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

In Four Volumes

**Fielding, Henry**

**London, 1750**

Chap. VIII. Jones arrives at Gloucester, and goes to the Bell; the Character of that House, and of a Pettyfogger, which he there meets with.

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The Bill being made and discharged, *Jones* set forward with *Partridge*, carrying his Knap-sack; nor did the Landlady condescend to wish him a good Journey: for this was, it seems, an Inn frequented by People of Fashion; and I know not whence it is, but all those who get their Livelihood by People of Fashion, contract as much Insolence to the rest of Mankind, as if they really belonged to that Rank themselves.

## C H A P. VIII.

*Jones arrives at Gloucester, and goes to the Bell; the Character of that House, and of a Petty-fogger, which he there meets with.*

**M**R. *Jones*, and *Partridge*, or *Little Benjamin*, (which Epithet of *Little* was perhaps given him ironically, he being in reality near six Feet high) having left their last Quarters in the Manner before described, travelled on to *Gloucester*, without meeting any Adventure worth relating.

Being arrived here, they chose for their House of Entertainment the Sign of the *Bell*, an excellent House indeed, and which I do most seriously recommend to every Reader who shall visit this ancient City. The Master of it is Brother to the great Preacher *Whitefield*; but is absolutely untainted with the pernicious Principles of Methodism, or of any other heretical Sect. He is indeed a very honest plain Man, and, in my Opinion, not likely to create any Disturbance either in Church or State. His Wife hath, I believe, had much Pretension to Beauty, and is still a very fine Woman. Her Person and Deportment might  
have

have made a shining Figure in the politeſt Aſſemblies; but tho' ſhe muſt be conſcious of this, and many other Perfections, ſhe ſeems perfectly contented with, and reſigned to that State of Life to which ſhe is called; and this Reſignation is entirely owing to the Prudence and Wiſdom of her Temper: For ſhe is at preſent as free from any methodiſtical Notions as her Husband. I ſay at preſent: For ſhe freely confeſſes, that her Brother's Documents made at firſt ſome Impreſſion upon her, and that ſhe had put herſelf to the Experience of a long Hood, in order to attend the extraordinary Emotions of the Spirit; but having found, during an Experiment of three Weeks, no Emotions, ſhe ſays, worth a Farthing, ſhe very wiſely laid by her Hood, and abandoned the Sect. To be conſiſt, ſhe is a very friendly, good-natured Woman; and ſo induſtrious to oblige, that the Guests muſt be of a very moroſe Diſpoſition who are not extremely well ſatisfied in her Houſe.

Mrs. *Whitefield* happened to be in the Yard when *Jones* and his Attendant marched in. Her Sagacity ſoon diſcovered in the Air of our Heroe ſomething which diſtinguiſhed him from the Vulgar. She ordered her Servants, therefore, immediately to ſhew him into a Room, and preſently afterwards invited him to Dinner with herſelf; which Invitation he very thankfully accepted: For indeed much leſs agreeable Company than that of Mrs. *Whitefield*, and a much worſe Entertainment than ſhe had provided, would have been welcome, after ſo long faſting, and ſo long a Walk.

Besides

Besides Mr. *Jones* and the good Governess of the Mansion, there sat down at Table an Attorney of *Salisbury*, indeed the very same who had brought the News of Mrs. *Blifil's* Death to Mr. *Allworthy*, and whose Name, which, I think, we did not before mention, was *Dawling*: There was likewise present another Person, who filed himself a Lawyer, and who lived somewhere near *Linlinch* in *Somersetshire*. This Fellow, I say, filed himself a Lawyer, but was indeed a most vile Petty-fogger, without Sense or Knowledge of any Kind; one of those who may be termed Train-bearers to the Law; a Sort of Supernumeraries in the Profession, who are the Hackneys of Attornies, and will ride more Miles for half a Crown than a Post-boy.

During the Time of Dinner, the *Somersetshire* Lawyer recollected the Face of *Jones*, which he had seen at Mr. *Allworthy's*: For he had often visited in that Gentleman's Kitchin. He therefore took Occasion to enquire after the good Family there, with that Familiarity which would have become an intimate Friend or Acquaintance of Mr. *Allworthy*; and indeed he did all in his Power to insinuate himself to be such, though he had never had the Honour of speaking to any Person in that Family higher than the Butler. *Jones* answered all his Questions with much Civility, though he never remembered to have seen the Petty-fogger before, and though he concluded from the outward Appearance and Behaviour of the Man, that he usurped a Freedom with his Betters, to which he was by no means intitled.

As the Conversation of Fellows of this Kind, is of all others the most detestable to Men of any Sense, the Cloth was no sooner removed than  
Mr.

Mr. *Jones* withdrew, and a little barbarously left poor Mrs. *Whitefield* to do a Pennance, which I have often heard Mr. *Timothy Harris*, and other Publicans of good Taste, lament, as the severest Lot annexed to their Calling, namely, that of being obliged to keep Company with their Guests.

*Jones* had no sooner quitted the Room, than the Petty-fogger, in a whispering Tone, asked Mrs. *Whitefield*, ‘ if she knew who that fine Spark was?’ She answered, ‘ she had never seen the Gentleman before.’ ‘ The Gentleman, indeed!’ replied the Petty-fogger; ‘ a pretty Gentleman truly! Why, he’s the Bastard of a Fellow who was hanged for Horse-stealing. He was dropt at Squire *Allworthy*’s Door, where one of the Servants found him in a Box so full of Rain-water, that he would certainly have been drowned, had he not been reserved for another Fate.’ ‘ Ay, ay, you need not mention it, I protest; we understand what that Fate is very well,’ cries *Dowling*, with a most facetious Grin. ‘ Well,’ continued the other, ‘ the Squire ordered him to be taken in: For he is a timbersome Man every Body knows, and was afraid of drawing himself into a Scrape; and there the Bastard was bred up, and fed and cloathified all to the World like any Gentleman; and there he got one of the Servant Maids with Child, and persuaded her to swear it to the Squire himself; and afterwards he broke the Arm of one Mr. *Thwackum* a Clergyman, only because he reprimanded him for following Whores; and afterwards he snapt a Pistol at Mr. *Bliffl* behind his Back; and once when Squire *Allworthy* was sick, he got a Drum,

‘ and

‘ and beat it all over the House, to prevent him  
 ‘ from sleeping: And twenty other Pranks he  
 ‘ hath played; for all which, about four or five  
 ‘ Days ago, just before I left the Country, the  
 ‘ Squire strip’d him stark naked, and turned him  
 ‘ out of Doors.’

‘ And very justly too, I protest,’ cries *Dowling*;  
 ‘ I would turn my own Son out of Doors,  
 ‘ if he was guilty of half as much. And pray  
 ‘ what is the Name of this pretty Gentleman?’

‘ The Name o’un!’ answered *Petty-fogger*,  
 ‘ why, he is called *Thomas Jones*.’

‘ *Jones!*’ answered *Dowling*, a little eagerly,  
 ‘ what, *Mr. Jones* that lived at *Mr. Allworthy’s!*  
 ‘ was that the Gentleman that dined with us?’

‘ The very same,’ said the other. ‘ I have heard  
 ‘ of the Gentleman,’ cries *Dowling*, ‘ often; but  
 ‘ I never heard any ill Character of him.’ And  
 ‘ I am sure,’ says *Mrs. Whitefield*, ‘ if half what  
 ‘ this Gentleman hath said be true, *Mr. Jones*  
 ‘ hath the most deceitful Countenance I ever  
 ‘ saw; for sure his Looks promise something  
 ‘ very different; and I must say, for the little I  
 ‘ have seen of him, he is as-civil a well-bred Man  
 ‘ as you would wish to converse with.’

*Pettyfogger* calling to mind that he had not  
 been sworn, as he usually was, before he gave his  
 Evidence, now bound what he had declared with  
 so many Oaths and Imprecations, that the Land-  
 lady’s Ears were shocked, and she put a Stop to his  
 swearing, by assuring him of her Belief. Upon  
 which he said, ‘ I hope, Madam, you imagine I  
 ‘ would scorn to tell such Things of any Man,  
 ‘ unless I knew them to be true. What Interest  
 ‘ have I in taking away the Reputation of a Man  
 ‘ who never injured me?’ I promise you every

‘ Syllable of what I have said is Fact, and the  
‘ whole Country knows it.’

As Mrs. *Whitefield* had no Reason to suspect that the Pettyfogger had any Motive or Temptation to abuse *Jones*, the Reader cannot blame her for believing what he so confidently affirmed with many Oaths. She accordingly gave up her Skill in Physiognomy, and henceforwards conceived so ill an Opinion of her Guest, that she heartily wished him out of her House.

This Dislike was now farther increased by a Report which Mr. *Whitefield* made from the Kitchen, where *Partridge* had informed the Company, ‘ That tho’ he carried the Knapsack, and  
‘ contented himself with staying among Servants,  
‘ while *Tom Jones* (as he called him) was regaling  
‘ in the Parlour, he was not his Servant, but only  
‘ a Friend and Companion, and as good a Gentleman as Mr. *Jones* himself.’

*Dawling* sat all this while silent, biting his Fingers, making Faces, grinning, and looking wonderfully arch; at last he opened his Lips, and protested that the Gentleman looked like another Sort of Man. He then called for his Bill with the utmost Haste, declared he must be at *Hereford* that Evening, lamented his great Hurry of Business, and wished he could divide himself into twenty Pieces, in order to be at once in twenty Places.

The Pettyfogger now likewise departed, and then *Jones* desired the Favour of Mrs. *Whitefield*’s Company to drink Tea with him; but she refused, and with a Manner so different from that with which she had received him at Dinner, that it a little surprized him. And now he soon perceived her Behaviour totally changed; for instead  
of

of that natural Affability which we have before celebrated, she wore a constrained Severity on her Countenance, which was so disagreeable to Mr. *Jones*, that he resolved, however late, to quit the House that Evening.

He did indeed account somewhat unfairly for this sudden Change; for besides some hard and unjust Surmises concerning female Fickleness and Mutability, he began to suspect that he owed this Want of Civility to his Want of Horses; a Sort of Animals which, as they dirty no Sheets, are thought, in Inns, to pay better for their Beds than their Riders, and are therefore considered as the more desirable Company; but Mrs. *Whitefield*, to do her Justice, had a much more liberal Way of thinking. She was perfectly well-bred, and could be very civil to a Gentleman, tho' he walked on Foot: In Reality, she looked on our Heroe as a sorry Scoundrel, and therefore treated him as such, for which not even *Jones* himself, had he known as much as the Reader, could have blamed her; nay, on the contrary, he must have approved her Conduct, and have esteemed her the more for the Disrespect shewn towards himself. This is indeed a most aggravating Circumstance which attends depriving Men unjustly of their Reputation; for a Man who is conscious of having an ill Character, cannot justly be angry with those who neglect and slight him; but ought rather to despise such as affect his Conversation, unless where a perfect Intimacy must have convinced them that their Friend's Character hath been falsely and injuriously aspersed.

This was not, however, the Case of *Jones*; for as he was a perfect Stranger to the Truth, so he was with good Reason offended at the Treat-

