

**Landesbibliothek Oldenburg**

**Digitalisierung von Drucken**

**The History Of Tom Jones, A Foundling**

In Four Volumes

**Fielding, Henry**

**London, 1750**

Chap. IX. Being of much more tempestuous Kind than the former.

**urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-884**

hold it; when the Scene, which I believe some of my Readers will think had lasted long enough, was interrupted by one of so different a Nature, that we shall reserve the Relation of it for a different Chapter.

## C H A P. IX.

*Being of a much more tempestuous Kind than the former.*

**B**EFORE we proceed with what now happened to our Lovers. it may be proper to recount what had past in the Hall, during their tender Interview.

Soon after *Jones* had left *Mr. Western* in the Manner above-mentioned, his Sister came to him; and was presently informed of all that had past between her Brother and *Sophia*, relating to *Bliss*.

This Behaviour in her Niece. the good Lady construed to be an absolute Breach of the Condition, on which she had engaged to keep her Love for *Mr. Jones* a Secret. She considered herself, therefore, at full Liberty to reveal all she knew to the Squire, which she immediately did in the most explicit Terms, and without any Ceremony or Preface.

The Idea of a Marriage between *Jones* and his Daughter, had never once entered into the Squire's Head, either in the warmest Minutes of his Affection towards that young Man, or from Suspicion, or on any other Occasion. He did indeed consider a Parity of Fortune and Circumstances, to be physically as necessary an Ingredient in Marriage, as Difference of Sexes, or any other

other Essential; and had no more Apprehension of his Daughter's falling in Love with a poor Man, than with any Animal of a different Species.

He became, therefore, like one Thunderstruck at his Sister's Relation. He was, at first, incapable of making any Answer, having been almost deprived of his Breath by the Violence of the Surprize. This, however, soon returned, and, as is usual in other Cases after an Intermifion, with redoubled Force and Fury.

The first Use he made of the Power of Speech, after his Recovery from the sudden Effects of his Astonishment, was to discharge a round Volley of Oaths and Imprecations. After which he proceeded hastily to the Apartment, where he expected to find the Lovers, and murmured, or indeed, rather roared forth Intentions of Revenge every Step he went.

As when two Doves, or two Wood-pigeons, or as when *Strepbon* and *Phyllis* (for that comes nearest to the Mark) are retired into some pleasant solitary Grove, to enjoy the delightful Conversation of Love; that bashful Boy who cannot speak in Public, and is never a good Companion to more than two at a Time. Here while every Object is serene, should hoarse Thunder burst suddenly through the shattered Clouds, and rumbling roll along the Sky, the frightened Maid starts from the mossy Bank or verdant Turf; the pale Livery of Death succeeds the red Regimentals in which Love had before dressed her Cheeks; Fear shakes her whole Frame, and her Lover scarce supports her trembling, tottering Limbs.

Or as when the two Gentlemen, Strangers to the wonderous Wit of the Place, are cracking a  
 Bottle

Ch. 9.      a FOUNDLING.      45

Bottle together at some Inn or Tavern at *Salisbury*, if the great *Dowdy* who acts the Part of a Madman, as well as some of his Setters-on do that of a Fool, should rattle his Chains, and dreadfully hum forth the grumbling Catch along the Gallery; the frighted Strangers stand aghast, scared at the horrid Sound, they seek some Place of Shelter from the approaching Danger, and if the well-barred Windows did admit their Exit, would venture their Necks to escape the threatening Fury now coming upon them.

So trembled poor *Sophia*, so turned she pale at the Noise of her Father, who in a Voice most dreadful to hear, came on swearing, cursing and vowing the Destruction of *Jones*. To say the Truth, I believe the Youth himself would, from some prudent Considerations, have preferred another Place of Abode at this Time, had his Terror on *Sophia's* Account given him Liberty to reflect a Moment on what any otherways concerned himself, than as his Love made him partake whatever affected her.

And now the Squire having burst open the Door, beheld an Object which instantly suspended all his Fury against *Jones*; this was the ghastly Appearance of *Sophia*, who had fainted away in her Lover's Arms. This tragical Sight Mr. *Western* no sooner beheld, than all his Rage forsook him, he roared for Help with his utmost Violence; ran first to his Daughter, then back to the Door, calling for Water, and then back again to *Sophia*, never considering in whose Arms she then was, nor perhaps once recollecting that there was such a Person in the World as *Jones*: For, indeed, I believe, the present Circumstances  
of

of his Daughter were now the sole Consideration which employed his Thoughts.

Mrs. *Western* and a great Number of Servants soon came to the Assistance of *Sophia* with Water, Cordials, and every Thing necessary on those Occasions. These were applied with such Success, that *Sophia* in a very few Minutes began to recover, and all the Symptoms of Life to return. Upon which she was presently led off by her own Maid and Mrs. *Western*; nor did that good Lady depart without leaving some wholesome Admonitions with her Brother, on the dreadful Effects of his Passion, or, as she pleased to call it, Madness.

The Squire, perhaps, did not understand this good Advice, as it was delivered in obscure Hints, Shrugs, and Notes of Admiration; at least, if he did understand it, he profited very little by it: For no sooner was he cured of his immediate Fears for his Daughter, than he relapsed into his former Frenzy, which must have produced an immediate Battle with *Jones*, had not Parson *Supple*, who was a very strong Man, been present, and by mere Force restrained the Squire from Acts of Hostility.

The Moment *Sophia* was departed, *Jones* advanced in a very suppliant Manner to Mr. *Western*, whom the Parson held in his Arms, and begged him to be pacified; for that, while he continued in such a Passion, it would be impossible to give him any Satisfaction.

‘I will have Satisfaction o’thee,’ answered the Squire, ‘so doff thy Clothes. At unt half a Man, and I’ll lick thee as well as waft ever licked in thy Life.’ He then bespattered the Youth with Abundance of that Language, which

passes between Country Gentlemen who embrace opposite Sides of the Question; with frequent Applications to him to salute that Part which is generally introduced into all Controversies, that arise among the lower Orders of the *English* Gentry, at Horse-races, Cock-matches, and other public Places. Allusions to this Part are likewise often made for the Sake of the Jest. And here, I believe, the Wit is generally misunderstood. In Reality, it lies in desiring another to kiss your A--- for having just before threatned to kick his: For I have observed very accurately, that no one ever desires you to kick that which belongs to himself, nor offers to kiss this Part in another.

It may likewise seem surprizing, that in the many thousand kind Invitations of this Sort, which every one who hath conversed with Country Gentlemen must have heard, no one, I believe, hath ever seen a single Instance where the Desire hath been complied with. A great Instance of their Want of Politeness: For in Town, nothing can be more common than for the finest Gentlemen to perform this Ceremony every Day to their Superiors, without having that Favour once requested of them.

To all such Wit, *Jones* very calmly answered, ‘ Sir, this Usage may, perhaps, cancel every other Obligation you have conferred on me; but there is one you can never cancel; nor will I be provoked by your Abuse, to lift my Hand against the Father of *Sophia*.’

At these Words the Squire grew still more outrageous than before; so that the Parson begged *Jones* to retire, saying, ‘ You behold, Sir, how he waxeth wroth at your Abode here; therefore let me pray you not to tarry any longer.’  
‘ His

‘ His Anger is too much kindled for you to commune with him at present. You had better, therefore, conclude your Visit, and refer what Matters you have to urge in your Behalf to some other Opportunity.’

*Jones* accepted this Advice with Thanks, and immediately departed. The Squire now regained the Liberty of his Hands, and so much Temper as to express some Satisfaction in the Restraint which had been laid upon him; declaring that he should certainly have beat his Brains out; and adding, ‘ It would have vexed one confoundedly to have been hanged for such a Rascal.’

The Parson now began to triumph in the Success of his Peace-making Endeavours, and proceeded to read a Lecture against Anger, which might perhaps rather have tended to raise than to quiet that Passion in some hasty Minds. This Lecture he enriched with many valuable Quotations from the Antients, particularly from *Seneca*; who hath, indeed, so well handled this Passion, that none but a very angry Man can read him without great Pleasure and Profit. The Doctor concluded this Harangue with the famous Story of *Alexander* and *Clitus*; but as I find that entered in my Common-Place under Title *Drunkennes*, I shall not insert it here.

The Squire took no Notice of this Story, nor perhaps of any Thing he said: For he interrupted him before he had finished, by calling for a Tankard of Beer; observing (which is perhaps as true as any Observation on this Fever of the Mind) that *Anger makes a Man dry*.

No sooner had the Squire swallowed a large Draught than he renewed the Discourse on *Jones*, and declared a Resolution of going the next Morn-