

CHAPTER V

The death of Sir Thomas Booby, with the affectionate and mournful behaviour of his widow, and the great purity of Joseph Andrews.

At this time an accident happened which put a stop to those agreeable walks, which probably would have soon puffed up the cheeks of Fame, and caused her to blow her brazen trumpet through the town; and this was no other than the death of Sir Thomas Booby, who, departing this life, left his disconsolate lady confined to her house, as closely as if she herself had been attacked by some violent disease. During the first six days the poor lady admitted none but Mrs. Slipslop, and three female friends, who made a party at cards: but on the seventh she ordered Joey, whom, for a good reason, we shall hereafter call JOSEPH, to bring up her tea-kettle. The lady being in bed, called Joseph to her, bade him sit down, and, having accidentally laid her hand on his, she asked him if he had ever been in love. Joseph answered, with some confusion, it was time enough for one so young as himself to think on such things. "As young as you are," replied the lady, "I am convinced you are no stranger to that passion. Come, Joey," says she, "tell me truly, who is the happy girl whose eyes have made a conquest of you?" Joseph returned, that all the women he had ever seen were equally indifferent to him. "Oh then," said the lady, "you are a general lover. Indeed, you handsome fellows, like handsome women, are very long and difficult in fixing; but yet you shall never persuade me that your heart is so insusceptible of affection; I rather impute what you say to your secrecy, a very commendable quality, and what I am far from being angry with you for. Nothing can be more unworthy in a young man, than to betray any intimacies with the ladies." "Ladies! madam," said Joseph, "I am sure I never had the impudence to think of any that deserve that name." "Don't pretend to too much modesty," said she, "for that sometimes may be impertinent: but pray answer me this question. Suppose a lady should happen to like you; suppose she should prefer you to all your sex, and admit you to the same familiarities as you might have hoped for if you had been born her equal, are you certain that no vanity could tempt you to discover her? Answer me honestly, Joseph; have you so much more sense and so much more virtue than you handsome young fellows generally have, who make no scruple of sacrificing our dear reputation to your pride, without considering the great obligation we lay on you by our condescension and confidence? Can you keep a secret, my Joey?" "Madam," says he, "I hope your ladyship can't tax me with ever betraying the secrets of the family; and I hope, if you was to turn me away, I might have that character of you." "I don't intend to turn you away, Joey," said she, and sighed; "I am afraid it is not in my power." She then raised herself a little in her bed, and discovered one of the whitest necks that ever was seen; at which Joseph blushed. "La!" says she, in an affected surprize, "what am I doing? I have trusted myself with a man alone, naked in bed; suppose you should have any wicked intentions upon my honour, how should I defend myself?" Joseph protested that he never had the least evil design against her. "No," says she, "perhaps you may not call your designs wicked; and perhaps they are not so."—He swore they were not. "You misunderstand me," says she; "I mean if they were against my honour, they may not be wicked; but the world calls them so. But then, say you, the world will never know anything of the matter; yet would not that be trusting to your secrecy? Must not my reputation be then in your power? Would you not then be my master?" Joseph begged her ladyship to be comforted; for that he would never imagine the least wicked thing against her, and that he had rather die a thousand deaths than give her any reason to suspect him. "Yes," said she, "I must have reason to suspect you. Are you not a man? and, without vanity, I may pretend to some charms. But perhaps you may fear I should prosecute you; indeed I hope you do; and yet Heaven knows I should never have the confidence to appear before a court of justice; and you know, Joey, I am of a forgiving temper. Tell me, Joey, don't you think I should forgive you?"—"Indeed, madam," says Joseph, "I will never do anything to disoblige your ladyship."—"How," says she, "do you think it would not disoblige me then? Do you think I would willingly suffer you?"—"I don't understand you, madam," says Joseph.—"Don't you?" said she, "then you are either a fool, or pretend to be so; I find I was mistaken in you. So get you downstairs, and never let me see your face again; your pretended innocence cannot impose on me."—"Madam," said Joseph, "I would not have your ladyship think any evil of me. I have always endeavoured to be a dutiful servant both to you and my master."—"O thou villain!" answered my lady; "why didst thou mention the name of that dear man, unless to torment me, to bring his precious memory to my mind?" (and then she burst into a fit of tears.) "Get thee from my sight! I shall never endure thee more." At which words she turned away from him; and Joseph retreated from the room in a most disconsolate condition, and writ that letter which the reader will find in the next chapter.

She made her début at Drury Lane as Peggy in *Garrick's *The Country Girl* in 1785, and took many parts there, at the Haymarket, and at Covent Garden, Lady Teazle in **The School for Scandal* being one of her finest roles. Her last London performance was in 1814 and her final stage appearance at Margate in 1815. She was much praised by *Hazlitt, *Lamb, Leigh *Hunt, etc. She was for long mistress of the duke of Clarence (William IV), and bore him ten children. She went to France in 1815 and died at St Cloud.

Jorkins, see SPENLOW AND JORKINS.

Jorrocks, Mr, see SURTEES, R. S.

José, Don, the father of the hero in Byron's **Don Juan*.

Joseph Andrews, *The History of the Adventures of, and of his Friend Mr Abraham Adams*, a novel by H. *Fielding, published 1742.

In an important Preface Fielding relates his book to classical forms; he describes it as a 'comic romance', and outlines his purpose in devising 'this kind of writing, which I do not remember to have seen hitherto attempted in our language'. His declared object is to defend what is good by displaying the Ridiculous, which he believes arises from Affectation, and ultimately from Vanity and Hypocrisy.

The work begins as a parody of Richardson's **Pamela*, with Joseph as Pamela's brother and 'Mr B.' appearing as young Booby. But it soon outgrows its origins in parody, and its deepest roots lie in *Cervantes and in *Marivaux. The son of the humble Gaffer and Gammer Andrews, Joseph becomes at ten years old stable-boy to Sir Thomas Booby. His supposed sister Pamela lives at the home of young Squire Booby, nephew to Sir Thomas. Parson Adams, poor, learned, and innocently certain that everyone is as good as himself, takes an interest in the boy. Eventually Joseph falls in love with Fanny, a milkmaid, becomes footman to Sir Thomas and Lady Booby, and, together with Mrs Slipslop the chambermaid, attends them for their season in London. After Sir Thomas's death Lady Booby makes amorous advances to Joseph, and when he stoutly rejects them he is thrown out. He sets off on foot to return to the seat of the Boobys in Somerset. After he has been robbed and stripped naked he is taken to an inn kept by the Town-wouses, where he encounters Parson Adams, now on his way to London in the hope of having his sermons published. However, finding he has forgotten to bring them, Adams turns back with Joseph towards Somerset. Adams rescues a girl from an attack in a wood, only to find that she is Fanny, on her way to look for Joseph, and both become embroiled in a farcical scene before a JP. The three travellers, Joseph, Fanny, and Adams, constantly in trouble and short of

money, are on almost every occasion rescued by some fellow traveller equally poor, such as a poacher or a coachman; their application for assistance from the prosperous Parson Trulliber is sanctimoniously refused. When almost destitute they are given hospitality by Mr Wilson, a country gentleman who tells them the story of his life. This tale, with its recollections of poverty, the iniquities of London life, the vanities of the playhouse, and a brief scene of idyllic marriage, clearly echoes much of Fielding's own experience. Mr Wilson describes how his baby son was stolen by gypsies, and hopes to re-encounter Joseph and Adams when he is next in Somerset. After further adventures the party returns at last to Booby Hall, where Lady Booby, in a desperate attempt to secure Joseph, tries to have Fanny committed to Bridewell. Eventually both Fanny and Joseph are arraigned and convicted for cutting and bearing off a hazel twig. But Parson Adams calls their banns, young Squire Booby appears with Pamela, now his wife, and a series of events reveals that Joseph is the son of Wilson and Fanny is Pamela's sister. Joseph and Fanny are joyfully married, and Adams is given a handsome living.

The novel, a major innovation in form and style, was only moderately successful, and was considerably less popular than *Pamela* which it set out to mock. However, a few discerning critics, including E. *Carter, privately gave it high praise, and the greater success of **Tom Jones* in 1749 probably owed much to the establishment of the form in *Joseph Andrews*.

Joseph of Arimathea. For the legend of Joseph and the Holy Grail, see GRAIL and GLASTONBURY. According to fable, St Philip sent twelve disciples into Britain to preach Christianity, of whom Joseph of Arimathea was the leader. They founded at Glastonbury the first primitive church, which subsequently was developed into Glastonbury Abbey. Here Joseph was buried. His staff, planted in the ground, became the famous Glastonbury Thorn, which flowered at Christmas (*William of Malmesbury, *De Antiquitate Glastoniensis Ecclesiae*). The fullest version of the Joseph Grail story is Robert de *Boron's *Joseph d'Armathie* (Burgundy, c.1200), for which see ch. 19 in R. S. Loomis ed., *Arthurian Literature in the Middle Ages* (1959), pp. 251–62.

JOSEPHUS, Flavius (AD 37–c.98), a celebrated Jew, who proved his military abilities by supporting against Vespasian a siege of 47 days in a small town of Judaea. He obtained the esteem of Vespasian by foretelling that he would one day become ruler of the Roman Empire. He was present at the siege of Jerusalem by Titus, and received from the conqueror the gift of certain sacred books that it contained, besides an estate in Judaea. He came to Rome with Titus,

The idea of Mr. Collins, with all his solemn composure, being run away with by his feelings, made Elizabeth so near laughing that she could not use the short pause he allowed in any attempt to stop him farther, and he continued:

"My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish. Secondly, that I am convinced it will add very greatly in my happiness; and thirdly—which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier, that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honour of calling patroness. Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked too!) on this subject; and it was but the very Saturday night before I left Hunsford—between our pools at quadrille, while Mrs. Jenkinson was arranging Miss de Bourgh's foot-stool, that she said, 'Mr. Collins, you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry.—Chuse properly, chuse a gentlewoman for my sake; and for your own, let her be an active, useful sort of person, not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way. This is my advice. Find such a woman as soon as you can, bring her to Hunsford, and I will visit her.' Allow me, by the way, to observe, my fair cousin, that I do not reckon the notice and kindness of Lady Catherine de Bourgh as among the least of the advantages in my power to offer. You will find her manners beyond any thing I can describe; and your wit and vivacity I think must be acceptable to her, especially when tempered with the silence and respect which her rank will inevitably excite. Thus much for my general

intention in favour of matrimony; it remains to be told why my views were directed to Longbourn instead of my own neighborhood, where I assure you there are many amiable young women. But the fact is, that being, as I am, to inherit this estate after the death of your honoured father, (who, however, may live many years longer,) I could not satisfy myself without resolving to chuse a wife from among his daughters, that the loss to them might be as little as possible, when the melancholy event takes place—which, however, as I have already said, may not be for several years. This has been my motive, my fair cousin, and I flatter myself it will not sink me in your esteem. And now nothing remains for me but to assure you in the most animated language of the violence of my affection. To fortune I am perfectly indifferent, and shall make no demand of that nature on your father, since I am well aware that it could not be complied with; and that one thousand pounds in the 4 per cents.⁷ which will not be yours till after your mother's decease, is all that you may ever be entitled to. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent; and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married."

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now.

"You are too hasty, Sir," she cried. "You forget that I have made no answer. Let me do it without farther loss of time. Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me. I am very sensible of the honour of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than decline them."

"I am not now to learn," replied Mr. Collins, with a formal wave of the hand, "that it is usual with young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept, when he first applies for their favour; and that sometimes the refusal is repeated a second or even a third time. I am therefore by no means discouraged by what you have just said, and shall hope to lead you to the altar ere long."

"Upon my word, Sir," cried Elizabeth, "your hope is rather an extraordinary one after my declaration. I do assure you that I am not one of those young ladies (if such young ladies there are) who are so daring as to risk their happiness on the chance of being asked a second time. I am perfectly serious in my refusal.—You could not make *me* happy, and I am convinced that I am the last woman in the world who would make *you* so.—Nay, were your friend Lady Catherine to know me, I am persuaded she would find me in every respect ill qualified for the situation."

minister at Newington Green, which had been a centre of Dissent for many years, where he influenced many younger writers, including S. *Rogers and M. *Wollstonecraft. He published in 1756 his best-known work, *A Review of the Principal Questions in Morals*, in which he questions *Hutcheson's doctrine of 'moral sense', and argues that the rightness and wrongness of an action belong to it intrinsically. (See BUTLER, J., with whose natural theology and views on conscience he was in sympathy.) He was a close friend of *Franklin, and supported the cause of American independence; he also supported the French revolution, and his sermon delivered on 4 Nov. 1789, celebrating 'the ardour for liberty' of the French, provoked Burke to write his *Reflections on the *Revolution in France*.

PRICE, Uvedale, see Picturesque.

Pride and Prejudice, a novel by J. *Austen, published 1813. It was originally a youthful work entitled 'First Impressions' and was refused by Cadell, a London publisher, in 1797.

Mr and Mrs Bennet live with their five daughters at Longbourn in Hertfordshire. In the absence of a male heir, the property is due to pass by entail to a cousin, William Collins. Through the patronage of the haughty Lady Catherine de Bourgh, Collins has been presented with a living near Rosings, the Kentish seat of Lady Catherine. Charles Bingley, a rich young bachelor, takes Netherfield, a house near Longbourn, bringing with him his two sisters and his friend Fitzwilliam Darcy, nephew of Lady Catherine. Bingley and Jane, the eldest of the Bennet girls, very soon fall in love. Darcy, though attracted to the next sister, the lively and spirited Elizabeth, greatly offends her by his supercilious behaviour at a ball. This dislike is increased by the account given her by George Wickham, a dashing young militia officer (and son of the late steward of the Darcy property), of the unjust treatment he has met with at Darcy's hands. The aversion is further intensified when Darcy and Bingley's two sisters, disgusted with the vulgarity of Mrs Bennet and her two youngest daughters, effectively separate Bingley from Jane.

Meanwhile the fatuous Mr Collins, urged to marry by Lady Catherine (for whom he shows the most grovelling and obsequious respect), and thinking to remedy the hardship caused to the Bennet girls by the entail, proposes to Elizabeth. When firmly rejected he promptly transfers his affections to Charlotte Lucas, a friend of Elizabeth's, who accepts him. Staying with the newly married couple in their parsonage, Elizabeth again encounters Darcy, who is visiting Lady Catherine. Captivated by her in spite of himself, Darcy proposes to her in terms which do not conceal the violence the proposal does to his self-esteem. Elizabeth indignantly rejects him, on the grounds of his overweening pride,

the part he has played in separating Jane from Bingley, and his alleged treatment of Wickham. Greatly mortified, Darcy in a letter justifies the separation of his friend and Jane, and makes it clear that Wickham is, in fact, an unprincipled adventurer.

On an expedition to the north of England with her uncle and aunt, Mr and Mrs Gardiner, Elizabeth visits Pemberley, Darcy's seat in Derbyshire, believing Darcy to be absent. However, Darcy appears, welcomes the visitors, and introduces them to his sister. His manner, though still grave, is now gentle and attentive. At this point news reaches Elizabeth that her youngest sister Lydia has eloped with Wickham. With considerable help from Darcy, the fugitives are traced, their marriage is arranged, and (again through Darcy) they are suitably provided for. Bingley and Jane are reunited and become engaged. In spite, and indeed in consequence, of the insolent intervention of Lady Catherine, Darcy and Elizabeth also become engaged. The story ends with both their marriages, an indication of their subsequent happiness, and an eventual reconciliation with Lady Catherine.

Jane Austen regarded Elizabeth Bennet as her favourite among all her heroines.

PRIESTLEY, J(ohn) B(oynton) (1894–1984), was born in Bradford, the son of a schoolmaster, and worked as junior clerk in a wool office before serving in the infantry in the First World War; he then took a degree at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and in 1922 settled in London, where he quickly made a name as journalist and critic. His first major popular success as a novelist was with the high-spirited, rambling *The Good Companions* (1929), an account of theatrical adventures on the road, which was followed by the grimmer, somewhat self-consciously *Realist novel of London life, *Angel Pavement* (1930). His many other novels, which vary greatly in scope, include *Bright Day* (1946), *Festival at Farbridge* (1951), *Lost Empires* (1965), and *The Image Men* (1968). Priestley also wrote some 50 plays and dramatic adaptations; amongst the best known are his 'Time' plays, influenced by the theories of J. W. *Dunne (*Dangerous Corner*, 1932; *I have been here before*, 1937; *Time and the Conways*, 1937), his psychological mystery drama *An Inspector Calls* (1947), and his West Riding farce *When We Are Married* (1938). He also published dozens of miscellaneous works, ranging from *English Journey* (1934), an account of his own travels through England, to collections of his popular and influential wartime broadcasts (*Britain Speaks*, 1940; *All England Listened*, 1968); from the ambitious, *Jungian *Literature and Western Man* (1960) to informal social histories and commentaries, many of which attempt to define the Englishness of the English, such as *The*