

‘ me at all.---Your Friend, Madam, is my Nephew; he is the Brother of that wicked Viper which I have so long nourished in my Bosom. --She will herself tell you the whole Story, and how the Youth came to pass for her Son. In deed Mrs. *Miller*, I am convinced that he hath been wronged, and that I have been abused; abused by one whom you too justly suspected of being a Villain. He is, in Truth, the worst of Villains.’

The Joy which Mrs. *Miller* now felt, bereft her of the Power of Speech, and might perhaps have deprived her of her Senses, if not of Life, had not a friendly Shower of Tears come seasonably to her Relief. At length recovering so far from her Transport as to be able to speak, she cried: ‘ And is my dear Mr. *Jones* then your Nephew, Sir? and not the Son of this Lady? and are your Eyes opened to him at last? and shall I live to see him as happy as he deserves?’ ‘ He certainly is my Nephew,’ says *Allworthy*, ‘ and I hope all the rest.’---‘ And is this the dear good Woman, the Person,’ cries she, ‘ to whom all this Discovery is owing!’---‘ She is indeed,’ says *Allworthy*.---‘ Why then,’ cried Mrs. *Miller*, upon her Knees, ‘ may Heaven shower down its choicest Blessings upon her Head, and for this one good Action forgive her all her Sins, be they never so many.’

Mrs. *Waters* then informed them, that she believed *Jones* would very shortly be released; for that the Surgeon was gone, in Company with a Nobleman, to the Justice who committed him, in order to certify that Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was out of all Manner of Danger, and to procure his Prisoner his Liberty.

*Allworthy*