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

In Four Volumes

**Fielding, Henry**

**London, 1750**

Chap. III. In which the Surgeon makes his second Appearance.

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which Words he shook a Purse, which had but very little in it, and which still appeared to the Landlady to have less.

My good Landlady was (according to vulgar Phrase) struck all of a Heap by this Relation. She answered coldly, 'That to be sure People were the best Judges what was most proper for their Circumstances.—But hark,' says she, 'I think I hear somebody call. Coming! coming! the Devil's in all our Volk, nobody hath any Ears. I must go down Stairs; if you want any more Breakfast, the Maid will come up. Coming!' At which Words, without taking any Leave, she flung out of the Room: For the lower Sort of People are very tenacious of Respect; and tho' they are contented to give this gratis to Persons of Quality, yet they never confer it on those of their own Order without taking care to be well paid for their Pains.

### C H A P. III.

*In which the Surgeon makes his second Appearance.*

**B**EFORE we proceed any farther, that the Reader may not be mistaken in imagining the Landlady knew more than she did, nor surprized that she knew so much, it may be necessary to inform him, that the Lieutenant had acquainted her that the Name of *Sophia* had been the Occasion of the Quarrel; and as for the rest of her Knowledge, the sagacious Reader will observe how she came by it in the preceding Scene. Great Curiosity was indeed mixed with her Virtues; and she never willingly suffered any one to depart from her House without enquiring

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as much as possible into their Names, Families and Fortunes.

She was no sooner gone than *Jones*, instead of animadverting on her Behaviour, reflected that he was in the same Bed, which he was informed had held his dear *Sophia*. This occasioned a thousand fond and tender Thoughts, which we would dwell longer upon, did we not consider that such kind of Lovers will make a very inconsiderable Part of our Readers.

In this Situation the Surgeon found him, when he came to dress his Wound. The Doctor, perceiving, upon Examination, that his Pulse was disordered, and hearing that he had not slept, declared that he was in great Danger: For he apprehended a Fever was coming on; which he would have prevented by Bleeding, but *Jones* would not submit, declaring he would lose no more Blood; and 'Doctor,' says he, 'if you will be so kind only to dress my Head, I have no doubt of being well in a Day or two.'

'I wish,' answered the Surgeon, 'I could assure your being well in a Month or two. Well, indeed! No, no, People are not so soon well of such Contusions; but, Sir, I am not at this Time of Day to be instructed in my Operations by a Patient, and I insist on making a Revulsion before I dress you.'

*Jones* persisted obstinately in his Refusal, and the Doctor at last yielded; telling him at the same Time, that he would not be answerable for the ill Consequences; and hoped he would do him the Justice to acknowledge that he had given him a contrary Advice; which the Patient promised he would.

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The Doctor retired into the Kitchen, where, addressing himself to the Landlady, he complained bitterly of the undutiful Behaviour of his Patient, who would not be blooded, though he was in a Fever.

‘It is an eating Fever then,’ says the Landlady: ‘For he hath devoured two swinging buttered Toasts this Morning for Breakfast.’

‘Very likely,’ says the Doctor; ‘I have known People eat in a Fever; and it is very easily accounted for; because the Acidity occasioned by the febrile Matter, may stimulate the Nerves of the Diaphragm, and thereby occasion a Craving, which will not be easily distinguishable from a natural Appetite; but the Aliment will not be concremented, nor assimilated into Chyle, and so will corrode the vascular Orifices, and thus will aggravate the febrile Symptoms. Indeed I think the Gentleman in a very dangerous Way, and, if he is not blooded, I am afraid will die.’

‘Every Man must die some Time or other,’ answered the good Woman; ‘it is no Business of mine. I hope, Doctor, you would not have me hold him while you bleed him.—But, harkee, a Word in your Ear; I would advise you before you proceed too far, to take care who is to be your Paymaster.’

‘Paymaster!’ said the Doctor, staring, ‘why, I’ve a Gentleman under my Hands, have I not?’

‘I imagined so as well as you,’ said the Landlady; ‘but as my first Husband used to say, every Thing is not what it looks to be. He is an arrant Scrub, I assure you. However, take no Notice that I mentioned any thing to you of  
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‘ the Matter; but I think People in Business of  
 ‘ always to let one another know such Things.’  
 ‘ And have I suffered such a Fellow as this,’  
 cries the Doctor, in a Passion, ‘ to instruct me?  
 ‘ Shall I hear my Practice insulted by one who  
 ‘ will not pay me! I am glad I have made this  
 ‘ Discovery in Time. I will see now whether  
 ‘ he will be blooded or no.’ He then im-  
 mediately went up Stairs, and flinging open the  
 Door of the Chamber with much Violence,  
 awaked poor *Jones* from a very sound Nap, into  
 which he was fallen, and what was still worse,  
 from a delicious Dream concerning *Sophia*.

‘ Will you be blooded or no?’ cries the Doc-  
 tor, in a Rage. ‘ I have told you my Resolution  
 ‘ already,’ answered *Jones*, ‘ and I wish with all  
 ‘ my Heart you had taken my Answer: For you  
 ‘ have awaked me out of the sweetest Sleep which  
 ‘ I ever had in my Life.’

‘ Ay, ay,’ cries the Doctor, ‘ many a Man  
 ‘ hath dosed away his Life. Sleep is not always  
 ‘ good, no more than Food; but remember I  
 ‘ demand of you for the last Time, will you be  
 ‘ blooded?’ ‘ I answer you for the last Time,’  
 said *Jones*, ‘ I will not.’ ‘ Then I wash my  
 ‘ Hands of you,’ cries the Doctor; and I desire  
 ‘ you to pay me for the Trouble I have had al-  
 ‘ ready. Two Journeys at 5 s. each, two Dress-  
 ‘ ings at 5 s. more, and half a Crown for Phle-  
 ‘ botomy.’ ‘ I hope,’ said *Jones*, ‘ you don’t  
 ‘ intend to leave me in this Condition.’ ‘ In-  
 ‘ deed but I shall,’ said the other. ‘ Then,’ said  
*Jones*, ‘ you have used me rascally, and I will  
 ‘ not pay you a Farthing.’ ‘ Very well,’ cries  
 the Doctor, ‘ the first Loss is the best. What  
 ‘ a Pox did my Landlady mean by sending for me  
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