

mentations, and wailing, and woe: he had made enquiries at every inn on all the adjacent roads, but could hear no tidings, so was going to set off again. How excessively vexatious! he will keep killing me by inches with these mortifying letters about his ill success, and I shall not know how to acquaint him with my good. My search after him will be as vain as his after Miss Francfort. If I was not so greatly interested in whatever concerns him, it would be ridiculous enough, the thoughts of his wandering about like the Knight of the Woeful Figure; but I protest I feel for him beyond measure, and shall actually send servants various roads, and take myself another.

*Jerkes when 2 re*