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

In Four Volumes

**Fielding, Henry**

**London, 1750**

Chap. VII. In which Mrs. Fitzpatrick concludes her History.

**urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-925**

The Mind of *Sophia* was not at all easy under the Supposition of being known at this House; for she still applied to herself many Things which the Landlord had address'd to *Jenny Cameron*; she therefore order'd her Maid to pump out of him by what Means he had become acquainted with her Person, and who had offer'd him the Reward for betraying her; she likewise order'd the Horses to be in Readiness by Four in the Morning, at which Hour Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* promis'd to bear her Company; and then composing herself as well as she could, she desired that Lady to continue her Story.

## C H A P. VII.

*In which Mrs. Fitzpatrick concludes her History.*

WHILE Mrs. *Honour*, in Pursuance of the Commands of her Mistress, order'd a Bowl of Punch, and invited my Landlord and Landlady to partake of it, Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* thus went on with her Relation.

‘ Most of the Officers who were quartered at a Town in our Neighbourhood were of my Husband’s Acquaintance. Among these was a Lieutenant, a very pretty Sort of Man, and who was married to a Woman so agreeable both in her Temper and Conversation, that from our first knowing each other, which was soon after my Lying-in, we were almost inseparable Companions; for I had the good Fortune to make myself equally agreeable to her.

‘ The Lieutenant, who was neither a Sot nor a Sportsman, was frequently of our Parties; indeed he was very little with my Husband, and

no

' no more than good Breeding constrained him  
 ' to be, as he lived almost constantly at our  
 ' House. My Husband often expressed much Dis-  
 ' satisfaction at the Lieutenant's preferring my  
 ' Company to his; he was very angry with me  
 ' on that Account, and gave me many a hearty  
 ' Curse for drawing away his Companions; say-  
 ' ing, "I ought to be d--ned for having spoiled  
 ' one of the prettiest Fellows in the World, by  
 ' making a Milk-sop of him.

' You will be mistaken, my dear *Sophia*, if  
 ' you imagine that the Anger of my Husband  
 ' arose from my depriving him of a Companion;  
 ' for the Lieutenant was not a Person with whose  
 ' Society a Fool could be pleased; and if I should  
 ' admit the Possibility of this, so little Right had  
 ' my Husband to place the Loss of his Companion  
 ' to me, that I am convinced it was my Conver-  
 ' sation alone which induced him ever to come  
 ' to the House. No, Child, it was Envy, the  
 ' worst and most rancorous Kind of Envy, the  
 ' Envy of Superiority of Understanding. The  
 ' Wretch could not bear to see my Conversation  
 ' preferred to his, by a Man of whom he could  
 ' not entertain the least Jealousy. O my dear  
 ' *Sophy*, you are a Woman of Sense; if you mar-  
 ' ry a Man, as is most probable you will, of less  
 ' Capacity than yourself, make frequent Trials  
 ' of his Temper before Marriage, and see whe-  
 ' ther he can bear to submit to such a Superiority.  
 ' --Promise me, *Sophy*, you will take this Ad-  
 ' vice; for you will hereafter find its Importance.  
 ' It is very likely I shall never marry at all,' an-  
 ' swered *Sophia*; ' I think, at least, I shall never  
 ' marry a Man in whose Understanding I see any  
 ' Defects before Marriage; and I promise you I



' would rather give up my own, than see any  
 ' such afterwards.'—' Give up your Understand-  
 ' ing!' replied Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, ' Oh fie, Child,  
 ' I will not believe so meanly of you. Every  
 ' thing else I might myself be brought to give  
 ' up; but never this. Nature would not have  
 ' allotted this Superiority to the Wife in so many  
 ' Instances, if she had intended we should all of  
 ' us have surrendered it to the Husband. This  
 ' indeed Men of Sense never expect of us; of  
 ' which the Lieutenant I have just mentioned  
 ' was one notable Example; for tho' he had a  
 ' very good Understanding, he always acknow-  
 ' ledged (as was really true) that his Wife had a  
 ' better. And this, perhaps, was one Reason of  
 ' the Hatred my Tyrant bore her.

' Before he would be so governed by a Wife,  
 ' he said, especially such an ugly B—— (for in-  
 ' deed she was not a regular Beauty, but very  
 ' agreeable, and extremely genteel) he would see  
 ' all the Women upon Earth at the Devil, which  
 ' was a very usual Phrase with him. He said,  
 ' he wondered what I could see in her to be so  
 ' charmed with her Company; since this Wo-  
 ' man, says he, hath come among us, there is  
 ' an End of your beloved Reading, which you  
 ' pretended to like so much, that you could not  
 ' afford Time to return the Visits of the Ladies,  
 ' in this Country; and I must confess I had been  
 ' guilty of a little Rudeness this Way; for the  
 ' Ladies there are at least no better than the  
 ' mere Country Ladies here; and I think I need  
 ' make no other Excuse to you for declining any  
 ' Intimacy with them.

' This Correspondence however continued a  
 ' whole Year, even all the while the Lieutenant  
 ' was

' was quartered in that Town; for which I was  
 ' contented to pay the Tax of being constantly  
 ' abused in the Manner above-mentioned by my  
 ' Husband; I mean when he was at home; for  
 ' he was frequently absent a Month at a Time  
 ' at *Dublin*, and once made a Journey of two  
 ' Months to *London*; in all which Journeys I  
 ' thought it a very singular Happiness that he  
 ' never once desired my Company; nay, by his  
 ' frequent Censures on Men who could not travel,  
 ' as he phrased it, without a Wife tied up  
 ' to their Tail, he sufficiently intimated that had  
 ' I been never so desirous of accompanying him,  
 ' my Wishes would have been in vain; but,  
 ' Heaven knows, such Wishes were very far from  
 ' my Thoughts.

At length my Friend was removed from me,  
 and I was again left to my Solitude, to the tormenting  
 Conversation with my own Reflections, and to apply to Books  
 for my only Comfort. I now read almost all Day long.—How  
 many Books do you think I read in three  
 Months? ' I can't guess, indeed, Cousin,'  
 answered *Sophia*.—' Perhaps half a Score!' ' Half a Score!  
 half a Thousand, Child,' answered the other. ' I read a good  
 deal in *Daniel's English History of France*; a great deal in  
*Plutarch's Lives*; the *Atalantis*, *Pope's Homer*,  
*Dryden's Plays*, *Chillingworth*, the *Countess's D'Anois*,  
 and *Lock's Human Understanding*.

' During this Interval I wrote three very supplicating,  
 and, I thought, moving Letters to my Aunt; but as I received  
 no Answer to any of them, my Disdain would not suffer me  
 to continue my Application.'—Here she stopt, and looking  
 earnestly at *Sophia*, said, ' Methinks,

' my Dear, I read something in your Eyes which  
 ' reproaches me of a Neglect in another Place,  
 ' where I should have met with a kinder Return.  
 ' Indeed, dear *Harriet*,' answered *Sophia*, ' your  
 ' Story is an Apology for any Neglect; but in-  
 ' deed I feel that I have been guilty of a Remiff-  
 ' ness, without so good an Excuse.—Yet pray  
 ' proceed; for I long, tho' I tremble, to hear  
 ' the End.'

Thus then Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* resumed her Nar-  
 rative. ' My Husband now took a second Jour-  
 ' ney to *England*, where he continued upwards  
 ' of three Months. During the greater Part of  
 ' this Time, I led a Life which nothing but  
 ' having led a worse, could make me think tole-  
 ' rable; for perfect Solitude can never be recon-  
 ' ciled to a social Mind, like mine, but when it  
 ' relieves you from the Company of those you  
 ' hate. What added to my Wretchedness, was  
 ' the Loss of my little Infant: Not that I pretend  
 ' to have had for it that extravagant Tenderness  
 ' of which I believe I might have been capable  
 ' under other Circumstances; but I resolved, in  
 ' every Instance, to discharge the Duty of the  
 ' tenderest Mother; and this Care prevented me  
 ' from feeling the Weight of that, heaviest of all  
 ' Things, when it can be at all said to lie heavy  
 ' on our Hands.

' I had spent full ten Weeks almost entirely by  
 ' myself, having seen no body all that Time,  
 ' except my Servants, and a very few Visitors,  
 ' when a young Lady, a Relation to my Husband,  
 ' came from a distant Part of *Ireland* to visit me.  
 ' She had staid once before a Week at my House,  
 ' and then I gave her a pressing Invitation to re-  
 ' turn; for she was a very agreeable Woman,  
 ' and

‘ and had improved good natural Parts by a proper Education. Indeed she was to me a most welcome Guest.

‘ A few Days after her Arrival, perceiving me in very low Spirits, without enquiring the Cause, which indeed she very well knew, the young Lady fell to compassionating my Case. She said, “ Tho’ Politeness had prevented me from complaining to my Husband’s Relations of his Behaviour; yet they all were very sensible of it, and felt great Concern upon that Account; but none more than herself:” And after some more general Discourse on this Head, which I own I could not forbear countenancing; at last, after much previous Precaution, and enjoined Concealment, she communicated to me, as a profound Secret—that my Husband kept a Mistress.

‘ You will certainly imagine, I heard this News with the utmost Insensibility—Upon my Word, if you do, your Imagination will mislead you. Contempt had not so kept down my Anger to my Husband, but that Hatred rose again on this Occasion. What can be the Reason of this? Are we so abominably selfish, that we can be concerned at others having Possession even of what we despise? Or are we not rather abominably vain, and is not this the greatest Injury done to our Vanity? What think you, *Sophia*?’

‘ I don’t know, indeed,’ answered *Sophia*, ‘ I have never troubled myself with any of these deep Contemplations; but I think the Lady did very ill in communicating to you such a Secret.’

‘ And yet, my Dear, this Conduct is natural,’ replied Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; ‘ and when you have seen and read as much as myself, you will acknowledge it to be so.’

‘ I am sorry to hear it is natural,’ returned *Sophia*; ‘ for I want neither Reading nor Experience to convince me, that it is very dishonourable and very ill-natured: Nay, it is surely as ill-bred to tell a Husband or Wife of the Faults of each other, as to tell them of their own.’

‘ Well,’ continued Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, ‘ my Husband at last returned; and if I am thoroughly acquainted with my own Thoughts, I hated him now more than ever; but I despised him rather less: For certainly nothing so much weakens our Contempt, as an Injury done to our Pride or our Vanity.’

‘ He now assumed a Carriage to me, so very different from what he had lately worn, and so nearly resembling his Behaviour the first Week of our Marriage, that had I now had any Spark of Love remaining, he might, possibly, have rekindled my Fondness for him. But though Hatred may succeed to Contempt, and may, perhaps, get the better of it, Love, I believe, cannot. The Truth is, the Passion of Love is too restless to remain contented, without the Gratification which it receives from its Object; and one can no more be inclined to love without loving, than we can have Eyes without seeing. When a Husband, therefore, ceases to be the Object of this Passion, it is most probable some other Man—I say, my Dear, if your Husband grows indifferent to you—if you once come to despise him—I say,----that is,---if you have the Passion of Love in you---Lud! I have  
‘ be-



' bewildered myself so,---but one is apt, in these  
 ' abstracted Considerations, to lose the Concate-  
 ' nation of Ideas, as Mr. *Locke* says.---In short,  
 ' the Truth is---In short, I scarce know what it  
 ' is; but, as I was saying, my Husband re-  
 ' turned, and his Behaviour, at first, greatly sur-  
 ' prized me; but he soon acquainted me with  
 ' the Motive, and taught me to account for it.  
 ' In a Word, then, he had spent and lost all the  
 ' ready Money of my Fortune; and as he could  
 ' mortgage his own Estate no deeper, he was now  
 ' desirous to supply himself with Cash for his Ex-  
 ' travagance, by selling a little Estate of mine,  
 ' which he could not do without my Assistance;  
 ' and to obtain this Favour was the whole and  
 ' sole Motive of all the Fondness which he now  
 ' put on.

' With this I peremptorily refused to comply.  
 ' I told him, and I told him truly, that had I  
 ' been possessed of the *Indies* at our first Mar-  
 ' riage, he might have commanded it all: For it  
 ' had been a constant Maxim with me, that where  
 ' a Woman disposes of her Heart, she should al-  
 ' ways depose her Fortune; but as he had been  
 ' so kind, long ago, to restore the former into  
 ' my Possession, I was resolved likewise to retain  
 ' what little remained of the latter.

' I will not describe to you the Passion into  
 ' which these Words, and the resolute Air in  
 ' which they were spoken, threw him: Nor will  
 ' I trouble you with the whole Scene which suc-  
 ' ceeded between us. Out came, you may be  
 ' well assured, the Story of the Mistress; and  
 ' out it did come, with all the Embellishments  
 ' which Anger and Disdain could bestow upon  
 ' it.

Mr. *Fitzpatrick* seemed a little Thunder-  
struck with this, and more confused than I had  
seen him; tho' his Ideas are always confused  
enough, Heaven knows. He did not, how-  
ever, endeavour to exculpate himself; but took  
a Method which almost equally confounded me.  
What was this but Recrimination! He affected  
to be jealous;--he may, for ought I know,  
be inclined enough to Jealousy in his natural  
Temper: Nay, he must have had it from Na-  
ture, or the Devil must have put it into his  
Head; for I defy all the World to cast a just  
Aspersion on my Character: Nay, the most  
scandalous Tongues have never dared censure  
my Reputation. My Fame, I thank Heaven,  
hath been always as spotless as my Life; and let  
Falshood itself accuse that, if it dare. No, my  
dear *Graveairs*, however provoked, however ill  
treated, however injured in my Love, I have  
firmly resolved never to give the least Room  
for Censure on this Account.---And yet, my  
Dear, there are some People so malicious, some  
Tongues so venomous, that no Innocence can  
escape them. The most undesigned Word,  
the most accidental Look, the least Familiarity,  
the most innocent Freedom, will be miscon-  
strued, and magnified into I know not what,  
by some People. But I despise, my dear *Grave-  
airs*, I despise all such Slander. No such Ma-  
lice, I assure you, ever gave me an uneasy Mo-  
ment. No, no, I promise you I am above all  
that.---But where was I? O let me see, I told  
you my Husband was jealous.---And of whom,  
pray?---Why of whom but the Lieutenant I  
mentioned to you before? He was obliged to  
resort above a Year and more back, to find  
any

‘ any Object for this unaccountable Passion, if  
 ‘ indeed he really felt any such, and was not an  
 ‘ arrant Counterfeit, in order to abuse me.

‘ But I have tired you already with too many  
 ‘ Particulars. I will now bring my Story to a  
 ‘ very speedy Conclusion. In short, then, after  
 ‘ many Scenes very unworthy to be repeated, in  
 ‘ which my Cousin engaged so heartily on my  
 ‘ Side, that Mr. *Fitzpatrick* at last turned her  
 ‘ out of Doors; when he found I was neither  
 ‘ to be soothed nor bullied into Compliance, he  
 ‘ took a very violent Method indeed. Perhaps  
 ‘ you will conclude he beat me; but this, tho’ he  
 ‘ hath approached very near to it, he never ac-  
 ‘ tually did. He confined me to my Room, with-  
 ‘ out suffering me to have either Pen, Ink, Pa-  
 ‘ per, or Book; and a Servant every Day made  
 ‘ my Bed, and brought me my Food.

‘ When I had remained a Week under this  
 ‘ Imprisonment, he made me a Visit, and, with  
 ‘ the Voice of a Schoolmaster, or, what is often  
 ‘ much the same, of a Tyrant, asked me, “ If I  
 ‘ would yet comply?” “ I answered very stout-  
 ‘ ly, “ That I would die first.” “ Then so you  
 ‘ shall, and be d--n’d,” cries he; “ for you shall  
 ‘ never go alive out of this Room.”

‘ Here I remained a Fortnight longer; and, to  
 ‘ say the Truth, my Constancy was almost sub-  
 ‘ dued, and I began to think of Submission;   
 ‘ when one Day, in the Absence of my Hus-  
 ‘ band, who was gone abroad for some short  
 ‘ Time, by the greatest good Fortune in the  
 ‘ World, an Accident happened.---I--at a Time  
 ‘ when I began to give Way to the utmost Des-  
 ‘ pair---every Thing would be excusable at such

‘ a Time---at that very Time I received---But it  
 ‘ would take up an Hour to tell you all Particu-  
 ‘ lars.--In one Word, then, (for I will not tire  
 ‘ you with Circumstances) Gold, the common  
 ‘ Key to all Padlocks, opened my Door, and set  
 ‘ me at Liberty.

‘ I now made haste to *Dublin*, where I im-  
 ‘ mediately procured a Passage to *England*; and  
 ‘ was proceeding to *Bath*, in order to throw my-  
 ‘ self into the Protection of my Aunt, or of your  
 ‘ Father, or of any Relation who would afford it  
 ‘ me. My Husband overtook me last Night, at  
 ‘ the Inn where I lay, and which you left a few  
 ‘ Minutes before me; but I had the good Luck  
 ‘ to escape him, and to follow you.

‘ And thus, my Dear, ends my History: A  
 ‘ tragical one, I am sure, it is to myself; but,  
 ‘ perhaps, I ought rather to apologize to you for  
 ‘ its Dulness.’

*Sophia* heaved a deep Sigh, and answered, ‘ In-  
 ‘ deed, *Harriet*, I pity you from my Soul!--  
 ‘ But what could you expect? Why, why,  
 ‘ would you marry an *Irishman*?’

‘ Upon my Word,’ replied her Cousin, ‘ your  
 ‘ Censure is unjust. There are, among the *Irish*,  
 ‘ Men of as much Worth and Honour, as any  
 ‘ among the *English*: Nay, to speak the Truth,  
 ‘ Generosity of Spirit is rather more common  
 ‘ among them. I have known some Examples  
 ‘ there too of good Husbands; and, I believe,  
 ‘ these are not very plenty in *England*. Ask me,  
 ‘ rather, what I could expect when I married a  
 ‘ Fool; and I will tell you a solemn Truth; I  
 ‘ did not know him to be so.’---‘ Can no Man,’  
 ‘ said *Sophia*, in a very low and alter’d Voice,  
 ‘ do you think, make a bad Husband, who is  
 ‘ not