

of his Daughter were now the sole Consideration which employed his Thoughts.

Mrs. *Western* and a great Number of Servants soon came to the Assistance of *Sophia* with Water, Cordials, and every Thing necessary on those Occasions. These were applied with such Success, that *Sophia* in a very few Minutes began to recover, and all the Symptoms of Life to return. Upon which she was presently led off by her own Maid and Mrs. *Western*; nor did that good Lady depart without leaving some wholesome Admonitions with her Brother, on the dreadful Effects of his Passion, or, as she pleased to call it, Madness.

The Squire, perhaps, did not understand this good Advice, as it was delivered in obscure Hints, Shrugs, and Notes of Admiration; at least, if he did understand it, he profited very little by it: For no sooner was he cured of his immediate Fears for his Daughter, than he relapsed into his former Frenzy, which must have produced an immediate Battle with *Jones*, had not Parson *Supple*, who was a very strong Man, been present, and by mere Force restrained the Squire from Acts of Hostility.

The Moment *Sophia* was departed, *Jones* advanced in a very suppliant Manner to Mr. *Western*, whom the Parson held in his Arms, and begged him to be pacified; for that, while he continued in such a Passion, it would be impossible to give him any Satisfaction.

‘I will have Satisfaction o’thee,’ answered the Squire, ‘so doff thy Clothes. At unt half a Man, and I’ll lick thee as well as waft ever licked in thy Life.’ He then bespattered the Youth with Abundance of that Language, which
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passes