

to be, at least, of the middle Age, nor had her Face much Appearance of Beauty; but her Cloaths being torn from all the upper Part of her Body, her Breasts, which were well formed, and extremely white, attracted the Eyes of her Deliverer, and for a few Moments they stood silent, and gazing at each other; till the Russian on the Ground beginning to move, *Jones* took the Garter which had been intended for another Purpose, and bound both his Hands behind him. And now, on contemplating his Face, he discovered, greatly to his Surprise, and perhaps not a little to his Satisfaction, this very Person to be no other than Ensign *Northerton*. Nor had the Ensign forgotten his former Antagonist, whom he knew the Moment he came to himself. His Surprise was equal to that of *Jones*; but I conceive his Pleasure was rather less on this Occasion.

*Jones* helped *Northerton* upon his Legs, and then looking him steadfastly in the Face, ‘I fancy, Sir,’ said he, ‘you did not expect to meet me any more in this World, and I confess I had as little Expectation to find you here. However, Fortune, I see, hath brought us once more together, and hath given me Satisfaction for the Injury I have received, even without my own Knowledge.’

‘It is very much like a Man of Honour indeed,’ answered *Northerton*, ‘to take Satisfaction by knocking a Man down behind his Back. Neither am I capable of giving you Satisfaction here, as I have no Sword; but if you dare behave like a Gentleman, let us go where I can furnish myself with one, and I will do by you as a Man of Honour ought.’

‘Doth it become such a Villain as you are,’ cries *Jones*, ‘to contaminate the Name of Ho-

‘nour