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THE
HISTORY
OF THE
ADVENTURES

O. F.
JOSEPH ANDREWS,
And his FRIEND
Mr. ABRAM ADAMS.

Written in Imitation of
The *Manner* of CERVANTES,
Author of *Don Quixote*.

THE SECOND EDITION:
Revised and Corrected with *Alterations* and
Additions by the AUTHOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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P R E F A C E.

AS it is possible the mere English Reader may have a different Idea of Romance with the Author of these little Volumes; and may consequently expect a kind of Entertainment, not to be found, nor which was even intended, in the following Pages; it may not be improper to premise a few Words concerning this kind of Writing, which I do not remember to have seen hitherto attempted in our Language.

The EPIC as well as the DRAMA is divided into Tragedy and Comedy. HOMER, who was the Father of this Species of Poetry, gave us a Pattern of both these, tho' that of the latter kind is entirely lost; which Aristotle tells us, bore the same Relation to Comedy which his Iliad bears to Tragedy. And perhaps, that we have no more Instances of it among the Writers of Antiquity, is owing to the Loss of this great Pattern, which, had it survived,

A 2 would

would have found its Imitators equally with the other Poems of this great Original.

And farther, as this Poetry may be Tragic or Comic, I will not scruple to say it may be likewise either in Verse or Prose: for tho' it wants one particular, which the Critic enumerates in the constituent Parts of an Epic Poem, namely Metre; yet, when any kind of Writing contains all its other Parts, such as Fable, Action, Characters, Sentiments, and Diction, and is deficient in Metre only; it seems, I think, reasonable to refer it to the Epic; at least, as no Critic hath thought proper to range it under any other Head, nor to assign it a particular Name to itself.

Thus the Telemachus of the Archbishop of Cambray appears to me of the Epic Kind, as well as the Odyfley of Homer; indeed, it is much fairer and more reasonable to give it a Name common with that Species from which it differs only in a single Instance, than to confound it with those which it resembles in no other. Such are those voluminous Works commonly called Romances, namely, Clelia, Cleopatra, Astræa, Cassandra,
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the Grand Cyrus, and innumerable others which contain, as I apprehend, very little Instruction or Entertainment.

Now a comic Romance is a comic Epic-Poem in Prose; differing from Comedy, as the serious Epic from Tragedy: its Action being more extended and comprehensive; containing a much larger Circle of Incidents, and introducing a greater variety of Characters. It differs from the serious Romance in its Fable and Action, in this; that as in the one these are grave and solemn, so in the other they are light and ridiculous: it differs in its Characters, by introducing Persons of inferior Rank, and consequently of inferior Manners, whereas the grave Romance sets the highest before us; lastly in its Sentiments and Diction; by preserving the Ludicrous instead of the Sublime. In the Diction I think; Burlesque itself may be sometimes admitted; of which many Instances will occur in this Work, as in the Descriptions of the Battles, and some other Places; not necessary to be pointed out to the Classical Reader; for whose Entertainment those Parodies or Burlesque Imitations are chiefly calculated.

But tho' we have sometimes admitted this in our Diction, we have carefully excluded it from our Sentiments and Characters: for there it is never properly introduced, unless in Writings of the Burlesque kind, which this is not intended to be. Indeed, no two Species of Writing can differ more widely than the Comic and the Burlesque: for as the latter is ever the Exhibition of what is monstrous and unnatural, and where our Delight, if we examine it, arises from the surprizing Absurdity, as in appropriating the Manners of the highest to the lowest, or è converso; so in the former, we should ever confine ourselves strictly to Nature, from the just Imitation of which, will flow all the Pleasure we can this way convey to a sensible Reader. And perhaps, there is one Reason, why a Comic Writer should of all others be the least excused for deviating from Nature, since it may not be always so easy for a serious Poet to meet with the Great and the Admirable; but Life every where furnishes an accurate Observer with the Ridiculous.

I have hinted this little, concerning Burlesque; because, I have often heard that Name given to Performances,
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which have been truly of the Comic kind, from the Author's having sometimes admitted it in his Diction only; which as it is the Dress of Poetry, doth like the Dress of Men establish Characters, (the one of the whole Poem, and the other of the whole Man,) in vulgar Opinion, beyond any of their greater Excellencies: But surely, a certain Drollery in Style, where the Characters and Sentiments are perfectly natural, no more constitutes the Burlesque, than an empty Pomp and Dignity of Words, where every thing else is mean and low, can entitle any Performance to the Appellation of the true Sublime.

And I apprehend, my Lord Shaftesbury's Opinion of mere Burlesque agrees with mine, when he asserts, "There is no such Thing to be found in the Writings of the Antients." But perhaps, I have less Abhorrence than he professes for it: and that not because I have had some little Success on the Stage this way; but rather, as it contributes more to exquisite Mirth and Laughter than any other; and these are probably more wholesome Physic for the Mind, and conduce better to purge away Spleen, Melancholy and

ill Affections, than is generally imagined. Nay, I will appeal to common Observation; whether the same Companies are not found more full of Good-Humour and Benevolence, after they have been sweeten'd for two or three Hours with Entertainments of this kind, than when soured by a Tragedy or a grave Lecture.

But to illustrate all this by another Science, in which, perhaps, we shall see the Distinction more clearly and plainly: Let us examine the Works of a Comic History-Painter, with those Performances which the Italians call Caricatura; where we shall find the true Excellence of the former to consist in the exactest Copy of Nature; insomuch, that a judicious Eye instantly rejects any thing outré; any Liberty which the Painter hath taken with the Features of that Alma Mater.— Whereas in the Caricatura we allow all Licence. Its Aim is to exhibit Monsters not Men; and all Distortions and Exaggerations whatever are within its proper Province.

Now what Caricatura is in Painting, Burlesque is in Writing; and in the same manner the Comic Writer and
Painter

Painter correlate to each other. And here I shall observe, that as in the former, the Painter seems to have the Advantage; so it is in the latter infinitely on the side of the Writer: for the Monstrous is much easier to paint than describe, and the Ridiculous to describe than paint.

And tho' perhaps this latter Species doth not in either Science so strongly affect and agitate the Muscles as the other; yet it will be owned, I believe, that a more rational and useful Pleasure arises to us from it. He who should call the Ingenious Hogarth a Burlesque Painter, would, in my Opinion, do him very little Honour: for sure it is much easier, much less the Subject of Admiration, to paint a Man with a Nose, or any other Feature of a preposterous Size, or to expose him in some absurd or monstrous Attitude, than to express the Affections of Men on Canvas. It hath been thought a vast Commendation of a Painter, to say his Figures seem to breathe; but surely, it is a much greater and nobler Applause, that they appear to think.

But to return—The Ridiculous only,

as I have before said, falls within my Province in the present Work.—Nor will some Explanation of this Word be thought impertinent by the Reader, if he considers how wonderfully it hath been mistaken, even by Writers who have profess'd it: for to what but such a Mistake, can we attribute the many Attempts to ridicule the blackest Villanies; and what is yet worse, the most dreadful Calamities? What could exceed the Absurdity of an Author, who should write the Comedy of Nero, with the merry Incident of ripping up his Mother's Belly; or what would give a greater Shock to Humanity, than an Attempt to expose the Miseries of Poverty and Distress to Ridicule? And yet, the Reader will not want much Learning to suggest such Instances to himself.

Besides, it may seem remarkable, that Aristotle, who is so fond and free of Definitions, hath not thought proper to define the Ridiculous, Indeed, where he tells us it is proper to Comedy, he hath remarked that Villany is not its Object: but he hath not, as I remember, positively asserted what is. Nor doth the

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Abbé Bellegarde, who hath writ a Treatise on this Subject, tho' he shews us many Species of it, once trace it to its Fountain.

The only Source of the true Ridiculous (as it appears to me) is Affectation. But tho' it arises from one Spring only, when we consider the infinite Streams into which this one branches, we shall presently cease to admire at the copious Field it affords to an Observer. Now Affectation proceeds from one of these two Causes; Vanity, or Hypocrisy: for as Vanity puts us on affecting false Characters, in order to purchase Applause; so Hypocrisy sets us on an Endeavour to avoid Censure by concealing our Vices under an Appearance of their opposite Virtues. And tho' these two Causes are often confounded, (for they require some Difficulty in distinguishing;) yet, as they proceed from very different Motives, so they are as clearly distinct in their Operations: for indeed, the Affectation which arises from Vanity is nearer to Truth than the other; as it hath not that violent Repugnancy of Nature to struggle with, which that of the Hypocrite hath.

It may be likewise noted, that Affectation doth not imply an absolute Negation of those Qualities which are affected: and therefore, tho', when it proceeds from Hypocrisy, it be nearly allied to Deceit; yet when it comes from Vanity only, it partakes of the Nature of Ostentation: for instance, the Affectation of Liberality in a vain Man, differs visibly from the same Affectation in the Avaricious; for tho' the vain Man is not what he would appear, or hath not the Virtue he affects, to the degree he would be thought to have it; yet it sits less awkwardly on him than on the avaricious Man, who is the very Reverse of what he would seem to be.

From the Discovery of this Affectation arises the Ridiculous — which always strikes the Reader with Surprise and Pleasure; and that in a higher and stronger Degree when the Affectation arises from Hypocrisy, than when from Vanity: for to discover any one to be the exact Reverse of what he affects, is more surprizing, and consequently more ridiculous, than to find him a little deficient in the Quality he desires the Reputation of. I might observe that our Ben Johnson, who of all Men understood the Ridiculous

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the best, hath chiefly used the hypocritical Affectation.

Now from Affectation only, the Misfortunes and Calamities of Life, or the Imperfections of Nature, may become the Objects of Ridicule. Surely he hath a very ill-framed Mind, who can look on Ugliness, Infirmary, or Poverty, as ridiculous in themselves: nor do I believe any Man living who meets a dirty Fellow riding through the Streets in a Cart, is struck with an Idea of the Ridiculous from it; but if he should see the same Figure descend from his Coach and Six, or bolt from his Chair with his Hat under his Arm, he would then begin to laugh, and with justice. In the same manner, were we to enter a poor House, and behold a wretched Family shivering with Cold and languishing with Hunger, it would not incline us to Laughter, (at least we must have very diabolical Natures, if it would:) but should we discover there a Grate, instead of Coals, adorned with Flowers, empty Plate or China Dishes on the Side-board, or any other Affectation of Riches and Finery either on their Persons or in their Furniture; we might then indeed be excused, for ridiculing so fantastical an

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Appearance. Much less are natural Imperfections the Objects of Derision: but when Ugliness aims at the Applause of Beauty, or Lameness's endeavours to display Agility; it is then that these unfortunate Circumstances, which at first moved our Compassion, tend only to raise our Mirth.

The Poet carries this very far;

None are for being what they are in
 Fault,
 But for not being what they would be
 thought.

Where if the Metre would suffer the Word Ridiculous to close the first Line, the Thought would be rather more proper. Great Vices are the proper Objects of our Detestation, smaller Faults of our Pity: but Affectation appears to me the only true Source of the Ridiculous.

But perhaps it may be objected to me, that I have against my own Rules introduced Vices, and of a very black Kind into this Work. To which I shall answer: First, that it is very difficult to pursue a Series of human Actions and keep clear from them. Secondly, That the Vices to be found here, are rather
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the accidental Consequences of some human Frailty, or Foible, than Causes habitually existing in the Mind. Thirdly, That they are never set forth as the Objects of Ridicule but Detestation. Fourthly, That they are never the principal Figure at that Time on the Scene; and lastly, they never produce the intended Evil.

Having thus distinguished Joseph Andrews from the Productions of Romance Writers on the one hand, and Burlesque Writers on the other, and given some few very short Hints (for I intended no more) of this Species of writing, which I have affirmed to be hitherto unattempted in our Language; I shall leave to my good-natur'd Reader to apply my Piece to my Observations, and will detain him no longer than with a Word concerning the Characters in this Work.

And here I solemnly protest, I have no Intention to vilify or asperse any one: for tho' every thing is copied from the Book of Nature, and scarce a Character or Action produced which I have not taken from my own Observations and Experience, yet I have used the utmost Care to obscure the Persons by such different Circumstances,

cumstances, Degrees, and Colours, that it will be impossible to guess at them with any degree of Certainty; and if it ever happens otherwise, it is only where the Failure characterized is so minute, that it is a Foible only which the Party himself may laugh at as well as any other.

As to the Character of Adams, as it is the most glaring in the whole, so I conceive it is not to be found in any Book now extant. It is designed a Character of perfect Simplicity; and as the Goodness of his Heart will recommend him to the Good-natur'd; so I hope it will excuse me to the Gentlemen of his Cloth; for whom, while they are worthy of their sacred Order, no Man can possibly have a greater Respect. They will therefore excuse me, notwithstanding the low Adventures in which he is engaged, that I have made him a Clergyman; since no other Office could have given him so many Opportunities of displaying his worthy Inclinations.



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THE
HISTORY
OF THE
ADVENTURES

OF

*Joseph Andrews, and his
Friend Mr. Abraham Adams.*

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

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

IT is a trite but true Observation, that Examples work more forcibly on the Mind than Precepts: And if this be just in what is odious and blameable, it is more strongly so in what is amiable and praise-worthy. Here Emulation most
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effectually operates upon us, and inspires our Imitation in an irresistible manner. A good Man therefore is a standing Lesson to all his Acquaintance, and of far greater use in that narrow Circle than a good Book.

BUT as it often happens that the best Men are but little known, and consequently cannot extend the Usefulness of their Examples a great way; the Writer may be called in aid to spread their History farther, to present the amiable Pictures to those who have not the Happiness of knowing the Originals; and by communicating such valuable Patterns to the World, may perhaps do a more extensive Service to Mankind than the Person whose Life originally afforded the Pattern.

IN this Light I have always regarded those Biographers who have recorded the Actions of great and worthy Persons of both Sexes. Not to mention those antient Writers which of late days are little read, being written in obsolete, and as they are generally thought, unintelligible Languages; such as *Plutarch*, *Nepos*, and others which I heard of in my Youth, our own Language affords many of excellent Use and Instruction, finely calculated to sow the Seeds
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of Virtue in Youth, and very easy to be comprehended by Persons of moderate Capacity. Such are the History of *John* the Great, who, by his brave and heroic Actions against Men of large and athletic Bodies, obtained the glorious Appellation of the Giant-killer; that of an Earl of *Warwick*, whose Christian Name was *Guy*; the Lives of *Argalus* and *Parthenia*, and above all, the History of those seven worthy Personages, the Champions of Christendom. In all these, Delight is mixed with Instruction, and the Reader is almost as much improved as entertained.

BUT I pass by these and many others, to mention two Books lately published, which represent an admirable Pattern of the Amiable in either Sex. The former of these which deals in Male-Virtue, was written by the great Person himself, who lived the Life he hath recorded, and is by many thought to have lived such a Life only in order to write it. The other is communicated to us by an Historian who borrows his Lights, as the common Method is, from authentic Papers and Records. The Reader, I believe, already conjectures, I mean, the Lives of Mr. *Colley Cibber*, and of Mrs. *Pamela Andrews*. How artfully doth the former, by insinuating that he

escaped being promoted to the highest Stations in Church and State, teach us a Contempt of worldly Grandeur! how strongly doth he inculcate an absolute Submission to our Superiors! Lastly, how completely doth he arm us against so uneasy, so wretched a Passion as the Fear of Shame; how clearly doth he expose the Emptiness and Vanity of that Fantom, Reputation!

WHAT the Female Readers are taught by the Memoirs of Mrs. *Andrews*, is so well set forth in the excellent Essays or Letters prefixed to the second and subsequent Editions of that Work, that it would be here a needless Repetition. The authentic History with which I now present the public, is an Instance of the great Good that Book is likely to do, and of the Prevalence of Example which I have just observed: since it will appear that it was by keeping the excellent Pattern of his Sister's Virtues before his Eyes, that Mr. *Joseph Andrews* was chiefly enabled to preserve his Purity in the midst of such great Temptations; I shall only add, that this Character of Male-Chastity, tho' doubtless as desirable, as becoming in one Part of the human Species, as in the other, is almost the only Virtue which the great Apologist hath not given himself for the sake of giving the Example to his Readers. C H A P.

C H A P. II.

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

MR. *Joseph Andrews*, the Hero of our ensuing History, was esteemed to be the only Son of *Gaffar* and *Gammer Andrews*, and Brother to the illustrious *Pamela*, whose Virtue is at present so famous. As to his Ancestors, we have searched with great Diligence, but little Success: being unable to trace them farther than his Great Grandfather, who, as an elderly Person in the Parish remembers to have heard his Father say, was an excellent Cudgel-player. Whether he had any Ancestors before this, we must leave to the Opinion of our Curious Reader, finding nothing of sufficient Certainty to rely on. However, we cannot omit inserting an Epitaph which an ingenious Friend of ours hath communicated:

*Stay Traveller, for underneath this Pew
Lies fast asleep that merry Man Andrew;
When the last Day's great Sun shall gild the
Skies,
Then he shall from his Tomb get up and rise.*

*Be merry while thou can'st : for surely thou
Shall shortly be as sad as he is now.*

The Words are almost out of the Stone with Antiquity. But it is needless to observe, that *Andrew* here is writ without an *s*, and is besides a Christian Name. My Friend moreover conjectures this to have been the Founder of that Sect of laughing Philosophers, since called *Merry Andrews*.

To wave therefore a Circumstance, which, tho' mentioned in conformity to the exact Rules of Biography, is not greatly material; I proceed to things of more consequence. Indeed it is sufficiently certain, that he had as many Ancestors, as the best Man living; and perhaps, if we look five or six hundred Years backwards, might be related to some Persons of very great Figure at present, whose Ancestors within half the last Century are buried in as great Obscurity. But suppose for Argument's sake we should admit that he had no Ancestors at all, but had sprung up, according to the modern Phrase, out of a Dunghill, as the *Athenians* pretended they themselves did from the Earth, would not this * *Autokopros* have been justly entitled to all the Praise

* In *English*, sprung from a Dunghil.

Praise arising from his own Virtues? Would it not be hard, that a Man who hath no Ancestors should therefore be render'd incapable of acquiring Honour, when we see so many who have no Virtues, enjoying the Honour of their Forefathers? At ten Years old (by which time his Education was advanced to Writing and Reading) he was bound an Apprentice, according to the Statute, to Sir *Thomas Booby*, an Uncle of Mr. *Booby's* by the Father's side. Sir *Thomas* having then an Estate in his own hands, the young *Andrews* was at first employed in what in the Country they call *keeping Birds*. His Office was to perform the Part the Antients assigned to the God *Priapus*, which Deity the Moderns call by the Name of *Jack-o' Lent*: but his Voice being so extremely musical, that it rather allured the Birds than terrified them, he was soon transplanted from the Fields into the Dog-kennel, where he was placed under the Huntsman, and made what Sportsmen term a *Whipper-in*. For this Place likewise the Sweetness of his Voice disqualified him: the Dogs preferring the Melody of his chiding to all the alluring Notes of the Huntsman, who soon became so incensed at it, that he desired Sir *Thomas* to provide otherwise for him; and constantly laid every Fault the Dogs were at, to the Ac-

count of the poor Boy, who was now transplanted to the Stable. Here he soon gave Proofs of Strength and Agility, beyond his Years, and constantly rode the most spirited and vicious Horses to water with an Intrepidity which surprized every one. While he was in this Station, he rode several Races for Sir *Thomas*, and this with such Expertness and Success, that the neighbouring Gentlemen frequently solicited the Knight, to permit little *Joey* (for so he was called) to ride their Matches. The best Gamesters, before they laid their Money, always enquired which Horse little *Joey* was to ride, and the Betts were rather proportioned by the Rider than by the Horse himself; especially after he had scornfully refused a considerable Bribe to play booty on such an Occasion. This extremely raised his Character, and so pleased the Lady *Booby*, that she desired to have him (being now seventeen Years of Age) for her own Foot-boy.

JOEY was now preferred from the Stable to attend on his Lady; to go on her Errands, stand behind her Chair, wait at her Tea-table, and carry her Prayer-Book to Church; at which Place, his Voice gave him an Opportunity of distinguishing himself by singing Psalms: he behaved likewise

likewise in every other respect so well at divine Service, that it recommended him to the Notice of Mr. *Abraham Adams* the Curate; who took an Opportunity one day, as he was drinking a Cup of Ale in Sir *Thomas's* Kitchen, to ask the young Man several Questions concerning Religion; with his Answers to which he was wonderfully pleased.

C H A P. III.

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

MR. *Abraham Adams* was an excellent Scholar. He was a perfect Master of the *Greek* and *Latin* Languages; to which he added a great Share of Knowledge in the Oriental Tongues, and could read and translate *French*, *Italian* and *Spanish*. He had applied many Years to the most severe Study, and had treasured up a Fund of Learning rarely to be met with in a University. He was besides a Man of good Sense, good Parts, and good Nature; but was at the same time as entirely ignorant of the Ways of this World, as an Infant just entered into it could possibly

be. As he had never any Intention to deceive, so he never suspected such a Design in others. He was generous, friendly and brave to an Excess; but Simplicity was his Characteristic: he did, no more than Mr. *Colley Cibber*, apprehend any such Passions as Malice and Envy to exist in Mankind, which was indeed less remarkable in a Country Parson than in a Gentleman who hath past his Life behind the Scenes, a Place which hath been seldom thought the School of Innocence; and where a very little Observation would have convinced the great Apologist, that those Passions have a real Existence in the human Mind.

His Virtue and his other Qualifications, as they rendered him equal to his Office, so they made him an agreeable and valuable Companion, and had so much endeared and well recommended him to a Bishop; that at the Age of Fifty, he was provided with a handsome Income of twenty-three Pounds a Year; which however, he could not make any great Figure with: because he lived in a dear Country, and was a little incumbered with a Wife and six Children.

It was this Gentleman, who having, as I have said, observed the singular Devotion of young *Andrews*, had found means to question him, concerning several Particulars;

particulars; as how many Books there were in the New Testament? which were they? how many Chapters they contained? and such like; to all which Mr. *Adams* said, he answer'd much better than Sir *Thomas*, or two other neighbouring Justices of the Peace could probably have done.

Mr. *Adams* was wonderfully solicitous to know at what Time, and by what Opportunity the Youth became acquainted with these Matters: *Joey* told him, that he had very early learnt to read and write by the Goodness of his Father, who, though he had not Interest enough to get him into a Charity School, because a Cousin of his Father's Landlord did not vote on the right side for a Church-warden in a Borough-Town, yet had been himself at the Expence of Sixpence a Week for his Learning. He told him likewise, that ever since he was in Sir *Thomas's* Family, he had employed all his Hours of Leisure in reading good Books; that he had read the Bible, the whole Duty of Man, and *Thomas à Kempis*; and that as often as he could, without being perceived, he had studied a great good Book which lay open in the Hall Window where he had read, *as how the Devil carried away half a Church in Sermon-time, without hurting one of the Congregation*; and *as how a Field of Corn*

ran away down a Hill with all the Trees upon it, and covered another Man's Meadow: This sufficiently assured Mr. Adams, that the good Book meant could be no other than *Baker's Chronicle*.

THE Curate, surprized to find such Instances of Industry and Application in a young Man, who had never met with the least Encouragement, asked him, if he did not extremely regret the want of a liberal Education, and the not having been born of Parents, who might have indulged his Talents and Desire of Knowledge? To which he answered, "He hoped he had profited somewhat better from the Books he had read, than to lament his Condition in this World. That for his part, he was perfectly content with the State to which he was called, that he should endeavour to improve his Talent, which was all required of him, but not repine at his own Lot, nor envy those of his Betters." "Well said, my Lad, reply'd the Curate, and I wish some who have read many more good Books, nay and some who have written good Books themselves, had profited so much by them."

ADAMS had no nearer Access to Sir *Thomas*, or my Lady, than through the Waiting-Gentlewoman: For Sir *Thomas* was too

apt to estimate Men merely by their Dress, or Fortune ; and my Lady was a Woman of Gaiety, who had been bless'd with a Town-Education, and never spoke of any of her Country Neighbours, by any other Appellation than that of *The Brutes*. They both regarded the Curate as a kind of Domestic only, belonging to the Parson of the Parish, who was at this time at variance with the Knight ; for the Parson had for many Years lived in a constant State of Civil War, or, which is perhaps as bad, of Civil Law, with Sir *Thomas* himself and the Tenants of his Manor. The Foundation of this Quarrel was a Modus, by setting which aside, an Advantage of several Shillings *per Annum* would have accrued to the Rector : but he had not yet been able to accomplish his Purpose ; and had reaped hitherto nothing better from the Suits than the Pleasure (which he used indeed frequently to say was no small one) of reflecting that he had utterly undone many of the poor Tenants, tho' he had at the same time greatly impoverish'd himself.

MRS. *Slipstop* the Waiting-Gentlewoman, being herself the Daughter of a Curate, preserved some Respect for *Adams* ; she professed great Regard for his Learning, and would frequently dispute with him on Points of Theology ; but always insisted