

‘yourself again; for he is a charming young Fellow, that’s the Truth on’t.’ ‘Nay, I will own,’ says *Sophia*, ‘I know none with such Perfections. So brave, and yet so gentle; so witty, yet so inoffensive; so humane, so civil, so genteel, so handsome! What signifies his being base born, when compared with such Qualifications as these?’ ‘Base born! what do you mean?’ said the Aunt, ‘Mr. *Blifil* base born!’ *Sophia* turned instantly pale at this Name, and faintly repeated it. Upon which the Aunt cried, ‘Mr. *Blifil*, ay Mr. *Blifil*, of whom else have we been talking!’ ‘Good Heavens,’ answered *Sophia*, ready to sink, ‘of Mr. *Jones*, I thought; I am sure I know no other who deserves-----’ ‘I protest,’ cries the Aunt, ‘you frighten me in your Turn. Is it Mr. *Jones*, and not Mr. *Blifil*, who is the Object of your Affection?’ ‘Mr. *Blifil*!’ repeated *Sophia*. ‘Sure it is impossible you can be in earnest; if you are, I am the most miserable Woman alive.’ Mrs. *Western* now stood a few Moments silent, while Sparks of fiery Rage flashed from her Eyes. At length, collecting all her Force of Voice, she thundered forth in the following articulate Sounds:

‘And is it possible you can think of disgracing your Family by allying yourself to a Bastard? Can the Blood of the *Westerns* submit to such Contamination! If you have not Sense sufficient to restrain such monstrous Inclinations, I thought the Pride of our Family would have prevented you from giving the least Encouragement to so base an Affection; much less did I imagine you would ever have had the Assurance to own it to my Face.’

‘Madam,’