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

In Four Volumes

**Fielding, Henry**

**London, 1750**

Chap. III. A very short Chapter, in which however is a Sun, a Moon, a Star, and an Angel.

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‘ can blame us. It is what any body would do in  
‘ our Case.’

While our politic Landlord, who had not, we see, undeservedly the Reputation of great Wisdom among his Neighbours, was engaged in debating this Matter with himself, (for he paid little Attention to the Opinion of his Wife) News arrived that the Rebels had given the Duke the Slip, and had got a Day’s March towards *London*; and soon after arrived a famous *Jacobite* Squire, who, with great Joy in his Countenance, shook the Landlord by the Hand, saying, ‘ All’s our own, Boy, Ten thousand honest *Frenchmen* are landed in *Suffolk*. Old *England* for ever! Ten thousand *French*, my brave Lad! I am going to tap away directly.’

This News determined the Opinion of the wise Man, and he resolved to make his Court to the young Lady, when she arose; for he had now (he said) discovered that she was no other than *Madam Jenny Cameron* herself.

### CH A P. III.

*A very short Chapter, in which however is a Sun,  
a Moon, a Star, and an Angel.*

THE Sun (for he keeps very good Hours at this Time of the Year) had been some Time retired to Rest, when *Sophia* arose greatly refreshed by her Sleep; which, short as it was, nothing but her extreme Fatigue could have occasioned; for tho’ she had told her Maid, and perhaps herself too, that she was perfectly easy, when she left *Upton*; yet it is cert in her Mind was a little affected with that Malady which is

attended with all the restless Symptoms of a Fever, and is perhaps the very Distemper which Physicians mean (if they mean any thing) by the Fever on the Spirits.

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* likewise left her Bed at the same Time; and having summoned her Maid, immediately dressed herself. She was really a very pretty Woman, and had she been in any other Company but that of *Sophia*, might have been thought beautiful; but when Mrs. *Honour* of her own Accord attended, (for her Mistress would not suffer her to be waked) and had equipped our Heroine, the Charms of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* who had performed the Office of the Morning-Star, and had preceded greater Glories, shared the Fate of that Star, and were totally eclipsed the Moment those Glories shone forth.

Perhaps *Sophia* never looked more beautiful than she did at this Instant. We ought not therefore to condemn the Maid of the Inn for her Hyperbole; who when she descended, after having lighted the Fire, declared, and ratified it with an Oath, that if ever there was an Angel upon Earth, she was now above Stairs.

*Sophia* had acquainted her Cousin with her Design to go to *London*; and Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* had agreed to accompany her; for the Arrival of her Husband at *Upton* had put an End to her Design of going to *Bath*, or to her Aunt *Western*. They had therefore no sooner finished their Tea, than *Sophia* proposed to set out, the Moon then shining extremely bright, and as for the Frost she desied it; nor had she any of those Apprehensions which many young Ladies would have felt at travelling by Night; for she had, as we have  
before

before observed, some little Degree of natural Courage; and this her present Sensations, which bordered somewhat on Despair, greatly encreas'd. Besides, as she had already travelled twice with Safety, by the Light of the Moon, she was the better emboldened to trust to it a third Time.

The Disposition of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* was more timorous; for tho' the greater Terrors had conquer'd the less, and the Presence of her Husband had driven her away at so unseasonable an Hour from *Upton*; yet being now arrived at a Place where she thought herself safe from his Pursuit, these lesser Terrors of I know not what, operated so strongly, that she earnestly intreated her Cousin to stay till the next Morning, and not expose herself to the Dangers of travelling by Night.

*Sophia*, who was yielding to an Excess, when she could neither laugh nor reason her Cousin out of these Apprehensions, at last gave way to them. Perhaps indeed, had she known of her Father's Arrival at *Upton*, it might have been more difficult to have persuaded her; for as to *Jones*, she had, I am afraid, no great Horror at the Thoughts of being overtaken by him; nay, to confess the Truth, I believe she rather wish'd than fear'd it; though I might honestly enough have conceal'd this Wish from the Reader, as it was one of those secret spontaneous Emotions of the Soul, to which the Reason is often a Stranger.

When our young Ladies had determin'd to remain all that Evening in their Inn, they were attended by the Landlady, who desired to know what their Ladyships would be pleas'd to eat. Such Charms were there in the Voice, in the Manner, and in the affable Deportment of *Sophia*,