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

In Four Volumes

**Fielding, Henry**

**London, 1750**

Chap. VI. By what Means the Squire came to discover his Daughter.

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‘dam, will I,’ cries the Squire: ‘You need not fear being without a Servant; I will get you another Maid, and a better Maid than this, who, I’d lay five Pound to a Crown, is no more a Maid than my Grannum. No, no, *Sophy*, she shall contrive no more Escapes I promise you.’ He then packed up his Daughter and the Parson into the Hackney Coach, after which he mounted himself, and ordered it to drive to his Lodgings. In the Way thither he suffered *Sophia* to be quiet, and entertained himself with reading a Lecture to the Parson on good Manners, and a proper Behaviour to his Betters.

It is possible he might not so easily have carried off his Daughter from Lady *Bellafton*, had that good Lady desired to have detained her; but in reality, she was not a little pleased with the Confinement into which *Sophia* was going: And as her Project with Lord *Fellamar* had failed of Success, she was well contented that other violent Methods were now going to be used in Favour of another Man.

## C H A P. VI.

*By what Means the Squire came to discover his Daughter.*

**T**HOUGH the Reader in many Histories is obliged to digest much more unaccountable Appearances than this of Mr. *Western*, without any Satisfaction at all; yet, as we dearly love to oblige him whenever it is in our Power, we shall now proceed to shew by what Method the Squire discovered where his Daughter was.

In

In the third Chapter then of the preceding Book, we gave a Hint (for it is not our Custom to unfold at any Time more than is necessary for the Occasion) that Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, who was very desirous of reconciling her Uncle and Aunt *Western*, thought she had a probable Opportunity, by the Service of preserving *Sophia* from committing the same Crime which had drawn on herself the Anger of her Family. After much Deliberation therefore she resolv'd to inform her Aunt *Western* where her Cousin was, and accordingly she writ the following Letter, which we shall give the Reader at length, for more Reasons than one.

‘ Honoured Madam,

‘ The Occasion of my writing this will perhaps make a Letter of mine agreeable to my dear Aunt, for the Sake of one of her Neices, tho’ I have little Reason to hope it will be so on the Account of another.

‘ Without more Apology, as I was coming to throw my unhappy Self at your Feet, I met, by the strangest Accident in the World, my Cousin *Sophy*, whose History you are better acquainted with than myself, though, alas! I know infinitely too much; enough indeed to satisfy me, that unless she is immediately prevented, she is in Danger of running into the same fatal Mischiefs, which, by foolishly and ignorantly refusing your most wise and prudent Advice, I have unfortunately brought on myself.

‘ In short, I have seen the Man, nay, I was most part of Yesterday in his Company, and a charming young Fellow I promise you he is.

‘ By



' By what Accident he came acquainted with me  
 ' is too tedious to tell you now; but I have this  
 ' Morning changed my Lodgings to avoid him,  
 ' lest he should by my Means discover my Cou-  
 ' sin; for he doth not yet know where she is,  
 ' and it is adviseable he should not, till my Uncle  
 ' hath secured her.---No Time therefore is to be  
 ' lost; and I need only inform you, that she is  
 ' now with Lady *Bellaston*, whom I have seen,  
 ' and who hath, I find, a Design of concealing  
 ' her from her Family. You know, Madam,  
 ' she is a strange Woman; but nothing could  
 ' misbecome me more, than to presume to give  
 ' any Hint to one of your great Understanding,  
 ' and great Knowledge of the World, besides  
 ' barely informing you of the Matter of Fact.

' I hope, Madam, the Care which I have  
 ' shewn on this Occasion for the Good of my  
 ' Family, will recommend me again to the Fa-  
 ' vour of a Lady who hath always exerted so  
 ' much Zeal for the Honour and true Interest of  
 ' us all; and that it may be a Means of restoring  
 ' me to your Friendship, which hath made so  
 ' great a Part of my former, and is so necessary  
 ' to my future Happiness. I am,

' With the utmost Respect,

' Honoured Madam,

' Your most dutiful obliged Niece,

' And most Obedient

' Humble Servant,

' *Harriet Fitzpatrick.*

Mrs.

Mrs. *Western* was now at her Brother's House, where she had resided ever since the Flight of *Sophia*, in order to administer Comfort to the poor Squire in his Affliction. Of this Comfort which she doled out to him in daily Portions, we have formerly given a Specimen.

She was now standing with her Back to the Fire, and, with a Pinch of Snuff in her Hand, was dealing forth this daily Allowance of Comfort to the Squire, while he smoaked his Afternoon Pipe, when she received the above Letter; which she had no sooner read than she delivered it to him, saying, 'There, Sir, there is an Account of your lost Sheep. Fortune hath again restored her to you, and if you will be governed by my Advice, it is possible you may yet preserve her.'

The Squire had no sooner read the Letter than he leaped from his Chair, threw his Pipe into the Fire, and gave a loud Huzza for Joy. He then summoned his Servants, called for his Boots, and ordered the *Chevalier* and several other Horses to be saddled, and that Parson *Supple* should be immediately sent for. Having done this, he turned to his Sister, caught her in his Arms, and gave her a close Embrace, saying, 'Zounds! you don't seem pleas'd; one would imagine you was sorry I have found the Girl.'

'Brother,' answered she, 'the deepest Politicians, who see to the Bottom, discover often a very different Aspect of Affairs, from what swims on the Surface. It is true indeed, Things do look rather less desperate than they did formerly in *Holland*, when *Lewis* the fourteenth was at the Gates of *Amsterdam*; but there is a Delicacy required in this Matter, which you will



‘ will pardon me, Brother, if I suspect you  
 ‘ want. There is a Decorum to be used with a  
 ‘ Woman of Figure, such as *Lady Bellaſton*,  
 ‘ Brother, which requires a Knowledge of the  
 ‘ World ſuperior, I am afraid, to yours.’

‘ *Sifter*,’ cries the Squire, ‘ I know you have  
 ‘ no Opinion of my Parts; but I’ll ſhew you on  
 ‘ this Occaſion who is a Fool. Knowledge  
 ‘ quotha! I have not been in the Country ſo long  
 ‘ without having ſome Knowledge of Warrants  
 ‘ and the Law of the Land. I know I may  
 ‘ take my own wherever I can find it. Shew  
 ‘ me my own Daughter, and if I don’t know  
 ‘ how to come at her, I’ll ſuffer you to call me  
 ‘ Fool as long as I live. There be Juſtices of  
 ‘ Peace in *London*, as well as in other Places.’

‘ I proteſt,’ cries ſhe, ‘ you make me tremble  
 ‘ for the Event of this Matter, which if you  
 ‘ will proceed by my Advice, you may bring to  
 ‘ ſo good an Iſſue. Do you really imagine,  
 ‘ Brother, that the Houſe of a Woman of Fi-  
 ‘ gure is to be attacked by Warrants and brutal  
 ‘ Juſtices of the Peace? I will inform you how  
 ‘ to proceed. As ſoon as you arrive in Town,  
 ‘ and have got yourſelf into a decent Dreſs (for  
 ‘ indeed, Brother, you have none at preſent fit  
 ‘ to appear in) you muſt ſend your Compliments  
 ‘ to *Lady Bellaſton*, and deſire Leave to wait on  
 ‘ her. When you are admitted to her Preſence,  
 ‘ as you certainly will be, and have told her your  
 ‘ Story, and have made proper Uſe of my Name,  
 ‘ (for I think you juſt know one another only  
 ‘ by Sight, though you are Relations,) I am con-  
 ‘ fident ſhe will withdraw her Protection from  
 ‘ my Niece, who hath certainly impoſed upon  
 ‘ her. This is the only Method.--- Juſtices of  
 ‘ Peace

‘Peace indeed! do you imagine any such Event can arrive to a Woman of Figure in a civilized Nation?’

‘D---n their Figures,’ cries the Squire; ‘a pretty civilized Nation truly, where Women are above the Law. And what must I stand sending a Parcel of Compliments to a confounded Whore, that keeps away a Daughter from her own natural Father? I tell you, Sister, I am not so ignorant as you think me. ---I know you would have Women above the Law, but it is all a Lie; I heard his Lordship say at Size, that no one is above the Law. But this of yours is *Hannover Law*, I suppose.’

‘Mr. *Western*,’ said she, ‘I think you daily improve in Ignorance.----I protest you are grown an arrant Bear.’

‘No more a Bear than yourself, Sister *Western*,’ said the Squire.---‘Pox! you may talk of your Civility an you will, I am sure you never shew any to me. I am no Bear, no, nor no Dog neither, though I know Somebody, that is something that begins with a B---; but Pox! I will shew you I have a got more good Manners than some Folks.’

‘Mr. *Western*,’ answered the Lady, ‘you may say what you please, *Je vous mesprise de tout mon Cœur*. I shall not therefore be angry.--- Besides, as my Cousin with that odious *Irish* Name justly says, I have that Regard for the Honour and true Interest of my Family, and that Concern for my Niece, who is a Part of it, that I have resolved to go to Town myself upon this Occasion; for indeed, indeed, Brother, you are not a fit Minister to be employed



ployed at a polite Court.---*Greenland--Greenland* should always be the Scene of the *Tramontane* Negotiation.'

'I thank Heaven,' cries the Squire, 'I don't understand you now. You are got to your *Hannoverian* Linguo. However, I'll shew you I scorn to be behind-hand in Civility with you; and as you are not angry for what I have said, so I am not angry for what you have said. Indeed I have always thought it a Folly for Relations to quarrel; and if they do now and then give a hasty Word, why People should give and take; for my Part I never bear Malice; and I take it very kind of you to go up to *London*; for I never was there but twice in my Life, and then I did not stay above a Fortnight at a Time; and to be sure I can't be expected to know much of the Streets and the Folks in that Time. I never denied that you know'd all these Matters better than I. For me to dispute that would be all as one, as for you to dispute the Management of a Pack of Dogs, or the finding a Hare sitting, with me.'--- 'Which I promise you,' says she, 'I never will.' --Well, and I promise you,' returned he, 'that I never will dispute the t'other.'

Here then a League was struck (to borrow a Phrase from the Lady) between the contending Parties; and now the Parson arriving, and the Horses being ready, the Squire departed, having promised his Sister to follow her Advice, and she prepared to follow him the next Day.

But having communicated these Matters to the Parson on the Road, they both agreed that the prescribed Formalities might very well be dispensed with;