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The History Of Tom Jones, A Foundling

In Four Volumes

Fielding, Henry

London, 1750

Chap. XIV. A short Chapter, containing a short Dialogue between Squire Western and his Sister.

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By this friendly Aid of Fear, Conscience obtained a compleat Victory in the Mind of *Black George*, and, after making him a few Compliments on his Honesty, forced him to deliver the Money to *Jones*.

C H A P. XIV.

A short Chapter, containing a short Dialogue between Squire Western and his Sister.

MRS. *Western* had been engaged abroad all that Day. The Squire met her at her Return home; and when she enquired after *Sophia*, he acquainted her that he had secured her safe enough. 'She is locked up in Chamber,' cries he, 'and *Honour* keeps the Key.' As his Looks were full of prodigious Wisdom and Sagacity when he gave his Sister this Information, it is probable he expected much Applause from her for what he had done; but how was he disappointed! when with a most disdainful Aspect, she cried, 'Sure, Brother you are the weakest of all Men. Why will you not confide in me for the Management of my Niece? Why will you interpose? You have now undone all that I have been spending my Breath in order to bring about. While I have been endeavouring to fill her Mind with Maxims of Prudence, you have been provoking her to reject them. *English* Women, Brother, I thank Heaven, are no Slaves. We are not to be locked up like the *Spanish* and *Italian* Wives. We have as good a Right to Liberty as yourselves. We are to be convinced by Reason and Persuasion only, and not governed by Force. I have seen the
' World,

' World, Brother, and know what Arguments
 ' to make Use of; and if your Folly had not
 ' prevented me, should have prevailed with her
 ' to form her Conduct by those Rules of Pru-
 ' dence and Discretion which I formerly taught
 ' her.' ' To be sure,' said the Squire, ' I am
 ' always in the Wrong.' ' Brother,' answered
 the Lady, ' you are not in the Wrong, unless
 ' when you meddle with Matters beyond your
 ' Knowledge. You must agree, that I have
 ' seen most of the World? and happy had it
 ' been for my Niece, if she had not been taken
 ' from under my Care. It is by living at home
 ' with you that she hath learnt romantic Notions
 ' of Love and Nonsense.' ' You don't imagine,
 ' I hope,' cries the Squire, ' that I have taught
 ' her any such Things.' ' Your Ignorance,
 ' Brother,' returned she, ' as the great *Milton*
 ' says, almost subdues my Patience.* ' D——n
 ' *Milton,*' answered the Squire, ' if he had the
 ' Impudence to say so to my Face, I'd lend him
 ' a Douse, thof he was never so great a Man.
 ' Patience! an you come to that, Sister, I have
 ' more Occasion of Patience, to be used like an
 ' overgrown School-boy; as I am by you. Do
 ' you think no one hath any Understanding, un-
 ' less he hath been about at Court? Pox! the
 ' World is come to a fine Pass indeed, if we are
 ' all Fools, except a Parcel of Roundheads and
 ' *Hannover* Rats. Pox! I hope the Times are a
 ' coming that we shall make Fools of them,
 ' and every Man shall enjoy his own. That's
 ' all, Sister, and every Man shall enjoy his own.
 ' I hope to see it, Sister, before the *Hannover*

* The Reader may perhaps subdue his own Patience, if he searches for this in *Milton*.

' Rats

‘ Rats have eat up all our Corn, and left us nothing but Turneps to-feed upon.’ ‘ I protest, Brother,’ cries she, ‘ you are now got beyond my Understanding. Your Jargon of Turneps and *Hannover* Rats, is to me perfectly unintelligible.’ ‘ I believe,’ cries he, ‘ you don’t care to hear o’em ; but the Country Interest may succeed one Day or other for all that.’ ‘ I wish,’ answered the Lady, ‘ you would think a little of your Daughter’s Interest : For believe me, she is in greater Danger than the Nation.’ ‘ Just now,’ said he, ‘ you chid me for thinking on her, and would ha’ her left to you.’ ‘ And if you will promise to interpose no more,’ answered she, ‘ I will out of my Regard to my Niece, undertake the Charge.’ ‘ Well, do then,’ said the Squire, ‘ for you know I always agreed, that Women are the properest to manage Women.’

Mrs. *Western* then departed, muttering something with an Air of Disdain, concerning Women and Management of the Nation. She immediately repaired to *Sophia*’s Apartment, who was now, after a Day’s Confinement, released again from her Captivity.