her virtue and character: she is too modest to speak of her love. Her “honor” is saved and the author attributes her “close escapes to Providence, to Heaven, and to Deity” (Bissonette 854). Apart from these “authorial privileges” by Fielding, there is nothing in the book that proved the “trial” as something that brought justice to a wronged woman (Bell 207). Fanny’s plight can be read as a forewarning against geographical mobility for women, especially working-class women.

The rape of working-class women on the highways was a common phenomenon in eighteenth-century England. Interestingly, the Act of Settlement⁷ that was in force at that time had prevented the geographical mobility of the working-class people except for their birthplace and their place of work. As per the proceedings held at the Old Bailey record, all the lower-class women who brought their cases of sexual violation before the court had justified purpose for their travelling — one of the famous prosecutrix in the eighteenth century, Elizabeth Humphreys was returning home from her work to tend to her “poor family in distress with the smallpox” and Mary Irish, another well-known prosecutrix, was “going for [her] Master’s Cows” (qtd. in McDonnell 194). But Fanny turned out to be an ambiguous presence on the highway. She went there not for her family, not her work, but to be near her love Joseph who was said to have been mugged on the highway. Although she has broken the law, she is a virtuous character who cannot be criminalised or condemned — Fanny had gone through certain difficulties yet she was rewarded with a hypergamous marriage (the truth of Joseph’s aristocratic lineage was revealed) at the culmination of the novel. Thus, her physical journey to the highway can be read “as a metaphor for her journey towards marriage and an improved social status” (ibid. 195). Yet for contemporary readers, Fanny’s attempted rape and her harassment at the hands of legal and social institutions appear as a warning for the contemporary females to not enter the public space (the highway) at night all alone. Instead of projecting the highway as a safe place for women and advocating geographical mobility for lower-class women, Fielding’s *Joseph Andrews* can be best read as a fictionalised warning against travel for both men and women (Joseph was

bitten and mugged on the highway and Fanny was sexually harassed).

Joseph Andrews evokes some significant questions on man's ability to judge. Fanny was misjudged time and again not only by the men of law but by men in general (the only exception is the good-hearted Abrahams Adams) who were unable to think beyond the social conventions. Stephanson in "Fielding's Court" writes: "It is the business of the magistrate no less than the literary critic to bridge this gap between code and life, to apply rule, precept, or law to art and life... with intelligence, sensitivity, and humanity" (166). A much similar theory is expressed by Fielding in *Tom Jones*, Book IX. Bissonette reminds: "It is a mistake to see a divide between Fielding's compassion for his characters and the parodies and criticisms of law and legal structures in his work" (166). Fielding, in his literary works like *Joseph Andrews* and *Tom Jones*, has not only critiqued the overreliance on rules but also worked toward finding a balance between the legal and social rules and the process of judgement. John Langbein, noting the growing importance of the rules of evidence in the eighteenth century has questioned the "substitute regime" of laws propagated by Hale that "aimed at restricting the potential for the jury to err" (330) resulting in a lack of wisdom and prudence among the judges across the country. The editor of Hale's *History* in Preface to the 1736 edition advised that the criminal law, "should be reduced to certain rules, and those rules clearly and plainly understood, that so [sic] there might be as little room left as possible either for erring in or perverting of judgment" (XIV). He further recommended the judges and juries to use the book as a template "without erring in or perverting" their judgement (ibid.). Fielding, throughout his career as a legal practitioner and legal reformer, has asked for certain reforms in the legal system (such as the limitations of accomplice evidence) and also argued for a few modifications in the judicial bodies (such as the enlargement of the authority of the magistrate). In his *An Enquiry into the Causes of the Late Increase of Robbers* (1751), Fielding argued that strict rules might be necessary for the "overgrown Tyrant, who lords it over his Neighbours and Tenants with despotic Sway, and who is as regardless of the Law as he is ignorant of it," the man like himself, a "Magistrate with less Fortune, and more Knowledge," was so bound up in restrictions that "every Pettifogger" could "make him tremble" (72).

He was well aware that the contemporary rules of evidence were “full of Confusion and Contradiction [...]” (ibid.). That’s why he argued for greater freedom and prudence of the judges in cautioning the juries against the detrimental effect of weak or false pieces of evidence in the process of judgement: “Under the Caution of a good Judge, and the Tenderness of an *English Jury* it will be the highest Improbability that any Man should be wrongfully convicted; and utterly impossible to convict an honest Man” (ibid.). Thus, *Joseph Andrews* can be read as a cautionary tale (though presented in a light-hearted manner) by the author about the ruinous effects of the misogynist and hegemonic socio-legal system in eighteenth-century England. It is well evident that Fielding has much to offer to today’s students and researchers regarding the history of eighteenth-century “rape culture” and its detrimental effects on women.

NOTES

* References to *Joseph Andrews* have been taken from this edition.

1. Daniel Defoe’s novel *Roxana: The Fortunate Mistress* (1724) contains a rape scene that was instigated by the eponymous protagonist.
2. Alexander Pope’s famous mock-heroic poem *The Rape of the Lock*, initially published in two cantos in 1712 and later expanded into five cantos in 1715, centers around the “rape” of Belinda’s lock of hair.
3. Richardson’s *Clarissa* (1748) is one of the most renowned rape novels in the history of English literature. This novel renders on the issues like the culpability of the assailant and consent of the victim.
4. Sexual violence has been a major theme in Fielding’s literary career — not only in his novels *Joseph Andrews*, *Tom Jones* and *Jonathan Wild* (1743), but also in his farcical play *Rape upon Rape* (1730).
5. Tobias Smollett in *The Adventures of Roderick Random* (1748) depicts a scene that can be read as a comic parody of the crime of rape. His later novel *Peregrine Pickle* (1751) also presents a problematic rendition of the crime of sexual violence, women’s rape accusation and legal prosecution.
6. Sir Matthew Hale was an eminent British legal scholar. He held the post of a Justice of the Court of Common Pleas during 1654–58 and was a Member of Parliament during 1654–60. One of the greatest legal scholars in the history of England, Hale is mostly remembered today for his book *History of the Pleas of the Crown* (1736).
7. The Act of Settlement, passed in 1701, ensured a Protestant succession to the English throne. It was a reinforcement of the Bill of Rights in 1689.

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