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The History Of Tom Jones, A Foundling

In Four Volumes

Fielding, Henry

London, 1750

Chap. VII. In which Mr. Western pays a Visit to his Sister, in Company
with Mr. Blifil.

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Men for a Journey, they fet out the very next Day, and arrived in Town that Evening, when Mr. Jones, as we have seen, was diverting himself with *Partridge*, at the Play.

The Morning after his Arrival, Mr. *Blifil* waited on Mr. *Western*, by whom he was most kindly and graciously received, and from whom he had every possible Assurance (perhaps more than was possible) that he should very shortly be as happy as *Sophia* could make him; nor would the Squire suffer the young Gentleman to return to his Uncle, till he had, almost against his Will, carried him to his Sister.

C H A P. VII.

In which Mr. Western pays a Visit to his Sister, in Company with Mr. Blifil.

MRS. *Western* was reading a Lecture on Prudence, and Matrimonial Politics to her Niece, when her Brother and *Blifil* broke in with less Ceremony than the Laws of Visiting require. *Sophia* no sooner saw *Blifil*, than she turned pale, and almost lost the Use of all her Faculties; but her Aunt on the contrary waxed red, and having all her Faculties at Command began to exert her Tongue on the Squire.

‘ Brother,’ said she, ‘ I am astonished at your Behaviour, will you never learn any Regard to Decorum? Will you still look upon every Apartment as your own, or as belonging to one of your Country Tenants? Do you think yourself at Liberty to invade the Privacies of Women of Condition, without the least Decency or Notice?’ — ‘ Why, what a Pox! is
‘ the

‘ the Matter now ? quoth the Squire, one would
 ‘ think, I had caught you at——None of your
 ‘ Brutality, Sir, I beseech you,’ answered she.
 ‘ -----You have surprized my poor Niece so,
 ‘ that she can hardly, I see, support herself.-----
 ‘ Go, my Dear, retire, and endeavour to recruit
 ‘ your Spirits; for I see you have Occasion.’ At
 ‘ which Words, *Sophia*, who never received a
 ‘ more welcome Command, hastily withdrew.

‘ To be sure, Sister, cries the Squire, ‘ you
 ‘ are mad, when I have brought Mr. *Bliffl* here
 ‘ to court her, to force her away.’

‘ Sure, Brother, says she, ‘ you are worse
 ‘ than mad, when you know in what Situation
 ‘ Affairs are, to-----I am sure, I ask Mr. *Blif-*
 ‘ *fl* Pardon, but he knows very well to whom to
 ‘ impute, so disagreeable a Reception. For my
 ‘ own Part, I am sure, I shall always be very
 ‘ glad to see Mr. *Bliffl*; but his own good Sense
 ‘ would not have suffered him to proceed so ab-
 ‘ ruptly, had you not compelled him to it.’

Bliffl bowed and stammered and looked like a
 Fool; but *Western*, without giving him Time to
 form a Speech for the Purpose, answered, ‘ Well,
 ‘ well, I am to blame if you will, I always am,
 ‘ certainly; but come, let the Girl be fetched
 ‘ back again, or let Mr. *Bliffl* go to her-----He’s
 ‘ come up on Purpose, and there is no Time to
 ‘ be lost.’

‘ Brother,’ cries Mrs. *Western*, ‘ Mr. *Bliffl*,
 ‘ I am confident, understands himself better than
 ‘ to think of seeing my Niece any more this Morn-
 ‘ ing after what hath happened. Women are of
 ‘ a nice Contexture; and our Spirits when dis-
 ‘ ordered, are not to be recomposed in a Mo-
 ‘ ment. Had you suffered Mr. *Bliffl* to have-

‘ sent his Compliments to my Niece, and to have
 ‘ desired the Favour of waiting on her in the Af-
 ‘ ternoon, I should possibly have prevailed on her
 ‘ to have seen him ; but now I despair of bring-
 ‘ ing about any such Matter.’

‘ I am very sorry, Madam, cried *Bliffl*, that Mr.
 ‘ *Western*’s extraordinary Kindness to me, which
 ‘ I can never enough acknowledge, should have
 ‘ occasioned ——’ ‘ Indeed, Sir, said she, inter-
 ‘ rupting him, you need make no Apologies, we
 ‘ all know my Brother so well.’

‘ I don’t care what any Body knows of me,’ an-
 ‘ swered the Squire, — ‘ but when must he come to
 ‘ see her? for consider, I tell you, he is
 ‘ come up on Purpose, and so is *Allworthy*.’
 ‘ Brother, said she, ‘ whatever Message Mr.
 ‘ *Bliffl* thinks proper to send to my Niece, shall
 ‘ be delivered to her ; and I suppose, she
 ‘ will want no Instructions to make a proper
 ‘ Answer. I am convinced she will not refuse
 ‘ to see Mr. *Bliffl* at a proper Time.’ —— ‘ The
 ‘ Devil she won’t, answered the Squire. — Odf-
 ‘ bud ! — Don’t we know, —— I say nothing,
 ‘ but some Volk are wiser than all the World.
 ‘ —— If I might have had my Will, she had not
 ‘ run away before : And now I expect to hear e-
 ‘ very Moment she is guone again. For as great
 ‘ a Fool as some Volk think me, I know very
 ‘ well she hates ——’ ‘ No Matter, Brother,’
 ‘ replied Mrs. *Western*, ‘ I will not hear my
 ‘ Niece abused. It is a Reflection on my Fami-
 ‘ ly. She is an Honour to it ; and she will be an
 ‘ Honour to it, I promise you. I will pawn my
 ‘ whole Reputation in the World on her Conduct.
 ‘ — I shall be glad to see you, Brother, in the
 ‘ Afternoon ; for I have somewhat of Importance
 ‘ to mention to you. —— At present Mr. *Bliffl*,
 ‘ as