

LAS OBRAS DE HENRY FIELDING EDITADAS POR GEORGE SAINTSBURY EN DOCE VOLÚMENES

VOL. II. JOSEPH ANDREWS

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PARSON ADAMS

CORRIÓ HACIA ELLA

**LA HISTORIA DE LAS AVENTURAS DE
JOSEPH ANDREWS Y SU AMIGO EL
SR. ABRAHAM ADAMS**

RESERVA II.—continuación.

Capítulo XIV.

*Una entrevista entre el párroro Adams y el párrocos
Trulliber.*

Parson Adams llegó a la casa del párroco Trulliber, a quien encontró rayas en su chaleco, con un delantal puesto, y un cubo en la mano, sólo vienen de servir a sus cerdos; para el Sr. Trulliber era un párrocos los domingos, pero todos los otros seis podrían llamarse más apropiadamente un agricultor. Ocupó un pequeño pedazo de tierra de su propia, además de que alquiló un trato considerable más. Su esposa ordeñaba sus vacas, manejaba su lechería y seguía los mercados con mantequilla y huevos. Los cerdos cayeron principalmente a su cuidado, que él esperó cuidadosamente en casa, y asistió a las ferias; en esa ocasión fue susceptible de muchos chistes, siendo su propio tamaño, con mucha cerveza, quedó poco inferior a la de las bestias que vendía. De hecho, era uno de los hombres más grandes que deberías ver, y podría haber actuado el papel de Sir John Falstaff sin relleno. A esto se añade que la rotundidad de su vientre se incrementó considerablemente por la falta de su estatura, su sombra ascendía muy cerca de la altura, cuando yacía sobre su espalda, como cuando estaba de pie sobre sus piernas. Su voz era fuerte y ronca, y sus acentos extremadamente amplios. Para completar el todo, tenía una majestación en su marcha, cuando caminaba, no muy diferente a la de un ganso, sólo que acechaba más lentamente.

El Sr. Trulliber, al ser informado de que alguien quería hablar con él, se deslizó inmediatamente de su delantal y se vistió con un viejo vestido de noche, siendo el vestido en el que siempre veía a su compañía en casa. Su esposa, que le informó de la llegada del Sr. Adams, había cometido un pequeño error; porque ella le había dicho a su esposo: "Ella creía que había un hombre que venía por algunos de sus cerdos". Esta suposición hizo que el Sr. Trulliber se apresuró con la máxima expedición para atender a su invitado. No antes vio a Adán que, en lo más mínimo, dudando de la causa de su mandato de ser lo que su esposa había imaginado, le dijo: "Había venido en muy buen momento; que esperaba un comerciante esa misma tarde," y añadió, "todos eran puros y gordos, y más de veinte veinte veinte puntos de puntuación por pieza." Adams respondió: "Creía que no lo conocía". "Sí, sí", exclamó Trulliber, "Te he visto a menudo en la feria; ¿por qué, hemos tratado antes de ahora, mun, te lo garantizo. Sí, sí", grita,

"Recuerdo muy bien tu cara, pero no mencionaré ni una palabra más hasta que los hayas visto, aunque nunca te he vendido un trozo de tocino como ahora en el stye." Sobre el cual puso manos violentas sobre Adams, y lo arrastró al cerdo-stye, que de hecho estaba a dos pasos de su ventana de salón. No fueron más temprano llegar allí de lo que él gritó, "¡Haz mas conéctelos! entrar, amigo! arte bienvenido a manejarlos, ya sea dost comprar o no. En qué palabras, abriendo la puerta, empujó a Adams hacia el cerdo-stye, insistiendo en que debía manejarlas antes de hablar una palabra con él.

Adams, cuya complacencia natural estaba más allá de cualquier artificial, se vio obligado a cumplir antes de que fuera sufrido para explicarse; y, ayaciendo en una de sus colas, la bestia rebelde dio una primavera tan repentina, que arrojó al pobre Adams todo el tiempo en el fango. Trulliber, en lugar de ayudarlo a levantarse, estalló en una risa, y, entrando en el stye, dijo a Adams, con cierto desprecio, "¿Por qué, dost no sabe cómo manejar un cerdo?" y iba a echarse a su lado, pero Adams, que pensó que había llevado su complacencia lo suficientemente lejos, no fue antes en sus piernas que escapó fuera del alcance de los animales, y gritó, "*Nihil habeo por cumcis*: Soy un clérigo, señor, y no vengo a comprar cerdos." Trulliber respondió: "La lamente por el error, pero que debe culpar a su esposa", y a su esposa, y a "ella era una tonta y siempre cometió errores". Entonces deseaba que entrara y se limpiara, para que sólo se sujetara el stye y lo siguiera. Adams deseaba dejar que se secara su abrigo, peluca y sombrero junto al fuego, que Trulliber concedió. Trulliber le habría traído una cubeta de agua para lavarse la cara, pero su marido le pidió que se callara como una tonta como era, o cometió más errores, y luego dirigió a Adams a la bomba. Mientras Adams estaba así empleado, Trulliber, concibiendo ningún gran respeto por la apariencia de su invitado, abrochó la puerta de la sala, y ahora lo llevó a la cocina, diciéndole que creía que una taza de bebida no le haría ningún daño, y le susurró a su esposa para dibujar un poco de la peor cerveza. Después de un breve silencio, Adams dijo: "Me imagino, señor, ya me percibe como un clérigo". — "Ay, ay", grita Trulliber, sonriendo, "Percibo que tienes algo de sotana; No me atrevo a caale un todo. Adams respondió: "De hecho, no era de los mejores, pero tuvo la desgracia de romperlo hace unos diez años al pasar por encima de un estilo". La señora Trulliber, regresando con la bebida, le dijo a su marido: "Ella creía que el caballero era un viajero, y que él estaría encantado de comer un poco." Trulliber le pidió que le abrazara su lengua impertinente, y le preguntó: "Si los párrocos solían viajar sin caballos?", y añadía: "Supuso que el caballero no tenía ninguno por no tener botas puestas". — "Sí, señor, sí", dice Adams; "Tengo un caballo, pero lo he dejado detrás de mí." — "Me alegra oír que tienes uno", dice Trulliber; "porque te aseguro que no me encanta ver clérigos a pie; no es aparentemente ni se adapte a la dignidad de la tela. Aquí Trulliber hizo una

larga oración sobre la dignidad de la tela (o más bien vestido) no vale mucho que relatar, hasta que su esposa había extendido la mesa y puso un lío de gachas en ella para su desayuno. Entonces le dijo a Adams: "No sé, amigo, cómo llegaste a caale en mí; sin embargo, como usted está aquí, si usted piensa apropiado para comer un bocado, usted puede. Adams aceptó la invitación, y los dos párrocos se sentaron juntos; La señora Trulliber esperando detrás de la silla de su marido, como era, al parecer, su costumbre. Trulliber come de corazón, pero apenas puso nada en su boca sin encontrar la culpa de la cocina de su esposa. Todo lo que la pobre mujer llevaba pacientemente. De hecho, ella era tan absolutamente admiradora de la grandeza y la importancia de su marido, de la que tenía frecuentes indicios de su propia boca, que casi llevaba su adoración a una opinión de su infalibilidad. Para decir la verdad, el párrota le había ejercido más maneras que uno; y la piadosa mujer había edificado tan bien por los sermones de su esposo, que había decidido recibir las cosas malas de este mundo junto con lo bueno. Ella había sido al principio un poco contencioso; pero hace mucho tiempo que había conseguido lo mejor; en parte por su amor por esto, en parte por su temor a ello, en parte por su religión, en parte por el respeto que él mismo se prestó, y en parte por lo que recibió de la parroquia. Ella, en resumen, se había sometido absolutamente, y ahora adoraba a su esposo, como Sara lo hizo Abraham, llamándolo (no señor, pero) maestro. Mientras estaban en la mesa de su marido le dio un nuevo ejemplo de su grandeza, y porque, como ella acababa de entregar una taza de cerveza a Adams, él se la quitó de la mano, y, gritando, "I caal'd vurst", se tragó por la cerveza. Adams lo negó; fue referido a la esposa, que, aunque su conciencia estaba del lado de Adams, no se atrevió a darla contra su marido; en el que dijo: "No, señor, no; No debería haber sido tan grosero haberte quitado si tuvieras caal'd vurst, pero te haría saber que soy mejor hombre que sufrir lo mejor que en el reino para beber delante de mí en mi propia casa cuando caale vurst.

Tan pronto como terminó su desayuno, Adams comenzó de la siguiente manera: "Creo, señor, que ya es hora de informarle de los asuntos de mi embajada. Soy un viajero, y estoy pasando por este camino en compañía de dos jóvenes, un muchacho y una damisela, mis feligreses, hacia mi propia cura; nos detenemos en una casa de hospitalidad en la parroquia, donde me dirigieron a usted como tener la cura. —"Aunque no soy más que un cura", dice Trulliber, "Creo que soy tan cálido como el propio vicario, o tal vez también el rector de la próxima parroquia; Creo que podría comprarlos a ambos." —"Señor", grita Adams, "Me regocijo allí. Ahora, señor, mi negocio es.que estamos por varios accidentes despojados de nuestro dinero.y no somos capaces de pagar nuestros cálculos, siendo siete chelines. Por lo tanto, les pido que me ayuden con el préstamo de esos siete chelines, y también siete chelines más, que, peradventure, volveré a

vosotros; pero si no, estoy convencido de que aceptarán con alegría esa oportunidad de establecer un tesoro en un lugar mejor de lo que este mundo ofrece".

Supongamos que un extraño, que entró en las cámaras de un abogado, siendo imaginado un cliente, cuando el abogado estaba preparando su palma para la cuota, debe sacar una orden contra él. Supongamos que un boticario, en la puerta de un carro que contiene algún gran médico de eminente habilidad, debería, en lugar de indicaciones a un paciente, presentarle una poción para sí mismo. Supongamos que un ministro, en lugar de una buena suma redonda, tratar a mi señor —, o señor —, o esq. — con un buen palo de escoba. Supongamos que un compañero civil, o un capitán dirigido, debe, en lugar de la virtud, y el honor, y la belleza, y partes, y la admiración, el vicio del trueno, y la infamia, y la fealdad, y la locura, y el desprecio, en los oídos de su patrón. Supongamos que, cuando un comerciante por primera vez lleva en su cuenta, el hombre de la moda debe pagarlo; o supongamos, si lo hizo, el comerciante debe disminuir lo que había cobrado de más, en la suposición de esperar. En resumen, supongamos lo que quieras, nunca podrás ni suponer nada igual al asombro que se apoderó de Trulliber, tan pronto como Adams había terminado su discurso. Un tiempo rodó los ojos en silencio; a veces encuestando a Adams, luego su esposa; luego arrojándolos al suelo, luego elevándolos al cielo. Por fin estalló en los siguientes acentos: "Señor, creo que sé dónde poner mi pequeño tesoro, así como otro. Doy las gracias a G—, si no soy tan cálida como algunas, estoy contenta; que es una bendición mayor que las riquezas; y a quien se le da la necesidad de no pedir más. Estar contento con un poco es más grande que poseer el mundo; que un hombre puede poseer sin serlo. ¡Levanta mi tesoro! ¿qué importa dónde es el tesoro de un hombre cuyo corazón está en las Escrituras? hay el tesoro de un cristiano." En estas palabras, el agua huía de los ojos de Adán; y, atrapando a Trulliber de la mano en un éxtasis, "Hermano", dice, "los cielos bendicen el accidente por el cual vine a verte! Yo habría caminado muchos un kilómetro para haber comulgado con usted; y, créanme, pronto les haré una segunda visita; pero mis amigos, me imagino, en este momento, maravillado en mi estancia; así que permítanme tener el dinero de inmediato. Trulliber entonces se puso una mirada severa, y gritó: "¿No tiene la intención de robarme?" En el que la esposa, estallando en lágrimas, cayó de rodillas y rugió: "¡Oh, querido señor! por el amor de Dios no robe a mi amo; no somos más que gente pobre. "Levántate, por un tonto como tú, y haz tu negocio", dijo Trulliber; "¿Crees que el hombre se aventurará su vida? él es un mendigo, y ningún ladrón. "Muy cierto, de hecho", respondió Adams. "Deseo, con todo mi corazón, que el hombre del diezmo estuviera aquí", grita Trulliber; "Te habría castigado como un vagabundo por tu imprudencia. ¡Catorce chelines de verdad! No te daré nada. Creo que no eres más

un clérigo que la mujer allí" (señalando a su esposa); "pero si lo eres, mereces tener tu vestido de rayas sobre tus hombros por correr por el país de tal manera." "Perdono tus sospechas", dice Adams; "pero supongamos que no soy un clérigo, sin embargo soy tu hermano; y tú, como cristiano, mucho más como clérigo, estás obligado a aliviar mi angustia." "Dost predicar a mí?", Respondió Trulliber; "dost pretender instruirme en mi deber?" "Siacks, una buena historia", grita la señora Trulliber, "predicar a mi amo." "Silencio, mujer", grita Trulliber. "Te haría saber, amigo" (dirigiéndose a Adams), "No aprenderé mi deber de tal como tú. Sé lo que es la caridad, mejor que dar a los vagabundos. "Además, si nos inclinamos, la tasa de los pobres nos obliga a dar tanta caridad", exclama la esposa. "Pugh! Eres un tonto. ¡Pobre reate! Sostén tus tonterías", respondió Trulliber; y luego, dirigiéndose a Adams, le dijo, "él no le daría nada." "Lo siento", respondió Adams, "que ya sabes lo que es la caridad, ya que no la practicas mejor: debo decirte, si confías en tu conocimiento para tu justificación, te sentirás engañado, aunque debas añadirle fe, sin buenas obras". "Fellow", grita Trulliber, "¿hablas en contra de la fe en mi casa? Sal de mis puertas: ya no me quedaré bajo el mismo techo con un desgraciado que habla sólo de fe y de las Escrituras." "No nombre las Escrituras", dice Adams. "¿Cómo! no nombrar las Escrituras! ¿No crees en las Escrituras?", Grita Trulliber. "No; pero tú lo haces", respondió Adams, "si puedo razonar de tu práctica; porque sus órdenes son tan explícitas, y sus recompensas y castigos tan inmensos, que es imposible que un hombre crea firmemente sin obedecer. Ahora, no hay mandato más expreso, ningún deber más frecuentemente encomendado, que la caridad. Quien, por lo tanto, sea nulo de caridad, no hago escrúpulos al pronunciar que no es cristiano". "No te aconsejaría", dice Trulliber, "para decir que no soy cristiano: no te lo tomaré; porque creo que soy tan buen hombre como tú mismo" (y de hecho, aunque ahora era demasiado corpulento para los ejercicios atléticos, había sido, en su juventud, uno de los mejores boxeadores y cudgel-jugadores en el condado). Su esposa, al verlo apretar el puño, interponedo, y le rogó que no luchara, sino que se mostrara a un verdadero cristiano, y tomara la ley de él. Como nada podía provocar a Adams a atacar, sino un asalto absoluto contra sí mismo o su amigo, sonrió ante la mirada furiosa y los gestos de Trulliber; y, diciéndole que lamentaba ver a esos hombres en órdenes, partió sin más ceremonia.

Capítulo XV.

*Una aventura, la consecuencia de una nueva instancia
que el párrocos Adams dio de su olvido.*

Cuando regresó a la posada, encontró a José y Fanny sentados juntos. Estaban tan lejos de pensar en su ausencia, como temía que lo hicieran, que nunca fallaron ni pensaron en él. De hecho, a menudo me han asegurado por ambos, que pasaron estas horas en una conversación más deliciosa; pero, como nunca pude prevalecer sobre ninguno de los dos para relacionarlo, por lo que no puedo comunicarlo al lector.

Adams conoció a los amantes con el mal éxito de su enterprize. Todos estaban muy confundidos, ninguno de losabs posibilidades de proponer ningún método de partida, hasta que José por fin aconsejó llamar a la anfitriona, y deseando que confiara en ellos; que Fanny dijo que se desesperó de hacer, ya que era una de las mujeres más amargas que había visto.

Pero ella estaba agradablemente decepcionado; para la anfitriona no fue antes hecho la pregunta de lo que ella accedió fácilmente, y y, con una reverencia y una sonrisa, les deseó un buen viaje. Sin embargo, para que no se cuestione la habilidad de Fanny en la fisionomía, nos aventuraremos a asignar una razón que probablemente podría inclinarla a esta confianza y buen humor. Cuando Adams dijo que iba a visitar a su hermano, había impuesto involuntariamente a José y Fanny, quienes creían que había querido decir su hermano natural, y no a su hermano en la divinidad, y había informado tanto a la anfitriona, sobre su investigación después de él. Ahora bien, el Sr. Trulliber tenía, por sus profesiones de piedad, por su gravedad, austeridad, reserva y la opinión de su gran riqueza, tan grande autoridad en su parroquia, que todos vivían con el máximo miedo y aprensión de él. Por lo tanto, no era de extrañar que la anfitriona, que sabía que estaba en su elección si alguna vez debía vender otra taza de bebida, no se atrevió a afrentar a su supuesto hermano al negarle crédito.

Estaban ahora justo en su partida cuando Adams recordó que había dejado su abrigo y su sombrero en casa del Sr. Trulliber. Como no deseaba renovar su visita, la anfitriona, sin tener sirviente en casa, se ofreció a buscarla.

Este fue un expediente desafortunado; porque la anfitriona pronto no fue engañada en la opinión de que había entretenido de Adams, a quien Trulliber abusó en los términos más groseros, especialmente cuando se enteró de que había tenido la seguridad de fingir que era su relación cercana.

A su regreso, por lo tanto, ella cambió por completo su nota. Ella dijo: "La gente podría estar avergonzada de viajar y fingir ser lo que no eran. Que los impuestos eran altos, y por su parte se vio obligada a pagar por lo que tenía; ella no podía por lo tanto posiblemente, ni lo haría, confiar en nadie, y ella podría No, no su propio padre. Ese dinero nunca fue más escaso, y ella quería compensar una

suma. Que ella esperaba, por lo tanto, que deben pagar sus cálculos antes de salir de la casa.

Adams estaba ahora muy perplejo; pero, como sabía que fácilmente podía haber tomado prestada tal suma en su propia parroquia, y como sabía que se lo habría prestado a cualquier mortal en apuros, así que tomó un nuevo valor, y se desmayó por toda la parroquia, pero sin ningún propósito; regresó tan sin peniques, gimiendo y lamentando que era posible, en un país que profesaba el cristianismo, que un desgraciado se murió de hambre en medio de sus semejantes que abundaron.

Mientras se había ido, la anfitriona, que se quedó como una especie de guardia con José y Fanny, los entretuvo con la bondad del párroco Trulliber. Y, de hecho, no sólo tenía un muy buen carácter en cuanto a otras cualidades en el barrio, sino que era un hombre de gran caridad; porque, aunque nunca dio un, siempre tenía esa palabra en la boca.

Adams no fue tan pronto devuelto la segunda vez que la tormenta creció extremadamente alto, la anfitriona declaró, entre otras cosas, que, si se ofrecían a agitarse sin pagarle, pronto los superaría con una orden.

Platón y Aristóteles, o alguien más, ha dicho, *que cuando la astucia más exquisita falla, el azar a menudo golpea la marca, y que por los medios menos esperados*. Virgilio expresa esto con mucha audacia:—

*Turne, quod optanti divum promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies, en! attulit ultro.*

Yo citaré más grandes hombres si pudiera; pero mi memoria no me permite, procederé a ejemplificar estas observaciones por el siguiente caso:—

Allí tuvo la casualidad (porque Adams no tenía suficiente astucia para inventarla) de ser en ese momento en el alehouse un tipo que había sido anteriormente un baterista en un regimiento irlandés, y ahora viajó por el país como un pedlar. Este hombre, después de haber escuchado atentamente el discurso de la anfitriona, por fin apartó a Adán, y le preguntó cuál era la suma por la que fueron detenidos. Tan pronto como fue informado, suspiró, y dijo: "Lamentaba que fuera tanto; para eso no tenía más de seis chelines y seis peniques en el bolsillo, que les prestaría con todo su corazón. Adams dio una alcaparra, y gritó: "Haría; por eso tenía seis peniques a sí mismo. Y así, estas personas pobres, que no podían comprometerse con la compasión de las riquezas y la piedad, fueron libradas por fin de su angustia por la caridad de un pobre pedlar.

Me referiré a mi lector para que haga las observaciones que le plazca sobre este incidente: basta con que le informe que, después de que Adams y sus compañeros le devolvieron mil gracias, y le dijeron a dónde podría llamar a ser reembolsado, todos salieron de la casa sin ningún cumplimiento de su anfitriona, o de hecho sin pagarle a su anto; Adams declarando que tendría especial cuidado de no volver a llamar allí; y ella de su lado asegurándoles que no quería tales invitados.

Capítulo XVI.

Una aventura muy curiosa, en la que el Sr. Adams dio un ejemplo mucho mayor de la sencillez honesta de su corazón, que de su experiencia en los caminos de este mundo.

Nuestros viajeros habían caminado a unos dos kilómetros de esa posada, que tenían más razones para haber confundido con un castillo que Don Quijote había tenido cualquiera de aquellos en los que se quedó, al ver que se habían encontrado con tanta dificultad para escapar de sus paredes, cuando llegaron a una parroquia, y vieron una señal de invitación pasando el rato. Un caballero se sentó fumando una pipa en la puerta, de quien Adams preguntó el camino, y recibió una respuesta tan cortés y complaciente, acompañada de un rostro tan sonriente, que el buen párroto, cuyo corazón estaba naturalmente dispuesto al amor y al afecto, comenzó a hacer varias otras preguntas; particularmente el nombre de la parroquia, y que era el propietario de una casa grande cuyo frente tenían entonces en perspectiva. El caballero respondió tan complaciente como antes; y en cuanto a la casa, lo conocía que era suyo. Luego procedió de la siguiente manera: "Señor, supongo por su hábito que usted es un clérigo; y mientras viajas a pie supongo que un vaso de buena cerveza no será desagradable para ti; y puedo recomendar mi arrendador dentro como algunos de los mejores en todo este país. ¿Qué dices, puedes parar un poco y dejarnos tomar una pipa juntos? no hay mejor tabaco en el reino. Esta propuesta no disgustaba a Adams, que había disipado su sed ese día sin mejor licor que lo que la bodega de la señora Trulliber había producido; y que era de hecho poco superior, ya sea en riqueza o sabor, a la que destilaba de esos granos que su generoso marido le otorgaba a sus cerdos. Habiendo, por lo tanto, agradeció abundantemente al caballero por su amable invitación, y le pidió a José y a Fanny que lo siguieran, entró en la casa de cerveza, donde un gran pan y queso y una jarra de cerveza, que realmente respondieron al carácter dado de ella, estando ante ellos, los tres viajeros cayeron a comer, con apetitos infinitamente más voraces de lo que se encuentran en las casas de comida más exquisitas de la parroquia de Santiago.

El caballero expresó gran deleite en el comportamiento abundante y alegre de Adán; y particularmente en la familiaridad con la que conversaba con José y Fanny, a quienes a menudo llamaba a sus hijos; un término que explicó que no significa más que sus feligreses; diciendo: "Miró a todos aquellos a quienes Dios había confiado a su cuidado para estar a su lado en esa relación." El caballero, dándole la mano, aplaudió mucho esos sentimientos. "Son, en efecto", dice, "los verdaderos principios de un divino cristiano; y deseo de todo corazón que fueran universales; pero, por el contrario, lamento decir que el párroco de nuestra parroquia, en lugar de considerar a sus pobres feligreses como parte de su familia, parece más bien considerarlos como no de la misma especie consigo mismo. Rara vez habla a ninguno, a menos que algunos de los más ricos de nosotros; no, de hecho, no va a mover su sombrero a los demás. A menudo me río cuando lo veo los domingos pavoneando a lo largo del cementerio como un pavo-gallo a través de filas de sus feligreses, que se inclinan ante él con tanta sumisión, y son tan desenchufo, como un conjunto de cortesanos serviles por el príncipe más orgulloso de la cristiandad. Pero si tal orgullo temporal es ridículo, sin duda lo espiritual es odioso y detestable; si tal hinchado— hasta la vejiga humana vacía, pavoneando con túnicas principescas, apenas mueve el escarnio de uno, seguramente en el hábito de un sacerdote debe levantar nuestro desprecio."

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

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

to enumerate, many squeezes by the hand, with most affectionate looks and smiles at each other, and after appointing the horses at seven the next morning, the gentleman took his leave of them, and departed to his own house. Adams and his companions returned to the table, where the parson smoked another pipe, and then they all retired to rest.

El Sr. Adams se levantó muy temprano, y llamó a José fuera de su cama, entre quien se produjo una disputa muy feroz, si Fanny debía cabalgar detrás de José, o detrás del siervo del caballero; José insistía en ello que estaba perfectamente recuperado, y era tan capaz de cuidar de Fanny como cualquier otra persona podría ser. Pero Adams no estaría de acuerdo con ella, y declaró que no confiaría en ella detrás de él; por eso era más débil de lo que se imaginaba a sí mismo.

Esta disputa continuó mucho tiempo, y había comenzado a ser muy caliente, cuando un sirviente llegó de su buen amigo, para informarles de que lamentablemente se le impidió prestarles ningún caballo; por eso su novio había, desconocido para él, puso todo su establo bajo un curso de físico.

Este consejo en la actualidad golpeó a los dos disputantes tontos: Adams gritó: "¿Fue siempre algo tan desafortunado como este pobre caballero? Protesto, lo siento más por su cuenta que por la mía. Verás, José, cómo este hombre de buen carácter es tratado por sus siervos; uno encierra su ropa de cama, otro físico sus caballos, y supongo que, por su presencia en esta casa anoche, el mayordomo había encerrado su bodega. ¡Benditos seas! ¡cómo se usa la buena naturaleza en este mundo! Protesto estoy más preocupado por su cuenta que por la mía" "Yo no soy yo", grita José; "no es que me preocupa mucho caminar a pie; toda mi preocupación es cómo saldremos de la casa, a menos que Dios envíe otro pedlar para redimirnos. Pero ciertamente este caballero tiene tal afecto por ti, que te prestaría una suma mayor de la que debemos aquí, que no es superior a cuatro o cinco chelines". "Muy cierto, niño", respondió Adams; "Voy a escribir una carta a él, e incluso se atreverá a solicitarle tres medias coronas; no habrá ningún daño en tener dos o tres chelines en nuestros bolsillos; ya que tenemos un total de cuarenta millas para viajar, es posible que tengamos ocasión para ellos.

Fanny ahora resucitado, José le hizo una visita, y dejó a Adams para escribir su carta, que habiendo terminado, envió a un niño con ella al caballero, y luego se sentó junto a la puerta, encendió su pipa y se dirigió a la meditación.

El niño que se quedaba más tiempo del que parecía necesario, José, que con Fanny había regresado al párroto, expresó algunas aprehensiones de que el mayordomo del caballero también había encerrado su bolso. A lo que Adams respondió: "Es muy posible que sea, y no debería preguntarse ante ninguna

libertad que el diablo pudiera poner en la cabeza de un siervo inicuo para tomar con un maestro tan digno," pero añadió, "que, como la suma era tan pequeña, tan noble un caballero sería fácilmente capaz de adquirirlo en la parroquia, aunque no lo tenía en su propio bolsillo. De hecho", dice, "si fueran cuatro o cinco guineas, o cualquier cantidad de dinero tan grande, podría ser un asunto diferente".

They were now sat down to breakfast over some toast and ale, when the boy returned and informed them that the gentleman was not at home. "Very well!" cries Adams; "but why, child, did you not stay till his return? Go back again, my good boy, and wait for his coming home; he cannot be gone far, as his horses are all sick; and besides, he had no intention to go abroad, for he invited us to spend this day and tomorrow at his house. Therefore go back, child, and tarry till his return home." The messenger departed, and was back again with great expedition, bringing an account that the gentleman was gone a long journey, and would not be at home again this month. At these words Adams seemed greatly confounded, saying, "This must be a sudden accident, as the sickness or death of a relation or some such unforeseen misfortune;" and then, turning to Joseph, cried, "I wish you had reminded me to have borrowed this money last night." Joseph, smiling, answered, "He was very much deceived if the gentleman would not have found some excuse to avoid lending it.—I own," says he, "I was never much pleased with his professing so much kindness for you at first sight; for I have heard the gentlemen of our cloth in London tell many such stories of their masters. But when the boy brought the message back of his not being at home, I presently knew what would follow; for, whenever a man of fashion doth not care to fulfil his promises, the custom is to order his servants that he will never be at home to the person so promised. In London they call it denying him. I have myself denied Sir Thomas Booby above a hundred times, and when the man hath danced attendance for about a month or sometimes longer, he is acquainted in the end that the gentleman is gone out of town and could do nothing in the business."—"Good Lord!" says Adams, "what wickedness is there in the Christian world! I profess almost equal to what I have read of the heathens. But surely, Joseph, your suspicions of this gentleman must be unjust, for what a silly fellow must he be who would do the devil's work for nothing! and canst thou tell me any interest he could possibly propose to himself by deceiving us in his professions?"—"It is not for me," answered Joseph, "to give reasons for what men do, to a gentleman of your learning."—"You say right," quoth Adams; "knowledge of men is only to be learned from books; Plato and Seneca for that; and those are authors, I am afraid, child, you never read."—"Not I, sir, truly," answered Joseph; "all I know is, it is a maxim among the gentlemen of our cloth, that those masters who promise the most perform the least; and I have often

heard them say they have found the largest vails in those families where they were not promised any. But, sir, instead of considering any farther these matters, it would be our wisest way to contrive some method of getting out of this house; for the generous gentleman, instead of doing us any service, hath left us the whole reckoning to pay." Adams was going to answer, when their host came in, and, with a kind of jeering smile, said, "Well, masters! the squire hath not sent his horses for you yet. Laud help me! how easily some folks make promises!"—"How!" says Adams; "have you ever known him do anything of this kind before?"—"Ay! marry have I," answered the host: "it is no business of mine, you know, sir, to say anything to a gentleman to his face; but now he is not here, I will assure you, he hath not his fellow within the three next market-towns. I own I could not help laughing when I heard him offer you the living, for thereby hangs a good jest. I thought he would have offered you my house next, for one is no more his to dispose of than the other." At these words Adams, blessing himself, declared, "He had never read of such a monster. But what vexes me most," says he, "is, that he hath decoyed us into running up a long debt with you, which we are not able to pay, for we have no money about us, and, what is worse, live at such a distance, that if you should trust us, I am afraid you would lose your money for want of our finding any conveniency of sending it."—"Trust you, master!" says the host, "that I will with all my heart. I honour the clergy too much to deny trusting one of them for such a trifle; besides, I like your fear of never paying me. I have lost many a debt in my lifetime, but was promised to be paid them all in a very short time. I will score this reckoning for the novelty of it. It is the first, I do assure you, of its kind. But what say you, master, shall we have t'other pot before we part? It will waste but a little chalk more, and if you never pay me a shilling the loss will not ruin me." Adams liked the invitation very well, especially as it was delivered with so hearty an accent. He shook his host by the hand, and thanking him, said, "He would tarry another pot rather for the pleasure of such worthy company than for the liquor;" adding, "he was glad to find some Christians left in the kingdom, for that he almost began to suspect that he was sojourning in a country inhabited only by Jews and Turks."

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

CHAPTER XVII.

*A dialogue between Mr Abraham Adams and his host,
which, by the disagreement in their opinions, seemed to
threaten an unlucky catastrophe, had it not been timely
prevented by the return of the lovers.*

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

gaol.—I could tell you many more stories; but how do you imagine he served me myself? You must know, sir, I was bred a seafaring man, and have been many voyages; till at last I came to be master of a ship myself, and was in a fair way of making a fortune, when I was attacked by one of those cursed guarda-costas who took our ships before the beginning of the war; and after a fight, wherein I lost the greater part of my crew, my rigging being all demolished, and two shots received between wind and water, I was forced to strike. The villains carried off my ship, a brigantine of 150 tons—a pretty creature she was—and put me, a man, and a boy, into a little bad pink, in which, with much ado, we at last made Falmouth; though I believe the Spaniards did not imagine she could possibly live a day at sea. Upon my return hither, where my wife, who was of this country, then lived, the squire told me he was so pleased with the defence I had made against the enemy, that he did not fear getting me promoted to a lieutenancy of a man-of-war, if I would accept of it; which I thankfully assured him I would. Well, sir, two or three years passed, during which I had many repeated promises, not only from the squire, but (as he told me) from the lords of the admiralty. He never returned from London but I was assured I might be satisfied now, for I was certain of the first vacancy; and, what surprizes me still, when I reflect on it, these assurances were given me with no less confidence, after so many disappointments, than at first. At last, sir, growing weary, and somewhat suspicious, after so much delay, I wrote to a friend in London, who I knew had some acquaintance at the best house in the admiralty, and desired him to back the squire's interest; for indeed I feared he had solicited the affair with more coldness than he pretended. And what answer do you think my friend sent me? Truly, sir, he acquainted me that the squire had never mentioned my name at the admiralty in his life; and, unless I had much faithfuller interest, advised me to give over my pretensions; which I immediately did, and, with the concurrence of my wife, resolved to set up an alehouse, where you are heartily welcome; and so my service to you; and may the squire, and all such sneaking rascals, go to the devil together."—"O fie!" says Adams, "O fie! He is indeed a wicked man; but G—will, I hope, turn his heart to repentance. Nay, if he could but once see the meanness of this detestable vice; would he but once reflect that he is one of the most scandalous as well as pernicious lyars; sure he must despise himself to so intolerable a degree, that it would be impossible for him to continue a moment in such a course. And to confess the truth, notwithstanding the baseness of this character, which he hath too well deserved, he hath in his countenance sufficient symptoms of that *bona indoles*, that sweetness of disposition, which furnishes out a good Christian."—"Ah, master! master!" says the host, "if you had travelled as far as I have, and conversed with the many nations where I have traded, you would not give any credit to a man's countenance. Symptoms in his countenance, quotha! I would look there, perhaps, to see whether a man had the small-pox, but

for nothing else." He spoke this with so little regard to the parson's observation, that it a good deal nettled him; and, taking the pipe hastily from his mouth, he thus answered: "Master of mine, perhaps I have travelled a great deal farther than you without the assistance of a ship. Do you imagine sailing by different cities or countries is travelling? No.

"Caelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.

"I can go farther in an afternoon than you in a twelvemonth. What, I suppose you have seen the Pillars of Hercules, and perhaps the walls of Carthage. Nay, you may have heard Scylla, and seen Charybdis; you may have entered the closet where Archimedes was found at the taking of Syracuse. I suppose you have sailed among the Cyclades, and passed the famous straits which take their name from the unfortunate Helle, whose fate is sweetly described by Apollonius Rhodius; you have passed the very spot, I conceive, where Daedalus fell into that sea, his waxen wings being melted by the sun; you have traversed the Euxine sea, I make no doubt; nay, you may have been on the banks of the Caspian, and called at Colchis, to see if there is ever another golden fleece." "Not I, truly, master," answered the host: "I never touched at any of these places."—"But I have been at all these," replied Adams. "Then, I suppose," cries the host, "you have been at the East Indies; for there are no such, I will be sworn, either in the West or the Levant."—"Pray where's the Levant?" quoth Adams; "that should be in the East Indies by right." "Oho! you are a pretty traveller," cries the host, "and not know the Levant! My service to you, master; you must not talk of these things with me! you must not tip us the traveller; it won't go here." "Since thou art so dull to misunderstand me still," quoth Adams, "I will inform thee; the travelling I mean is in books, the only way of travelling by which any knowledge is to be acquired. From them I learn what I asserted just now, that nature generally imprints such a portraiture of the mind in the countenance, that a skilful physiognomist will rarely be deceived. I presume you have never read the story of Socrates to this purpose, and therefore I will tell it you. A certain physiognomist asserted of Socrates, that he plainly discovered by his features that he was a rogue in his nature. A character so contrary to the tenour of all this great man's actions, and the generally received opinion concerning him, incensed the boys of Athens so that they threw stones at the physiognomist, and would have demolished him for his ignorance, had not Socrates himself prevented them by confessing the truth of his observations, and acknowledging that, though he corrected his disposition by philosophy, he was indeed naturally as inclined to vice as had been predicated of him. Now, pray resolve me—How should a man know this story if he had not read it?" "Well, master," said the host, "and what signifies it whether a man knows it or no? He who goes abroad, as I have done, will always have

opportunities enough of knowing the world without troubling his head with Socrates, or any such fellows." "Friend," cries Adams, "if a man should sail round the world, and anchor in every harbour of it, without learning, he would return home as ignorant as he went out." "Lord help you!" answered the host; "there was my boatswain, poor fellow! he could scarce either write or read, and yet he would navigate a ship with any master of a man-of-war; and a very pretty knowledge of trade he had too." "Trade," answered Adams, "as Aristotle proves in his first chapter of Politics, is below a philosopher, and unnatural as it is managed now." The host looked stedfastly at Adams, and after a minute's silence asked him, "If he was one of the writers of the Gazetteers? for I have heard," says he, "they are writ by parsons." "Gazetteers!" answered Adams, "what is that?" "It is a dirty newspaper," replied the host, "which hath been given away all over the nation for these many years, to abuse trade and honest men, which I would not suffer to lye on my table, though it hath been offered me for nothing." "Not I truly," said Adams; "I never write anything but sermons; and I assure you I am no enemy to trade, whilst it is consistent with honesty; nay, I have always looked on the tradesman as a very valuable member of society, and, perhaps, inferior to none but the man of learning." "No, I believe he is not, nor to him neither," answered the host. "Of what use would learning be in a country without trade? What would all you parsons do to clothe your backs and feed your bellies? Who fetches you your silks, and your linens, and your wines, and all the other necessaries of life? I speak chiefly with regard to the sailors." "You should say the extravagancies of life," replied the parson; "but admit they were the necessaries, there is something more necessary than life itself, which is provided by learning; I mean the learning of the clergy. Who clothes you with piety, meekness, humility, charity, patience, and all the other Christian virtues? Who feeds your souls with the milk of brotherly love, and diets them with all the dainty food of holiness, which at once cleanses them of all impure carnal affections, and fattens them with the truly rich spirit of grace? Who doth this?" "Ay, who, indeed?" cries the host; "for I do not remember ever to have seen any such clothing or such feeding. And so, in the mean time, master, my service to you." Adams was going to answer with some severity, when Joseph and Fanny returned and pressed his departure so eagerly that he would not refuse them; and so, grasping his crabstick, he took leave of his host (neither of them being so well pleased with each other as they had been at their first sitting down together), and with Joseph and Fanny, who both expressed much impatience, departed, and now all together renewed their journey.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

Matter prefatory in praise of biography.

Notwithstanding the preference which may be vulgarly given to the authority of those romance writers who entitle their books "the History of England, the History of France, of Spain, &c.," it is most certain that truth is to be found only in the works of those who celebrate the lives of great men, and are commonly called biographers, as the others should indeed be termed topographers, or chorographers; words which might well mark the distinction between them; it being the business of the latter chiefly to describe countries and cities, which, with the assistance of maps, they do pretty justly, and may be depended upon; but as to the actions and characters of men, their writings are not quite so authentic, of which there needs no other proof than those eternal contradictions occurring between two topographers who undertake the history of the same country: for instance, between my Lord Clarendon and Mr Whitelocke, between Mr Echard and Rapin, and many others; where, facts being set forth in a different light, every reader believes as he pleases; and, indeed, the more judicious and suspicious very justly esteem the whole as no other than a romance, in which the writer hath indulged a happy and fertile invention. But though these widely differ in the narrative of facts; some ascribing victory to the one, and others to the other party; some representing the same man as a rogue, while others give him a great and honest character; yet all agree in the scene where the fact is supposed to have happened, and where the person, who is both a rogue and an honest man, lived. Now with us biographers the case is different; the facts we deliver may be relied on, though we often mistake the age and country wherein they happened: for, though it may be worth the examination of critics, whether the shepherd Chrysostom, who, as Cervantes informs us, died for love of the fair Marcella, who hated him, was ever in Spain, will any one doubt but that such a silly fellow hath really existed? Is there in the world such a sceptic as to disbelieve the madness of Cardenio, the perfidy of Ferdinand, the impertinent curiosity of Anselmo, the weakness of Camilla, the irresolute friendship of Lothario? though perhaps, as to the time and place where those several persons lived, that good historian may be deplorably deficient. But the most known instance of this kind is in the true history of Gil Blas, where the inimitable biographer hath made a notorious blunder in the country of Dr Sangrado, who used his patients as a vintner doth his wine-vessels, by letting out their blood, and filling them up with water. Doth not every one, who is the least versed in physical history, know that Spain was not the country in which this doctor lived? The same writer hath

likewise erred in the country of his archbishop, as well as that of those great personages whose understandings were too sublime to taste anything but tragedy, and in many others. The same mistakes may likewise be observed in Scarron, the Arabian Nights, the History of Marianne and le Paisan Parvenu, and perhaps some few other writers of this class, whom I have not read, or do not at present recollect; for I would by no means be thought to comprehend those persons of surprizing genius, the authors of immense romances, or the modern novel and Atalantis writers; who, without any assistance from nature or history, record persons who never were, or will be, and facts which never did, nor possibly can, happen; whose heroes are of their own creation, and their brains the chaos whence all their materials are selected. Not that such writers deserve no honour; so far otherwise, that perhaps they merit the highest; for what can be nobler than to be as an example of the wonderful extent of human genius? One may apply to them what Balzac says of Aristotle, that they are a second nature (for they have no communication with the first; by which, authors of an inferior class, who cannot stand alone, are obliged to support themselves as with crutches); but these of whom I am now speaking seem to be possessed of those stilts, which the excellent Voltaire tells us, in his letters, "carry the genius far off, but with an regular pace." Indeed, far out of the sight of the reader,

Más allá del reino del Caos y la vieja Noche.

Pero volver a la primera clase, que se contentan con copiar la naturaleza, en lugar de formar originales a partir del confuso montón de materia en sus propios cerebros, no es un libro como el que registra los logros del renombrado Don Quijote más digno el nombre de una historia que incluso el de Mariana: porque, mientras que el segundo se limita a un período de tiempo particular , y para una nación en particular, la primera es la historia del mundo en general, al menos esa parte que está pulida por las leyes, las artes y las ciencias; y de eso desde el momento en que se pulió por primera vez hasta el día de hoy; no, y adelante, siempre y cuando así permanecerá?

Procederé ahora a aplicar estas observaciones a la obra que tenemos ante nosotros; porque, de hecho, las he puesto principalmente para evitar algunas construcciones que la buena naturaleza de la humanidad, que siempre están al frente para ver las virtudes de sus amigos registradas, puede poner en partes particulares. No cuestiono, pero varios de mis lectores conocerán al abogado en el escenóci en el momento en que escuchen su voz. También es una probabilidad, pero el ingenio y el mojigato se encuentran con algunos de sus conocidos, así como con el resto de mis personajes. Para evitar, por lo tanto, cualquier aplicación maliciosa, declaro aquí, de una vez por todas, describo no a los

hombres, sino modales; no un individuo, sino una especie. Tal vez sea respondido, ¿No son los personajes entonces tomados de la vida? A lo que respondo afirmativamente; no, creo que podría aver que he escrito poco más de lo que he visto. El abogado no sólo está vivo, sino que lo ha sido estos cuatro mil años; y espero que G-- disfrute de su vida como muchos por venir. De hecho, no se ha limitado a una profesión, a una religión o a un país; pero cuando la primera criatura egoísta media apareció en el escenario humano, que se convirtió en el centro de toda la creación, no se daría ningún dolor, no incurriría en ningún peligro, no avanzaría dinero, para ayudar o preservar a sus semejantes; entonces nació nuestro abogado; y, mientras exista en la tierra una persona como la que he descrito, tanto tiempo permanecerá sobre ella. Por lo tanto, es un poco honorable imaginar que se esfuerza por imitar a algún pequeño tipo oscuro, porque resulta que se parece a él en un elemento particular, o tal vez en su profesión; mientras que su aparición en el mundo se calcula para fines mucho más generales y nobles; no exponer a un desgraciado lamentable al círculo pequeño y despreciable de su conocido; sino sostener el vaso a miles de personas en sus armarios, para que puedan contemplar su deformidad y esforzarse por reducirlo, y así, sufriendo la mortificación privada puede evitar la vergüenza pública. Esto coloca el límite entre, y distingue al satírico del libeller: porque el primero corrige en privado la culpa en beneficio de la persona, como un padre; este último expone públicamente a la persona, como ejemplo a los demás, como un verdugo.

Además de pequeñas circunstancias a tener en cuenta; como la cortina de una imagen, que aunque la moda varía en diferentes momentos, el parecido del rostro no se reduce por esos medios. Por lo tanto, creo que podemos atrevernos a decir que la Sra. Tow-wouse es coeval con nuestro abogado y, aunque tal vez, durante los cambios que una existencia tan larga debe haber pasado, ella puede haber estado a su vez detrás del bar en una posada, no voy a escrúpulos para afirmar que también en la revolución de los siglos se sentó en un trono. En resumen, donde las turbulencias extremas de temperamento, avaricia y una insensibilidad a la miseria humana, con cierto grado de hipocresía, se han unido en una composición femenina, la señora Tow-wouse era esa mujer; y donde una buena inclinación, eclipsada por una pobreza de espíritu y entendimiento, ha brillado en un hombre, que el hombre no ha sido más que su marido furtivo.

Voy a detener a mi lector no más que darle una advertencia más de un tipo opuesto: porque, como en la mayoría de nuestros personajes particulares nos referimos a no azotar a los individuos, pero todos los similares, por lo que, en nuestras descripciones generales, no nos referimos a universales, pero nos entenderíamos con muchas excepciones: por ejemplo, en nuestra descripción de personas altas, no podemos ser destinados a incluir tales como, si bien son un

honor a su alto rango, por una condescendencia bien guiada hacen que su superioridad sea lo más fácil posible para aquellos a quienes la fortuna ha colocado principalmente debajo de ellos. De este número podría nombrar a un par no menos elevado por naturaleza que por fortuna; que, aunque lleva los alférez de honor más nobles en su persona, lleva en su mente el sello más verdadero de la dignidad, adornado con grandeza, enriquecido con conocimiento y adornado con genio. He visto a este hombre relevar con generosidad, mientras ha conversado con la libertad, y ser para la misma persona un mecenas y un compañero. Podría nombrar a un plebeyo, elevado más arriba de la multitud por talentos superiores que en el poder de su príncipe para exaltarlo, cuyo comportamiento a los que ha obligado es más amable que la obligación misma; y que es tan grande un maestro de la afabilidad, que, si pudiera despojarse de una grandeza inherente a su manera, a menudo haría que el más bajo de su conocido olvidara quién era el amo de ese palacio en el que están tan cortésmente entretenidos. Estas son imágenes que deben ser, creo, conocidas: declaro que son tomadas de la vida, y no pretenden superarla. Por esas personas altas, por lo tanto, a quienes he descrito, me refiero a un conjunto de desgracias, que, si bien son una desgracia para sus antepasados, cuyos honores y fortunas heredan (o tal vez un mayor para su madre, porque tal degeneración es escasamente creíble), tienen la insolencia de tratar a aquellos con desprecio que son al menos iguales a los fundadores de su propio esplendor. Es, me imagino, imposible concebir un espectáculo más digno de nuestra indignación, que el de un hombre, que no sólo es una mancha en el escutcheon de una gran familia, sino un escándalo para la especie humana, manteniendo un comportamiento supercilioso para los hombres que son un honor a su naturaleza y una desgracia para su fortuna.

Y ahora, lector, tomando estas pistas junto con usted, puede, por favor, proceder a la secuela de esta nuestra verdadera historia.

Capítulo II.

Una escena nocturna, donde varias aventuras maravillosas befel Adams y sus compañeros de viaje.

Era tan tarde cuando nuestros viajeros salieron de la posada o alehouse (porque podría llamarse cualquiera de los dos), que no habían viajado muchos kilómetros antes de la noche los superó, o los conocieron, lo que le plazca. El lector debe disculparme si no soy particular en cuanto a la forma en que tomaron; porque, como ahora nos acercamos a la sede de las Tetas, y como ese es un nombre cosquilloso, que las personas malintencionadas pueden aplicar, de acuerdo con

sus malas inclinaciones, a varios escuderos dignos del país, una raza de hombres a los que consideramos totalmente inofensivos, y para quienes tenemos una consideración adecuada, no prestaremos ninguna ayuda a tales propósitos maliciosos.

La oscuridad había extendido el hemisferio, cuando Fanny le susurró a José "que rogó que descansara un poco; por eso estaba tan cansada que no podía caminar más lejos. José inmediatamente se impuso con el párroto Adams, que era tan rápido como una abeja, para detenerse. No se había sentado antes de lamentar la pérdida de su querido Esquiso; pero se consoló un poco cuando se le recordó que, si lo tenía en su poder, no podía ver a leer.

El cielo estaba tan nublado, que no apareció una estrella. Fue de hecho, según Milton, la oscuridad visible. Esta fue una circunstancia, sin embargo, muy favorable para José; porque Fanny, sin sospecha de ser supervisada por Adams, le dio una ventaja a su pasión que nunca había hecho antes, y, reclinando su cabeza en su pecho, lanzó su brazo descuidadamente alrededor de él, y lo sufrió para poner su mejilla cerca de la suya. Todo esto infundió tal felicidad en José, que no habría cambiado su territorio por lo mejor en el mejor palacio del universo.

Adams se sentó a cierta distancia de los amantes, y, al no estar dispuesto a molestarlos, se aplicó a la meditación; en el que no había pasado mucho tiempo antes de descubrir una luz a cierta distancia que parecía acercarse a él. Inmediatamente lo saludó; pero, para su pesar y sorpresa, se detuvo por un momento, y luego desapareció. Entonces llamó a José, preguntándole: "¿Si no hubiera visto la luz?" José respondió: "Tenía". —"¿Y no marcaste cómo desapareció?", respondió él: "Aunque no tengo miedo de los fantasmas, no los descreiento."

Luego entró en una meditación sobre esos seres insustanciales; que pronto fue interrumpido por varias voces, que pensó casi en su codo, aunque de hecho no estaban tan cerca. Sin embargo, podía oír claramente de acuerdo en el asesinato de cualquiera que conocieron; y un poco después de oír a uno de ellos decir, "había matado a una docena desde ese día quincenal."

Adán ahora cayó de rodillas, y se comprometió al cuidado de la Providencia; y la pobre Fanny, que también oyó esas terribles palabras, abrazó a José tan de cerca, que si no hubiera, cuyos oídos también abiertos, hubiera sido aprensivo por su cuenta, no habría pensado en ningún peligro que sólo se amenazara a sí mismo demasiado querido un precio por tales abrazos.

José sacó ahora su navaja, y Adán, habiendo terminado sus eyaculaciones, agarró su palo de cangrejo, su única arma, y, al acercarse a José, le habría hecho salir de Fanny, y colocarla en la retaguardia; pero su consejo fue infructuoso; se aferró más a él, en absoluto con respecto a la presencia de Adán, y con voz tranquilizadora declaró: "Ella moriría en sus brazos." José, apretando con un afán inexpresable, le susurró, "que prefería la muerte en la suya a la vida de ellos". Adams, blandiendo su bastón, dijo: "despreciaba la muerte tanto como cualquier hombre", y luego repitió en voz alta—

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

Sobre esto, las voces cesaron por un momento, y entonces una de ellas gritó: "D—n tú, ¿quién está allí?" A lo que Adams fue lo suficientemente prudente como para no responder; y de repente observó media docena de luces, que parecían levantarse a la vez desde el suelo y avanzar enérgicamente hacia él. Esto inmediatamente llegó a la conclusión de ser una aparición; y ahora, empezando a concebir que las voces eran de la misma clase, gritó: "En nombre de la L, d, ¿qué tendrías?" No había hablado antes de oír a una de las voces gritar: "D—n ellos, aquí vienen", y poco después escucharon varios golpes abundantes, como si varios hombres hubieran estado comprometidos en el cuarto personal. Estaba avanzando hacia el lugar del combate, cuando José, atrapándolo por las faldas, le rogó que aprovecharan la oportunidad de la oscuridad para alejar a Fanny del peligro que la amenazaba. En la actualidad cumplió, y, José levantando a Fanny, los tres hicieron lo mejor de su camino; y sin mirar detrás de ellos, o ser superados, habían viajado dos millas, pobre Fanny no se quejaba una vez de estar cansado, cuando vieron lejos varias luces esparcidas a una pequeña distancia entre sí, y al mismo tiempo se encontraron en el descenso de una colina muy empinada. El pie de Adán resbaló, desapareció instantáneamente, lo que asustó mucho a José y a Fanny: de hecho, si la luz les hubiera permitido verlo, apenas se habrían abstenido de reírse de ver al párroto rodando por la colina; que hizo de arriba a abajo, sin recibir ningún daño. Luego se ahuecó lo más fuerte que pudo, para informarles de su seguridad, y aliviarlos de los temores que habían concebido para él. José y Fanny se detuvieron algún tiempo, considerando qué hacer; por fin avanzaron unos pasos, donde la declividad parecía menos empinada, y luego José, tomando a su Fanny en sus brazos, caminó firmemente por la colina, sin dar un paso en falso, y por fin la aterrizó en el fondo, donde Adams pronto llegó a ellos.

Learn hence, my fair countrywomen, to consider your own weakness, and the many occasions on which the strength of a man may be useful to you; and, duly

weighing this, take care that you match not yourselves with the spindle-shanked beaux and *petit-mâtres* of the age, who, instead of being able, like Joseph Andrews, to carry you in lusty arms through the rugged ways and downhill steepes of life, will rather want to support their feeble limbs with your strength and assistance.

Our travellers now moved forwards where the nearest light presented itself; and, having crossed a common field, they came to a meadow, where they seemed to be at a very little distance from the light, when, to their grief, they arrived at the banks of a river. Adams here made a full stop, and declared he could swim, but doubted how it was possible to get Fanny over: to which Joseph answered, "If they walked along its banks, they might be certain of soon finding a bridge, especially as by the number of lights they might be assured a parish was near." "Odso, that's true indeed," said Adams; "I did not think of that."

Accordingly, Joseph's advice being taken, they passed over two meadows, and came to a little orchard, which led them to a house. Fanny begged of Joseph to knock at the door, assuring him "she was so weary that she could hardly stand on her feet." Adams, who was foremost, performed this ceremony; and, the door being immediately opened, a plain kind of man appeared at it: Adams acquainted him "that they had a young woman with them who was so tired with her journey that he should be much obliged to him if he would suffer her to come in and rest herself." The man, who saw Fanny by the light of the candle which he held in his hand, perceiving her innocent and modest look, and having no apprehensions from the civil behaviour of Adams, presently answered, "That the young woman was very welcome to rest herself in his house, and so were her company." He then ushered them into a very decent room, where his wife was sitting at a table: she immediately rose up, and assisted them in setting forth chairs, and desired them to sit down; which they had no sooner done than the man of the house asked them if they would have anything to refresh themselves with? Adams thanked him, and answered he should be obliged to him for a cup of his ale, which was likewise chosen by Joseph and Fanny. Whilst he was gone to fill a very large jug with this liquor, his wife told Fanny she seemed greatly fatigued, and desired her to take something stronger than ale; but she refused with many thanks, saying it was true she was very much tired, but a little rest she hoped would restore her. As soon as the company were all seated, Mr Adams, who had filled himself with ale, and by public permission had lighted his pipe, turned to the master of the house, asking him, "If evil spirits did not use to walk in that neighbourhood?" To which receiving no answer, he began to inform him of the adventure which they met with on the downs; nor had he proceeded far in the story when somebody knocked very hard at the door. The company expressed some amazement, and Fanny and the good woman turned pale: her husband went

forth, and whilst he was absent, which was some time, they all remained silent, looking at one another, and heard several voices discoursing pretty loudly. Adams was fully persuaded that spirits were abroad, and began to meditate some exorcisms; Joseph a little inclined to the same opinion; Fanny was more afraid of men; and the good woman herself began to suspect her guests, and imagined those without were rogues belonging to their gang. At length the master of the house returned, and, laughing, told Adams he had discovered his apparition; that the murderers were sheep-stealers, and the twelve persons murdered were no other than twelve sheep; adding, that the shepherds had got the better of them, had secured two, and were proceeding with them to a justice of peace. This account greatly relieved the fears of the whole company; but Adams muttered to himself, "He was convinced of the truth of apparitions for all that."

They now sat cheerfully round the fire, till the master of the house, having surveyed his guests, and conceiving that the cassock, which, having fallen down, appeared under Adams's greatcoat, and the shabby livery on Joseph Andrews, did not well suit with the familiarity between them, began to entertain some suspicions not much to their advantage: addressing himself therefore to Adams, he said, "He perceived he was a clergyman by his dress, and supposed that honest man was his footman." "Sir," answered Adams, "I am a clergyman at your service; but as to that young man, whom you have rightly termed honest, he is at present in nobody's service; he never lived in any other family than that of Lady Booby, from whence he was discharged, I assure you, for no crime." Joseph said, "He did not wonder the gentleman was surprized to see one of Mr Adams's character condescend to so much goodness with a poor man."—"Child," said Adams, "I should be ashamed of my cloth if I thought a poor man, who is honest, below my notice or my familiarity. I know not how those who think otherwise can profess themselves followers and servants of Him who made no distinction, unless, peradventure, by preferring the poor to the rich.—Sir," said he, addressing himself to the gentleman, "these two poor young people are my parishioners, and I look on them and love them as my children. There is something singular enough in their history, but I have not now time to recount it." The master of the house, notwithstanding the simplicity which discovered itself in Adams, knew too much of the world to give a hasty belief to professions. He was not yet quite certain that Adams had any more of the clergyman in him than his cassock. To try him therefore further, he asked him, "If Mr Pope had lately published anything new?" Adams answered, "He had heard great commendations of that poet, but that he had never read nor knew any of his works."—"Ho! ho!" says the gentleman to himself, "have I caught you? What!" said he, "have you never seen his Homer?" Adams answered, "he had never read any translation of the classicks." "Why, truly," reply'd the gentleman, "there is a dignity in the Greek

language which I think no modern tongue can reach."—"Do you understand Greek, sir?" said Adams hastily. "A little, sir," answered the gentleman. "Do you know, sir," cry'd Adams, "where I can buy an Aeschylus? an unlucky misfortune lately happened to mine." Aeschylus was beyond the gentleman, though he knew him very well by name; he therefore, returning back to Homer, asked Adams, "What part of the Iliad he thought most excellent?" Adams returned, "His question would be properer, What kind of beauty was the chief in poetry? for that Homer was equally excellent in them all. And, indeed," continued he, "what Cicero says of a complete orator may well be applied to a great poet: 'He ought to comprehend all perfections.' Homer did this in the most excellent degree; it is not without reason, therefore, that the philosopher, in the twenty-second chapter of his Poeticks, mentions him by no other appellation than that of the Poet. He was the father of the drama as well as the epic; not of tragedy only, but of comedy also; for his Margites, which is deplorably lost, bore, says Aristotle, the same analogy to comedy as his Odyssey and Iliad to tragedy. To him, therefore, we owe Aristophanes as well as Euripides, Sophocles, and my poor Aeschylus. But if you please we will confine ourselves (at least for the present) to the Iliad, his noblest work; though neither Aristotle nor Horace give it the preference, as I remember, to the Odyssey. First, then, as to his subject, can anything be more simple, and at the same time more noble? He is rightly praised by the first of those judicious critics for not chusing the whole war, which, though he says it hath a complete beginning and end, would have been too great for the understanding to comprehend at one view. I have, therefore, often wondered why so correct a writer as Horace should, in his epistle to Lollius, call him the Trojani Belli Scriptorem. Secondly, his action, termed by Aristotle, Pragmaton Systasis; is it possible for the mind of man to conceive an idea of such perfect unity, and at the same time so replete with greatness? And here I must observe, what I do not remember to have seen noted by any, the Harmotton, that agreement of his action to his subject: for, as the subject is anger, how agreeable is his action, which is war; from which every incident arises and to which every episode immediately relates. Thirdly, his manners, which Aristotle places second in his description of the several parts of tragedy, and which he says are included in the action; I am at a loss whether I should rather admire the exactness of his judgment in the nice distinction or the immensity of his imagination in their variety. For, as to the former of these, how accurately is the sedate, injured resentment of Achilles, distinguished from the hot, insulting passion of Agamemnon! How widely doth the brutal courage of Ajax differ from the amiable bravery of Diomedes; and the wisdom of Nestor, which is the result of long reflection and experience, from the cunning of Ulysses, the effect of art and subtlety only! If we consider their variety, we may cry out, with Aristotle in his 24th chapter, that no part of this divine poem is destitute of manners. Indeed, I might affirm that there is scarce a

character in human nature untouched in some part or other. And, as there is no passion which he is not able to describe, so is there none in his reader which he cannot raise. If he hath any superior excellence to the rest, I have been inclined to fancy it is in the pathetic. I am sure I never read with dry eyes the two episodes where Andromache is introduced in the former lamenting the danger, and in the latter the death, of Hector. The images are so extremely tender in these, that I am convinced the poet had the worthiest and best heart imaginable. Nor can I help observing how Sophocles falls short of the beauties of the original, in that imitation of the dissuasive speech of Andromache which he hath put into the mouth of Tecmessa. And yet Sophocles was the greatest genius who ever wrote tragedy; nor have any of his successors in that art, that is to say, neither Euripides nor Seneca the tragedian, been able to come near him. As to his sentiments and diction, I need say nothing; the former are particularly remarkable for the utmost perfection on that head, namely, propriety; and as to the latter, Aristotle, whom doubtless you have read over and over, is very diffuse. I shall mention but one thing more, which that great critic in his division of tragedy calls *Opsis*, or the scenery; and which is as proper to the epic as to the drama, with this difference, that in the former it falls to the share of the poet, and in the latter to that of the painter. But did ever painter imagine a scene like that in the 13th and 14th Iliads? where the reader sees at one view the prospect of Troy, with the army drawn up before it; the Grecian army, camp, and fleet; Jupiter sitting on Mount Ida, with his head wrapt in a cloud, and a thunderbolt in his hand, looking towards Thrace; Neptune driving through the sea, which divides on each side to permit his passage, and then seating himself on Mount Samos; the heavens opened, and the deities all seated on their thrones. This is sublime! This is poetry!" Adams then rapt out a hundred Greek verses, and with such a voice, emphasis, and action, that he almost frightened the women; and as for the gentleman, he was so far from entertaining any further suspicion of Adams, that he now doubted whether he had not a bishop in his house. He ran into the most extravagant encomiums on his learning; and the goodness of his heart began to dilate to all the strangers. He said he had great compassion for the poor young woman, who looked pale and faint with her journey; and in truth he conceived a much higher opinion of her quality than it deserved. He said he was sorry he could not accommodate them all; but if they were contented with his fireside, he would sit up with the men; and the young woman might, if she pleased, partake his wife's bed, which he advised her to; for that they must walk upwards of a mile to any house of entertainment, and that not very good neither. Adams, who liked his seat, his ale, his tobacco, and his company, persuaded Fanny to accept this kind proposal, in which sollicitation he was seconded by Joseph. Nor was she very difficultly prevailed on; for she had slept little the last night and not at all the preceding; so that love itself was scarce able to keep her eyes open any longer. The offer,

therefore, being kindly accepted, the good woman produced everything eatable in her house on the table, and the guests, being heartily invited, as heartily regaled themselves, especially parson Adams. As to the other two, they were examples of the truth of that physical observation, that love, like other sweet things, is no whetter of the stomach.

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

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

Adams told him it was now in his power to return that favour; for his extraordinary goodness, as well as that fund of literature he was master of, ¹ which he did not expect to find under such a roof, had raised in him more curiosity than he had ever known. "Therefore," said he, "if it be not too troublesome, sir, your history, if you please."

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

Footnote 1: The author hath by some been represented to have made a blunder here: for Adams had indeed shown some learning (say they), perhaps all the author had; but the gentleman hath shown none, unless his approbation of Mr Adams be such: but surely it would be preposterous in him to call it so. I have, however, notwithstanding this criticism, which I am told came from the mouth of a great orator in a public coffee-house,

left this blunder as it stood in the first edition. I will not have the vanity to apply to anything in this work the observation which M. Dacier makes in her preface to her Aristophanes: *Je tiens pour une maxime constante, qu'une beauté médiocre plait plus généralement qu'une beauté sans défaut.* Mr Congreve hath made such another blunder in his Love for Love, where Tattle tells Miss Prue, "She should admire him as much for the beauty he commends in her as if he himself was possessed of it." ([return](#))

CHAPTER III.

In which the gentleman relates the history of his life.



Wilson relata su historia.

Señor, soy descendiente de una buena familia, y nací caballero. Mi educación era liberal, y en una escuela pública, en la que procedía hasta convertirme en maestro del latín, y a ser tolerablemente versada en la lengua griega. Mi padre murió cuando yo tenía dieciséis años, y me dejó amo de mí mismo. Me legó una fortuna moderada, que pretendía que no recibiera hasta alcanzar la edad de veinticinco años, porque constantemente afirmaba que era lo suficientemente temprano como para renunciar a cualquier hombre enteramente a la guía de su propia discreción. Sin embargo, como esta intención estaba tan oscuramente redactado en su voluntad que los abogados me aconsejaron que impugnara el punto con mis fideicomisarios, soy de mi parte, presté tan poco en cuenta las inclinaciones de mi padre muerto, que eran lo suficientemente seguras para mí, que seguí su consejo, y pronto lo logré, porque los fideicomisarios no impugnaron el asunto muy obstinadamente de su lado. "Señor", dijo Adams, "¿puedo anhelar el favor de su nombre?" El caballero respondió que su nombre era Wilson, y luego procedió.

Me quedé un poco en la escuela después de su muerte; porque, siendo un joven delantero, estaba extremadamente impaciente por estar en el mundo, para lo cual pensé que mis partes, conocimiento y hombría me califican a fondo. Y a esta introducción temprana en la vida, sin guía, imputo todas mis desgracias futuras; porque, además de las travesuras obvias que asisten a esto, hay una que no se ha observado tan generalmente: la primera impresión que la humanidad recibe de ustedes será muy difícil de erradicar. ¡Qué infeliz, por lo tanto, debe ser arreglar tu personaje en la vida, antes de que puedas conocer su valor, o sopesar las consecuencias de esas acciones que son para establecer tu reputación futura!

Un poco menos de diecisiete dejé mi escuela, y fui a Londres con no más de seis libras en el bolsillo; una gran suma, como entonces concibí; y que después me sorprendió encontrar tan pronto consumido.

El carácter que era ambicioso de alcanzar era el de un buen caballero, y el de un buen caballero; los primeros requisitos a los que aprehré fueron suministrados por un taylor, un fabricante de periwig, y algunos comerciantes más, que se ocupan de amueblar el cuerpo humano. A pesar de la baja de mi bolso, encontré crédito con ellos más fácilmente de lo que esperaba, y pronto estaba equipado a mi deseo. Esto que yo poseo entonces agradablemente me supuso; pero desde entonces he aprendido que es una máxima entre muchos comerciantes en el extremo educado de la ciudad para tratar en la medida de lo posible, calcular tan alto como puedan, y arrestar tan pronto como puedan.

Las siguientes calificaciones, a saber, bailar, esgrima, montar el gran caballo y la música, llegaron a mi cabeza, pero, como requerían gastos y tiempo, me consolé, con respecto a la danza, que había aprendido un poco en mi juventud, y podía caminar un minueto lo suficientemente amable; en cuanto a la esgrima, pensé que mi buen humor me preservaría del peligro de una pelea; en cuanto al caballo, esperaba que no se pensara en él; y para la música, me imaginé que podría adquirir fácilmente la reputación de la misma; porque había oído a algunos de mis compañeros de escuela pretender saber en óperas, sin poder cantar o tocar en el violín.

El conocimiento de la ciudad parecía otro ingrediente; esto pensé que debía llegar frecuentando lugares públicos. En consecuencia, pagué una asistencia constante a todos ellos; por lo que significa que pronto fui maestro de las frases de moda, aprendí a llorar las diversiones de moda, y conocía los nombres y rostros de los hombres y mujeres más de moda.

Nada parecía quedar ahora, pero una intriga, que estaba decidido a tener de inmediato, y me refiero a su reputación; y de hecho tuve tanto éxito, que en muy poco tiempo tuve media docena con las mejores mujeres de la ciudad.

At these words Adams fetched a deep groan, and then, blessing himself, cried out, "Good Lord! what wicked times these are!"

Not so wicked as you imagine, continued the gentleman; for I assure you they were all vestal virgins for anything which I knew to the contrary. The reputation of intriguing with them was all I sought, and was what I arrived at: and perhaps I only flattered myself even in that; for very probably the persons to whom I showed their billets knew as well as I that they were counterfeits, and that I had written them to myself. "Write letters to yourself!" said Adams, staring. O sir, answered the gentleman, it is the very error of the times. Half our modern plays have one of these characters in them. It is incredible the pains I have taken, and the absurd methods I employed, to traduce the character of women of distinction. When another had spoken in raptures of any one, I have answered, "D—n her, she! We shall have her at H——d's very soon." When he hath replied, "He thought her virtuous," I have answered, "Ay, thou wilt always think a woman virtuous, till she is in the streets; but you and I, Jack or Tom (turning to another in company), know better." At which I have drawn a paper out of my pocket, perhaps a taylor's bill, and kissed it, crying at the same time, "By Gad I was once fond of her."

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

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

In the morning I arose, took my great stick, and walked out in my green frock, with my hair in papers (a groan from Adams), and sauntered about till ten. Went to the auction; told lady —— she had a dirty face; laughed heartily at something captain —— said, I can't remember what, for I did not very well hear it; whispered lord ——; bowed to the duke of ——; and was going to bid for a snuff-box, but did not, for fear I should have had it.

From 2 to 4, drest myself. *A groan.*

4 to 6, dined. *A groan.*

6 to 8, coffee-house.

8 to 9, Drury-lane playhouse.

9 to 10, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

10 to 12, Drawing-room. *A great groan.*

At all which places nothing happened worth remark.

At which Adams said, with some vehemence, "Sir, this is below the life of an animal, hardly above vegetation: and I am surprized what could lead a man of your sense into it." What leads us into more follies than you imagine, doctor, answered the gentleman—vanity; for as contemptible a creature as I was, and I assure you, yourself cannot have more contempt for such a wretch than I now have, I then admired myself, and should have despised a person of your present appearance (you will pardon me), with all your learning and those excellent qualities which I have remarked in you. Adams bowed, and begged him to proceed. After I had continued two years in this course of life, said the gentleman, an accident happened which obliged me to change the scene. As I was one day at St James's coffee-house, making very free with the character of a young lady of quality, an officer of the guards, who was present, thought proper to give me the lye. I answered I might possibly be mistaken, but I intended to tell no more than the truth. To which he made no reply but by a scornful sneer. After this I observed a strange coldness in all my acquaintance; none of them spoke to me first, and very few returned me even the civility of a bow. The company I

used to dine with left me out, and within a week I found myself in as much solitude at St James's as if I had been in a desert. An honest elderly man, with a great hat and long sword, at last told me he had a compassion for my youth, and therefore advised me to show the world I was not such a rascal as they thought me to be. I did not at first understand him; but he explained himself, and ended with telling me, if I would write a challenge to the captain, he would, out of pure charity, go to him with it. "A very charitable person, truly!" cried Adams. I desired till the next day, continued the gentleman, to consider on it, and, retiring to my lodgings, I weighed the consequences on both sides as fairly as I could. On the one, I saw the risk of this alternative, either losing my own life, or having on my hands the blood of a man with whom I was not in the least angry. I soon determined that the good which appeared on the other was not worth this hazard. I therefore resolved to quit the scene, and presently retired to the Temple, where I took chambers. Here I soon got a fresh set of acquaintance, who knew nothing of what had happened to me. Indeed, they were not greatly to my approbation; for the beaux of the Temple are only the shadows of the others. They are the affectation of affectation. The vanity of these is still more ridiculous, if possible, than of the others. Here I met with smart fellows who drank with lords they did not know, and intrigued with women they never saw. Covent Garden was now the farthest stretch of my ambition; where I shone forth in the balconies at the playhouses, visited whores, made love to orange-wenches, and damned plays. This career was soon put a stop to by my surgeon, who convinced me of the necessity of confining myself to my room for a month. At the end of which, having had leisure to reflect, I resolved to quit all farther conversation with beaux and smarts of every kind, and to avoid, if possible, any occasion of returning to this place of confinement. "I think," said Adams, "the advice of a month's retirement and reflection was very proper; but I should rather have expected it from a divine than a surgeon." The gentleman smiled at Adams's simplicity, and, without explaining himself farther on such an odious subject, went on thus: I was no sooner perfectly restored to health than I found my passion for women, which I was afraid to satisfy as I had done, made me very uneasy; I determined, therefore, to keep a mistress. Nor was I long before I fixed my choice on a young woman, who had before been kept by two gentlemen, and to whom I was recommended by a celebrated bawd. I took her home to my chambers, and made her a settlement during cohabitation. This would, perhaps, have been very ill paid: however, she did not suffer me to be perplexed on that account; for, before quarter-day, I found her at my chambers in too familiar conversation with a young fellow who was drest like an officer, but was indeed a city apprentice. Instead of excusing her inconstancy, she rapped out half-a-dozen oaths, and, snapping her fingers at me, swore she scorned to confine herself to the best man in England. Upon this we parted, and the same bawd presently provided her

another keeper. I was not so much concerned at our separation as I found, within a day or two, I had reason to be for our meeting; for I was obliged to pay a second visit to my surgeon. I was now forced to do penance for some weeks, during which time I contracted an acquaintance with a beautiful young girl, the daughter of a gentleman who, after having been forty years in the army, and in all the campaigns under the Duke of Marlborough, died a lieutenant on half-pay, and had left a widow, with this only child, in very distress circumstances: they had only a small pension from the government, with what little the daughter could add to it by her work, for she had great excellence at her needle. This girl was, at my first acquaintance with her, solicited in marriage by a young fellow in good circumstances. He was apprentice to a linendraper, and had a little fortune, sufficient to set up his trade. The mother was greatly pleased with this match, as indeed she had sufficient reason. However, I soon prevented it. I represented him in so low a light to his mistress, and made so good an use of flattery, promises, and presents, that, not to dwell longer on this subject than is necessary, I prevailed with the poor girl, and conveyed her away from her mother! In a word, I debauched her.—(At which words Adams started up, fetched three strides across the room, and then replaced himself in his chair.) You are not more affected with this part of my story than myself; I assure you it will never be sufficiently repented of in my own opinion: but, if you already detest it, how much more will your indignation be raised when you hear the fatal consequences of this barbarous, this villanous action! If you please, therefore, I will here desist.—"By no means," cries Adams; "go on, I beseech you; and Heaven grant you may sincerely repent of this and many other things you have related!"—I was now, continued the gentleman, as happy as the possession of a fine young creature, who had a good education, and was endued with many agreeable qualities, could make me. We lived some months with vast fondness together, without any company or conversation, more than we found in one another: but this could not continue always; and, though I still preserved great affection for her, I began more and more to want the relief of other company, and consequently to leave her by degrees—at last whole days to herself. She failed not to testify some uneasiness on these occasions, and complained of the melancholy life she led; to remedy which, I introduced her into the acquaintance of some other kept mistresses, with whom she used to play at cards, and frequent plays and other diversions. She had not lived long in this intimacy before I perceived a visible alteration in her behaviour; all her modesty and innocence vanished by degrees, till her mind became thoroughly tainted. She affected the company of rakes, gave herself all manner of airs, was never easy but abroad, or when she had a party at my chambers. She was rapacious of money, extravagant to excess, loose in her conversation; and, if ever I demurred to any of her demands, oaths, tears, and fits were the immediate consequences. As the first

raptures of fondness were long since over, this behaviour soon estranged my affections from her; I began to reflect with pleasure that she was not my wife, and to conceive an intention of parting with her; of which, having given her a hint, she took care to prevent me the pains of turning her out of doors, and accordingly departed herself, having first broken open my escrutoire, and taken with her all she could find, to the amount of about £200. In the first heat of my resentment I resolved to pursue her with all the vengeance of the law: but, as she had the good luck to escape me during that ferment, my passion afterwards cooled; and, having reflected that I had been the first aggressor, and had done her an injury for which I could make her no reparation, by robbing her of the innocence of her mind; and hearing at the same time that the poor old woman her mother had broke her heart on her daughter's elopement from her, I, concluding myself her murderer ("As you very well might," cries Adams, with a groan), was pleased that God Almighty had taken this method of punishing me, and resolved quietly to submit to the loss. Indeed, I could wish I had never heard more of the poor creature, who became in the end an abandoned profligate; and, after being some years a common prostitute, at last ended her miserable life in Newgate.— Here the gentleman fetched a deep sigh, which Mr Adams echoed very loudly; and both continued silent, looking on each other for some minutes. At last the gentleman proceeded thus: I had been perfectly constant to this girl during the whole time I kept her: but she had scarce departed before I discovered more marks of her infidelity to me than the loss of my money. In short, I was forced to make a third visit to my surgeon, out of whose hands I did not get a hasty discharge.

I now forswore all future dealings with the sex, complained loudly that the pleasure did not compensate the pain, and railed at the beautiful creatures in as gross language as Juvenal himself formerly reviled them in. I looked on all the town harlots with a detestation not easy to be conceived, their persons appeared to me as painted palaces, inhabited by Disease and Death: nor could their beauty make them more desirable objects in my eyes than gilding could make me covet a pill, or golden plates a coffin. But though I was no longer the absolute slave, I found some reasons to own myself still the subject, of love. My hatred for women decreased daily; and I am not positive but time might have betrayed me again to some common harlot, had I not been secured by a passion for the charming Sapphira, which, having once entered upon, made a violent progress in my heart. Sapphira was wife to a man of fashion and gallantry, and one who seemed, I own, every way worthy of her affections; which, however, he had not the reputation of having. She was indeed a coquette *achevée*. "Pray, sir," says Adams, "what is a coquette? I have met with the word in French authors, but never could assign any idea to it. I believe it is the same with *une sottie*, Anglicè, a

fool." Sir, answered the gentleman, perhaps you are not much mistaken; but, as it is a particular kind of folly, I will endeavour to describe it. Were all creatures to be ranked in the order of creation according to their usefulness, I know few animals that would not take place of a coquette; nor indeed hath this creature much pretence to anything beyond instinct; for, though sometimes we might imagine it was animated by the passion of vanity, yet far the greater part of its actions fall beneath even that low motive; for instance, several absurd gestures and tricks, infinitely more foolish than what can be observed in the most ridiculous birds and beasts, and which would persuade the beholder that the silly wretch was aiming at our contempt. Indeed its characteristic is affectation, and this led and governed by whim only: for as beauty, wisdom, wit, good-nature, politeness, and health are sometimes affected by this creature, so are ugliness, folly, nonsense, ill-nature, ill-breeding, and sickness likewise put on by it in their turn. Its life is one constant lie; and the only rule by which you can form any judgment of them is, that they are never what they seem. If it was possible for a coquette to love (as it is not, for if ever it attains this passion the coquette ceases instantly), it would wear the face of indifference, if not of hatred, to the beloved object; you may therefore be assured, when they endeavour to persuade you of their liking, that they are indifferent to you at least. And indeed this was the case of my Sapphira, who no sooner saw me in the number of her admirers than she gave me what is commonly called encouragement: she would often look at me, and, when she perceived me meet her eyes, would instantly take them off, discovering at the same time as much surprize and emotion as possible. These arts failed not of the success she intended; and, as I grew more particular to her than the rest of her admirers, she advanced, in proportion, more directly to me than to the others. She affected the low voice, whisper, lisp, sigh, start, laugh, and many other indications of passion which daily deceive thousands. When I played at whist with her, she would look earnestly at me, and at the same time lose deal or revoke; then burst into a ridiculous laugh and cry, "La! I can't imagine what I was thinking of." To detain you no longer, after I had gone through a sufficient course of gallantry, as I thought, and was thoroughly convinced I had raised a violent passion in my mistress, I sought an opportunity of coming to an eclairsissement with her. She avoided this as much as possible; however, great assiduity at length presented me one. I will not describe all the particulars of this interview; let it suffice that, when she could no longer pretend not to see my drift, she first affected a violent surprize, and immediately after as violent a passion: she wondered what I had seen in her conduct which could induce me to affront her in this manner; and, breaking from me the first moment she could, told me I had no other way to escape the consequence of her resentment than by never seeing, or at least speaking to her more. I was not contented with this answer; I still pursued her, but to no purpose; and was at length convinced that her husband

had the sole possession of her person, and that neither he nor any other had made any impression on her heart. I was taken off from following this *ignis fatuus* by some advances which were made me by the wife of a citizen, who, though neither very young nor handsome, was yet too agreeable to be rejected by my amorous constitution. I accordingly soon satisfied her that she had not cast away her hints on a barren or cold soil: on the contrary, they instantly produced her an eager and desiring lover. Nor did she give me any reason to complain; she met the warmth she had raised with equal ardour. I had no longer a coquette to deal with, but one who was wiser than to prostitute the noble passion of love to the ridiculous lust of vanity. We presently understood one another; and, as the pleasures we sought lay in a mutual gratification, we soon found and enjoyed them. I thought myself at first greatly happy in the possession of this new mistress, whose fondness would have quickly surfeited a more sickly appetite; but it had a different effect on mine: she carried my passion higher by it than youth or beauty had been able. But my happiness could not long continue uninterrupted. The apprehensions we lay under from the jealousy of her husband gave us great uneasiness. "Poor wretch! I pity him," cried Adams. He did indeed deserve it, said the gentleman; for he loved his wife with great tenderness; and, I assure you, it is a great satisfaction to me that I was not the man who first seduced her affections from him. These apprehensions appeared also too well grounded, for in the end he discovered us, and procured witnesses of our caresses. He then prosecuted me at law, and recovered £3000 damages, which much distressed my fortune to pay; and, what was worse, his wife, being divorced, came upon my hands. I led a very uneasy life with her; for, besides that my passion was now much abated, her excessive jealousy was very troublesome. At length death rid me of an inconvenience which the consideration of my having been the author of her misfortunes would never suffer me to take any other method of discarding.

Ahora mal adieu para amar, y decidió perseguir otros placeres menos peligrosos y caros. Me caí en el conocimiento de un conjunto de compañeros alegres, que durmió todo el día y bebió toda la noche; compañeros que más bien se podría decir que consumen tiempo que para vivir. Su mejor conversación no era más que ruido: cantar, ahuecar, remafiar, beber, brindar, sp-ala, ala, humeante eran los ingredientes principales de nuestro entretenimiento. Y sin embargo, por malos que fueran, eran más tolerables que nuestras escenas más sepultas, que eran narrativas tediosas excesivas de hechos comunes aburridos, o disputas calientes sobre asuntos insignificantes, que comúnmente terminaban en una apuesta. Esta forma de vida a la que la primera reflexión sería puso un período a; y me convertí en miembro de un club frecuentado por jóvenes de grandes habilidades. La botella ahora sólo fue llamada a la ayuda de nuestra conversación, que rodó sobre

los puntos más profundos de la filosofía. Estos caballeros se dedicaban a una búsqueda de la verdad, en la búsqueda de la cual dejaron a un lado todos los prejuicios de la educación, y se gobernaron a sí mismos sólo por la guía infalible de la razón humana. Esta gran guía, después de haberles mostrado la falsedad de ese principio tan antiguo pero simple, que existe tal ser como una Deidad en el universo, les ayudó a establecer en su lugar una cierta regla de derecho, adhiriéndose a la cual todos llegaron a la máxima pureza de la moral. La reflexión me hizo tan encantado con esta sociedad como me había enseñado a despreciar y detestar a la primera. Empecé ahora a estimarme a mí mismo un ser de un orden más alto de lo que había concebido antes; y estaba más encantado con esta regla de la derecha, ya que realmente encontré en mi propia naturaleza nada repugnante a ella. Sostuve en absoluto desprecio a todas las personas que querían cualquier otro incentivo a la virtud además de su belleza intrínseca y excelencia; y tenía una opinión tan alta de mis compañeros actuales, con respecto a su moralidad, que habría confiado en ellos con lo que fuera más cercano y querido para mí. Mientras estaba comprometido en este encantador sueño, dos o tres accidentes ocurrieron sucesivamente, lo que al principio me sobresintió mucho; En segundo lugar, otra de la misma sociedad dejó el club sin recordar tomar licencia de su fianza. Un tercero, después de haber tomado prestado una suma de dinero de mí, por el cual no recibí ninguna garantía, cuando le pedí que lo pagara, negó absolutamente el préstamo. Estas diversas prácticas, tan inconsistentes con nuestra regla de oro, me hicieron empezar a sospechar de su infalibilidad; pero cuando comunicé mis pensamientos a uno de los clubes, dijo: "No había nada absolutamente bueno o malo en sí mismo; que las acciones se denominaban buenas o malas por las circunstancias del agente. Que posiblemente el hombre que huyó con la esposa de su prójimo podría ser una de muy buenas inclinaciones, pero sobre-prevalecida por la violencia de una pasión rebelde; y, en otros detalles, podría ser un miembro muy digno de la sociedad; que si la belleza de cualquier mujer creó en él una inquietud, tenía derecho de la naturaleza a aliviarse;" —con muchas otras cosas, que luego detesté tanto, que me des hice de la sociedad esa misma noche y nunca volví a ella. Al ser ahora reducido a un estado de soledad que no me gustaba, me convertí en un gran frecuentador de las casas de juegos, que de hecho siempre fue mi diversión favorita; y la mayoría de las noches fallecieron dos o tres horas entre bastidores, donde me reuní con varios poetas, con los que hice compromisos en las tabernas. Algunos de los jugadores eran también de nuestras fiestas. En estas reuniones nos entretenían generalmente los poetas con la lectura de sus actuaciones, y por los jugadores con la repetición de sus partes: en qué ocasiones, observé que el caballero que proporcionó nuestro entretenimiento era comúnmente el mejor complacido de la compañía; que, a pesar de que eran bastante civilizados para él en su cara, rara vez no lograban aprovechar la primera oportunidad de su

ausencia para ridiculizarlo. Ahora hice algunas observaciones que probablemente son demasiado obvias para ser relacionadas. "Señor", dice Adams, "sus comentarios, por favor." Primero, dice él, he llegado a la conclusión de que la observación general, que el ingenio está más inclinado a la vanidad, no es cierta. Los hombres son igualmente vanidosos de riquezas, fuerza, belleza, honores, &c. Pero estos aparecen de sí mismos a los ojos de los espectadores, mientras que el pobre ingenio está obligado a producir su actuación para mostrar su perfección; y en su disposición a hacer esto que la opinión vulgar que he mencionado antes está fundamentada; pero ¿no sacrifica tanto a la vanidad como al pobre ingenio que le hace leer su poema de sí mismo su nombre o su obra de teatro, o que se cree que paga grandes sumas en los muebles de su casa o incluso en los adornos de su persona? Mi segunda observación fue, que la vanidad es la peor de las pasiones, y más apta para contaminar la mente que cualquier otra: porque, como el egoísmo es mucho más general de lo que nos plazca permitirlo, por lo que es natural odiar y envidiar a los que se interponen entre nosotros y el bien que deseamos. Ahora, en la lujuria y la ambición estos son pocos; e incluso en la avaricia encontramos a muchos que no son obstáculos para nuestras actividades; pero el hombre vanidoso busca la preeminencia; y todo lo que es excelente o digno de elogio en otro lo convierte en la marca de su antipatía. Adams ahora comenzó a jugar en los bolsillos, y pronto gritó: "¡Oh, la! No lo tengo sobre mí. Sobre esto, el caballero preguntándole qué estaba buscando, dijo que buscó después de un sermón, que pensaba que su obra maestra, contra la vanidad. "Fie sobre él, fie sobre él!", Grita, "¿por qué alguna vez dejo ese sermón de mi bolsillo? Me gustaría que estuviera dentro de cinco millas; Yo de buen grado lo buscaría, para leerlo. El caballero respondió que no había necesidad, porque estaba curado de la pasión. "Y por esa misma razón", cita a Adams, "lo leería, porque estoy seguro de que lo admiraría: de hecho, nunca he sido un enemigo más grande de ninguna pasión que esa tonta de vanidad". El caballero sonrió y procedió— De esta sociedad pasé fácilmente a la de los jugadores, donde no pasó nada notable más que el final de mi fortuna, que esos caballeros pronto me ayudaron hasta el final de. Esto abrió escenas de vida hasta ahora desconocidas; pobreza y angustia, con su horrible tren de duns, abogados, alguaciles, me atormentaba día y noche. Mi ropa se puso mal, mi crédito mal, mis amigos y conocidos de todo tipo frío. En esta situación el pensamiento más extraño imaginable vino a mi cabeza; y ¿qué fue esto sino escribir una obra? porque tenía suficiente tiempo libre: el miedo a los alguaciles me confinaba todos los días a mi habitación, y, habiendo tenido siempre un poco de inclinación y algo de un genio de esa manera, me puse a trabajar, y a los pocos meses produje una pieza de cinco actos, que fue aceptado en el teatro. Recordé haber tomado antes entradas de otros poetas para sus beneficios, mucho antes de la aparición de sus actuaciones; y, resolviendo seguir un precedente que se adaptaba tan bien a mis

circunstancias actuales, inmediatamente me proporcioné un gran número de pequeños papeles. Feliz de hecho sería el estado de la poesía, ¿estas entradas pasarían actual en la panadería, la casa de cerveza, y la tienda del chandler: pero por desgracia! de otra manera; ningún taylor los tomará en pago por buckram, lienzo, stay-tape; ni ningún alguacil por dinero de civilidad. Son, de hecho, no es más que un pasaporte para medear; un certificado de que el propietario quiere cinco chelines, lo que induce a los cristianos bien dispuestos a la caridad. Ahora experimenté lo que es peor que la pobreza, o más bien cuál es la peor consecuencia de la pobreza, me refiero a la asistencia y la dependencia de los grandes. Muchas mañanas he esperado horas en las frías salas de los hombres de calidad; donde, después de ver a los bribones más bajos en encaje y bordado, los proxenetes y bufones en la moda, admitieron, a veces me han dicho, al enviar en mi nombre, que mi señor no podría verme esta mañana; una garantía suficiente de que nunca más debería entrar en esa casa. A veces he sido finalmente admitido; y el gran hombre ha pensado apropiado para excusarse a sí mismo, diciéndome que estaba atado. "Atado", dice Adams, "ora qué es eso?" Señor, dice el caballero, el beneficio que los libreros permitieron a los autores de las mejores obras era tan pequeño, que ciertos hombres de nacimiento y fortuna hace algunos años, que eran los mecenas del ingenio y el aprendizaje, pensó en ser adecuado para animarlos más lejos mediante la entrada en suscripciones voluntarias para su aliento. Así, Prior, Rowe, Pope, y algunos otros hombres de genio, recibieron grandes sumas por sus trabajos del público. Esto parecía tan fácil un método para conseguir dinero, que muchos de los garabatos más bajos de la época se atrevieron a publicar sus obras de la misma manera; y muchos tenían la seguridad de tomar en suscripciones para lo que no estaba escrito, ni nunca tenía previsto. Las suscripciones de esta manera creciendo infinitas, y una especie de impuesto sobre la publicidad, algunas personas, encontrando no tan fácil una tarea discernir el bien de los malos autores, o saber qué genio era un estímulo digno y qué no, para evitar el gasto de suscribirse a tantos, inventó un método para excusarse de todas las suscripciones lo que sea; y esto era recibir una pequeña suma de dinero en consideración de dar uno grande si alguna vez se suscribieron; que muchos han hecho, y muchos más han pretendido haber hecho, con el fin de silenciar todas las solicitudes. El mismo método también fue tomado con las entradas de la casa de juegos, que no eran menos una queja pública; y esto es lo que llaman estar atados de suscribirse. "No puedo decir, pero el término es lo suficientemente apto, y algo típico", dijo Adams; "para un hombre de gran fortuna, que se ata a sí mismo, como usted lo llama, desde el aliento de los hombres de mérito, debe estar atado en la realidad." Bueno, señor, dice el caballero. para volver a mi historia. A veces he recibido una guinea de un hombre de calidad, dado con una gracia tan enferma como la limosna son generalmente al mendigo más malo; y compró también con tanto tiempo dedicado a la asistencia

como, si se hubiera pasado en la industria honesta, podría haberme traído más ganancias con infinitamente más satisfacción. Después de unos dos meses pasados de esta manera desagradable, con la máxima mortificación, cuando estaba recayendo mis esperanzas sobre la perspectiva de una cosecha abundante de mi juego, al solicitar al proa para saber cuándo entró en ensayo, me informó que había recibido órdenes de los gerentes de devolverme la obra de nuevo, para que no pudieran actuarla esa temporada; pero, si lo tomara y lo revisara en contra de la siguiente, estarían encantados de verlo de nuevo. Se lo arrebaté con gran indignación, y me retiré a mi habitación, donde me arrojé en la cama en un ataque de desesperación. "Deberías haberte arrodillado", dice Adams, porque la desesperación es pecaminosa". Tan pronto, continuó el caballero, ya que había consentido el primer tumulto de mi pasión, comencé a considerar con frialdad qué curso debía tomar, en una situación sin amigos, dinero, crédito o reputación de ningún tipo. Después de revolvigar muchas cosas en mi mente, no pude ver otra posibilidad de amueblar con los miserables aspectos de la vida que retirarme a una buhardilla cerca del Templo, y comenzar hackney-escritor a los abogados, para lo cual estaba bien calificado, siendo un excelente penman. Este propósito lo resolví, e inmediatamente lo puse en ejecución. Yo tenía un conocido con un abogado que anteriormente había realizado asuntos para mí, y a él me presenté; pero, en lugar de amueblarme con cualquier negocio, se rió de mi empresa, y me dijo: "Tenía miedo de que yo debiera convertir sus obras en obras de teatro, y debería esperar verlas en el escenario". No te cansé con casos de este tipo de otros, descubrí que platón mismo no sostenía a los poetas en mayor aborrecimiento que estos hombres de negocios. Cada vez que me atrevo a aventurarme a un café, que era sólo los domingos, un susurro corría alrededor de la habitación, que era constantemente atendido con una burla: ese es el poeta Wilson; porque no sé si usted lo ha observado, sino que hay una malignidad en la naturaleza del hombre, que, cuando no se descontrola, o al menos cubierto por una buena educación y cortesía, se deleita en hacer otro inquieto o insatisfecho consigo mismo. Esto aparece abundantemente en todas las asambleas, excepto en aquellas que están llenas de gente de moda, y especialmente entre los más jóvenes de ambos sexos cuyo nacimiento y fortuna los colocan sin los círculos educados; Me refiero a la clase baja de la nobleza, y la superior del mundo mercantil, que son, en realidad, la parte de peor raza de la humanidad. Bueno, señor, mientras continuaba en este estado miserable, con poco trabajo suficiente para evitar que me muriera, la reputación de un poeta era mi bane, accidentalmente me familiaricé con un librero, que me dijo: "Fue una lástima que un hombre de mi aprendizaje y genio se viera obligado a tal método de conseguir su sustento; que tenía compasión por mí, y, si me comprometía con él, se comprometería a proveer generosamente para mí". Un hombre en mis circunstancias, como él muy bien sabía, no tenía elección. En consecuencia,

acepté su propuesta con sus condiciones, que no eran las más favorables, y caí a traducir con todas mis fuerzas. Ya no tenía razón para lamentar la falta de negocios; porque me proporcionó tanto, que en medio año casi me regodeo ciego. También contraí un distemper por mi vida sedentaria, en la que no se ejerció ninguna parte de mi cuerpo sino mi brazo derecho, lo que me hizo incapaz de escribir durante mucho tiempo. Esto desafortunadamente sucedió para retrasar la publicación de una obra, y mi última actuación no se ha vendido bien, el librero declinó cualquier compromiso adicional, y me aspersó a sus hermanos como un compañero descuidado ocioso. Yo, sin embargo, había trabajado medio y medio me morí de hambre durante el tiempo que estaba en su servicio, ahorrado unas guineas, con las que compré un billete de lotería, resolviendo tirarme al regazo de Fortune, y tratar de si ella me haría enmendar las lesiones que me había hecho en la mesa de juego. Esta compra, que se hace, me dejó casi sin peniques; cuando, como si yo no hubiera sido lo suficientemente miserable, un alguacil con ropa de mujer tuvo la admisión a mi habitación, a donde él era dirigido por el librero. Me arrestó en el traje de mi Taylor por treinta y cinco libras; una suma por la que no podía obtener la fianza; y por lo tanto fue transportado a su casa, donde me encerraron en una cámara superior. Ahora no tenía salud (porque apenas estaba recuperado de mi indisposición), libertad, dinero o amigos; y había abandonado todas las esperanzas, e incluso el deseo, de la vida. "Pero esto no pudo durar mucho", dijo Adams; "por sin duda, la Taylor te liberó en el momento en que realmente conocía tus asuntos, y sabía que tus circunstancias no te permitirían pagarle." "Oh, señor", respondió el caballero, "sabía que antes de que me arrestara; no, sabía que nada más que incapacidad podría impedirme pagar mis deudas, y porque yo había sido su cliente muchos años, había gastado grandes sumas de dinero con él, y siempre había pagado más puntualmente en mis días prósperos; pero cuando le recordé esto, con las garantías de que, si no molede mis esfuerzos, le pagaría todo el dinero que pudiera por mi mayor labor y la industria procuraba, reservándose sólo lo que era suficiente para preservarme vivo, respondió, su paciencia estaba desgastada; que yo lo había puesto fuera de vez en cuando, y yo que quería el dinero; que lo había puesto en manos de un abogado, y que y si no le pagué inmediatamente, o encontré seguridad, debo morir en la cárcel y no esperar piedad". "Puede esperar misericordia", gritó Adams, comenzando desde su silla, "donde no encontrará ninguno! ¿Cómo puede un desgraciado repetir la oración del Señor; donde la palabra, que se traduce, no sé por qué razón, las ofensas, está en el original, deudas? Y tan seguro como no perdonamos a los demás sus deudas, cuando no puedan pagarlas, así que seguramente seremos impojadas cuando no estemos en condiciones de pagar". Cesó, y el caballero procedió. Mientras estaba en esta situación deplorable, un antiguo conocido, a quien había comunicado mi billete de lotería, me había descubierto y, haciéndome una visita, con gran deleite en su rostro, me estrechó

de corazón de la mano, y me deseó alegría de mi buena fortuna: porque, dice, su boleto ha llegado a un premio de 3000 libras esterlinas. Adán rompió los dedos ante estas palabras en un éxtasis de alegría; que, sin embargo, no continuó mucho tiempo; para el caballero así procedió: —¡Ay! señor, esto era sólo un truco de la fortuna para hundirme más profundo; porque me había desechado de este billete de lotería dos días antes a una relación, que se negó a prestarme un chelín sin él, con el fin de conseguirme pan. Tan pronto como mi amigo se familiarizó con mi desafortunada venta comenzó a reilectirme y me recordó todas las malas conductas y abortos espontáneos de mi vida. Dijo que yo era uno a quien la Fortuna no podía salvar si lo haría; que ahora estaba arruinado sin ninguna esperanza de recuperación, ni debe esperar ninguna piedad de mis amigos; que sería extrema debilidad compasiva las desgracias de un hombre que corrió de cabeza hacia su propia destrucción. Entonces me pintó, con colores tan vivos como pudo, la felicidad que debería haber disfrutado ahora, si no me hubiera desechado tontamente de mi boleto. Insté a la declaración de necesidad; pero él no respondió a eso, y comenzó de nuevo a reilectirme, hasta que no pude soportarlo más, y le deseó que terminara su visita. Pronto cambié la casa del alguacil por una prisión; donde, como no tenía dinero suficiente para conseguirme un apartamento separado, me cantaban con un gran número de miserables miserables, en común con quien era indigente de todas las comodidades de la vida, incluso lo que todos los brutos disfrutan, aire sano. En estas terribles circunstancias, solicité por carta a varios de mis viejos conocidos, y a quienes anteriormente había prestado dinero sin ninguna gran perspectiva de su devolución, para su ayuda; pero en vano. Una excusa, en lugar de una negación, fue la respuesta más suave que recibí. Mientras languidecía en una condición demasiado horrible para ser descrita, y que, en una tierra de humanidad, y, lo que es mucho más, el cristianismo, parece un extraño castigo por un poco de inadversidad e indiscreción; mientras estaba en esta condición, un hombre entró en la prisión, y, preguntándome, me entregó la siguiente carta:—

"SIR,—Mi padre, a quien vendiste tu boleto en la última lotería, murió el mismo día en que se le ocurrió un premio, como ustedes han oído, y me dejó la única heredera de toda su fortuna. Estoy tan conmovido con sus circunstancias actuales, y el malestar que debe sentir al haber sido impulsado a deshacerse de lo que podría haberle hecho feliz, que debo desear su aceptación de los encerrados, y soy su humilde siervo,

"HARRIET HEARTY."

¿Y qué crees que estaba cerrado? "No lo sé", exclamó Adams; "No menos que una guinea, espero." Señor, fue un billete de banco por 200 libras esterlinas.— "200 libras?", dice Adams, en un éxtasis. No menos, le aseguro, respondió el

caballero; una suma que no estaba medio tan encantado con como con el nombre querido de la chica generosa que me envió; y que no sólo era la mejor, sino la criatura más hermosa del universo, y por quien durante mucho tiempo había tenido una pasión que nunca me atremecé en revelarle. Besé su nombre mil veces, mis ojos desbordados de ternura y gratitud; Repetí — Pero no para detenerte con estos éxtasis, inmediatamente adquiriré mi libertad; y, habiendo pagado todas mis deudas, se fue, con más de cincuenta libras en mi bolsillo, para agradecer a mi amable libertador. Ella pasó a estar entonces fuera de la ciudad, una circunstancia que, tras la reflexión, me agradó; porque por ese medio tuve la oportunidad de aparecer ante ella con un vestido más decente. A su regreso a la ciudad, en uno o dos días, me arrojé a sus pies con los reconocimientos más ardientes, que ella rechazó con una grandeza infiel de la mente, y me dijo que no podía obligarla más que no mencionar, o si es posible pensar, una circunstancia que debe traerme a la mente un accidente que podría ser grave para mí pensar. Ella procedió así: "Lo que he hecho es en mis propios ojos un poco, y tal vez infinitamente menos de lo que me habría convertido en hacer. Y si piensas en participar en cualquier negocio en el que una suma mayor pueda ser útil para ti, no seré demasiado rígido ni en cuanto a la seguridad ni a los intereses". Me esforzé por expresar toda la gratitud en mi poder a esta profusión de bondad, aunque tal vez fue mi enemigo, y comencé a afligir mi mente con más agonías que todas las miserias que había sufrido; me afectó con reflexiones más severas que la pobreza, la angustia y las prisiones unidas habían sido capaces de hacerme sentir; porque, señor, estos actos y profesiones de bondad, que eran suficientes para haber criado en buen corazón la pasión más violenta de amistad a una de las mismas, o a la edad y la fealdad en un sexo diferente, vinieron a mí de una mujer, una mujer joven y hermosa; una a cuyas perfecciones había conocido desde hace mucho tiempo, y para la que había concebido durante mucho tiempo una pasión violenta, aunque con una desesperación que me hizo esforzarme más bien por frenar y ocultar, que nutrirla o familiarizarla con ella. En resumen, se me encontraron unidos de belleza, suavidad y ternura: ¡sonrisas tan hechizantes!— ¡Oh, señor Adams, en ese momento me perdí a mí mismo, y, olvidando nuestras diferentes situaciones, ni considerando el regreso que estaba haciendo a su bondad al desearla, que me había dado tanto, a concederla todo, la acosté suavemente sobre su mano, y la transmití a mis labios. , lo presto con ardor inconcebible; entonces, levantando mis ojos nadando, vi su cara y cuello sobredimensionado con un rubor; se ofreció a retirar la mano, pero no para liberarla de la mía, aunque la sostuve con la fuerza más suave. Los dos nos quedamos temblando; sus ojos arrojados en el suelo, y el mío se fijó firmemente en ella. ¡Buena G—d, cuál era entonces la condición de mi alma! ardiendo de amor, deseo, admiración, gratitud y toda pasión tierna, todo empeñado en un objeto encantador. La pasión por fin consiguió lo mejor de la razón y el respeto,

y, dejando ir suavemente su mano, me ofrecí locamente para apretarla en mis brazos; cuando, un poco recuperándose, ella comenzó de mí, preguntándome, con alguna muestra de ira, "Si ella tenía alguna razón para esperar este tratamiento de mí." Entonces me postré ante ella, y le dije, si me había ofendido, que mi vida estaba absolutamente en su poder, lo cual de cualquier manera perdería por su bien. No, señora, dijo que no estará tan dispuesta a castigarme como yo a sufrir. Soy dueño de mi culpa. Detesto la reflexión de que habría sacrificado tu felicidad a la mía. Créeme, me arrepiento sinceramente de mi ingratitud; sin embargo, créanme también, fue mi pasión, mi pasión sin límites por ustedes, que me apresuró hasta ahora: yo los he amado largo y tierno, y la bondad que me han mostrado ha pesado inocentemente a un desgraciado sin hacer antes. Absolverme de todos los puntos de vista mezquinos, mercenarios; y, antes de despedirme de ti para siempre, lo que estoy decidido a hacer al instante, créeme que Fortune podría haberme elevado a ninguna altura a la que no podría haberte levantado con gusto. ¡Oh, la verdad sea Fortune!—"No," dice ella, interrumpiéndome con la voz más dulce, "no maldigas a Fortune, ya que ella me ha hecho feliz; y, si ella ha puesto tu felicidad en mi poder, te he dicho que no pedirás nada en razón que yo me negaré." Señora, he dicho que me confunde si se imagina, como parece, mi felicidad está en el poder de la Fortuna ahora. Usted me ha obligado demasiado ya; si tengo algún deseo, es por algún accidente bendito, por el cual puedo contribuir con mi vida al menor aumento de su felicidad. En cuanto a mí, la única felicidad que pueda tener será escuchar de la suya; y si Fortune lo completa, le perdonaré todos sus errores. "Usted puede, de hecho", respondió ella, sonriendo, "porque su propia felicidad debe ser incluido en la mía. Hace mucho que conozco tu valor; no, debo confesar", dijo, sonrojada, "He descubierto durante mucho tiempo que la pasión por mí que profesas, a pesar de esos esfuerzos, que estoy convencido de que no se vieron afectados, para ocultarla; y si todo lo que puedo dar con la razón no será suficiente, quitar la razón; y ahora creo que no puedes preguntarme lo que voy a negar. —Ella pronunció estas palabras con una dulzura que no debe imaginarse. Inmediatamente comencé; mi sangre, que estaba helada en mi corazón, se precipitó tumultuosamente por todas las venas. Me quedé un momento en silencio; entonces, volando hacia ella, la agarré en mis brazos, ya no resistí, y le dije suavemente que debía darme entonces ella misma. ¡Oh, señor! ¿Puedo describir su aspecto? Permaneció en silencio, y casi inmóvil, varios minutos. Por fin, recuperándose un poco, insistió en que la dejara, y de tal manera que obedecí al instante: pueden imaginar, sin embargo, pronto la vi de nuevo.—Pero pido perdón: me temo que te he detenido demasiado tiempo en relatar los detalles de la entrevista anterior. "Hasta ahora, de lo contrario", dijo Adams, lamiéndose los labios, "que de buen grado podía oírlo de nuevo". Bueno, señor, continuó el caballero para ser lo más conciso posible en una semana consintió en hacerme la más feliz de la humanidad. Nos casamos poco después; y

cuando llegué a examinar las circunstancias de la fortuna de mi esposa (que, sí te aseguro, no estaba lo suficientemente tiempo para hacer), me pareció que ascendía a unas seis mil libras, la mayoría de las cuales estaban en efectos; porque su padre había sido un comerciante de vinos, y ella parecía dispuesta, si me gustaba, que yo llevara a cabo el mismo comercio. Yo fácilmente, y demasiado desconsideradamente, lo llevó a cabo; porque, al no haber sido criado hasta los secretos del negocio, y tratando de hacer frente a la máxima honestidad y rectitud, pronto encontré nuestra fortuna de una manera en declive, y mi comercio disminuyendo poco a poco; para mis vinos, que nunca adulteré después de su importación, y fueron vendidos tan limpios como vinieron, fueron universalmente criticados por los viticultores, a quienes no podía permitir que fueran tan baratos como aquellos que obtuvieron el doble de ganancias por un precio menos. Pronto comencé a desesperarme de mejorar nuestra fortuna por estos medios; ni era nada fácil en las visitas y la familiaridad de muchos que habían sido mi conocido en mi prosperidad, pero me había negado y rehusado en mi adversidad, y ahora muy adelante renovaron su conocimiento conmigo. En resumen, había visto lo suficiente que los placeres del mundo son principalmente la locura, y el negocio de la misma en su mayoría knavery, y nada mejor que la vanidad; los hombres de placer desgarrando unos a otros en pedazos de la emulación de gastar dinero, y los hombres de negocios de la envidia en conseguirlo. Mi felicidad consistía enteramente en mi esposa, a quien amaba con una afición inexpresable, que fue perfectamente devuelta; y mis perspectivas no eran más que proveer para nuestra creciente familia; porque ahora era grande de su segundo hijo: por lo tanto, aproveché la oportunidad para pedirle su opinión de entrar en una vida jubilada, que, después de escuchar mis razones y percibir mi afecto por ella, ella abrazó fácilmente. Pronto pusimos nuestra pequeña fortuna, ahora reducida por debajo de tres mil libras, en dinero, con parte de la cual compramos este pequeño lugar, donde nos retiramos poco después de su entrega, de un mundo lleno de bullicio, ruido, odio, envidia e ingratitud, para aliviar, callar y amar. Hemos vivido aquí casi veinte años, con poca otra conversación que la nuestra, la mayor parte del barrio nos lleva por gente muy extraña; el escudero de la parroquia que me representa como un loco, y el párroco como presbiteriano, porque no voy a cazar con el uno ni beber con el otro. "Señor", dice Adams, "La fortuna, creo, le ha pagado todas sus deudas en esta dulce jubilación." Señor, respondió el caballero, estoy agradecido al gran autor de todas las cosas por las bendiciones que aquí disfruto. Tengo la mejor de las esposas, y tres hijos bonitos, para los que tengo la verdadera ternura de un padre. Pero no hay bendiciones en este mundo: a los tres años de mi llegada aquí perdí a mi hijo mayor. (Aquí suspiró amargamente.) "Señor", dice Adams, "debemos someternos a la Providencia y considerar la muerte como común a todos". Debemos someternos, de hecho, respondió al caballero; y si hubiera muerto yo podría

haber soportado la pérdida con paciencia; pero por desgracia! señor, fue robado lejos de mi puerta por algunos malvados que viajan a quien llaman gitanos; ni podría nunca, con la búsqueda más diligente, recuperarlo. ¡Pobre niña! tenía la mirada más dulce, la imagen exacta de su madre; en las que algunas lágrimas cayeron involuntariamente de sus ojos, como lo hizo de los de Adán, que siempre simpatizaron con sus amigos en esas ocasiones. Por lo tanto, señor, dijo el caballero, he terminado mi historia, en el que si he sido demasiado particular, le pido perdón; y ahora, por favor, te traeré otra botella: qué propuesta aceptó el párrotedo.

CHAPTER IV.

*A description of Mr Wilson's way of living. The tragical
adventure of the dog, and other grave matters.*

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

Esa hermosa joven de la mañana ahora se levantó de su cama, y con un rostro floreciendo con juventud fresca y esplendor, como la señorita — ², con suaves rocíos colgando en sus labios que se salpican, comenzó a dar su primer paseo sobre las colinas orientales; y en la actualidad después, esa persona galante el Sol robó suavemente de la cámara de su esposa para pagar sus direcciones a ella; cuando el caballero le preguntó a su invitado si iba a salir y examinar su pequeño jardín, que él accedió fácilmente, y José al mismo tiempo despertando de un sueño en el que había sido enterrado dos horas, se fue con ellos. Sin parterres, sin fuentes, sin estatuas, adornaron este pequeño jardín. Su único adorno era un corto paseo, a la sombra de cada lado por un filbert-hedge, con una pequeña alcoba en un extremo, donde en clima caluroso el caballero y su esposa solían retirarse y desviarse con sus hijos, que jugaban en el paseo delante de ellos. Pero, aunque la vanidad no tenía devotos en este pequeño lugar, aquí había variedad de frutas y todo lo útil para la cocina, que era abundantemente suficiente

para captar la admiración de Adams, quien le dijo al caballero que ciertamente tenía un buen jardinero. Señor, él respondió, ese jardinero está ahora ante usted: lo que vea aquí es el trabajo sólo de mis propias manos. Mientras que estoy proporcionando necesidades para mi mesa, también me procuro un apetito por ellos. En temporadas justas rara vez paso menos de seis horas de las veinticuatro en este lugar, donde no estoy ocioso; y por estos medios he podido preservar mi salud desde mi llegada aquí, sin la ayuda de la física. A continuación, reparo al amanecer, y me ejercito mientras mi esposa viste a sus hijos y prepara nuestro desayuno; después de lo cual rara vez estamos bajo el residuo del día, porque, cuando el clima no les permitirá acompañarme aquí, por lo general estoy dentro de ellos; porque no estoy avergonzado de conversar con mi esposa ni de jugar con mis hijos: decir la verdad, no percibo esa inferioridad de entendimiento que la ligereza de los rastrillos, la dulzura de los hombres de negocios, o la austeridad de los eruditos, nos persuadiría en las mujeres. En cuanto a mi mujer, declaro que no he encontrado ninguno de mi propio sexo capaz de hacer observaciones más justas sobre la vida, o de entregarlas de manera más agradable; ni creo que nadie poseyó un amigo más fiel o más valiente. Y seguro que esta amistad se endulza con más delicadeza y ternura, así lo confirman las promesas más queridas de lo que puede asistir a la alianza masculina más cercana; ¿para qué unión puede ser tan rápida como nuestro interés común en los frutos de nuestros abrazos? Tal vez, señor, usted no es un padre; si no lo estás, ten la seguridad de que no puedes concebir el deleite que tengo en mis pequeños. ¿No me desprecia rías si me vieras estirado en el suelo y mis hijos jugando a mi alrededor? "Debo reverenciar la vista", quoth Adams; "Yo mismo soy ahora el padre de seis, y he sido de once, y puedo decir que nunca acapeé a un hijo propio, a menos que como su maestro de escuela, y luego haya sentido cada golpe en mis propios posteriores. Y en cuanto a lo que dices con respecto a las mujeres, a menudo he lamentado que mi propia esposa no entendía griego". —El caballero sonrió, y respondió, no sería aprehendido para insinuar que el suyo tenía un entendimiento por encima del cuidado de su familia; por el contrario, dice él, mi Harriet, le aseguro, es una ama de casa notable, y pocos amas de casa de caballeros entienden mejor la cocina o la confitería; pero estas son artes que ella no tiene una gran ocasión por ahora: sin embargo, el vino que tanto elogió anoche en la cena fue de su propia fabricación, como es de hecho todo el licor en mi casa, excepto mi cerveza, que cae a mi provincia. "Y te aseguro que es tan excelente", quoth Adams, "como siempre he probado." Anteriormente mantuvimos a una sirvienta, pero como mis hijas han estado creciendo, ella no está dispuesta a consentirlas en la ociosidad; porque como la fortuna que les daré será muy pequeña, tenemos la intención de no criarlos por encima del rango que es probable que llenen más adelante, ni enseñarles a despreciar o arruinar a un marido llano. De hecho, yo podría desear que un hombre de mi propio temperamento, y una vida jubilada, podría caer a su

suerte; porque he experimentado que la felicidad serena y tranquila, que está sentada en el contenido, es incompatible con la prisa y el bullicio del mundo. Estaba procediendo así cuando las pequeñas cosas, al haber resucitado, corrieron ansiosamente hacia él y le pidieron la bendición. Eran tímidos con los extraños, pero el mayor conocía a su padre, que su madre y la joven gentil estaban levantadas, y que el desayuno estaba listo. Todos entraron, donde el caballero estaba sorprendido por la belleza de Fanny, que ahora se había recuperado de su fatiga, y estaba completamente limpio drest; para los pícaros que se habían llevado su bolso le había dejado su paquete. Pero si estaba tan asombrado por la belleza de esta joven criatura, sus invitados no estaban menos encantados por la ternura que apareció en el comportamiento del marido y la esposa el uno al otro, y a sus hijos, y por el comportamiento obediente y afectuoso de estos a sus padres. Estos casos complacieron la mente bien dispuesta de Adams por igual con la disposición que pretenden para obligar a sus invitados, y su avance a ofrecerles lo mejor de todo en su casa; y lo que le deleitó aún más fue un caso o dos de su caridad; porque mientras estaban en el desayuno, la buena mujer fue llamada a ayudar a su prójimo enfermo, lo que hizo con algunos cordiales hechos para el uso público, y el buen hombre entró en su jardín al mismo tiempo para suministrar a otro algo que él quería de allí, porque no tenían nada que los que lo querían no eran bienvenidos. Estas buenas personas estaban en la máxima alegría, cuando oyeron el reporte de un arma, e inmediatamente después un perrito, el favorito de la hija mayor, entró cojeando en todo ensangrentado y se puso a los pies de su amante: la pobre niña, que tenía unos once años, estalló en lágrimas a la vista; y en la actualidad uno de los vecinos entró y les informó que el joven escudero, el hijo del señor de la mansión, le había disparado al pasar, jurando al mismo tiempo que enjuiciaría al amo de él por guardar un spaniel, por lo que había dado aviso de que no sufriría uno en la parroquia. El perro, a quien su amante había tomado en su regazo, murió en pocos minutos, lamiéndose la mano. Ella expresó una gran agonía por su pérdida, y los otros niños comenzaron a llorar por la desgracia de su hermana; ni fanny se podía abstenerse. Mientras el padre y la madre intentaban consolarla, Adams agarró su bastón de cangrejo y se habría suelto después de que el escudero no lo hubiera retenido José. Sin embargo, no podía bridar la lengua— pronunció la palabra bribón con gran énfasis; dijo que merecía ser ahorcado más que un hombre de la carretera, y deseaba que el azote de él. La madre se llevó a su hijo, lamentándose y llevando al favorito muerto en sus brazos, fuera de la habitación, cuando el caballero dijo que era la segunda vez que este escudero se esforzaba por matar al pequeño desgraciado, y lo había herido inteligentemente una vez antes; añadiendo, que no podía tener ningún motivo, pero la mala naturaleza, para la pequeña cosa, que no era tan grande como el puño, nunca había estado a veinte metros de la casa en los seis años que su hija había tenido. Dijo que no había hecho nada para merecer

este uso, pero su padre tenía una fortuna demasiado grande para lidiar con: que era tan absoluto como cualquier tirano en el universo, y había matado a todos los perros y quitado todas las armas en el barrio; y no sólo eso, sino que pisoteó setos y cabalgó sobre maíz y jardines, sin más consideración que si fueran la carretera. "Ojalá pudiera atraparlo en mi jardín", dijo Adams, "aunque preferiría perdonarlo paseando por mi casa que un acto tan desdolenado como este".

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

Footnote 2: Whoever the reader pleases. ([return](#))

CHAPTER V.

*A disputation on schools held on the road between Mr
Abraham Adams and Joseph; and a discovery not
unwelcome to them both.*

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

They had not gone far before Adams, calling to Joseph, asked him, "If he had attended to the gentleman's story?" He answered, "To all the former part."—"And

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

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

"If knowledge of the world must make men villains
May Juba ever live in ignorance!"

"Who would not rather preserve the purity of his child than wish him to attain the whole circle of arts and sciences? which, by the bye, he may learn in the classes of a private school; for I would not be vain, but I esteem myself to be second to none, *nulli secundum*, in teaching these things; so that a lad may have as much learning in a private as in a public education."—"And, with submission," answered Joseph, "he may get as much vice: witness several country gentlemen, who were educated within five miles of their own houses, and are as wicked as if they had known the world from their infancy. I remember when I was in the stable, if a young horse was vicious in his nature, no correction would make him otherwise: I take it to be equally the same among men: if a boy be of a mischievous wicked inclination, no school, though ever so private, will ever make him good: on the contrary, if he be of a righteous temper, you may trust him to London, or wherever else you please—he will be in no danger of being corrupted. Besides, I have often heard my master say that the discipline practised in public schools was much better than that in private."—"You talk like a jackanapes," says Adams, "and so did your master. Discipline indeed! Because one man scourges twenty or thirty boys more in a morning than another, is he therefore a better disciplinarian? I do presume to confer in this point with all who have taught from Chiron's time to this day; and, if I was master of six boys only, I would preserve as good discipline amongst them as the master of the greatest school in the world. I say nothing, young man; remember I say nothing; but if Sir Thomas himself had been educated nearer home, and under the tuition of somebody—remember I name nobody—it might have been better for him:—but his father must institute him in the knowledge of the world. *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.*" Joseph, seeing him run on in this manner, asked pardon many times, assuring him he had no intention to offend. "I believe you had not, child," said he, "and I am not angry with you; but for maintaining good discipline in a school; for this."—And then he ran on as before, named all the masters who are recorded in old books, and preferred himself to them all. Indeed, if this good man had an enthusiasm, or what the vulgar call a blind side, it was this: he thought a schoolmaster the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest of all schoolmasters: neither of which points he would have given up to Alexander the Great at the head of his army.

Adams continued his subject till they came to one of the beautifullest spots of ground in the universe. It was a kind of natural amphitheatre, formed by the winding of a small rivulet, which was planted with thick woods, and the trees rose gradually above each other by the natural ascent of the ground they stood on; which ascent as they hid with their boughs, they seemed to have been disposed by the design of the most skilful planter. The soil was spread with a verdure which no paint could imitate; and the whole place might have raised

romantic ideas in elder minds than those of Joseph and Fanny, without the assistance of love.

Aquí llegaron alrededor del mediodía, y José le propuso a Adams que descansaran un rato en este lugar encantador, y se refrescaran con algunas disposiciones que la buena naturaleza de la Sra. Wilson les había proporcionado. Adams no se opuso a la propuesta; así que se sentaron, y, sacando una ave fría y una botella de vino, hicieron un repasto con una alegría que podría haber atraído la envidia de mesas más espléndidas. No debo omitir que encontraron entre su disposición un pequeño papel que contenía un pedazo de oro, que Adams imaginaba que había sido puesto allí por error, habría regresado para restaurarlo; pero por fin fue convencido por José de que el Sr. Wilson había tomado esta hermosa manera de proporcionarles un suministro para su viaje, en su relación con la angustia en la que habían estado, cuando fueron aliviados por la generosidad del pedlar. Adams dijo que estaba contento de ver tal ejemplo de bondad, no tanto por la conveniencia que les trajo como por el bien del hacedor, cuya recompensa sería grande en el cielo. Del mismo modo, se consoló con una reflexión de que en breve debería tener la oportunidad de devolverlo; para el caballero estaba dentro de una semana para hacer un viaje a Somersetshire, para pasar por la parroquia de Adams, y había prometido fielmente llamar a él; una circunstancia que pensábamos demasiado inmaterial para mencionar antes; pero de los que aquellos que tienen un afecto tan grande por ese caballero como nosotros se regocijarán, ya que les dará esperanzas de verlo de nuevo. Entonces José hizo un discurso sobre la caridad, que el lector, si está tan dispuesto, puede ver en el siguiente capítulo; porque despreciamos traicionarlo en tal lectura, sin antes advertirle.

Capítulo VI.

Reflexiones morales de Joseph Andrews; con la aventura de caza, y el escape milagroso de Parson Adams.

"A menudo me he preguntado, señor", dijo José, "observar tan pocos casos de caridad entre la humanidad; porque aunque la bondad del corazón de un hombre no lo inclinó a aliviar las angustias de sus semejantes, me parece que el deseo de honor debe trasladarlo a él. ¿Qué inspira a un hombre a construir casas finas, a comprar muebles finos, cuadros, ropa y otras cosas, a un gran costo, pero una ambición de ser respetado más que otras personas? Ahora bien, ¿no sería un gran acto de caridad, un caso de redimir a una familia pobre de todas las miserias de la pobreza, restaurar a un comerciante desafortunado por una suma de dinero a los

medios para obtener un sustento por su industria, sacar a un deudor deshecho de sus deudas o una gaol, o cualquier ejemplo similar de bondad, crear un hombre más honor y respeto del que podría adquirir por la mejor casa, muebles, cuadros o ropa, que alguna vez fueron vistos? Porque no sólo el objeto mismo que así fue aliviado, sino todo lo que oyó el nombre de tal persona, debe, imagino, reverenciarlo infinitamente más que el poseedor de todas esas otras cosas; que cuando admiramos tanto, más bien alabamos al constructor, al obrero, al pintor, al encajero, al taylor y al resto, por cuyo ingenio se producen, que a la persona que por su dinero los hace suyos. Por mi parte, cuando he esperado detrás de mi señora en una habitación colgada de buenas fotos, mientras que he estado mirándolos nunca he pensado en su dueño, ni tiene a nadie más, como he observado; porque cuando se le ha preguntado de quién era esa imagen, nunca se respondió una vez al amo de la casa; pero Ammyconni, Paul Varnish, Aníbal Scratchi, o Hogarthi, que supongo que eran los nombres de los pintores; pero si se le preguntara— ¿Quién redimió a ese fuera de prisión? ¿Quién prestó dinero a un comerciante arruinado para establecerlo? ¿Quién vistó a esa familia de niños pobres? es muy claro cuál debe ser la respuesta. Y además, estas grandes personas se equivocan si se imaginan que reciben algún honor en absoluto por estos medios; porque no recuerdo que nunca estuve con mi señora en ninguna casa donde elogió la casa o los muebles, pero la he oído en su regreso a casa hacer deporte y burlarse de lo que había elogiado antes; y otros caballeros en librea me han dicho que es lo mismo en sus familias, pero desafío al hombre más sabio del mundo a convertir una verdadera buena acción en ridículo. Lo desafío a hacerlo. El que debería esforzarse se reiría de sí mismo, en lugar de hacer reír a los demás. Nadie apenas hace ningún bien, pero todos están de acuerdo en elogiar a los que lo hacen. De hecho, es extraño que todos los hombres consientan en elogiar la bondad, y que ningún hombre se esfuerce por merecer ese elogio; mientras que, por el contrario, todos los rieles en la iniquidad, y todos están tan ansiosos de ser lo que abusan. Esto no sé la razón de; pero es tan claro como la luz del día para aquellos que conversan en el mundo, como he hecho estos tres años". "¿Son todas las grandes personas malvadas entonces?", Dice Fanny. "Para estar seguros de que hay algunas excepciones", respondió José. "Algunos caballeros de nuestra tela reportan acciones caritativas realizadas por sus señores y amos; y he oído a Squire Pope, el gran poeta, en la mesa de mi señora, contar historias de un hombre que vivía en un lugar llamado Ross, y otro en el Baño, un Al —Al— Me olvido de su nombre, pero está en el libro de versos. Este caballero ha construido una casa señoresa también, que el escudero le gusta muy bien; pero su caridad se ve más lejos que su casa, aunque se encuentra en una colina, y también le trae más honor. Fue su caridad la que lo puso en el libro, donde el escudero dice que pone a todos los que se lo merecen; y para estar seguro, como vive entre todas las grandes personas, si hubiera tal, él

los conocería". Este fue todo el discurso del Sr. Joseph Andrews que pude hacer que recordara, que he pronunciado lo más cerca posible en sus propias palabras, con un adorno muy pequeño. Pero creo que el lector no ha estado un poco sorprendido por el largo silencio del párroto Adams, especialmente porque tantas ocasiones se ofrecieron a ejercer su curiosidad y observación. La verdad es que estaba dormido, y así lo había sido desde el principio de la narración anterior; y, de hecho, si el lector considera que habían pasado tantas horas desde que cerró los ojos, no se preguntará por su reposo, aunque incluso el propio Henley, o como un gran orador (si es que tal sea), había estado en su tribuna o bañera delante de él.

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

and ran to the gentlemen, who were immediately on their legs, shaking their ears, and easily, with the help of his hand, obtained the bank (for the rivulet was not at all deep); and, without staying to thank their kind assister, ran dripping across the meadow, calling to their brother sportsmen to stop their horses; but they heard them not.

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

The hare was caught within a yard or two of Adams, who lay asleep at some distance from the lovers; and the hounds, in devouring it, and pulling it backwards and forwards, had drawn it so close to him, that some of them (by mistake perhaps for the hare's skin) laid hold of the skirts of his cassock; others at the same time applying their teeth to his wig, which he had with a handkerchief fastened to his head, began to pull him about; and had not the motion of his body had more effect on him than seemed to be wrought by the noise, they must certainly have tasted his flesh, which delicious flavour might have been fatal to him; but being roused by these tuggings, he instantly awaked, and with a jerk delivering his head from his wig, he with most admirable dexterity recovered his legs, which now seemed the only members he could entrust his safety to. Having, therefore, escaped likewise from at least a third part of his cassock, which he willingly left as his *exuviae* or spoils to the enemy, he fled with the utmost speed he could summon to his assistance. Nor let this be any detraction from the bravery of his character: let the number of the enemies, and the surprize in which he was taken, be considered; and if there be any modern so outrageously brave that he cannot admit of flight in any circumstance whatever, I say (but I whisper that softly, and I solemnly declare without any intention of giving offence to any brave man in the nation), I say, or rather I whisper, that he is an ignorant fellow, and hath never read Homer nor Virgil, nor knows he anything of Hector or Turnus; nay, he is unacquainted with the history of some great men living, who, though as brave as lions, ay, as tigers, have run away, the Lord knows how far, and the Lord knows why, to the surprize of their friends and the entertainment of their enemies. But if persons of such 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, 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 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-legged 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 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 least spice of literature, and even against his inclination, hast, in some pages of his book, forced Colley Cibber to write English; do thou assist me in what I find myself unequal to. Do thou introduce on the plain the young, the gay, the brave Joseph Andrews, whilst men shall view him with admiration and envy, tender virgins with love and anxious concern for his safety.

No sooner did Joseph Andrews perceive the distress of his friend, when first the quick-scenting dogs attacked him, than he grasped his 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 masterpiece. On its head was engraved a nose and chin, which might have been mistaken for a pair 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 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 his 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 greatcoat, and had undoubtedly brought him to the ground, had not Joseph, collecting all his force, given Jowler such a rap on the back, that, quitting his hold, he ran howling over the plain. A harder fate remained for thee, O Ringwood! Ringwood the best hound that ever pursued a hare, who never threw his tongue but where the scent was undoubtedly true; good at trailing, and sure in a highway; no babler, no overrunner; 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 it or not if he pleases) in that instant interposed, and, in the shape of the huntsman, snatched her favourite up in her arms.

The parson now faced about, and with his crabstick 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! the huntsman, a man of years and dignity, lifted his voice, and called his hounds from the fight, telling them, in a language they understood, that it was in vain to contend longer, for that fate had decreed the victory to their enemies.

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

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

The squire, being informed of the little mischief that had been done, and perhaps having more mischief of another kind in his head, accosted Mr Adams with a

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

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

CHAPTER VII.

A scene of roasting, very nicely adapted to the present taste and times.

They arrived at the squire's house just as his dinner was ready. A little dispute arose on the account of Fanny, whom the squire, who was a bachelor, was desirous to place at his own table; but she would not consent, nor would Mr Adams permit her to be parted from Joseph; so that she was at length with him consigned over to the kitchen, where the servants were ordered to make him drunk; a favour which was likewise intended for Adams; which design being executed, the squire thought he should easily accomplish what he had when he first saw her intended to perpetrate with Fanny.

It may not be improper, before we proceed farther, to open a little the character of this gentleman, and that of his friends. The master of this house, then, was a man of a very considerable fortune; a bachelor, as we have said, and about forty years of age: he had been educated (if we may use the expression) in the country,

and at his own home, under the care of his mother, and a tutor who had orders never to correct him, nor to compel him to learn more than he liked, which it seems was very little, and that only in his childhood; for from the age of fifteen he addicted himself entirely to hunting and other rural amusements, for which his mother took care to equip him with horses, hounds, and all other necessaries; and his tutor, endeavouring to ingratiate himself with his young pupil, who would, he knew, be able handsomely to provide for him, became his companion, not only at these exercises, but likewise over a bottle, which the young squire had a very early relish for. At the age of twenty his mother began to think she had not fulfilled the duty of a parent; she therefore resolved to persuade her son, if possible, to that which she imagined would well supply all that he might have learned at a public school or university—this is what they commonly call travelling; which, with the help of the tutor, who was fixed on to attend him, she easily succeeded in. He made in three years the tour of Europe, as they term it, and returned home well furnished with French clothes, phrases, and servants, with a hearty contempt for his own country; especially what had any savour of the plain spirit and honesty of our ancestors. His mother greatly applauded herself at his return. And now, being master of his own fortune, he soon procured himself a seat in Parliament, and was in the common opinion one of the finest gentlemen of his age: but what distinguished him chiefly was a strange delight which he took in everything which is ridiculous, odious, and absurd in his own species; so that he never chose a companion without one or more of these ingredients, and those who were marked by nature in the most eminent degree with them were most his favourites. If he ever found a man who either had not, or endeavoured to conceal, these imperfections, he took great pleasure in inventing methods of forcing him into absurdities which were not natural to him, or in drawing forth and exposing those that were; for which purpose he was always provided with a set of fellows, whom we have before called curs, and who did, indeed, no great honour to the canine kind; their business was to hunt out and display everything that had any savour of the above-mentioned qualities, and especially in the gravest and best characters; but if they failed in their search, they were to turn even virtue and wisdom themselves into ridicule, for the diversion of their master and feeder. The gentlemen of curlike disposition who were now at his house, and whom he had brought with him from London, were, an old half-pay officer, a player, a dull poet, a quack-doctor, a scraping fiddler, and a lame German dancing-master.

As soon as dinner was served, while Mr Adams was saying grace, the captain conveyed his chair from behind him; so that when he endeavoured to seat himself he fell down on the ground, and this completed joke the first, to the great entertainment of the whole company. The second joke was performed by the

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

An extempore Poem on parson Adams.

Did ever mortal such a parson view?
His cassock old, his wig not over-new,
Well might the hounds have him for fox mistaken,
In smell more like to that than rusty bacon ³;
But would it not make any mortal stare
To see this parson taken for a hare?
Could Phoebus err thus grossly, even he
For a good player might have taken thee.

At which words the bard whipt off the player's wig, and received the approbation of the company, rather perhaps for the dexterity of his hand than his head. The player, instead of retorting the jest on the poet, began to display his talents on the same subject. He repeated many scraps of wit out of plays, reflecting on the whole body of the clergy, which were received with great acclamations by all present. It was now the dancing-master's turn to exhibit his talents; he therefore, addressing himself to Adams in broken English, told him, "He was a man ver well made for de dance, and he suppose by his walk dat he had learn of some great master." He said, "It was ver pretty quality in clergyman to dance;" and concluded with desiring him to dance a minuet, telling him, "his cassock would serve for petticoats; and that he would himself be his partner." At which words,

without waiting for an answer, he pulled out his gloves, and the fiddler was preparing his fiddle. The company all offered the dancing-master wagers that the parson out-danced him, which he refused, saying "he believed so too, for he had never seen any man in his life who looked de dance so well as de gentleman:" he then stepped forwards to take Adams by the hand, which the latter hastily withdrew, and, at the same time clenching his fist, advised him not to carry the jest too far, for he would not endure being put upon. The dancing-master no sooner saw the fist than he prudently retired out of its reach, and stood aloof, mimicking Adams, whose eyes were fixed on him, not guessing what he was at, but to avoid his laying hold on him, which he had once attempted. In the meanwhile, the captain, perceiving an opportunity, pinned a cracker or devil to the cassock, and then lighted it with their little smoking-candle. Adams, being a stranger to this sport, and believing he had been blown up in reality, started from his chair, and jumped about the room, to the infinite joy of the beholders, who declared he was the best dancer in the universe. As soon as the devil had done tormenting him, and he had a little recovered his confusion, he returned to the table, standing up in the posture of one who intended to make a speech. They all cried out, "Hear him, hear him;" and he then spoke in the following manner: "Sir, I am sorry to see one to whom Providence hath been so bountiful in bestowing his favours make so ill and ungrateful a return for them; for, though you have not insulted me yourself, it is visible you have delighted in those that do it, nor have once discouraged the many rudenesses which have been shown towards me; indeed, towards yourself, if you rightly understood them; for I am your guest, and by the laws of hospitality entitled to your protection. One gentleman had thought proper to produce some poetry upon me, of which I shall only say, that I had rather be the subject than the composer. He hath pleased to treat me with disrespect as a parson. I apprehend my order is not the subject of scorn, nor that I can become so, unless by being a disgrace to it, which I hope poverty will never be called. Another gentleman, indeed, hath repeated some sentences, where the order itself is mentioned with contempt. He says they are taken from plays. I am sure such plays are a scandal to the government which permits them, and cursed will be the nation where they are represented. How others have treated me I need not observe; they themselves, when they reflect, must allow the behaviour to be as improper to my years as to my cloth. You found me, sir, travelling with two of my parishioners (I omit your hounds falling on me; for I have quite forgiven it, whether it proceeded from the wantonness or negligence of the huntsman): my appearance might very well persuade you that your invitation was an act of charity, though in reality we were well provided; yes, sir, if we had had an hundred miles to travel, we had sufficient to bear our expenses in a noble manner." (At which words he produced the half-guinea which was found in the basket.) "I do not show you this out of ostentation of riches, but to convince you I

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

Then the doctor, who had hitherto been silent, and who was the gravest but most mischievous dog of all, in a very pompous speech highly applauded what Adams had said, and as much discommended the behaviour to him. He proceeded to encomiums on the Church and poverty; and, lastly, recommended forgiveness of what had passed to Adams, who immediately answered, "That everything was forgiven;" and in the warmth of his goodness he filled a bumper of strong beer (a liquor he preferred to wine), and drank a health to the whole company, shaking the captain and the poet heartily by the hand, and addressing himself with great respect to the doctor; who, indeed, had not laughed outwardly at anything that

past, as he had a perfect command of his muscles, and could laugh inwardly without betraying the least symptoms in his countenance. The doctor now began a second formal speech, in which he declaimed against all levity of conversation, and what is usually called mirth. He said, "There were amusements fitted for persons of all ages and degrees, from the rattle to the discussing a point of philosophy; and that men discovered themselves in nothing more than in the choice of their amusements; for," says he, "as it must greatly raise our expectation of the future conduct in life of boys whom in their tender years we perceive, instead of taw or balls, or other childish playthings, to chuse, at their leisure hours, to exercise their genius in contentions of wit, learning, and such like; so must it inspire one with equal contempt of a man, if we should discover him playing at taw or other childish play." Adams highly commended the doctor's opinion, and said, "He had often wondered at some passages in ancient authors, where Scipio, Laelius, and other great men were represented to have passed many hours in amusements of the most trifling kind." The doctor replied, "He had by him an old Greek manuscript where a favourite diversion of Socrates was recorded." "Ay!" says the parson eagerly; "I should be most infinitely obliged to you for the favour of perusing it." The doctor promised to send it him, and farther said, "That he believed he could describe it. I think," says he, "as near as I can remember, it was this: there was a throne erected, on one side of which sat a king and on the other a queen, with their guards and attendants ranged on both sides; to them was introduced an ambassador, which part Socrates always used to perform himself; and when he was led up to the footsteps of the throne he addressed himself to the monarchs in some grave speech, full of virtue, and goodness, and morality, and such like. After which, he was seated between the king and queen, and royally entertained. This I think was the chief part. Perhaps I may have forgot some particulars; for it is long since I read it." Adams said, "It was, indeed, a diversion worthy the relaxation of so great a man; and thought something resembling it should be instituted among our great men, instead of cards and other idle pastime, in which, he was informed, they trifled away too much of their lives." He added, "The Christian religion was a nobler subject for these speeches than any Socrates could have invented." The gentleman of the house approved what Mr Adams said, and declared "he was resolved to perform the ceremony this very evening." To which the doctor objected, as no one was prepared with a speech, "unless," said he (turning to Adams with a gravity of countenance which would have deceived a more knowing man), "you have a sermon about you, doctor." "Sir," said Adams, "I never travel without one, for fear of what may happen." He was easily prevailed on by his worthy friend, as he now called the doctor, to undertake the part of the ambassador; so that the gentleman sent immediate orders to have the throne erected, which was performed before they had drank two bottles; and, perhaps, the reader will

hereafter have no great reason to admire the nimbleness of the servants. Indeed, to confess the truth, the throne was no more than this: there was a great tub of water provided, on each side of which were placed two stools raised higher than the surface of the tub, and over the whole was laid a blanket; on these stools were placed the king and queen, namely, the master of the house and the captain. And now the ambassador was introduced between the poet and the doctor; who, having read his sermon, to the great entertainment of all present, was led up to his place and seated between their majesties. They immediately rose up, when the blanket, wanting its supports at either end, gave way, and soused Adams over head and ears in the water. The captain made his escape, but, unluckily, the gentleman himself not being as nimble as he ought, Adams caught hold of him before he descended from his throne, and pulled him in with him, to the entire secret satisfaction of all the company. Adams, after ducking the squire twice or thrice, leapt out of the tub, and looked sharp for the doctor, whom he would certainly have conveyed to the same place of honour; but he had wisely withdrawn: he then searched for his crabstick, and having found that, as well as his fellow travellers, he declared he would not stay a moment longer in such a house. He then departed, without taking leave of his host, whom he had exacted a more severe revenge on than he intended; for, as he did not use sufficient care to dry himself in time, he caught a cold by the accident which threw him into a fever that had like to have cost him his life.

Footnote 3: All hounds that will hunt fox or other vermin will hunt a piece of rusty bacon trailed on the ground. ([return](#))



CHAPTER VIII.

Which some readers will think too short and others too long.

Adán, y José, que no estaba menos enfurecido que su amigo en el trato que se reunió, salieron con sus palos en las manos, y llevaron a Fanny, a pesar de la oposición de los siervos, que hicieron todo, sin proceder a la violencia, en su poder para detenerlos. Caminaron tan rápido como pudieron, no tanto por cualquier aprehensión de ser perseguidos como por el hecho de que el Sr. Adams pudiera, mediante ejercicio, evitar cualquier daño del agua. El caballero, que había dado tales órdenes a sus siervos con respecto a Fanny que él no temía en lo más mínimo que se escapara, no antes se enteró de que ella se había ido, de lo que él comenzó a deleitar, e inmediatamente envió a varios con órdenes de traerla de vuelta o nunca volver. El poeta, el jugador, y todo menos el maestro de baile y el doctor, fueron a hacer este mandado.

La noche era muy oscura en la que nuestros amigos comenzaron su viaje; sin embargo, hicieron tal expedición, que pronto llegaron a una posada que estaba a siete millas de distancia. Aquí consintieron unánimemente pasar la noche, siendo el Sr. Adams ahora tan seco como él antes de partir en su embajada.

Esta posada, que de hecho podríamos llamar una casa de cerveza, no tenía las palabras, The New Inn, había sido escrita en el signo, no les dio mejor provisión que el pan y el queso y la cerveza; en el que, sin embargo, hicieron una comida muy cómoda; para el hambre es mejor que un cocinero francés.

No habían bebido antes que Adams, regresando gracias al Todopoderoso por su comida, declaró que había comido a sus comunes hogares con mucha mayor satisfacción que su espléndida cena; y expresó gran desprecio por la locura de la humanidad, que sacrificó sus esperanzas del cielo para la adquisición de vastas riquezas, ya que se encontraba tanto consuelo en el estado más humilde y en la disposición más baja. "Muy cierto, señor", dice un hombre grave que se sentó fumando su pipa junto al fuego, y que era un viajero, así como él mismo. "A menudo he estado tan sorprendido como tú, cuando considero el valor que la humanidad en general puso en las riquezas, ya que la experiencia de cada día nos muestra lo poco que hay en su poder; para lo que, de hecho, realmente deseable,

puede concedernos? ¿Pueden dar belleza a los deformes, fuerza a los débiles o salud a los enfermos? Seguramente si pudieran no veríamos tantos rostros desfavorecidos atormentando a las asambleas de los grandes, ni esos miserables débiles languidecían en sus autocares y palacios. No, no la riqueza de un reino puede comprar ninguna pintura para vestir la fealdad pálida en la flor de esa joven doncella, ni ninguna droga para equipar a la Enfermedad con el vigor de ese joven. ¿No nos traen a solicitud en lugar de descanso, envidia en lugar de afecto y peligro en lugar de seguridad? ¿Pueden prolongar su propia posesión, o alargar sus días que los disfruta? Hasta ahora, de lo contrario, que el perezoso, el lujo, el cuidado que los asisten, acortan la vida de millones de personas y los llevan con dolor y miseria a una tumba prematura. Entonces, ¿dónde está su valor si no pueden embellecer ni fortalecer nuestras formas, endulzar ni prolongar nuestras vidas?—Una vez más: ¿Pueden adornar la mente más que el cuerpo? ¿No prefieren hinchar el corazón con vanidad, hinchar las mejillas con orgullo, cerrar los oídos a cada llamada de virtud, y nuestras entrañas a cada motivo de compasión? "Dame tu mano, hermano", dijo Adams, en un éxtasis, "porque supongo que eres un clérigo". —"No, verdaderamente", respondió el otro (de hecho, era sacerdote de la Iglesia de Roma; pero aquellos que entienden nuestras leyes no se preguntarán que no estaba demasiado listo para poseerla).—"Lo que seas", grita Adams, "has hablado mis sentimientos: Creo que he predicado cada sílaba de tu discurso veinte veces más; porque siempre me ha parecido más fácil que una cuerda de cable (que por cierto es la verdadera representación de esa palabra que hemos traducido camello) pase por el ojo de una aguja que para un hombre rico entrar en el reino de los cielos." —"Eso, señor", dijo el otro, "será fácilmente concedido por los divinos, y es deplorablemente cierto; pero como la perspectiva de nuestro bien a distancia no nos afecta por la fuerza, podría ser de algún servicio a la humanidad que se haga completamente sensata —lo cual creo que podrían ser con muy poca atención sería— de que ni siquiera las bendiciones de este mundo deben ser compradas con riquezas; una doctrina, en mi opinión, no sólo metafísicamente, sino, si me permite decirlo, matemáticamente demostrable; y que siempre he estado tan perfectamente convencido de que tengo un desprecio por nada tanto como por el oro". Adams comenzó ahora un largo discurso, pero como la mayoría de lo que dijo ocurre entre muchos autores que han tratado este tema, lo omitiré insertarlo. Durante su continuación José y Fanny se retiraron para descansar, y el anfitrión también salió de la habitación. Cuando el párroco inglés había concluido, el romish reanudó el discurso, que continuó con gran amargura e invectiva; y por fin terminó deseando que Adams le prestara dieciocho peniques para pagar su cálculo; prometiendo, si nunca le pagó, podría estar seguro de sus oraciones. El buen hombre respondió que dieciocho peniques sería demasiado poco para llevarlo cualquier viaje muy largo; que tenía media guinea en el bolsillo, que se dividiría con él. Luego cayó a buscar en sus

bolsillos, pero no pudo encontrar dinero; porque, de hecho, la compañía con la que cenó había pasado una broma sobre él que no enumeramos entonces, y había recogido su bolsillo de todo ese tesoro que había producido tan ostentadamente.

"Bendiceme!", Exclamó Adams, "Sin duda lo he perdido; Nunca podré haberlo gastado. Señor, como soy cristiano, tenía toda una media guinea en mi bolsillo esta mañana, y ahora no me queda ni un solo medio penique. Seguro que el diablo debe haber tomado de mí! —"Señor", respondió el sacerdote, sonriendo, "no necesitas poner excusas; si no estás dispuesto a prestarme el dinero, estoy contento." —"Señor", grita Adams, "si tuviera la suma más grande del mundo — sí, si tuviera diez libras sobre mí—, lo otorgaría todo para rescatar a cualquier cristiano de la angustia. Estoy más molesto por mi pérdida en su cuenta que la mía. ¿Alguna vez hubo algo tan desafortunado? Debido a que no tengo dinero en mi bolsillo se sospechará que no es cristiano. —"Soy más desafortunado", cita el otro, "si eres tan generoso como dices; porque realmente una corona me habría hecho feliz, y me transmitió en abundancia al lugar al que voy, que no está por encima de veinte millas de distancia, y donde puedo llegar por la noche de mañana. Te aseguro que no estoy acostumbrado a viajar sin peniques. Estoy pero acabo de llegar a Inglaterra; y nos vimos obligados por una tormenta en nuestro paso a tirar todo lo que teníamos por la borda. No sospecho, pero este hombre tomará mi palabra para el poco que le debo; pero odio parecer tan malo como confesarme sin un chelín a esa gente; para estos, y de hecho demasiados otros, saben poca diferencia en su estimación entre un mendigo y un ladrón. Sin embargo, pensó que debía tratar mejor con el anfitrión esa noche que a la mañana siguiente: por lo tanto, decidió salir inmediatamente, a pesar de la oscuridad; y en consecuencia, tan pronto como el anfitrión regresó, le comunicó la situación de sus asuntos; en el que el anfitrión, rascándose la cabeza, respondió: "¿Por qué, no sé, maestro; si es así, y usted no tiene dinero, debo confiar, creo, aunque yo tenía más bien siempre tener dinero listo si pudiera; pero, casarse, se ve tan honesto un caballero que no temo que me paga si era veinte veces más. El sacerdote no respondió, pero, despidiéndose de él y de Adán tan rápido como pudo, no sin confusión, y tal vez con cierta desconfianza de la sinceridad de Adán, se marchó.

No se había ido antes de que el anfitrión se sacudiera la cabeza, y declaró, si hubiera sospechado que el tipo no tenía dinero, no le habría sacado ni una sola gota de bebida, diciendo que se desesperó de volver a ver su cara, porque parecía un pícaro confundido.

"Rabbit el tipo", grita, "Pensé, por su hablar tanto de riquezas, que tenía cien libras al menos en su bolsillo." Adams le reprendió por sus sospechas, que, dijo, no se estaban convirtiendo en cristianos; y luego, sin reflexionar sobre su pérdida, ni teniendo en cuenta cómo debía partir por la mañana, se retiró a una

cama muy hogareña, como lo habían hecho sus compañeros antes; sin embargo, la salud y la fatiga les dieron un reposo más dulce de lo que a menudo está en el poder del terciopelo y hasta otorgar.

Capítulo IX.

*Conteniendo como aventuras sorprendentes y sangrientas
como se puede encontrar en esta o tal vez cualquier otra
historia auténtica.*

Era casi la mañana cuando Joseph Andrews, cuyos ojos se habían abierto los pensamientos de su querida Fanny, mientras yacía cariñosamente meditando sobre esa hermosa criatura, oyó un violento golpe en la puerta sobre la que yacía. En la actualidad saltó de la cama, y, abriendo la ventana, se le preguntó si no había viajeros en la casa? y en la actualidad, por otra voz, si dos hombres y una mujer no habían tomado allí su alojamiento esa noche? Aunque no conocía las voces, comenzó a albergar una sospecha de la verdad —porque de hecho había recibido cierta información de uno de los siervos de la casa del escudero de su diseño— y respondió negativamente. Uno de los siervos, que conocía bien al anfitrión, le llamó por su nombre justo cuando había abierto otra ventana, y le hizo la misma pregunta; a lo que respondió afirmativamente. ¡Oh, ho! dijo otro, ¿te hemos encontrado? y ordenó al anfitrión que bajara y abriera la puerta. Fanny, que estaba tan despierta como José, no antes oyó todo esto que ella saltó de su cama, y, apresuradamente poniéndose su vestido y enaguas, corrió lo más rápido posible a la habitación de José, que entonces era casi drest. Inmediatamente la dejó entrar, y, abrazándola con la ternura más apasionada, no le pidió que no temiera nada, porque él moriría en su defensa. "¿Es esa una razón por la que no debo temer", dice, "cuando debería perder lo que es más querido para mí que el mundo entero?" José, entonces besando su mano, dijo: "Casi podía agradecer la ocasión que le había extorsionado una ternura con la que nunca le consentía antes". Luego corrió y despertó a su compañero de cama Adams, que aún estaba dormido, a pesar de muchas llamadas de José; pero no fue tan sensato de su peligro que saltó de su cama, sin considerar la presencia de Fanny, que se apresuró a apartar su rostro de él, y disfrutó de un doble beneficio de la oscuridad, que, como habría impedido cualquier ofensa, a una inocencia menos pura, o una modestia menos delicada, por lo que ocultó incluso aquellos rubores que se plantearon en ella.

Adams pronto se había puesto toda su ropa, pero sus pantalones, que, a toda prisa, se olvidó; sin embargo, estaban bastante bien suministrados por la longitud

de sus otras prendas, y y ahora, la puerta de la casa que se abre, el capitán, el poeta, el jugador, y tres sirvientes entraron. El capitán le dijo al anfitrión que dos compañeros, que estaban en su casa, se habían escapado con una joven, y deseaba saber en qué habitación estaba. El anfitrión, que actualmente creía en la historia, los dirigía, y al instante el capitán y el poeta, que se acercaban, corrieron hacia arriba. El poeta, que era el más ágil, entrando primero en la cámara, buscó en la cama, y en todas las demás partes, pero sin ningún propósito; el pájaro voló, como el lector impaciente, que de otra manera podría haber estado sufriendo por ella, antes se anunciaba. Luego preguntaron dónde estaban los hombres, y se acercaban a la cámara, cuando José rugió, en voz alta, que dispararía al primer hombre que se ofreció a atacar la puerta. El capitán preguntó qué armas de fuego tenían; a lo que el anfitrión respondió, él creía que no tenían ninguno; no, estaba casi convencido de ello, porque había oído a uno preguntar al otro por la noche lo que deberían haber hecho si habían sido superados, cuando no tenían brazos; a lo que el otro respondió, se habrían defendido con sus palos siempre y cuando fueran capaces, y Dios ayudaría a una causa justa. Esto satisfizo al capitán, pero no al poeta, que se retiró prudentemente abajo, diciendo que era asunto suyo registrar grandes acciones, y no hacerlas. El capitán no estaba tan pronto satisfecho de que no hubiera armas de fuego que, ofreciendo desafío a la pólvora, y jurando que amaba el olor de la misma, ordenó a los sirvientes que lo siguieran, y, marchando con valentía hacia arriba, inmediatamente intentó forzar la puerta, lo que los siervos pronto le ayudaron a lograr. Cuando se abrió, descubrieron que el enemigo dibujaba tres profundidades; Adams en la parte delantera, y Fanny en la parte trasera. El capitán le dijo a Adams que si volvían a la casa de nuevo debían ser tratados civilmente; pero a menos que consintieron que tenía órdenes de llevar a la joven con él, a quien había una gran razón para creer que habían robado a sus padres; porque, a pesar de su disfraz, su aire, que no podía ocultar, descubrió lo suficiente su nacimiento para ser infinitamente superior al suyo. Fanny, estallando en lágrimas, solemnemente le aseguró que estaba equivocado, y que ella era una pobre fundadora indefensa, y no tenía ninguna relación en el mundo que ella conocía; y, arrojándose de rodillas, rogó que no intentara quitársela de sus amigos, quienes, ella estaba convencida, morirían antes de que la perdieran; que Adams confirmó con palabras no muy lejos de equivaler a un juramento. El capitán juró que no tenía tiempo libre para hablar, y, pidiéndoles que se dieran las gracias por lo sucedido, ordenó a los sirvientes que cayeran, al mismo tiempo que se esforzaba por pasar por Adams, con el fin de aferrarse a Fanny; pero el párroco, interrumpiéndolo, recibió un golpe de uno de ellos, que, sin considerar de dónde vino, regresó al capitán, y le dio un golpe tan hábil en esa parte del estómago que vulgarmente se llama la fosa, que se tambaleó algunos pasos hacia atrás. El capitán, que no estaba acostumbrado a este tipo de juego, y que sabiamente apprehendió la consecuencia de tal golpe, dos de ellos que le

parecieron igual a un empuje a través del cuerpo, sacó su percha, como Adams se acercó a él, y estaba asaltrando un golpe en la cabeza, que probablemente habría silenciado al predicador para siempre, no había José en ese instante levantó una enorme olla de piedra de la cámara con una mano con una mano con una mano con una mano , que seis bellezas no podrían haber levantado con ambos, y lo dieron de alta, junto con el contenido, lleno en la cara del capitán. La percha levantada cayó de su mano, y cayó postrado en el suelo con un ruido grumoso, y su penique sacudió en su bolsillo; el licor rojo que contenían sus venas, y el licor blanco que contenía la olla, corría en una corriente por su cara y su ropa. Tampoco había escapado bastante Adams, algunas de las aguas que tenían en su pasaje derramaron sus honores sobre su cabeza, y comenzaron a gotear las arrugas o más bien surcos de sus mejillas, cuando uno de los sirvientes, arrebatando una fregona de un cubo de agua, que ya había hecho su deber en lavar la casa, la empujó en la cara del párroco; sin embargo, no podía soportarlo, porque el párrocos, arrebatando la fregona al hombre con una mano, con la otra trajo a su enemigo tan bajo como la tierra, habiéndole dado un golpe sobre esa parte de la cara donde, en algunos hombres de placer, las naciones naturales y artificiales se unen.

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

Fanny rent the air with her cries, and Adams was coming to the assistance of Joseph; but the two serving-men and the host now fell on him, and soon subdued him, though he fought like a madman, and looked so black with the impressions he had received from the mop, that Don Quixote would certainly have taken him for an enchanted Moor. But now follows the most tragical part; for the captain was risen again, and, seeing Joseph on the floor, and Adams secured, he instantly laid hold on Fanny, and, with the assistance of the poet and player, who, hearing the battle was over, were now come up, dragged her, crying and tearing her hair, from the sight of her Joseph, and, with a perfect deafness to all her entreaties, carried her downstairs by violence, and fastened her on the player's horse; and the captain, mounting his own, and leading that on which this poor miserable wretch was, departed, without any more consideration of her cries than a butcher hath of those of a lamb; for indeed his thoughts were entertained only with the degree of

favour which he promised himself from the squire on the success of this adventure.

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

CHAPTER X.

A discourse between the poet and the 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 given heads for the sake of conformity, and as they are of use in dancing, to hang their hats on.

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

sooner than a Shakespear or an Otway; and indeed I may turn your observation against you, and with truth say, that the reason no authors are encouraged is because we have no good new plays."—"I have not affirmed the contrary," said the poet; "but I am surprized you grow so warm; you cannot imagine yourself interested in this dispute; I hope you have a better opinion of my taste than to apprehend I squinted at yourself. No, sir, if we had six such actors as you, we should soon rival the Bettertons and Sandfords of former times; for, without a compliment to you, I think it impossible for any one to have excelled you in most of your parts. Nay, it is solemn truth, and I have heard many, and all great judges, express as much; and, you will pardon me if I tell you, I think every time I have seen you lately you have constantly acquired some new excellence, like a snowball. You have deceived me in my estimation of perfection, and have outdone what I thought inimitable."—"You are as little interested," answered the player, "in what I have said of other poets; for d—n me if there are not many strokes, ay, whole scenes, in your last tragedy, which at least equal Shakespear. There is a delicacy of sentiment, a dignity of expression in it, which I will own many of our gentlemen did not do adequate justice to. To confess the truth, they are bad enough, and I pity an author who is present at the murder of his works."—"Nay, it is but seldom that it can happen," returned the poet; "the works of most modern authors, like dead-born children, cannot be murdered. It is such wretched half-begotten, half-writ, lifeless, spiritless, low, grovelling stuff, that I almost pity the actor who is obliged to get it by heart, which must be almost as difficult to remember as words in a language you don't understand."—"I am sure," said the player, "if the sentences have little meaning when they are writ, when they are spoken they have less. I know scarce one who ever lays an emphasis right, and much less adapts his action to his character. I have seen a tender lover in an attitude of fighting with his mistress, and a brave hero suing to his enemy with his sword in his hand. I don't care to abuse my profession, but rot me if in my heart I am not inclined to the poet's side."—"It is rather generous in you than just," said the poet; "and, though I hate to speak ill of any person's production—nay, I never do it, nor will—but yet, to do justice to the actors, what could Booth or Betterton have made of such horrible stuff as Fenton's Mariamne, Frowd's Philotas, or Mallet's Eurydice; or those low, dirty, last-dying-speeches, which a fellow in the city of Wapping, your Dillo or Lillo, what was his name, called tragedies?"—"Very well," says the player; "and pray what do you think of such fellows as Quin and Delane, or that face-making puppy young Cibber, that ill-looking dog Macklin, or that saucy slut Mrs Clive? What work would they make with your Shakespears, Otways, and Lees? How would those harmonious lines of the last come from their tongues?—"

"—No more; for I disdain
All pomp when thou art by: far be the noise
Of kings and crowns from us, whose gentle souls
Our kinder fates have steer'd another way.
Free as the forest birds we'll pair together,
Without rememb'ring who our fathers were:
Fly to the arbors, grots, and 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,
And, when the golden evening calls us home,
Wing to our downy nests, and sleep till morn.'

"Or how would this disdain of Otway—

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

"Hold! hold! hold!" said the poet: "Do repeat that tender speech in the third act of my play which you made such a figure in."—"I would willingly," said the player, "but I have forgot it."—"Ay, you was not quite perfect in it when you played it," cries the poet, "or you would have had such an applause as was never given on the stage; an applause I was extremely concerned for your losing."—"Sure," says the player, "if I remember, that was hissed more than any passage in the whole play."—"Ay, your speaking it was hissed," said the poet.—"My speaking it!" said the player.—"I mean your not speaking it," said the poet. "You was out, and then they hissed."—"They hissed, and then I was out, if I remember," answered the player; "and I must say this for myself, that the whole audience allowed I did your part justice; so don't lay the damnation of your play to my account."—"I don't know what you mean by damnation," replied the poet.—"Why, you know it was acted but one night," cried the player.—"No," said the poet, "you and the whole town were enemies; the pit were all my enemies, fellows that would cut my throat, if the fear of hanging did not restrain them. All taylors, sir, all taylors."—"Why should the taylors be so angry with you?" cries the player. "I suppose you don't employ so many in making your clothes."—"I admit your jest," answered the poet; "but you remember the affair as well as myself; you know there was a party in the pit and upper gallery that would not suffer it to be given out again; though much, ay infinitely, the majority, all the boxes in particular, were desirous of it; nay, most of the ladies swore they never would come to the house till it was acted again. Indeed, I must own their policy was

good in not letting it be given out a second time: for the rascals knew if it had gone a second night it would have run fifty; for if ever there was distress in a tragedy—I am not fond of my own performance; but if I should tell you what the best 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 their discourse, by an accident, which if the reader is impatient to know, he must skip over the next chapter, which is a sort of counterpart to this, and contains some of the best and gravest matters in the whole book, being a discourse between parson Abraham Adams and Mr Joseph Andrews.

CHAPTER XI.

Containing the exhortations of parson Adams to his friend in affliction; calculated for the instruction and improvement of the reader.

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

Mr Adams, after many groans, sitting with his back to Joseph, began thus in a sorrowful tone: "You cannot imagine, my good child, that I entirely blame these first agonies of your grief; for, when misfortunes attack us by surprize, it must require infinitely more learning than you are master of to resist them; but it is the business of a man and a Christian to summon Reason as quickly as he can to his aid; and she will presently teach him patience and submission. Be comforted, therefore, child; I say be comforted. It is true, you have lost the prettiest, kindest,

loveliest, sweetest young woman, one with whom you might have expected to have lived in happiness, virtue, and innocence; by whom you might have promised yourself many little darlings, who would have been the delight of your youth and the comfort of your age. You have not only lost her, but have reason to fear the utmost violence which lust and power can inflict upon her. Now, indeed, you may easily raise ideas of horror, which might drive you to despair."—"O I shall run mad!" cries Joseph. "O that I could but command my hands to tear my eyes out and my flesh off!"—"If you would use them to such purposes, I am glad you can't," answered Adams. "I have stated your misfortune as strong as I possibly can; but, on the other side, you are to consider you are a Christian, that no accident happens to us without the Divine permission, and that it is the duty of a man, and a Christian, to submit. We did not make ourselves; but the same power which made us rules over us, and we are absolutely at his disposal; he may do with us what he pleases, nor have we any right to complain. A second reason against our complaint is our ignorance; for, as we know not future events, so neither can we tell to what purpose any accident tends; and that which at first threatens us with evil may in the end produce our good. I should indeed have said our ignorance is twofold (but I have not at present time to divide properly), for, as we know not to what purpose any event is ultimately directed, so neither can we affirm from what cause it originally sprung. You are a man, and consequently a sinner; and this may be a punishment to you for your sins: indeed in this sense it may be esteemed as a good, yea, as the greatest good, which satisfies the anger of Heaven, and averts that wrath which cannot continue without our destruction. Thirdly, our impotency of relieving ourselves demonstrates the folly and absurdity of our complaints: for whom do we resist, or against whom do we complain, but a power from whose shafts no armour can guard us, no speed can fly?—a power which leaves us no hope but in submission." "O sir!" cried Joseph, "all this is very true, and very fine, and I could hear you all day if I was not so grieved at heart as now I am."—"Would you take physic," says Adams, "when you are well, and refuse it when you are sick? Is not comfort to be administered to the afflicted, and not to those who rejoice or those who are at ease?" "O! you have not spoken one word of comfort to me yet!" returned Joseph. "No!" cries Adams; "what am I then doing? what can I say to comfort you?" "O tell me," cries Joseph, "that Fanny will escape back to my arms, that they shall again enclose that lovely creature, with all her sweetness, all her untainted innocence about her!" "Why, perhaps you may," cries Adams, "but I can't promise you what's to come. You must, with perfect resignation, wait the event: if she be restored to you again, it is your duty to be thankful, and so it is if she be not. Joseph, if you are wise and truly know your own interest, you will peaceably and quietly submit to all the dispensations of Providence, being thoroughly assured that all the misfortunes, how great soever, which happen to the righteous, happen

to them for their own good. Nay, it is not your interest only, but your duty, to abstain from immoderate grief; which if you indulge, you are not worthy the name of a Christian." He spoke these last words with an accent a little severer than usual; upon which Joseph begged him not to be angry, saying, he mistook him if he thought he denied it was his duty, for he had known that long ago. "What signifies knowing your duty, if you do not perform it?" answered Adams. "Your knowledge increases your guilt. O Joseph! I never thought you had this stubbornness in your mind." Joseph replied, "He fancied he misunderstood him; which I assure you," says he, "you do, if you imagine I endeavour to grieve; upon my soul I don't." Adams rebuked him for swearing, and then proceeded to enlarge on the folly of grief, telling him, all the wise men and philosophers, even among the heathens, had written against it, quoting several passages from Seneca, and the Consolation, which, though it was not Cicero's, was, he said, as good almost as any of his works; and concluded all by hinting that immoderate grief in this case might incense that power which alone could restore him his Fanny. This reason, or indeed rather the idea which it raised of the restoration of his mistress, had more effect than all which the parson had said before, and for a moment abated his agonies; but, when his fears sufficiently set before his eyes the danger that poor creature was in, his grief returned again with repeated violence, nor could Adams in the least assuage it; though it may be doubted in his behalf whether Socrates himself could have prevailed any better.

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

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

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

CHAPTER XII.

More adventures, which we hope will as much please as surprize the reader.

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

The man of war, having conveyed his charming prize out of the inn a little before day, made the utmost expedition in his power towards the squire's house, where this delicate creature was to be offered up a sacrifice to the lust of a ravisher. He was not only deaf to all her bewailings and entreaties on the road, but accosted her ears with impurities which, having been never before accustomed to them, she happily for herself very little understood. At last he changed his note, and attempted to soothe and mollify her, by setting forth the splendor and luxury which would be her fortune with a man who would have the inclination, and power too, to give her whatever her utmost wishes could desire; and told her he doubted not but she would soon look kinder on him, as the instrument of her happiness, and despise that pitiful fellow whom her ignorance only could make her fond of. She answered, she knew not whom he meant; she never was fond of any pitiful fellow. "Are you affronted, madam," says he, "at my calling him so? But what better can be said of one in a livery, notwithstanding your fondness for him?" She returned, that she did not understand him, that the man had been her fellow-servant, and she believed was as honest a creature as any alive; but as for fondness for men—"I warrant ye," cries the captain, "we shall find means to persuade you to be fond; and I advise you to yield to gentle ones, for you may be assured that it is not in your power, by any struggles whatever, to preserve your virginity two hours longer. It will be your interest to consent; for the squire will be much kinder to you if he enjoys you willingly than by force." At which words she began to call aloud for assistance (for it was now open day), but, finding none, she lifted her eyes to heaven, and supplicated the Divine assistance to preserve her innocence. The captain told her, if she persisted in her vociferation, he would find a means of stopping her mouth. And now the poor wretch, perceiving no hopes of succour, abandoned herself to despair, and, sighing out the name of Joseph! Joseph! a river of tears ran down her lovely cheeks, and wet the handkerchief which covered her bosom. A horseman now appeared in the road, upon which the captain threatened her violently if she complained; however, the moment they approached each other she begged him with the utmost earnestness to relieve a distressed creature who was in the hands of a ravisher. The fellow stopt at those words, but the captain assured him it was his

wife, and that he was carrying her home from her adulterer, which so satisfied the fellow, who was an old one (and perhaps a married one too), that he wished him a good journey, and rode on. He was no sooner past than the captain abused her violently for breaking his commands, and threatened to gag her, when two more horsemen, armed with pistols, came into the road just before them. She again solicited their assistance, and the captain told the same story as before. Upon which one said to the other, "That's a charming wench, Jack; I wish I had been in the fellow's place, whoever he is." But the other, instead of answering him, cried out, "Zounds, I know her;" and then, turning to her, said, "Sure you are not Fanny Goodwill?"—"Indeed, indeed, I am," she cried—"O John, I know you now—Heaven hath sent you to my assistance, to deliver me from this wicked man, who is carrying me away for his vile purposes—O for God's sake rescue me from him!" A fierce dialogue immediately ensued between the captain and these two men, who, being both armed with pistols, and the chariot which they attended being now arrived, the captain saw both force and stratagem were vain, and endeavoured to make his escape, in which however he could not succeed. The gentleman who rode in the chariot ordered it to stop, and with an air of authority examined into the merits of the cause; of which being advertised by Fanny, whose credit was confirmed by the fellow who knew her, he ordered the captain, who was all bloody from his encounter at the inn, to be conveyed as a prisoner behind the chariot, and very gallantly took Fanny into it; for, to say the truth, this gentleman (who was no other than the celebrated Mr Peter Pounce, and who preceded the Lady Booby only a few miles, by setting out earlier in the morning) was a very gallant person, and loved a pretty girl better than anything besides his own money or the money of other people.

The chariot now proceeded towards the inn, which, as Fanny was informed, lay in their way, and where it arrived at that very time while the poet and player were disputing below-stairs, and Adams and Joseph were discoursing back to back above; just at that period to which we brought them both in the two preceding chapters the chariot stopt at the door, and in an instant Fanny, leaping from it, ran up to her Joseph.—O reader! conceive if thou canst the joy which fired the breasts of these lovers on this meeting; and if thy own heart doth not sympathetically assist thee in this conception, I pity thee sincerely from my own; for let the hard-hearted villain know this, that there is a pleasure in a tender sensation beyond any which he is capable of tasting.

Peter, being informed by Fanny of the presence of Adams, stopt to see him, and receive his homage; for, as Peter was an hypocrite, a sort of people whom Mr Adams never saw through, the one paid that respect to his seeming goodness which the other believed to be paid to his riches; hence Mr Adams was so much his favourite, that he once lent him four pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence to

prevent his going to gaol, on no greater security than a bond and judgment, which probably he would have made no use of, though the money had not been (as it was) paid exactly at the time.

It is not perhaps easy to describe the figure of Adams; he had risen in such a hurry, that he had on neither breeches, garters, nor stockings; nor had he taken from his head a red spotted handkerchief, which by night bound his wig, turned inside out, around his head. He had on his torn cassock and his greatcoat; but, as the remainder of his cassock hung down below his greatcoat, so did a small stripe of white, or rather whitish, linen appear below that; to which we may add the several colours which appeared on his face, where a long piss-burnt beard served to retain the liquor of the stone-pot, and that of a blacker hue which distilled from the mop.—This figure, which Fanny had delivered from his captivity, was no sooner spied by Peter than it disordered the composed gravity of his muscles; however, he advised him immediately to make himself clean, nor would accept his homage in that pickle.

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

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

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

When Mr Pounce had a little regaled himself with some provision which he had in his chariot, and Mr Adams had put on the best appearance his clothes would allow him, Pounce ordered the captain into his presence, for he said he was guilty of felony, and the next justice of peace should commit him; but the servants (whose appetite for revenge is soon satisfied), being sufficiently contented with

the drubbing which Joseph had inflicted on him, and which was indeed of no very moderate kind, had suffered him to go off, which he did, threatening a severe revenge against Joseph, which I have never heard he thought proper to take.

The mistress of the house made her voluntary appearance before Mr Pounce, and with a thousand curtsies told him, "She hoped his honour would pardon her husband, who was a very nonsense man, for the sake of his poor family; that indeed if he could be ruined alone, she should be very willing of it; for because as why, his worship very well knew he deserved it; but she had three poor small children, who were not capable to get their own living; and if her husband was sent to gaol, they must all come to the parish; for she was a poor weak woman, continually a-breeding, and had no time to work for them. She therefore hoped his honour would take it into his worship's consideration, and forgive her husband this time; for she was sure he never intended any harm to man, woman, or child; and if it was not for that block-head of his own, the man in some things was well enough; for she had had three children by him in less than three years, and was almost ready to cry out the fourth time." She would have proceeded in this manner much longer, had not Peter stopt her tongue, by telling her he had nothing to say to her husband nor her neither. So, as Adams and the rest had assured her of forgiveness, she cried and curtsied out of the room.

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

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

would rather carry her home in that manner, than take away Mr Adams's horse and permit him to walk on foot.

Perhaps, reader, thou hast seen a contest between two gentlemen, or two ladies, quickly decided, though they have both asserted they would not eat such a nice morsel, and each insisted on the other's accepting it; but in reality both were very desirous to swallow it themselves. Do not therefore conclude hence that this dispute would have come to a speedy decision: for here both parties were heartily in earnest, and it is very probable they would have remained in the inn-yard to this day, had not the good Peter Pounce put a stop to it; for, finding he had no longer hopes of satisfying his old appetite with Fanny, and being desirous of having some one to whom he might communicate his grandeur, he told the parson he would convey him home in his chariot. This favour was by Adams, with many bows and acknowledgments, accepted, though he afterwards said, "he ascended the chariot rather that he might not offend than from any desire of riding in it, for that in his heart he preferred the pedestrian even to the vehicular expedition." All matters being now settled, the chariot, in which rode Adams and Pounce, moved forwards; and Joseph having borrowed a pillion from the host, Fanny had just seated herself thereon, and had laid hold of the girdle which her lover wore for that purpose, when the wise beast, who concluded that one at a time was sufficient, that two to one were odds, &c., discovered much uneasiness at his double load, and began to consider his hinder as his fore legs, moving the direct contrary way to that which is called forwards. Nor could Joseph, with all his horsemanship, persuade him to advance; but, without having any regard to the lovely part of the lovely girl which was on his back, he used such agitations, that, had not one of the men come immediately to her assistance, she had, in plain English, tumbled backwards on the ground. This inconvenience was presently remedied by an exchange of horses; and then Fanny being again placed on her pillion, on a better-natured and somewhat a better-fed beast, the parson's horse, finding he had no longer odds to contend with, agreed to march; and the whole procession set forwards for Booby-hall, where they arrived in a few hours without anything remarkable happening on the road, unless it was a curious dialogue between the parson and the steward: which, to use the language of a late Apologist, a pattern to all biographers, "waits for the reader in the next chapter."

CHAPTER XIII.

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

The chariot had not proceeded far before Mr Adams observed it was a very fine day. "Ay, and a very fine country too," answered Pounce.—"I should think so more," returned Adams, "if I had not lately travelled over the Downs, which I take to exceed this and all other prospects in the universe."—"A fig for prospects!" answered Pounce; "one acre here is worth ten there; and for my own part, I have no delight in the prospect of any land but my own."—"Sir," said Adams, "you can indulge yourself with many fine prospects of that kind."—"I thank God I have a little," replied the other, "with which I am content, and envy no man: I have a little, Mr Adams, with which I do as much good as I can." Adams answered, "That riches without charity were nothing worth; for that they were a blessing only to him who made them a blessing to others."—"You and I," said Peter, "have different notions of charity. I own, as it is generally used, I do not like the word, nor do I think it becomes one of us gentlemen; it is a mean parson-like quality; though I would not infer many parsons have it neither."—"Sir," said Adams, "my definition of charity is, a generous disposition to relieve the distressed."—"There is something in that definition," answered Peter, "which I like well enough; it is, as you say, a disposition, and does not so much consist in the act as in the disposition to do it. But, alas! Mr Adams, who are meant by the distressed? Believe me, the distresses of mankind are mostly imaginary, and it would be rather folly than goodness to relieve them."—"Sure, sir," replied Adams, "hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness, and other distresses which attend the poor, can never be said to be imaginary evils."—"How can any man complain of hunger," said Peter, "in a country where such excellent salads are to be gathered in almost every field? or of thirst, where every river and stream produces such delicious potations? And as for cold and nakedness, they are evils introduced by luxury and custom. A man naturally wants clothes no more than a horse or any other animal; and there are whole nations who go without them; but these are things perhaps which you, who do not know the world"—"You will pardon me, sir," returned Adams; "I have read of the Gymnosophists."—"A plague of your Jehosaphats!" cried Peter; "the greatest fault in our constitution is the provision made for the poor, except that perhaps made for some others. Sir, I have not an estate which doth not contribute almost as much again to the poor as to the land-tax; and I do assure you I expect to come myself to the parish in the end." To which Adams giving a dissenting smile, Peter thus proceeded: "I fancy, Mr Adams, you are one of those who imagine I am a lump of money; for there are many who, I fancy, believe that not only my pockets, but my whole clothes, are lined with bank-bills; but I assure you, you are all mistaken; I am not the man the world esteems me. If I can hold my head above water it is all I can. I have injured myself by purchasing. I have been too liberal of my money. Indeed, I fear my heir will find my affairs in a worse situation than they are reputed to be. Ah! he will have reason to wish I had loved money more and land less. Pray, my good

neighbour, where should I have that quantity of riches the world is so liberal to bestow on me? Where could I possibly, without I had stole it, acquire such a treasure?" "Why, truly," says Adams, "I have been always of your opinion; I have wondered as well as yourself with what confidence they could report such things of you, which have to me appeared as mere impossibilities; for you know, sir, and I have often heard you say it, that your wealth is of your own acquisition; and can it be credible that in your short time you should have amassed such a heap of treasure as these people will have you worth? Indeed, had you inherited an estate like Sir Thomas Booby, which had descended in your family for many generations, they might have had a colour for their assertions." "Why, what do they say I am worth?" cries Peter, with a malicious sneer. "Sir," answered Adams, "I have heard some aver you are not worth less than twenty thousand pounds." At which Peter frowned. "Nay, sir," said Adams, "you ask me only the opinion of others; for my own part, I have always denied it, nor did I ever believe you could possibly be worth half that sum." "However, Mr Adams," said he, squeezing him by the hand, "I would not sell them all I am worth for double that sum; and as to what you believe, or they believe, I care not a fig, no not a fart. I am not poor because you think me so, nor because you attempt to undervalue me in the country. I know the envy of mankind very well; but I thank Heaven I am above them. It is true, my wealth is of my own acquisition. I have not an estate, like Sir Thomas Booby, that has descended in my family through many generations; but I know heirs of such estates who are forced to travel about the country like some people in torn cassocks, and might be glad to accept of a pitiful curacy for what I know. Yes, sir, as shabby fellows as yourself, whom no man of my figure, without that vice of good-nature about him, would suffer to ride in a chariot with him." "Sir," said Adams, "I value not your chariot of a rush; and if I had known you had intended to affront me, I would have walked to the world's end on foot ere I would have accepted a place in it. However, sir, I will soon rid you of that inconvenience;" and, so saying, he opened the chariot door, without calling to the coachman, and leapt out into the highway, forgetting to take his hat along with him; which, however, Mr Pounce threw after him with great violence. Joseph and Fanny stopt to bear him company the rest of the way, which was not above a mile.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

The arrival of Lady Booby and the rest at Booby-hall.

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

But, if their interest inspired so public a joy into every countenance, how much more forcibly did the affection which they bore parson Adams operate upon all who beheld his return! They flocked about him like dutiful children round an indulgent parent, and vyed with each other in demonstrations of duty and love. The parson on his side shook every one by the hand, enquired heartily after the healths of all that were absent, of their children, and relations; and exprest a satisfaction in his face which nothing but benevolence made happy by its objects could infuse.

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

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

Our more intelligent readers will doubtless suspect, by this second appearance of Lady Booby on the stage, that all was not ended by the dismissal of Joseph; and, to be honest with them, they are in the right: the arrow had pierced deeper than she imagined; nor was the wound so easily to be cured. The removal of the object soon cooled her rage, but it had a different effect on her love; that departed with his person, but this remained lurking in her mind with his image. Restless, interrupted slumbers, and confused horrible dreams were her portion the first

night. In the morning, fancy painted her a more delicious scene; but to delude, not delight her; for, before she could reach the promised happiness, it vanished, and left her to curse, not bless, the vision.

She started from her sleep, her imagination being all on fire with the phantom, when, her eyes accidentally glancing towards the spot where yesterday the real Joseph had stood, that little circumstance raised his idea in the liveliest colours in her memory. Each look, each word, each gesture rushed back on her mind with charms which all his coldness could not abate. Nay, she imputed that to his youth, his folly, his awe, his religion, to everything but what would instantly have produced contempt, want of passion for the sex, or that which would have roused her hatred, want of liking to her.

Reflection then hurried her farther, and told her she must see this beautiful youth no more; nay, suggested to her that she herself had dismissed him for no other fault than probably that of too violent an awe and respect for herself; and which she ought rather to have esteemed a merit, the effects of which were besides so easily and surely to have been removed; she then blamed, she cursed the hasty rashness of her temper; her fury was vented all on herself, and Joseph appeared innocent in her eyes. Her passion at length grew so violent, that it forced her on seeking relief, and now she thought of recalling him: but pride forbad that; pride, which soon drove all softer passions from her soul, and represented to her the meanness of him she was fond of. That thought soon began to obscure his beauties; contempt succeeded next, and then disdain, which presently introduced her hatred of the creature who had given her so much uneasiness. These enemies of Joseph had no sooner taken possession of her mind than they insinuated to her a thousand things in his disfavour; everything but dislike of her person; a thought which, as it would have been intolerable to bear, she checked the moment it endeavoured to arise. Revenge came now to her assistance; and she considered her dismissal of him, stript, and without a character, with the utmost pleasure. She rioted in the several kinds of misery which her imagination suggested to her might be his fate; and, with a smile composed of anger, mirth, and scorn, viewed him in the rags in which her fancy had drest him.

Mrs Slipslop, being summoned, attended her mistress, who had now in her own opinion totally subdued this passion. Whilst she was dressing she asked if that fellow had been turned away according to her orders. Slipslop answered, she had told her ladyship so (as indeed she had).—"And how did he behave?" replied the lady. "Truly, madam," cries Slipslop, "in such a manner that infected everybody who saw him. The poor lad had but little wages to receive; for he constantly allowed his father and mother half his income; so that, when your ladyship's livery was stript off, he had not wherewithal to buy a coat, and must have gone

naked if one of the footmen had not incommoded him with one; and whilst he was standing in his shirt (and, to say truth, he was an amorous figure), being told your ladyship would not give him a character, he sighed, and said he had done nothing willingly to offend; that for his part, he should always give your ladyship a good character wherever he went; and he prayed God to bless you; for you was the best of ladies, though his enemies had set you against him. I wish you had not turned him away; for I believe you have not a faithfuller servant in the house."—"How came you then," replied the lady, "to advise me to turn him away?"—"I, madam!" said Slipslop; "I am sure you will do me the justice to say, I did all in my power to prevent it; but I saw your ladyship was angry; and it is not the business of us upper servants to hinterfear on these occasions." "And was it not you, audacious wretch!" cried the lady, "who made me angry? Was it not your tittle-tattle, in which I believe you belyed the poor fellow, which incensed me against him? He may thank you for all that hath happened; and so may I for the loss of a good servant, and one who probably had more merit than all of you. Poor fellow! I am charmed with his goodness to his parents. Why did not you tell me of that, but suffer me to dismiss so good a creature without a character? I see the reason of your whole behaviour now as well as your complaint; you was jealous of the wenches." "I jealous!" said Slipslop; "I assure you, I look upon myself as his betters; I am not meat for a footman, I hope." These words threw the lady into a violent passion, and she sent Slipslop from her presence, who departed, tossing her nose, and crying, "Marry, come up! there are some people more jealous than I, I believe." Her lady affected not to hear the words, though in reality she did, and understood them too. Now ensued a second conflict, so like the former, that it might savour of repetition to relate it minutely. It may suffice to say that Lady Booby found good reason to doubt whether she had so absolutely conquered her passion as she had flattered herself; and, in order to accomplish it quite, took a resolution, more common than wise, to retire immediately into the country. The reader hath long ago seen the arrival of Mrs Slipslop, whom no pertness could make her mistress resolve to part with; lately, that of Mr Pounce, her forerunners; and, lastly, that of the lady herself.

The morning after her arrival being Sunday, she went to church, to the great surprize of everybody, who wondered to see her ladyship, being no very constant church-woman, there so suddenly upon her journey. Joseph was likewise there; and I have heard it was remarked that she fixed her eyes on him much more than on the parson; but this I believe to be only a malicious rumour. When the prayers were ended Mr Adams stood up, and with a loud voice pronounced, "I publish the banns of marriage between Joseph Andrews and Frances Goodwill, both of this parish," &c. Whether this had any effect on Lady Booby or no, who was then in her pew, which the congregation could not see into, I could never discover: but

certain it is that in about a quarter of an hour she stood up, and directed her eyes to that part of the church where the women sat, and persisted in looking that way during the remainder of the sermon in so scrutinizing a manner, and with so angry a countenance, that most of the women were afraid she was offended at them. The moment she returned home she sent for Slipslop into her chamber, and told her she wondered what that impudent fellow Joseph did in that parish? Upon which Slipslop gave her an account of her meeting Adams with him on the road, and likewise the adventure with Fanny. At the relation of which the lady often changed her countenance; and when she had heard all, she ordered Mr Adams into her presence, to whom she behaved as the reader will see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

*A dialogue between Mr Abraham Adams and the Lady
Booby.*

Mr Adams was not far off, for he was drinking her ladyship's health below in a cup of her ale. He no sooner came before her than she began in the following manner: "I wonder, sir, after the many great obligations you have had to this family" (with all which the reader hath in the course of this history been minutely acquainted), "that you will ungratefully show any respect to a fellow who hath been turned out of it for his misdeeds. Nor doth it, I can tell you, sir, become a man of your character, to run about the country with an idle fellow and wench. Indeed, as for the girl, I know no harm of her. Slipslop tells me she was formerly bred up in my house, and behaved as she ought, till she hankered after this fellow, and he spoiled her. Nay, she may still, perhaps, do very well, if he will let her alone. You are, therefore, doing a monstrous thing in endeavouring to procure a match between these two people, which will be to the ruin of them both."—"Madam," said Adams, "if your ladyship will but hear me speak, I protest I never heard any harm of Mr Joseph Andrews; if I had, I should have corrected him for it; for I never have, nor will, encourage the faults of those under my care. As for the young woman, I assure your ladyship I have as good an opinion of her as your ladyship yourself or any other can have. She is the sweetest-tempered, honestest, worthiest young creature; indeed, as to her beauty, I do not commend her on that account, though all men allow she is the handsomest woman, gentle or simple, that ever appeared in the parish."—"You are very impertinent," says she, "to talk such fulsome stuff to me. It is mighty becoming truly in a clergyman to trouble himself about handsome women, and you are a delicate judge of beauty, no doubt. A man who hath lived all his life in such a parish as this is a rare judge of beauty! Ridiculous! beauty indeed! a

country wench a beauty! I shall be sick whenever I hear beauty mentioned again. And so this wench is to stock the parish with beauties, I hope. But, sir, our poor is numerous enough already; I will have no more vagabonds settled here."—"Madam," says Adams, "your ladyship is offended with me, I protest, without any reason. This couple were desirous to consummate long ago, and I dissuaded them from it; nay, I may venture to say, I believe I was the sole cause of their delaying it."—"Well," says she, "and you did very wisely and honestly too, notwithstanding she is the greatest beauty in the parish."—"And now, madam," continued he, "I only perform my office to Mr Joseph."—"Pray, don't mister such fellows to me," cries the lady. "He," said the parson, "with the consent of Fanny, before my face, put in the banns." "Yes," answered the lady, "I suppose the slut is forward enough; Slipslop tells me how her head runs upon fellows; that is one of her beauties, I suppose. But if they have put in the banns, I desire you will publish them no more without my orders."—"Madam," cries Adams, "if any one puts in a sufficient caution, and assigns a proper reason against them, I am willing to surcease."—"I tell you a reason," says she: "he is a vagabond, and he shall not settle here, and bring a nest of beggars into the parish; it will make us but little amends that they will be beauties."—"Madam," answered Adams, "with the utmost submission to your ladyship, I have been informed by lawyer Scout that any person who serves a year gains a settlement in the parish where he serves."—"Lawyer Scout," replied the lady, "is an impudent coxcomb; I will have no lawyer Scout interfere with me. I repeat to you again, I will have no more incumbrances brought on us: so I desire you will proceed no farther."—"Madam," returned Adams, "I would obey your ladyship in everything that is lawful; but surely the parties being poor is no reason against their marrying. God forbid there should be any such law! The poor have little share enough of this world already; it would be barbarous indeed to deny them the common privileges and innocent enjoyments which nature indulges to the animal creation."—"Since you understand yourself no better," cries the lady, "nor the respect due from such as you to a woman of my distinction, than to affront my ears by such loose discourse, I shall mention but one short word; it is my orders to you that you publish these banns no more; and if you dare, I will recommend it to your master, the doctor, to discard you from his service. I will, sir, notwithstanding your poor family; and then you and the greatest beauty in the parish may go and beg together."—"Madam," answered Adams, "I know not what your ladyship means by the terms master and service. I am in the service of a Master who will never discard me for doing my duty; and if the doctor (for indeed I have never been able to pay for a licence) thinks proper to turn me from my cure, God will provide me, I hope, another. At least, my family, as well as myself, have hands; and he will prosper, I doubt not, our endeavours to get our bread honestly with them. Whilst my conscience is pure, I shall never fear what man can do unto

me."—"I condemn my humility," said the lady, "for demeaning myself to converse with you so long. I shall take other measures; for I see you are a confederate with them. But the sooner you leave me the better; and I shall give orders that my doors may no longer be open to you. I will suffer no parsons who run about the country with beauties to be entertained here."—"Madam," said Adams, "I shall enter into no persons' doors against their will; but I am assured, when you have enquired farther into this matter, you will applaud, not blame, my proceeding; and so I humbly take my leave:" which he did with many bows, or at least many attempts at a bow.

CHAPTER III.

What passed between the lady and lawyer Scout.

In the afternoon the lady sent for Mr Scout, whom she attacked most violently for intermeddling with her servants, which he denied, and indeed with truth, for he had only asserted accidentally, and perhaps rightly, that a year's service gained a settlement; and so far he owned he might have formerly informed the parson and believed it was law. "I am resolved," said the lady, "to have no discarded servants of mine settled here; and so, if this be your law, I shall send to another lawyer." Scout said, "If she sent to a hundred lawyers, not one or all of them could alter the law. The utmost that was in the power of a lawyer was to prevent the law's taking effect; and that he himself could do for her ladyship as well as any other; and I believe," says he, "madam, your ladyship, not being conversant in these matters, hath mistaken a difference; for I asserted only that a man who served a year was settled. Now there is a material difference between being settled in law and settled in fact; and as I affirmed generally he was settled, and law is preferable to fact, my settlement must be understood in law and not in fact. And suppose, madam, we admit he was settled in law, what use will they make of it? how doth that relate to fact? He is not settled in fact; and if he be not settled in fact, he is not an inhabitant; and if he is not an inhabitant, he is not of this parish; and then undoubtedly he ought not to be published here; for Mr Adams hath told me your ladyship's pleasure, and the reason, which is a very good one, to prevent burdening us with the poor; we have too many already, and I think we ought to have an act to hang or transport half of them. If we can prove in evidence that he is not settled in fact, it is another matter. What I said to Mr Adams was on a supposition that he was settled in fact; and indeed, if that was the case, I should doubt."—"Don't tell me your facts and your ifs," said the lady; "I don't understand your gibberish; you take too much upon you, and are very

impertinent, in pretending to direct in this parish; and you shall be taught better, I assure you, you shall. But as to the wench, I am resolved she shall not settle here; I will not suffer such beauties as these to produce children for us to keep."—"Beauties, indeed! your ladyship is pleased to be merry," answered Scout.—"Mr Adams described her so to me," said the lady. "Pray, what sort of dowdy is it, Mr Scout?"—"The ugliest creature almost I ever beheld; a poor dirty drab, your ladyship never saw such a wretch."—"Well, but, dear Mr Scout, let her be what she will, these ugly women will bring children, you know; so that we must prevent the marriage."—"True, madam," replied Scout, "for the subsequent marriage co-operating with the law will carry law into fact. When a man is married he is settled in fact, and then he is not removable. I will see Mr Adams, and I make no doubt of prevailing with him. His only objection is, doubtless, that he shall lose his fee; but that being once made easy, as it shall be, I am confident no farther objection will remain. No, no, it is impossible; but your ladyship can't discommend his unwillingness to depart from his fee. Every man ought to have a proper value for his fee. As to the matter in question, if your ladyship pleases to employ me in it, I will venture to promise you success. The laws of this land are not so vulgar to permit a mean fellow to contend with one of your ladyship's fortune. We have one sure card, which is, to carry him before Justice Frolick, who, upon hearing your ladyship's name, will commit him without any farther questions. As for the dirty slut, we shall have nothing to do with her; for, if we get rid of the fellow, the ugly jade will—"—"Take what measures you please, good Mr Scout," answered the lady: "but I wish you could rid the parish of both; for Slipslop tells me such stories of this wench, that I abhor the thoughts of her; and, though you say she is such an ugly slut, yet you know, dear Mr Scout, these forward creatures, who run after men, will always find some as forward as themselves; so that, to prevent the increase of beggars, we must get rid of her."—"Your ladyship is very much in the right," answered Scout; "but I am afraid the law is a little deficient in giving us any such power of prevention; however, the justice will stretch it as far as he is able, to oblige your ladyship. To say truth, it is a great blessing to the country that he is in the commission, for he hath taken several poor off our hands that the law would never lay hold on. I know some justices who think as much of committing a man to Bridewell as his lordship at 'size would of hanging him; but it would do a man good to see his worship, our justice, commit a fellow to Bridewell, he takes so much pleasure in it; and when once we ha'um there, we seldom hear any more o'um. He's either starved or eat up by vermin in a month's time."—Here the arrival of a visitor put an end to the conversation, and Mr Scout, having undertaken the cause and promised it success, departed.

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

CHAPTER IV.

A short chapter, but very full of matter; particularly the arrival of Mr Booby and his lady.

All that night, and the next day, the Lady Booby past with the utmost anxiety; her mind was distracted and her soul tossed up and down by many turbulent and opposite passions. She loved, hated, pitied, scorned, admired, despised the same person by fits, which changed in a very short interval. On Tuesday morning, which happened to be a holiday, she went to church, where, to her surprize, Mr Adams published the banns again with as audible a voice as before. It was lucky for her that, as there was no sermon, she had an immediate opportunity of returning home to vent her rage, which she could not have concealed from the congregation five minutes; indeed, it was not then very numerous, the assembly consisting of no more than Adams, his clerk, his wife, the lady, and one of her servants. At her return she met Slipslop, who accosted her in these words:—"O meam, what doth your ladyship think? To be sure, lawyer Scout hath carried Joseph and Fanny both before the justice. All the parish are in tears, and say they will certainly be hanged; for nobody knows what it is for"—"I suppose they deserve it," says the lady. "What! dost thou mention such wretches to me?"—"O dear madam," answered Slipslop, "is it not a pity such a graceless young man should die a virulent death? I hope the judge will take commensuration on his youth. As for Fanny, I don't think it signifies much what becomes of her; and if poor Joseph hath done anything, I could venture to swear she traduced him to it: few men ever come to a fragrant punishment, but by those nasty creatures, who are a scandal to our sect." The lady was no more pleased at this news, after a

moment's reflection, than Slipslop herself; for, though she wished Fanny far enough, she did not desire the removal of Joseph, especially with her. She was puzzled how to act or what to say on this occasion, when a coach and six drove into the court, and a servant acquainted her with the arrival of her nephew Booby and his lady. She ordered them to be conducted into a drawing-room, whither she presently repaired, having composed her countenance as well as she could, and being a little satisfied that the wedding would by these means be at least interrupted, and that she should have an opportunity to execute any resolution she might take, for which she saw herself provided with an excellent instrument in Scout.

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

CHAPTER V.

Containing justice business; curious precedents of depositions, and other matters necessary to be perused by all justices of the peace and their clerks.

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

The justice before whom the criminals were carried, and who lived within a short mile of the lady's house, was luckily Mr Booby's acquaintance, by his having an estate in his neighbourhood. Ordering therefore his horses to his coach, he set out

for the judgment-seat, and arrived when the justice had almost finished his business. He was conducted into a hall, where he was acquainted that his worship would wait on him in a moment; for he had only a man and a woman to commit to Bridewell first. As he was now convinced he had not a minute to lose, he insisted on the servant's introducing him directly into the room where the justice was then executing his office, as he called it. Being brought thither, and the first compliments being passed between the squire and his worship, the former asked the latter what crime those two young people had been guilty of? "No great crime," answered the justice; "I have only ordered them to Bridewell for a month." "But what is their crime?" repeated the squire. "Larceny, an't please your honour," said Scout. "Ay," says the justice, "a kind of felonious larcenous thing. I believe I must order them a little correction too, a little stripping and whipping." (Poor Fanny, who had hitherto supported all with the thoughts of Joseph's company, trembled at that sound; but, indeed, without reason, for none but the devil himself would have executed such a sentence on her.) "Still," said the squire, "I am ignorant of the crime—the fact I mean." "Why, there it is in peaper," answered the justice, showing him a deposition which, in the absence of his clerk, he had writ himself, of which we have with great difficulty procured an authentic copy; and here it follows *verbatim et literatim*:—

The depositions of James Scout, layer, and Thomas Trotter, yeoman, taken before mee, one of his majesty's justasses of the piece for Zumeresetshire.

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

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

prevent their bringing an incumbrance on her own parish." "Well," said the squire, "I will take care my aunt shall be satisfied in this point; and likewise I promise you, Joseph here shall never be any incumbrance on her. I shall be obliged to you, therefore, if, instead of Bridewell, you will commit them to my custody." "O! to be sure, sir, if you desire it," answered the justice; and without more ado Joseph and Fanny were delivered over to Squire Booby, whom Joseph very well knew, but little guessed how nearly he was related to him. The justice burnt his mittimus, the constable was sent about his business, the lawyer made no complaint for want of justice; and the prisoners, with exulting hearts, gave a thousand thanks to his honour Mr Booby; who did not intend their obligations to him should cease here; for, ordering his man to produce a cloak-bag, which he had caused to be brought from Lady Booby's on purpose, he desired the justice that he might have Joseph with him into a room; where, ordering his servant to take out a suit of his own clothes, with linnen and other necessaries, he left Joseph to dress himself, who, not yet knowing the cause of all this civility, excused his accepting such a favour as long as decently he could. Whilst Joseph was dressing, the squire repaired to the justice, whom he found talking with Fanny; for, during the examination, she had flopped her hat over her eyes, which were also bathed in tears, and had by that means concealed from his worship what might perhaps have rendered the arrival of Mr Booby unnecessary, at least for herself. The justice no sooner saw her countenance cleared up, and her bright eyes shining through her tears, than he secretly cursed himself for having once thought of Bridewell for her. He would willingly have sent his own wife thither, to have had Fanny in her place. And, conceiving almost at the same instant desires and schemes to accomplish them, he employed the minutes whilst the squire was absent with Joseph in assuring her how sorry he was for having treated her so roughly before he knew her merit; and told her, that since Lady Booby was unwilling that she should settle in her parish, she was heartily welcome to his, where he promised her his protection, adding that he would take Joseph and her into his own family, if she liked it; which assurance he confirmed with a squeeze by the hand. She thanked him very kindly, and said, "She would acquaint Joseph with the offer, which he would certainly be glad to accept; for that Lady Booby was angry with them both; though she did not know either had done anything to offend her, but imputed it to Madam Slipslop, who had always been her enemy."

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

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

The squire now took leave of the justice; and, calling for Fanny, made her and Joseph, against their wills, get into the coach with him, which he then ordered to drive to Lady Booby's. It had moved a few yards only, when the squire asked Joseph if he knew who that man was crossing the field; for, added he, I never saw one take such strides before. Joseph answered eagerly, "O, sir, it is parson Adams!" "O la, indeed, and so it is," said Fanny; "poor man, he is coming to do what he could for us. Well, he is the worthiest, best-natured creature."—"Ay," said Joseph; "God bless him! for there is not such another in the universe." "The best creature living sure," cries Fanny. "Is he?" says the squire; "then I am resolved to have the best creature living in my coach;" and so saying, he ordered it to stop, whilst Joseph, at his request, hallowed to the parson, who, well knowing his voice, made all the haste imaginable, and soon came up with them. He was desired by the master, who could scarce refrain from laughter at his figure, to mount into the coach, which he with many thanks refused, saying he could walk by its side, and he'd warrant he kept up with it; but he was at length over-prevailed on. The squire now acquainted Joseph with his marriage; but he might have spared himself that labour; for his servant, whilst Joseph was dressing, had performed that office before. He continued to express the vast happiness he enjoyed in his sister, and the value he had for all who belonged to her. Joseph made many bows, and exprest as many acknowledgments: and parson Adams, who now first perceived Joseph's new apparel, burst into tears with joy, and fell to rubbing his hands and snapping his fingers as if he had been mad.

They were now arrived at the Lady Booby's, and the squire, desiring them to wait a moment in the court, walked in to his aunt, and calling her out from his wife, acquainted her with Joseph's arrival; saying, "Madam, as I have married a virtuous and worthy woman, I am resolved to own her relations, and show them all a proper respect; I shall think myself therefore infinitely obliged to all mine who will do the same. It is true, her brother hath been your servant, but he is now become my brother; and I have one happiness, that neither his character, his

behaviour, or appearance, give me any reason to be ashamed of calling him so. In short, he is now below, dressed like a gentleman, in which light I intend he shall hereafter be seen; and you will oblige me beyond expression if you will admit him to be of our party; for I know it will give great pleasure to my wife, though she will not mention it."

This was a stroke of fortune beyond the Lady Booby's hopes or expectation; she answered him eagerly, "Nephew, you know how easily I am prevailed on to do anything which Joseph Andrews desires—Phoo, I mean which you desire me; and, as he is now your relation, I cannot refuse to entertain him as such." The squire told her he knew his obligation to her for her compliance; and going three steps, returned and told her—he had one more favour, which he believed she would easily grant, as she had accorded him the former. "There is a young woman—"—"Nephew," says she, "don't let my good-nature make you desire, as is too commonly the case, to impose on me. Nor think, because I have with so much condescension agreed to suffer your brother-in-law to come to my table, that I will submit to the company of all my own servants, and all the dirty trollops in the country." "Madam," answered the squire, "I believe you never saw this young creature. I never beheld such sweetness and innocence joined with such beauty, and withal so genteel." "Upon my soul I won't admit her," replied the lady in a passion; "the whole world shan't prevail on me; I resent even the desire as an affront, and—" The squire, who knew her inflexibility, interrupted her, by asking pardon, and promising not to mention it more. He then returned to Joseph, and she to Pamela. He took Joseph aside, and told him he would carry him to his sister, but could not prevail as yet for Fanny. Joseph begged that he might see his sister alone, and then be with his Fanny; but the squire, knowing the pleasure his wife would have in her brother's company, would not admit it, telling Joseph there would be nothing in so short an absence from Fanny, whilst he was assured of her safety; adding, he hoped he could not so easily quit a sister whom he had not seen so long, and who so tenderly loved him. Joseph immediately complied; for indeed no brother could love a sister more; and, recommending Fanny, who rejoiced that she was not to go before Lady Booby, to the care of Mr Adams, he attended the squire upstairs, whilst Fanny repaired with the parson to his house, where she thought herself secure of a kind reception.

CHAPTER VI.

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

The meeting between Joseph and Pamela was not without tears of joy on both sides; and their embraces were full of tenderness and affection. They were, however, regarded with much more pleasure by the nephew than by the aunt, to whose flame they were fuel only; and this was increased by the addition of dress, which was indeed not wanted to set off the lively colours in which Nature had drawn health, strength, comeliness, and youth. In the afternoon Joseph, at their request, entertained them with an account of his adventures: nor could Lady Booby conceal her dissatisfaction at those parts in which Fanny was concerned, especially when Mr Booby launched forth into such rapturous praises of her beauty. She said, applying to her niece, that she wondered her nephew, who had pretended to marry for love, should think such a subject proper to amuse his wife with; adding, that, for her part, she should be jealous of a husband who spoke so warmly in praise of another woman. Pamela answered, indeed, she thought she had cause; but it was an instance of Mr Booby's aptness to see more beauty in women than they were mistresses of. At which words both the women fixed their eyes on two looking-glasses; and Lady Booby replied, that men were, in the general, very ill judges of beauty; and then, whilst both contemplated only their own faces, they paid a cross compliment to each other's charms. When the hour of rest approached, which the lady of the house deferred as long as decently she could, she informed Joseph (whom for the future we shall call Mr Joseph, he having as good a title to that appellation as many others—I mean that incontestable one of good clothes) that she had ordered a bed to be provided for him. He declined this favour to his utmost; for his heart had long been with his Fanny; but she insisted on his accepting it, alledging that the parish had no proper accommodation for such a person as he was now to esteem himself. The squire and his lady both joining with her, Mr Joseph was at last forced to give over his design of visiting Fanny that evening; who, on her side, as impatiently expected him till midnight, when, in complacence to Mr Adams's family, who had sat up two hours out of respect to her, she retired to bed, but not to sleep; the thoughts of her love kept her waking, and his not returning according to his promise filled her with uneasiness; of which, however, she could not assign any other cause than merely that of being absent from him.

Mr Joseph rose early in the morning, and visited her in whom his soul delighted. She no sooner heard his voice in the parson's parlour than she leapt from her bed, and, dressing herself in a few minutes, went down to him. They passed two hours with inexpressible happiness together; and then, having appointed Monday, by Mr Adams's permission, for their marriage, Mr Joseph returned, according to his promise, to breakfast at the Lady Booby's, with whose behaviour, since the evening, we shall now acquaint the reader.

She was no sooner retired to her chamber than she asked Slipslop "What she thought of this wonderful creature her nephew had married?"—"Madam?" said Slipslop, not yet sufficiently understanding what answer she was to make. "I ask you," answered the lady, "what you think of the dowdy, my niece, I think I am to call her?" Slipslop, wanting no further hint, began to pull her to pieces, and so miserably defaced her, that it would have been impossible for any one to have known the person. The lady gave her all the assistance she could, and ended with saying, "I think, Slipslop, you have done her justice; but yet, bad as she is, she is an angel compared to this Fanny." Slipslop then fell on Fanny, whom she hacked and hewed in the like barbarous manner, concluding with an observation that there was always something in those low-life creatures which must eternally extinguish them from their betters. "Really," said the lady, "I think there is one exception to your rule; I am certain you may guess who I mean."—"Not I, upon my word, madam," said Slipslop. "I mean a young fellow; sure you are the dullest wretch," said the lady. "O la! I am indeed. Yes, truly, madam, he is an accession," answered Slipslop. "Ay, is he not, Slipslop?" returned the lady. "Is he not so genteel that a prince might, without a blush, acknowledge him for his son? His behaviour is such that would not shame the best education. He borrows from his station a condescension in everything to his superiors, yet unattended by that mean servility which is called good behaviour in such persons. Everything he doth hath no mark of the base motive of fear, but visibly shows some respect and gratitude, and carries with it the persuasion of love. And then for his virtues: such piety to his parents, such tender affection to his sister, such integrity in his friendship, such bravery, such goodness, that, if he had been born a gentleman, his wife would have possessed the most invaluable blessing."—"To be sure, ma'am," says Slipslop. "But as he is," answered the lady, "if he had a thousand more good qualities, it must render a woman of fashion contemptible even to be suspected of thinking of him; yes, I should despise myself for such a thought."—"To be sure, ma'am," said Slipslop. "And why to be sure?" replied the lady; "thou art always one's echo. Is he not more worthy of affection than a dirty country clown, though born of a family as old as the flood? or an idle worthless rake, or little puisny beau of quality? And yet these we must condemn ourselves to, in order to avoid the censure of the world; to shun the contempt of others, we must ally ourselves to those we despise; we must prefer birth, title, and fortune, to real merit. It is a tyranny of custom, a tyranny we must comply with; for we people of fashion are the slaves of custom."—"Marry come up!" said Slipslop, who now knew well which party to take. "If I was a woman of your ladyship's fortune and quality, I would be a slave to nobody."—"Me," said the lady; "I am speaking if a young woman of fashion, who had seen nothing of the world, should happen to like such a fellow.—Me, indeed! I hope thou dost not imagine—"—"No, ma'am, to be sure," cries Slipslop. "No! what no?" cried the lady. "Thou art always ready

to answer before thou hast heard one. So far I must allow he is a charming fellow. Me, indeed! No, Slipslop, all thoughts of men are over with me. I have lost a husband who—but if I should reflect I should run mad. My future ease must depend upon forgetfulness. Slipslop, let me hear some of thy nonsense, to turn my thoughts another way. What dost thou think of Mr Andrews?"—"Why, I think," says Slipslop, "he is the handsomest, most properest man I ever saw; and if I was a lady of the greatest degree it would be well for some folks. Your ladyship may talk of custom, if you please: but I am confidous there is no more comparison between young Mr Andrews and most of the young gentlemen who come to your ladyship's house in London; a parcel of whipper-snapper sparks: I would sooner marry our old parson Adams. Never tell me what people say, whilst I am happy in the arms of him I love. Some folks rail against other folks because other folks have what some folks would be glad of."—"And so," answered the lady, "if you was a woman of condition, you would really marry Mr Andrews?"—"Yes, I assure your ladyship," replied Slipslop, "if he would have me."—"Fool, idiot!" cries the lady; "if he would have a woman of fashion! is that a question?"—"No, truly, madam," said Slipslop, "I believe it would be none if Fanny was out of the way; and I am confidous, if I was in your ladyship's place, and liked Mr Joseph Andrews, she should not stay in the parish a moment. I am sure lawyer Scout would send her packing if your ladyship would but say the word." This last speech of Slipslop raised a tempest in the mind of her mistress. She feared Scout had betrayed her, or rather that she had betrayed herself. After some silence, and a double change of her complexion, first to pale and then to red, she thus spoke: "I am astonished at the liberty you give your tongue. Would you insinuate that I employed Scout against this wench on account of the fellow?"—"La, ma'am," said Slipslop, frightened out of her wits, "I assassinate such a thing!"—"I think you dare not," answered the lady; "I believe my conduct may defy malice itself to assert so cursed a slander. If I had ever discovered any wantonness, any lightness in my behaviour; if I had followed the example of some whom thou hast, I believe, seen, in allowing myself indecent liberties, even with a husband; but the dear man who is gone" (here she began to sob), "was he alive again" (then she produced tears), "could not upbraid me with any one act of tenderness or passion. No, Slipslop, all the time I cohabited with him he never obtained even a kiss from me without my expressing reluctance in the granting it. I am sure he himself never suspected how much I loved him. Since his death, thou knowest, though it is almost six weeks (it wants but a day) ago, I have not admitted one visitor till this fool my nephew arrived. I have confined myself quite to one party of friends. And can such a conduct as this fear to be arraigned? To be accused, not only of a passion which I have always despised, but of fixing it on such an object, a creature so much beneath my notice!"—"Upon my word, ma'am," says Slipslop, "I do not understand your ladyship; nor know I anything

of the matter."—"I believe indeed thou dost not understand me. Those are delicacies which exist only in superior minds; thy coarse ideas cannot comprehend them. Thou art a low creature, of the Andrews breed, a reptile of a lower order, a weed that grows in the common garden of the creation."—"I assure your ladyship," says Slipslop, whose passions were almost of as high an order as her lady's, "I have no more to do with Common Garden than other folks. Really, your ladyship talks of servants as if they were not born of the Christian specious. Servants have flesh and blood as well as quality; and Mr Andrews himself is a proof that they have as good, if not better. And for my own part, I can't perceive my dears ⁴ are coarser than other people's; and I am sure, if Mr Andrews was a dear of mine, I should not be ashamed of him in company with gentlemen; for whoever hath seen him in his new clothes must confess he looks as much like a gentleman as anybody. Coarse, quotha! I can't bear to hear the poor young fellow run down neither; for I will say this, I never heard him say an ill word of anybody in his life. I am sure his coarseness doth not lie in his heart, for he is the best-natured man in the world; and as for his skin, it is no coarser than other people's, I am sure. His bosom, when a boy, was as white as driven snow; and, where it is not covered with hairs, is so still. Ifakins! if I was Mrs Andrews, with a hundred a year, I should not envy the best she who wears a head. A woman that could not be happy with such a man ought never to be so; for if he can't make a woman happy, I never yet beheld the man who could. I say again, I wish I was a great lady for his sake. I believe, when I had made a gentleman of him, he'd behave so that nobody should deprecate what I had done; and I fancy few would venture to tell him he was no gentleman to his face, nor to mine neither." At which words, taking up the candles, she asked her mistress, who had been some time in her bed, if she had any farther commands? who mildly answered, she had none; and, telling her she was a comical creature, bid her good-night.

Footnote 4: Meaning perhaps ideas. [\(return\)](#)

CHAPTER VII.

Philosophical reflections, the like not to be found in any light French romance. Mr Booby's grave advice to Joseph, and Fanny's encounter with a beau.

Habit, my good reader, hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind, that there is scarce anything too strange or too strong to be asserted of it. The story of the miser, who, from long accustoming to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself,

and with great delight and triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his hoard, is not impossible or improbable. In like manner it fares with the practisers of deceit, who, from having long deceived their acquaintance, gain at last a power of deceiving themselves, and acquire that very opinion (however false) of their own abilities, excellencies, and virtues, into which they have for years perhaps endeavoured to betray their neighbours. Now, reader, to apply this observation to my present purpose, thou must know, that as the passion generally called love exercises most of the talents of the female or fair world, so in this they now and then discover a small inclination to deceit; for which thou wilt not be angry with the beautiful creatures when thou hast considered that at the age of seven, or something earlier, miss is instructed by her mother that master is a very monstrous kind of animal, who will, if she suffers him to come too near her, infallibly eat her up and grind her to pieces: that, so far from kissing or toying with him of her own accord, she must not admit him to kiss or toy with her: and, lastly, that she must never have any affection towards him; for if she should, all her friends in petticoats would esteem her a traitress, point at her, and hunt her out of their society. These impressions, being first received, are farther and deeper inculcated by their school-mistresses and companions; so that by the age of ten they have contracted such a dread and abhorrence of the above-named monster, that whenever they see him they fly from him as the innocent hare doth from the greyhound. Hence, to the age of fourteen or fifteen, they entertain a mighty antipathy to master; they resolve, and frequently profess, that they will never have any commerce with him, and entertain fond hopes of passing their lives out of his reach, of the possibility of which they have so visible an example in their good maiden aunt. But when they arrive at this period, and have now passed their second climacteric, when their wisdom, grown riper, begins to see a little farther, and, from almost daily falling in master's way, to apprehend the great difficulty of keeping out of it; and when they observe him look often at them, and sometimes very eagerly and earnestly too (for the monster seldom takes any notice of them till at this age), they then begin to think of their danger; and, as they perceive they cannot easily avoid him, the wiser part bethink themselves of providing by other means for their security. They endeavour, by all methods they can invent, to render themselves so amiable in his eyes, that he may have no inclination to hurt them; in which they generally succeed so well, that his eyes, by frequent languishing, soon lessen their idea of his fierceness, and so far abate their fears, that they venture to parley with him; and when they perceive him so different from what he hath been described, all gentleness, softness, kindness, tenderness, fondness, their dreadful apprehensions vanish in a moment; and now (it being usual with the human mind to skip from one extreme to its opposite, as easily, and almost as suddenly, as a bird from one bough to another) love instantly succeeds to fear: but, as it happens to persons who have in their

infancy been thoroughly frightened with certain no-persons called ghosts, that they retain their dread of those beings after they are convinced that there are no such things, so these young ladies, though they no longer apprehend devouring, cannot so entirely shake off all that hath been instilled into them; they still entertain the idea of that censure which was so strongly imprinted on their tender minds, to which the declarations of abhorrence they every day hear from their companions greatly contribute. To avoid this censure, therefore, is now their only care; for which purpose they still pretend the same aversion to the monster: and the more they love him, the more ardently they counterfeit the antipathy. By the continual and constant practice of which deceit on others, they at length impose on themselves, and really believe they hate what they love. Thus, indeed, it happened to Lady Booby, who loved Joseph long before she knew it; and now loved him much more than she suspected. She had indeed, from the time of his sister's arrival in the quality of her niece, and from the instant she viewed him in the dress and character of a gentleman, began to conceive secretly a design which love had concealed from herself till a dream betrayed it to her.

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

Her nephew heartily embraced this proposal, and, finding Mr Joseph with his wife, at his return to her chamber, he immediately began thus: "My love to my dear Pamela, brother, will extend to all her relations; nor shall I show them less respect than if I had married into the family of a duke. I hope I have given you some early testimonies of this, and shall continue to give you daily more. You will excuse me therefore, brother, if my concern for your interest makes me mention what may be, perhaps, disagreeable to you to hear: but I must insist upon it, that, if you have any value for my alliance or my friendship, you will decline any thoughts of engaging farther with a girl who is, as you are a relation of mine, so much beneath you. I know there may be at first some difficulty in your compliance, but that will daily diminish; and you will in the end sincerely thank me for my advice. I own, indeed, the girl is handsome; but beauty alone is a poor ingredient, and will make but an uncomfortable marriage."—"Sir," said Joseph,

"I assure you her beauty is her least perfection; nor do I know a virtue which that young creature is not possessed of."—"As to her virtues," answered Mr Booby, "you can be yet but a slender judge of them; but, if she had never so many, you will find her equal in these among her superiors in birth and fortune, which now you are to esteem on a footing with yourself; at least I will take care they shall shortly be so, unless you prevent me by degrading yourself with such a match, a match I have hardly patience to think of, and which would break the hearts of your parents, who now rejoice in the expectation of seeing you make a figure in the world."—"I know not," replied Joseph, "that my parents have any power over my inclinations; nor am I obliged to sacrifice my happiness to their whim or ambition: besides, I shall be very sorry to see that the unexpected advancement of my sister should so suddenly inspire them with this wicked pride, and make them despise their equals. I am resolved on no account to quit my dear Fanny; no, though I could raise her as high above her present station as you have raised my sister."—"Your sister, as well as myself," said Booby, "are greatly obliged to you for the comparison: but, sir, she is not worthy to be compared in beauty to my Pamela; nor hath she half her merit. And besides, sir, as you civilly throw my marriage with your sister in my teeth, I must teach you the wide difference between us: my fortune enabled me to please myself; and it would have been as overgrown a folly in me to have omitted it as in you to do it."—"My fortune enables me to please myself likewise," said Joseph; "for all my pleasure is centered in Fanny; and whilst I have health I shall be able to support her with my labour in that station to which she was born, and with which she is content."—"Brother," said Pamela, "Mr Booby advises you as a friend; and no doubt my papa and mamma will be of his opinion, and will have great reason to be angry with you for destroying what his goodness hath done, and throwing down our family again, after he hath raised it. It would become you better, brother, to pray for the assistance of grace against such a passion than to indulge it."—"Sure, sister, you are not in earnest; I am sure she is your equal, at least."—"She was my equal," answered Pamela; "but I am no longer Pamela Andrews; I am now this gentleman's lady, and, as such, am above her.—I hope I shall never behave with an unbecoming pride: but, at the same time, I shall always endeavour to know myself, and question not the assistance of grace to that purpose." They were now summoned to breakfast, and thus ended their discourse for the present, very little to the satisfaction of any of the parties.

Fanny was now walking in an avenue at some distance from the house, where Joseph had promised to take the first opportunity of coming to her. She had not a shilling in the world, and had subsisted ever since her return entirely on the charity of parson Adams. A young gentleman, attended by many servants, came up to her, and asked her if that was not the Lady Booby's house before him? This,

indeed, he well knew; but had framed the question for no other reason than to make her look up, and discover if her face was equal to the delicacy of her shape. He no sooner saw it than he was struck with amazement. He stopt his horse, and swore she was the most beautiful creature he ever beheld. Then, instantly alighting and delivering his horse to his servant, he rapt out half-a-dozen oaths that he would kiss her; to which she at first submitted, begging he would not be rude; but he was not satisfied with the civility of a salute, nor even with the rudest attack he could make on her lips, but caught her in his arms, and endeavoured to kiss her breasts, which with all her strength she resisted, and, as our spark was not of the Herculean race, with some difficulty prevented. The young gentleman, being soon out of breath in the struggle, quitted her, and, remounting his horse, called one of his servants to him, whom he ordered to stay behind with her, and make her any offers whatever to prevail on her to return home with him in the evening; and to assure her he would take her into keeping. He then rode on with his other servants, and arrived at the lady's house, to whom he was a distant relation, and was come to pay a visit.



He ran towards her.

The trusty fellow, who was employed in an office he had been long accustomed to, discharged his part with all the fidelity and dexterity imaginable, but to no purpose. She was entirely deaf to his offers, and rejected them with the utmost disdain. At last the pimp, who had perhaps more warm blood about him than his master, began to solicit for himself; he told her, though he was a servant, he was a man of some fortune, which he would make her mistress of; and this without any insult to her virtue, for that he would marry her. She answered, if his master himself, or the greatest lord in the land, would marry her, she would refuse him. At last, being weary with persuasions, and on fire with charms which would have almost kindled a flame in the bosom of an ancient philosopher or modern divine, he fastened his horse to the ground, and attacked her with much more force than the gentleman had exerted. Poor Fanny would not have been able to resist his rudeness a short time, but the deity who presides over chaste love sent her Joseph to her assistance. He no sooner came within sight, and perceived her struggling with a man, than, like a cannon-ball, or like lightning, or anything that is swifter, if anything be, he ran towards her, and, coming up just as the ravisher had torn her handkerchief from her breast, before his lips had touched that seat of innocence and bliss, he dealt him so lusty a blow in that part of his neck which a rope would have become with the utmost propriety, that the fellow staggered backwards, and, perceiving he had to do with something rougher than the little, tender, trembling hand of Fanny, he quitted her, and, turning about, saw his rival, with fire flashing from his eyes, again ready to assail him; and, indeed, before he could well defend himself, or return the first blow, he received a second, which, had it fallen on that part of the stomach to which it was directed, would have been probably the last he would have had any occasion for; but the ravisher, lifting up his hand, drove the blow upwards to his mouth, whence it dislodged three of his teeth; and now, not conceiving any extraordinary affection for the beauty of Joseph's person, nor being extremely pleased with this method of salutation, he collected all his force, and aimed a blow at Joseph's breast, which he artfully parried with one fist, so that it lost its force entirely in air; and, stepping one foot backward, he darted his fist so fiercely at his enemy, that, had he not caught it in his hand (for he was a boxer of no inferior fame), it must have tumbled him on the ground. And now the ravisher meditated another blow, which he aimed at that part of the breast where the heart is lodged; Joseph did not catch it as before, yet so prevented its aim that it fell directly on his nose, but with abated force. Joseph then, moving both fist and foot forwards at the same time, threw his head so dexterously into the stomach of the ravisher that he fell a lifeless lump on the field, where he lay many minutes breathless and motionless.

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

Fanny now begged Joseph to return with her to parson Adams, and to promise that he would leave her no more. These were propositions so agreeable to Joseph, that, had he heard them, he would have given an immediate assent; but indeed his eyes were now his only sense; for you may remember, reader, that the ravisher had tore her handkerchief from Fanny's neck, by which he had discovered such a sight, that Joseph hath declared all the statues he ever beheld were so much inferior to it in beauty, that it was more capable of converting a man into a statue than of being imitated by the greatest master of that art. This modest creature, whom no warmth in summer could ever induce to expose her charms to the wanton sun, a modesty to which, perhaps, they owed their inconceivable whiteness, had stood many minutes bare-necked in the presence of Joseph before her apprehension of his danger and the horror of seeing his blood would suffer her once to reflect on what concerned herself; till at last, when the cause of her concern had vanished, an admiration at his silence, together with observing the fixed position of his eyes, produced an idea in the lovely maid which brought more blood into her face than had flowed from Joseph's nostrils. The snowy hue of her bosom was likewise changed to vermilion at the instant when she clapped her handkerchief round her neck. Joseph saw the uneasiness she suffered, and immediately removed his eyes from an object, in surveying which he had felt the greatest delight which the organs of sight were capable of conveying to his soul;—so great was his fear of offending her, and so truly did his passion for her deserve the noble name of love.

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

CHAPTER VIII.

A discourse which happened between Mr Adams, Mrs Adams, Joseph, and Fanny; with some behaviour of Mr Adams which will be called by some few readers very low, absurd, and unnatural.

The parson and his wife had just ended a long dispute when the lovers came to the door. Indeed, this young couple had been the subject of the dispute; for Mrs Adams was one of those prudent people who never do anything to injure their families, or, perhaps, one of those good mothers who would even stretch their conscience to serve their children. She had long entertained hopes of seeing her eldest daughter succeed Mrs Slipslop, and of making her second son an exciseman by Lady Booby's interest. These were expectations she could not endure the thoughts of quitting, and was, therefore, very uneasy to see her husband so resolute to oppose the lady's intention in Fanny's affair. She told him, "It behoved every man to take the first care of his family; that he had a wife and six children, the maintaining and providing for whom would be business enough for him without intermeddling in other folks' affairs; that he had always preached up submission to superiors, and would do ill to give an example of the contrary behaviour in his own conduct; that if Lady Booby did wrong she must answer for it herself, and the sin would not lie at their door; that Fanny had been a servant, and bred up in the lady's own family, and consequently she must have known more of her than they did, and it was very improbable, if she had behaved herself well, that the lady would have been so bitterly her enemy; that perhaps he was too much inclined to think well of her because she was handsome, but handsome women were often no better than they should be; that G— made ugly women as well as handsome ones; and that if a woman had virtue it signified nothing whether she had beauty or no." For all which reasons she concluded he should oblige the lady, and stop the future publication of the banns. But all these excellent arguments had no effect on the parson, who persisted in doing his duty without regarding the consequence it might have on his worldly interest. He endeavoured to answer her as well as he could; to which she had just finished her reply (for she had always the last word everywhere but at church) when Joseph and Fanny entered their kitchen, where the parson and his wife then sat at breakfast over some bacon and cabbage. There was a coldness in the civility of Mrs Adams which persons of accurate speculation might have observed, but escaped her present guests; indeed, it was a good deal covered by the heartiness of Adams, who no sooner heard that Fanny had neither eat nor drank that morning than he presented her a bone of bacon he had just been gnawing, being the only remains of his provision, and then ran nimbly to the tap, and produced a mug of small beer, which he called ale; however, it was the best in his house.

Joseph, addressing himself to the parson, told him the discourse which had past between Squire Booby, his sister, and himself concerning Fanny; he then acquainted him with the dangers whence he had rescued her, and communicated some apprehensions on her account. He concluded that he should never have an easy moment till Fanny was absolutely his, and begged that he might be suffered to fetch a licence, saying he could easily borrow the money. The parson answered, That he had already given his sentiments concerning a licence, and that a very few days would make it unnecessary. "Joseph," says he, "I wish this haste doth not arise rather from your impatience than your fear; but, as it certainly springs from one of these causes, I will examine both. Of each of these therefore in their turn; and first for the first of these, namely, impatience. Now, child, I must inform you that, if in your purposed marriage with this young woman you have no intention but the indulgence of carnal appetites, you are guilty of a very heinous sin. Marriage was ordained for nobler purposes, as you will learn when you hear the service provided on that occasion read to you. Nay, perhaps, if you are a good lad, I, child, shall give you a sermon gratis, wherein I shall demonstrate how little regard ought to be had to the flesh on such occasions. The text will be Matthew the 5th, and part of the 28th verse--*Whosoever looketh on a woman, so as to lust after her*. The latter part I shall omit, as foreign to my purpose. Indeed, all such brutal lusts and affections are to be greatly subdued, if not totally eradicated, before the vessel can be said to be consecrated to honour. To marry with a view of gratifying those inclinations is a prostitution of that holy ceremony, and must entail a curse on all who so lightly undertake it. If, therefore, this haste arises from impatience, you are to correct, and not give way to it. Now, as to the second head which I proposed to speak to, namely, fear: it argues a diffidence, highly criminal, of that Power in which alone we should put our trust, seeing we may be well assured that he is able, not only to defeat the designs of our enemies, but even to turn their hearts. Instead of taking, therefore, any unjustifiable or desperate means to rid ourselves of fear, we should resort to prayer only on these occasions; and we may be then certain of obtaining what is best for us. When any accident threatens us we are not to despair, nor, when it overtakes us, to grieve; we must submit in all things to the will of Providence, and set our affections so much on nothing here that we cannot quit it without reluctance. You are a young man, and can know but little of this world; I am older, and have seen a great deal. All passions are criminal in their excess; and even love itself, if it is not subservient to our duty, may render us blind to it. Had Abraham so loved his son Isaac as to refuse the sacrifice required, is there any of us who would not condemn him? Joseph, I know your many good qualities, and value you for them; but, as I am to render an account of your soul, which is committed to my cure, I cannot see any fault without reminding you of it. You are too much inclined to passion, child, and have set your affections so

absolutely on this young woman, that, if G— required her at your hands, I fear you would reluctantly part with her. Now, believe me, no Christian ought so to set his heart on any person or thing in this world, but that, whenever it shall be required or taken from him in any manner by Divine Providence, he may be able, peaceably, quietly, and contentedly to resign it." At which words one came hastily in, and acquainted Mr Adams that his youngest son was drowned. He stood silent a moment, and soon began to stamp about the room and deplore his loss with the bitterest agony. Joseph, who was overwhelmed with concern likewise, recovered himself sufficiently to endeavour to comfort the parson; in which attempt he used many arguments that he had at several times remembered out of his own discourses, both in private and public (for he was a great enemy to the passions, and preached nothing more than the conquest of them by reason and grace), but he was not at leisure now to hearken to his advice. "Child, child," said he, "do not go about impossibilities. Had it been any other of my children I could have borne it with patience; but my little prattler, the darling and comfort of my old age—the little wretch, to be snatched out of life just at his entrance into it; the sweetest, best-tempered boy, who never did a thing to offend me. It was but this morning I gave him his first lesson in *Que Genus*. This was the very book he learnt; poor child! it is of no further use to thee now. He would have made the best scholar, and have been an ornament to the Church;—such parts and such goodness never met in one so young." "And the handsomest lad too," says Mrs Adams, recovering from a swoon in Fanny's arms. "My poor Jacky, shall I never see thee more?" cries the parson. "Yes, surely," says Joseph, "and in a better place; you will meet again, never to part more." I believe the parson did not hear these words, for he paid little regard to them, but went on lamenting, whilst the tears trickled down into his bosom. At last he cried out, "Where is my little darling?" and was sallying out, when to his great surprize and joy, in which I hope the reader will sympathize, he met his son in a wet condition indeed, but alive and running towards him. The person who brought the news of his misfortune had been a little too eager, as people sometimes are, from, I believe, no very good principle, to relate ill news; and, seeing him fall into the river, instead of running to his assistance, directly ran to acquaint his father of a fate which he had concluded to be inevitable, but whence the child was relieved by the same poor pedlar who had relieved his father before from a less distress. The parson's joy was now as extravagant as his grief had been before; he kissed and embraced his son a thousand times, and danced about the room like one frantic; but as soon as he discovered the face of his old friend the pedlar, and heard the fresh obligation he had to him, what were his sensations? not those which two courtiers feel in one another's embraces; not those with which a great man receives the vile treacherous engines of his wicked purposes, not those with which a worthless younger brother wishes his elder joy of a son, or a man

congratulates his rival on his obtaining a mistress, a place, or an honour.—No, reader; he felt the ebullition, the overflowings of a full, honest, open heart, towards the person who had conferred a real obligation, and of which, if thou canst not conceive an idea within, I will not vainly endeavour to assist thee.

When these tumults were over, the parson, taking Joseph aside, proceeded thus— "No, Joseph, do not give too much way to thy passions, if thou dost expect happiness." The patience of Joseph, nor perhaps of Job, could bear no longer; he interrupted the parson, saying, "It was easier to give advice than take it; nor did he perceive he could so entirely conquer himself, when he apprehended he had lost his son, or when he found him recovered."—"Boy," replied Adams, raising his voice, "it doth not become green heads to advise grey hairs.—Thou art ignorant of the tenderness of fatherly affection; when thou art a father thou wilt be capable then only of knowing what a father can feel. No man is obliged to impossibilities; and the loss of a child is one of those great trials where our grief may be allowed to become immoderate."—"Well, sir," cries Joseph, "and if I love a mistress as well as you your child, surely her loss would grieve me equally."—"Yes, but such love is foolishness and wrong in itself, and ought to be conquered," answered Adams; "it savours too much of the flesh."—"Sure, sir," says Joseph, "it is not sinful to love my wife, no, not even to doat on her to distraction!"—"Indeed but it is," says Adams. "Every man ought to love his wife, no doubt; we are commanded so to do; but we ought to love her with moderation and discretion."—"I am afraid I shall be guilty of some sin in spite of all my endeavours," says Joseph; "for I shall love without any moderation, I am sure."—"You talk foolishly and childishly," cries Adams.—"Indeed," says Mrs Adams, who had listened to the latter part of their conversation, "you talk more foolishly yourself. I hope, my dear, you will never preach any such doctrine as that husbands can love their wives too well. If I knew you had such a sermon in the house I am sure I would burn it, and I declare, if I had not been convinced you had loved me as well as you could, I can answer for myself, I should have hated and despised you. Marry come up! Fine doctrine, indeed! A wife hath a right to insist on her husband's loving her as much as ever he can; and he is a sinful villain who doth not. Doth he not promise to love her, and to comfort her, and to cherish her, and all that? I am sure I remember it all as well as if I had repeated it over but yesterday, and shall never forget it. Besides, I am certain you do not preach as you practise; for you have been a loving and a cherishing husband to me; that's the truth on't; and why you should endeavour to put such wicked nonsense into this young man's head I cannot devise. Don't hearken to him, Mr Joseph; be as good a husband as you are able, and love your wife with all your body and soul too." Here a violent rap at the door put an end to their discourse, and produced a scene which the reader will find in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

*A visit which the polite Lady Booby and her polite friend
paid to the parson.*

The Lady Booby had no sooner had an account from the gentleman of his meeting a wonderful beauty near her house, and perceived the raptures with which he spoke of her, than, immediately concluding it must be Fanny, she began to meditate a design of bringing them better acquainted; and to entertain hopes that the fine clothes, presents, and promises of this youth, would prevail on her to abandon Joseph: she therefore proposed to her company a walk in the fields before dinner, when she led them towards Mr Adams's house; and, as she approached it, told them if they pleased she would divert them with one of the most ridiculous sights they had ever seen, which was an old foolish parson, who, she said, laughing, kept a wife and six brats on a salary of about twenty pounds a year; adding, that there was not such another ragged family in the parish. They all readily agreed to this visit, and arrived whilst Mrs Adams was declaiming as in the last chapter. Beau Didapper, which was the name of the young gentleman we have seen riding towards Lady Booby's, with his cane mimicked the rap of a London footman at the door. The people within, namely, Adams, his wife and three children, Joseph, Fanny, and the pedlar, were all thrown into confusion by this knock, but Adams went directly to the door, which being opened, the Lady Booby and her company walked in, and were received by the parson with about two hundred bows, and by his wife with as many curtsies; the latter telling the lady "She was ashamed to be seen in such a pickle, and that her house was in such a litter; but that if she had expected such an honour from her ladyship she should have found her in a better manner." The parson made no apologies, though he was in his half-cassock and a flannel nightcap. He said "They were heartily welcome to his poor cottage," and turning to Mr Didapper, cried out, "*Non mea renidet in domo lacunar.*" The beau answered, "He did not understand Welsh;" at which the parson stared and made no reply.

Mr Didapper, or beau Didapper, was a young gentleman of about four foot five inches in height. He wore his own hair, though the scarcity of it might have given him sufficient excuse for a periwig. His face was thin and pale; the shape of his body and legs none of the best, for he had very narrow shoulders and no calf; and his gait might more properly be called hopping than walking. The qualifications of his mind were well adapted to his person. We shall handle them first negatively. He was not entirely ignorant; for he could talk a little French and sing two or three Italian songs; he had lived too much in the world to be bashful, and

too much at court to be proud: he seemed not much inclined to avarice, for he was profuse in his expenses; nor had he all the features of prodigality, for he never gave a shilling: no hater of women, for he always dangled after them; yet so little subject to lust, that he had, among those who knew him best, the character of great moderation in his pleasures; no drinker of wine; nor so addicted to passion but that a hot word or two from an adversary made him immediately cool.

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

The parson and his company retreated from the chimney-side, where they had been seated, to give room to the lady and hers. Instead of returning any of the curtsies or extraordinary civility of Mrs Adams, the lady, turning to Mr Booby, cried out, "*Quelle Bête! Quel Animal!*" And presently after discovering Fanny (for she did not need the circumstance of her standing by Joseph to assure the identity of her person), she asked the beau "Whether he did not think her a pretty girl?"—"Begad, madam," answered he, "'tis the very same I met." "I did not imagine," replied the lady, "you had so good a taste."—"Because I never liked you, I warrant," cries the beau. "Ridiculous!" said she: "you know you was always my aversion." "I would never mention aversion," answered the beau, "with that face ⁵; dear Lady Booby, wash your face before you mention aversion, I beseech you." He then laughed, and turned about to coquet it with Fanny.

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

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

Footnote 5: Lest this should appear unnatural to some readers, we think proper to acquaint them, that it is taken verbatim from very polite conversation. ([return](#))

CHAPTER X.

The history of two friends, which may afford an useful lesson to all those persons who happen to take up their residence in married families.

"Leonard and Paul were two friends."—"Pronounce it Lennard, child," cried the parson.—"Pray, Mr Adams," says Lady Booby, "let your son read without interruption." Dick then proceeded. "Lennard and Paul were two friends, who, having been educated together at the same school, commenced a friendship which they preserved a long time for each other. It was so deeply fixed in both their minds, that a long absence, during which they had maintained no correspondence, did not eradicate nor lessen it: but it revived in all its force at their first meeting, which was not till after fifteen years' absence, most of which time Lennard had spent in the East Indi-es."—"Pronounce it short, Indies," says Adams.—"Pray? sir, be quiet," says the lady.—The boy repeated—"in the East Indies, whilst Paul had served his king and country in the army. In which different services they had found such different success, that Lennard was now married, and retired with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds; and Paul was arrived to the degree of a lieutenant of foot; and was not worth a single shilling.

"The regiment in which Paul was stationed happened to be ordered into quarters within a small distance from the estate which Lennard had purchased, and where

he was settled. This latter, who was now become a country gentleman, and a justice of peace, came to attend the quarter sessions in the town where his old friend was quartered, soon after his arrival. Some affair in which a soldier was concerned occasioned Paul to attend the justices. Manhood, and time, and the change of climate had so much altered Lennard, that Paul did not immediately recollect the features of his old acquaintance: but it was otherwise with Lennard. He knew Paul the moment he saw him; nor could he contain himself from quitting the bench, and running hastily to embrace him. Paul stood at first a little surprized; but had soon sufficient information from his friend, whom he no sooner remembered than he returned his embrace with a passion which made many of the spectators laugh, and gave to some few a much higher and more agreeable sensation.

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

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

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

"A day or two passed after Paul's arrival before any instances of this appeared; but it was impossible to conceal it long. Both she and her husband soon lost all apprehension from their friend's presence, and fell to their disputes with as much vigour as ever. These were still pursued with the utmost ardour and eagerness, however trifling the causes were whence they first arose. Nay, however incredible it may seem, the little consequence of the matter in debate was frequently given as a reason for the fierceness of the contention, as thus: 'If you loved me, sure you would never dispute with me such a trifle as this.' The answer

to which is very obvious; for the argument would hold equally on both sides, and was constantly retorted with some addition, as—'I am sure I have much more reason to say so, who am in the right.' During all these disputes, Paul always kept strict silence, and preserved an even countenance, without showing the least visible inclination to either party. One day, however, when madam had left the room in a violent fury, Lennard could not refrain from referring his cause to his friend. Was ever anything so unreasonable, says he, as this woman? What shall I do with her? I doat on her to distraction; nor have I any cause to complain of, more than this obstinacy in her temper; whatever she asserts, she will maintain against all the reason and conviction in the world. Pray give me your advice.—First, says Paul, I will give my opinion, which is, flatly, that you are in the wrong; for, supposing she is in the wrong, was the subject of your contention any ways material? What signified it whether you was married in a red or a yellow waistcoat? for that was your dispute. Now, suppose she was mistaken; as you love her you say so tenderly, and I believe she deserves it, would it not have been wiser to have yielded, though you certainly knew yourself in the right, than to give either her or yourself any uneasiness. For my own part, if ever I marry, I am resolved to enter into an agreement with my wife, that in all disputes (especially about trifles) that party who is most convinced they are right shall always surrender the victory; by which means we shall both be forward to give up the cause. I own, said Lennard, my dear friend, shaking him by the hand, there is great truth and reason in what you say; and I will for the future endeavour to follow your advice. They soon after broke up the conversation, and Lennard, going to his wife, asked her pardon, and told her his friend had convinced him he had been in the wrong. She immediately began a vast encomium on Paul, in which he seconded her, and both agreed he was the worthiest and wisest man upon earth. When next they met, which was at supper, though she had promised not to mention what her husband told her, she could not forbear casting the kindest and most affectionate looks on Paul, and asked him, with the sweetest voice, whether she should help him to some potted woodcock? Potted partridge, my dear, you mean, says the husband. My dear, says she, I ask your friend if he will eat any potted woodcock; and I am sure I must know, who potted it. I think I should know too, who shot them, replied the husband, and I am convinced that I have not seen a woodcock this year; however, though I know I am in the right, I submit, and the potted partridge is potted woodcock if you desire to have it so. It is equal to me, says she, whether it is one or the other; but you would persuade one out of one's senses; to be sure, you are always in the right in your own opinion; but your friend, I believe, knows which he is eating. Paul answered nothing, and the dispute continued, as usual, the greatest part of the evening. The next morning the lady, accidentally meeting Paul, and being convinced he was her friend, and of her side, accosted him thus:—I am certain, sir, you have long

since wondered at the unreasonableness of my husband. He is indeed, in other respects, a good sort of man, but so positive, that no woman but one of my complying temper could possibly live with him. Why, last night, now, was ever any creature so unreasonable? I am certain you must condemn him. Pray, answer me, was he not in the wrong? Paul, after a short silence, spoke as follows: I am sorry, madam, that, as good manners obliges me to answer against my will, so an adherence to truth forces me to declare myself of a different opinion. To be plain and honest, you was entirely in the wrong; the cause I own not worth disputing, but the bird was undoubtedly a partridge. O sir! replied the lady, I cannot possibly help your taste. Madam, returned Paul, that is very little material; for, had it been otherwise, a husband might have expected submission.—Indeed! sir, says she, I assure you!—Yes, madam, cried he, he might, from a person of your excellent understanding; and pardon me for saying, such a condescension would have shown a superiority of sense even to your husband himself.—But, dear sir, said she, why should I submit when I am in the right?—For that very reason, answered he; it would be the greatest instance of affection imaginable; for can anything be a greater object of our compassion than a person we love in the wrong? Ay, but I should endeavour, said she, to set him right. Pardon me, madam, answered Paul: I will apply to your own experience if you ever found your arguments had that effect. The more our judgments err, the less we are willing to own it: for my own part, I have always observed the persons who maintain the worst side in any contest are the warmest. Why, says she, I must confess there is truth in what you say, and I will endeavour to practise it. The husband then coming in, Paul departed. And Leonard, approaching his wife with an air of good humour, told her he was sorry for their foolish dispute the last night; but he was now convinced of his error. She answered, smiling, she believed she owed his condescension to his complacence; that she was ashamed to think a word had passed on so silly an occasion, especially as she was satisfied she had been mistaken. A little contention followed, but with the utmost good-will to each other, and was concluded by her asserting that Paul had thoroughly convinced her she had been in the wrong. Upon which they both united in the praises of their common friend.

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

professing himself sure the decision would be in his favour; the wife answered, he might be mistaken; for she believed his friend was convinced how seldom she was to blame; and that if he knew all—The husband replied, My dear, I have no desire of any retrospect; but I believe, if you knew all too, you would not imagine my friend so entirely on your side. Nay, says she, since you provoke me, I will mention one instance. You may remember our dispute about sending Jackey to school in cold weather, which point I gave up to you from mere compassion, knowing myself to be in the right; and Paul himself told me afterwards he thought me so. My dear, replied the husband, I will not scruple your veracity; but I assure you solemnly, on my applying to him, he gave it absolutely on my side, and said he would have acted in the same manner. They then proceeded to produce numberless other instances, in all which Paul had, on vows of secrecy, given his opinion on both sides. In the conclusion, both believing each other, they fell severely on the treachery of Paul, and agreed that he had been the occasion of almost every dispute which had fallen out between them. They then became extremely loving, and so full of condescension on both sides, that they vied with each other in censuring their own conduct, and jointly vented their indignation on Paul, whom the wife, fearing a bloody consequence, earnestly entreated her husband to suffer quietly to depart the next day, which was the time fixed for his return to quarters, and then drop his acquaintance.

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

CHAPTER XI.

In which the history is continued.

Joseph Andrews had borne with great uneasiness the impertinence of beau Didapper to Fanny, who had been talking pretty freely to her, and offering her settlements; but the respect to the company had restrained him from interfering whilst the beau confined himself to the use of his tongue only; but the said beau, watching an opportunity whilst the ladies' eyes were disposed another way, offered a rudeness to her with his hands; which Joseph no sooner perceived than he presented him with so sound a box on the ear, that it conveyed him several paces from where he stood. The ladies immediately screamed out, rose from their chairs; and the beau, as soon as he recovered himself, drew his hanger: which Adams observing, snatched up the lid of a pot in his left hand, and, covering himself with it as with a shield, without any weapon of offence in his other hand, stepped in before Joseph, and exposed himself to the enraged beau, who threatened such perdition and destruction, that it frightened the women, who were all got in a huddle together, out of their wits, even to hear his denunciations of vengeance. Joseph was of a different complexion, and begged Adams to let his rival come on; for he had a good cudgel in his hand, and did not fear him. Fanny now fainted into Mrs Adams's arms, and the whole room was in confusion, when Mr Booby, passing by Adams, who lay snug under the pot-lid, came up to Didapper, and insisted on his sheathing the hanger, promising he should have satisfaction; which Joseph declared he would give him, and fight him at any weapon whatever. The beau now sheathed his hanger, and taking out a pocket-glass, and vowing vengeance all the time, re-adjusted his hair; the parson deposited his shield; and Joseph, running to Fanny, soon brought her back to life. Lady Booby chid Joseph for his insult on Didapper; but he answered, he would have attacked an army in the same cause. "What cause?" said the lady. "Madam," answered Joseph, "he was rude to that young woman."—"What," says the lady, "I suppose he would have kissed the wench; and is a gentleman to be struck for such an offer? I must tell you, Joseph, these airs do not become you."—"Madam," said Mr Booby, "I saw the whole affair, and I do not commend my brother; for I cannot perceive why he should take upon him to be this girl's champion."—"I can commend him," says Adams: "he is a brave lad; and it becomes any man to be the champion of the innocent; and he must be the basest coward who would not vindicate a woman with whom he is on the brink of marriage."—"Sir," says Mr Booby, "my brother is not a proper match for such a young woman as this."—"No," says Lady Booby; "nor do you, Mr Adams, act in your proper character by encouraging any such doings; and I am very much surprized you should concern yourself in it. I think your wife and family your proper care."—"Indeed, madam, your ladyship says very true," answered Mrs Adams: "he talks a pack of nonsense, that the whole parish are his children. I am sure I don't understand what he means by it; it would make some women suspect he had gone astray, but I acquit him of that; I can read Scripture as well as he, and I never found that the

parson was obliged to provide for other folks' children; and besides, he is but a poor curate, and hath little enough, as your ladyship knows, for me and mine."—"You say very well, Mrs Adams," quoth the Lady Booby, who had not spoke a word to her before; "you seem to be a very sensible woman; and I assure you, your husband is acting a very foolish part, and opposing his own interest, seeing my nephew is violently set against this match: and indeed I can't blame him; it is by no means one suitable to our family." In this manner the lady proceeded with Mrs Adams, whilst the beau hopped about the room, shaking his head, partly from pain and partly from anger; and Pamela was chiding Fanny for her assurance in aiming at such a match as her brother. Poor Fanny answered only with her tears, which had long since begun to wet her handkerchief; which Joseph perceiving, took her by the arm, and wrapping it in his carried her off, swearing he would own no relation to any one who was an enemy to her he loved more than all the world. He went out with Fanny under his left arm, brandishing a cudgel in his right, and neither Mr Booby nor the beau thought proper to oppose him. Lady Booby and her company made a very short stay behind him; for the lady's bell now summoned them to dress; for which they had just time before dinner.

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

have resented, had not Joseph, Fanny, and the pedlar at that instant returned together. Adams bid his wife prepare some food for their dinner; she said, "Truly she could not, she had something else to do." Adams rebuked her for disputing his commands, and quoted many texts of Scripture to prove "That the husband is the head of the wife, and she is to submit and obey." The wife answered, "It was blasphemy to talk Scripture out of church; that such things were very proper to be said in the pulpit, but that it was profane to talk them in common discourse." Joseph told Mr Adams "He was not come with any design to give him or Mrs Adams any trouble; but to desire the favour of all their company to the George (an ale-house in the parish), where he had bespoke a piece of bacon and greens for their dinner." Mrs Adams, who was a very good sort of woman, only rather too strict in oeconomies, readily accepted this invitation, as did the parson himself by her example; and away they all walked together, not omitting little Dick, to whom Joseph gave a shilling when he heard of his intended liberality to Fanny.

CHAPTER XII.

*Where the good-natured reader will see something which
will give him no great pleasure.*

The pedlar had been very inquisitive from the time he had first heard that the great house in this parish belonged to the Lady Booby, and had learnt that she was the widow of Sir Thomas, and that Sir Thomas had bought Fanny, at about the age of three or four years, of a travelling woman; and, now their homely but hearty meal was ended, he told Fanny he believed he could acquaint her with her parents. The whole company, especially she herself, started at this offer of the pedlar's. He then proceeded thus, while they all lent their strictest attention:—"Though I am now contented with this humble way of getting my livelihood, I was formerly a gentleman; for so all those of my profession are called. In a word, I was a drummer in an Irish regiment of foot. Whilst I was in this honourable station I attended an officer of our regiment into England a-recruiting. In our march from Bristol to Froome (for since the decay of the woollen trade the clothing towns have furnished the army with a great number of recruits) we overtook on the road a woman, who seemed to be about thirty years old or thereabouts, not very handsome, but well enough for a soldier. As we came up to her, she mended her pace, and falling into discourse with our ladies (for every man of the party, namely, a serjeant, two private men, and a drum, were provided with their woman except myself), she continued to travel on with us. I, perceiving she must fall to my lot, advanced presently to her, made love to her in

our military way, and quickly succeeded to my wishes. We struck a bargain within a mile, and lived together as man and wife to her dying day." "I suppose," says Adams, interrupting him, "you were married with a licence; for I don't see how you could contrive to have the banns published while you were marching from place to place." "No, sir," said the pedlar, "we took a licence to go to bed together without any banns." "Ay! ay!" said the parson; "*ex necessitate*, a licence may be allowable enough; but surely, surely, the other is the more regular and eligible way." The pedlar proceeded thus: "She returned with me to our regiment, and removed with us from quarters to quarters, till at last, whilst we lay at Galloway, she fell ill of a fever and died. When she was on her death-bed she called me to her, and, crying bitterly, declared she could not depart this world without discovering a secret to me, which, she said, was the only sin which sat heavy on her heart. She said she had formerly travelled in a company of gypsies, who had made a practice of stealing away children; that for her own part, she had been only once guilty of the crime; which, she said, she lamented more than all the rest of her sins, since probably it might have occasioned the death of the parents; for, added she, it is almost impossible to describe the beauty of the young creature, which was about a year and a half old when I kidnapped it. We kept her (for she was a girl) above two years in our company, when I sold her myself, for three guineas, to Sir Thomas Booby, in Somersetshire. Now, you know whether there are any more of that name in this county." "Yes," says Adams, "there are several Boobys who are squires, but I believe no baronet now alive; besides, it answers so exactly in every point, there is no room for doubt; but you have forgot to tell us the parents from whom the child was stolen." "Their name," answered the pedlar, "was Andrews. They lived about thirty miles from the squire; and she told me that I might be sure to find them out by one circumstance; for that they had a daughter of a very strange name, Pamela, or Pamela; some pronounced it one way, and some the other." Fanny, who had changed colour at the first mention of the name, now fainted away; Joseph turned pale, and poor Dicky began to roar; the parson fell on his knees, and ejaculated many thanksgivings that this discovery had been made before the dreadful sin of incest was committed; and the pedlar was struck with amazement, not being able to account for all this confusion; the cause of which was presently opened by the parson's daughter, who was the only unconcerned person (for the mother was chafing Fanny's temples, and taking the utmost care of her): and, indeed, Fanny was the only creature whom the daughter would not have pitied in her situation; wherein, though we compassionate her ourselves, we shall leave her for a little while, and pay a short visit to Lady Booby.

CHAPTER XIII.

The history, returning to the Lady Booby, gives some account of the terrible conflict in her breast between love and pride; with what happened on the present discovery.

The lady sat down with her company to dinner, but eat nothing. As soon as her cloth was removed she whispered Pamela that she was taken a little ill, and desired her to entertain her husband and beau Didapper. She then went up into her chamber, sent for Slipslop, threw herself on the bed in the agonies of love, rage, and despair; nor could she conceal these boiling passions longer without bursting. Slipslop now approached her bed, and asked how her ladyship did; but, instead of revealing her disorder, as she intended, she entered into a long encomium on the beauty and virtues of Joseph Andrews; ending, at last, with expressing her concern that so much tenderness should be thrown away on so despicable an object as Fanny. Slipslop, well knowing how to humour her mistress's frenzy, proceeded to repeat, with exaggeration, if possible, all her mistress had said, and concluded with a wish that Joseph had been a gentleman, and that she could see her lady in the arms of such a husband. The lady then started from the bed, and, taking a turn or two across the room, cried out, with a deep sigh, "Sure he would make any woman happy!"—"Your ladyship," says she, "would be the happiest woman in the world with him. A fig for custom and nonsense! What 'vails what people say? Shall I be afraid of eating sweetmeats because people may say I have a sweet tooth? If I had a mind to marry a man, all the world should not hinder me. Your ladyship hath no parents to tutelar your infections; besides, he is of your ladyship's family now, and as good a gentleman as any in the country; and why should not a woman follow her mind as well as man? Why should not your ladyship marry the brother as well as your nephew the sister. I am sure, if it was a fragrant crime, I would not persuade your ladyship to it."—"But, dear Slipslop," answered the lady, "if I could prevail on myself to commit such a weakness, there is that cursed Fanny in the way, whom the idiot—O how I hate and despise him!"—"She! a little ugly mynx," cries Slipslop; "leave her to me. I suppose your ladyship hath heard of Joseph's fitting with one of Mr Didapper's servants about her; and his master hath ordered them to carry her away by force this evening. I'll take care they shall not want assistance. I was talking with this gentleman, who was below, just when your ladyship sent for me."—"Go back," says the Lady Booby, "this instant, for I expect Mr Didapper will soon be going. Do all you can; for I am resolved this wench shall not be in our family: I will endeavour to return to the company; but let me know as soon as she is carried off." Slipslop went away; and her mistress began to arraign her own conduct in the following manner:—

"What am I doing? How do I suffer this passion to creep imperceptibly upon me? How many days are past since I could have submitted to ask myself the question?—Marry a footman! Distraction! Can I afterwards bear the eyes of my acquaintance? But I can retire from them; retire with one in whom I propose more happiness than the world without him can give me! Retire—to feed continually on beauties which my inflamed imagination sickens with eagerly gazing on; to satisfy every appetite, every desire, with their utmost wish. Ha! and do I doat thus on a footman? I despise, I detest my passion.—Yet why? Is he not generous, gentle, kind?—Kind! to whom? to the meanest wretch, a creature below my consideration. Doth he not—yes, he doth prefer her. Curse his beauties, and the little low heart that possesses them; which can basely descend to this despicable wench, and be ungratefully deaf to all the honours I do him. And can I then love this monster? No, I will tear his image from my bosom, tread on him, spurn him. I will have those pitiful charms, which now I despise, mangled in my sight; for I will not suffer the little jade I hate to riot in the beauties I contemn. No; though I despise him myself, though I would spurn him from my feet, was he to languish at them, no other should taste the happiness I scorn. Why do I say happiness? To me it would be misery. To sacrifice my reputation, my character, my rank in life, to the indulgence of a mean and a vile appetite! How I detest the thought! How much more exquisite is the pleasure resulting from the reflection of virtue and prudence than the faint relish of what flows from vice and folly! Whither did I suffer this improper, this mad passion to hurry me, only by neglecting to summon the aids of reason to my assistance? Reason, which hath now set before me my desires in their proper colours, and immediately helped me to expel them. Yes, I thank Heaven and my pride, I have now perfectly conquered this unworthy passion; and if there was no obstacle in its way, my pride would disdain any pleasures which could be the consequence of so base, so mean, so vulgar—" Slipslop returned at this instant in a violent hurry, and with the utmost eagerness cried out, "O madam! I have strange news. Tom the footman is just come from the George; where, it seems, Joseph and the rest of them are a jinketting; and he says there is a strange man who hath discovered that Fanny and Joseph are brother and sister."—"How, Slipslop?" cries the lady, in a surprize.—"I had not time, madam," cries Slipslop, "to enquire about particulars, but Tom says it is most certainly true."

This unexpected account entirely obliterated all those admirable reflections which the supreme power of reason had so wisely made just before. In short, when despair, which had more share in producing the resolutions of hatred we have seen taken, began to retreat, the lady hesitated a moment, and then, forgetting all the purport of her soliloquy, dismissed her woman again, with orders to bid Tom attend her in the parlour, whither she now hastened to acquaint

Pamela with the news. Pamela said she could not believe it; for she had never heard that her mother had lost any child, or that she had ever had any more than Joseph and herself. The lady flew into a violent rage with her, and talked of upstarts and disowning relations who had so lately been on a level with her. Pamela made no answer; but her husband, taking up her cause, severely reprimanded his aunt for her behaviour to his wife: he told her, if it had been earlier in the evening she should not have staid a moment longer in her house; that he was convinced, if this young woman could be proved her sister, she would readily embrace her as such, and he himself would do the same. He then desired the fellow might be sent for, and the young woman with him, which Lady Booby immediately ordered; and, thinking proper to make some apology to Pamela for what she had said, it was readily accepted, and all things reconciled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XIV.

Containing several curious night-adventures, in which Mr Adams fell into many hair-breadth 'scapes, partly owing to his goodness, and partly to his inadvertency.

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

rapture. If he was surprized at receiving no answer, he was no less pleased to find his hug returned with equal ardour. He remained not long in this sweet confusion; for both he and his paramour presently discovered their error. Indeed it was no other than the accomplished Slipslop whom he had engaged; but, though she immediately knew the person whom she had mistaken for Joseph, he was at a loss to guess at the representative of Fanny. He had so little seen or taken notice of this gentlewoman, that light itself would have afforded him no assistance in his conjecture. Beau Didapper no sooner had perceived his mistake than he attempted to escape from the bed with much greater haste than he had made to it; but the watchful Slipslop prevented him. For that prudent woman, being disappointed of those delicious offerings which her fancy had promised her pleasure, resolved to make an immediate sacrifice to her virtue. Indeed she wanted an opportunity to heal some wounds, which her late conduct had, she feared, given her reputation; and, as she had a wonderful presence of mind, she conceived the person of the unfortunate beau to be luckily thrown in her way to restore her lady's opinion of her impregnable chastity. At that instant, therefore, when he offered to leap from the bed, she caught fast hold of his shirt, at the same time roaring out, "O thou villain! who hast attacked my chastity, and, I believe, ruined me in my sleep; I will swear a rape against thee, I will prosecute thee with the utmost vengeance." The beau attempted to get loose, but she held him fast, and when he struggled she cried out "Murder! murder! rape! robbery! ruin!" At which words, parson Adams, who lay in the next chamber, wakeful, and meditating on the pedlar's discovery, jumped out of bed, and, without staying to put a rag of clothes on, hastened into the apartment whence the cries proceeded. He made directly to the bed in the dark, where, laying hold of the beau's skin (for Slipslop had torn his shirt almost off), and finding his skin extremely soft, and hearing him in a low voice begging Slipslop to let him go, he no longer doubted but this was the young woman in danger of ravishing, and immediately falling on the bed, and laying hold on Slipslop's chin, where he found a rough beard, his belief was confirmed; he therefore rescued the beau, who presently made his escape, and then, turning towards Slipslop, received such a cuff on his chops, that, his wrath kindling instantly, he offered to return the favour so stoutly, that had poor Slipslop received the fist, which in the dark passed by her and fell on the pillow, she would most probably have given up the ghost. Adams, missing his blow, fell directly on Slipslop, who cuffed and scratched as well as she could; nor was he behindhand with her in his endeavours, but happily the darkness of the night befriended her. She then cried she was a woman; but Adams answered, she was rather the devil, and if she was he would grapple with him; and, being again irritated by another stroke on his chops, he gave her such a remembrance in the guts, that she began to roar loud enough to be heard all over the house. Adams then, seizing her by the hair (for

her double-clout had fallen off in the scuffle), pinned her head down to the bolster, and then both called for lights together. The Lady Booby, who was as wakeful as any of her guests, had been alarmed from the beginning; and, being a woman of a bold spirit, she slipt on a nightgown, petticoat, and slippers, and taking a candle, which always burnt in her chamber, in her hand, she walked undauntedly to Slipslop's room; where she entered just at the instant as Adams had discovered, by the two mountains which Slipslop carried before her, that he was concerned with a female. He then concluded her to be a witch, and said he fancied those breasts gave suck to a legion of devils. Slipslop, seeing Lady Booby enter the room, cried help! or I am ravished, with a most audible voice: and Adams, perceiving the light, turned hastily, and saw the lady (as she did him) just as she came to the feet of the bed; nor did her modesty, when she found the naked condition of Adams, suffer her to approach farther. She then began to revile the parson as the wickedest of all men, and particularly railed at his impudence in chusing her house for the scene of his debaucheries, and her own woman for the object of his bestiality. Poor Adams had before discovered the countenance of his bedfellow, and, now first recollecting he was naked, he was no less confounded than Lady Booby herself, and immediately whipt under the bedclothes, whence the chaste Slipslop endeavoured in vain to shut him out. Then putting forth his head, on which, by way of ornament, he wore a flannel nightcap, he protested his innocence, and asked ten thousand pardons of Mrs Slipslop for the blows he had struck her, vowing he had mistaken her for a witch. Lady Booby, then casting her eyes on the ground, observed something sparkle with great lustre, which, when she had taken it up, appeared to be a very fine pair of diamond buttons for the sleeves. A little farther she saw lie the sleeve itself of a shirt with laced ruffles. "Heyday!" says she, "what is the meaning of this?" "O, madam," says Slipslop, "I don't know what hath happened, I have been so terrified. Here may have been a dozen men in the room." "To whom belongs this laced shirt and jewels?" says the lady. "Undoubtedly," cries the parson, "to the young gentleman whom I mistook for a woman on coming into the room, whence proceeded all the subsequent mistakes; for if I had suspected him for a man, I would have seized him, had he been another Hercules, though, indeed, he seems rather to resemble Hylas." He then gave an account of the reason of his rising from bed, and the rest, till the lady came into the room; at which, and the figures of Slipslop and her gallant, whose heads only were visible at the opposite corners of the bed, she could not refrain from laughter; nor did Slipslop persist in accusing the parson of any motions towards a rape. The lady therefore desired him to return to his bed as soon as she was departed, and then ordering Slipslop to rise and attend her in her own room, she returned herself thither. When she was gone, Adams renewed his petitions for pardon to Mrs Slipslop, who, with a most Christian temper, not only forgave, but began to move with much courtesy

towards him, which he taking as a hint to begin, immediately quitted the bed, and made the best of his way towards his own; but unluckily, instead of turning to the right, he turned to the left, and went to the apartment where Fanny lay, who (as the reader may remember) had not slept a wink the preceding night, and who was so hagged out with what had happened to her in the day, that, notwithstanding all thoughts of her Joseph, she was fallen into so profound a sleep, that all the noise in the adjoining room had not been able to disturb her. Adams groped out the bed, and, turning the clothes down softly, a custom Mrs Adams had long accustomed him to, crept in, and deposited his carcase on the bed-post, a place which that good woman had always assigned him.

As the cat or lap-dog of some lovely nymph, for whom ten thousand lovers languish, lies quietly by the side of the charming maid, and, ignorant of the scene of delight on which they repose, meditates the future capture of a mouse, or surprisal of a plate of bread and butter: so Adams lay by the side of Fanny, ignorant of the paradise to which he was so near; nor could the emanation of sweets which flowed from her breath overpower the fumes of tobacco which played in the parson's nostrils. And now sleep had not overtaken the good man, when Joseph, who had secretly appointed Fanny to come to her at the break of day, rapped softly at the chamber-door, which when he had repeated twice, Adams cried, "Come in, whoever you are." Joseph thought he had mistaken the door, though she had given him the most exact directions; however, knowing his friend's voice, he opened it, and saw some female vestments lying on a chair. Fanny waking at the same instant, and stretching out her hand on Adams's beard, she cried out,—"O heavens! where am I?" "Bless me! where am I?" said the parson. Then Fanny screamed, Adams leapt out of bed, and Joseph stood, as the tragedians call it, like the statue of Surprise. "How came she into my room?" cried Adams. "How came you into hers?" cried Joseph, in an astonishment. "I know nothing of the matter," answered Adams, "but that she is a vestal for me. As I am a Christian, I know not whether she is a man or woman. He is an infidel who doth not believe in witchcraft. They as surely exist now as in the days of Saul. My clothes are bewitched away too, and Fanny's brought into their place." For he still insisted he was in his own apartment; but Fanny denied it vehemently, and said his attempting to persuade Joseph of such a falsehood convinced her of his wicked designs. "How!" said Joseph in a rage, "hath he offered any rudeness to you?" She answered—She could not accuse him of any more than villanously stealing to bed to her, which she thought rudeness sufficient, and what no man would do without a wicked intention.

La gran opinión de José sobre Adán no fue fácil de escalar, y cuando se enteró de Fanny que no había pasado nada malo, se enfrió un poco; sin embargo, todavía estaba confundido, y, como él conocía la casa, y que los apartamentos de

las mujeres estaban en este lado la habitación de la señora Slipslop, y los hombres en el otro, estaba convencido de que estaba en la cámara de Fanny. Asegurando a Adams, por lo tanto, de esta verdad, le rogó que diera cuenta de cómo llegó allí. Adams entonces, de pie en su camisa, que no ofendió a Fanny, como las cortinas de la cama fueron dibujadas, relató todo lo que había sucedido; y cuando terminó, José le dijo: —Era evidente que se había equivocado al girar a la derecha en lugar de a la izquierda. "¡Odso!", grita Adams, "eso es cierto: tan seguro como seis peniques, has golpeado en la misma cosa." Luego atravesó la habitación, frotándose las manos, y le rogó el perdón de Fanny, asegurándole que no sabía si era hombre o mujer. Esa criatura inocente creyendo firmemente todo lo que dijo, le dijo que ya no estaba enojada, y le rogó a José que lo llevara a su propio apartamento, donde debía permanecer hasta que ella se hubiera puesto la ropa. En consecuencia, José y Adán se fueron, y este último pronto se convenció del error que había cometido; sin embargo, mientras se vestía, a menudo afirmaba que creía en el poder de la brujería a pesar de la brujería, y no veía cómo un cristiano podía negarlo.

Capítulo XV.

La llegada de Gaffar y Gammar Andrews, con otra persona no muy esperada; y una solución perfecta de las dificultades planteadas por el pedlar.

Tan pronto como Fanny era drest Joseph regresó a ella, y tuvieron una larga conversación juntos, la conclusión de la cual fue, que, si se encontraban realmente hermano y hermana, juraron un celibato perpetuo, y vivir juntos todos sus días, y disfrutar de una amistad platónica el uno para el otro.

La compañía estaba muy feliz en el desayuno, y José y Fanny más chearful que la noche anterior. La Lady Booby produjo el botón de diamante, que el novio más fácilmente poseía, y alledged que estaba muy sujeto a caminar en su sueño. De hecho, estaba lejos de avergonzarse de su amor, y más bien se esforzó por insinuar que más de lo que era realmente cierto había pasado entre él y el justo Slipslop.

Su té era escaso cuando llegó la noticia de la llegada del viejo señor Andrews y su esposa. Inmediatamente fueron presentados, y amablemente recibidos por Lady Booby, cuyo corazón se fue ahora pit-a-pat, al igual que los de José y Fanny. Sentían, tal vez, poco menos ansiedad en este intervalo que el propio Edipo, mientras que su destino era revelador.

El Sr. Booby abrió la causa por primera vez informando al anciano que tenía un hijo en la compañía más de lo que sabía, y, tomando a Fanny de la mano, le dijo, esta era esa hija suya que había sido robada por gitanos en su infancia. El Sr. Andrews, después de expresar un cierto asombro, aseguró su honor de que nunca había perdido una hija por gitanos, ni nunca tuvo otros hijos que José y Pamela. Estas palabras fueron un cordial para los dos amantes; pero tuvo un efecto diferente en Lady Booby. Ella ordenó llamar al pedlar, quien relató su historia como lo había hecho antes.—Al final de la cual, la vieja señora Andrews, corriendo hacia Fanny, la abrazó, gritó: "¡Ella es, ella es mi hija!" La compañía se sorprendió de este desacuerdo entre el hombre y su esposa; y la sangre había abandonado las mejillas de los amantes, cuando la anciana, dirigiéndose a su marido, que estaba más sorprendido que todo el resto, y habiendo recuperado un poco sus propios espíritus, se entregó de la siguiente manera: "Puedes recordar, querida, cuando fuiste un serjeant a Gibraltar, me dejaste grande con el niño; te quedaste en el extranjero, ya sabes, más de tres años. En su ausencia me trajeron a la cama, de cierto creo, de esta hija, a quien estoy seguro que tengo razones para recordar, porque la amamanté en este mismo pecho hasta el día en que me la robaron. Una tarde, cuando el niño tenía un año, o un año y medio, o por ahí, dos gitanas llegaron a la puerta y se ofrecieron a contar mi fortuna. Uno de ellos tuvo un hijo en su regazo. Les mostré mi mano, y deseaba saber si alguna vez ibas a volver a casa, lo cual recuerdo tan bien como si lo fuera, pero ayer: me prometieron fielmente que debías.—Dejé a la chica en la cuna y fui a sacarles una taza de licor, lo mejor que tenía: cuando regresé con la olla (estoy seguro de que no estaba ausente más tiempo que mientras te lo digo) las mujeres se habían ido. Tenía miedo de que hubieran robado algo, y mirado y mirado, pero sin ningún propósito, y, Dios sabe, tenía muy poco para que robaran. Por fin, al oír al niño llorar en la cuna, fui a tomarlo, pero, ¡oh los vivos! cómo me sorprendió encontrar, en lugar de mi propia niña que había puesto en la cuna, que era tan buena una niña gorda y próspera como usted verá en un día de verano, un pobre niño enfermo, que no parecía tener una hora de vida. Salí corriendo, quité el pelo y lloré como a las mujeres, pero nunca pude oír una palabra de ellas desde ese día hasta hoy. Cuando regresé, el pobre bebé (que es nuestro José allí, tan fuerte como él ahora está) levantó sus ojos sobre mí tan piadosamente, que, sin duda, a pesar de mi pasión, no pude encontrar en mi corazón ninguna travesura. Un vecino mío, que entra al mismo tiempo, y al oír el caso, me aconsejó que cuidara de este pobre niño, y Dios tal vez algún día me restauraría el mío. Sobre el cual tomé al niño, y lo laccioné para estar seguro, todo el mundo como si hubiera nacido de mi propio cuerpo natural; y tan cierto como estoy vivo, en poco tiempo amé al niño a nada como si hubiera sido mi propia niña.—Bueno, como decía, los tiempos que crecían muy duro, tenía dos hijos y nada más que mi propia obra, que era lo suficientemente pequeña, Dios sabe, para mantenerlos, estaba obligada

a pedir alivio de la parroquia; pero, en lugar de dármele, me sacaron, por órdenes de justicia, quince millas, al lugar donde ahora vivo, donde no había estado mucho tiempo establecido antes de que llegaras a casa. José (porque ese era el nombre que yo mismo le di, el Señor sabe si fue bautizado o no, o con qué nombre), José, digo, me pareció que tenía unos cinco años cuando regresó; porque creo que es dos o tres años mayor que nuestra hija aquí (porque estoy completamente convencido de que ella es la misma); y cuando lo viste dijiste que era un niño cortando, sin importar nunca su edad; y así, al ver que no sospechabas nada del asunto, pensé que podría guardarlo para mí, por miedo a que no lo ames tan bien como yo. Y todo esto es verdaderamente cierto, y haré mi juramento ante cualquier justicia en el reino".

El pedlar, que había sido convocado por la orden de Lady Booby, escuchó con la máxima atención a la historia de Gammar Andrews; y, cuando había terminado, le preguntó si el niño supositivo no tenía ninguna marca en su pecho? A lo que ella respondió: "Sí, tenía una fresa tan fina como siempre creció en un jardín". Este José reconoció, y, desabrochando su abrigo, por intercesión de la compañía, les mostró. "Bueno", dice Gaffar Andrews, que era un viejo cómico astuto, y muy probablemente deseaba no tener más hijos de los que podía mantener, "usted ha demostrado, creo, muy claramente, que este chico no nos pertenece; pero ¿cómo estás seguro de que la chica es nuestra? El párroco entonces trajo el pedlar hacia adelante, y deseaba que repitiera la historia que le había comunicado el día anterior en la casa de cerveza; que cumplió, y relató lo que el lector, así como el señor Adams, ha visto antes. Luego confirmó, a partir del informe de su esposa, todas las circunstancias del intercambio, y de la fresa en el pecho de José. En la repetición de la palabra fresa, Adams, que la había visto sin ninguna emoción, comenzó y gritó: "¡Bendíceme! algo viene a mi cabeza. Pero antes de que tuviera tiempo de sacar algo, un siervo lo llamó. Cuando se había ido, el pedlar le aseguró a José que sus padres eran personas de circunstancias mucho mayores que las que hasta ahora había confundido con tales; por eso había sido robado de la casa de un caballero por aquellos a quienes llaman gitanos, y había sido mantenido por ellos durante todo un año, cuando, mirándolo como en una condición de muerte, lo habían cambiado por el otro niño más sano, de la manera anterior relacionada. Dijo: En cuanto al nombre de su padre, su esposa nunca lo había conocido o lo había olvidado; pero que ella lo había conocido vivía a unos cuarenta kilómetros del lugar donde se había hecho el intercambio, y de qué manera, prometiendo no escatimar esfuerzos en esforzarse con él para descubrir el lugar.

Pero la Fortuna, que rara vez hace bien o mal, o hace a los hombres felices o miserables, por la mitad, decidió ahorrarle este trabajo. El lector puede recordar que el Sr. Wilson había tenido la intención de un viaje hacia el oeste, en el que

debía pasar por la parroquia del Sr. Adams, y había prometido llamarlo. Ahora había llegado a las puertas de Lady Booby para ese propósito, siendo dirigido allí desde la casa del párrono, y había enviado al siervo al que hemos visto anteriormente llamar al Sr. Adams. Esto no antes había mencionado el descubrimiento de un niño robado, y había pronunciado la palabra fresa, que el sr. Wilson, con la locura en su mirada, y el mayor afán en sus palabras, rogó ser arrojado a la habitación, donde entró sin la menor consideración a ninguna de la compañía, excepto a José, y, abrazándolo con una tez todo pálido y temblando, deseaba ver la marca en su pecho; el párroco lo siguió capering, frotándose las manos, y gritando, *Hic est quem quaeris; inventus est, &c.* José cumplió con la petición del Sr. Wilson, que antes no vio la marca que, abandonándose al rapto más extravagante de la pasión, abrazó a José con éxtasis inexpresable, y gritó con lágrimas de alegría: "¡He descubierto a mi hijo, lo tengo de nuevo en mis brazos!" José no estaba lo suficientemente aplaudible hasta ahora para probar el mismo deleite con su padre (por lo que en realidad lo era); sin embargo, devolvió algo de calidez a sus abrazos, pero no antes percibió, por el relato de su padre, el acuerdo de todas las circunstancias, de la persona, el tiempo y el lugar, de lo que se arrojó a sus pies, y, abrazando sus rodillas, con lágrimas rogó su bendición, que fue dada con mucho afecto, y recibida con tanto respeto, mezclada con tal ternura en ambos lados, que afectó a todos los presentes; pero ninguno tanto como Lady Booby, que salió de la habitación en una agonía, que era demasiado percibida, y no muy caritativamente contabilizada por algunos de la compañía.

Capítulo XVI.

Siendo el último en el que esta verdadera historia se lleva a una feliz conclusión.

Fanny estaba muy poco detrás de ella, José, en el deber que expresó hacia sus padres, y la alegría que evidió al descubrirlos. Gammar Andrews la besó, y dijo: Ella estaba muy contenta de verla; pero por su parte, ella nunca podría amar a nadie mejor que José. Gaffar Andrews no testificó ninguna emoción notable: la bendijo y la besó, pero se quejó amargamente de que quería su pipa, sin haber tenido un soplo esa mañana.

El Sr. Booby, que no sabía nada de la afición de su tía, imputó su abrupta partida a su orgullo, y el desdén de la familia en la que estaba casado; por lo tanto, estaba deseando haber ido con la máxima celeridad; y ahora, después de haber felicitado al Sr. Wilson y a Joseph por el descubrimiento, saludó a Fanny, llamó a su

hermana, y la presentó como tal a Pamela, quien se comportó con gran decencia en la ocasión.

Ahora envió un mensaje a su tía, que le devolvió que le deseaba un buen viaje, pero estaba demasiado desordenado para ver a cualquier compañía: por lo tanto, se preparó para salir, habiendo invitado al Sr. Wilson a su casa; y Pamela y José insistieron tanto en su cumplimiento, que por fin consintió, habiendo obtenido primero un mensajero del Sr. Booby para familiarizar a su esposa con la noticia; que, como él sabía que la haría completamente feliz, no podía prevalecer sobre sí mismo para retrasar un momento en conocerla.

La compañía estaba a distancia de esta manera: los dos ancianos, con sus dos hijas, cabalgó en el autocar; el escudero, el señor Wilson, Joseph, el párroco Adams, y el pedlar, procedió a caballo.

A su manera, José informó a su padre de su lucha prevista con Fanny; a lo que, aunque expresó cierta reticencia al principio, en el afán de los casos de su hijo consintió; diciendo, si ella era tan buena criatura como ella apareció, y él la describió, pensó que las desventajas del nacimiento y la fortuna podrían ser compensadas. Sin embargo, insistió en que el partido se aplase hasta que había visto a su madre; en el cual, José percibiéndolo positivo, con gran deber le obedeció, para el gran deleite del párroco Adams, que por esos medios vio la oportunidad de cumplir las formas de la Iglesia, y casarse con sus feligreses sin licencia.

El Sr. Adams, muy exultante en esta ocasión (para tales ceremonias eran asuntos de no pequeño momento con él), accidentalmente dio espuelas a su caballo, que la bestia generosa desdenta - porque era de gran temple, y se había utilizado a los jinetes más expertos que el caballero que en la actualidad lo mejor de él, por cuya equitación había tal vez un poco de desprecio - inmediatamente se escapó a toda velocidad, y jugó tantos trucos de antaónica que cayó el párroto de su espalda; que José percibió, llegó a su alivio.

Este accidente le dio una alegría infinita a los sirvientes, y no menos asustado pobre Fanny, que lo vio al pasar por el entrenador; pero la alegría del uno y el terror del otro se determinaron pronto, cuando el párroto declaró que no había recibido ningún daño.

El caballo que se ha liberado de su jinete indigno, como probablemente pensaba él, procedió a hacer lo mejor de su camino; pero fue detenido por un caballero y sus sirvientes, que viajaban en sentido contrario, y ahora estaban a poca distancia del autocar. Pronto se conocieron; y mientras uno de los siervos entregaba a

Adán su caballo, su amo lo saludaba, y Adán, mirando hacia arriba, recordaba en la actualidad que era la justicia de la paz ante quien él y Fanny habían hecho su aparición. El párrota en la actualidad lo saludó muy amablemente; y la justicia le informó que había encontrado al tipo que intentó jurar contra él y la joven al día siguiente, y lo había enviado a salisbury gaol, donde fue acusado de muchos robos.

Muchos elogios que pasaron entre el párrota y la justicia, este último continuó su viaje; y el primero, habiendo rechazado con cierto desdén la oferta de José de cambiar de caballo, y declaró que era un jinete tan capaz como cualquiera en el reino, volvió a montar a su bestia; y ahora la compañía procedió de nuevo, y felizmente llegó al final de su viaje, el Sr. Adams, por buena suerte, en lugar de por buena conducción, escapando de una segunda caída.

La empresa, llegando a la casa del Sr. Booby, fue recibida por él de la manera más cortés y entretenida de la manera más espléndida, después de la costumbre de la antigua hospitalidad inglesa, que todavía se conserva en muy pocas familias en las partes remotas de Inglaterra. Todos pasaron ese día con la máxima satisfacción; siendo tal vez imposible encontrar a cualquier conjunto de personas más sólidas y sinceramente felices. José y Fanny encontraron medios para estar solos más de dos horas, que eran las más cortas pero las más dulces imaginables.

Por la mañana el Sr. Wilson le propuso matrimonio a su hijo para hacer una visita con él a su madre; que, a pesar de sus inclinaciones obedientes, y un deseo anhelante que tenía de ver a ella, un poco le preocupaba, ya que debe estar obligado a dejar su Fanny; pero la bondad del Sr. Booby lo relevó; porque propuso enviar su propio entrenador y seis para la Sra. Wilson, a quien Pamela invitó tan fervientemente, que el Sr. Wilson estuvo de acuerdo con las súplicas del Sr. Booby y Joseph, y sufrió que el entrenador se vaciara para su esposa.

El sábado por la noche el entrenador regresó con la señora Wilson, que añadió uno más a esta feliz asamblea. El lector puede imaginar mucho mejor y más rápido también de lo que puedo describir los muchos abrazos y lágrimas de alegría que tuvieron éxito en su llegada. Basta decir que ella se impuso fácilmente para seguir el ejemplo de su marido al dar su consentimiento para el partido.

El domingo, el Sr. Adams realizó el servicio en la iglesia parroquial del escudero, cuyo cura muy amablemente cambió de deber, y cabalgó veinte millas a la parroquia de Lady Booby para hacer; se les ha encargado especialmente no omitir la publicación de las prohibiciones, siendo la tercera y última vez.

Por fin llegó el día feliz que fue poner a José en posesión de todos sus deseos. Se levantó, y drest a sí mismo en un traje limpio pero llano del señor Booby, que exactamente le encajaba; porque se negó a toda la finura; al igual que Fanny de la misma manera, que podría ser prevalecida por Pamela para vestirse en nada más rico que un camisón de dimidad blanca. Su turno, que Pamela le presentó, era de la mejor clase, y tenía un borde de encaje alrededor del pecho. Ella también le equipó con un par de medias de hilo blanco fino, que eran todo lo que aceptaría; porque llevaba una de sus propias gorras cortas de orejas redondas, y sobre ella un pequeño sombrero de paja, forrado con seda de color cereza, y atado con una cinta de color cereza. En este vestido salió de su cámara, sonrojado y respirando dulces, y y fue por José, cuyos ojos brillaban fuego, llevó a la iglesia, toda la familia a asistir, donde el Sr. Adams realizó la ceremonia; en la que nada era tan notable como la extraordinaria y no afectada modestia de Fanny, a menos que la verdadera piedad cristiana de Adams, que reprendió públicamente al señor Booby y Pamela por reírse en un lugar tan sagrado, y en una ocasión tan solemne. Nuestro párrocos habría hecho nada menos al príncipe más alto de la tierra; porque, aunque hizo toda sumisión y deferencia a sus superiores en otros asuntos, donde la menor especia de la religión intervino, inmediatamente perdió todo respeto de las personas. Era su máxima, que era un siervo del Altísimo, y no podía, sin apartarse de su deber, renunciar al menor artículo de su honor o de su causa al mayor potentado terrenal. De hecho, siempre afirmó que el Sr. Adams en la iglesia con su surplice encendido, y el Sr. Adams sin ese ornamento en ningún otro lugar, eran dos personas muy diferentes.

Cuando los ritos de la iglesia sobresujeron a José llevó a su novia floreciente de vuelta a la del Sr. Booby (porque la distancia era tan pequeña que no creían apropiado usar un entrenador); toda la empresa los atendió de la misma manera a pie; y ahora se proporcionó un entretenimiento más magnífico, en el que parson Adams demostró un apetito demostrando, así como superando a todos los presentes. De hecho, las únicas personas que traicionaron cualquier deficiencia en esta ocasión fueron aquellas en cuyo relato se proporcionó la fiesta. Mimarón su imaginación con el repasto mucho más exquisito que el acercamiento de la noche les prometió; los pensamientos de los cuales llenaron sus mentes, aunque con diferentes sensaciones; el uno todos los deseos, mientras que el otro tenía sus deseos templados con miedos.

Por fin, después de un día pasado con la mayor alegría, corregido por la más estricta decencia, en el que, sin embargo, el párroco Adams, estando bien lleno de cerveza y budín, había dado una falta a más faceta de lo que era habitual para él, el momento feliz, el besado llegó cuando Fanny se retiró con su madre, su suegra y su hermana.

Pronto fue disturbios; porque no tenía joyas para depositar en sus ataúdes, ni cordones finos para doblar con la más agradable exactitud. Desnudarse con ella estaba descubriendo correctamente, no posponiendo, adornos; porque, como todos sus encantos eran los dones de la naturaleza, ella podía desprenderse de ninguno. ¿Cómo, lector, te daré una idea adecuada de esta hermosa criatura joven? la flor de rosas y lirios podría ilustrar un poco su tez, o su olor a su dulzura; sino para comprenderla por completo, concebir la juventud, la salud, la floración, la pulcritud y la inocencia, en su cama nupcial; concebir todo esto en su máxima perfección, y usted puede colocar la encantadora imagen de Fanny ante sus ojos.

José no antes se enteró de que estaba en la cama que él huyó con el mayor afán hacia ella. Un minuto lo llevó a sus brazos, donde dejaremos a esta feliz pareja para disfrutar de las recompensas privadas de su constancia; recompensas tan grandes y dulces, que aprehendió a José ni envidiaba al duque más noble, ni a Fanny la mejor duquesa, esa noche.

Al tercer día el Sr. Wilson y su esposa, con su hijo y su hija, regresaron a casa; donde ahora viven juntos en un estado de dicha escasa nunca igualado. El Sr. Booby ha dado, con una generosidad sin precedentes, a Fanny una fortuna de dos mil libras, que José ha colocado en una pequeña finca en la misma parroquia con su padre, que ahora ocupa (su padre lo ha abastecido para él); y Fanny preside con la más excelente gestión en su lechería; donde, sin embargo, ella no es en la actualidad muy capaz de bustle mucho, siendo, como el Sr. Wilson me informa en su última carta, extremadamente grande con su primer hijo.

El Sr. Booby ha presentado al Sr. Adams una vida de ciento treinta libras al año. Al principio lo rechazó, resolviendo no dejar a sus feligreses, con quienes había vivido tanto tiempo; pero, al recordar que podría mantener un cura en este vivir, últimamente ha sido inducido en ella.

El pedlar, además de varios regalos guapos, tanto del Sr. Wilson como del Sr. Booby, se ha convertido, por el interés de este último, en un impuesto especial; una confianza que él descarga con tal justicia, que es muy querido en su vecindario.

En cuanto a Lady Booby, regresó a Londres en unos días, donde un joven capitán de dragones, junto con fiestas eternas en las cartas, pronto desentropificó la memoria de José.

José permanece bendito con su Fanny, a quien hace con la mayor ternura, que es devuelta de su lado. La felicidad de esta pareja es una fuente perpetua de placer

para sus padres cariñosos; y, lo que es particularmente notable, declara que los imitará en su retiro, ni será prevalecido por ningún librero, o sus autores, para hacer su aparición en la vida alta.

Fin.