

‘ Matter, I should not mind it myself: But then
‘ there is not so much Money, and what of that ?
‘ your La’ship hath Money enough for both ;
‘ and where can your La’ship bestow your For-
‘ tune better ? For to be sure every one must
‘ allow, that he is the most handsome, charm-
‘ ingest, finest, tallest, properest Man in the
‘ World.’ ‘ What do you mean by running on
‘ in this Manner to me ?’ cries *Sophia*, with a
very grave Countenance. ‘ Have I ever given
‘ any Encouragement for these Liberties ?’ ‘ Nay
‘ Ma’am, I ask Pardon ; I meant no Harm,’ an-
swered she ; ‘ but to be sure the poor Gentleman
‘ hath run in my Head ever since I saw him this
‘ Morning.---To be sure, if your Ladyship had
‘ but seen him just now, you must have pitied
‘ him. Poor Gentleman ! I wishes some Mis-
‘ fortune hath not happened to him : For he hath
‘ been walking about with his Arms a-crofs, and
‘ looking so melancholy all this Morning ; I vow
‘ and protest it made me almost cry to see him.’
‘ To see whom ?’ says *Sophia*. ‘ Poor Mr.
‘ *Jones*,’ answered *Honour*. ‘ See him ! Why,
‘ where did you see him ?’ cries *Sophia*. ‘ By
‘ the Canal, Ma’am,’ says *Honour*. ‘ There he
‘ hath been walking all this Morning, and at
‘ last there he laid himself down ; I believe he
‘ lies there still. To be sure, if it hath not been
‘ for my Modesty, being a Maid as I am, I should
‘ have gone and spoke to him. Do, Ma’am, let
‘ me go and see, only for a Fancy, whether he
‘ is there still.’ ‘ Pugh !’ says *Sophia*, ‘ There !
‘ no, no, what should he do there ? He is gone
‘ before this Time to be sure. Besides, why---
‘ what--why should you go to see ?---Besides, I
‘ want you for something else. Go, fetch me
‘ my