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# FIELDING

## Selections

With Essays by

HAZLITT      SCOTT

THACKERAY

With an Introduction and Notes by

LEONARD    RICE-OXLEY

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# INTRODUCTION

FIELDING was unaggressively conscious of his own greatness. He was at few pains to explain or advertise himself to his own times. He wrote no memoirs nor reminiscences; his correspondence is meagre and not about himself; his friends, numerous and important though they were, have handed down to us but scanty memorials of him; no portrait of him was done in his lifetime; the biography of him written after his death, but when information and reminiscence were available, is unfortunately inadequate and inaccurate.<sup>1</sup> It is in his writings that we must look for Fielding's real self and inmost thoughts. In *Torn Jones*, Book XIII, Chap. I, he says, 'Come, bright love of fame, inspire my glowing breast: not thee I call, who, over swelling tides of blood and tears, dost bear the hero on to glory, while sighs of millions waft his spreading sails; but thee, fair gentle maid, whom Mnesis, happy nymph, first on the banks of Hebrus did produce. Thee, whom Maeonia educated, whom Mantua charmed, and who on that fair hill which overlooks the proud metropolis of Britain, sat'st with thy Milton, sweetly tuning the heroic lyre; fill my ravished fancy with the hope of charming ages yet to come. . . . Do thou teach me not only to foresee, but to enjoy, nay, even to feed on future praise. Comfort me by a solemn assurance that, when the little parlour in which I sit at this instant shall be reduced to a worse furnished box, I shall be read with honour by those who never knew or saw me, and whom I shall neither know nor see.' The whole chapter, from which this passage is taken, is typical

<sup>x</sup> i. e. the 'Essay on the Life and Genius of Henry Fielding,' by Arthur Murphy, prefixed to the first Collected Edition (1762).

## INTRODUCTION

of Fielding in that it is partly serious, partly **humorous**, partly burlesque, yet it is beyond doubt based on the deep thought and hope that, when he had passed through the inevitable buffetings and detractions of his own day, posterity might number him with Homer, Virgil, and Milton, and with those whom elsewhere he calls a 'great triumvirate', Lucian, Cervantes, and Swift. The thought has been justified and the hope realized: we need not hesitate to imagine him as being with those with whom he would wish to be, in that Elysium of which there is such a pleasant glimpse in the *Journey from this World to the Next*, And no doubt his courage, generosity, humanity, and great Olympian laughter are much appreciated there.

There have been many instances in literature of an author's style and outlook on life being modified and changed, but there is perhaps no instance of a change so sudden and felicitous as that effected by Fielding when he became a novelist. Before the publication of *Joseph Andrews* he had written some twenty plays which met with various degrees of approbation or disapproval, but on the whole with as much success as they deserved, for they were produced hurriedly as means of obtaining money or of snatching at reputation. The best of the plays are as good as anything which appeared on the stage at that time, but their memory has scarcely gone beyond the confines of literary history. The burlesque called *The Tragedy of Tragedies : or the Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great*, which caricatured the extravagances and absurdities of writers of tragedies from the time of Dryden to his own, was sometimes performed a century after Fielding's death and is still remembered as a masterpiece of parody. The burlesque and satirical plays are certainly more notable than the comedies, and two more deserve mention—*Pasquin* and *The Historical Register for ths Year 1736*, the **former**

of which enjoyed a 'run' almost as long as that of *The Beggar's Opera*. *Pasquin* is partly a satire on the corruption of lawyers, doctors, and clergymen, partly a satire on politicians; *The Historical Register* is aimed entirely at politics, and especially at Sir Robert Walpole. Critics have probably taken Fielding's politics far more seriously than he took them himself. Indeed, an ambitious young writer in those days must needs be anti-government; all the wits were—Swift, Pope, Gay, and most of the lesser writers. Even to-day a joke made against the party in power never fails to raise a laugh on the music-hall stage. It was more so in the eighteenth century: let a dramatist expose the bribery and corruption of the ministry and success was assured. So Fielding satirized Walpole and did it very well. The only pity is that there has been a tendency to lay too much stress on the evidence of drama when considering the nature of politics in those times. Fielding himself in later and more serious years made some amends. In *The Journal of the Voyage to Lisbon*, written with death before his eyes, in which there is no question of sarcasm or insincerity, he refers to 'the Late Sir Robert Walpole, one of the best of men and of ministers \ The remark is that of a just and honourable man, looking back on the plays that were past and the years that were gone. It is scarcely surprising that, assailed by continual satire which was often brutal and excessive, the Government, in times which were far more unsettled than ours, should seek to muzzle the stage. Accordingly the Licensing Act which established the censorship of the Lord Chamberlain was passed in 1737. Fielding's *Pasquin* and *Historical Register* had contributed to the promotion of the Act, and, since there was no prospect that the Lord Chamberlain would show him any favour, his occupation as a dramatist was gone. The writing of plays had given him practice in delineating characters, facility of style, easiness of dialogue, and a

swiftness of expression which is one of the great features of his humour.<sup>1</sup> The plays are interesting since in them we can see the germ of the characters in the novels, and can trace the trend of his genius and find evidence of his purpose as a reformer of manners. But he himself recognized that he had not yet accomplished much, for he afterwards said that he had left off writing for the stage when he ought to have begun. He might have added that he had begun writing novels just when he ought to have begun. Disraeli once said that if a young man *will* write novels it is only to be expected that they should be full of affectations. This was not to be so with Fielding. To the new kind of writing to which he now turned, at the age of thirty-four, he brought experience of life, and seriousness of outlook which he would not have possessed in earlier years, but he also brought to it a vigour unimpaired, a joy in life undimmed, and a spirit unembittered.

All forms of art suffer a periodical process of decay: the Restoration Drama had had its period of growth, its season of abundance, and its time of decline. There were now only pale imitations of Dryden and Congreve. Happily circumstance and his vital genius turned Fielding towards new things: 'he was not destined to be a poet or dramatist, but to become the 'prose Homer of human nature', as Byron calls him. He turned to a 'kind of writing' which he says in the Preface to *Joseph Andrews* 'I do not remember to have seen hitherto attempted in our language'. No new means of expression ever spring suddenly into being: many ingredients went to make the Novel, but Fielding

<sup>1</sup> As for instance in 'the hunting adventure' in Bk. I11, Chap. XI, of *Joseph Andrews*, where four and a half lines comprising an unconsciously humorous remark of the huntsman give us a vivid impression of his character—a man whose whole, very limited soul is devoted to the art of hunting. And in *Joseph Andrews*, Bk. I11, Chap. X, when the rapidly moving dialogue between pbet and player exhibits their changing moods as they alternately praise and condemn each other.

blended narrative, character-drawing, reality, wit, humour, and truth to life, in a composition the like of which had not completely appeared before in English literature.

Of the nature and merits of Fielding's novels it is not the intent of this Introduction to speak when Hazlitt, Scott, and Thackeray wait to be heard upon that subject, and when Fielding himself is to be read, though only in lengths arranged by editorial scissors as ruthless as those of Fate, yet we hope a little less arbitrary. In guiding the course of the scissors the principle has been to select as far as possible those passages which will stand by themselves apart from their context, provided that those passages are interesting as being typical of Fielding's best work. It is not of course possible to judge from such selections the merit of one important quality in any novel, namely the management of the plot. This is to be regretted in the case of an author of whom Coleridge, with but little exaggeration, said: 'What a master of composition Fielding was! Upon my word I think *Oedipus Tyrannies*, *The Alchemist*, and *Tom Jones* the three most perfect plots ever planned.' Yet, on the other hand, it is an advantage to isolate portions of a big work and study them separately; and, after all, when we think of any novel which we have admired we usually think of particular scenes, incidents, or characters in it. At all events the selections will sufficiently illustrate the kind and peculiarities of Fielding's genius, and the prefaced essays will supply comment which shall here be supplemented in only two respects.

It is a saying that you can best tell a man's greatness by the kind of people whom he gathers round him as his friends and helpers. To a like extent it is true that you can estimate an author's greatness by the kind of writers who are influenced by him. It is at least interesting to glance at Fielding's literary legacy. Dr. Primrose in *The Vicar of Wakefield* is clearly based on Parson Adams, as

Hazlitt has remarked. 'Fielding did not often repeat himself, but Dr. Harrison in *Amelia* may be considered as a variation of Adams: so also is Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*; and the latter part of that work which sets out so delightfully, an almost entire plagiarism from Wilson's account of himself,<sup>1</sup> and Adams's domestic history.' Mrs. Slipslop preceded Sheridan's version of her—Mrs. Maiaprop—by some thirty years, and reappears, though considerably altered, in the Mrs. Gamp of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. The philosophers Square and Thwackum we find again seated among the oddities whom T. L. Peacock in his novels gathered round the dinner-table in his strange country-houses. Thackeray about a century later trod in much the same paths as Fielding and sought to describe the manners and customs of the mid-eighteenth century, the beaux and the fine ladies, the taverns and the drawing-rooms, the life both high and low. It is true that Fielding had no slight advantage in living in the times which he describes, but, allowing even for that, it does not do to read, let us say, *The Virginians* close upon *Joseph Andrews* or *Tom Jones*—the former will appear so lifeless, pale, and wan. 'How charming! How wholesome is Fielding/' said Coleridge, comparing him with Richardson. \* To take him up after Richardson is like emerging from a sick-room, heated by stoves, into an open lawn on a breezy day in May.' To take up Thackeray after Fielding is to go into a study charmingly set with old prints and furniture but having a distinct atmosphere of melancholy and inactivity. The genius of another great Victorian writer was nourished on the novels of Fielding and of the eighteenth-century school.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Book III, Chap. III, of *Joseph Andrews*,

\* It cannot be maintained that Dickens was influenced solely by Fielding, for Smollett and Sterne were much admired by him. He gave his sons the names of his favourite authors and perhaps preference is shown by the fact that his eldest was called Henry Fielding. This is not absolute proof, because Tobias Smollett are not euphonious Christian names and a Laurence Sterne Dickens would have had the unfortunate initials L. S. D.!

Among the few books possessed by the young David Copperfield, the few books which filled his imagination and comforted his soul during the brutal process of his education, was *Tom Jones* [*David Copperfield*, Chap. IV]. Dickens was describing his own childhood days, and it is not difficult to trace in many ways the influence of Fielding on all his work. One thing the two novelists had notably in common—the ardent desire that their books should be a means of reforming society. It is well known how Dickens attacked abuses or corruptions of various institutions : he as well as Fielding might have said, ' I have endeavoured to laugh mankind out of their favourite follies and vices/<sup>1</sup>

The great men of the eighteenth century, whether statesmen, soldiers, clerics, or authors, have been on the whole unduly maligned, and posterity has thought too much of their gout, gambling, and drinking, and not enough of their positive virtues. How superior we become when we read of that century in our history-books, and how our superiority is supported by foolish anecdotes! The fault is not entirely ours, but partly that of the men of the eighteenth century themselves : it was an age of satire, and much of the mud which they cast so abundantly at each other has stuck upon their memories. Fielding would readily admit that, since he had satirized Walpole so plentifully, it is not a harsh fate that his own reputation should have suffered at the hands of detractors. The difference is that when writing for the stage he was young and ambitious and followed the \* mode ' : that in his novels he never laughed at the poor, the oppressed, the unfortunate, or the unhappy, whereas those who libelled him were without such scruple. The din of controversy was still in Thackeray's ear. ' I cannot offer or hope to make a hero of Harry Fielding,' he said. Concerning this passage a later critic, W. E. Henley, wrote of

<sup>1</sup> Thackeray's dream of Fielding—a novelist's presentment

<sup>1</sup> **Dedication to *Tom Jones*.**

of a purely fictitious character. . . . It is questionable . . . • if the Fielding of legend, the pot-walloper of genius at whom we have smiled so often, has many things in common with the Fielding of fact, the indefatigable student, the vigorous magistrate, the great and serious artist.'

It would be foolish to rush to the other extreme. The men of the eighteenth century, though on the whole they did 'live laborious days', certainly did not 'scorn delights'. Fielding undoubtedly loved life and saw good days, but what Henley meant, and what is probably the truth, is that if Thackeray has given any one the impression that the man who in the course of a short life wrote numerous plays, acquired a great knowledge of classical and modern literature, edited journals and wrote pamphlets, gained a deep knowledge of the law, produced three long novels and several shorter works remarkable if only for their clear-headedness, laboured devotedly as a magistrate—that this man staggered to Bow Street with stained ruffles, gambled and indulged his appetites, and tottered to his rooms with muddled brains, the impression must be accounted preposterous.

The appreciation which Hazlitt, Scott, and Thackeray have given of Fielding's literary work is just and adequate, but they have not dealt with the contribution made by Fielding to the progress of society. There was, on the whole, during the course of the eighteenth century a movement towards the betterment of society which various people have described by various phrases, 'the quickening of the spirit of humanity', 'the amelioration of manners', or 'the development of philanthropy'. Any such process is slow and almost imperceptible in its growth: some outward and obvious manifestations there are, such as the revival of religion by the Wesley brothers, the activities of John Howard and Elizabeth Fry and James Oglethorpe, the establishment of Sunday Schools, &c., &c. We need

not here estimate too exactly the extent and depth of the process, but it is clear that by 1800 there was greater refinement among the upper classes and more consideration for the lower classes than had existed in 1700.

This is usually attributed to the 'revival of religion' led by Whitfield and the two Wesleys. It is not necessary to lessen the reputation of those men, but to give them too much credit is to give not enough to others who deserve it, and among them notably Fielding. There was indeed during the first half of the eighteenth century an atmosphere of 'reform.' Most writers affected to have a 'moral purpose', and certainly all the satirists would have maintained that they had the intent to correct faults and abuses. 'My notion is', wrote Swift in 1714, 'that if a man cannot mend the public he should mend old shoes, if he can do no better.' So, no doubt, thought many of his contemporaries; but Swift himself became too embittered and misanthropic, and Pope was too malicious, to accomplish much in the way of the reformation of their fellow creatures. Fielding had in his nature no trace of misanthropy, malice, or meanness, or bitterness, nor could poverty, misfortune, and illness introduce them into it. He saw the folly of man no less clearly than Swift, and he ardently desired the betterment of his own kind. It has been said above that his political satire was almost certainly shallow and scarcely sincere: his desire for social amelioration was of the warp<sup>5</sup> and woof of his being and so equally of his writings. In the preface to *Amelia* he says explicitly that the book 'is sincerely designed to promote the cause of virtue, and to expose some of the most glaring evils, as well public as private, which at present infest this country \ Few could have read in the novels what Fielding had to say about the inefficiency of magistrates, the harshness and unreason of imprisonment for debt, the horrid state of the prisons, the absurdity of duelling, without reflecting that these things

should not be so. The moral is not forced to the front, but is only incidental to the story. Take, for example, the famous coach scene in *Joseph Andrews* : what a whole commentary on the penal code is summed up in the eleven words in brackets ' (a lad who hath since been transported for robbing a hen-roost) ' : or the amusing conversation on the topic of duelling between Dr. Harrison and Colonel Bath in *Amelia*. But above all, and greater than the witty and kind exposure of particular follies and abuses, is the gentle criticism of all human nature, the penetrating insight into all sorts and conditions of men, the discovery of virtue wherever it may be found, the exposure of hypocrisy in whatsoever class of person it exists. It is this which distinguished Fielding as the Father of Novelists : he did not deal with unreal and conventional types as previous writers of romance had done, nor did he confine his regard to a few kinds of persons, the ' high life ' of society, as Richardson had done : he made a footman the hero of his first novel: he is as much acquainted with the nature of the humble and unimportant as he is with the great, the high-born, and the wealthy. Fielding's attitude towards the ' lower classes ' and his knowledge of them mark a difference between the English and the French outlook on social matters which was of inestimable importance in our history. Many French ' aristocrats ' later in the century were imbued with a desire to better the lot of the inferior classes in their country ; but to them the peasantry were sentimental and ideal conceptions, and they had of them little real knowledge or understanding. A great gulf was fixed between—into which the social system fell at the time of the Revolution.

The final and high commendation which we can give him is that he put into practice what he preached. He might have prolonged his life had he not neglected his health in those unremitting labours as a magistrate which began

the great tradition and honourable reputation of the Bow Street bench. There he combated crime and violence with his great energy and high courage: there he examined the miserable, wicked, hypocritical, the outcast, the degraded, and the unfortunate with the same justness and kindness with which he had regarded them as they passed through his mind in fiction and imagination.

By the time that the eighteenth century was half spent the fierce political and religious strifes of the seventeenth century had subsided; trade, and therefore wealth, had increased. The dominant classes were able to take leisure to read and think, and instead of seeking a man's execution they wrote a satire on him and his doings. They had the necessary security of life, and the means to build comfortable homes and to surround themselves with beautiful things—in other words, they were becoming more civilized. Civilization is selfish unless it produces great men who seek to spread it. Fielding had neither leisure nor means, but he summed up and did much to spread what was best and most humane in the Spirit of the Age. Wisdom, kindness, and nobility were in his works as well as in his character.

# FIELDING'S LIFE

1707. Born (22 April) at Sharpham Park, near Glastonbury in Somerset.
1710. His family moved to East Stour in Dorsetshire.
1718. Death of his mother, Sarah Gould, daughter of Sir Henry Gould, a judge of the King's Bench.
- 1719-1725 ? At Eton.
1728. His first play. *Love in Several Masques*, produced at Drury Lane (February). Entered Leyden University (March); left some time between February 1729 and February 1730.
1730. *Tom Thumb* produced at the Haymarket.
1735. Married his first wife, Miss Charlotte Cradock, of Salisbury.
1736. *Pasquin, a Dramatic Satire on the Times*, produced.
1737. *The Historical Register for the Year 1736*, a political play, produced. The Licensing Act passed. Entered the Middle Temple.
1739. Edited *The Champion*, a newspaper with short occasional essays (thrice a week from 15 Nov. 1739 to June 1740).
1740. Called to the Bar.
1741. His father, General Edmund Fielding, died.
1742. *Joseph Andrews* published (February).
1743. *Miscellanies* (including *Jonathan Wild* and *A Journey from this World to the Next*) published. Death of his wife.
- 1745-6. Issued *The True Patriot*, a weekly paper in support of the Government.
1747. Married his second wife, Mary Daniel.
- 1747-8. Issued *The Jacobite's Journal*, an anti-Jacobite weekly paper.
1748. Appointed a Justice of the Peace for Westminster.
1749. Appointed a Justice of the Peace for Middlesex (January). *Tom Jones* published (February).  
*A Charge to the Grand Jury of Middlesex* published (June).
1751. *An Enquiry Into the Causes of the late Increase of Robbers* published (January). *Amelia* published (December).
1752. *Examples of the Interposition of Providence in the Detection and Punishment of Murder*, a pamphlet freely distributed in Bow Street police court.  
Issued *The Covent Garden Journal*, a bi-weekly paper.
1753. *A Proposal for making an effectual provision for the Poor*.
1754. *Jonathan Wild* published by itself, 'with considerable Corrections and Additions' (March).  
Sailed for Lisbon (1 July). Died there (8 October).
1755. *The Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon* published (February).

## HAZLITT ON FIELDING

From Hazlitt's *Lectures on English Comic Writers*, delivered at the Surrey Institute in 1818 ; published in 1819.

THERE is very little to warrant the common idea that Fielding was an imitator of Cervantes, except his own declaration of such an intention in the title-page of *Joseph Andrews*, the romantic turn of the character of Parson Adams (the only romantic character in his works), and the proverbial humour of Partridge, which is kept up only for a few pages. Fielding's novels are, in general, thoroughly his own ; and they are thoroughly English. What they are most remarkable for, is neither sentiment, nor imagination, nor wit, nor even humour, though there is an immense deal of this last quality ; but profound knowledge of human nature, at least of English nature, and masterly pictures of the characters of men as he saw them existing. This quality distinguishes all his works, and is shown almost equally in all of them. As a painter of real life, he was equal to Hogarth ; as a mere observer of human nature, he was little inferior to Shakespeare, though without any of the genius and poetical qualities of his mind. His humour is less rich and laughable than Smollett's ; his wit as often misses as hits ; he has none of the fine pathos of Richardson or Sterne ; but he has brought together a greater variety of characters in common life, marked with more distinct peculiarities, and without an atom of caricature, than any other novel-writer whatever. The extreme subtlety of observation on the springs of human conduct in ordinary characters, is only equalled by the ingenuity of contrivance in bringing those springs into play, in such a manner as **to lay** open their smallest irregularity. The detection is

always complete, and made with the certainty and skill of a philosophical experiment, and the obviousness and familiarity of a casual observation. The truth of the imitation is indeed so great, that it has been argued that Fielding must have had his materials ready-made to his hands, and was merely a transcriber of local manners and individual habits. For this conjecture, however, there seems to be no foundation. His representations, it is true, are local and individual; but they are not the less profound  
10 and conclusive. The feeling of the general principles of human nature operating in particular circumstances, is always intense, and uppermost in his mind ; and he makes  
<sup>x</sup> use of incident and situation only to bring out character.

It is scarcely necessary to give any illustrations. *Tom Jones* is full of them. There is the account, for example, of the gratitude of the elder Blifil to his brother, for assisting him to obtain the fortune of Miss Bridget Alworthy by marriage ; and of the gratitude of the poor in his neighbourhood to Alworthy himself, who had done so much good in  
20 the country that he had made every one in it his enemy. There is the account of the Latin dialogues between Partridge and his maid, of the assault made on him during one of these by Mrs. Partridge, and thesevere bruises he patiently received on that occasion, after which the parish of Little Baddington rung with the story, that the schoolmaster had killed his wife. There is the exquisite keeping in the character of Blifil, and the want of it in that of Jones. There is the gradation in the lovers of Molly Seagrim; the philosopher Square succeeding to Tom Jones, who again  
30 finds that he himself had succeeded to the accomplished Will Barnes, who had the first possession of her person, and had still possession of her heart, Jones being only the instrument of her vanity, as Square was of her interest. Then there is the discreet^ honesty of Black George, the learning of Thwackum and Square, and the profundity of

Squire Western, who considered it as a physical impossibility that his daughter should fall in love with Tom Jones. We have also that gentleman's disputes with his sister, and the inimitable appeal of that lady to her niece : ' I was never so handsome as you, Sophy ; yet I had something of you formerly. I was called the cruel Parthenissa. Kingdoms and states, as Tully Cicero says, undergo alteration, and so must the human form ! ' The adventure of the same lady with the highwayman, who robbed her of her jewels while he complimented her beauty, ought not to be passed 10 over; nor that of Sophia and her muff, nor the reserved coquetry of her cousin Fitzpatrick, nor the description of Lady Bellaston, nor the modest overtures of the pretty widow Hunt, nor the indiscreet babblings of Mrs. Honour. The moral of this book has been objected to, without much reason ; but "a more serious objection has been made to the want of refinement and elegance in two principal characters. We never feel this objection, indeed, while we are reading the book ; but at other times we have something like a lurking suspicion that Jones was but an awkward fellow, 20 and Sophia a pretty simpleton. I do not know how to account for this effect, unless it is that Fielding's constantly assuring us of the beauty of his hero, and the good sense of his heroine, at last produces a distrust of both. The story of *Tom Jones* is allowed to be unrivalled ; and it is this circumstance, together with the vast variety of characters, that has given the *History of a Foundling* so decided a preference over Fielding's other novels. . . . Fielding was a master of what may be called the *double entendre* of character, and surprises you no less by what he leaves in the 30 dark (hardly known to the persons themselves) than by the unexpected discoveries he makes of the real traits and circumstances in a character with which, till then, you find you were unacquainted. There is nothing at all heroic, however, in the usual style of his delineations. He does not

draw lofty characters or strong passions; all his persons are of the ordinary stature as to intellect, and possess little elevation of fancy, or energy of purpose. Perhaps, after all, Parson Adams is his finest character. It is equally true to nature, and more ideal than any of the others. Its unsuspecting simplicity makes it not only more amiable, but doubly amusing, by gratifying the sense of superior sagacity in the reader. Our laughing at him does not once lessen our respect for him. His declaring that he would willingly io walk ten miles to fetch his sermon on vanity, merely to convince Wilson of his thorough contempt of this vice, and his consoling himself for the loss of his iEschylus by suddenly recollecting that he could not read it if he had it, because it is dark, are among the finest touches of *naivete*.

## SCOTT ON FIELDING

From Scott's Essay on Fielding, written 1820, published in  
*Ballantyne's Novelist's Library*, 1821-4.

OF all the works of imagination to which English genius has given the origin, the novels of the celebrated Henry Fielding are, perhaps, most decidedly and exclusively her own. They are not only altogether beyond the reach of translation, in the proper sense and spirit of the word, but we even question 20 whether they can be fully understood, or relished to the highest extent, by such natives of Scotland and Ireland as are not habitually and intimately acquainted with the characters and manners of Old England. Parson Adams, Towwouse, ! Partridge, above all Squire Western, are personages as peculiar to England as they are unknown to other countries. Nay, the actors whose character is of a more general cast, as Airworthy, Mrs. Miller, Tom Jones himself, and almost all the subordinate agents in the narrative, have the same

cast of nationality, which adds not **a little to the** verisimilitude of the tale. The persons of the story live in England, travel in England, quarrel and fight in England; and scarce an incident occurs without its being marked by something which could not well have happened in any other country. This nationality may be ascribed to the author's own habits of life, which rendered him conversant, at different periods, with all the various classes of English society, specimens of which he has selected with inimitable spirit of choice and description, for the amusement of his *iu* readers. Like many other men of talent, Fielding was unfortunate,—his life was a life of imprudence and uncertainty; but it was while passing from the high society to which he was born, to that of the lowest and most miscellaneous kind to which his fortune condemned him, that he acquired the extended familiarity with the English character, in every rank and aspect, which has made his name immortal as a painter of national manners. . . .

Fielding, the first of British novelists, for such he may surely be termed, has thus added his name to that of 20 Le Sage and others, who, eminent for fictitious narration, have either altogether failed in their dramatic attempts, or at least have fallen far short of that degree of excellence which might have been previously augured of them. It is hard to fix upon any plausible reason for a failure which has occurred in too many instances to be the operation of mere chance, especially since *a priori* one would think the same talents necessary for both walks of literature. Force of character, strength of expression, felicity of contrast and situation, **a well-constructed plot**, in which 30 the development is at once natural and unexpected, and where **the** interest is kept uniformly alive **till** summed up by **the catastrophe**,—**all** these are requisites as essential to **the labour of the novelist as to that of the dramatist, and, indeed, appear to comprehend the sum of the qualities**

necessary to success in both departments. Fielding's biographers have, in this particular instance, explained his lack of theatrical success as arising entirely from the careless haste with which he huddled up his dramatic compositions ; it being no uncommon thing with him to finish an act or two in a morning, and to write out whole scenes upon the paper in which his favourite tobacco had been wrapped up. Negligence of this kind will no doubt give rise to great inequalities in the productions of an author so careless of his reputation, but will scarcely account for an attribute something like dulness, which pervades Fielding's plays, and which is rarely found in those works which a man of genius throws off' at a heat', to use Dryden's expression, in prodigal self-reliance on his internal resources. Neither are we at all disposed to believe that an author so careless as Fielding took much more pains in labouring his novels than in composing his plays ; and we are therefore compelled to seek some other and more general reason for the inferiority of the latter. This may perhaps be found in the nature of those two studies, which, intimately connected as they seem to be, are yet naturally distinct in some very essential particulars ; so much so as to vindicate the general opinion, that he who applies himself with eminent success to the one becomes in some degree unqualified for the other;—like the artisan who, by a particular turn for excellence in one mechanical department, loses the habit of dexterity necessary for acquitting himself with equal reputation in another, or as the artist, who has dedicated himself to the use of water-colours, is usually less distinguished by his skill in oil-painting.

It is the object of the novel-writer to place before the reader as full and accurate a representation of the events which he relates as can be done by the mere force of an excited imagination, without the assistance of material objects. His sole appeal is made to the world of fancy and

of ideas, and in this consists his strength and his weakness, his poverty and his wealth. He cannot, like the painter, present a visible and tangible representation of his towns and his woods, his palaces and his castles ; but, by awakening the imagination of a congenial reader, he places before his mind's eye landscapes fairer than those of Claude, and wilder than those of Salvator. He cannot, like the dramatist, present before our living eyes the heroes of former days, or the beautiful creations of his own fancy, embodied in the grace and majesty of Kemble or of Siddons ; but he 10 can teach his reader to conjure up forms even more dignified and beautiful than theirs. The same difference follows him through every branch of his art. The author of a novel, in short, has neither stage nor scene-painter, nor company of comedians, nor dresser, nor wardrobe ; words, applied with the best of his skill, must supply all that these bring to the assistance of the dramatist. Action, and tone, and gesture, the smile of the lover, the frown of the tyrant, the grimace of the buffoon,—all must be told, for nothing can be shown. Thus, the very dialogue becomes mixed 20 with the narration ; for he must not only tell what the characters actually said, in which his task is the same as that of the dramatic author, but must also describe the tone, the look, the gesture, with which their speech was accompanied, -telling, in short, all which, in the drama, it becomes the province of the actor to express. It must, therefore, frequently happen that the author best . qualified for a province in which all depends on the communication of his own ideas and feelings to the reader, without any intervening medium, may fall short of the skill 30 necessary to adapt his compositions to the medium of the stage, where the very qualities most excellent in a novelist are out of place, and an impediment to success. Description and narration, which form the essence of the novel, must be very sparingly introduced into dramatic com-

position,\*and scarce ever have a good effect upon the stage. Even Puff, in *The Critic*, has the good sense to leave out 'all about gilding the eastern hemisphere'; and the very first thing which the players struck out of his memorable tragedy was the description of Queen Elizabeth, her palfrey, and her side-saddle. The drama speaks to the eye and ear; and when it ceases to address these bodily organs, and would exact from a theatrical audience that exercise of the imagination which is necessary to follow forth and  
10 embody circumstances neither spoken nor exhibited, there is an immediate failure, though it may be the failure of a man of genius. Hence it follows, that though a good acting play may be made by selecting a plot and characters from a novel, yet scarce any effort of genius could render a play into a narrative romance. In the former case, the author has only to contract the events within the space necessary for representation, to choose the most striking characters, and exhibit them in the most forcible contrast, discard from the dialogue whatever is redundant or tedious,  
20 and so dramatize the whole. But we know not any effort of genius which could successfully insert into a good play those accessories of description and delineation which are necessary to dilate it into a readable novel. It may thus easily be conceived that he whose chief talent lies in addressing the imagination only, and whose style, therefore, must be expanded and circumstantial, may fail in a kind of composition where so much must be left to the efforts of the actor, with his allies and assistants the scene-painter and property-man, and where every attempt to interfere  
30 with their province is an error unfavourable to the success of the piece. Besides, it must be farther remembered, that in fictitious narrative an author carries on his manufacture alone, and upon his own account; whereas, in dramatic writing, he enters into partnership with the performers, and it is by their joint efforts that the piece is to succeed.

Copartnery is called, by civilians, the mother of discord ; and how likely it is to prove so in the present instance may be illustrated by reference to the admirable dialogue between the Player and Poet in *Joseph Andrews*, Book iii, chap. 10. The poet must either be contented to fail, or to make great condescensions to the experience, and pay much attention to the peculiar qualifications of those by whom his piece is to be represented. And he who in a novel had only to lit sentiments, action, and character, to ideal Ixnngs, is now compelled to assume the much more difficult 10 task of adapting all these to real existing persons, who, unless their parts are exactly suited to their own taste, and their peculiar capacities, have, each in his line, the means, and not infrequently the inclination, to ruin the success of the play. Such are, amongst many others, the peculiar difficulties of the dramatic art, and they seem impediments which lie peculiarly in the way of the novelist who aspires to extend his sway over the stage.. ..

The novel of *Pamela*, published in 1740, had carried the fame of Richardson to the highest pitch ; and Fielding,— 20 whether he was tired of hearing it over-praised (for a book, several passages of which would now be thought highly indelicate, was in those days even recommended from the pulpit), or whether, as a writer for daily subsistence, he caught at whatever interested the public for the time, or whether, in tine, he was seduced by that wicked spirit of wit, which cannot forbear turning into ridicule the idol of the day,—resolved to caricature the style, principles, and personages of this favourite performance. As Gay's desire to satirize Philips gave rise to *The Shepherd's Week*, so Fielding's 30 purpose to ridicule *Pamela* produced *The History of Joseph Andrews* ; and in both cases, but especially in the latter, a work was executed infinitely better than could have been expected to arise out of such a motive, and the reader received a degree of pleasure very different, as well as far superior, to

what the author himself appears to have proposed. There is, indeed, a fine vein of irony in Fielding's novel, as will appear from comparing it with the pages of *Pamela*; but *Pamela*, to which that irony was applied, is now in a manner forgotten, and *Joseph Andrews* continues to be read, for the admirable pictures of manners which it presents, and, above all, for the inimitable character of Mr. Abraham Adams, which alone is sufficient to stamp the superiority of Fielding over all writers of his class. The worthy parson's learning, his simplicity, his  
10 evangelical purity of heart, and benevolence of disposition, are so admirably mingled with pedantry, absence of mind, and with the habit of athletic and gymnastic exercise, then acquired at the universities by students of all descriptions, that he may be safely termed one of the richest productions of the Muse of Fiction. Like Don Quixote, Parson Adams is beaten a little too much, and too often ; but the cudgel lights upon his shoulders, as on those of the honoured Knight of La Mancha, without the slightest stain to his reputation, and he is bastinadoed without being degraded.  
20 The style of this piece is said, in the preface, to have been an imitation of Cervantes ; but both in *Joseph Andrews*, and *Tom Jones*, the author appears also to have had in view the *Roman Comique* of the once celebrated Scarron. From this author he has copied the mock-heroic style, which tells ludicrous events in the language of the classical Epic; a vein of pleasantry which is soon wrought out, and which Fielding has employed so often as to expose him to the charge of pedantry.

*Joseph Andrews* was eminently successful; and the  
30 aggrieved Richardson, who was fond of praise even to adulation, was proportionally offended, while his group of admirers, male and female, took care to echo back his sentiments, and to heap Fielding with reproach. Their animosity survived his life, and we find the most ungenerous reproaches thrown upon his memory, in the course

of Richardson's correspondence. Richardson was well acquainted with Fielding's sisters, and complained to them, not of Fielding's usage of himself—that he was too wise, or too proud to mention,—but of his unfortunate predilection to what was mean and low in character and description. The following expressions are remarkable, as well for the extreme modesty of the writer who thus rears himself into the paramount judge of Fielding's qualities, as for the delicacy which could intrude such observations on the ear of his rival's sister: ' Poor Fielding ! 10 I could not help telling his sister, that I was equally surprised at, and concerned for, his continued lowness. Had your brother, said I, been born in a stable, or been a runner at a spunging-house, one should have thought him a genius, and wished he had had the advantage of a liberal education, and of being admitted into good company ! ' After this we are not surprised at its Ixing alleged that Fielding was destitute of invention and talents ; that the run of his best works was nearly over ; and that he would soon be forgotten as an author! Fielding does not appear 20 to have retorted any of this ill-will; so that, if he gave the first offence, and that an unprovoked one, he was also the first to retreat from the contest, and to allow to Richardson those claims which his genius really demanded from the liberality of his contemporaries. In the fifth number of *The Jacobite Journal*, Fielding highly commends *Clarissa*, which is by far the best and most powerful of Richardson's novels, and, with those scenes in *Sir Charles Grandison* which refer to the history of Clementina, contains the passages of deep pathos on which his claim to immortality 30 must finally rest. Perhaps this is one of the cases in which one would rather have sympathized with the thoughtless offender, than with the less liberal and almost ungenerous mind which so long retained its resentment. . . .

Besides various fugitive pieces, Fielding published in

or about 1743 a volume of Miscellanies, including *The Journey from this World to the Next*, a tract containing a good deal of Fielding's peculiar humour, but of which it is difficult to conceive the plan or purport. *The History of Jonathan Wild the Great* next followed. It is not easy to see what Fielding proposed to himself by a picture of complete vice, unrelieved by anything of human feeling, and never by any accident even deviating into virtue ; and the ascribing a train of fictitious adventures to a real  
10 character has in it something clumsy and inartificial on the one hand, and, on the other, subjects the author to a suspicion that he only used the title of Jonathan Wild in order to connect his book with the popular renown of that infamous depredator. But there are few passages in Fielding's more celebrated works more marked by his peculiar genius than the scene betwixt his hero and the Ordinary when in Newgate.

Besides these more permanent proofs of his industrious application to literature, the pen of Fielding was busily  
20 employed in the political and literary controversies of the times. He conducted one paper called *The Jacobite Journal*, the object of which was to eradicate those feelings and sentiments which had been already so effectually crushed upon the Field of Cullodn. *The True Patriot* and *The Champion* were works of the same kind, which he entirely composed, or in which, at least, he had a principal share. In these various papers he steadily advocated what was then called the Whig cause, being attached to tin\* principles of the Revolution, and the royal family of Brun-  
30 wick, or, in other words, a person well affected to church and state. His zeal was long unnoticed, while far inferior writers were enriched out of the secret-service money with unexampled prodigality. At length, in 1749, he received a small pension, together with the then disreputable office of a Justice of Peace for Westminster and Middlesex,

of which he was at liberty to make the best he could by the worst means he might choose. This office, such as it was, he owed to the interference of Mr., afterwards Lord Lyttelton.

At this period, the Magistrates of Westminster, thence termed Trading Justices, were repaid by fees for their services to the public ; a mean and wretched system, which made it the interest of these functionaries to inflame every petty dispute which was brought before them, to trade, as it were, in guilt and in misery, and to wring their precarious subsistence out of thieves and pickpockets. . . .

It is consoling to observe that Fielding's principles remained unshaken, though the circumstances attending his official situation tended to increase the careless disrespectability of his private habits. His own account of his conduct respecting the dues of the office on which he depended for his subsistence, has never been denied or doubted. ' I will confess,' says he, ' that my private affairs, at the beginning of the winter, had but a gloomy aspect ; for I had not plundered the public, or the poor, of those sums which men, who are always ready to plunder both as much as they can, have been pleased to suspect me of taking ; on the contrary, by composing, instead of inflaming, the quarrels of porters and beggars (which, I blush when I say, hath not been universally practised), and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left, I had reduced an income of about £500 a-year of the dirtiest money upon earth, to little more than £300, a considerable portion of which remained with my clerk.'

Besides the disinterestedness of which he set an example unusual in those days, Fielding endeavoured, by various suggestions, to abridge the catalogue of crimes and depravity which his office placed so closely under his eye. His *Inquiry into the Increase of Thieves and Robbers*

contains several hints which have been adopted by succeeding statesmen, and some which are still worthy of more attention than they have yet received. As a magistrate, indeed, he was desirous of retrieving the dignity and independence of his own office ; and his zeal on that subject has led him a little farther than he will be followed by the friends of rational freedom. But we cannot omit mentioning that he was the first to touch on the frequency of pardons, rendered necessary by the multiplication of capital io punishments, and that he placed his finger on that swelling imposthume of the state, the poor's-rates, which has wrought so much evil, and is likely to work so much more. He published also a *Charge to the Grand Jury of Middlesex*, some *Tracts concerning Law Trials* of importance, and left behind him a manuscript on Crown Law. On the subject of the poor, he afterwards published a scheme for restricting them to their parishes and providing for them in work-houses, which, like many others which have since appeared, only showed that he was fully sensible of the evil, without 20 being able to suggest an effectual or practical remedy. A subsequent writer on the same thorny subject, Sir Frederick Morton Eden, observes that Fielding's treatise exhibits both the knowledge of the magistrate and the energy and expression of the novel writer. It was, however, before publishing his scheme for the provision of the poor that he made himself immortal by the production of *Tom Jones*.

The *History of a Foundling* was composed under all the disadvantages incident to an author alternately pressed 30 by the disagreeable task of his magisterial duties and by the necessity of hurrying out some ephemeral essay or pamphlet to meet the demands of the passing day. It is inscribed to the Hon. Mr. Lyttelton, afterwards Lord Lyttelton, with a dedication in which he intimates that without his assistance and that of the Duke of Bedford

the work had never been completed, as the author had been indebted to them for the means of subsistence while engaged in composing it. Ralph Allen, the friend of Pope, is also alluded to as one of his benefactors, but unnamed by his own desire; thus confirming the truth of Pope's beautiful couplet—

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,  
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

It is said that this munificent and modest patron made Fielding a present of £200 at one time, and that even 10 before he was personally acquainted with him.

Under such precarious circumstances the first English novel was given to the public, which had not yet seen any works of fiction founded upon the plan of painting from nature. Even Richardson's novels are but a step from the old romance, approaching, indeed, more nearly to the ordinary course of events, but still dealing in improbable incidents, and in characters swelled out beyond the ordinary limits of humanity. The *History of a Foundling* is truth and human nature itself, and there lies the inestimable 20 advantage which it possesses over all previous fictions of this particular kind. It was received with unanimous acclamation by the public, and proved so productive to Millar, the publisher, that he handsomely added £100 to £600, for which last sum he had purchased the work.

The general merits of this popular and delightful work have been so often dwelt upon, and its imperfections so frequently censured, that we can do little more than hastily run over ground which has been repeatedly occupied. The felicitous contrivance and happy extrica- 3° tion of the story, where every incident tells upon and advances the catastrophe, while, at the same time, it illustrates the characters of those interested in its **approach**, cannot **too** often be mentioned with the highest approba-

tion. The attention of the reader is never diverted or puzzled by unnecessary digressions, or recalled to the main story by abrupt and startling recurrences ; he glides down the narrative like a boat on the surface of some broad navigable stream, which only winds enough to gratify the voyager with the varied beauty of its banks. . . .

But even the high praise due to the construction and arrangement of the story is inferior to that claimed by the truth, force, and spirit of the characters, from Tom TO Jones himself, down to Black George the gamekeeper and his family. Amongst these Squire Western stands alone ; imitated from no prototype, and in himself an inimitable picture of ignorance, prejudice, irascibility, and rusticity, united with natural shrewdness, constitutional good-humour, and an instinctive affection for his daughter, —all which qualities, good and bad, are grounded upon that basis of thorough selfishness natural to one bred up, from infancy, where no one dared to contradict his arguments, or to control his conduct. . . .

- 20 A more sweeping and general objection was made against the *History of a Foundling* by the admirers of Richardson, and has been often repeated since. It is alleged that the ultimate moral of *Tom Jones*, which conducts to happiness, and holds up to our sympathy and esteem, a youth who gives way to licentious habits, is detrimental to society, and tends to encourage the youthful reader in the practice of those follies to which his natural passions and the usual course of the world but too much direct him — To this charge Fielding himself might probably
- 30 have replied that the vices into which Jones suffers himself to fall are made the direct cause of placing him in the , distressful situation which he occupies during the greater part of the narrative ; while his generosity, his charity, and his amiable qualities become the means of saving him from the consequences of his folly. But we suspect, with

Dr. Johnson, that there is something of cant both in the objection and in the answer to it. 'Men,' says that moralist, 'will not become highwaymen because Macheath is acquitted on the stage'; and, we add, they will not become swindlers and thieves because they sympathize with the fortunes of the witty picaroon Gil Bias, or licentious debauchees because they read *Tom Jones*. The professed moral of a piece is usually what the reader is least interested in; it is like the mendicant who cripples after some gay and splendid procession and in vain solicits 10 the attention of those who have been gazing upon it. Excluding from consideration those infamous works which address themselves directly to awakening the grosser passions of our nature, we are inclined to think the worst evil to be apprehended from the perusal of novels is, that the habit is apt to generate an indisposition to real history and useful literature; and that the best which can be hoped is that they may sometimes instruct the youthful mind by real pictures of life, and sometimes awaken their better feelings and sympathies by strains of generous 20 sentiment and tales of fictitious woe. Beyond this point they are a mere elegance, a luxury contrived for the amusement of polished life and the gratification of that half love of literature which pervades all ranks in an advanced stage of society, and are read much more for amusement than with the least hope of deriving instruction from them. The vices and follies of Tom Jones are those which the world soon teaches to all who enter on the career of life, and to which society is unhappily but too indulgent; nor do we believe that, in any one instance, 30 the perusal of Fielding's Novel has added one libertine to the large list who would not have been such had it never crossed the press. And it is with concern we add our sincere belief that the fine picture of frankness and generosity exhibited in that fictitious character has had as few

imitators as the career of his follies. Let it not be supposed that we are indifferent to morality because we treat with scorn that affectation which, while in common life it connives at the open practice of libertinism, pretends to detest the memory of an author who painted life as it was, with all its shades, and more than all the lights which it occasionally exhibits, to relieve them. For particular passages of the work the author can only be defended under the custom of his age, which permitted, in certain cases,  
10 much stronger language than ours. He has himself said that there is nothing which can offend the chastest eye in the perusal; and he spoke probably according to the ideas of his time. But, in modern estimation, there are several passages at which delicacy may justly take offence; and we can only say that they may be termed rather jocularly coarse than seductive, and that they are atoned for by the admirable mixture of wit and argument by which, in others, the cause of true religion and virtue is supported and advanced.

20 Fielding considered his works as an experiment in British literature; and therefore he chose to prefix a preliminary chapter to each book, explanatory of his own views and of the rules attached to this mode of composition. Those critical introductions, which rather interrupt the course of the story and the flow of the interest at the first perusal, are found, on a second or third, the most entertaining chapters of the whole work. . . .

*Amelia* was the author's last work of importance. It may be termed a continuation of *Torn Joms*; but we have  
30 not the same sympathy for the ungrateful and dissolute conduct of Booth which we yield to the youthful follies of Jones. The character of *Amelia* is said to have been drawn for Fielding's second wife. If he put her patience, as has been alleged, to tests of the same kind, he has, in some degree, repaid her by the picture he has drawn of

her feminine delicacy and pure tenderness. Fielding's Novels show few instances of pathos ; it was, perhaps, inconsistent with the life which he was compelled to lead ; for those who see most of human misery become necessarily, in some degree, hardened to its effects. But few scenes of fictitious distress are more affecting than that in which Amelia is described as having made her little preparations for the evening, and sitting in anxious expectation of the return of her unworthy husband, whose folly is, in the meantime, preparing for her new scenes of misery. But 10 our sympathy for the wife is disturbed by our dislike of her unthankful helpmate, of whose conversion we have no hope, and with whose errors we have no sympathy. The tale is, therefore, on the whole, unpleasing, even though relieved by the humours of the doughty Colonel Bath and the learned Dr. Harrison, characters drawn with such force and precision as Fielding alone knew how to employ. . . .

Meanwhile Fielding's life was fast decaying ; a complication of diseases had terminated in a dropsical habit, which totally undermined his strong constitution. The Duke of 20 Newcastle, then prime minister, was desirous of receiving assistance from him in the formation of a plan for the remedy and prevention of secret robberies and improving the police of the metropolis. For the small consideration of £600, paid by Government, Fielding engaged to extirpate several gangs of daring ruffians which at this time infested London and its vicinity ; and though his health was reduced to the last extremity, he continued himself to superintend the conduct of his agents, to take evidence, and make commitments, until this great object was 30 attained.

These last exertions seem to have been fatal to his exhausted frame, which suffered at once under dropsy, and jaundice, and asthma. The Bath waters were tried **in vain, and** various modes of cure or alleviation were

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resorted to, of which tapping only appears to have succeeded to a certain extent. The medical attendants gave their last sad advice in recommending a milder climate. Of his departure for Lisbon, in conformity with their opinion, he has himself left the following melancholy record, painting the man and his situation a thousand times better than any other pen could achieve.

' On this day, Wednesday, June 26, 1754,' he says, ' the most melancholy sun I had ever beheld arose, and found  
10 me awake at my house at Fordhook. By the light of this sun I was, in my own opinion, last to behold and take leave of some of those creatures on whom I doated with a mother-like fondness, guided by nature and passion, and uncured and unhardened by all the doctrine of that philosophical school where I had learned to bear pains and to despise death. In this situation, as I could not conquer Nature, I submitted entirely to her, and she made as great a fool of me as she had ever done of any woman whatsoever; under pretence of giving me leave to enjoy, she drew me in to  
20 suffer, the company of my little ones during eight hours ; and I doubt not whether, in that time, I did not undergo more than in all my distemper. At twelve precisely my coach was at the door, which was no sooner told me than I kissed my children round, and went into it with some little resolution. My wife, who behaved more like a heroine and philosopher, though at the same time the tendrest mother in the world, and my eldest daughter, followed me. Some friends went with us, and others here took their leave ; and I heard my behaviour applauded, with many murmurs  
30 and praises, to which I well knew I had no title.'

This affecting passage makes a part of his *Journey to Lisbon*, a work which he commenced during the voyage, with a hand trembling in almost its latest hour. It remains a singular example of Fielding's natural strength of mind, that while struggling hard at once with the depression and

with the irritability of disease, he could still exhibit a few flashes of that bright wit which could once set the ' world ' in a roar. His perception of character, and power of describing it, had not forsaken him in those sad moments; for the master of the ship in which he sailed, the scolding landlady of the Isle of Wight, the military coxcomb who visits their vessel, are all portraits, marked with the master-hand which traced Parson Adams and Squire Western.

The *Journey to Lisbon* was abridged by fate. Fielding reached that city, indeed, alive, and remained there two 10 months; but he was unable to continue his proposed literary labours. The hand of death was upon him, and seized upon its prey in the beginning of October 1754. He died in the forty-eighth year of his life, leaving behind him a widow and four children, one of whom died soon afterwards. His brother, Sir John Fielding, well known as a magistrate, aided by the bounty of Mr. Allen, made suitable provision for the survivors ; but of their fate we are ignorant.

Thus lived, and thus died, at a period of life when the 20 world might have expected continued delight from his matured powers, the celebrated Henry Fielding, father of the English novel ; and in his powers of strong and national >i humour, and forcible yet natural exhibition of character, unapproached as yet even by his most successful followers.

## THACKERAY ON FIELDING

**From Thackeray's *Lectures on the English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century*, first delivered in London in 1851 ; published 1853.**

WHEN Fielding first came upon the town in 1727, the recollection of the great wits was still fresh in the coffee-houses **and** assemblies, and the judges there declared **that young Harry Fielding had more spirits and wit than**

Congreve or any of his brilliant successors. His figure was tall and stalwart; his face handsome, manly, and noble-looking; to the very last days of his life he retained a grandeur of air, and although worn down by disease, his aspect and presence imposed respect upon the people round about him.

A dispute took place between Mr. Fielding and the captain of the ship in which he was making his last voyage, and Fielding relates how the man finally went down on  
10 his knees, and begged his passenger's pardon. He was living up to the last days of his life, and his spirit never gave in. His vital power must have been immensely strong. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu prettily characterizes Fielding and this capacity for happiness which he possessed, in a little notice of his death, when she compares him to Steele, who was as improvident and as happy as he was, and says that both should have gone on living for ever. One can fancy the eagerness and gusto with which a man of Fielding's frame, with his vast health and robust  
20 appetite, his ardent spirits, his joyful humour, and his keen and healthy relish for life, must have seized and drunk that cup of pleasure which the town offered to him. Can any of my hearers remember the youthful feats of a college breakfast—the meats devoured and the cups quaffed in that Homeric feast? I can call to mind some of the heroes of those youthful banquets, and fancy young Fielding from Leyden nishing upon the feast, with his great laugh, and immense healthy young appetite, eager and vigorous to enjoy. The young man's wit and manners  
30 made him friends everywhere: he lived with the grand Man's society of those days; he was courted by peers and men of wealth and fashion. As he had a paternal allowance from his father, General Fielding, which, to use Henry's own phrase, any man might pay who would; as he liked good wine, good clothes, and good company,

which are all expensive articles to purchase, Harry Fielding began to run into debt, and borrow money in that easy manner in which Captain Booth borrows money in the novel: was in nowise particular in accepting a few pieces from the purses of his rich friends, and bore down upon more than one of them, as Walpole tells us only too truly, for a dinner or a guinea. To supply himself with the latter, he began to write theatrical pieces, having already, no doubt, a considerable acquaintance amongst the Oldfields and Bracegirdles behind the scenes. He laughed at these 10 pieces and scorned them. When the audience upon one occasion began to hiss a scene which he was too lazy to correct, and regarding which, when Garrick remonstrated with him, he said that the public was too stupid to find out the badness of his work : when the audience began to hiss, Fielding said with characteristic coolness—' They have found it out, have they ? ' He did not prepare his novels in this way, and with a very different care and interest laid the foundations and built up the edifices of his future fame. 20

Time and shower have very little damaged those. The fashion and ornaments are, perhaps, of the architecture of that age ; but the buildings remain strong and lofty, and of admirable proportions—masterpieces of genius and monuments of workman-like skill.

I cannot offer or hope to make a hero of Harry Fielding. Why hide his faults ? Why conceal his weaknesses in a cloud of periphrases ? Why not show him, like him as he is, not robed in a marble toga, and draped and polished in an heroic attitude, but with inked ruffles, and claret 3° stains on his tarnished laced coat, and on his manly face the marks of good fellowship, of illness, of kindness, of care and wine ? Stained as you see him, and worn by care and dissipation, that man retains some of the most precious and splendid human qualities and endowments. He

## ESSAYS ON FIELDING

has an admirable natural love of truth, the keenest instinctive antipathy to hypocrisy, the happiest satirical gift of laughing it to scorn. ( His wit is wonderfully wise and detective ; it flashes upon a rogue and lightens up a rascal like a policeman's lantern.) He is one of the manliest and kindest of human beings: in the midst of all his imperfections, he respects female innocence and infantine tenderness as you would suppose such a great-hearted, courageous soul would respect and care for them. He could not be  
10 so brave, generous, truth-telling as he is, were he not infinitely merciful, pitiful, and tender. He will give any man his purse—he can't help kindness and profusion. He may have low tastes, but not a mean mind; he admires with all his heart good and virtuous men, stoops to no flattery, bears no rancour, disdains all disloyal arts, does his public duty uprightly, is fondly loved by his family, and dies at his work.

• If that theory be—and I have no doubt it is—the right and safe one, that human nature is always pleased with  
20 the spectacle of innocence rescued by fidelity, purity, and courage, I suppose that of the heroes of Fielding's three novels, we should like honest Joseph Andrews the best, and Captain Booth the second, and Tom Jones the third.

Joseph Andrews, though he wears Lady Booby's cast-off livery, is, I think, to the full as polite as Tom Jones in his fustian suit, or Captain Booth in regimentals. He has, like those heroes, large calves, broad shoulders, a high courage, and a handsome face. The accounts of Joseph's bravery and good qualities ; his voice, **too musical to**  
30 halloo to the dogs ; his bravery in riding races for **the** gentlemen of the coijnty, and his constancy **in refusing** bribes and temptation, have **something affecting in their naiveti** and freshness, **and prepossess one in favour of that** handsome young hero. **The rustic bloom of Fanny, and the delightful simplicity of Parson Adams, are described**

with a friendliness which wins the reader of their story; we part from them with more regret than from Booth and Jones.

Fielding, no doubt, began to write this novel in ridicule of *Pamela*, for which work one can understand the hearty contempt and antipathy which such an athletic and boisterous genius as Fielding's must have entertained. He couldn't do otherwise than laugh at the puny cockney bookseller, pouring out endless volumes of sentimental twaddle, and hold him up to scorn as a mollcoddle and 10 a milksop. *His* genius had been nursed on sack posset, and not on dishes of tea. *His* muse had sung the loudest in tavern choruses, had seen the daylight streaming in over thousands of emptied bowls, and reeled home to chambers on the shoulders of the watchman. Richardson's goddess was attended by old maids and dowagers, and fed on muffins and bohea. 'Milksop!' roars Harry Fielding, clattering at the timid shop-shutters. 'Wretch! Monster! Mohock!' shrieks the sentimental author of *Pamela* \ and all the ladies of his court cackle out an affrighted 20 chorus. Fielding proposes to write a book in ridicule of the author, whom he disliked and utterly scorned and laughed at; but he is himself of so generous, jovial, and kindly a turn that he begins to like the characters which he invents, can't help making them manly and pleasant as well as ridiculous, and before he has done with them all, loves them heartily every one.

Richardson's sickening antipathy for Harry Fielding is quite as natural as the other's laughter and contempt at the sentimentalist. I have not learned that these likings 30 and dislikings have ceased in the present day: and every author must **lay** his account not only to misrepresentation, but to **honest enmity** among critics, and to being hated and **abused for** good as well as for bad reasons. **Richardson disliked Fielding's works quite honestly: Walpole quite**

honestly spoke of them as vulgar and stupid. Their squeamish stomachs sickened at the rough fare and the rough guests assembled at Fielding's jolly revel. Indeed the cloth might have been cleaner : and the dinner and the company were scarce such as suited a dandy. The kind and wise old Johnson would not sit down with him. But a greater scholar than Johnson could afford to admire that astonishing genius of Harry Fielding ; and we all know the lofty panegyric which Gibbon wrote of him, and  
 10 which remains a towering monument to the great novelist's memory. ' Our immortal Fielding,' Gibbon writes, ' was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the Counts of Hapsburgh. The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brethren of England, but the romance of " Tom Jones ", that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial and the Imperial Eagle of Austria.'

There can be no gainsaying the sentence of this great judge. To have your name mentioned by Gibbon, is like  
 20 having it written on the dome of St. Peter's. Pilgrims from all the world admire and behold it.

» As a picture of manners, the novel of *Tom Jones* is indeed exquisite : as a work of construction, quite a wonder : the by-play of wisdom ; the power of observation ; the multiplied felicitous turns and thoughts ; the varied character of the great Comic Epic : keep the reader in a perpetual admiration and curiosity. But against Mr. Thomas Jones himself we have a right to put in a protest, and quarrel with the esteem the author evidently  
 30 has for that character. Charles Lamb says finely of Jones that a single hearty laugh from him ' clears the air '—but then it is in a certain state of the atmosphere. It might clear the air when such personages as Blifil or Lady Bellaston poison it. But I fear very much that (except until the very last scene of the story), when Mr. Jones

enters Sophia's drawing-room the pure air there is rather tainted with the young gentleman's tobacco-pipe and punch. I can't say that I think Mr. Jones a virtuous character ; I can't say but that I think Fielding's evident liking and admiration for Mr. Jones shows that the great humourist's moral sense was blunted by his life, and that here, in Art and Ethics, there is a great error. If it is right to have a hero whom we may admire, let us at least take care that he is admirable : if, as is the plan of some authors (a plan decidedly against their interests, be it said), it is 10 propounded that there exists in life no such being, and therefore that in novels, the picture of life, there should appear no such character; then Mr. Thomas Jones becomes an admissible person, and we examine his defects and good qualities, as we do those of Parson Thwackum, or Miss Seagrim. But a hero with a flawed reputation ; a hero spunging for a guinea ; a hero who can't pay his landlady, and is obliged to let his honour out on hire, is absurd, and his claim to heroic rank untenable. I protest against Mr. Thomas Jones holding such rank at all. 120 protest even against his being considered a more than ordinary young fellow, ruddy-cheeked, broad-shouldered, and fond of wine and pleasure. Pie would not rob a church, but that is ail ; and a pretty long argument may be debated, as to which of these old types—the spendthrift, the hypocrite, Jones and Blifil, Charles and Joseph Surface—is the worst member of society and the most deserving of censure. The prodigal Captain Booth is a better man than his predecessor Mr. Jones, in so far as he thinks much more humbly of himself than Jones did : goes down 30 on his knees, and owns his weaknesses, and cries out, ' Not for my sake, but for the sake of my pure and sweet and beautiful wife Amelia, I pray you, O critical reader, to forgive me.' That stern moralist regards him from the bench (the judge's practice out of court is not here the

question), and says, ' Captain Booth, it is perfectly true that your life has been disreputable, and that on many occasions you have shown yourself to be no better than a scamp—you have been tipping at the tavern, when the kindest and sweetest lady in the world has cooked your little supper of boiled mutton and awaited you all the night; you have spoilt the little dish of boiled mutton thereby, and caused pangs and pains to Amelia's tender heart. You have got into debt without the means of paying  
10 it. You have gambled the money with which you ought to have paid your rent. You have spent in drink or in worse amusements the sums which your poor wife has raised upon her little home treasures, her own ornaments, and the toys of her children. But, you rascal I you own humbly that you are no better than you should be, you never for one moment pretend that you are anything but a miserable weak-minded rogue. You do in your heart adore that angelic woman, your wife, and for her sake, sirrah, you shall have your discharge. Lucky for you, and for others like  
20 you, that in spite of your failings and imperfections, pure hearts pity and love you. For your wife's sake you are permitted to go hence without a remand ; and I beg you, by the way, to carry to that angelical lady the expression of the cordial respect and admiration of this court.' Amelia pleads for her husband, Will Booth: Amelia pleads for her reckless kindly old father, Harry Fielding. To have invented that character is not only a triumph of art, but it is a good action. They say it was in his own home that Fielding knew her and loved her : and from his  
30 own wife that he drew the most charming character in English fiction. Fiction ! why fiction ? why not history ? I know Amelia just as well as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. I believe in Colonel Bath almost as much as in Colonel Gardiner or the Duke of Cumberland. I admire the author of *Amelia*, and thank the kind master who

introduced me to that sweet and delightful companion and friend. *Amelia* perhaps is not a better story than *Tom Jones*, but it has the better ethics ; the prodigal repents, at least, before forgiveness,—whereas that odious broad-backed Mr. Jones carries off his beauty with scarce an interval of remorse for his manifold errors and shortcomings ; and is not half punished enough before the great, prize of fortune and love falls to his share. I am angry with Jones. Too much of the plum-cake and rewards of life fall to that boisterous, swaggering young scapegrace. 10 Sophia actually surrenders without a proper sense of decorum ; the fond, foolish, palpitating little creature !— ' Indeed Mr. Jones,' she says,— ' it rests with you to appoint the day.' I suppose Sophia is drawn from life as well as *Amelia* ; and many a young fellow, no better than Mr. Thomas Jones, has carried by a *coup de main* the heart of many a kind girl who was a great deal too good for him.

What a wonderful art ! What an admirable gift of nature was it by which the author of those tales was 20 endowed, and which enabled him to fix our interest, to waken our sympathy, to seize upon our credulity, so that we believe in his people—speculate gravely upon their faults or their excellences, prefer this one or that, deplore Jones's fondness for play and drink, Booth's fondness for play and drink, and the unfortunate position of the wives of both gentlemen—love and admire those ladies with all our hearts, and talk about them as faithfully as if we had breakfasted with them this morning in their actual drawing-rooms, or should meet them this afternoon in the Park ! 30 What a genius ! what a vigour ! what a bright-eyed intelligence and observation ! what a wholesome hatred for meanness and knavery ! what a vast sympathy I what a cheerfulness I what a manly relish of life ! what a love of **human kind** I what a poet is here !—watching, meditat-

\* ing, brooding, creating! What multitudes of truth has that man left behind him! What generations he has taught to laugh wisely and fairly! What scholars he has formed and accustomed to the exercise of thoughtful humour and the manly play of wit! What a courage he had! What a dauntless and constant cheerfulness of intellect, that burned bright and steady through all the storms of his life and never deserted its last wreck! It is wonderful to think of the pains and misery which the  
10 man suffered; the pressure of want, illness, remorse which he endured! and that the writer was neither malignant nor melancholy, his view of truth never warped, and his generous human kindness never surrendered.

In the quarrel mentioned before, which happened on Fielding's last voyage to Lisbon, and when the stout captain of the ship fell down on his knees, and asked the sick man's pardon—'I did not suffer,' Fielding says, in his hearty, manly way, his eyes lighting up as it were with their old fire—'I did not suffer a brave man and an old  
20 man to remain a moment in that posture, but immediately forgave him.' Indeed, I think, with his noble spirit and unconquerable generosity, Fielding reminds one of those brave men of whom one reads in stories of English shipwrecks and disasters—of the officer on the African shore, when disease had destroyed the crew, and he himself is seized by fever, who throws the lead with a death-stricken hand, takes the soundings, carries the ship out of the river or off the dangerous coast, and dies in the manly endeavour—of the wounded captain, when the vessel founders, who  
30 never loses his heart, who eyes the danger steadily, and has a cheery word for all, until the inevitable fate overwhelms him, and the gallant ship goes down. Such a brave and gentle heart, such an intrepid and courageous spirit, I love to recognize **in the manly, the English Harry Fielding.**

Selections from  
**FIELDING**

## JOSEPH ANDREWS

*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 ; but was at the same time as entirely ignorant of the ways of this world, io 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, 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 20 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, **and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children.**

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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, he answered 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, 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 a 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.

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 '. ' Well said, my lad,' replied the curate, ' and I wish some who have read many more good books, nay, and some  
io 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 blessed 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  
20 parish, 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, 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  
30 that he had utterly undone many of the poor tenants, tho' he had at the same time greatly impoverished himself.

Mrs. Slipslop 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 10 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 a 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. 20

' 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 the one as the other.' Adams would have interrupted, but she proceeded : ' And why is Latin more necessitous for a footman than a gentleman ? 3° It is very proper that you clergymen 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.

Book I, chap. **iii.**

*Containing many surprizing adventures which Joseph Andrews met with on the road, scarce credible to those who have never travelled in a stage coach.*

10 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  
20 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,' cried 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,**

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replied, he hoped they would not insist on his clothes, which were riot worth much, but consider the coldness of the night. ' You are cold, are you, you rascal I' 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 10 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 belabouring 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 ldy motionless a long time, just 20 began to recover his senses as a stage-coach came by. The postilion 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 postilion said, and likewise heard the groan, called eagerly to the coachman, to stop and see what was the matter. Upon which he bid the postilion alight, and look into the ditch. He did so, and returned, ' That there was 30 a man sitting upright as naked as ever he was born.'— ' O' cried 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 passed 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 murder. 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  
10 finding that they fled for it. 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 somebody 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  
20 the wretch was left behind in that condition, saying, no man could be too cautious in these matters, and that he remembered very extraordinary cases in the books, threatened the coachman, and bid him deny taking him up at his peril; for that if he died, he should be indicted for his murder; 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 spoke them; and the old gentleman above-mentioned, thinking the naked  
30 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

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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 maa, approved : and it is more than probable, poor Joseph, who obstinately adhered to his modest resolution, must have perished, unless the postilion, (a lad who hath been since transported for robbing a hen-roost) 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 Nantes 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.

io 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.

Book I, chap. xii.

*The escape of the thief. Mr. Adams\*s disappointment. The arrival of two very extraordinary personages, and the intro\* Auction of parson Adams to parson Barnabas.*

20 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 choosing, 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 drouth 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 10 leap on him by surprise, 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 discQvered by some great man or other, (for I would by no means be understood 20 to affect the honour of making any such discovery) very much resembles a game at Chess : for as in the latter, while a gamester is too attentive to secure himself very strongly on one side 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 per- 30 ceived 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 reward which he had assured himself of.

The constable hath not been discharged of suspicion on io 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 such allega-  
20 tions, 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,  
30 the indictment would not lie.

Mrs. Tow-ouse delivered herself in the following words:  
1 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,' cried Tow-ouse. She then asked the doctor and Mr. Barnabas what morning's draught they chose, who answered, they had a pot of cyder-and 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 threatening 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 expenses 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 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 deposit 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-wouse, who was a little surprized at the pawn, said (and not without some truth) ' That he was no judge  
10 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. He was very confident the books were of much higher value, and heartily sorry it did not suit him.' He then cried out, ' Coming Sir!' though no body called; and ran down stairs without any fear of breaking his neck.

20 Poor Adams was extremely dejected at this disappointment, nor knew he what farther stratagem to try. He immediately applied 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  
30 were not over-given to observation.

Whilst he was smoking 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. . . .

They were now arrived, and the reader will be very contented to leave them, and repair to the kitchen, where Barnabas, the surgeon, and an exciseman were smoking their pipes over some cyder-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 smoking 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 he first 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, which continued a full hour, without the doctor or 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 inferior clergy ; which, after a long duration, concluded with bringing the nine volumes of sermons on the carpet.

Barnabas greatly discouraged poor Adams; he said, ' The age was so wicked, that nobody 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 :  
 10 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 to ?' 'Sir.' answered Barnabas, 'a book-  
 20 seller 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 ; and I am sure, if a man practised half so much as 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  
 30 odious ; another man may write as well as he—I believe there are some of my sermons,'—and then he applied 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

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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 10 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 publicly 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.' 20 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 gauge the vessels.

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 30 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.

Book I, chap. xvi.

*Parson Adams before the Magistrate.*

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.

Adams then said, 'he hoped he should not be condemned  
10 unheard.' 'No, no,' cries the justice, 'you will be asked what you have to say for yourself, when you come on your trial: we are not trying you now; I shall only commit you to gaol: if you can prove your innocence at Size, you will be found Ignoramus, 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  
20 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 cyphers: for no one could read a word in it. 'Ay,' says the justice, 'the 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 jEschylus, which Adams had transcribed with his  
30 own hand, was brought forth; and the justice looking at it shook his head, and turning to the prisoner asked the

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Cleaning of those cyphers. 'Cyphers!' answered 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.' 'No.' 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 10 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 Eschylus?' says the justice. 'Pooh!' answered the doctor, with a contemptuous grin, 'do you think that fellow knows any thing of this book? Eschylus! ho! ho! I see now what *it* is—a manuscript 20 of one of the fathers. 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 tot*—What's your name?'—'Ay, what 's your name?' says the justice to Adams, who answered, 'It is Eschylus, and I will maintain it.'—'O it is.' says the justice; 'make Mr. Eschylus 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 30 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

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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  
10 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  
20 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  
30 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.'

*An interview between parson Adams and parson Trulliber.*

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. 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 10 which occasion he was liable to many jokes, his own size being with much ale rendered little inferior 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 Jugs. His voice was loud and hoarse, and his accents extremely broad ; to complete the whole, he had a stateli- 20 ness in his gait, 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, 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 30 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 20 score a-piece.' Adams answered, ' he believed he did not know him.' ' Yes, yes.' cried 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 mofe 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  
10 Adams, and dragged him into the hog-sty, which was indeed but two steps from his parlour window. They were no sooner arrived there than he cried 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-sty, 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  
20 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 cried out, '*Nihil habeo cum porcis*: I am a clergyman, Sir, and am not come to buy hogs.' Trulliber answered,  
30 ' 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 basin 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 clergy- 10 man.' '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 20 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 mess 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 3° 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 ate 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 bad things of this world together with the good. 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  
10 ale. Adams denied it ; 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  
30 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 warm 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 pet-adventure 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 10 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 com- 20 panion, or a led captain, 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 any thing equal to the astonishment which seized on Trulliber, as soon as Adams had ended his speech. 30 A while he rolled his eyes in silence, sometimes surveying Adams, then his wife, then casting them on the ground then lifting them

*it* At last, he burst forth  
t( believe I know where  
ell 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 ? 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 io 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 cried 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, 20 ' 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-man 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 30 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, a good story.' cries Mrs. Trulliber, ' to preach to my master.' ' **Silence, woman.**' cries Trulliber,

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'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's rate obliges us to give so much charity,' cries the wife.—'Pugh! thou art a fool. Poor's 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, though 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 explicit, and their rewards and punishments so immense, that it is impossible a man should stedfastly 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, though 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 further ceremony.

Book II, chap. xiv.

*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, 10 clothes, and other things at a great expense, 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 gaol, 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 20 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 lace-maker, 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 30 hath any one else, as I ever observed; for when it has

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been asked whose picture that was, it was never once answered, the master's of the house ; but Ammyconni, Paul Varnish, Hannibal Scratchi, or Hogarhi, 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 cloathed 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 10 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. 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 20 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 30 of a man that lived at a place called Ross, and another at the Bath, one A1— A1— I forget his name, but it is in the book of verses. 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 surprised at the long silence of parson  
10 Adams, especially as so many occasions offered 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, or as great an orator (if any such be) had been in his rostrum or tub before him.

Joseph, who, whilst he was speaking, had continued in one attitude, with his head reclining on one side, and his  
20 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  
30 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 10 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 thro' the wood, which resounded with their throats and the throats of their retinue who attended on them on horseback. The dogs now passed 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 20 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 30 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  
10 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, 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,  
20 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 *exuvia* 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 surprise in which he was taken, be considered; and if there be any modern  
30 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; 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 surprise of their friends, and the entertainment of their enemies. But if persons of such heroic 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, 10 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: 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 20 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 choosest 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 30 hast carefully guided the judgment, whilst thou hast exalted the nervous manly style of thy Mallet: 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: Lastly, Thou who without the

assistance of the Jeast 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, io than he grasped his cudgel in his right-hand, a cudgel which his father had of his grandfather, to whom a mighty strong man of Kent 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, whom no other artificer can equal, and who hath made all those sticks which the beaus have lately walked with about the Park 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 20 of nutcrackers. The learned have imagined it designed to represent the Gorgon : but it was in fact copied from the face of a certain long English baronet 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 critics 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. Cock would have appeared aloft in his 30 pulpit, trumpeting forth the praises of a China basin ; 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, 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 babbler, no over-runner, respected by the whole pack, who, whenever he opened, 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 Temple **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 Diana (the reader may believe or not as he pleases) in that instant interposed, and in the shape of the huntsman snatched her favourite up in her arms.

10 The parson now faced about, and with his crab-stick felled many to the earth, and scattered others, till he was attacked by Caesar, 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 ! Caesar ran yelping away.

The battle now raged with the most dreadful violence, when, lo I 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  
20 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  
30 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 10 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 fourfooted 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 20 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, and endeavouring to recover them to life ; in which he succeeded so well, that only two of no great note remained slaughtered on the held 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 30 the surest way to spoil them, to make them follow vermin instead of sticking to a hare.'

Book III, chap. vi.

*A discourse between the poet and player; of no other use  
in this history, but to divert the reader.*

BEFORE we proceed any farther in this tragedy, we shall leave Mr. Joseph and Mr. Adams to themselves, and imitate the wise conductors of the stage ; who in the midst of a grave action entertain you with some excellent piece of satire or humour called a dance. Which piece indeed is therefore danced, and not 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  
10 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 arc like trees which will not grow without nourishment ; but, like mushrooms, they shoot  
20 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,  
30 nay, they come nearer their illustrious predecessors, and I expect a Booth on the stage again, sooner than a Shakespeare or an Otway; and indeed I may turn your observa-

tion 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 Sandfords of former times; for, without a compliment to you, I think it impossible for any one to have excelled you in most of 10 your parts. Nay, it is solemn truth, and I have heard many, and all great judges, express as much; and you will pardon me if I tell you, I think every time I have seen you lately, you have constantly acquired some new excellence, like a snowball. You have deceived me in my estimation of perfection, and have outdone what I thought inimitable.' 'You are as little interested,' answered the player, 'in what I have said of other poets; for d—n me if there are not many strokes, ay, whole scenes, in your last tragedy, which at least equal Shakespeare. There is 20 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, grovelling stuff, that I almost pity the actor who is obliged to get it by heart, which must be almost as difficult to 3° remember as words in a language you do not understand.' 'I am sure,' said the player, 'if the sentences have little meaning when they are 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  
 10 *Philotas*, or Mallet's *Eurydice*, or those low, dirty, last dying speeches, which a fellow in the city or Wapping, your Dillo or Lillo, what was his name, called *Tragedies* ?'  
 'Very well,' says the player, 'and pray what do you think of such fellows as Quin and Delano, or that face-making puppy young Cibber, that ill-looking dog Macklin, or that saucy slut Mrs. Clive ? What work would they make with your Shakespeares, Otways, and Loos ? How would those harmonious lines of the last come from their tongues ?

20—————*No more ; for I disdain  
 All pomp when thou art by—far be the noise  
 Of kings and crowns from us, wlme gentle souls  
 Our kinder fates have steer'd another way.  
 Free as the forest birds we'll pair together,  
 Without remembering who our fathers were :  
 Fly to the arbors, grots, and flow'ry meads,  
 There in soft murmurs interchange our souls,  
 Together drink the crystal of the stream,  
 Or taste the yellow fruit which autumn yields ;*  
 30 *And when the golden evening calls us home,  
 Wing to our downy nests, and sleep till mom.*

**Or how would this disdain of Otway,**

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

'Hold, hold, hold.' said the poet. 'Do repeat that tender speech in the third act of my play which you made such

a figure in.' 'I would willingly.' said the player, 'but I have forgot it.' 'Ay, you was not quite perfect epough in it when you played it.' cries the poet, 'or you would have had such an applause as was never given on the stage ; an applause I was extremely concerned for your losing.' ' Sure,' says the player, ' if I remember, that was hissed more than any passage in the whole play.'—'Ay, your speaking it was hissed,' said the poet. ' My speaking it ! ' said the player. ' I mean your not speaking it,' said the poet. ' You was out, and then they hissed.' ' They 10 hissed, and then I was out, if I remember,' answered the player; ' and I must say this for myself, that the whole audience allowed I did your part justice : so don't lay the damnation of your play to my account.' ' I don't know what you mean by damnation,' replied the poet. ' Why, you know it was acted but one night,' cried the player. ' No.' said the poet, ' you and the whole town were enemies ; the pit were all my enemies, fellows that would cut my throat, if the fear of hanging did not restrain them. All tailors, Sir, all tailors.'—' Why should the tailors be so 20 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, 30 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.' answered the player, ' the performers did the distress of it justice ; for I am sure we were in distress enough, who were pelted with oranges all the last act: we all imagined it would have been the last act of our lives.'

The poet, whose fury was now raised, had just attempted to answer, when they were interrupted, and an end put to io 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.

Book III, chap. x.

## TOM JONES

*The hero of this great history appears with very bad omens. A little tale, of so LOW a kind, that some may think it not worth their notice. A word or two concerning a squire, and more relating to a game-keeper, and a school-master.*

As we determined, when we first sat down to write this history, to flatter no man, but to guide our pen throughout by the directions of truth, we are obliged to bring our hero on the stage in a much more disadvantageous manner than 20 we could wish; and to declare honestly, even at his first appearance, that it was the universal opinion of all Mr. Allworthy's family, that he was certainly born to be hanged.

Indeed, I am sorry to say, there was too much reason for this conjecture ; the lad having, from his earliest years, discovered a propensity to many vices, and especially to one which hath as direct a tendency as any other to that fate, which we have just now observed to have been prophetically denounced against him. He had been already convicted of three robberies, viz. of robbing an orchard, of stealing a duck out of a farmer's yard, and of picking Master Blifil's pocket of a ball.

The vices of this young man were, moreover, heightened 10 by the disadvantageous light in which they appeared, when opposed to the virtues of Master Blifil, his companion : a youth of so different a cast from little Jones, that not only the family, but all the neighbourhood, resounded his praises. He was, indeed, a lad of a remarkable disposition ; sober, discreet, and pious, beyond his age ; qualities which gained him the love of every one who knew him, whilst Tom Jones was universally disliked ; and many expressed their wonder that Mr. Allworthy would suffer such a lad to be educated with his nephew, lest the morals of the latter 20 should be corrupted by his example.

An incident which happened about this time will set the character of these two lads more fairly before the discerning reader, than is in the power of the longest dissertation.

Tom Jones, who, bad as he is, must serve for the hero of this history, had only one friend among all the servants of the family ; for, as to Mrs. Wilkins, she had long since given him up, and was perfectly reconciled to her mistress. This friend was the gamekeeper, a fellow of a loose kind of 30 disposition, and who was thought not to entertain much stricter notions concerning the difference of *meum* and *tuum* than the young gentleman himself. And hence this friendship gave occasion to many sarcastical remarks among **the** domestics, most of which were either **proverbs**

before, or, at least, are become so now; and, indeed, the wit of them all may be comprised in that short Latin proverb, '*Noscitur a socio.*' which, I think, is thus expressed in English, 'You may know him by the company he keeps.'

To say the truth, some of that atrocious wickedness in Jones, of which we have just mentioned three examples, might, perhaps, be derived from the encouragement he had received from this fellow, who, in two or three instances, 10 had been what the law calls an accessory after the fact. For the whole duck, and great part of the apples, were converted to the use of the game-keeper and his family. Though, as Jones alone was discovered, the poor lad bore not only the whole smart, but the whole blame; both which fell again to his lot on the following occasion.

Contiguous to Mr. All worthy's estate was the manor of one of those gentlemen who are called preservers of the game. This species of men, from the great severity with 20 which they revenge the death of a hare, or a partridge, might be thought to cultivate the same superstition with the Bannians in India; many of whom, we are told, dedicate their whole lives to the preservation and protection of certain animals; was it not that our English Bannians, while they preserve them from other enemies, will most unmercifully slaughter whole horse-loads themselves, so that they stand clearly acquitted of any such heathenish superstition.

I have, indeed, a much better opinion of this kind of men 30 than is entertained by some, as I take them to answer the order of nature, and the good purposes for which they were ordained, in a more ample manner than many others. Now, as Horace tells us that there are a set of human beings

*Fruges consumere noli,*

'Born to consume the fruits of the earth;' so I make no manner of doubt but that there are others,

*Feras consumcre nati,*

'Born to consume the beasts of the field.' or, as it is commonly called, the game; and none, I believe, will deny, but that those squires fulfil this end of their creation.

Little Jones went one day a shooting with the game-keeper; when, happening to spring a covey of partridges, near the border of that manor over which fortune, to fulfil the wise purposes of nature, had planted one of the game- 10 consumers, the birds flew into it, and were marked (as it is called) by the two sportsmen, in some furze-bushes, about two or three hundred paces beyond Mr. Allworthy's dominions.

Mr. Allworthy had given the fellow strict orders, on pain of forfeiting his place, never to trespass on any of his neighbours; no more on those who were less rigid in this matter, than on the lord of this manor. With regard to others, indeed, these orders had not been always very scrupulously kept; but as the disposition of the gentle- 20 man with whom the partridges had taken sanctuary was well known, the game-keeper had never yet attempted to invade his territories. Nor had he done it now, had not the younger sportsman, who was excessively eager to pursue the flying game, over-persuaded him; but Jones being very importunate, the other, who was himself keen enough after the sport, yielded to his persuasions, entered the manor, and shot one of the partridges.

The gentleman himself was at that time on horseback, at a little distance from them; and hearing the gun go off, he 30 immediately made towards the place, and discovered poor Tom: for the game-keeper had leapt into the thickest part of the furze brake, where he had happily concealed himself.

The gentleman having searched the lad, and found the partridge upon him, denounced great vengeance, swearing

he would acquaint Mr. Allworthy. He was as good as his word ; for he rode immediately to his house, and complained of the trespass on his manor, in as high terms, and as bitter language, as if his house had been broken open, and the most valuable furniture stole out of it. He added, that some other person was in his company, though he could not discover him : for that two guns had been discharged almost in the same instant. And, says he, ' we have found only this partridge, but the Lord knows what mischief io they have done.'

At his return home, Tom was presently convened before Mr. Allworthy. He owned the fact, and alledged no other excuse but what was really true, viz. that the covey was originally sprung in Mr. Allworthy's own manor.

Tom was then interrogated who was with him, which Mr. Allworthy declared he was resolved to know, acquainting the culprit with the circumstance of the two guns, which had been deposed by the squire and both his servants ; but Tom stoutly persisted in asserting that he was alone ; yet, 20 to say the truth, he hesitated a little at first, which would have confirmed Mr. Allworthy's belief, had what the squire and his servants said wanted any further confirmation.

The game-keeper being a suspected person, was now sent for, and the question put to him ; but he, relying on the promise which Tom had made him, to take all upon himself, very resolutely denied being in company with the young gentleman, or indeed having seen him the whole afternoon.

Mr. Allworthy then turned towards Tom, with more than usual anger in his countenance, and advised him to confess 30 who was with him ; repeating, that he was resolved to know. The lad, however, still maintained his resolution, and was dismissed with much wrath by Mr. Allworthy, who told him, he should have to the next morning to consider of it, when he should be questioned by another person, and in another manner.

Poor Jones spent a very melancholy night, and the more so as he was without his usual companion : for master Blifil was gone abroad on a visit with his mother. Fear of the punishment he was to suffer was on this occasion his least evil; his chief anxiety being lest his constancy should fail him, and he should be brought to betray the game-keeper, whose ruin he knew must now be the consequence.

Nor did the game-keeper pass his time much better. He had the same apprehensions with the youth ; for whose honour he had likewise a much tenderer regard than for his 10 skin.

In the morning, when Tom attended the reverend Mr. Thwackum, the person to whom Mr. Allworthy had committed the instruction of the two boys, he had the same questions put to him by that gentleman, which he had been asked the evening before, to which he returned the same • answers. The consequence of this was so severe a whipping, that it possibly fell little short of the torture with which confessions are in some countries extorted from criminals.

Tom bore his punishment with great resolution ; and 20 though his master asked him between every stroke, whether he would not confess, he was contented to be flayed rather than betray his friend, or break the promise he had made.

The game-keeper was now relieved from his anxiety, and Mr. Allworthy himself began to be concerned at Tom's sufferings : for, besides that Mr. Thwackum, being highly enraged that he was not able to make the boy say what he himself pleased, had carried his severity much beyond the good man's intention, this latter began now to suspect that the squire had been mistaken ; which his extreme eagerness and 30 anger seemed to make probable ; and as for what the servants had said in confirmation of their master's account, he laid no great stress upon that. Now, as cruelty and injustice were two ideas, of which Mr. Allworthy could by no means support the consciousness a single moment, he

sent for Tom, and after many kind and friendly exhortations, said, ' I am convinced, my dear child, that my suspicions have wronged you ; I am sorry that you have been so severely punished on this account.'—And at last gave him a little horse to make him amends; again repeating his sorrow for what had passed.

Tom's guilt now flew in his face more than any severity could make it. He could more easily bear the lashes of Thwackum, than the generosity of Allworthy. The tears  
10 burst from his eyes, and he fell upon his knees, crying, ' Oh ! Sir, you are too good for me. Indeed you are. Indeed, I don't deserve it.' And at that very instant, from the fullness of his heart, had almost betrayed the secret ; but the good genius of the game-keeper suggested to him what might be the consequence to the poor fellow, and this consideration sealed his lips.

Thwackum did all he could to dissuade AUworthy from shewing any compassion or kindness to the boy, saying, ' He had persisted in an untruth : ' and gave some hints,  
20 that a second whipping might probably bring the matter to light.

But Mr. AUworthy absolutely refused to consent to the experiment. He said, the boy had suffered enough already, for concealing the truth, even if he was guilty, seeing that he could have no motive but a mistaken point of honour for so doing.

' Honour ! ' cried Thwackum, with some warmth, ' mere stubbornness and obstinacy ! Can honour teach any one to tell a lie, or can any honour exist independent of religion ?'  
30 This discourse happened at table when dinner was just ended ; and there were present Mr. Allworthy, Mr. Thwackum, and a third gentleman, who now entered into the debate, and whom, before we proceed any farther, we shall briefly introduce to our reader's acquaintance.

*The character of Mr. Square the philosopher, and of Mr. Thwackum the divine; with a dispute concerning—.*

THE name of this gentleman, who had then resided some time at Mr. Ailworthy's house, was Mr. Square. His natural parts were not of the first rate, but he had greatly improved them by a learned education. He was deeply read in the ancients, and a professed master of all the works of Plato and Aristotle. Upon which great models he had principally formed himself, sometimes according with the opinion of the one, and sometimes with that of the other. In morals he was a professed Platonist, and in religion he inclined to be an Aristotelian.

But though he had, as we have said, formed his morals on the Platonic model, yet he perfectly agreed with the opinion of Aristotle, in considering that great man rather in the quality of a philosopher or a speculatist, than as a legislator. This sentiment he carried a great way ; indeed, so far, as to regard all virtue as matter of theory only. This, it is true, he never affirmed, as I have heard, to any one ; and yet upon the least attention to his conduct, I cannot help thinking it was his real opinion, as it will perfectly reconcile some contradictions which might otherwise appear in his character.

This gentleman and Mr. Thwackum scarce ever met without a disputation ; for their tenets were indeed diametrically opposite to each other. Square held human nature to be the perfection of all virtue, and that vice was a deviation from our nature in the same manner as deformity of body is. Thwackum, on the contrary, maintained that the human mind, since the fall, was nothing but a sink of iniquity, till purified and redeemed by grace. In one point only they agreed, which was, in all their discourses on morality never to mention the word goodness. The **favourite phrase of the former, was the natural beauty of**

virtue ; that of the latter, was the divine power of grace. The former measured all actions by the unalterable rule of right, and the eternal fitness of things ; the latter decided all matters by authority ; but, in doing this, he always used the scriptures and their commentators, as the lawyer doth his Coke upon Littleton, where the comment is of equal authority with the text.

After this short introduction, the reader will be pleased to remember, that the parson had concluded his speech with  
10 a triumphant question, to which he had apprehended no answer, viz. Can any honour exist independent of religion ?

To this Square answered, that it was impossible to discourse philosophically concerning words, till their meaning was first established ; that there were scarce any two words of a more vague and uncertain signification, than the two he had mentioned : for that there were almost as many different opinions concerning honour, as concerning religion. ' But,' says he, \* if by honour you mean the true natural beauty of virtue, I will maintain it may exist independent  
20 of any religion whatever. Nay, (added he) you yourself will allow it may exist independent of all but one : So will a Mahometan, a Jew, and all the maintainers of all the different sects in the world.'

Thwackum replied, this was arguing with the usual malice of all the enemies to the true church. He said, he doubted not but that all the infidels and heretics in the world would, if they could, confine honour to their own absurd errors, and damnable deceptions ; ' but honour,' says he, ' is not therefore manifold, because there are many  
30 absurd opinions about it ; nor is religion manifold, because there are various sects and heresies in the world. When I mention religion, I mean the christian religion ; and not only the christian religion, but the protestant religion ; and not only the protestant religion, but the church of England. And when I mention honour, I mean that mode

of divine grace which is not only consistent with, but dependent upon, this religion ; and is consistent with, and dependent upon, no other. Now to say that the honour I here mean, and which was, I thought, all the honour I could be supposed to mean, will uphold, much less dictate, an untruth, is to assert an absurdity too shocking to be conceived.'

'I purposely avoided,' says Square, 'drawing a conclusion which I thought evident from what I have said ; but if you perceived it, I am sure you have not attempted to answer it. However, to drop the article of religion, I think it is plain, from what you have said, that we have different ideas of honour ; or why do we not agree in the same terms of its explanation ? I have asserted, that true honour and true virtue are almost synonymous terms, and they are both founded on the unalterable rule of right, and the eternal fitness of things ; to which an untruth being absolutely repugnant and contrary, it is certain that true honour cannot support an untruth. In this, therefore, I think we are agreed ; but that this honour can be said to be founded on religion, to which it is antecedent, if by religion be meant any positive law——'

'I agree,' answered Thwackum, with great warmth, 'with a man who asserts honour to be antecedent to religion !—Mr. Allworthy, did I agree——?'

He was proceeding when Mr. Allworthy interposed, telling them very coldly, they had both mistaken his meaning ; for that he had said nothing of true honour.—It is possible, however, he would not have easily quieted the disputants, who were growing equally warm, had not another matter now fallen out, which put a final end to the conversation at present.

Book III, chap. iii.

*Containing a necessary apology for the Author; and a childish incident, which perhaps requires an apology likewise.*

BEFORE I proceed farther, I shall beg leave to obviate some misconstructions, into which the zeal of some few readers may lead them ; for I would not willingly give offence to any, especially to men who are warm in the cause of virtue or religion.

I hope, therefore, no man will, by the grossest misunderstanding, or perversion, of my meaning, misrepresent me, as endeavouring to cast any ridicule on the greatest perfections of human nature ; and which do, indeed, alone  
 10 purify and ennoble the heart of man, and raise him above the brute creation. This, reader, I will venture to say, (and by how much the better man you are yourself, by so much the more will you be inclined to believe me) that I would rather have buried the sentiments of these two persons in eternal oblivion, than have done any injury to either of these glorious causes.

On the contrary, it is with a view to their service that I have taken upon me to record the lives and actions of two of their false and pretended champions. A treacherous  
 20 friend is the most dangerous enemy ; and I will say boldly, that both religion and virtue have received more real discredit from hypocrites, than the wittiest profligates or infidels could ever cast upon them ; nay farther, as these two, in their purity, are rightly called the bands of civil society, and are indeed the greatest of blessings ; so when poisoned and corrupted with fraud, pretence, and affectation, they have become the worst of civil curses, and have enabled men to perpetrate the most cruel mischiefs to their own species.

30 Indeed, I doubt not but this ridicule will in general be allowed ; my chief apprehension is, as many true and just sentiments often came from the mouths of these

persons, lest the whole should be taken together, and I should be conceived to ridicule all alike. Now the reader will be pleased to consider, that as neither of these men were fools, they could not be supposed to have holden none but wrong principles, and to have uttered nothing but absurdities ; what injustice, therefore, must I have done to their characters, had I selected only what was bad, and how horribly wretched and maimed must their arguments have appeared !

Upon the whole, it is not religion or virtue, but the want of them, which is here exposed. Had not Thwackum too much neglected virtue, and Square religion, in the composition of their several systems, and had not both utterly discarded all natural goodness of heart, they had never been represented as the objects of derision in this history; in which we will now proceed.

This matter, then, which put an end to the debate mentioned in the last chapter, was no other than a quarrel between Master Blifil and Tom Jones, the consequence of which had been a bloody nose to the former; for though Master Blifil, notwithstanding he was the younger, was in size above the other's match, yet Tom was much his superior at the noble art of boxing.

Tom, however, cautiously avoided all engagements with that youth ; for besides that Tommy Jones was an in-offensive lad amidst all his roguery, and really loved Blifil, Mr. Thwackum being always the second of the latter, would have been sufficient to deter him.

But well says a certain Author, no man is wise at all hours ; it is therefore no wonder that a boy is not so. A difference arising at play between the two lads, Master Blifil called Tom a beggarly bastard. Upon which the latter, who was somewhat passionate in his disposition, immediately caused that phenomenon in the face of the former, which we have above remembered.

Master Blifil now, with his blood running from his nose, and the tears galloping after from his eyes, appeared before his uncle, and the tremendous Thwackum. In which court an indictment of assault, battery, and wounding, was instantly preferred against Tom ; who in his excuse only pleaded the provocation, which was indeed all the matter that Master Blifil had omitted.

It is indeed possible that this circumstance might have escaped his memory; for, in his reply, he positively insisted, 10 that he had made use of no such appellation ; adding, ' Heaven forbid such naughty words should ever come out of his mouth.'

Tom, though against all form of law, rejoined in affirmation of the words. Upon which Master Blifil said, ' It is no wonder. Those who will tell one fib, will hardly stick at another. If I had told my master such a wicked fib as you have done, I should be ashamed to shew my face.'

' What fib, child ? ' cries Thwackum pretty eagerly.

' Why, he told you that nobody was with him a shooting 20 when he killed the partridge ; but he knows, (here he burst into a flood of tears)' yes, he knows ; for he confessed it to me, that Black George the game-keeper was there. Nay, he said,—yes you did,—deny it if you can, that you would not have confessed the truth, though master had cut you to pieces.'

At this the fire flashed from Thwackum's eyes, and he cried out in triumph, ' Oh ! oh ! this is your mistaken notion of honour! This is the boy who was not to be whipped again !' But Mr. Allworthy, with a more gentle 30 aspect, turned towards the lad, and said, ' Is this true, child ? How came you to persist so obstinately in a falsehood ? '

Tom said, ' He scorned a lie as much as any one ; but he thought his honour engaged him to act as he did; for he had promised the poor fellow to conceal him : which.' he

said, ' he thought himself farther obliged to, as the game-keeper had begged him not to go into the gentleman's manor, and had at last gone himself in compliance with his persuasions.' He said, ' this was the whole truth of the matter, and he would take his oath of i t ; ' and concluded with very passionately begging Mr. Allworthy, ' to have compassion on the poor fellow's family, especially as he himself only had been guilty, and the other had been very difficultly prevailed on to do what he did. Indeed, Sir,' said he, ' it could hardly be called a lie that I told ; for the 10 poor fellow was entirely innocent of the whole matter. I should have gone alone after the birds ; nay, I did go at first, and he only followed me to prevent more mischief. Do, pray Sir, let me be punished; take my little horse away again ; but pray Sir, forgive poor George.'

Mr. Allworthy hesitated a few moments, and then dismissed the boys, advising them to live more friendly and peaceably together.

Book III, chap. iv.

*The opinions of the divine and the philosopher concerning the two boys ; with some reasons for their opinions, and other matters.*

IT is probable that by disclosing this secret, which had been communicated in the utmost confidence to him, young 20 Blifil preserved his companion from a good lashing: for the offence of the bloody nose would have been of itself sufficient cause for Thwackum to have proceeded to correction ; but now this was totally absorbed in the consideration of the other matter; and with regard to this, Mr. Allworthy declared privately, he thought the boy deserved reward rather than punishment; so that Thwackum's hand was withheld by a general pardon.

Thwackum, whose meditations were full of birch, exclaimed against this weak, and, as he said he would venture 30

to call it, wicked lenity. To remit the punishment of such crimes was, he said, to encourage them. He enlarged much on the correction of children, and quoted many texts from Solomon, and others ; which being to be found in so many other books, shall not be found here. He then applied himself to the vice of lying, on which head he was altogether as learned as he had been on the other.

Square said, he had been endeavouring to reconcile the behaviour of Tom with his idea of perfect virtue ; but could  
10 not. He owned there was something which at first sight appeared like fortitude in the action ; but as fortitude was a virtue, and falsehood a vice, they could by no means agree or unite together. He added, that as this was in some measure to confound virtue and vice, it might be worth Mr. Thwackum's consideration, whether a larger castigation might not be laid on, upon that account.

As both these learned men concurred in censuring Jones, so were they no less unanimous in applauding Master Blifil. To bring truth to light, was by the parson asserted to be the  
20 duty of every religious man ; and by the philosopher this was declared to be highly conformable with the rule of right, and the eternal and unalterable fitness of things.

All this, however, weighed very little with Mr. Allworthy. He could not be prevailed on to sign the warrant for the execution of Jones. There was something within his own breast with which the invincible fidelity which that youth had preserved, corresponded much better than it had done with the religion of Thwackum, or with the virtue of Square. He therefore strictly ordered the former of these  
30 gentlemen to abstain from laying violent hands on Tom for what had passed. The pedagogue was obliged to obey those orders ; but not without great reluctance, and frequent mutterings, that the boy would be certainly spoiled.

Towards the game-keeper the good man behaved with more severity. He presently summoned that poor fellow

before him, and after many bitter remonstrances, paid him his wages, and dismissed him from his service ; for Mr. Allworthy rightly observed, that there was a great difference between being guilty of a falsehood to excuse yourself, and to excuse another. He likewise urged, as the principal motive to his inflexible severity against this man, that he had basely suffered Tom Jones to undergo so heavy a punishment for his sake, whereas he ought to have prevented it by making the discovery himself.

When this story became public, many people differed 10 from Square and Thwackum, in judging the conduct of the two lads on the occasion. Master Blifil was generally called a sneaking rascal, a poor-spirited wretch, with other epithets of the like kind ; whilst Tom was honoured with the appellations of a brave lad, a jolly dog, and an honest fellow. Indeed his behaviour to Black George much ingratiated him with all the servants ; for though that fellow was before universally disliked, yet he was no sooner turned away than he was as universally pitied ; and the friendship and gallantry of Tom Jones was celebrated 20 by them all with the highest applause ; and they condemned Master Blifil, as openly as they durst, without incurring the danger of offending his mother. For all this, however, poor Tom smarted in the flesh ; for though Thwackum had been inhibited to exercise his arm on the foregoing account, yet, as the proverb says, It is easy to find a stick, &c. So was it easy to find a rod ; and, indeed, the not being able to find one was the only thing which could have kept Thwackum any long time from chastising poor Jones.

Had the bare delight in the sport been the only induce- 30 ment to the pedagogue, it is probable Master Blifil would likewise have had his share ; but though Mr. Allworthy had given him frequent orders to make no difference between the lads, yet was Thwackum altogether as kind and gentle to this youth, as he was harsh, nay even barbarous,

to the other. To say the truth, Blifil had greatly gained his master's affections ; partly by the profound respect he always shewed his person, but much more by the decent reverence with which he received his doctrine ; for he had got by heart, and frequently repeated his phrases, and maintained all his master's religious principles with a zeal which was surprizing in one so young, and which greatly endeared him to the worthy preceptor.

Tom Jones, on the other hand, was not only deficient in 10 outward tokens of respect, often forgetting to pull off his hat, or to bow at his master's approach ; but was altogether as unmindful both of his master's precepts and example. He was indeed a thoughtless, giddy youth, with little sobriety in his manners, and less in his countenance ; and would often very impudently and indecently laugh at his companion for his serious behaviour.

Mr. Square had the same reason for his preference of the former lad ; for Tom Jones shewed no more regard to the learned discourses which this gentleman would sometimes 20 throw away upon him, than to those of Thwackum. He once ventured to make a jest of the rule of right; and at another time said, he believed there was no rule in the world capable of making such a man as his father (for so Mr. Allworthy suffered himself to be called).

Master Blifil, on the contrary, had address enough at sixteen to recommend himself at one and the same time to both these opposites. With one he was all religion, with the other he was all virtue. And when both were present, he was profoundly silent, which both interpreted in his 30 favour and in their own.

Nor was Blifil contented with flattering both these gentlemen to their faces ; he took frequent occasions of praising them behind their backs to Allworthy ; before whom, when they two were alone, and his uncle commended any religious or virtuous sentiment (for many such came constantly from

him) he seldom failed to ascribe it to the good instructions he had received from either Thwackum or Square : for he knew his uncle repeated all such compliments to the persons for whose use they were meant; and he found by experience the great impressions which they made on the philosopher, as well as on the divine: for, to say the truth, there is no kind of flattery so irresistible as this, at second hand.

The young gentleman, moreover, soon perceived how extremely grateful all those panegyrics on his instructors were to Mr. Allworthy himself, as they so loudly resounded 10 the praise of that singular plan of education which he had laid down : for this worthy man having observed the imperfect institution of our public schools, and the many vices which boys were there liable to learn, had resolved to educate his nephew, as well as the other lad, whom he had in a manner adopted, in his own house ; where he thought their morals would escape all that danger of being corrupted to which they would be unavoidably exposed in any public school or university.

Having therefore determined to commit these boys to 20 the tuition of a private tutor, Mr. Thwackum was recommended to him for that office by a very particular friend, of whose understanding Mr. Allworthy had a great opinion, and in whose integrity he placed much confidence. This Thwackum was fellow of a college, where he almost entirely resided; and had a great reputation for learning, religion, and sobriety of manners. And these were doubtless the qualifications by which Mr. Allworthy's friend had been induced to recommend him ; though indeed this friend had some obligations to Thwackum's family, who were the 30 most considerable persons in a borough which that gentleman represented in parliament.

Thwackum, at his first arrival, was extremely agreeable to Allworthy; and indeed he perfectly answered the character which had been given of him. Upon longer

acquaintance, however, and more intimate conversation, this worthy man saw infirmities in the tutor which he could have wished him to have been without; though as those seemed greatly over-balanced by his good qualities, they did not incline Mr. Allworthy to part with him; nor would they indeed have justified such a proceeding: for the reader is greatly mistaken, if he conceives that Thwackum appeared to Mr. Allworthy in the same light as he doth to him in this history; and he is as much deceived, if he  
10 imagines that the most intimate acquaintance which he himself could have had with that divine, would have informed him of those things which we, from our inspiration, are enabled to open and discover. Of readers who, from such conceits as these, condemn the wisdom or penetration of Mr. Allworthy, I shall not scruple to say, that they make a very bad and ungrateful use of that knowledge which we have communicated to them.

These apparent errors in the doctrine of Thwackum served greatly to palliate the contrary errors in that of  
20 Square, which our good man no less saw and condemned. He thought indeed that the different exuberances of these gentlemen would correct their different imperfections; and that from both, especially with his assistance, the two lads would derive sufficient precepts of true religion and virtue. If the event happened contrary to his expectations, this possibly proceeded from some fault in the plan itself; which the reader hath my leave to discover, if he can: for we do not pretend to introduce any infallible characters into this history; where we hope nothing will be found  
30 which hath never yet been seen in human nature.

*Of the SERIOUS in writing, and for what purpose it is introduced.*

PERADVENTURE there may be no parts in this prodigious work which will give the reader less pleasure in the perusing, than those which have given the author the greatest pains in composing. Among these, probably, may be reckoned those initial essays which we have prefixed to the historical matter contained in every book ; and which we have determined to be essentially necessary to this kind of writing, of which we have set ourselves at the head.

For this our determination we do not hold ourselves strictly bound to assign any reason ; it being abundantly 10 sufficient that we have laid it down as a rule necessary to be observed in all prosai-comi-epic writing. Who ever demanded the reasons of that nice unity of time or place which is now established to be so essential to dramatic poetry ? What critic hath been ever asked, why a play may not contain two days as well as one ? Or why the audience (provided they travel, like electors, without any expense) may not be wafted fifty miles as well as five ? Hath any commentator well accounted for the limitation which an ancient critic hath set to the drama, which he 20 will have contain neither more nor less than five acts ? Or hath any one living attempted to explain, what the modern judges of our theatres mean by that word *Low* ; by which they have happily succeeded in banishing all humour from the stage, and have made the theatre as dull as a drawing-room ? Upon all these occasions, the world seems to have embraced a maxim of our law, viz. *cuicumque in arte sua perito credendum est* ; for it seems, perhaps, difficult to conceive that any one should have had enough of impudence, to lay down dogmatical rules in any art or 30 science without the least foundation. In such cases, therefore, we are apt to conclude, there are sound and

good reasons at the bottom, though we are unfortunately not able to see so far.

Now, in reality, the world have paid too great a compliment to critics, and have imagined them men of much greater profundity than they really are. From this complaisance, the critics have been emboldened to assume a dictatorial power, and have so far succeeded, that they are now become the masters, and have the assurance to give laws to those authors from whose predecessors they io originally received them.

The critic, rightly considered, is no more than the clerk, whose office it is to transcribe the rules and laws laid down by those great judges, whose vast strength of genius hath placed them in the light of legislators, in the several sciences over which they presided. This office was all which the critics of old aspired to, nor did they ever dare to advance a sentence, without supporting it by the authority of the judge from whence it was borrowed.

But in process of time, and in ages of ignorance, the clerk 20 began to invade the power and assume the dignity of his master. The laws of writing were no longer founded on the practice of the author, but on the dictates of the critic. The clerk became the legislator, and those very peremptorily gave laws, whose business it was, at first, only to transcribe them.

Hence arose an obvious, and, perhaps, an unavoidable error: for these critics being men of shallow capacities, very easily mistook mere form for substance. They acted as a judge would, who should adhere to the lifeless letter 30 of law, and reject the spirit. Little circumstances which were, perhaps, accidental in a great author, were, by these critics, considered to constitute his chief merit, and transmitted as essentials to be observed by all his successors. To these encroachments, time and ignorance, the two great supporters of imposture, gave authority;

and thus, many rules for good writing have been established, which have not the least foundation in truth or nature ; and which commonly serve for no other purpose than to curb and restrain genius, in the same manner as it would have restrained the dancing-master, had the many excellent treatises on that art laid it down as an essential rule, that every man must dance in chains.

To avoid, therefore, all imputation of laying down a rule for posterity, founded only on the authority of *ipse dixit*,—for which, to say the truth, we have not the profoundest veneration—we shall here wave the privilege above contended for, and proceed to lay before the reader the reasons which have induced us to intersperse these several digressive essays in the course of this work.

And here we shall of necessity be led to open a new vein of knowledge, which, if it hath been discovered, hath not, to our remembrance, been wrought on by any ancient or modern writer. This vein is no other than that of contrast, which runs through all the works of the creation, and may probably have a large share in constituting in us the idea of all beauty, as well natural as artificial: for what demonstrates the beauty and excellence of any thing but its reverse ? Thus the beauty of day, and that of summer, is set off by the horrors of night and winter. And, I believe, if it was possible for a man to have seen only the two former, he would have a very imperfect idea of their beauty.

But to avoid too serious an air : can it be doubted, but that the finest woman in the world would lose all benefit of her charms, in the eye of a man who had never seen one of another cast ? The ladies themselves seem so sensible of this, that they are all industrious to procure foils ; nay, they will become foils to themselves : for I have observed (at Bath particularly) that they endeavour to appear as ugly as possible in the morning, in order to set off that beauty which they intend to shew you in the evening.

Most artists have this secret in practice, though some, perhaps, have not much studied the theory. The jeweller knows that the finest brilliant requires a foil; and the painter, by the contrast of his figures, often acquires great applause.

A great genius among us will illustrate this matter fully. I cannot, indeed, range him under any general head of common artists, as he hath a title to be placed among those

*Inventas qui vitam excoluere per artes.*

10           Who by invented arts have life improv'd.

I mean here the inventor of that most exquisite entertainment, called the English Pantomime.

This entertainment consisted of two parts, which the inventor distinguished by the names of the serious and the comic. The serious exhibited a certain number of heathen gods and heroes, who were certainly the worst and dullest company into which an audience was ever introduced; and (which was a secret known to few) were actually intended so to be, in order to contrast the comic part of  
20 the entertainment, and to display the tricks of harlequin to the better advantage.

This was, perhaps, no very civil use of such personages; but the contrivance was, nevertheless, ingenious enough, and had its effect. And this will now plainly appear, if instead of serious and comic, we supply the words duller and dullest; for the comic was certainly duller than any thing before shewn on the stage, and could be set off only by that superlative degree of dulness, which composed the serious. So intolerably serious, indeed, were these  
30 gods and heroes, that harlequin (though the English gentleman of that name is not at all related to the French family, for he is of a much more serious disposition) was always welcome on the stage, as he relieved the audience from worse company.

Judicious writers have always practised this art of contrast with great success. I have been surprized that Horace should cavil at this art in Homer; but indeed he contradicts himself in the very next line.

*Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homer us,  
Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.*

I grieve if e'er great Homer chance to sleep,  
Yet slumbers on long works have right to creep.

For we are not here to understand, as, perhaps, some have, that an author actually falls asleep while he is writing. It is true that readers are too apt to be so overtaken; but if the work was as long as any of Oldmixon, the author himself is too well entertained to be subject to the least drowsiness. He is, as Mr. Pope observes,

Sleepless himself to give his readers sleep.

To say the truth, these soporific parts are so many scenes of Serious artfully interwoven, in order to contrast and set off the rest; and this is the true meaning of a late facetious writer, who told the public, that whenever he was dull, they might be assured there was a design in it.

In this light then, or rather in this darkness, I would have the reader to consider these initial essays. And after this warning, if he shall be of opinion that he can find enough of serious in other parts of this history, he may pass over these, in which we profess to be laboriously dull, and begin the following books at the second chapter.

Book V, chap. i.

### *Mrs. Western and Squire Western*

BY means of this wonderful sagacity, Mrs. Western had now, as she thought, made a discovery of something in the mind of Sophia. The first hint of this she took from the behaviour of the young lady in the field of battle: and the suspicion which she then conceived, was greatly

corroborated by some observations which she had made that evening and the next morning. However, being greatly cautious to avoid being found in a mistake, she carried the secret a whole fortnight in her bosom, giving only some oblique hints, by simpering, winks, nods, and now and then dropping an obscure word, which indeed sufficiently alarmed Sophia, but did not at all affect her brother.

Being at length, however, thoroughly satisfied of the truth of her observation, she took an opportunity, one morning, when she was alone with her brother, to interrupt one of his whistles in the following manner :

' Pray, brother, have you not observed something very extraordinary in my niece lately ?' ' No, not I,' answered Western; ' is any thing the matter with the girl ?' ' I think there is,' replies she, ' and something of much consequence too.' ' Why she doth not complain of any thing,' cries Western, ' and she hath had the small pox.' ' Brother,' returned she, ' girls are liable to other distempers besides  
20 the small pox, and sometimes possibly to much worse.' Here Western interrupted her with much earnestness, and begged her, if any thing ailed his daughter, to acquaint him immediately, adding, ' she knew he loved her more than his own soul, and that he would send to the world's end for the best physician to her.' ' Nay, nay,' answered she, smiling, ' the distemper is not so terrible ; but I believe, brother, you are convinced I know the world, and I promise you I was never more deceived in my life, if my niece be not most desperately in love.' ' How! in love,' cries  
30 Western, in a passion, ' in love without acquainting me! I'll disinherit her, I'll turn her out of doors, stark naked, without a farthing. Is all my kindness vor 'ur, and vondness o' ur come to this, to fall in love without asking me leave!' ' But you will not,' answered Mrs. Western, ' turn this daughter, whom you love better than your own soul, out

of doors, before you know whether you shall approve her choice. Suppose she should have fixed on the very person whom you yourself would wish, I hope you would not be angry then.' 'No, no,' cries Western, 'that would make a difference. If she marries the man I would ha<sup>1</sup> her, she may love whom she pleases, I shan't trouble my head about that.' 'That is spoken,' answered the sister, 'like a sensible man, but I believe the very person she hath chosen, would be the very person you would choose for her, I will disclaim all knowledge of the world if it is not so ; and 10 I believe, brother, you will allow I have some.' 'Why iookee, sister,' said Western, 'I do believe you have as much as any woman ; and to be sure those are women's matters. You know I don't love to hear you talk about politics, they belong to us, and petticoats should not meddle : but come, who is the man ?' 'Marry !' said she, 'you may find him out yourself, if you please. You who are so great a politician, can be at no groat loss. The judgment which can penetrate into the cabinets of princes, and discover the secret springs which move the great state 20 wheels in all the political machines of Europe, must surely, with very little difficulty, find out what passes in the rude uninformed mind of a girl.' 'Sister,' cries the 'squire, 'I have often warned you not to talk the court gibberish to me. I tell you, I don't understand the lingo ; but I can read a journal, or the *London Evening-Post*. Perhaps, indeed, there may be now and tan a verse which I can't make much of, because half the letters are left out ; yet I know very well what is meant by that, and that our affairs don't go so well as they should do, because of bribery 30 and corruption. 'I pity your country ignorance from my heart.' cries the lady. 'Do you ?' answered Western ; 'and I pity your town learning ; I had rather be any thing than a courtier, and a presbyterian, and a Hanoverian too, • as some people, I believe, are.' 'If you mean me,' answered

she, 'you know I am a woman, brother; and it signifies nothing what I am. Besides——' 'I do know you are a woman.' cries the 'squire, 'and its well for thee, that art one ; if hadst been a man, I promise thee I had lent thee a flick long ago.' 'Ay, there.' said she, 'in that flick lies all your fancied superiority. Your bodies, and not your brains, are stronger than ours. Believe me, it is well for you that you are able to beat us ; or, such is the superiority of our understanding, we should make all of you what the  
io brave, and wise, and witty, and polite are already,—our slaves.' 'I am glad I know your mind.' answered the 'squire, but we'll talk more of this matter another time. At present, do tell me what man is it you mean about my daughter.' 'Hold a moment.' said she, 'while I digest that sovereign contempt I have for your sex ; or else I ought to be angry too with you. There——I have made a shift to gulp it down. And now, good politic Sir, what think you of Mr. Blifil ? Did she not faint away on seeing him lie breathless on the ground ? Did she not, after he was recovered, turn  
20 pale again the moment we came up to that part of the field where he stood ? And pray what else should be the occasion of all her melancholy that night at supper, the next morning, and indeed ever since ? ' 'Fore George !' cries the 'squire, 'now you mind me on't, I remember it all. It is certainly so, and I am glad on't, with all my heart. I knew Sophy was a good girl, and would not fall in love to make me angry. I was never more rejoiced in my live ; for nothing can lie so handy together as our two estates. I had this matter in my head some time ago ; for certainly  
30 the two estates are in a manner joined together in matrimony already, and it would be a thousand pities to part them. It is true indeed, there be larger estates in the kingdom, but not in this county, and I had rather bate something, than marry my daughter among strangers and foreigners. Besides most 0' zuch great estates be in the

hands of lords, and I hate the very name of *themmun*. Well but, sister, what would you advise me to do : for I tell you women know these matters better than we do ? ' 'O your humble servant, Sir.' answered the lady, 'we are obliged to you for allowing us a capacity in any thing. Since you are pleased then, most politic Sir, to ask my advice, I think you may propose the match to Allworthy yourself. There is no indecorum in the proposal's coming from the parent of either side. King Alcinous, in Mr. Pope's *Odyssey*, offers his daughter to Ulysses. I need not caution so politic a person not to say that your daughter is in love ; that would indeed be against all rules.' 'Well,' said the 'squire, 'I will propose it ; but I shall certainly lend un a flick, if he should refuse me.'

Book VI, Chap. ii.

### *The discreet honesty of Black George*

MRS. HONOUR departed according to orders, and finding Black George below stairs, delivered him the purse which contained sixteen guineas, being indeed the whole stock of Sophia : for though her father was very liberal to her, she was much too generous to be rich.

Black George having received the purse, set forward towards the alehouse ; but in the way a thought occurred to him, whether he should not detain this money likewise. His conscience, however, immediately started at this suggestion, and began to upbraid him with ingratitude to his benefactor. To this his avarice answered, 'That his conscience should have considered the matter before, when he deprived poor Jones of his 500*l*. That having quietly acquiesced in what was of so much greater importance, it was absurd, if not downright hypocrisy, to affect any qualms at this trifle.' In return to which, conscience, like a good lawyer, attempted to distinguish between an absolute

breach of trust, as here where the goods were delivered, and a bare concealment of what was found, as in the former case. Avarice presently treated this with ridicule, called it a distinction without a difference, and absolutely insisted, that when once all pretensions of honour and virtue were given up in any one instance, that there was no precedent for resorting to them upon a second occasion. In short, poor conscience had certainly been defeated in the argument, had not fear stepped in to her assistance, and  
 10 very strenuously urged, that the real distinction between the two actions did not lie in the different degrees of honour, but of safety : for that the secreting the 500l. was a matter of very little hazard ; whereas the detaining the sixteen guineas was liable to the utmost danger of discovery.

By this friendly aid of fear, conscience obtained a complete victory in the mind of Black George, and, after making him a few compliments on his honesty, forced him to deliver the money to Jones.

Book VI, chap. xiii.

### *A comparison between the World and the Stage*

THE world hath been often compared to the theatre ;  
 20 and many grave writers, as well as the poets, have considered human life as a great drama, resembling, in almost every particular, those scenical representations which Thespis is first reported to have invented, and which have been since received with so much approbation and delight in all polite countries.

This thought hath been carried so far, and is become so general, that some words proper to the theatre, and which were, at first, metaphorically applied to the world, are now indiscriminately and literally spoken of both : thus stage  
 30 and scene are by common use grown as familiar to us, when we speak of life in general, as when we confine our-

selves to dramatic performances; and when transactions behind the curtain are mentioned, St. James's is more likely to occur to our thoughts than Drury-Lane.

It may seem easy enough to account for all this, by reflecting that the theatrical stage is nothing more than a representation, or, as Aristotle calls it, an imitation of what really exists ; and hence, perhaps, we might fairly pay a very high compliment to those who by their writings or actions have been so capable of imitating life, as to have their pictures in a manner confounded with or mistaken for the originals.

But, in reality, we are not so fond of paying compliments to these people, whom we use as children frequently do the instruments of their amusement; and have much more pleasure in hissing and buffeting them, than in admiring their excellence. There are many other reasons which have induced us to see this analogy between the world and the stage.

Some have considered the larger part of mankind in the light of actors, as personating characters no more their own, and to which, in fact, they have no better title, than the player hath to be in earnest thought the king or emperor whom he represents. Thus the hypocrite may be said to be a player; and indeed the Greeks called them both by one and the same name.

The brevity of life hath likewise given, occasion to this comparison. So the immortal Shakespeare:

——Life's a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more.

For which hackneyed quotation I will make the reader amends by a very noble one, which few, I believe, have read. It is taken from a poem called the DEITY, published about nine years ago, and long since buried in **oblivion**.

A proof that good books no more than good men do always survive the bad.

From Thee \* all human actions take their springs,  
 The rise of empires and the fall of kings !  
 See the VAST THEATRE OF TIME displayed,  
 While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread !  
 With pomp the shining images succeed,  
 What leaders triumph, and what monarchs bleed !  
 Perform the parts thy Providence assign\*d,  
 10 Their pride, their passions, to thy ends inclin'd :  
 A while they glitter in the face of day,  
 Then at thy nod the phantoms pass away ;  
 No traces left of all the busy scene,  
 But that remembrance says—THE THINGS HAVE BEEN I

In all these, however, and in every other similitude of life to the theatre, the resemblance hath been always taken from the stage only. None, as I remember, have at all considered the audience at this great drama.

But as nature often exhibits some of her best perform-  
 20 ances to a very full house ; so will the behaviour of her spectators no less admit the above-mentioned comparison than that of her actors. In this vast theatre of time are seated the friend and the critic ; here are claps and shouts, hisses and groans ; in short, every thing which was ever seen or heard at the Theatre-royal.

Let us examine this in one example : for instance, in the behaviour of the great audience on that scene which nature was pleased to exhibit in the 12th chapter of the preceding book, where she introduced Black George running  
 30 away with the 500*l.* from his friend and benefactor.

Those who sat in the world's upper gallery, treated that incident, I am well convinced, with their usual vociferation ; and every term of scurrilous reproach was most probably vented on that occasion.

If we had descended to the next order of spectators, we

\* The DEITY.

should have found an equal degree of abhorrence, though less of noise and scurrility ; yet here the good women gave Black George to the devil, and many of them expected every minute that the cloven-footed gentleman would fetch his own.

The pit, as usual, was no doubt divided : those who delight in heroic virtue and perfect character, objected to the producing such instances of villainy, without punishing them very severely for the sake of example. Some of the author's friends cried—'Look'e, gentlemen, the man 10 is a villain ; but it is nature for all that.' And all the young critics of the age, the clerks, apprentices, &c. called it low, and fell a groaning.

As for the boxes, they behaved with their accustomed politeness. Most of them were attending to something else. Some of those few who regarded the scene at all, declared he was a bad kind of man ; while others refused to give their opinion, till they had heard that of the best judges.

Now we, who are admitted behind the scenes of this great theatre of nature, (and no author ought to write any 20 thing besides dictionaries and spelling-books who hath not this privilege) can censure the action, without conceiving any absolute detestation of the person, whom perhaps nature may not have designed to act an ill part in all her dramas : for in this instance, life most exactly resembles the stage, since it is often the same person who represents the villain and the hero ; and he who engages your admiration to-day, will probably attract your contempt to-morrow. As Garrick, whom I regard in tragedy to be the greatest genius the world hath ever produced, 30 sometimes condescends to play the fool ; so did Scipio the Great, and Laelius the Wise, according to Horace, many years ago : nay, Cicero reports them to have been 'incredibly childish.'—These, it is true, played the fool, like my friend Garrick, in jest only ; but several eminent

characters have, in numberless instances of their lives, played the fool egregiously in earnest; so far as to render it a matter of some doubt, whether their wisdom or folly was predominant; or whether they were better entitled to the applause or censure, the admiration or contempt, the love or hatred, of mankind.

Those persons, indeed, who have passed any time behind the scenes of this great theatre, and are thoroughly acquainted not only with the several disguises which are  
10 there put on, but also with the fantastic and capricious behaviour of the Passions, who are the managers and directors of this theatre, (for as to Reason, the patentee, he is known to be a very idle fellow, and seldom to exert himself) may most probably have learned to understand the famous *nil admirari* of Horace, or in the English phrase, to stare at nothing.

A single bad act no more constitutes a villain in life, than a single bad part on the stage. The Passions, like the managers of a playhouse, often force men upon parts,  
20 without consulting their judgment, and sometimes without any regard to their talents. Thus the man, as well as the player, may condemn what he himself acts; nay, it is common to see vice sit as awkwardly on some men, as the character of Iago would on the honest face of Mr. William Mills.

Upon the whole, then, the man of candour and of true understanding is never hasty to condemn. He can censure an imperfection, or even a vice, without rage against the guilty party. In a word, they are the same folly, the same  
30 childishness, the same ill-breeding, and the same ill-nature, which raise all the clamours and uproars both in life and on the stage. The worst of men generally have the words rogue and villain most in their mouths, as the lowest of all wretches are the aptest to cry out *low* in the pit.

*Squire Western and his Daughter*

HAVING ended his rage against the captain, with swearing he would take the law of him, the 'squire now mounted up stairs to Sophia, whom, as soon as he had unlocked and opened the door, he found all pale and breathless. The moment however that she saw her father, she collected all her spirits, and catching him hold by the hand, she cried passionately, 'O my dear Sir, I am almost frightened to death ; I hope to heaven no harm hath happened to you.' —'No, no.' cries the 'squire, 'no great harm. The rascal hath not hurt me much, but rat me if I don't ha the la o'un.' 'Pray, dear Sir,' says she, 'tell me what's the matter, who is it that hath insulted you?' 'I don't know the name o'un,' answered Western, 'some officer fellow I suppose that we are to pay for beating us, but I'll make him pay this bout, if the rascal hath got any thing, which I suppose he hath not. For thof he was drest out so vine, I question whether he had got a voot of land in the world.' 'But, dear Sir,' cries she, 'what was the occasion of your quarrel ? ' 'What should it be, Sophy ? ' answered the 'squire, 'but about you, Sophy. All my misfortunes are about you ; you will be the death of your poor father at last. Here's a varlet of a lord, the Lord knows who forsooth ! who hath taan a liking to you, and because I would not gi un my consent, he sent me a kallenge. Come, do be a good girl, Sophy, and put an end to all your father's troubles ; come do, consent to ha un ; he will be in town within this day or two ; do but promise me to marry un as soon as he comes, and you will make me the happiest man in the world, and I will make you the happiest woman ; you shall have the finest cloaths in London, and the finest jewels, and a coach and six at your command. I promised Allworthy already to give up half my estate,—odrabbit i t ! I should hardly stick at giving up the whole.'

'Will my papa be so kind.' says she, 'as to hear me speak !'  
—'Why wout ask, Sophy ?' cries he, 'when dost know  
I had rather hear thy voice, than the music of the best  
pack of dogs in England.—Hear thee, my dear little girl!  
I hope I shall hear thee as long as I live : for if I was ever  
to lose that pleasure, I would not gee a brass varden to  
live a moment longer. Indeed, Sophy, you do not know  
how I love you, indeed you don't, or you never could have  
run away and left your poor father, who hath no other joy,  
10 no other comfort upon earth but his little Sophy.' At these  
words the tears stood in his eyes; and Sophia (with the  
tears streaming from hers) answered, 'Indeed, my dear  
papa, I know you have loved me tenderly, and heaven is  
my witness how sincerely I have returned your affection ;  
nor could any thing but an apprehension of being forced  
into the arms of this man, have driven me to run from a  
father whom I love so passionately, that I would, with  
pleasure, sacrifice my life to his happiness ; nay, I have  
endeavoured to reason myself into doing more, and had  
20 almost worked up a resolution, to endure the most miserable  
of all lives, to comply with your inclination. It was that  
resolution alone to which I could not force my mind ; nor  
can I ever.' Here the 'squire began to look wild, and the  
foam appeared at his lips, which Sophia observing, begged  
to be heard out, and then proceeded : 'If my father's  
life, his health, or any real happiness of his was at stake,  
here stands your resolved daughter; may heaven blast me,  
if there is a misery I would not suffer to preserve you.—  
No, that most detested, most loathsome of all lots would  
30 I embrace. I would give my hand to Blifil for your sake.'  
—'I tell thee, it will preserve me,' answers the father;  
'it will give me health, happiness, life, every thing.—  
Upon my soul I shall die if dost refuse me ; I shall break  
my heart, I shall upon my soul.'—'Is it possible.' says  
she, 'you can have such a desire to make me miserable ?'

'I tell thee noa.' answered he loudly, 'd—n me if there is a thing upon earth I would not do to see thee happy.'—'And will not my dear papa allow me to have the least knowledge of what will make me so ? If it be true that happiness consists in opinions, what must be my condition, when I shall think myself the most miserable of all the wretches upon earth ? ' 'Better think yourself so.' said he, 'than know it by being married to a poor bastardly vagabond.' 'If it will content you, Sir.' said Sophia, 'I will give you the most solemn promise never to marry him 10 nor any other while my papa lives, without his consent. Let me dedicate my whole life to your service ; let me be again your poor Sophy, and my whole business and pleasure be, as it hath been, to please and divert you.' 'Lookee, Sophy.' answered the 'squire, ' I am not to be choused in this manner. Your aunt Western would then have reason to think me the fool she doth. No, no, Sophy, I'd have you to know I have a got more wisdom, and know more of the world, than to take the word of a woman in a matter where a man is concerned.' 'How, Sir, have I deserved 20 this want of confidence?' said she; 'have I ever broke a single promise to you ? or have I ever been found guilty of a falshood from my cradle ? ' 'Lookee, Sophy.' cries he.' that's neither here nor there. I am determined upon this match, and have him you shall, d—n me if shat unt. D—n me if shat unt, though dost hang thyself the next morning.' At repeating which words he clinched his fist, knit his brows, bit his lips, and thundered so loud, that the poor afflicted, terrified Sophia sunk trembling into her chair, and had not a flood of tears come immediately to her relief, 3° perhaps worse had followed.

*Partridge at the Theatre*

MR. JONES having spent three hours in reading and kissing the aforesaid letter, and being, at last, in a state of good spirits, from the last mentioned considerations, he agreed to carry an appointment, which he had before made, into execution. This was to attend Mrs. Miller, and her youngest daughter, into the gallery at the play-house, and to admit Mr. Partridge as one of the company. For as Jones had really that taste for humour which many affect, he expected to enjoy much entertainment in the  
 10 criticisms of Partridge ; from whom he expected the simple dictates of nature, unimproved indeed, but likewise unadulterated, by art.

In the first row then of the first gallery did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge, take their places. Partridge immediately declared, it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said, 'It was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time, without putting one another out.\* While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried  
 20 out to Mrs. Miller, ' Look, look, Madam, the very picture of the man in the end of the common-prayer book, before the gunpowder-treason service.' Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted, 'That here were candles enough burnt in one night, to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelvemonth.'

As soon as the play, which was *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost; upon which he asked Jones, 'What man that was in the strange dress ;  
 30 something,' said he, 'like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armour, is it ? ' Jones answered, 'That is the ghost.' To which Partridge replied with a smile 'Persuade me to that, Sir, if you can. Though I can't say

I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one, if I saw him, better than that comes to. No, no, Sir, ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that, neither.' In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue, till the scene between the ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick, which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling, that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior 10 upon the stage? 'O la ! Sir,' said he, 'I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of any thing; for I know it is but a play. And if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company ; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person.' 'Why, who,' cries Jones, 'dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself ? ' ' Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay ; go along with you ! Ay, to be sure ! 20 Who's fool then ? Will you ? Lud have mercy upon such fool-hardiness!—Whatever happens it is good enough for you.—Follow you ? I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps, it is the devil—for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases.—Oh! here he is again.—No farther! No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions.' Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, 'Hush, hush, dear Sir, don't you hear him ?' And during the whole speech of the ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost, and 30 partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open ; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet, succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said, 'Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more

than I conceived possible.' 'Nay, Sir,' answered Partridge, 'if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; but to be sure it is natural to be surprized at such things, though I know there is nothing in them : not that it was the ghost that surprized me either; for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress: but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me.' 'And dost thou imagine then, Partridge,' cries Jones, 'that he was really frightened?' 'Nay, Sir,' io said Partridge, 'did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been, had it been my own case?— But hush ! O la ! what noise is that ? There he is again.— Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder, where those men are.' Then turning his eyes again upon Hamlet, 'Ay, you may draw your sword ; what signifies a sword against  
20 the power of the devil ? '

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses ; nor could he help observing upon the king's countenance. 'Well,' said he, 'how people may be deceived by faces ? *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the king's face, that he had ever committed a murder ? He then enquired after the ghost; but Jones, who intended he should be surprized, gave him no other satisfaction, than, 'that he might possibly see him again  
, 30 soon, and in a flash of fire.'

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now, when the ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out, 'There, Sir, now ; what say you now ? is he frightened now or no ? As much frightened as you think me, and, to be sure, no body can help some fears. I would not be in so

bad a condition as what's his name, 'squire Hamlet, is there, for all the world. Bless me ! what's become of the spirit ? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth.' 'Indeed, you saw right.' answered Jones. 'Well, well.' cries Partridge, 'I know it is only a play ; and besides, if there was any thing in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so : for as to you, Sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person.—There, there—Ay, no wonder you are in such a passion ; shake the vile wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own 10 mother I should serve her so. To be sure, all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings.—Ay, go about your business ; I hate the sight of you.'

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the king. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him ; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her, 'if she did not imagine the king looked as if he was touched ; though he is.' said 20 he, 'a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for, as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon.—No wonder he run away ; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again.'

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprize at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered, 'That it was one of the most famous burial-places about town.' 'No wonder then.' cries Partridge, 'that the place 30 is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton when I was clerk, that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one **in his hand.** Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than

work, I believe.'—Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out, 'Well it is strange to see how fearless some men are : I never could bring myself to touch any thing belonging to a dead man on any account.—He seemed frightened enough too at the ghost I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*'

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play ; at the end of which Jones asked him, 'which of the players he had liked best ? ' To this he answered, with some  
 10 appearance of indignation at the question, 'The king without doubt.' 'Indeed, Mr. Partridge,' says Mrs. Miller, 'you are not of the same opinion with the town ; for they are all agreed, that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage.' 'He the best player!' cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer. 'Why I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me  
 20 he acted so fine, why, Lord help me, any man, that is, any good man, that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me ; but, indeed, Madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country ; and the king for my money ; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other.—Any body may see he is an actor.'

While Mrs. Miller was thus engaged in conversation with Partridge, a lady came up to Mr. Jones, whom he  
 30 immediately knew to be Mrs. Fitzpatrick. She said, she had seen him from the other part of the gallery, and had taken that opportunity of speaking to him, as she had something to say, which might be of great service to himself. She then acquainted him with her lodgings, and made him an appointment the next day in the morning ; which, upon

recollection, she presently changed to the afternoon ; at which time Jones promised to attend her.

Thus ended the adventure at the play-house; where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs. Miller, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said, than to any thing that passed on the stage.

He durst not go to bed all that night, for fear of the ghost; and for many nights after sweated two or three hours before he went to sleep with the same apprehensions, 10 and waked several times in great horrors, crying out, 'Lord have mercy upon us ! there it is.'

Book XVI, chap. v.

## A M E L I A

*Contains the exordium, etc.*

THE various accidents which befell a very worthy couple after their uniting in the state of matrimony will be the subject of the following history. The distresses which they waded through were some of them so exquisite, and the incidents which produced these so extraordinary, that they seemed to require not only the utmost malice, but the utmost invention which superstition hath ever attributed to Fortune : though whether any such being 20 interfered in the case, or indeed whether there be any such being in the universe, is a matter which I by no means presume to determine in the affirmative. To speak a bold truth, I am, after much mature deliberation, inclined to suspect that the public voice hath in all ages done much injustice to Fortune, and hath convicted her of many facts in which she hath not the least concern. I question much whether we may not by natural means account for the

success of knaves, the calamities of fools, with all the miseries in which men of sense sometimes involve themselves by quitting the directions of Prudence, and following the blind guidance of a predominant passion ; in short, from all the ordinary phenomena which are imputed to Fortune, whom perhaps men accuse with no less absurdity in life, than a bad player complains of ill luck at the game of chess.

But if men are sometimes guilty of laying improper blame on this imaginary being, they are altogether as apt to make her amends by ascribing to her honours which she as little deserves. To retrieve the ill consequences of a foolish conduct, and by struggling manfully with distress to subdue it, is one of the noblest efforts of wisdom and virtue. Whoever, therefore, calls such a man fortunate is guilty of no less impropriety in speech than he would be who should call the statuary or the poet fortunate who carved a Venus or who writ an Iliad.

Life may as properly be called an art as any other, and the great incidents in it are no more to be considered as mere accidents than the several members of the fine statue or a noble poem. The critics in all these are not content with seeing anything to be great without knowing why and how it came to be so. By examining carefully the several gradations which conduce to bring every model to perfection, we learn truly to know that science in which the model is formed. As histories of this kind, therefore, may properly be called models of HUMAN LIFE, so by observing minutely the several incidents which tend to the catastrophe or completion of the whole, and the minute causes whence those incidents are produced, we shall best be instructed in this most useful of all arts, which I call the ART of LIFE.

*The history sets out. Observations on the excellency of the English constitution, and curious examinations before a justice of peace.*

ON the first of April, in the year——, the watchmen of a certain parish (I know not particularly which) within the liberty of Westminster brought several persons whom they had apprehended the preceding night before Jonathan Thrasher, Esq., one of the justices of the peace for that liberty.

But here, reader, before we proceed to the trials of these offenders, we shall, after our usual manner, premise some things which it may be necessary for thee to know.

It hath been observed, I think, by many, as well as the 10 celebrated writer of three letters, that no human institution is capable of consummate perfection,—an observation which perhaps that writer at least gathered from discovering some defects in the polity even of this well-regulated nation. And, indeed, if there should be any such defect in a constitution which my Lord Coke long ago told us 'the wisdom of all the wise men in the world, if they had all met together at one time, could not have equalled.' which some of our wisest men who were met together long before said was too good to be altered in any particular, 20 and which, nevertheless, hath been mending ever since by a very great number of the said wise men : if, I say, this constitution should be imperfect, we may be allowed, I think, to doubt whether any such faultless model can be found among the institutions of men.

It will probably be objected that the small imperfections which I am about to produce do not lie in the laws themselves, but in the ill execution of them; but, with submission, this appears to me to be no less an absurdity than to say of any machine that it is excellently made, though 30 incapable of performing its functions. Good laws **should**

execute themselves in a well regulated state; at least, if the same legislature which provides the laws doth not provide for the execution of them, they act as Graham would do, if he should form all the parts of a clock in the most exquisite manner, yet put them so together that the clock could not go. In this case, surely, we might say that there was a small defect in the constitution of the clock.

To say the truth, Graham would soon see the fault, and would easily remedy it. The fault, indeed, could be  
10 no other than the parts were improperly disposed.

Perhaps, reader, I have another illustration, which will set my intention in a still clearer light before you. Figure to yourself then a family, the master of which should dispose of the several economical offices in the following manner: viz. should put his butler on the coach box, his steward behind his coach, his coachman in the butlery, and his footman in the stewardship, and in the same ridiculous manner should misemploy the talents of every other servant; it is easy to see what a figure such a family  
20 must make in the world.

As ridiculous as this may seem, I have often considered some of the lower officers in our civil government to be disposed in this very manner. To begin, I think, as low as I well can, with the watchmen in our metropolis, who, being to guard our streets by night from thieves and robbers, an office which at least requires strength of body, are chosen out of those poor old decrepit people who are, from their want of bodily strength, rendered incapable of getting a livelihood by work: These men, armed only with a pole,  
30 which some of them are scarce able to lift, are to secure the persons and houses of His Majesty's subjects from the attacks of gangs of young, bold, stout, desperate, and well-armed villains.

*Quæ non viribus istis  
Munera conveniunt.*

If the poor old fellows should run away from such enemies, no one I think can wonder, unless it be that they were able to make their escape.

The higher we proceed among our public officers and magistrates, the less defects of this kind will perhaps be observable. Mr. Thrasher, however, the justice before whom the prisoners above mentioned were now brought, had some few imperfections in his magistratical capacity. I own I have been sometimes inclined to think that this office of a justice of peace requires some knowledge of the 10 law : for this simple reason—because in every case which comes before him he is to judge and act according to law. Again, as these laws are contained in a great variety of books, the statutes which relate to the office of a justice of peace making of themselves at least two large volumes in folio, and that part of his jurisdiction which is founded on the common law being dispersed in above a hundred volumes, I cannot conceive how this knowledge should be acquired without reading ; and yet certain it is, Mr. Thrasher never read one syllable of the matter. 20

This perhaps was a defect; but this was not all: for where mere ignorance is to decide a point between two litigants, it will always be an even chance whether it decides right or wrong. But sorry am I to say, right was often in a much worse situation than this, and wrong hath often had five hundred to one on his side before that magistrate, who, if he was ignorant of the laws of England, was yet well versed in the laws of nature. He perfectly well understood that fundamental principle so strongly laid down in the institutes of the learned Rochefoucault, 3° by which the duty of self-love is so strongly enforced, and every man is taught to consider himself as the centre of gravity, and to attract all things thither. To speak the truth plainly, the justice was never indifferent in a cause but when he could get nothing on either side.

Such was the justice to whose tremendous bar Mr. Goto-bed the constable, on the day above mentioned, brought several delinquents, who, as we have said, had been apprehended by the watch for divers outrages.

The first who came upon this trial was as bloody a spectre as ever the imagination of a murderer or a tragic poet conceived. This poor wretch was charged with a battery by a much stouter man than himself; indeed, the accused person bore about him some evidence that he had been  
10 in an affray, his clothes being very bloody, but certain open sluices on his own head sufficiently showed whence all the scarlet stream had issued : whereas the accuser had not the least mark or appearance of any wound. The justice asked the defendant what he meant by breaking the king's peace ? To which he answered, ' Upon my shoul, I do love the king very well, and I have not been after breaking anything of his that I do know ; but upon my shoul, this man hath brake my head, and my head did break his stick ; that is all, gra.' He then offered to produce  
20 several witnesses against this improbable accusation ; but the justice presently interrupted him, saying, ' Sirrah, your tongue betrays your guilt. You are an Irishman, and that is always sufficient evidence with me.'

The second criminal was a poor woman, who was taken up by the watch as a street-walker. It was alleged against her that she was found walking the streets after twelve o'clock, and the watchman declared he believed her to be a common strumpet. She pleaded in her defence (as was really the truth) that she was a servant, and was sent by  
30 her mistress, who was a little shopkeeper and upon the point of delivery, to fetch a midwife, which she offered to prove by several of the neighbours, if she was allowed to send for them. The justice asked her why she had not done it before ; to which she answered she had no money, and **could** get **no** messenger. The justice then **called** **her** several

scurrilous names, and declaring she was guilty within the statute of street-walking, ordered her to Bridewell for a month.

A young fellow, whose name was Booth, was now charged with beating a watchman in the execution of his office, and breaking his lantern. This was deposed by two witnesses ; and the shattered remains of a broken lantern, which had been long preserved for the sake of its testimony, were produced to corroborate the evidence. The justice, perceiving the criminal to be but shabbily dressed, was 10 going to commit him without asking any further questions. At length, however, at the earnest request of the accused, the worthy magistrate submitted to hear his defence. The young man then alleged, as was in reality the case, that as he was walking home to his lodgings he saw two men in the street cruelly beating a third, upon which he had stopped and endeavoured to assist the person who was so unequally attacked ; that the watch came up during the affray, and took them all four into custody ; that they were immediately carried to the round-house, where the 20 two original assailants, who appeared to be men of fortune, found means to make up the matter, and were discharged by the constable,—a favour which he himself, having no money in his pocket, was unable to obtain. He utterly denied having assaulted any of the watchmen, and solemnly declared that he was offered his liberty at the price of half a crown.

Though the bare word of an offender can never be taken against the oath of his accuser, yet the matter of this defence was so pertinent, and delivered with such an air 30 of **truth and** sincerity, that, had the magistrate been **endued with** much sagacity, or had he been very moderately gifted with another quality very necessary to all who are to administer justice, he would have employed some labour in cross-examining the watchman ; at least he would have

given the defendant the time he desired to send for the other persons who were present at the affray ; neither of which he did. In short, the magistrate had too great an honour for Truth to suspect that she ever appeared in sordid apparel; nor did he ever sully his sublime notions of that virtue by uniting them with the mean ideas of poverty and distress.

There remained now only one prisoner, and that was the poor man himself in whose defence the last-mentioned  
10 culprit was engaged. His trial took but a very short time. A cause of battery and broken lantern was instituted against him, and proved in the same manner; nor would the justice hear one word in defence. But though his patience was exhausted, his breath was not; for against this last wretch he poured forth a great many volleys of menaces and abuse.

The delinquents were then all despatched to prison under a guard of watchmen, and the justice and the constable adjourned to a neighbouring alehouse to take  
20 their morning repast.

Book I, chap. ii.

*Containing an account of Mr. Booth's fellow-sufferers.*

BEFORE we return to Amelia we must detain our reader a little longer with Mr. Booth in the custody of Mr. Bondum the bailiff, who now informed his prisoner that he was welcome to the liberty of the house with the other gentlemen.

Booth asked who those gentlemen were. 'One of them, sir.' says Mr. Bondum, 'is a very great writer or author, as they call him ; he hath been here these five weeks at the suit of a bookseller for eleven pound odd money ; but  
30 he expects to be discharged in a day or two, for he hath

writ out the debt. He is now writing for five or six booksellers, and he will get you sometimes, when he sits to it, a matter of fifteen shillings a day. For he is a very good pen, they say, but is apt to be idle. Some days he won't write above five hours; but at other times I have known him at it above sixteen.'—'Ay !' cries Booth; 'pray, what are his productions ? What does he write ?'— Why, sometimes.' answered Bondum, 'he writes your history books for your numbers, and sometimes your verses, your poems—what do you call them ?—and then again he writes news for your newspapers.'—'Ay, indeed ! he is a most extraordinary man, truly ! How doth he get his news here ?'—'Why, he makes it as he doth your parliament speeches for your magazines. He reads them to us sometimes over a bowl of punch. To be sure, it is all one as if one was in the Parliament House,—it is about liberty and freedom, and about the constitution of England. I say nothing for my part, for I will keep my neck out of a halter ; but faith he makes it out plainly to me that all matters are not as they should be. I am all for liberty, for my part.'—'Is that so consistent with your calling ?' cries Booth. •I thought, my friend, you had lived by depriving men of their liberty.'—'That's another matter.' cries the bailiff; 'that's according to law, and in the way of business. To be sure, men must be obliged to pay their debts, or else there would be an end of everything.' Booth desired the bailiff to give him his opinion of liberty, upon which he hesitated a moment, and then cried out, 'Oh, it is a fine thing, it is a very fine thing, and the constitution of England.' Booth told him that by the old constitution of England he had heard that men could not be arrested for debt. To which the bailiff answered that must have been in very bad times. 'Because as why.' says he, 'would it not be the hardest thing in the world if a man could not arrest another for a just and lawful debt ? Besides, sir,

you must be mistaken ; for how could that ever be ? Is not liberty the constitution of England ? Well, and is not the constitution, as a man may say,—whereby the constitution, that is the law and liberty, and all that'——

Booth had a little mercy upon the poor bailiff, when he found him rounding in this manner, and told him he had made the matter very clear. Booth then proceeded to inquire after the other gentlemen, his fellows in affliction, 10 upon which Bondum acquainted him that one of the prisoners was a poor fellow. 'He calls himself a gentleman,' said Bondum ; 'but I am sure I never saw anything genteel by him. In a week that he hath been in my house he hath drank only part of one bottle of wine. I intend to carry him to Newgate within a day or two, if he cannot find bail, which I suppose he will not be able to do ; for everybody says he is an undone man. He hath run out all he hath by losses in business, and one way or other; and he hath a wife and seven children. Here was the whole 20 family here the other day, all howling together. I never saw such a beggarly crew. I was almost ashamed to see them in my house. I thought they seemed fitter for Bridewell than any other place. To be sure, I do not reckon him as proper company for such as you, sir; but there is another prisoner in the house that I dare say you will like very much. He is indeed very much of a gentleman, and spends his money like one. I have had him only three days, and I am afraid he won't stay much longer. They say, indeed, he is a gamester ; but what is that to 30 me or to any one as long as a man appears as a gentleman ? I always love to speak by people as I find; and in my opinion, he is fit company for the greatest lord in the land; for he hath very good clothes, and money enough. He is not here for debt, but upon a judge's warrant for an assault and battery ; for the tipstaff locks up here.'

The bailiff was thus haranguing when he was interrupted by the arrival of the attorney whom the trusty serjeant had with the utmost expedition found out and despatched to the relief of his distressed friend.

Book VIII, chap. ii.

*A conversation between Dr. Harrison and others.*

THE next day Booth and his lady, with the doctor, met at Colonel James's, where Colonel Bath likewise made one of the company.

Nothing very remarkable passed at dinner, or till the ladies withdrew. During this time, however, the behaviour of Colonel James was such as gave some uneasiness to 10 Amelia, who well understood his meaning, though the particulars were too refined and subtle to be observed by any other present.

When the ladies had gone, which was as soon as Amelia could prevail on Mrs. James to depart, Colonel Bath, who had been pretty brisk with champagne at dinner, soon began to display his magnanimity. 'My brother tells me, young gentleman.' said he to Booth, 'that you have been used very ill lately by some rascals, and I have no doubt but you will do yourself justice.' 20

Booth answered that he did not know what he meant. 'Since I must mention it, then,' cries the colonel, 'I hear you have been arrested; and I think you know what satisfaction is to be required by a man of honour.'

'I beg, sir,' says the doctor, 'no more may be mentioned of that matter. I am convinced no satisfaction will be required of the captain till he is able to give it.'

'I do not understand what you mean by able.' cries the colonel. To which the doctor answered that it was of too tender a nature to speak more of. 30

'Give me your hand, doctor.' cries the colonel; 'I see you are a man of honour though you wear a gown. It is, as you say, a matter of a tender nature. Nothing, indeed, is so tender as a man's honour. Curse my liver if any man—I mean, that is, if any gentleman—was to arrest me, I would as surely cut his throat as'—

'How, sir!' said the doctor, 'would you compensate one breach of the law by a much greater, and pay your debts by committing murder?'

10 'Why do you mention law between gentlemen?' says the colonel. 'A man of honour wears his law by his side; and can the resentment of an affront make a gentleman guilty of murder? and what greater affront can one man cast upon another than by arresting him? I am convinced that he who would put up an arrest would put up a slap in the face.'

Here the colonel looked extremely fierce, and the divine stared with astonishment at this doctrine; when Booth, who well knew the impossibility of opposing the colonel's  
20 humour with success, began to play with it; and having first conveyed a private wink to the doctor, he said there might be cases undoubtedly where such an affront ought to be resented; but that there were others where any resentment was impracticable: 'As, for instance,' said he, 'where the man is arrested by a woman.'

'I could not be supposed to mean that case.' cries the colonel; 'and you are convinced I did not mean it.'

'To put an end to this discourse at once, sir.' said the doctor, 'I was the plaintiff at whose suit this gentleman  
30 was arrested.'

'Was you so, sir?' cries the colonel; 'then I have no more to say. Women and the clergy are upon the same footing. The long-robed gentry are exempted from the laws of honour.'

'I do not thank you for that exemption, sir.' cries the

doctor; 'and if honour and fighting are, as they seem to be, synonymous words with you, I believe there are some clergymen who, in defence of their religion, or their country, or their friend, the only justifiable causes of fighting, except bare self-defence, would fight as bravely as yourself, colqnel; and that without being paid for it.'

'Sir, you are privileged.' says the colqnel with great dignity ; 'and you have my leave to say what you please. I respect your order, and you cannot offend me.'

'I will not offend you, colqnel,' cries the doctor; 'and our order is very much obliged to you, since you profess so much respect to us, and pay none to our Master.'

'What master, sir ?' said the colqnel.

'That Master,' answered the doctor, 'who hath expressly forbidden all that cutting of throats to which you discover so much inclination.'

'Oh! your servant, sir,' said the colqnel; 'I see what you are driving at; but you shall not persuade me to think that religion forces me to be a coward.'

'I detest and despise the name as much as you can,' cries the doctor ; 'but you have a wrong idea of the word, colqnel. What were all the Greeks and Romans ? were these cowards ? and yet did you ever hear of this butchery, which we call duelling, among them ?'

'Yes, indeed have I,' cries the colqnel. 'What else is all Mr. Pope's Homer full of but duels ? Did not what's his name, one of the Agamemnons, fight with that paltry rascal Paris? and Diomede with what d'ye call him there ? and Hector with, I forget his name, he that was Achilles's bosom-friend; and afterwards with Achilles himself ? Nay, and in Dryden's Virgil is there anything almost besides fighting ?'

'You are a man of learning, colqnel,' cries the doctor; 'but'—

'I thank you for that compliment,' said the colqnel.

'No, sir, I do not pretend to learning; but I have some little reading, and I am not ashamed to own it.'

'But are you sure, colonel,' cries the doctor, 'that you have not made a small mistake ? for I am apt to believe both Mr. Pope and Mr. Dryden (though I cannot say I ever read a word of either of them) speak of wars between nations, and not of private duels ; for of the latter I do not remember one single instance in all the Greek and Roman story. In short, it is a modern custom introduced by  
10 barbarous nations since the times of Christianity ; though it is a direct and audacious defiance of the Christian law, and is consequently much more sinful in us than it would have been in the heathens.'

'Drink about, doctor,' cries the colonel; 'and let us call a new cause, for I perceive we shall never agree on this. You are a churchman, and I don't expect you to speak your mind.'

'We are both of the same church, I hope,' cries the doctor.

20 'I am of the Church of England, sir,' answered the colonel, 'and will fight for it to the last drop of my blood.'

'It is very generous of you, colonel,' cries the doctor, 'to fight so zealously for a religion by which you are to be damned.'

'It is well for you, doctor,' cries the colonel, 'that you wear a gown ; for, by all the dignity of a man, if any other person had said the words you have just uttered, I would have made him eat them ; ay, d—n me, and my sword into the bargain.'

30 Booth began to be apprehensive that this dispute might grow too warm ; in which case he feared that the colonel's honour, together with the champagne, might hurry him so far as to forget the respect due, and which he professed to pay, to the sacerdotal robe. Booth therefore interposed between the disputants, and said that the colonel had very

rightly proposed to call a new subject; for that it was impossible to reconcile accepting a challenge with the Christian religion, or refusing it with the modern notion of honour. 'And you must allow it, doctor.' said he, 'to be a very hard injunction for a man to become infamous ; and more especially for a soldier, who is to lose his bread into the bargain.'

'Ay, sir.' says the colonel with an air of triumph, 'what say you to that ? '

'Why, I say.' cries the doctor, 'that it is much harder 10 to be damned on the other side.'

'That may be.' said the colonel; 'but d—n me if I would take an affront of any man breathing for all that. And yet I believe myself to be as good a Christian as wears a head. My maxim is, never to give an affront, nor ever to take one ; and I say that it is the maxim of a good Christian, and no man shall ever persuade me to the contrary.'

'Well, sir.' said the doctor, 'since that is your resolution, I hope no man will ever give you an affront.'

'I am obliged to you for your hope, doctor.' cries the 20 colonel with a sneer; 'and he that doth will be obliged to you for lending him your gown ; for, by the dignity of a man, nothing out of petticoats, I believe, dares affront me.'

Colonel James had not hitherto joined in the discourse. In truth, his thoughts had been otherwise employed; nor is it very difficult for the reader to guess what had been the subject of them. Being waked, however, from his reverie, and having heard the two or three last speeches, he turned to his brother, and asked him why he would introduce such a topic of conversation before a gentleman of Doctor 30 Harrison's character ?

'Brother.' cried Bath, 'I own it was wrong, and I ask the doctor's pardon ; I know not how it happened to arise ; for you know, brother, I am not used to talk of these matters. They are generally poltroons that do. I think

I need not be beholden to my tongue to declare I am none. I have shown myself in a line of battle. I believe there is no man will deny that; I believe I may say no man dares deny that I have done my duty.'

The colonel was thus proceeding to prove that his prowess was neither the subject of his discourse nor the object of his vanity, when a servant entered and summoned the company to tea with the ladies; a summons which Colonel James instantly obeyed, and was followed by all the rest,  
x0 But as the tea-table conversation, though extremely delightful to those who are engaged in it, may probably appear somewhat dull to the reader, we will here put an end to the chapter.

Book IX, chap. iii.

*In which Amelia appears in a light more amiable than gay.*

WE will now return to Amelia, whom we left in some perturbation of mind departing from Mrs. Atkinson.

Though she had before walked through the streets in a very improper dress with Mrs. Atkinson, she was unwilling, especially as she was alone, to return in the same manner. Indeed, she was scarce able to walk in her present condition;  
20 for the case of poor Atkinson had much affected her tender heart, and her eyes had overflowed with many tears.

It occurred likewise to her at present that she had not a single shilling in her pocket or at home to provide food for herself and her family. In this situation she resolved to go immediately to the pawnbroker whither she had gone before, and to deposit her picture for what she could raise upon it. She then immediately took a chair and **put** her design in execution.

The intrinsic value of the gold in which this picture was  
30 set, and of the little diamonds which surrounded it, amounted to nine guineas. This therefore was advanced to

her, and the prettiest face in the world (such is often the fate of beauty) was deposited, as of no value, into the bargain.

When she came home she found the following letter from Mrs. Atkinson :

' My DEAREST MADAM,—As I know your goodness, I could not delay a moment acquainting you with the happy turn of my affairs since you went. The doctor, on his return to visit my husband, has assured me that the captain was on the recovery, and in very little danger, 10 and I really think he is since mended. I hope to wait on you soon with better news. Heaven bless you, dear madam ! and believe me to be, with the utmost sincerity, your most obliged, obedient, humble servant,

ATKINSON.'

Amelia was really pleased with this letter, and now, it being past four o'clock, she despaired of seeing her husband till the evening. She therefore provided some tarts for her children, and then, eating nothing but a slice of bread and butter herself, she began to prepare for the captain's 20 supper.

There were two things of which her husband was particularly fond, which, though it may bring the simplicity of his taste into great contempt with some of my readers, I will venture to name. These were a fowl and egg sauce and mutton broth, both which Amelia immediately purchased.

As soon as the clock struck seven the good creature went down into the kitchen, and began to exercise her talents in cookery, of which she was a great mistress, as she was of 30 every economical office from the highest to the lowest; and as no woman could outshine her in a drawing-room, so none could make the drawing-room itself shine brighter than Amelia. And, if I may speak a bold truth, I question

whether it be possible to view this fine creature in a more amiable light than while she was dressing her husband's supper, with her little children playing round her.

It was now half an hour past eight, and the meat almost ready, the table likewise neatly spread with materials borrowed from her landlady, and she began to grow a little uneasy at Booth's not returning, when a sudden knock at the door roused her spirits, and she cried, ' There, my dear, there is your good papa ;' at which words she darted  
10 swiftly up stairs and opened the door to her husband.

She desired her husband to walk up to the dining-room, and she would come to him in an instant; for she was desirous to increase his pleasure by surprising him with his two favourite dishes. She then went down again to the kitchen, where the maid of the house undertook to send up the supper, and she with her children returned to Booth.

He then told her concisely what had happened with relation to the girl; to which she scarce made any answer, but asked him if he had not dined. He assured her he had  
20 not ate a morsel the whole day.—'Well.' says she, 'my dear, I am a fellow-sufferer; but we shall both enjoy our supper the more ; for I have made a little provision for you, as I guessed what might be the case. I have got you a bottle of wine too. And here is a clean cloth and a smiling countenance, my dear Will. Indeed, I am in unusual good spirits to-night, and I have made a promise to the children which you must confirm ; I have promised to let them sit up this one night to supper with us. Nay, don't look so serious: cast off all uneasy thoughts; I have a present  
30 for you here—no matter how I came by it.' At which words she put eight guineas into his hand, crying, 'Come, my dear Bill, be gay—Fortune will yet be kind to us—at least let us be happy this night. Indeed, the pleasures of many women during their whole lives will not amount to my happiness this night if you will be in good humour.'

Booth fetched a deep sigh, and cried, 'How unhappy am I, my dear, that I can't sup with you to-night !'

As in the delightful month of June, when the sky is all serene, and the whole face of nature looks with a pleasing and smiling aspect, suddenly a dark cloud spreads itself over the hemisphere, the sun vanishes from our sight, and every object is obscured by a dark and horrid gloom ; so happened it to Amelia : the joy that had enlightened every feature disappeared in a moment; the lustre forsook her shining eyes, and all the little loves that played and wanted in her cheeks hung their drooping heads, and with a faint trembling voice she repeated her husband's words, ' Not sup with me to-night, my dear ! '

'Indeed, my dear,' answered he, 'I cannot. I need not tell you how uneasy it makes me, or that I am as much disappointed as yourself ; but I am engaged to sup abroad. I have absolutely given my honour; and besides, it is on business of importance.'

'My dear,' said she, 'I say no more. I am convinced you would not willingly sup from me. I own it is a very particular disappointment to me to-night, when I had proposed unusual pleasure ; but the same reason which is sufficient to you ought to be so to me.'

Booth made his wife a compliment on her ready compliance, and then asked her what she intended by giving him that money, or how she came by it.

'I intend, my dear,' said she, 'to give it you; that is all. As to the manner in which I came by it, you know, Billy, that it is not very material. You are well assured I got it by no means which would displease you ; and perhaps another time I may tell you.'

Booth asked no further questions; but he returned it her, and insisted on her taking all but one guinea, saying she was the safest treasurer. He then promised her to make all the haste home in his power, and he hoped, he said, to

be with her in an hour and half at the furthest, and then took his leave.

When he was gone, the poor disappointed Amelia sat down to supper with her children, with whose company she was forced to console herself for the absence of her husband.

Book XI, chap. viii.

## A JOURNEY FROM THIS WORLD TO THE NEXT

### *The Palace of Death.*

THESE relations were no sooner over, than one of the company informed us, we were approaching to the most noble building he had ever beheld, and which we learned from our coachman, was the Palace of Death. Its outside, 10 indeed, appeared extremely magnificent. Its structure was of the gothic order: vast beyond imagination, the whole pile consisting of black marble. Rows of immense yews form an amphitheatre round it of such height and thickness, that no ray of the sun ever perforates this grove ; where black eternal darkness would reign, was it not excluded by innumerable lamps, which are placed in pyramids round the grove. So that the distant reflection they cast on the palace, which is plentifully gilt with gold on the outside, is inconceivably solemn. To this I may add 20 the hollow murmur of winds constantly heard from the grove, and the very remote sound of roaring waters. Indeed, every circumstance seems to conspire to fill the mind with horror and consternation as we approach to this palace. Which we had scarce time to admire, before our vehicle stopped at the gate, and we were desired to alight in order to pay our respects to his most mortal majesty, (this being the title which it seems he assumes.) The outward court was full of soldiers, and, indeed, the

whole very much resembled the state of an earthly monarch, only more magnificent. We passed through several courts, into a vast hall, which led to a spacious stair-case, at the bottom of which stood two pages, with very grave countenances ; whom I recollected afterwards to have formerly been very eminent undertakers, and were in reality the only dismal faces I saw here : for this palace, so awful and tremendous without, is all gay and sprightly within, so that we soon lost all those dismal and gloomy ideas we had contracted in approaching it. Indeed, the still silence 10 maintained among the guards and attendants resembled rather the stately pomp of eastern courts; but there was on every face such symptoms of content and happiness, that diffused an air of cheerfulness all round. We ascended the stair-case, and passed through many noble apartments, whose walls were adorned with various battle-pieces in tapestry, and which we spent some time in observing. These brought to my mind those beautiful ones I had in my life-time seen at Blenheim, nor could I prevent my curiosity from enquiring where the duke of Marlborough's 20 victories were placed; (for I think they were almost the only battles of any eminence I had read of, which I did not meet with :) when the skeleton of a beef-eater shaking his head, told me, a certain gentleman, one Lewis the 14th, who had great interest with his most mortal majesty, had prevented any such from being hung up there; besides, (says he) his majesty hath no great respect for that duke, **for** he never sent him a subject he could keep from him, nor did he ever get a single subject by his means, but he lost 1000 others for him. We found the presence- 30 chamber, at our entrance, very full, and a buz ran through it, as in all assemblies, before the principal figure enters; for his majesty was not yet come out. At the bottom of the room were two persons in close conference, one with **a square black cap on his head, and the other with a robe**

embroidered with flames of fire. These, I was informed, were a judge long since dead, and an inquisitor-general. I overheard them disputing with great eagerness, whether the one had hanged, or the other burnt the most. While I was listening to this dispute which seemed to be in no likelihood of a speedy decision, the emperor entered the room, and placed himself between two figures, one of which was remarkable for the roughness, and the other for the beauty of his appearance. These were, it seems, Charles 10 the 12th of Sweden, and Alexander of Macedon. I was at too great a distance to hear any of the conversation, so could only satisfy my curiosity by contemplating the several personages present, of whose names I informed myself by a page, who looked as pale and meagre as any court page in the other world, but was somewhat more modest. He shewed me here two or three Turkish emperors, to whom his most mortal majesty seemed to express much civility. Here were likewise several of the Roman emperors, among whom none seemed so much caressed as Caligula, on 20 account, as the page told me, of his pious wish, that he could send all the Romans hither at one blow. The reader may be perhaps surprized, that I saw no physicians here; as indeed I was myself, till informed that they were all departed to the city of diseases, where they were busy in an experiment to purge away the immortality of the soul.

It would be tedious to recollect the many individuals I saw here: but I cannot omit a fat figure well drest in the French fashion, who was received with extraordinary complacency by the emperor, and whom I imagined to be 30 Lewis the 14th himself; but the page acquainted me he was a celebrated French cook.

We were at length introduced to the royal presence, and had the honour to kiss fiands. His majesty asked us a few questions, not very material to relate, and soon after retired.

**When we returned into the yard, we found our caravan**

ready to set out, at which we all declared ourselves well pleased; for we were sufficiently tired with the formality of a court, notwithstanding its outward splendor and magnificence.

Book I, chap. iv.

*The adventures which the author met on his first  
entrance into Elysium.*

WE pursued our way through a delicious grove of orange-trees, where I saw infinite numbers of spirits, every one of whom I knew, and was known by them : (for spirits here know one another by intuition.) I presently met a little daughter, whom I had lost several years before. Good Gods ! what words can describe the raptures, the melting passionate tenderness, with which we kissed each other, continuing in our embrace, with the most extatic joy, a space which, if time had been measured here as on earth, could not be less than half a year.

The first spirit, with whom I entered into discourse, was the famous Leonidas of Sparta. I acquainted him with the honours which had been done him by a celebrated poet of our nation ; to which he answered, he was very much obliged to him.

We were presently afterwards entertained with the most delicious voice I had ever heard, accompanied by a violin, equal to signior Piantanida. I presently discovered the musician and songster to be Orpheus and Sappho.

Old Homer was present at this concert (if I may so call it), and madam Dacier sat in his lap. He asked much after Mr. Pope, and said he was very desirous of seeing him ; for that he had read his *Iliad* in his translation with almost as much delight, as he believed he had given others in the original. I had the curiosity to enquire whether he **had** really writ that poem in detached pieces, and sung **it about**

as ballads all over Greece, according to the report which went of him ? He smiled at my question, and asked me whether there appeared any connection in the poem ; for if there did, he thought I might answer myself. I then importuned him to acquaint me in which of the cities, which contended for the honour of his birth, he was really born ? To which he answered ' Upon my soul, I can't tell.'

Virgil then came up to me, with Mr. Addison under  
 10 his arm. ' Well, Sir.' said he, ' how many translations have these few last years produced of my *JEneid* ?' I told him, I believed several, but I could not possibly remember; for that I had never read any but Dr. Trapp's.—'Ay.' said he, ' that is a curious piece indeed!' I then acquainted him with the discovery made by Mr. Warburton of the Eleusinian mysteries couched in his 6th book. ' What mysteries ?' said Mr. Addison. ' The Eleusinian.' answered Virgil, ' which I have disclosed in my 6th book.' ' How!' replied Addison. ' You never mentioned a word of any such mysteries to me  
 20 in all our acquaintance.' ' I thought it was unnecessary.' cried the other, ' to a man of your infinite learning: besides, you always told me, you perfectly understood my meaning.' Upon this I thought the critic looked a little out of countenance, and turned aside to a very merry spirit, one Dick Steele, who embraced him, and told him, ' He had been the greatest man upon earth ; that he readily resigned up all the merit of his own works to him.' Upon which, Addison gave him a gracious smile, and clapping him on the back with much solemnity, cried out, ' Well said, Dick.'

30 I then observed Shakespeare standing between Betterton and Booth, and deciding a difference between those two great actors, concerning the placing an accent in one of his lines : this was disputed on both sides with a warmth, which surprized me in Elysium, till I discovered by intuition, that every soul retained its principal characteristic,

being, indeed, its very essence. The line was that celebrated one in *Othello*;

*Put out the light, and then put out the light,*

according to Betterton. Mr. Booth contended to have it thus;

*Put out the light, and then put out THE light.*

I could not help offering my conjecture on this occasion, and suggested it might perhaps be,

*Put out the light, and then put out THY light*

Another hinted a reading very sophisticated in my opinion, 10

*Put out the light, and then put out THEE, light;*

making *light* to be the vocative case. Another would have altered the last word, and read,

*Put out thy light, and then put oat thy sight*

But Betterton said, if the text was to be disturbed, he saw no reason why a word might not be changed as well as a letter, and instead of 'put out thy light', you might read 'put out thy eyes'. At last it was agreed on all sides, to refer the matter to the decision of Shakespeare himself, who delivered his sentiments as follows: 'Faith, 20 gentlemen, it is so long since I wrote the line, I have forgot my meaning. This I know, could I have dreamt so much nonsense would have been talked, and writ about it, I would have blotted it out of my works: for I am sure, if any of these be my meaning, it doth me very little honour.'

He was then interrogated concerning some other ambiguous passages in his works; but he declined any satisfactory answer: Saying, if Mr. Theobald had not writ about it sufficiently, there were three or four more new 30 editions of his plays coming out, which he hoped would satisfy every one: Concluding, 'I marvel nothing so much as that men will gird themselves at discovering obscure beauties in an author. Certes the greatest and most pregnant beauties are ever the plainest and most evidently

striking; and when two meanings of a passage can in the least balance our judgements which to prefer, I hold it matter of unquestionable certainty, that neither of them is worth a farthing.'

From his works our conversation turned on his monument; upon which, Shakespeare, shaking his sides, and addressing himself to Milton, cried out; 'On my word, brother Milton, they have brought a noble set of poets together; they would have been hanged erst have convened  
10 such a company at their tables, when alive.' 'True, brother,' answered Milton, 'unless we had been as incapable of eating then as we are now.'

Book I, chap. viii.

## LIFE OF JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT

AT length the morning came, which Fortune at his birth had resolutely ordained for the consummation of our hero's GREATNESS : He had himself indeed modestly declined the public honours she intended him, and had taken a quantity of laudanum, in order to retire quietly off the stage ; but we have already observed in the course of our wonderful history, that to struggle against this lady's decrees is vain and impotent: and whether she hath determined you  
20 shall be hanged or be a prime minister, it is in either case lost labour to resist. Laudanum, therefore, being unable to stop the breath of our hero, which the fruit of hemp-seed, and not the spirit of poppy-seed, was to overcome, he was at the usual hour attended by the proper gentlemen appointed for that purpose, and acquainted that the cart was ready. On this occasion he exerted that GREATNESS of courage, which hath been so much celebrated in other heroes ; **and** knowing it was impossible to resist, he gravely

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declared, he would attend them. He then descended to that room where the fetters of GREAT MEN are knocked off, in a most solemn and ceremonious manner. Then shaking hands with his friends (to wit, those who were conducting him to the tree) and drinking their healths in a bumper of brandy, he ascended the cart, where he was no sooner seated, than he received the acclamations of the multitude, who were highly ravished with his GREATNESS.

The cart now moved slowly on, being preceded by a troop of horse guards bearing javelins in their hands, through streets lined with crowds all admiring the great behaviour of our hero, who rode on sometimes sighing, sometimes wearing, sometimes singing or whistling, as his humour varied.

When he came to the tree of glory, he was welcomed with an universal shout of the people, who were there assembled in prodigious numbers, to behold a sight much more rare in populous cities than one would reasonably imagine it should be, viz. the proper catastrophe of a GREAT MAN.

But tho\* envy was, through fear, obliged to join the general voice in applause on this occasion, there were not wanting some who maligned this completion of glory, which was now about to be fulfilled to our hero, and endeavoured to prevent it by knocking him on the head as he stood under the tree, while the ordinary was performing his last office. They therefore began to batter the cart with stones, brick-bats, dirt, and all manner of mischievous weapons, some of which erroneously playing on the robes of the ecclesiastic, made him so expeditious in his repetition, that with wonderful alacrity he had ended almost in an instant, and conveyed himself into a place of safety in a hackney coach where he waited the conclusion with the temper of mind described in these verses,

*Suave mart magno, turbantibus aequora ventis,  
E terra d'alterius magnum spectare laborem*

We must not however omit one circumstance, as it serves to shew the most admirable conservation of character in our hero to his last moment, which was, that whilst the ordinary was busy in his ejaculations, Wild, in the midst of the shower of stones, &c. which played upon him, applied his hands to the parson's pocket, and emptied it of his bottle-screw, which he carried out of the world in his hand.

The ordinary being now descended from the cart, Wild had just opportunity to cast his eyes around the crowd io and give them a hearty curse, when immediately the horses moved on, and with universal applause our hero swung out of this world.

Thus fell Jonathan Wild the GREAT, by a death as glorious as his life had been, and which was so truly agreeable to it, that the latter must have been deplorably maimed and imperfect without the former ; a death which hath been alone wanting to complete the characters of several ancient and modern heroes, whose histories would then have been read with much greater pleasure by the 20 wisest in all ages. Indeed we could almost wish, that whenever Fortune seems wantonly to deviate from her purpose, and leaves her work imperfect in this particular, the historian would indulge himself in the licence of poetry and romance, and even do a violence to truth, to oblige his reader with a page which must be the most delightful in all his history, and which could never fail of producing an instructive moral.

Narrow minds may possibly have some reason to be ashamed of going this way out of the world, if their con- 30 sciences can fly in their faces, and assure them they have not merited such an honour; but he must be a fool who is ashamed of being hanged, who is not weak enough to be ashamed of having deserved it.

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*The character of our hero, and the conclusion of this history.*

WE will now endeavour to draw the character of this GREAT MAN, and by bringing together those several features as it were of his mind, which lie scattered up and down in this history, to present our readers with a perfect picture of GREATNESS.

Jonathan Wild had every qualification necessary to form a GREAT MAN. As his most powerful and predominant passion was ambition, so nature had, with consummate propriety, adapted all his faculties to the attaining those glorious ends to which this passion directed him. He was 10 extremely ingenious in inventing designs ; artful in contriving the means to accomplish his purposes, and resolute in executing them : For, as the most exquisite cunning, and most undaunted boldness qualified him for any undertaking, so was he not restrained by any of those weaknesses which disappoint the views of mean and vulgar souls, and which are comprehended in one general term of honesty, which is a corruption of *Honosly*, a word derived from what the Greeks call an *Ass*. He was entirely free from those low vices of modesty and good-nature, which, as he 20 said, implied a total negation of human GREATNESS, and were the only qualities which absolutely rendered a man incapable of making a considerable figure in the world. His lust was inferior only to his ambition ; but, as for what simple people call love, he knew not what it was. His avarice was immense ; but it was of the rapacious not of the tenacious kind ; his rapaciousness was indeed so violent, that nothing ever contented him but the whole ; for, however considerable the share was, which his coadjutors allowed him of a booty, he was restless in inventing 30 means to make himself master of the smallest pittance reserved by them. He said, laws were made for the use of *Prigs* only, and to secure their property ; they were

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never therefore more perverted, than when their edge was turned against these ; but that this generally happened through their want of sufficient dexterity. The character which he most valued himself upon, and which he principally honoured in others, was that of hypocrisy. His opinion was, that no one could carry *Priggism* very far without it; for which reason, he said, there was little GREATNESS to be expected in a man who acknowledged his vices; but always much to be hoped from him, who pro-  
10 fessed great virtues ; wherefore, though he would always shun the person whom he discovered guilty of a good action, yet he was never deterred by a good character, which was more commonly the effect of profession than of action : For which reason, he himself was always very liberal of honest professions, and had as much virtue and goodness in his mouth as a saint ; never in the least scrupling to swear by his honour, even to those who knew him the best; nay, tho' he held good-nature and modesty in the highest contempt, he constantly practised the affecta-  
20 tion of both, and recommended this to others, whose welfare, on his own account, he wished well to. He laid down several maxims, as the certain methods of attaining GREATNESS, to which, in his own pursuit of it, he constantly adhered. As

1. Never to do more mischief to another, than was necessary to the effecting his purpose ; for that mischief was too precious a thing to be thrown away.
2. To know no distinction of men from affection ; but to sacrifice all with equal readiness to his interest.
- 30 3. Never to communicate more of an affair than was necessary, to the person who was to execute it.
4. Not to trust him, who hath deceived you, nor who knows he hath been deceived by you.
5. To forgive no enemy; but to be cautious and often dilatory in revenge.

6. To shun poverty and distress, and to ally himself as close as possible to power and riches.
7. To maintain a constant gravity in his countenance and behaviour, and to affect wisdom on all occasions.
8. To foment eternal jealousies in his gang, one of another.
9. Never to reward any one equal to his merit; but always to insinuate that the reward was above it.
10. That all men were knaves or fools, and much the greater number a composition of both. 10
11. That a good name, like money, must be parted with, or at least greatly risked, in order to bring the owner any advantage.
12. That virtues, like precious stones, were easily counterfeited; that the counterfeits in both cases adorned the wearer equally, and that very few had knowledge or discernment sufficient to distinguish the counterfeit jewel from the real.
13. That many men were undone by not going deep enough in roguery ; as in gaming any man may be 20 a loser who doth not play the whole game.
14. That men proclaim their own virtues, as shopkeepers expose their goods, in order to profit by them.
15. That the heart was the proper seat of hatred, and the countenance of affection and friendship.

He had many more of the same kind, all equally good with these, and which were after his decease found in his study, as the twelve excellent and celebrated rules were in that of king Charles the first; for he never promulgated them in his life-time, not having them constantly in his 30 mouth, as some grave persons have the rules of virtue and morality, without paying the least regard to them in their actions : whereas our hero, by a constant and steady adherence to his rules in conforming every thing he did **to them, acquired at length a settled habit of walking by**

them, till at last he was in no danger of inadvertently going out of the way; and by these means he arrived at that degree of GREATNESS, which few have equalled; none, we may say, have exceeded: For, tho' it must be allowed that there have been some few heroes, who have done greater mischiefs to mankind, such as those who have betrayed the liberty of their country to others, or have undermined and overpowered it themselves; or conquerors who have impoverished, pillaged, sacked, burned, io and destroyed the countries and cities of their fellow creatures, from no other provocation than that of glory; i.e. as the tragic poet calls it,

———*a privilege to kill,*  
*A strong temptation to do bravely ill;*

yet, if we consider it in the light wherein actions are placed in this line,

*Lcetius est, quoties magno tibi constat honestum;*

when we see our hero, without the least assistance or pretence, setting himself at the head of a gang, which he 20 had not any shadow of right to govern; if we view him maintaining absolute power, and exercising tyranny over a lawless crew, contrary to all law, but that of his own will; if we consider him setting up an open trade publickly, in defiance, not only of the laws of his country, but of the common sense of his countrymen; if we see him first contriving the robbery of others, and again the defrauding the very robbers of that booty, which they had ventured their necks to acquire, and which without any hazard they might have retained: Here sure he must 30 appear admirable, and we may challenge not only the truth of history, but almost the latitude of fiction to equal his glory.

Nor had he any of those flaws in his character, which, though they have been commended by weak writers, have

(as I hinted in the beginning of this history) by the judicious reader been censured and despised. Such was the clemency of Alexander and Caesar, which nature hath as grossly erred in giving them, as a painter would, who should dress a peasant in robes of state, or give the nose, or any other feature of a Venus, to a satyr. What had the destroyers of mankind, that glorious pair, one of whom came into the world to usurp the dominion, and abolish the constitution of his own country ; the other to conquer, enslave, and rule over the whole world, at least as much 10 as was well known to him, and the shortness of his life would give him leave to visit; what had, I say, such as these to do with clemency ? Who cannot see the absurdity and contradiction of mixing such an ingredient with those noble and great qualities I have before mentioned. Now in Wild, every thing was truly GREAT, almost without alloy, as his imperfections (for surely some small ones he had) were only such as served to denominate him a human creature, of which kind none ever arrived at consummate excellence : but surely his whole behaviour to his friend 20 Heartfree is a convincing proof, that the true iron or steel GREATNESS of his heart was not debased by any softer metal. Indeed while GREATNESS consists in power, pride, insolence, and doing mischief to mankind;—to speak out,—while a GREAT man and a GREAT rogue are synonymous terms, so long shall Wild stand unrivalled on the pinnacle of GREATNESS. Nor must we omit here, as the finishing of his character, what indeed ought to be remembered on his tomb or his statue, the conformity above mentioned of his death to his life ; and that Jonathan Wild the Great, 30 after all his mighty exploits, was what so few GREAT men can accomplish—hanged by the neck 'till he was dead.

Book IV, chaps, xiv-xv.

# AN ENQUIRY INTO THE CAUSES OF THE LATE INCREASE OF ROBBERS

## *Introduction*

THE great increase of robberies within these few years is an evil which to me appears to deserve some attention ; and the rather as it seems (tho' already become so flagrant) not yet to have arrived to that height of which it is capable, and which it is likely to attain : For diseases in the political, as in the natural body, seldom fail going on to their crisis, especially when nourished and encouraged by faults in the constitution. In fact, I make no doubt, but that the streets of this town, and the roads leading to  
10 it, will shortly be impassable without the utmost hazard; nor are we threatened with seeing less dangerous gangs of rogues among us, than those which the Italians call the Banditti.

Should this ever happen to be the case, we shall have sufficient reason to lament that remissness by which this evil was suffered to grow to so great a height. All distempers, if I may once more resume the allusion, the sooner they are opposed, admit of the easier and the safer cure. The great difficulty of extirpating desperate gangs of  
20 robbers, when once collected into a body, appears from our own history in former times. France hath given us a later example in the long reign of Cartouche, and his Banditti; and this under an absolute monarchy, which affords much more speedy and efficacious remedies against these political disorders, than can be administered in a free state, whose forms of correction are extremely slow and uncertain, and whose punishments are the mildest and the most void of terror of any other in the known world.

For my own part, I cannot help regarding these depredations in a most serious light: nor can I help wondering that a nation so jealous of her liberties, that from the slightest cause, and often without any cause at all, we are always murmuring at our superiors, should tamely and quietly support the invasion of her properties by a few of the lowest and vilest among us : doth not this situation in reality level us with the most enslaved countries ? If I am to be assaulted, and pillaged, and plundered ; if I can neither sleep in my own house, nor walk the streets, nor 10 travel in safety; is not my condition almost equally bad whether a licenced or unlicenced rogue, a dragoon or a robber, be the person who assaults and plunders me ? The only difference which I can perceive is, that the latter evil appears to be more easy to remove.

If this be, as I clearly think it is, the case, surely there are few matters of more general concern than to put an immediate end to these outrages, which are already become so notorious, and which, as I have observed, do seem to threaten us with such a dangerous increase. What indeed may 20 not the public apprehend, when they are informed as an unquestionable fact, that there is at this time a great gang of rogues, whose number falls little short of a hundred, who are incorporated in one body, have officers and a treasury ; and have reduced theft and robbery into a regular system. There are of this society men who appear in all disguises, and mix in most companies. Nor are they better versed in every art of cheating, thieving, and robbing, than they are armed with every method of evading the law, if they should ever be discovered, and an attempt made to bring 30 them to justice. Here, if they fail in rescuing the prisoner, or (which seldom happens) in bribing or deterring the prosecutor, they have for their last resource some rotten members of the law to forge a defence for them, and a great number of false witnesses ready to support it.

Having seen the most convincing proofs of all this, I cannot help thinking it high time to put some stop to the further progress of such impudent and audacious insults, not only on the properties of the subject, but on the national justice, and on the laws themselves. The means of accomplishing this (the best which suggest themselves to me) I shall submit to the public consideration, after having first enquired into the causes of the present growth of this evil, and whence we have great reason to io apprehend its further increase. Some of these I am too well versed in the affairs of this world to expect to see removed ; but there are others, which, without being over sanguine, we may hope to remedy ; and thus perhaps one ill consequence, at least, of the more stubborn political diseases may cease.

### *Gin Drinking*

... IF therefore it be thought proper to suppress this vice, the legislature must once more take the matter into their hands ; and to this, perhaps, they will be the more inclined, when it comes to their knowledge, that a new kind of 20 drunkenness, unknown to our ancestors, is lately sprung up amongst us, and which, if not put a stop to, will infallibly destroy a great part of the inferior people.

The drunkenness I here intend, is that acquired by the strongest intoxicating liquors, and particularly by that poison called *gin* ; which, I have great reason to think, is the principal sustenance (if it may be so called) of more than an hundred thousand people in this metropolis. Many of these wretches there are, who swallow pints of this poison within the twenty-four hours ; the dreadful effects 30 of which I have the misfortune every day to see, and to smell too. But I have no need to insist on my own credit, or on that of my informers; the great revenue arising

## INCREASE OF ROBBERS

from the tax on this liquor (the consumption of which is almost wholly confined to the lowest order of people) will prove the quantity consumed better than any other evidence.

Now, besides the moral ill consequences occasioned by this drunkenness, with which, in this treatise, I profess not to deal; how greatly must this be supposed to contribute to those political mischiefs which this Essay proposes to remedy ? This will appear from considering, that however cheap this vile potion may be, the poorer sort will not 10 easily be able to supply themselves with the quantities they desire ; for the intoxicating draught itself disqualifies them from using any honest means to acquire it, at the same time that it removes all sense of fear and shame, and emboldens them to commit every wicked and desperate enterprize. Many instances of this I see daily : wretches are often brought before me, charged with theft and robbery, whom I am forced to confine before they are in a condition to be examined; and when they have afterwards become sober, I have plainly perceived, from the 20 state of the case, that the *gin* alone was the cause of the transgression, and have been sometimes sorry that I was obliged to commit them to prison. . . .

But if the difficulty be really insuperable, or if there be any political reason against the total demolition of this poison, so" strong as to countervail the preservation of the morals, health, and beings of such numbers of his majesty's subjects, let us, however, in some measure, palliate the evil, and lessen its immediate ill consequences, by a more effectual provision against drunkenness than any 30 we have at present, in which the method of conviction is too tedious and dilatory. Some little care **on this head** is surely necessary: for though the increase of thieves, and the destruction of morality; though the loss **of our labourers, our** sailors, and our soldiers, **should not be**

sufficient reasons, there is one which seems to be unanswerable, and that is, the loss of our gin-drinkers : since, should the drinking this poison be continued in its present height during the next twenty years, there will, by that time, be very few of the common people left to drink it.

Sect. ii.

### *Public Executions*

... To effect this, it seems that the execution should be as soon as possible after the commission and conviction of the crime ; for if this be of an atrocious kind, the resentment of mankind being warm, would pursue the criminal  
10 to his last end, and all pity for the offender would be lost in detestation of the offence. Whereas, when executions are delayed so long as they sometimes are, the punishment and not the crime is considered; and no good mind can avoid compassionating a set of wretches, who are put to death we know not why, unless, as it almost appears, to make a holiday for, and to entertain, the mob.

*Secondly*, It should be in some degree private. And here the poets will again assist us. Foreigners have found fault with the cruelty of the English drama, in representing  
20 frequent murders upon the stage. In fact, this is not only cruel, but highly injudicious : a murder behind the scenes, if the poet knows how to manage it, will affect the audience with greater terror than if it was acted before their eyes. Of this we have an instance in the murder of the king in *Macbeth*, at which, when Garrick acts the part, it is scarce an hyperbole to say, I have seen the hair of the audience stand on end. Terror hath, I believe, been carried higher by this single instance, than by all the blood which hath been spilt on the stage.—To the poets I may add the  
30 priests, whose politics have never been doubted. Those of Egypt in particular, where the sacred mysteries were **first** devised, well knew the use of hiding from the eyes

of the vulgar, what they intended should inspire them with the greatest awe and dread. The mind of man is so much more capable of magnifying than his eye, that I question whether every object is not lessened by being looked upon ; and this more especially when the passions are concerned : for these are ever apt to fancy much more satisfaction in those objects which they affect, and much more of mischief in those which they abhor, than are really to be found in either.

If executions therefore were so contrived, that few could 10 be present at them, they would be much more shocking and terrible to the crowd without doors than at present, as well as much more dreadful to the criminals themselves, who would thus die in the presence only of their enemies ; and where the boldest of them would find no cordial to keep up his spirits, nor any breath to flatter his ambition.

Sect. xi.

## THE JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE TO LISBON 1754

### *Description of the Thames (June 30)*

THE morning was fair and bright, and we had a passage thither, I think, as pleasant as can be conceived; for, take it with all its advantages, particularly the number of fine ships you are always sure of seeing by the way, there 20 is nothing to equal it in all the rivers of the world. The yards of Deptford and of Woolwich are noble sights ; and give us a just idea of the great perfection to which we are arrived in building those floating castles, and the figure which we may always make in Europe among the other maritime powers. That of Woolwich, at least, very strongly imprinted this idea on my mind; for there was now on the stocks there the Royal Anne, supposed to be the largest

ship ever built, and which contains ten carriage guns more, than had ever yet equipped a first-rate.

It is true, perhaps, that there is more of ostentation than of real utility in ships of this vast and unwieldy burthen, which are rarely capable of acting against an enemy ; but if the building such contributes to preserve, among other nations, the notion of the British superiority in naval affairs, the expense, though very great, is well incurred, and the ostentation is laudable and truly political.

10 Indeed, I should be sorry to allow that Holland, France, or Spain, possessed a vessel larger and more beautiful than the largest and most beautiful of ours; for this honour I would always administer to the pride of our sailors, who should challenge it from all their neighbours with truth and success. And sure I am that not our honest tars alone, but every inhabitant of this island, may exult in the comparison, when he considers the king of Great Britain as a maritime prince, in opposition to any other prince in Europe; but I am not so certain that the same idea of

20 superiority will result from comparing our land-forces with those of many other crowned heads. In numbers, they all far exceed us, and in the goodness and splendor of their troops, many nations, particularly the Germans and French, and perhaps the Dutch, cast us at a distance; for, however we may flatter ourselves with the Edwards and Henrys of former ages, the change of the whole art of war since those days, by which the advantage of personal strength is, in a manner, entirely lost, bath produced a change in military affairs to the advantage of our enemies. As for

30 our successes in later days, if they were not entirely owing to the superior genius of our general, they were not a little due to the superior force of his money. Indeed, if we should arraign marshal Saxe of ostentation, when he shewed his army, drawn up, to our captive general, the day after the battle of La Val, we cannot say that the ostentation

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was entirely vain ; since he certainly shewed him an army which had not been often equalled, either in the number or goodness of the troops, and which, in those respects, so far exceeded ours, that none can ever cast any reflexion on the brave young prince who could not reap the laurels of conquest in that day; but his retreat will be always mentioned as an addition to his glory.

In our marine the case is entirely the reverse, and it must be our own fault if it doth not continue so ; for continue so it will, as long as the flourishing state of our 10 trade shall support it, and this support it can never want, till our legislature shall cease to give sufficient attention to the protection of our trade, and our magistrates want sufficient power, ability, and honesty to execute the laws : a circumstance not to be apprehended, as it cannot happen till our senates and our benches shall be filled with the blindest ignorance, or with the blackest corruption.

Besides the ships in the docks, we saw many on the water: the yachts are sights of great parade, and the king's body yacht is, I believe, unequalled in any country, 20 for convenience as well as magnificence; both which are consulted in building and equipping her with the most exquisite art and workmanship.

We saw likewise several Indiamen just returned from their voyage. These are, I believe, the largest and finest vessels which are any where employed in commercial affairs. The colliers, likewise, which are very numerous, and even assemble in fleets, are ships of great bulk; and, if we descend to those used in the American, African, and European trades, and pass through those which visit our own 30 coasts, to the small craft that lie between Chatham and the Tower, the whole forms a most pleasing object to the eye, as well as highly warming to the heart of an Englishman, who has any degree of love for his country, or can recognize any effect of the patriot in his constitution,

*Visit of the Custom-house Officers (July 1)*

SOON after their departure, our cabin, where my wife and I were sitting together, was visited by two ruffians, whose appearance greatly corresponded with that of the sheriff's, or rather the knight-marshal's bailiffs. One of these, especially, who seemed to affect a more than ordinary degree of rudeness and insolence, came in without any kind of ceremony, with a broad gold lace on his hat, which was cocked with much military fierceness on his head. An inkhorn at his button-hole, and some papers in his hand, 10 sufficiently assured me what he was, and I asked him if he and his companion were not custom-house officers ; he answered with sufficient dignity, that they were, as an information which he seemed to conclude would strike the hearer with awe, and suppress all further enquiry; but, on the contrary, I proceeded to ask of what rank he was in the Custom-house, and receiving an answer from his companion, as I remember, that the gentleman was a riding surveyor, I replied that he might be a riding surveyor, but could be no gentleman, for that none who had any 20 title to that denomination would break into the presence of a lady, without any apology, or even moving his hat. He then took his covering from his head, and laid it on the table, saying he asked pardon, and blamed the mate, who should, he said, have informed him if any persons of distinction were below. I told him, he might guess by our appearance (which, perhaps, was rather more than could be said with the strictest adherence to truth) that he was before a gentleman and lady, which should teach him to be very civil in his behaviour, though we should not happen 30 to be of that number whom the world calls people of fashion and distinction. However, I said, that as he seemed sensible of his error, and had asked pardon, the lady would permit him to put his hat on again, if he chose it. This

he refused with some degree of surliness, and failed not to convince me that, if I should condescend to become more gentle, he would soon grow more rude.

*The Landlady at Ryde (July 13)*

MRS. FRANCIS (for that was the name of the good woman of the house) no sooner received the news of our intended arrival, than she considered more the gentility than the humanity of her guests, and applied herself not to that which kindles, but to that which extinguishes fire, and, forgetting to put on her pot, fell to washing her house.

As the messenger who had brought my venison was 10 impatient to be dispatched, I ordered it to be brought and laid on the table, in the room where I was seated; and the table not being large enough, one side, and that a very bloody one, was laid on the brick floor. I then ordered Mrs. Francis to be called in, in order to give her instructions concerning it; in particular, what I would have roasted, and what baked; concluding that she would be highly pleased with the prospect of so much money being spent in her house, as she might have now reason to expect, if the wind continued only a few days longer 20 to blow from the same points whence it had blown for several weeks past.

I soon saw good cause, I must confess, to despise my own sagacity. Mrs. Francis having received her orders, without making any answer, snatched the side from the floor, which remained stained with blood, and bidding a servant take up that on the table, left the room with no pleasant countenance, muttering to herself, that 'had she known the litter which was to have been made, she would not have taken such pains to wash her house that 30 morning. If this was gentility, much good may it do such gentlefolks; for her part she had no notion of it! \*

From these murmurs I received two hints. The one, that it was not from a mistake of our inclination that the good woman had starved us, but from wisely consulting her own dignity, or rather, perhaps, her vanity, to which our hunger was offered up as a sacrifice. The other, that I was now sitting in a damp room ; a circumstance, though it had hitherto escaped my notice, from the colour of the bricks, which was by no means to be neglected in a valedudinary state.

io My wife, who, besides discharging excellently well her own, and all the tender offices becoming the female character ; who, besides being a faithful friend, an amiable companion, and a tender nurse, could likewise supply the wants of a decrepit husband, and occasionally perform his part, had, before this, discovered the immoderate attention to neatness in Mrs. Francis, and provided against its ill consequences. She had found, though not under the same roof, a very snug apartment belonging to Mr. Francis, and which had escaped the mop by his wife's being satisfied  
20 it could not possibly be visited by gentlefolks.

This was a dry, warm, oaken floored barn, lined on both sides with wheaten straw, and opening at one end into a green field, and a beautiful prospect. Here, without hesitation, she ordered the cloth to be laid, and came hastily to snatch me from worse perils by water than the common dangers of the sea.

Mrs. Francis, who could not trust her own ears, or could not believe a footman in so extraordinary a phenomenon, followed my wife, and asked her if she had indeed ordered  
30 the cloth to be laid in the barn : she answered in the affirmative ; upon which Mrs. Francis declared she would not dispute her pleasure, but it was the first time, she believed, that quality had ever preferred a barn to a house. She shewed at the same time the most pregnant marks of contempt, and again lamented the labour she had under-

## VOYAGE TO LISBON

gone, through her ignorance of the absurd taste of her guests.

At length we were seated in one of the most pleasant spots, I believe, in the kingdom, and were regaled with our beans and bacon, in which there was nothing deficient but the quantity. This defect was, however, so deplorable, that we had consumed our whole dish, before we had visibly lessened our hunger. We now waited with impatience the arrival of our second course, which necessity and not luxury had dictated. This was a joint of mutton 10 which Mrs. Francis had been ordered to provide; but when, being tired with expectation, we ordered our servants *to see for something else*, we were informed that there was nothing else; on which Mrs. Francis being summoned, declared there was no such thing as mutton to be had at Ryde. When I expressed some astonishment at their having no butcher in a village so situated, she answered they had a very good one, and one that killed all sorts of meat in season, beef two or three times a year, and mutton the whole year round; but that it being then 20 beans and pease time, he killed no meat, by reason he was sure of not selling it. This she had not thought worthy of communication, any more than that there lived a fisherman at next door, who was then provided with plenty of soles, and whittings, and lobsters, far superior to those which adorn a city feast. This discovery being made by accident, we completed the best, the pleasantest, and the merriest meal, with more appetite, more real, solid luxury, and more festivity, than was ever seen in an entertainment at White's. 30

It may be wondered at, perhaps, that Mrs. Francis should be so negligent of providing for her guests, as she may seem to be thus inattentive to her own interest: but this was not the case; for having clapt a poll-tax on our heads at our arrival, and determined at what price to

discharge our bodies from her house, the less she suffered any other to share in the levy, the clearer it came into her own pocket; and that it was better to get twelve pence in a shilling than ten-pence, which latter would be the case if she afforded us fish at any rate.

Thus we passed a most agreeable day, owing to good appetites and good humour; two hearty feeders, which will devour with satisfaction whatever food you place before them: whereas without these, the elegance of  
10 St. James's, the charde, the perigord-pye, or the ortolan, the venison, the turtle, or the custard, may titillate the throat, but will never convey happiness to the heart, or cheerfulness to the countenance.

As the wind appeared still immoveable, my wife proposed my lying on shore. I presently agreed, though in defiance of an act of parliament, by which persons wandering abroad, and lodging in alehouses, are decreed to be rogues and vagabonds; and this too, after having been very singularly officious in putting that law in execution.

20 My wife having reconnoitred the house, reported, that there was one room in which were two beds. It was concluded, therefore, that she and Harriot should occupy one, and myself take possession of the other. She added likewise an ingenious recommendation of this room to one who had so long been in a cabin, which it exactly resembled, as it was sunk down with age on one side, and was in the form of a ship, with gunnels too.

For my own part I make little doubt but this apartment was an ancient temple, built with the materials of a wreck,  
30 and probably dedicated to Neptune, in honour of THE BLESSING sent by him to the inhabitants, such blessings having, in all ages, been very common to them. The timber employed in it confirms this opinion, being such as is seldom used by any but ship-builders. I do not find, indeed, any mention of this matter in Hearn; but, perhaps,

## VOYAGE TO LISBON

its antiquity was too modern to deserve his notice. Certain it is that this island of Wight was not an early convert to Christianity; nay, there is some reason to doubt whether it was ever entirely converted. But I have only time to touch slightly on things of this kind, which, luckily for us, we have a society whose peculiar profession it is to discuss and develop.

*Sunday, July 19.* This morning early I summoned Mrs. Francis, in order to pay her the preceding day's account. As I could recollect only two or three articles, I thought there was no necessity of pen and ink. In a single instance only we had exceeded what the law allows gratis to a foot soldier on his march, viz. vinegar, salt, &c. and dressing his meat. I found, however, I was mistaken in my calculation; for when the good woman attended with her bill, it contained as follows:

|                           | l.       | s. | d. |
|---------------------------|----------|----|----|
| Bread and beer . . . . .  | 0        | 2  | 4  |
| Wind . . . . .            | 0        | 2  | 0  |
| Rum . . . . .             | 0        | 2  | 0  |
| Dressing dinner . . . . . | 0        | 3  | 0  |
| Tea . . . . .             | 0        | 1  | 6  |
| Firing . . . . .          | 0        | 1  | 0  |
| Lodging . . . . .         | 0        | 1  | 6  |
| Servant lodging . . . . . | 0        | 0  | 6  |
|                           | £0 13 10 |    |    |

20

Now, that five people, and two servants, should live a day and a night at a public house for so small a sum, will appear incredible to any person in London above the degree of a chimney-sweeper; but more astonishing will it seem, that these people should remain so long at such a house, without tasting any other delicacy than bread, small beer, a tea-cup-full of milk called cream, a glass of rum converted into punch by their own materials, and one bottle of *wind*, of which we only tasted a single glass, though

possibly, indeed, our servants drank the remainder of the bottle.

This *wind* is a liquor of English manufacture, and its flavour is thought very delicious by the generality of the English, who drink it in great quantities. Every seventh year is thought to produce as much as the other six. It is then drunk so plentifully, that the whole nation are in a manner intoxicated by it, and consequently very little business is carried on at that season.

10 It resembles in colour the red wine which is imported from Portugal, as it doth in its intoxicating quality ; hence, and from this agreement in the orthography, the one is often confounded with the other, though both are seldom esteemed by the same person. It is to be had in every parish of the kingdom, and a pretty large quantity is consumed in the metropolis, where several taverns are set apart solely for the vendition of this liquor, the masters never dealing in any other.

The disagreement in our computation produced some  
20 small remonstrance to Mrs. Francis on my side; but this received an immediate answer: ' She scorned to overcharge gentlemen ; her house had been always frequented by the very best gentry of the island ; and she had never had a bill found fault with in her life, though she had lived upwards of forty years in the house, and within that time the greatest gentry in Hampshire had been at it, and that Lawyer Willis never went to any other when he came to those parts. That for her part she did not get her livelihood by travellers, who were gone and away, and she never  
30 expected to see them more, but that her neighbours might come again ; wherefore, to be sure, they had the only right to complain.'

She was proceeding thus, and from her volubility of tongue seemed likely to stretch the discourse to an immoderate length, when I suddenly cut all short by paying the bill.

*Arrival at Lisbon (August 12)*

*Wednesday.* Lisbon, before which we now lay at anchor, is said to be built on the same number of hills with old Rome ; but these do not all appear to the water ; on the contrary, one sees from thence one vast high hill and rock, with buildings arising above one another, and that in so steep and almost perpendicular a manner, that they all seem to have but one foundation.

As the houses, convents, churches, &c. are large, and all built with white stone, they look very beautiful at a distance ; but as you approach nearer, and find them to want every kind of ornament, all idea of beauty vanishes at once. While I was surveying the prospect of this city, which bears so little resemblance to any other that I have ever seen, a reflexion occurred to me, that if a man was suddenly to be removed from Palmyra hither, and should take a view of no other city, in how glorious a light would the ancient architecture appear to him ? and what desolation and destruction of arts and sciences would he conclude had happened between the several eras of these cities ?

I had now waited full three hours upon deck, for the return of my man, whom I had sent to bespeak a good dinner (a thing which had been long unknown to me) on shore, and then to bring a Lisbon chaise with him to the sea-shore ; but, it seems, the impertinence of the providore was not yet brought to a conclusion. At three o'clock, when I was from emptiness rather faint than hungry, my man returned, and told me, there was a new law lately made, that no passenger should set his foot on shore without a special order from the providore ; and that he himself would have been sent to prison for disobeying it, had he not been protected as the servant of the captain. He informed me likewise, that the captain had been very industrious to get this order, but that it was then the

providore's hour of sleep, a time when no man, except the king himself, durst disturb him.

To avoid prolixity, though in a part of my narrative which may be more agreeable to my reader than it was to me, the providore having at last finished his nap, dispatched this absurd matter of form, and gave me leave to come, or rather to be carried, on shore.

What it was that gave the first hint of this strange law is not easy to guess. Possibly, in the infancy of their defection, and before their government could be well established, they were willing to guard against the bare possibility of surprise, of the success of which bare possibility the Trojan horse will remain for ever on record, as a great and memorable example. Now the Portuguese have no walls to secure them, and a vessel of two or three hundred tons will contain a much larger body of troops than could be concealed in that famous machine, though Virgil tells us (somewhat hyperbolically, I believe) that it was as big as a mountain.

20 About seven in the evening I got into a chaise on shore, and was driven through the nastiest city in the world, though at the same time one of the most populous, to a kind of coffee-house, which is very pleasantly situated on the brow of a hill, about a mile from the city, and hath a very fine prospect of the river Tajo from Lisbon to the sea.

Here we regaled ourselves with a good supper, for which we were as well charged, as if the bill had been made on the Bath road, between Newbury and London.

30 And now we could joyfully say,

*Egressi optata Troes potiuntur arena.*

Therefore in the words of Horace,

— *hie Finis chartaque viceque.*

# NOTES

## HAZLITT ON FIELDING

PAGE 1, 11. 1—2 *common idea that Fielding was an imitator of Cervantes.* Cervantes (1547-1616) exercised his greatest influence on English literature during the eighteenth century : Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and many lesser writers acknowledged the inspiration of *Don Quixote*. The title page referred to reads: 'The History of the Adventures of Joseph Andrews and his friend Mr. Abraham Adams. Written in imitation of the Manner of Cervantes, author of Don Quixote.'

11. 15—16. *equal to Hogarth.* Hogarth (1697-1764) was a friend of Fielding, and greatly resembled him in the nature of his genius. Both had a moral purpose in showing vice in its deformity and in exposing hypocrisy and villainy. If Fielding had painted pictures it would have been in the style of 'Marriage à la Mode'; if Hogarth had written novels it would have been in the style of *Tom Jones*.—Austin Dobson.

PAGE 2, 1. 34. *the discreet honesty of Black George:* see extract on p. 99.

1. 35. *the learning of Thwackum and Square :* see p. 79 seq.

## SCOTT ON FIELDING

PAGE 5, 1. 21. *Le Sage* (1668-1747) wrote numerous dramas, but his reputation rests on his romances, the most famous of which is *Gil Bias* (vols. i and ii 1715, vol. iv 1735).

PAGE 7, 1. 6. *Claude:* Claude Gellée (1600-82), French landscape painter, commonly known as Claude Lorrain.

1. 7. *Salvator :* Salvator Rosa (1615-73), Italian painter of mountainous scenery.

I. 10. *Kemble.* There were two celebrated actors of this name : the elder and more famous was John Kemble (1757-1823), the younger was Charles Kemble (1775-1854).

*Siddons :* Sarah Siddons, the great actress (1755-1831)! a sister of the Kembles.

PAGE 8, 1. 2. *Puff, in The Critic :* Act 11, Scene ii, of *The Critic, or A Tragedy Rehearsed*, by Sheridan.

PAGE 9, 1. 3. *the admirable dialogue :* see extract, p. 68.

II. 29-30. *Gay's desire to satirize Philips.* Ambrose Philips (nicknamed 'Namby-Pamby') was a writer of insipid verse of various kinds. The praise given to his Pastorals by Addison, Steele, and others was felt by Pope to reflect on the merit of his own pastoral poetry. He suggested to Gay the idea of caricaturing Philips's work. Gay, acting on the suggestion, wrote *The Shepherd's Week*, published in 1714.

PAGE 10, 1. 23. *Scarron* (1610-60) excelled in the burlesque style of writing. In satirizing and parodying the old French 'heroic' romances he created the novel in France.

PAGE 11, 1. 14. *a spunging-house*: a house where persons arrested for debt were kept by a bailiff for twenty-four hours before being put into prison, in order that their friends might have a chance to settle the debt. Such houses were usually a tavern or the bailiff's own house.

PAGE 12, 1. 1. *a volume of Miscellanies*. The *Miscellanies* were published in three volumes, not in one.

11. 5, 6. *not easy to see what Fielding proposed*. Scott appears not to have understood *Jonathan Wild*. See note, p. 174.

PAGE 13, 1. 3. *Lord Lyttelton*. George Lyttelton (1709-73) entered the House of Commons in 1735 and joined the Opposition to Walpole. He was made secretary to Frederic, Prince of Wales, in 1737, and a Lord of the Treasury in 1744. Eleven years later he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was an honourable and cultured man. He wrote poetry of a correct but uninspired kind, which Dr. Johnson described as having 'nothing to be despised and little to be admired'. He also produced after twenty years of research and contemplation a laborious *History of Henry II*. He was a schoolfellow of Fielding at Eton, and his lifelong friend and benefactor.

PAGE 14, 11. 10-11. *that swelling imposthume of the state* Written, of course, before the Poor Law reforms of 1834.

PAGE 15, 1. 3. *Ralph Allen*. The career of this modest and munificent patron is most remarkable. He was born in Cornwall in 1694, his father being an innkeeper and his mother having charge of a small post office. He began his career in the Bath post office, where he displayed extraordinary astuteness. While deputy-postmaster of Bath he contrived a system of cross-country posts by which mails from Bath to Worcester, for instance, were carried direct, and no longer went *via* London. These 'bye-posts' he farmed himself, making an enormous profit on them. He also owned the Coombe Down quarries, which he improved by various inventions. His wealth he put to good use. He built Prior Park near Bath, and there entertained statesmen, ecclesiastics, and men of letters of all kinds. To him Fielding dedicated *A rnelia*, and Squire All worthy in *Joseph Andrews* is an acknowledged compound of him and of Lyttelton.

PAGE 18, 1. 24. *critical introductions*. See, e.g., extract on p. 91.

#### THACKERAY ON FIELDING

PAGE 22, 1. 1. *Congreve*. 'Among his friends he was able to name every man of his time whom wit and elegance had raised to reputation.'—Johnson, *Life of Congreve*,

I. 13. *Lady Mary Worthy Montagu* : the celebrated letter-writer, who was a notable figure in the fashionable world. She was a cousin of Fielding.

PAGE 23, l. 6. *as Walpole tells us.* 'Rigby, who had seen him [i.e. Fielding] so often come to beg a guinea of Sir C. Williams, and Bathurst, at whose father's he had lived for victuals.'—Horace Walpole, Letter to George Montagu, 18th May 1749.

II. 9-10. *the Oldfields and Bracegirdles.* Mrs. Oldfield and Mrs. Bracegirdle were famous actresses of the beginning of the century. Mrs. Oldfield acted in Fielding's first play.

PAGE 25, l. 19. *Mohock.* The Mohocks, whose name was derived from the Indian tribe of Mohawks, were a society of ruffians, some of them of good family, who infested the streets of London in 1712, committing all sorts of outrages. References to them are frequent. See, e. g., No. 324 of the *Spectator*; Gay's *Trivia*, iii, l. 326 if. ; Swift's *Journal to Stella*.

I. 35. *Walpole quite honestly spoke of them.* 'Fielding had as much humour perhaps as Addison ; but, having no idea of grace, is perpetually disgusting.'—Letter to John Pinkerton, 26th June 1785.

PAGE 26, l. 6. *wise old Johnson would not sit down with him.* 'Fielding being mentioned, Johnson exclaimed, "he was a blockhead" ; and upon my expressing my astonishment at so strange an assertion, he said, "What I mean by his being a blockhead is that he was a barren rascal." BOSWELL. "Will you not allow, Sir, that he draws very natural pictures of human life ?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, it is of very low life. Richardson used to say, that had he not known who Fielding was, he should have believed he was an ostler. Sir, there is more knowledge of the heart in one letter of Richardson's than in all *Tom Jones*. I, indeed, never read *Joseph Andrews*." \*—Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. It must be remembered that Richardson had befriended Johnson in early days, and that Johnson was apt to be, to say the least of it, definite in his opinions. On another occasion he admitted that he had read *Amelia* through without stopping: a high tribute from one who rarely read a book from cover to cover.

I. 9. *lofty panegyric which Gibbon wrote, in his Memoirs;* the passage was first printed in ed. 2, 1814, vol. i, p. 5.

II. 12-13. *who drew their origin from the Counts of Hapsburgh\** 'Geffery, Earl of Hapsburg, by the oppression of Rodolph, Emperor of Germany, being reduced to extreme poverty, one of his sons, named Geffery, served King Henry III in his wars in England, and because his father had pretensions to the dominions of Laufenburgh and Rinfilding, he took the name of Fielding.'—Collins's *Peerage*, ed. 1756, ii. 247. This descent of the Fieldings has been proved to be fictitious, and based

on forged documents. What is certain is that a Sir William Fielding was created Earl of Denbigh in 1622, and that the novelist descended from the second son of this first earl.

'Henry Fielding, being once in company with the Earl of Denbigh... the Earl asked the reason why they spelt their names differently; the Earl's family doing it with the E first, (Feilding), and Mr. Henry Fielding with the I first, (Fielding). "I cannot tell, my Lord," answered Harry, "except it be that my branch of the family were the first that knew how to spell."—J. Nichols, *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. iii, p. 384.

1. 30. *Charles Lamb says finely*. 'A little does it, a little of the good nature overpowers a world of bad. One cordial honest laugh of a Tom Jones absolutely clears the atmosphere that was reeking with the black putrifying breathings of a hypocrite Blifil.'—Essay 'On the Genius and Character of Hogarth'.

PAGE 27, 1. 26. *Charles and Joseph Surface*, characters in Sheridan's *School for Scandal*.

PAGE 28, 1. 34. *Colonel Gardiner or the Duke of Cumberland*. Colonel Gardiner, renowned for his sudden conversion by a vision of Christ from a dissolute life to one of piety, was killed at Prestonpans, 1745. A note describing his death appears in Scott's *Waverley*. The Duke of Cumberland,—the victor of Culloden, 1746: see note on p. 153, l. 5

#### JOSEPH ANDREWS

PAGE 32, 1. 14. *No more than Mr. Colley Cibber*. Ironical. There was a long-standing enmity, due to some unknown cause, between Fielding and Cibber, the actor, playwright, and Poet Laureate. In 1740 Cibber had published 'An Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber . . . written by Himself', in which he had described Fielding as a 'broken wit' (chap. viii), and had accused him of attacking religion, laws, government, priests, judges, and ministers. In this and other passages Fielding strikes back. Cibber was an able man, but his bad poetry, vanity, and pompous manners afforded a good target for hostile criticism. See also reference on p. 64.

PAGE 33, 1. 7. *Sir Thomas*: Sir Thomas Booby, to whom Joseph Andrews was bound apprentice.

1. 21. *The Whole Duty of Man*. A once popular book of instruction in practical piety. The authorship for long remained uncertain, but it is now considered to have been the work of Richard Allestree (1619-81), a royalist divine and Provost of Eton.

1. 30. *Baker's Chronicle*. *A Chronicle of the Kings of England*, by Sir Richard Baker (1568-1645), an unreliable work, which was many times reissued and brought up to date. It was especially popular with country gentlemen: Addison

describes Sir Roger de Coverley as reading and quoting it, and as having it lying in his hall window (*Spectator*, Nos. 269 and 329).

PAGE 34, 1. 24. *a modus*, a money payment in lieu of tithe (*modus decimandi*).

PAGE 40, 11. 6, 9. *Nantes*, a kind of brandy, so called from the town in France whence it was shipped. *Hungary-water* was a form of scented distilled water used as a perfume.

1. 19. *Barnabas and the surgeon*. After the incident described in the last extract, Joseph is carried to an inn kept by Mrs. Tow-wouse. There a thief breaks in. Mr. Barnabas is the parson of the parish.

PAGE 43, 1. 13. *cyder-and*, cider mixed with spirits.

PAGE 46, 1. 28. *Tillotson*: Archbishop of Canterbury (1691-4). His sermons were much read in the eighteenth century.

PAGE 48, 1. 4. *The clerk having finished the depositions*. Parson Adams having rescued a girl from a violent assault is himself accused of being a robber, and is taken before a magistrate. Many local J. P.'s were at this time very unlettered and ignorant of the law. Cf. extract on p. 115.

1. 8. *mittimus*, the warrant committing for trial.

PAGE 51, 1. 1. *Parson Trulliber*. The original of Parson Trulliber is supposed to have been a certain Mr. Oliver, parson of Motcombe in Dorsetshire. From about the age of three until he went to Eton Fielding's childhood was spent at East Stour, and his education was entrusted to Mr. Oliver. The prototype of Parson Adams is supposed to be the Rev. William Young, of 'Gillingham, in Dorsetshire.

PAGE 54, 1. 7. *edified*. This intransitive use is now obsolete.

1. 19. *I caal'd vurst*. To 'call' means here to 'propose a health'.

PAGE 55, 1. 21. *led captain*, obsequious attendant, parasite.

PAGE 56, 1. 22. *the tithing-man*, a peace-officer, an under-constable.

PAGE 59, 11. 2, 3. *the names of the painters*. Joseph considerably distorted the names. Ammyconni = Jacopo Amigoni (1675-1752), whom it was at this time fashionable to admire. Paul Varnish = Paul Veronese (1528-88). Hannibal Scratchi = Annibale Carracci (1560-1609). Hogarathi = William Hogarth.

1. 31. *a man that lived at a place called Ross* : John Kyrle (1637-1724), of Ross in Herefordshire. His philanthropy, though local, earned him a wide reputation. His praise was sung by Pope in his *Moral Essays* (Epistle iii, 'Of the Use of Riches' ll. 249-82) under the name of 'The Man of Ross'.

1. 32. *one Al—Al—* : Ralph Allen. See note on p. 15, 1. 3-

PAGE 60, 11. 15-16. *tho' even Henley himself*. 'Orator' Henley (1692-1756) was a witty and eccentric preacher who had been in Orders but, thinking that the Church did not realize his

talents, he left it and set up his 'Oratory' in a wooden booth in Newport market: thence he moved to the corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields. 'He preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences.' He used a pulpit highly ornate with velvet and gold (which Pope called his 'gilt tub') and attracted audiences by sensational announcements. On one occasion he gathered in a large audience of shoemakers to hear a discourse in which he had promised to reveal a swift and easy way of making shoes. His method proved to be cutting off the tops of boots! Cf. Fielding, *The Author's Farce*, iii, and Pope, *Dunciad*, iii, ll. 199-203.

PAGE 63, l. 32. *thy Mallet*. Fielding's admiration of Swift was sincere, but the reference to David Mallet (1705-65) may be ironical. He was a minor poet and playwright who in 1740 produced a life of Bacon.

l. 35. *life of Cicero*, by Conyers Middleton (1683-1750), a scholar of considerable note, published in 1741. The authenticity of some of the letters embodied in the work was immediately disputed and keen discussion arose. Moreover the translation of some of the 'Orations' included was erroneously attributed by contemporaries to John, Lord Hervey, to whom the Life was dedicated.

PAGE 64, ll. 2-3. *forced Colley Cibber to write English*. See note on p. 32, l. 14. In a criticism of the *Apology*, Fielding had said that the book must be written in English since it was written in no other language, and had pointed out its lack of grammar and its careless style (in *The Champion* for 22 April, 29 April, 6 May, and 17 May 1740).

ll. 24-5. *captain B——'s play*. This is *The Modish Couple*, by Captain Charles Bodens, acted at Drury Lane, 10-13 January, 1732, and published the same week. Fielding wrote the epilogue. \*A contemporary writer says that the friends of the author, who were people of quality, excited themselves in an extraordinary manner in its favour, and met with as remarkable an opposition; nothing being heard throughout the whole play but hollaing, clapping, hissing, and catcalls.—*Biographia Dramatica*, 1812, vol. iii, p. 54. Accounts of the performances will be found in *Fog's Weekly Journal*, 15 January 1732, and *The Grub-street Journal*, 20 January and 24 February 1732.

l. 29. *Mr. Cock*. He appears also in Fielding's play, *The Historical Register*, as \*Mr. Auctioneer Hen'. *The Daily Journal* of II. February 1729 announces the sale of a collection of pictures and works of art' at Mr. Cock's Auction Room in Poland-street, near Golden Square'. Afterwards his place of business was at the Piazza, Covent Garden. He has several advertisements in *The London Evening Post*, January-May 1740.

PAGE 68, l. 31. *I expect a Booth on the stage again*. Barton

Booth (1681-1733) first made his reputation in the part of Cato in Addison's play. Thenceforward he was the most distinguished of actors. 'Booth enters: hark! the universal peal!'—Pope. On his death his place in public estimation was taken by Delane (1700-53) and Quin (1693-1766), until the latter was eclipsed by Garrick. Other actors and actresses mentioned are Mrs. Betterton (d. 1712), famous in Shakespeare's female parts; Thomas Betterton (1635-1710)—'And so to the Duke's House, and there saw *Hamlet* done, giving us fresh reason never to think enough of Betterton' (Pepys's *Diary*); Samuel Sandford (fl. 1661-99), most successful in \* disagreeable characters'; Mrs. Clive (1711-85)—'Mrs. Clive was the best player I ever saw' (Johnson); and 'young Cibber', Theophilus, son of Colley Cibber. He was drowned in 1757 on the way to Ireland; Goldsmith thought he was lucky to escape hanging by drowning, as he was always in scrapes and difficulties. His wife was a good actress. Garrick is related to have said on hearing of her death in 1766, 'Then tragedy has expired with her.'

II. 31-2. *sooner than a Shakespeare or an Otway*. The writers of tragedy mentioned in this discourse fall into three groups: Shakespeare; the Restoration dramatists Otway and Lee; and Fielding's own contemporaries (p. 70). Thomas Otway (1651-85) owes his reputation to *Venice Preserved* (1682), which is often spoken of as the best tragedy since the time of the Elizabethans. Nathaniel Lee (1657-92), his rival in tragedy, wrote eleven plays which were popular in their time.

Elijah Fenton (1683-1730) brought out his *Mariamne* in 1723, while he was helping Pope in the translation of the *Odyssey*; as poet and playwright he had caught well the trick of versification, but was uninspired. Philip Frowde (d. 1738) wrote two tragedies, *The Fall of Saguntum* (1727) and *Philotas* ('73i)» both unsuccessful. David Mallet (see p. 63, I. 32) began his undistinguished career as a dramatist with *Enrydice* in 1731. George Lillo (1693-1739) made an innovation in tragedy in *The London Merchant, or the History of George Barnwell* (1731) by dealing with 'low' life—that is to say, with humble personages instead of with great and famous figures of history or romance. Fielding much admired his work and character.

PAGE 70, I. 20. *No more, Sec. Lee, Theodosius*, II. i. 383-94.

I. 33. *Who'd be, &c. Otway, The Orphan, I ad fin.*

### TOM JONES

PAGE 74, I. 35. *Fruges consumere nati*. Horace, *Epistles*, Bk. I, Ep. ii, l. 27.

It was not until 1832 that the severe and rigid Game Laws were abolished and the right to kill game ceased to be **the**

privilege of a class and ' became an incident of ownership or possession as might be arranged between landlord and tenant'. For some brief and interesting remarks on the Game Laws see chap. ix [p. 151] and chap. x [pp. 168-9] of G. M. Trevelyan's *British History in the Nineteenth Century*, 1922.

PAGE 91, 1. 13. *that nice unity of time or place*. The ' three unities' are those of Time, Place, and Action. These unities demand that the whole series of events in a drama should take place in a single day, at a single place, and that nothing should be admitted irrelevant to the development of a single plot. Aristotle in his *Poetics* had enjoined Unity of Action. French critics and dramatists of the seventeenth century insisted on the *three* unities, which in England, at the same time, were not considered so binding. The matter is discussed in Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*. For a definition of the Unities, unscholarly but more entertaining than the explanations of the learned, see Mr. Curdle's remarks in chap. xxiv of *Nicholas Nickleby*.

I. 20. *an ancient critic* : Horace, *Ars Poetica*, l. 189, ' Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior acta.'

II. 27-8. *cuicumque in arte sua perito credendum est*, i. e. ' whoever is an expert in his subject must be believed '. In the law of evidence this means that an expert may give his opinion on facts and not be limited to stating facts only.

PAGE 94, l. 9. *Inventas qui vitam*. Virgil, *Aeneid*, VI, l. 663.

1. 12. *the English Pantomime*. The inventor of this may be said to have been John Rich (1682 ?-1761), actor and theatre-manager. From 1716, and especially in 1723 and after, he produced pantomimes, himself taking the part of Harlequin. ' By the help of gay scenes, fine habits, grand dances, appropriated music, and other decorations, he exhibited a story from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, or some other fabulous writer. Between the pauses or acts of this serious representation he interwove a comic fable, consisting chiefly of the courtship of Harlequin and Columbine, with a variety of surprising adventures and tricks which were produced by the magic wand of Harlequin ' (Davies, *Life of Garrick*, ed. 1780, i. 92). Pantomime was much criticized as harmful to serious drama. Fielding himself produced in 1736 a burlesque called *Tumble-down Dick, or Phaeton in the Suds*, which was intended to ridicule the absurdities of pantomime.

PAGE 95, l. 5. *Indignor*, &c. Horace, *Ars Poetica*, l. 359

1. 12. *Oldmixon*: John Oldmixon (1673-1742), a Whig historian and pamphleteer, satirized in *The Dunciad*.

1. 15. *sleepless himself*, &c. Pope, *The Dunciad*, l. 1. 94.

*Squire Western*. His estate was ' contiguous to Mr. All-worthy's '. Mr. Airworthy lived ' in that part of the western

division of this kingdom which is commonly called Somersetshire'. And so it is the dialect of that part of England which Squire Western speaks. Fielding was born in Somerset and spent his childhood at East Stour in north Dorsetshire, on the borders of Somersetsliire and Wiltshire. The speech of Western and Trulliber is such as the novelist would remember being used by the rougher sort of country squires and parsons in the districts round his early home.

1. 27. *Mrs. Western*, sister to Squire Western. Sophia, whom Jones eventually marries, is Squire Western's daughter and the heroine of the novel.

PAGE 100, l. 23. *Thespis*, 'the Father of Greek Tragedy'. is said to have converted the mere choral recitation into a drama by introducing an actor on to the stage.

PAGE 101, l. 25. *one and the same name*, *LnoKpirris*.

1. 28. *Life \*s a poor player*. *Macbeth*, v. v. 24-6.

I. 33. *The Deity*, published in 1739. Samuel Boyse (1708-49), the author of the poem, was unsuccessful, and lived and died in misery and poverty.

PAGE 104, l. 24. *Mr. William Mills*, an actor of some contemporary note, who died in 1750.

PAGE 107, l. 25. *shat unt*, i. e. shalt not.

PAGE 108. *Partridge at the theatre*. This description of the schoolmaster Partridge's visit to the theatre and of his delusion about the reality of what was passing on the stage may now seem exaggerated. But the fictitious incident had a curious counterpart in real life: 'But to enable the rising generation more sufficiently to judge of Garrick's excellence in Abel Drugger (a character in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*), we subjoin the following anecdote which the editor of these Memoirs heard from the late Dr. Johnson, who had heard it from Peter Garrick himself, "A grocer in the town of Lichfield, a neighbour of Peter Garrick's, having occasion to come up to London on business, the latter gave him a letter of recommendation to his brother David. The grocer came to town late in the evening and, seeing Garrick's name up in the bills for 'Abel Drugger' he went to the two-shilling gallery. . . . On Garrick's appearance, he was for some time in doubt whether it could be him or not: at last being convinced of it by the people about him, he felt so disgusted with the mean appearance, and mercenary conduct of the performer (which by a foolish combination he attached to the *man*) that he went out of town without delivering the letter.'"—*Memoirs of Charles Macklin*, by W. Cooke, 1804.

II. 20-1. *picture . . . common-prayer book*. Until 1859 there was included in the prayer-book a form of thanksgiving for deliverance from the Gunpowder Plot. Many prayer-books 'with engravings' were published in the eighteenth century.

In such before the 'Gunpowder-treason service' there is usually a print of Guy Fawkes approaching the Houses of Parliament with lighted lantern, or of the eye of Heaven, depicted as a shaft of light, detecting his crime. Partridge is thinking of one of these engravings.

## AMELIA

PAGE 115, l. 11. *the celebrated writer of three letters.* Probably Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, whose *Letters, on the Spirit of Patriotism : on the Idea of a Patriot King : and on the State of Parties, at the Accession of King George the First* was published in 1749.

1. 16. *my Lord Coke.* Sir Edward Coke (1552-1634), Attorney-General and Chief Justice of the King's Bench, author of the well-known *Commentary on Littleton's Treatise on Tenures*. His last public act was the preparing and framing of the 'Petition of Rights' \

PAGE 116, l. 8. *Graham would soon see the fault.* George Graham (1673-1751) was the assistant of Tompion who has been called the 'Father of English watch-making'. Graham himself had a shop in Fleet Street and contributed some important inventions to watch-making.

1. 24. *the watchmen in our metropolis.* It was not until 1829 that the absurd state of things, which Fielding here accurately describes, was altered. In that year the Home Secretary, Sir Robert Peel, established the Metropolitan Police Force.

PAGE 117, l. 30. *the learned Rochefoucault.* The prevailing thought in La Rochefoucault's *Maximes* (1665) is that self-interest is the mainspring of all human actions, e. g. 'The gratitude of most men is but a secret desire of receiving greater benefits', 'Interest speaks all sorts of tongues, and plays all sorts of parts, even that of disinterestedness\*'. But cynicism is pardonable when accompanied by such wit as La Rochefoucault displays, e. g., 'Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue', 'True love is like ghosts, which everybody talks about and few have seen'.

PAGE 119, ll. 2-3. *to Bridewell for a month.* Originally a hospital for the poor it was, after the Reformation, converted into a penitentiary for unruly apprentices and vagrants. It was situated in Bridge Street, Blackfriars.

PAGE 121, ll. 13-14. *your parliament speeches for your magazines.* This can best be explained by the passage in the *Life of Johnson* where Boswell describes how in 1738 Johnson was enlisted by Cave as a regular coadjutor in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. \* What we certainly know to have been done by him was the Debates in both Houses of Parliament, under the name of 'The Senate of Lilliput,' sometimes with feigned denominations of the several speakers, sometimes with denominations

formed of the letters of their real names, in the manner of what is called anagram, so that they might easily be deciphered. Parliament then kept the Press in a kind of mysterious awe, which made it necessary to have recourse to such devices.' Many poor writers, like Johnson in his struggling days, earned a little by writing out parliamentary debates from scanty notes or by entirely inventing the speeches. Johnson a short time before his death expressed regret for having been the author of fictions which passed for realities, but all the reports were more or less fictitious before reporting was officially allowed. On another occasion Johnson was complimented for his impartiality in concocting his reports. \*That is not quite true', replied Johnson, who was a Tory, 'I saved appearances tolerably well, but I took care that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it.'

PAGE 128, l. 27. *a chair*, i.e. a sedan-chair.

#### A JOURNEY FROM THIS WORLD TO THE NEXT

Appeared in the *Miscellanies* in 1743. The piece is based on the fiction that the author found by chance at a stationer's shop a curious manuscript, in which the writer gives an account of his journey after death from this world to Elysium, describing the adventures on the road and the people whom he met on the journey. This kind of literary device was favoured by Spanish and French writers, especially by Le Sage, and can be traced back to Lucian, a Greek satirist of the second century A. D., whose best-known work is the *Dialogues of the Dead*.

PAGE 132, ll. 8-9. *which ivc learned from our coachman*. The writer of the supposed manuscript travels towards Elysium with several other spirits in a coach. After describing his fellow travellers and their conversation, and the passage through the City of Diseases, he tells of the Palace of Death.

PAGE 133, l. 19. *Blenheim*, i. e. the Palace at Woodstock built for the Duke of Marlborough and called after the place where his most celebrated victory was won. In the state-rooms are a series of tapestries depicting the Duke's exploits.

PAGE 135, ll. 8-9. '*presently met a little daughter*. A reference to the death of one of Fielding's daughters, who probably died in the winter of 1742-3.

ll. 17-18. *a celebrated poet of our nation*, Richard Glover (1712-85), who wrote an epic in nine books called *Leonidas*. He had a considerable reputation in his lifetime.

l. 22. *Piantanida*, Giovanni, violinist and composer. Sonatas by him were published in London in 1742.

l. 24. *Homer*, This passage was suggested by *An Enquiry into the life and writings of Homer*, by Thomas Blackwell, of the University of Aberdeen, first published 1735.

l. 25. *Madam Dacier*, who translated into French the *Iliad* (1711) and the *Odyssey* (1716).

PAGE 135, l. 26. *Mr. Pope.* His translation of the *Iliad* appeared 1715-20, and of the *Odyssey* 1725-6.

PAGE 136, l. 13. *Dr. Trapp.* Joseph Trapp (1679-1747), the first professor of poetry in Oxford, published in 1718-20 a translation of the *Aeneid* in blank verse. Johnson speaks of it in his *Life of Dryden* as 'the clandestine refuge of schoolboys'.

l. 15. *discovery made by Mr. Warburton,* William Warburton (1698-1779), bishop of Gloucester, and editor of Shakespeare, put forward the theory that the sixth book of the *Aeneid* was an account of Virgil's initiation to the Eleusinian mysteries. The theory was accepted until exploded by Gibbon in 1770.

l. 24. *Dick Steele,* Sir Richard Steele (1671-1729), the light-hearted, improvident, schemeful founder of *The Tatler* (1709) and, with Addison, of *The Spectator* (1711).

II. 30, 31. *Betterton, Booth* : see note on p. 68, l. 31.

PAGE 137, l. 3. *Put out the light* : *Othello*, v. ii. 7. Most of the readings given in the text have been keenly discussed by various commentators. The whole is a neat satire on excessive commenting.

l. 29. *Mr. Theobald.* Lewis Theobald (1688-1744) published in 1726 'Shakespeare restored, or a Specimen of the many errors as well committed as unamended by Mr. Pope, in his late edition of this Poet', and brought out an edition of his own in 1733. It contained many notes and several emendations which are now generally accepted.

The new editions 'coming out' in 1743 were Hanmer's, published 1743-4, and Warburton's, announced as early as 1740 but not published till 1747.

#### JONATHAN WILD

This extract is taken from the conclusion of *Jonathan Wild*, a piece which deserves more note and credit than Sir Walter Scott was disposed to give it. The story is unattractive, and the sombreness of its tone only thrown into higher relief by the introduction of two virtuous characters, but it is perhaps the best, certainly the most sustained, piece of ironical writing in the English language. The story describes the 'triumphant' career of an unmitigated scoundrel to the gallows. Fielding's object was to point the difference between greatness and goodness, and to imply that the same qualities which made Wild a great thief and brought him to the gallows have brought other men, really no better than Wild, to prosperity, wealth, and high position, and that success is often independent of virtue. He would argue that the greatness and success of a soldier, lawyer, or statesman, unless it has with it virtue and benevolence, is no more meritorious than the greatness and success of the scoundrel, Jonathan Wild.

PAGE 139, l. 18. *catastrophe*, in the sense of dramatic conclusion or *denouement*.

l. 34. *Suave mart magna*. Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*, Bk. II, l. 1. 'Sweet it is when on the great sea the winds are buffeting the waters, to gaze from the land on another's great struggles' (C. Bailey).

PAGE 140, l. 8. *The ordinary*, the prison chaplain.

PAGE 141, l. 18. *a corruption of Mono sty* : this derivation is imaginary.

l. 33. *Prigs*, slang for 'thieves'.

PAGE 143, l. 28. *Twelve excellent and celebrated rules*. They were supposed to have been found in King Charles's study after his execution. They are : (1) Urge no healths, (2) Profane no divine ordinances, (3) Touch no state matters, (4) Reveal no secrets, (5) Pick no quarrels, (6) Make no comparisons, (7) Maintain no ill opinions, (8) Keep no bad company, (9) Encourage no vice, (10) Make no long meals, (11) Repeat no grievances, (12) Lay no wagers. These rules were often hung up on the wall like texts ; see, e. g., *The Deserted Village*, l. 232, and Crabbe's *Parish Register*, ll. 51-2.

#### AN ENQUIRY INTO THE CAUSES OF THE LATE INCREASE OF ROBBERS (p. 146)

A few extracts are given from this work as an example of Fielding's work as a magistrate and of his style as a writer on social problems. The pamphlet is remarkable for its clearness, force, thoroughness, and wisdom. The problem of the disturbed state of London was an urgent one: Horace Walpole wrote in 1750, 'Robbing is the only thing which goes on with any vivacity' ; and in 1752, 'One is forced to travel, even at noon, as if one was going to battle.' Indeed, murders, robberies, and riots were terribly frequent and immune from punishment. The pamphlet opens with an examination of the causes of crime, which Fielding considered to be the excessive number of places of amusement, gin-drinking, gambling, and the terrible conditions in which the poor lived. As remedies he suggests the active enforcing of existing legislation, new legislation, the improvement of prisons, amelioration of conditions, and abolition of public executions. In a later pamphlet, *A Proposal for making effectual provision for the poor*, he worked out in detail a scheme for establishing a combined prison, infirmary, and workhouse. As a result of the *Enquiry* an Act was passed in 1751 placing restrictions on the sale of spirits, but other reforms that were suggested only came about at later dates.

PAGE 146, l. 22. *Cartouche*, the organizer and leader of a band of robbers who began their activities in Normandy and then terrorized Paris. He was executed in 1721.

PAGE 150, l. 17. *in some degree private*. The desirability of public executions was much discussed towards the middle of the nineteenth century. Thackeray denounced them in an article in *Fraser's Magazine*, 1840 (reprinted in 'Sketches and Travels in London'). A Royal Commission appointed in 1864 reported, in 1866, in favour of executions being in private. This recommendation was embodied in law in 1868.

#### A JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE TO LISBON

PAGE 151, ll. 17-18. *passage thither*, i.e. from Rotherhithe to Gravesend.

PAGE 152, ll. 23-4. *many nations . . . cast us at a distance*. The army in the eighteenth century was much neglected and much corrupted with 'jobbery'. 'No standing army' was part of the Whig creed, since they feared, or affected to fear, that such would tend to royal despotism. The Bill of Rights had declared the raising or keeping of a standing army to be against the law. The Tories also were, by tradition, anti-military—they would have no rule of Major-Generals; and during the War of the Spanish Succession were opposed to the Whig military policy.

I. 33. *Marshal Saxe* (1696-1750), the famous French Marshal who led the victorious French army at Fontenoy (1745). In 1747 he was again successful at the battle of Lanfeldt (La Val).

PAGE 153, l. 5. *the brave young prince*, the Duke of Cumberland (1721-65), second son of George II, the victor of Culloden. He was defeated by Marshal Saxe at Fontenoy and Lanfeldt.

PAGE 157, l. 30. *White's*, a fashionable chocolate-house and club in St. James's Street.

PAGE 158, l. 35. *Hearn*. Thomas Hearn (1678-1735), 'who studied and preserved antiquities', is noted chiefly for his edition of the 'Itinerary' and 'Collectanea' of the sixteenth-century antiquary Leland, and for his editions of the English Chroniclers.

PAGE 159, l. 6. *a society*, the Society of Antiquaries, which had been reconstituted in 1717 and received a Royal Charter in 1751.

PAGE 161, l. 15. *Palmyra* in Syria, north-east of Damascus.

PAGE 162, l. 17. *that famous machine*, the Wooden Horse of Troy.

I. 31. *Egressi optata, Sec.* Virgil, *Aeneid*, Bk. I, l. 172: 'The Trojans land and gain the chosen beach' (J. W. Mackail).

M. 33.—*hic Finis chartaeque viceque*. Horace, *Satires*, Bk. I, Sat. v, l. 104: 'Here is the end of my screed and my journey.'









