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The History Of Tom Jones, A Foundling

In Four Volumes

Fielding, Henry

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Chap. XIII. Containing the great Address of the Landlady; the great Learning of a Surgeon, and the solid Skill in Casuistry of the worthy Lieutenant.

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C H A P. XIII.

Containing the great Address of the Landlady; the great Learning of a Surgeon, and the solid Skill in Casuistry of the worthy Lieutenant.

WHEN the wounded Man was carried to his Bed, and the House began again to clear up from the Hurry which this Accident had occasioned; the Landlady thus addressed the commanding Officer. ‘ I am afraid, Sir,’ said she, ‘ this young Man did not behave himself as well as he should do to your Honours; and if he had been killed, I suppose he had but his *Deserts*; to be sure, when Gentlemen admit inferior *Parsons* into their Company, they oft to keep their Distance; but, as my first Husband used to say, few of em know how to do it. For my own Part, I am sure, I should not have suffered any Fellows to *include* themselves into Gentlemen’s Company: but I *thoht* he had been an Officer himself, till the Serjeant told me he was but a Recruit.’

‘ Landlady,’ answered the Lieutenant, ‘ you mistake the whole Matter. The young Man behaved himself extremely well, and is, I believe, a much better Gentleman than the Ensign, who abused him. If the young Fellow dies, the Man who struck him will have most Reason to be sorry for it: For the Regiment will get rid of a very troublesome Fellow, who is a Scandal to the Army; and if he escapes from the Hands of Justice, blame me, Madam, that’s all.’

H 2

‘ Ay!



‘ Ay! Ay! good Lack-a day!’ said the Landlady, ‘ who could have *thoſt* it? Ay, ay, ay, I am ſatisfied your Honour will ſee Juſtice done; and to be ſure it *oſt* to be to every one. Gentlemen *oſt* not to kill poor Folks without anſwering for it. A poor Man hath a Soul to be ſaved as well as his Betters.’

‘ Indeed, Madam,’ ſaid the Lieutenant, you do the Volunteer wrong; I dare ſwear he is more of a Gentleman than the Officer.’

‘ Ay,’ cries the Landlady, ‘ why look you there now: Well, my firſt Huſband was a wife Man; he uſed to ſay, you can’t always know the Inſide by the Outſide. Nay, that might have been well enough too: For I never *ſaw’d* him till he was all over Blood. Who would have *thoſt* it! mayhap, ſome young Gentleman croſſed in Love. Good Lack-a-day! if he ſhould die, what a Concern it will be to his Parents! Why ſure the Devil muſt poſſeſs the wicked Wretch to do ſuch an Act. To be ſure, he is a Scandal to the Army, as your Honour ſays: For moſt of the Gentlemen of the Army that ever I ſaw, are quite different Sort of People, and look as if they would ſcorn to ſpill any Chriſtian Blood as much as any Men, I mean, that is, in a civil Way, as my firſt Huſband uſed to ſay. To be ſure, when they come into the Wars, there muſt be Blood-ſhed; but that they are not to be blamed for. The more of our Enemies they kill there, the better; and I wiſh with all my Heart, they could kill every Mother’s Son of them.’

‘ O fie! Madam,’ ſaid the Lieutenant ſmiling, ‘ ALL is rather too bloody-minded a Wiſh.’

‘ Not

‘ Not at all, Sir,’ answered she, ‘ I am not at all bloody-minded, only to our Enemies, and there is no Harm in that. To be sure it is natural for us’ to wish our Enemies dead, that the Wars may be at an End, and our Taxes be lowered: For it is a dreadful Thing to pay as we do. Why now there is above forty Shillings for Window-lights, and yet we have stopt up all we could; we have almost blinded the House I am sure: Says I to the Exciseman, says I, I think you *ost* to favour us, I am sure we are very good Friends to the Government; and so we are for *sartain*: For we pay a Mint of Money to ’um. And yet I often think to myself, the Government doth not imagine itself more obliged to us, than to those that don’t pay ’um a Farthing. Ay, ay; it is the Way of the World.’

She was proceeding in this Manner, when the Surgeon entered the Room. The Lieutenant immediately asked how his Patient did? But he resolved him only by saying, ‘ Better, I believe, than he would have been by this Time, if I had not been called; and even as it is, perhaps it would have been lucky if I could have been called sooner.’ ‘ I hope, Sir,’ said the Lieutenant, ‘ the Skull is not fractured.’ ‘ Hum,’ cries the Surgeon, ‘ Fractures are not always the most dangerous Symptoms. Contusions and Lacérations are often attended with worse Phænomena, and with more fatal Consequences than Fractures. People who know nothing of the Matter conclude, if the Skull is not fractured, all is well; whereas, I had rather see a Man’s Skull broke all to Pieces, than some Contusions I have met with.’ ‘ I hope,’ says the Lieutenant,



'nant, 'there are no such Symptoms here.'
 'Symptoms,' answered the Surgeon, 'are not
 'always regular nor constant. I have known
 'very unfavourable Symptoms in the Morning
 'change to favourable ones at Noon, and return
 'to unfavourable again at Night. Of Wounds,
 'indeed, it is rightly and truly said, *Nemo re-
 'pente fuit turpissimus*. I was once, I remember,
 'called to a Patient, who had received a violent
 'Contusion in his Tibia, by which the exterior
 'Cutis was lacerated, so that there was a profuse
 'sanguinary Discharge; and the interior Mem-
 'branes were so divellicated, that the Os or Bone
 'very plainly appeared through the Aperture of
 'the Vulnus or Wound. Some febrile Symp-
 'toms intervening at the same Time, (for the
 'Pulse was exuberant and indicated much Phle-
 'botomy) I apprehended an immediate Mortifi-
 'cation. To prevent which I presently made a
 'large Orifice in the Vein of the left Arm,
 'whence I drew twenty Ounces of Blood; which
 'I expected to have found extremely sily and
 'glutinous, or indeed coagulated, as it is in
 'pleuretic Complaints; but, to my Surprize, it
 'appeared rosy and florid, and its Consistency
 'differed little from the Blood of those in perfect
 'Health. I then applied a Fomentation to the
 'Part, which highly answered the Intention, and
 'after three or four Times dressing, the Wound
 'began to discharge a thick Pus or Matter, by
 'which Means the Cohesion———but perhaps
 'I do not make myself perfectly well understood.'
 'No really,' answered the Lieutenant, 'I can-
 'not say I understand a Syllable.' 'Well, Sir,'
 'said the Surgeon, 'then I shall not tire your Pa-
 'tience; in short, within six Weeks, my Patient
 'was

' was able to walk upon his Legs, as perfectly as
 ' he could have done before he received the Con-
 ' tusion.' ' I wish, Sir,' said the Lieutenant,
 ' you would be so kind only to inform me, whe-
 ' ther the Wound this young Gentleman hath
 ' had the Misfortune to receive is likely to prove
 ' mortal?' ' Sir,' answered the Surgeon, ' to
 ' say whether a Wound will prove mortal or not
 ' at first Dressing, would be very weak and foolish
 ' Presumption: We are all mortal, and Symp-
 ' toms often occur in a Cure which the greatest
 ' of our Profession could never foresee.—' But
 ' do you think him in Danger?' says the other.
 ' In Danger! ay, surely,' cries the Doctor, ' who
 ' is there among us, who in the most perfect
 ' Health can be said not to be in Danger? Can a
 ' Man, therefore, with so bad a Wound as this
 ' be said to be out of Danger? All I can say at
 ' present is, that it is well I was called as I was,
 ' and perhaps it would have been better if I had
 ' been called sooner. I will see him again early
 ' in the Morning, and in the mean Time let him
 ' be kept extremely quiet, and drink liberally of
 ' Water-Gruel.' Won't you allow him Sack-
 ' whey,' said the Landlady? ' Ay, ay, Sack-
 ' whey,' cries the Doctor, ' if you will, provided
 ' it be very small.' ' And a little Chicken-broth
 ' too,' added she?—' Yes, yes, Chicken-broth,'
 ' said the Doctor, ' is very good.' ' Mayn't I
 ' make him some Jellies too,' said the Landlady?
 ' Ay, ay,' answered the Doctor, ' Jellies are
 ' very good for Wounds, for they promote Co-
 ' hesion.' And, indeed, it was lucky she had
 ' not named Soop or high Sauces, for the Doctor
 ' would have complied, rather than have lost the
 ' Custom of the House.

The Doctor was no sooner gone, than the Landlady began to trumpet forth his Fame to the Lieutenant, who had not, from their short Acquaintance, conceived quite so favourable an Opinion of his physical Abilities as the good Woman, and all the Neighbourhood, entertained; (and perhaps very rightly) for tho' I am afraid the Doctor was a little of a Coxcomb, he might be nevertheless very much of a Surgeon.

The Lieutenant having collected from the learned Discourse of the Surgeon, that Mr. Jones was in great Danger, gave Orders for keeping Mr. Northerton under a very strict Guard, designing in the Morning to attend him to a Justice of Peace, and to commit the conducting the Troops to Gloucester to the French Lieutenant, who, tho' he could neither read, write, nor speak any Language, was, however, a good Officer.

In the Evening our Commander sent a Message to Mr. Jones, that if a Visit would not be troublesome he would wait on him. This Civility was very kindly and thankfully received by Jones, and the Lieutenant accordingly went up to his Room, where he found the wounded Man much better than he expected; nay, Jones assured his Friend, that if he had not received express Orders to the contrary from the Surgeon, he should have got up long ago: For he appeared to himself to be as well as ever, and felt no other Inconvenience from his Wound but an extreme Soreness on that Side of his Head.

‘ I should be very glad,’ quoth the Lieutenant, ‘ if you was as well as you fancy yourself: For then you could be able to do yourself Justice immediately; for when a Matter can't be made up, as in a Case of a Blow, the
‘ sooner

fooner you take him out the better ; but I am
 ' afraid you think yourself better than you are,
 ' and he would have too much Advantage over
 ' you.'

' I'll try, however,' answered *Jones*, ' if you
 ' please, and will be so kind to lend me a Sword:
 ' For I have none here of my own.'

' My Sword is heartily at your Service, my
 ' dear Boy,' cries the Lieutenant, kissing him,
 ' you are a brave Lad, and I love your Spirit ;
 ' but I fear your Strength: For such a Blow, and
 ' so much Loss of Blood. must have very much
 ' weakened you ; and tho' you feel no Want of
 ' Strength in your Bed, yet you most probably
 ' would after a Thrust or two. I can't consent
 ' to your taking him out To-night ; but I hope
 ' you will be able to come up with us before we
 ' get many Days March Advance ; and I give
 ' you my Honour you shall have Satisfaction, or
 ' the Man who hath injured you shan't stay in
 ' our Regiment.'

' I wish,' said *Jones*, ' it was possible to de-
 ' cide this Matter To-night: Now you have
 ' mentioned it to me, I shall not be able to
 ' rest.'

' O never think of it,' returned the other,
 ' a few Days will make no Difference. The
 ' Wounds of Honour are not like those in your
 ' Body. They suffer nothing by the Delay of
 ' Cure. It will be altogether as well for you,
 ' to receive Satisfaction a Week hence as now.'

' But suppose,' says *Jones*, ' I should grow
 ' worse, and die of the Consequences of my
 ' present Wound.'

' Then your Honour,' answered the Lieute-
 ' nant, ' will require no Reparation at all. I



‘ myself will do Justice to your Character, and testify to the World your Intention to have acted properly if you had recovered.’

‘ Still,’ replied *Jones*, ‘ I am concerned at the Delay. I am almost afraid to mention it to you who are a Soldier; but tho’ I have been a very wild young Fellow, still in my most serious Moments and at the Bottom, I am really a Christian.’

‘ So am I too, I assure you,’ said the Officer: And so zealous a one, that I was pleased with you at Dinner for taking up the Cause of your Religion; and I am a little offended with you now young Gentleman, that you should express a Fear of declaring your Faith before any one.’

‘ But how terrible must it be,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ to any one who is really a Christian, to cherish Malice in his Breast, in Opposition to the Command of him who hath expressly forbid it? How can I bear to do this on a sick Bed? Or how shall I make up my Account, with such an Article as this in my Bosom against me?’

‘ Why I believe there is such a Command,’ cries the Lieutenant; ‘ but a Man of Honour can’t keep it. And you must be a Man of Honour, if you will be in the Army. I remember I once put the Case to our Chaplain over a Bowl of Punch, and he confessed there was much Difficulty in it; but he said, he hoped there might be a Latitude granted to Soldiers in this one Instance; and to be sure it is our Duty to hope so: For who would bear to live without his Honour? No, no, my dear Boy, be a good Christian as long as you live; but be a Man of Honour too, and never put up an
‘ Af-