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The History Of Tom Jones, A Foundling

In Four Volumes

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Chap. V. An Apology for all Heroes who have good Stomachs, with a
Description of a Battle of the amorous Kind.

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two Instances: For first, the present Company poured the Liquor only down their Throats; and, 2dly, The Serjeant, who officiated as Priest, drank the last; but he preserved, I believe, the antient Form in swallowing much the largest Draught of the whole Company, and in being the only Person present who contributed nothing towards the Libation, besides his good Offices in assisting at the Performance.

The good People now ranged themselves round the Kitchin Fire, where good Humour seemed to maintain an absolute Dominion, and Partridge not only forgot his shameful Defeat, but converted Hunger into Thirst, and soon became extremely facetious. We must, however, quit this agreeable Assembly for a while, and attend Mr. Jones to Mrs. Waters's Apartment, where the Dinner which he had now bespoke was on the Table. Indeed it took no long Time in preparing, having been all drest three Days before, and required nothing more from the Cook than to warm it over again.

CHAP. V.

An Apology for all Heroes who have good Stomachs, with a Description of a Battle of the amorous Kind.

HEROES, notwithstanding the high Ideas, which by the Means of Flatterers they may entertain of themselves, or the World may conceive of them, have certainly more of Mortal than Divine about them. However elevated their Minds may be, their Bodies at least (which is much the major Part of most) are liable to the worst Infirmities, and subject to the vilest Offices of human Nature. Among these latter the Act of Eating, which hath by several wise Men been

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considered as extremely mean and derogatory from the Philosophic Dignity, must be in some Measure performed by the greatest Prince, Heroe, or Philosopher upon Earth; nay, sometimes Nature hath been so frolicsome as to exact of these dignified Characters, a much more exorbitant Share of this Office, than she hath obliged those of the lowest Order to perform.

To say the Truth, as no known Inhabitant of this Globe is really more than Man, so none need be ashamed of submitting to what the Necessities of Man demand; but when those great Personages I have just mentioned, condescend to aim at confining such low Offices to themselves; as when by hoarding or destroying, they seem desirous to prevent any others from eating, they then surely become very low and despicable.

Now after this short Preface, we think it no Disparagement to our Heroe to mention the immoderate Ardour with which he laid about him at this Season. Indeed it may be doubted, whether *Ulysses*, who by the Way seems to have had the best Stomach of all the Heroes in that eating Poem of the *Odyssey*, ever made a better Meal. Three Pounds at least of that Flesh which formerly had contributed to the Composition of an Ox, was now honoured with becoming Part of the individual Mr. *Jones*.

This Particular we thought ourselves obliged to mention, as it may account for our Heroe's temporary Neglect of his fair Companion; who eat but very little, and was indeed employed in Considerations of a very different Nature, which passed unobserved by *Jones*, till he had entirely satisfied that Appetite which a Fast of twenty-four Hours had procured him; but his Dinner was no sooner ended, than his Attention to other
Matters

Matters revived; with these Matters therefore we shall now proceed to acquaint the Reader.

Mr. *Jones*, of whose personal Accomplishments we have hitherto said very little, was in reality, one of the handsomest young Fellows in the World. His Face, besides being the Picture of Health, had in it the most apparent Marks of Sweetness and Good-Nature. These Qualities were indeed so characteristical in his Countenance, that while the Spirit and Sensibility in his Eyes, tho' they must have been perceived by an accurate Observer, might have escaped the Notice of the less discerning, so strongly was this Good-nature painted in his Look, that it was remarked by almost every one who saw him.

It was, perhaps, as much owing to this, as to a very fine Complexion, that his Face had a Delicacy in it almost inexpressible, and which might have given him an Air rather too effeminate, had it not been joined to a most masculine Person and Mein; which latter had as much in them of the *Hercules*, as the former had of the *Adonis*. He was besides active, genteel, gay and good-humoured, and had a Flow of Animal Spirits, which enlivened every Conversation where he was present.

When the Reader hath duly reflected on these many Charms which all centered in our Heroe, and considers at the same Time the fresh Obligations which Mrs. *Waters* had to him, it will be a Mark more of Prudery than Candour to entertain a bad Opinion of her, because she conceived a very good Opinion of him.

But whatever Censures may be passed upon her, it is my Business to relate Matters of Fact with Veracity. Mrs. *Waters* had, in Truth, not only a good Opinion of our Heroe, but a very great



Affection for him. To speak out boldly at once, she was in Love, according to the present universally received Sense of that Phrase, by which Love is applied indiscriminately to the desirable Objects of all our Passions, Appetites, and Senses, and is understood to be that Preference which we give to one Kind of Food rather than to another.

But tho' the Love to these several Objects may possibly be one and the same in all Cases, its Operations however must be allowed to be different; for how much soever we may be in Love with an excellent Surloin of Beef, or Bottle of *Burgundy*; with a *Damask Rose*, or *Cremona Fiddle*; yet do we never smile, nor ogle, nor dress, nor flatter, nor endeavour by any other Arts or Tricks to gain the Affection of the said Beef, &c. Sigh indeed we sometimes may; but it is generally in the Absence, not in the Presence of the beloved Object. For otherwise we might possibly complain of their Ingratitude and Deafness, with the same Reason as *Pasiphae* doth of her Bull, whom she endeavoured to engage by all the Coquetry practised with good Success in the Drawing Room, on the much more sensible, as well as tender, Hearts of the fine Gentlemen there.

The contrary happens, in that Love which operates between Persons of the same Species, but of different Sexes. Here we are no sooner in Love, than it becomes our principal Care to engage the Affection of the Object beloved. For what other Purpose indeed are our Youth instructed in all the Arts of rendering themselves agreeable? If it was not with a View to this Love, I question whether any of those Trades which deal in setting off and adorning the human Person would procure a Livelihood. Nay, those great Polishers of our Manners, who are by some thought

thought to teach what principally distinguishes us from the Brute Creation, even Dancing-Masters themselves, might possibly find no Place in Society. In short, all the Graces which young Ladies and young Gentlemen too learn from others; and the many Improvements which, by the Help of a Looking-glass, they add of their own, are in Reality those very *Spicula & Faces Amoris*, so often mentioned by *Ovid*; or, as they are sometimes called in our own Language, *The whole Artillery of Love*.

Now Mrs. *Waters* and our Heroe had no sooner sat down together, than the former began to play this Artillery upon the latter. But here, as we are about to attempt a Description hitherto unessay'd either in Prose or Verse, we think proper to invoke the Assistance of certain Aerial Beings, who will, we doubt not, come kindly to our Aid on this Occasion.

‘ Say then, ye Graces, you that inhabit the heavenly Mansions of *Seraphina’s* Countenance; for you are truly Divine, are always in her Presence, and well know all the Arts of charming; say, what were the Weapons now used to captivate the Heart of Mr. *Jones*.’

‘ First, from two lovely blue Eyes, whose bright Orbs flash’d Lightning at their Discharge, flew forth two pointed Ogles. But happily for our Heroe, hit only a vast Piece of Beef which he was then conveying into his Plate, and harmless spent their Force. The fair Warrior perceived their Miscarriage, and immediately from her fair Bosom drew forth a deadly Sigh. A Sigh, which none could have heard unmoved, and which was sufficient at once to have swept off a dozen Beaus; so soft, so sweet, so tender, that the insinuating Air
P 2 ‘ must

' must have found its subtle Way to the Heart of
 ' our Heroe, had it not luckily been driven from
 ' his Ears by the coarse Bubbling of some bot-
 ' tled Ale, which at that Time he was pouring
 ' forth. Many other Weapons did she assay ;
 ' but the God of Eating (if there be any such
 ' Deity ; for I do not confidently assert it) pre-
 ' served his Votary ; or perhaps it may not be
 ' *Dignus Vindice nodus*, and the present Security
 ' of *Jones* may be accounted for by natural
 ' Means : For as Love frequently preserves from
 ' the Attacks of Hunger, so may Hunger possi-
 ' bly, in some Cases, defend us against Love.

' The Fair One, enraged at her frequent Dis-
 ' appointments, determined on a short Cessation
 ' of Arms. Which Interval she employed in
 ' making ready every Engine of amorous War-
 ' fare for the renewing of the Attack, when
 ' Dinner should be over.

' No sooner then was the Cloth removed, than
 ' she again began her Operations. First, having
 ' planted her Right Eye side-ways against Mr.
 ' *Jones*, she shot from its Corner a most pene-
 ' trating Glance ; which, tho' great Part of its
 ' Force was spent before it reached our Heroe,
 ' did not vent itself absolutely without Effect.
 ' This the Fair One perceiving, hastily with-
 ' drew her Eyes, and leveled them downwards
 ' as if she was concerned for what she had done :
 ' Tho' by this Means she designed only to draw
 ' him from his Guard, and indeed to open his
 ' Eyes, through which she intended to surprize
 ' his Heart. And now, gently lifting up those
 ' two bright Orbs which had already begun to
 ' make an Impression on poor *Jones*, she dis-
 ' charged a Volley of small Charms at once from
 ' her whole Countenance in a Smile. Not a

Smile