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

In Four Volumes

**Fielding, Henry**

**London, 1750**

Chap. VII. In which varoius Missfortunes befal poor Jones.

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with; and the Squire having changed his Mind, proceeded in the Manner we have already seen.

C H A P. VII.

*In which various Misfortunes besel poor Jones.*

A F F A I R S were in the aforesaid Situation, when Mrs. *Honour* arrived at Mrs. *Miller's*, and called *Jones* out from the Company, as we have before seen, with whom, when she found herself alone, she began as follows.

‘ O my dear Sir, how shall I get Spirits to tell you; you are undone, Sir, and my poor Lady’s undone, and I am undone.’ ‘ Hath any thing happened to *Sophia?*’ cries *Jones*, staring like a Mad-man. ‘ All that is bad,’ cries *Honour*; ‘ O I shall never get such another Lady! O that I should ever live to see this Day!’ At these Words *Jones* turned pale as Ashes, trembled and stammered; but *Honour* went on. ‘ O, Mr. *Jones*, I have lost my Lady for ever.’ ‘ How! What! for Heaven’s Sake tell me.---’ ‘ O my dear *Sophia!*’---‘ You may well call her so,’ said *Honour*; ‘ she was the dearest Lady to me.---I shall never have such another Place.’---‘ D---n your Place,’ cries *Jones*; ‘ where is?’ ‘ what! what is become of my *Sophia?*’ ‘ Ay, to be sure,’ cries she, ‘ Servants may be d---n’d. It signifies nothing what becomes of them, tho’ they are turned away, and ruined ever so much. To be sure they are not Flesh and Blood like other People. No to be sure, it signifies nothing what becomes of them.’---‘ If you have any Pity, any Compassion,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ I beg you will instantly tell me what  
‘ hath

' hath happened to *Sophia*? To be sure I have  
 ' more Pity for you than you have for me, an-  
 ' swered *Honour*; I don't d—n you because you  
 ' have lost the sweetest Lady in the World. To  
 ' be sure you are worthy to be pitied, and I an  
 ' worthy to be pitied too: For to be sure if ever  
 ' there was a good Mistress'—' What hath hap-  
 ' pened, cries *Jones*, in almost a raving Fit.----  
 ' What? —What? said *Honour*; why the  
 ' worst that could have happened both for you  
 ' and for me.——Her Father is come to  
 ' Town, and hath carried her away from us  
 ' both.' Here *Jones* fell on his Knees in Thank-  
 ' giving that it was no worse.—' No worse!  
 ' repeated *Honour*, what could be worse for ei-  
 ' ther of us? He carried her off, swearing she  
 ' should marry Mr. *Bliffl*; that's for your Com-  
 ' fort; and for poor me, I am turned out of  
 ' Doors.' ' Indeed Mrs. *Honour*, answered *Jones*,  
 ' you frightened me out of my Wits. I imagined  
 ' some most dreadful sudden Accident had hap-  
 ' pened to *Sophia*; something, compared to  
 ' which, even the seeing her married to *Bliffl*  
 ' would be a Trifle; but while there is Life,  
 ' there are Hopes, my dear *Honour*. Women  
 ' in this Land of Liberty cannot be married by  
 ' actual brutal Force.' ' To be sure, Sir, said  
 ' she, that's true. There may be some Hopes  
 ' for you; but alack-a-day! what Hopes are  
 ' there for poor me? And to be sure, Sir, you  
 ' must be sensible I suffer all this upon your Ac-  
 ' count. All the Quarrel the Squire hath to me  
 ' is for taking your Part, as I have done, against  
 ' Mr. *Bliffl*.' ' Indeed Mrs. *Honour*, answered  
 ' he, I am sensible of my Obligations to you,  
 ' and will leave nothing in my Power undone to  
 VOL. IV. F ' make



‘ make you amends.’ ‘ Alas, Sir, said she, what  
‘ can make a Servant amends for the Loss of one  
‘ Place, but the getting another altogether as  
‘ good!’— ‘ Do not despair, Mrs. Honour, said  
‘ Jones, I hope to reinstate you again in the  
‘ same.’ ‘ Alack-a-day, Sir, said she, how can  
‘ I flatter myself with such Hopes, when I know  
‘ it is a Thing impossible; for the Squire is so  
‘ set against me: And yet if you should ever  
‘ have my Lady, as to be sure I now hopes  
‘ heartily you will; for you are a generous good-  
‘ natured Gentleman, and I am sure you loves  
‘ her, and to be sure she loves you as dearly as  
‘ her own Soul; it is a Matter in vain to deny  
‘ it; because as why, every Body that is in the  
‘ least acquainted with my Lady, must see it;  
‘ for, poor dear Lady, she can’t dissemble; and  
‘ if two People who loves one another a’n’t  
‘ happy, why who should be so? Happiness don’t  
‘ always depend upon what People has; besides,  
‘ my Lady has enough for both. To be sure  
‘ therefore as one may say, it would be all the  
‘ Pity in the World to keep two such Loviers  
‘ asunder; nay, I am convinced for my Part,  
‘ you will meet together at last; for if it is to be,  
‘ there is no preventing it. If a Marriage is  
‘ made in Heaven, all the Justices of Peace upon  
‘ Earth can’t break it off. To be sure I wishes  
‘ that Parson *Supple* had but a little more Spirit  
‘ to tell the Squire of his Wickedness in endeav-  
‘ ouring to force his Daughter contrary to her  
‘ Liking; but then his whole Dependance is on  
‘ the Squire, and so the poor Gentleman, though  
‘ he is a very religious good sort of Man, and  
‘ talks of the Badness of such Doings behind the  
‘ Squire’s Back, yet he dares not say his Soul is  
‘ his

' his own to his Face. To be sure I never saw  
 ' him make so bold as just now, I was afraid the  
 ' Squire would have struck him.—I would not  
 ' have your Honour be melancholy, Sir, nor  
 ' despair; Things may go better, as long as you  
 ' are sure of my Lady, and that I am certain  
 ' you may be; for she never will be brought to  
 ' consent to marry any other Man. Indeed, I am  
 ' terribly afraid the Squire will do her a Mis-  
 ' chief in his Passion: For he is a prodigious  
 ' passionate Gentleman, and I am afraid too the  
 ' poor Lady will be brought to break her Heart;  
 ' for she is as tender-hearted as a Chicken; it is  
 ' pity methinks, she had not a little of my  
 ' Courage. If I was in Love with a young  
 ' Man, and my Father offered to lock me up,  
 ' I'd tear his Eyes out, but I'd come at him;  
 ' but then there's a great Fortune in the Case,  
 ' which it is in her Father's Power either to  
 ' give her or not; that, to be sure, may make  
 ' some Difference.'

Whether *Jones* gave strict Attention to all  
 the foregoing Harangue, or whether it was for  
 want of any Vacancy in the Discourse, I cannot  
 determine; but he never once attempted to an-  
 swer, nor did she once stop, till *Partridge* came  
 running into the Room, and informed him that  
 the great Lady was upon the Stairs.

Nothing could equal the Dilemma to which  
*Jones* was now reduced. *Honour* knew nothing  
 of any Acquaintance that subsisted between him  
 and Lady *Bellafton*, and she was almost the last  
 Person in the World to whom he would have  
 communicated it. In this Hurry and Distress,  
 he took (as is common enough) the worst Course,  
 and instead of exposing her to the Lady, which  
 would



would have been of little Consequence, he chose to expose the Lady to her; he therefore resolved to hide *Honour*, whom he had but just time to convey behind the Bed, and to draw the Curtains.

The Hurry in which *Jones* had been all Day engaged on Account of his poor Landlady and her Family, the Terrors occasioned by Mrs. *Honour*, and the Confusion into which he was thrown by the sudden Arrival of *Lady Bellafton*, had altogether driven former Thoughts out of his Head; so that it never once occur'd to his Memory to act the Part of a sick Man; which indeed, neither the Gaiety of his Dress, nor the Freshness of his Countenance would have at all supported.

He received her Ladyship therefore rather agreeably to her Desires than to her Expectations, with all the good Humour he could muster in his Countenance, and without any real or affected Appearance of the least Disorder.

*Lady Bellafton* no sooner entered the Room, than she squatted herself down on the Bed: 'So, my dear *Jones*,' said she, you find nothing can detain me long from you. Perhaps I ought to be angry with you, that I have neither seen nor heard from you all Day; for I perceive your Distemper would have suffered you to come abroad: Nay, I suppose you have not sat in your Chamber all Day dress'd up like a fine Lady to see Company after a Lying in; but however, don't think I intend to scold you: For I never will give you an Excuse for the cold Behaviour of a Husband, by putting on the ill Humour of a Wife.

'Nay,

‘Nay, Lady *Bellaſton*,’ ſaid *Jones*, ‘I am ſure your Ladyſhip will not upbraid me with Neglect of Duty, when I only waited for Orders. Who, my dear Creature, hath Reaſon to complain? Who miſſed an Appointment laſt Night, and left an unhappy Man to expect, and wiſh, and ſigh, and languish?’

‘Do not mention it, my dear Mr. *Jones*,’ cried ſhe. ‘If you knew the Occaſion, you would pity me. In ſhort, it is impoſſible to conceive what Women of Condition are obliged to ſuffer from the Impertinence of Fools, in order to keep up the Farce of the World. I am glad, however, all your languiſhing and wiſhing have done you no harm: For you never looked better in your Life. Upon my Faith! *Jones*, you might at this Inſtant fit for the Picture of *Adonis*.’

There are certain Words of Provocation which Men of Honour hold can properly be answered only by a Blow. Among Lovers poſſibly there may be ſome Expreſſions which can be answered only by a Kiſs. Now the Compliment which Lady *Bellaſton* now made *Jones* ſeems to be of this Kind, eſpecially as it was attended with a Look in which the Lady conveyed more ſoft Ideas than it was poſſible to expreſs with her Tongue.

*Jones* was certainly at this Inſtant in one of the moſt diſagreeable and diſtreſs’d Situations imaginable; for to carry on the Compariſon we made uſe of before, tho’ the Provocation was given by the Lady, *Jones* could not receive Satisfaction, nor ſo much as offer to aſk it, in the Preſence of a third Perſon; Seconds in this kind of Duels not being according to the Law of Arms. As this Objection did not occur to Lady



*Bellaſton*, who was ignorant of any other Woman being there but herſelf, ſhe waited ſome time in great Aſtoniſhment for an Answer from *Jones*, who conſcious of the ridiculous Figure he made, ſtood at a Diſtance, and not daring to give the proper Answer, gave none at all. Nothing can be imagined more comick, nor yet more tragick than this Scene would have been, if it had laſted much longer. The Lady had already changed Colour two or three times; had got up from the Bed and ſat down again, while *Jones* was wiſhing the Ground to ſink under him, or the Houſe to fall on his Head, when an odd Accident freed him from an Embarrasment out of which neither the Eloquence of a *Cicero*, nor the Politics of a *Machiavel* could have delivered him, without utter Diſgrace.

This was no other than the Arrival of young *Nightingale* dead drunk; or rather in that State of Drunkenneſs which deprives Men of the Uſe of their Reaſon, without depriving them of the Uſe of their Limbs.

Mrs. *Miller* and her Daughters were in Bed, and *Partridge* was ſmoking his Pipe by the Kitchen Fire; ſo that he arrived at Mr. *Jones*'s Chamber Door without any Interruption. This he burſt open, and was entering without any Ceremony, when *Jones* ſtarted from his Seat, and ran to oppoſe him; which he did ſo effectually, that *Nightingale* never came far enough within the Door to ſee who was ſitting on the Bed.

*Nightingale* had in Reality miſtaken *Jones*'s Apartment for that in which himſelf had lodged; he therefore ſtrongly inſiſted on coming in, often ſwearing that he would not be kept from his own Bed.



Bed. *Jones*, however, prevailed over him, and delivered him into the Hands of *Partridge*, whom the Noise on the Stairs soon summoned to his Master's Assistance,

And now *Jones* was unwillingly obliged to return to his own Apartment, where at the very Instant of his Entrance he heard Lady *Bellafton* venting an Exclamation, though not a very loud one; and at the same Time, saw her flinging herself into a Chair in a vast Agitation, which in a Lady of a tender Constitution would have been an Hysteric Fit.

In reality the Lady, frightened with the Struggle between the two Men, of which she did not know what would be the Issue, as she heard *Nightingale* swear many Oaths he would come to his own Bed, attempted to retire to her known Place of Hiding, which to her great Confusion she found already occupied by another.

'Is this Usage to be borne, Mr. *Jones*?' cries the Lady, '—basest of Men?—What Wretch is this to whom you have exposed me?' 'Wretch!' cries *Honour*, bursting in a violent Rage from her Place of Concealment-----' marry come up?—Wretch forsooth!—As poor a Wretch as I am, I am honest; that is more than some Folks who are richer can say.

*Jones*, instead of applying himself directly to take off the Edge of Mrs. *Honour*'s Repentment, as a more experienced Gallant would have done, fell to cursing his Stars, and lamenting himself as the most unfortunate Man in the World; and presently after, addressing himself to Lady *Bellafton*, he fell to some very absurd Proteftations of Innocence. By this time the Lady having recovered the Use of her Reason, which she had



as ready as any Woman in the World, especially on such Occasions, calmly replied; ‘ Sir, you need make no Apologies, I see now who the Person is; I did not at first know Mrs. Honour; but now I do, I can suspect nothing wrong between her and you; and I am sure she is a Woman of too good Sense to put any wrong Constructions upon my Visit to you; I have been always her Friend, and it may be in my Power to be much more hereafter.’

Mrs. Honour was altogether as placable, as she was passionate. Hearing therefore Lady Bellaston assume the soft Tone, she likewise softened her’s.—— ‘ I’m sure, Madam,’ says she, ‘ I have been always ready to acknowledge your Ladyship’s Friendships to me; sure I never had so good a Friend as your Ladyship——and to be sure now I see it is your Ladyship that I spoke to, I could almost bite my Tongue off for very mad.-----I Constructions upon your Ladyship-----to be sure it doth not become a Servant as I am to think about such a great Lady---I mean I was a Servant: For indeed I am no Body’s Servant now, the more miserable Wretch is me.-----I have lost the best Mistress.’-----Here Honour thought fit to produce a Shower of Tears.--- ‘ Don’t cry, Child,’ says the good Lady, ‘ Ways perhaps may be found to make you amends. Come to me to-morrow Moning.’ She then took up her Fan which lay on the Ground, and without even looking at Jones, walked very majestically out of the Room; there being a kind of Dignity in the Impudence of Women of Quality, which their Inferiors vainly aspire to attain to in Circumstances of this Nature.

Jones