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The History Of Tom Jones, A Foundling

In Four Volumes

Fielding, Henry

London, 1750

Chap. II. Containing a very surprizing Adventure indeed, which Mr. Jones met with in his Walk with the Man of the Hill.

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this latter, strikes with much stronger Ideas of Absurdity, when contrasted with, and opposed to the Politeness which controuls the former. Besides, to say the Truth the Manners of our Historian will be improved by both these Conversations: For in the one he will easily find Examples of Plainness, Honesty, and Sincerity; in the other of Refinement, Elegance, and a Liberality of Spirit; which last Quality I myself have scarce ever seen in Men of low Birth and Education.

Nor will all the Qualities I have hitherto given my Historian avail him, unless he have what is generally meant by a good Heart, and be capable of feeling. The Author who will make me weep, says *Horace*, must first weep himself. In reality, no Man can paint a Distress well, which he doth not feel while he is painting it; nor do I doubt, but that the most pathetic and affecting Scenes have been writ with Tears. In the same Manner it is with the Ridiculous. I am convinced I never make my Reader laugh heartily, but where I have laughed before him; unless it should happen at any Time, that instead of laughing with me, he should be inclined to laugh at me. Perhaps this may have been the Case at some Passages in this Chapter, from which Apprehension I will here put an End to it.

CH A P. II.

Containing a very surprizing Adventure indeed, which Mr. Jones met with in his Walk with the Man of the Hill.

A U R O R A now first opened her Casement, *Anglicè*, the Day began to break, when *Lanes* walked forth in Company with the Stranger, and

and mounted *Mazard Hill*; of which they had no sooner gained the Summit, than one of the most noble Prospects in the World presented itself to their View, and which we would likewise present to the Reader; but for two Reasons. *First*, We despair of making those who have seen this Prospect, admire our Description. *Secondly*, We very much doubt whether those, who have not seen it, would understand it.

Jones stood for some Minutes fixed in one Posture, and directing his Eyes towards the South; upon which the old Gentleman asked, What he was looking at with so much Attention? ‘Alas, Sir,’ answered he’ with a Sigh, ‘I was endeavouring to trace out my own Journey hither. Good Heavens! what a Distance is *Gloucester* from us! What a vast Tract of Land must be between me and my own Home.’ ‘Ay, ay, young Gentleman,’ cries the other, ‘and, by your Sighing, from what you love better than your own Home, or I am mistaken. I perceive now the Object of your Contemplation is not within your Sight, and yet I fancy you have a Pleasure in looking that Way.’ *Jones* answered with a Smile, ‘I find, old Friend, you have not yet forgot the Sensations of your Youth.—I own my Thoughts were employed as you have guessed.’

They now walked to that Part of the Hill which looks to the North-West, and which hangs over a vast and extensive Wood. Here they were no sooner arrived, than they heard at a Distance the most violent Screams of a Woman, proceeding from the Wood below them.

Jones listened a Moment, and then, without saying a Word to his Companion (for indeed the Occasion seemed sufficiently pressing) ran, or ra-

ther slid, down the Hill, and without the least Apprehension or Concern for his own Safety, made directly to the Thicket whence the Sound had issued.

He had not entered far into the Wood before he beheld a most shocking Sight indeed, a Woman stript half naked, under the Hands of a Russian, who had put his Garter round her Neck, and was endeavouring to draw her up to a Tree. *Jones* asked no Questions at this Interval; but fell instantly upon the Villain, and made such good Use of his trusty Oaken Stick, that he laid him sprawling on the Ground, before he could defend himself, indeed almost before he knew he was attacked; nor did he cease the Prosecution of his Blows, till the Woman herself begged him to forbear, saying, she believed he had sufficiently done his Business.

The poor Wretch then fell upon her Knees to *Jones*, and gave him a thousand Thanks for her Deliverance: He presently lifted her up, and told her he was highly pleased with the extraordinary Accident which had sent him thither for her Relief, where it was so improbable she should find any; adding, that Heaven seemed to have designed him as the happy Instrument of her Protection. ‘Nay,’ answered she, ‘I could almost conceive you to be some good Angel; and to say the Truth, you look more like an Angel than a Man, in my Eye.’ Indeed he was a charming Figure, and if a very fine Person, and a most comely Set of Features, adorned with Youth, Health, Strength, Freshness, Spirit and Good Nature, can make a Man resemble an Angel, he certainly had that Resemblance.

The redeemed Captive had not altogether so much of the human-angelic Species: She seemed to

to be, at least, of the middle Age, nor had her Face much Appearance of Beauty; but her Cloaths being torn from all the upper Part of her Body, her Breasts, which were well formed, and extremely white, attracted the Eyes of her Deliverer, and for a few Moments they stood silent, and gazing at each other; till the Russian on the Ground beginning to move, *Jones* took the Garter which had been intended for another Purpose, and bound both his Hands behind him. And now, on contemplating his Face, he discovered, greatly to his Surprise, and perhaps not a little to his Satisfaction, this very Person to be no other than Ensign *Northerton*. Nor had the Ensign forgotten his former Antagonist, whom he knew the Moment he came to himself. His Surprise was equal to that of *Jones*; but I conceive his Pleasure was rather less on this Occasion.

Jones helped *Northerton* upon his Legs, and then looking him steadfastly in the Face, ‘I fancy, Sir,’ said he, ‘you did not expect to meet me any more in this World, and I confess I had as little Expectation to find you here. However, Fortune, I see, hath brought us once more together, and hath given me Satisfaction for the Injury I have received, even without my own Knowledge.’

‘It is very much like a Man of Honour indeed,’ answered *Northerton*, ‘to take Satisfaction by knocking a Man down behind his Back. Neither am I capable of giving you Satisfaction here, as I have no Sword; but if you dare behave like a Gentleman, let us go where I can furnish myself with one, and I will do by you as a Man of Honour ought.’

‘Doth it become such a Villain as you are,’ cries *Jones*, ‘to contaminate the Name of Honour

nour by assuming it? But I shall waste no Time in Discourse with you—Justice requires Satisfaction of you now, and shall have it.' Then turning to the Woman, he asked her, if she was near her Home; or if not, whether she was acquainted with any House in the Neighbourhood, where she might procure herself some decent Cloaths, in order to proceed to a Justice of the Peace.

She answered, she was an entire Stranger in that Part of the World. *Jones* then recollecting himself, said he had a Friend near, who would direct them; indeed he wondered at his not following; but, in Fact, the good Man of the Hill, when our Heroe departed, sat himself down on the Brow, where, though he had a Gun in his Hand, he with great Patience and Unconcern, had attended the Issue.

Jones then stepping without the Wood, perceived the old Man sitting as we have just described him: He presently exerted his utmost Agility, and with surprizing Expedition ascended the Hill.

The old Man advised him to carry the Woman to *Upton*, which, he said, was the nearest Town, and there he would be sure of furnishing her with all Manner of Conveniencies. *Jones* having received his Direction to the Place, took his Leave of the Man of the Hill, and desiring him to direct *Partridge* the same Way, returned hastily to the Wood.

Our Heroe, at his Departure to make this Enquiry of his Friend, had considered, that as the Russian's Hands were tied behind him, he was incapable of executing any wicked Purposes on the poor Woman. Besides, he knew he should not be beyond the Reach of her Voice, and could
return

