

**THE WORKS OF HENRY
FIELDING: IN TWELVE
VOLUMES, VOL. X; AMELIA:
IN THREE VOLUMES, VOL. II**

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by Henry Fielding & George Cruikshank

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HENRY FIELDING & GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

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AMELIA

VOL. II.





*M^{rs} Ellison's rage upon finding
herself deceived*



AMELIA

■ ■ ■

BY

HENRY

FIELDING

■ ■ ■

ILLUSTRATED

BY

GEORGE CRUKSHANK
IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. II

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A M E L I A.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER I.

In which the reader will meet with an old acquaintance.

Boorn's affairs put on a better aspect than they had ever worn before, and he was willing to make use of the opportunity of one day in seven to taste the fresh air.

At nine in the morning he went to pay a visit to his old friend colonel James, resolving, if possible, to have a full explanation of that behaviour which appeared to him so mysterious; but the colonel was as inaccessible as the best defended fortress; and it was as impossible for Booth to pass beyond his entry, as the Spaniards found it to take Gibraltar. He received the usual answers; first, that the colonel was not stirring, and an hour after that he was gone out. All that he got by asking further questions was only to receive still ruder and ruder answers; by which, if he had been very sagacious, he might have been satisfied how little worth his while it was to desire to go in; for the porter at a great man's door is a kind of thermometer, by which you may discover the warmth or coldness of his master's friendship. Nay, in the highest stations of all, as the great man himself hath his different kinds of salutation, from an hearty embrace with a kiss, and my dear lord, or dear Sir Charles, down to, well Mr. — what would you

have me do? so the porter, to some bows with respect, to others with a smile, to some he bows more, to others less low, to others not at all. Some he just lets in, and others he just shuts out. And in all this they so well correspond, that one would be inclined to think that the great man and his porter had compared their lists together, and, like two actors concerned to act different parts in the same scene, had rehearsed their parts privately together before they ventured to perform in public.

Though Booth did not, perhaps, see the whole matter in this just light, for that in reality it is; yet he was discerning enough to conclude, from the behaviour of the servant, especially when he considered that of the master likewise, that he had entirely lost the friendship of James; and this conviction gave him a concern, that not only the flattering prospect of his lordship's favour was not able to compensate; but which even obliterated and made him for a while forget the situation in which he had left his Amelia: and he wandered about almost two hours, scarce knowing where he went, till at last he dropt into a coffee-house near St. James's, where he sat himself down.

He had scarce drank his dish of coffee, before he heard a young officer of the guards cry to another, 'Od, d—n me, Jack, here he comes—here's old honour and dignity, faith.' Upon which, he saw a chair open, and out issued a most erect and stately figure indeed, with a vast perriwig on his head, and a vast hat under his arm. This august personage, having entered the room, walked directly up to the upper end, where having paid his respects to all present of any note, to each according to seniority, he at last cast his eyes on Booth, and very civilly, though somewhat coldly, asked him how he did.

Booth, who had long recognized the features of his old

acquaintance major Bath, returned the compliment with a very low bow; but did not venture to make the first advance to familiarity, as he was truly possessed of that quality which the Greeks considered in the highest light of honour, and which we term modesty; though indeed, neither ours nor the Latin language hath any word adequate to the idea of the original.

The colonel, after having discharged himself of two or three articles of news, and made his comments upon them, when the next chair to him became vacant, called upon Booth to fill it. He then asked him several questions relating to his affairs; and, when he heard he was out of the army, advised him earnestly to use all means to get in again, saying, that he was a pretty lad, and they must not lose him.

Booth told him in a whisper, that he had a great deal to say to him on that subject, if they were in a more private place; upon this the colonel proposed a walk in the Park, which the other readily accepted.

During their walk, Booth opened his heart, and among other matters, acquainted colonel Bath, that he feared he had lost the friendship of colonel James; 'though I am not,' said he, 'conscious of having done the least thing to deserve it.'

Bath answered, 'You are certainly mistaken, Mr. Booth. I have indeed scarce seen my brother since my coming to town; for I have been here but two days; however, I am convinced he is a man of too nice honour to do any thing inconsistent with the true dignity of a gentleman.' Booth answered, 'He was far from accusing him of any thing dishonourable.—'D—n me,' said Bath, 'if there is a man alive can, or dare accuse him: if you have the least reason to take any thing ill, why don't you go to him? you are a gentleman, and his rank doth not protect him from giving you satis-