

ter for her to be dead, than to be a Beggar?' replied the Quaker: 'For, as I told you, the Fellow is not worth a Groat; and surely she cannot expect that I shall ever give her a Shilling. No, as she hath married for Love, let her live on Love if she can; let her carry her Love to Market, and see whether any one will change it into Silver, or even into Half-pence.' 'You know your own Concerns best, Sir,' said Jones. 'It must have been,' continued the Quaker, 'a long premeditated Scheme to cheat me: For they have known ope another from their Infancy; and I always preached to her against Love---and told her a thousand Times over it was all Folly and Wickedness. Nay, the cunning Slut pretended to hearken to me, and to despise all wantonness of the Flesh; and yet, at last, broke out at a Window two Pair of Stairs: For I began, indeed, a little to suspect her, and had locked her up carefully, intending the very next Morning to have married her up to my Liking. But she disappointed me within a few Hours, and escaped away to the Lover of her own chusing, who lost no Time: For they were married and bedded, and all within an Hour.

'But it shall be the worst Hour's Work for them both that ever they did; for they may starve, or beg, or steal together for me. I will never give either of them a Farthing.' Here Jones starting up, cry'd, 'I really must be excused; I wish you would leave me.' 'Come, come, Friend,' said the Quaker, 'don't give Way to Concern. You see there are other People miserable, besides yourself.' 'I see there are Madmen and Fools and Villains in the World.'