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

In Four Volumes

**Fielding, Henry**

**London, 1750**

Chap. III. The Departure of Jones from Upton, with what past between  
him and Partridge, on the Road.

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fore he had first dispatched Part of his Retinue in quest of his Daughter, after whom he likewise sent a Volley of the most bitter Execrations which he could invent.

## C H A P. III.

*The Departure of Jones from Upton, with what pass between him and Partridge on the Road.*

AT length we are once more come to our Heroe; and to say Truth, we have been obliged to part with him so long, that considering the Condition in which we left him, I apprehend many of our Readers have concluded we intended to abandon him for ever; he being at present in that Situation in which prudent People usually desist from enquiring any farther after their Friends, lest they should be shocked by hearing such Friends had hanged themselves.

But, in reality, if we have not all the Virtues, I will boldly say, neither have we all the Vices of a prudent Character; and tho' it is not easy to conceive Circumstances much more miserable than those of poor *Jones* at present, we shall return to him, and attend upon him with the same Diligence as if he was wantoning in the brightest Beams of Fortune.

Mr. *Jones* then, and his Companion *Partridge*, left the Inn a few Minutes after the Departure of Squire *Western*, and pursued the same Road on Foot; for the Hostler told them, that no Horses were by any Means to be at that Time procured at *Upton*. On they marched with heavy Hearts; for tho' their Disquiet proceeded from very different Reasons, yet displeas'd they were both; and

and if *Jones* sigh'd bitterly, *Partridge* grunted altogether as sadly at every Step.

When they came to the Cross-roads where the Squire had stopt to take Council, *Jones* stopt likewise, and turning to *Partridge*, asked his Opinion which Tract they should pursue. 'Ah, Sir!' answered *Partridge*, 'I wish your Honour would follow my Advice.' 'Why should I not?' replied *Jones*; 'for it is now indifferent to me whither I go, or what becomes of me?' 'My Advice then,' said *Partridge*, 'is that you immediately face about and return home: For who that hath such a Home to return to, as your Honour, would travel thus about the Country like a Vagabond? I ask Pardon, *sed vox ea sola reperta est.*'

'Alas!' cries *Jones*, 'I have no Home to return to;—but if my Friend, my Father would receive me, could I bear the Country from which *Sophia* is flown—Cruel *Sophia*! Cruel! No. Let me blame myself—No, let me blame thee. D—nation seize thee, Fool, Blockhead! thou hast undone me, and I will tear thy Soul from thy Body.'—At which Words he laid violent Hands on the Collar of poor *Partridge*, and shook him more heartily than an Ague Fit, or his own Fears had ever done before.

*Partridge* fell trembling on his Knees, and begged for Mercy, vowing he had meant no Harm—when *Jones*, after staring wildly on him for a Moment, quitted his Hold; and discharged a Rage on himself, that had it fallen on the other, would certainly have put an End to his Being, which indeed the very Apprehension of it had almost effected.

We

We would bestow some Pains here in minutely describing all the mad Pranks which *Jones* played on this Occasion, could we be well assured that the Reader would take the same Pains in perusing them; but as we are apprehensive that after all the Labour which we should employ in painting this Scene, the said Reader would be very apt to skip it entirely over, we have saved ourself that Trouble. To say the Truth, we have, from this Reason alone, often done great Violence to the Luxuriance of our Genius, and have left many excellent Descriptions out of our Work, which would otherwise have been in it. And this Suspicion, to be honest, arises, as is generally the Case, from our own wicked Heart; for we have, ourselves, been very often most horribly given to jumping, as we have run through the Pages of voluminous Historians.

Suffice it then simply to say, that *Jones*, after having played the Part of a Madman for many Minutes, came, by Degrees, to himself; which no sooner happened, than turning to *Partridge*, he very earnestly begged his Pardon for the Attack he had made on him in the Violence of his Passion; but concluded, by desiring him never to mention his Return again; for he was resolved never to see that Country any more.

*Partridge* easily forgave, and faithfully promised to obey the Injunction now laid upon him. And then *Jones* very briskly cried out: ‘ Since it  
 ‘ is absolutely impossible for me to pursue any  
 ‘ farther the Steps of my Angel—I will pursue  
 ‘ those of Glory. Come on, my brave Lad,  
 ‘ now for the Army:—It is a glorious Cause,  
 ‘ and I would willingly sacrifice my Life in it,  
 ‘ even tho’ it was worth my preserving.’ And so

so saying, he immediately struck into the different Road from that which the Squire had taken, and, by mere Chance, pursued the very same thro' which *Sophia* had before passed.

Our Travellers now marched a full Mile, without speaking a Syllable to each other, tho' *Jones*, indeed, muttered many Things to himself. As to *Partridge*, he was profoundly silent: For he was not, perhaps, perfectly recovered from his former Fright; besides, he had Apprehensions of provoking his Friend to a second Fit of Wrath; especially as he now began to entertain a Conceit, which may not, perhaps, create any great Wonder in the Reader. In short, he began now to suspect that *Jones* was absolutely out of his Senses.

At length, *Jones* being weary of Soliloquy, addressed himself to his Companion, and blamed him for his Taciturnity: For which the poor Man very honestly accounted, from his Fear of giving Offence. And now this Fear being pretty well removed, by the most absolute Promises of Indemnity, *Partridge* again took the Bridle from his Tongue; which, perhaps, rejoiced no less at regaining its Liberty, than a young Colt, when the Bridle is slipt from his Neck, and he is turned loose into the Pastures.

As *Partridge* was inhibited from that Topic which would have first suggested itself, he fell upon that which was next uppermost in his Mind, namely, the Man of the Hill. 'Certainly, Sir,' says he, 'that could never be a Man, who dresses himself, and lives after such a strange Manner, and so unlike other Folks. Besides, his Diet, as the old Woman told me, is chiefly upon Herbs, which is a fitter Food for a Horse than a Christian: Nay, Landlord at *Upton* says, that  
' the

' the Neighbours thereabouts have very fearful  
 ' Notions about him. It runs strangely in  
 ' my Head, that it must have been some Spirit,  
 ' who, perhaps, might be sent to forewarn us :  
 ' And who knows, but all that Matter which he  
 ' told us, of his going to Fight, and of his being  
 ' taken Prisoner, and of the great Danger he  
 ' was in of being hanged, might be intended as  
 ' a Warning to us, considering what we are go-  
 ' ing about: Besides, I dreamt of nothing all  
 ' last Night, but of Fighting; and methought  
 ' the Blood ran out of my Nose, as Liquor out  
 ' of a Tap. Indeed, Sir, *infandum, Regina, jubes*  
 ' *renovare Dolorem.*'

' Thy Story, *Partridge,*' answered *Jones,* ' is  
 ' almost as ill applied as thy *Latin.* Nothing  
 ' can be more likely to happen than Death to  
 ' Men who go into Battle. Perhaps we shall  
 ' both fall in it,--and what then?' 'What then!'  
 replied *Partridge;* 'Why then there is an End  
 ' of us, is there not? When I am gone, all is  
 ' over with me. What matters the Cause to me,  
 ' or who gets the Victory, if I am killed? I shall  
 ' never enjoy any Advantage from it. What are  
 ' all the ringing of Bells, and Bonfires, to one  
 ' that is six Foot under Ground? There will be  
 ' an End of poor *Partridge.*' 'And an End of  
 ' poor *Partridge,*' cries *Jones,* 'there must be  
 ' one Time or other. If you love *Latin,* I will  
 ' repeat you some fine Lines out of *Horace,* which  
 ' would inspire Courage into a Coward.

*Dulce & decorum est pro patria mori.*

*Mors & fugacem persequitur virum*

*Nec parcat imbellis juventæ*

*Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.*

' I wish you would construe them,' cries *Partridge*; ' for *Horace* is a hard Author, and I cannot understand as you repeat them.'

' I will repeat you a bad Imitation, or rather Paraphrase of my own,' said *Jones*; ' for I am but an indifferent Poet.'

' Who would not die in his dear Country's Cause?

' Since, if base Fear his dastard Step withdraws,

' From Death he cannot fly:—One common Grave

' Receives, at last, the Coward and the Brave.'

' That's very certain,' cries *Partridge*. ' Ay,

' sure, *Mors omnibus communis*: But there is a

' great Difference between dying in one's Bed a

' great many Years hence, like a good Christian,

' with all our Friends crying about us, and being

' shot To-day or To-morrow, like a mad Dog;

' or, perhaps, hacked in twenty Pieces with a

' Sword, and that too before we have repented

' of all our Sins. O Lord have Mercy upon us!

' To be sure, the Soldiers are a wicked Kind of

' People. I never loved to have any Thing to

' do with them. I could hardly bring myself

' ever to look upon them as Christians. There

' is nothing but Cursing and Swearing among

' them. I wish your Honour would repent: I

' heartily wish you would repent, before it is too

' late; and not think of going among them.—

' Evil Communication corrupts good Manners.

' That is my principal Reason. For as for that

' Matter, I am no more afraid than another

' Man, not I; as to Matter of that. I know all



human Flesh must die; but yet a Man may  
 live many Years for all that. Why I am a  
 middle-aged Man now, and yet I may live a  
 great Number of Years. I have read of several  
 who have lived to be above a hundred, and  
 some a great deal above a hundred. Not that  
 I hope, I mean that I promise myself, to live  
 to any such Age as that neither.—But if it be  
 only to Eighty or Ninety: Heaven be praised,  
 that is a great Ways off yet; and I am not  
 afraid of dying then, no more than another  
 Man: But, surely, to tempt Death before a  
 Man's Time is come, seems to me downright  
 Wickedness and Presumption. Besides, if it  
 was to do any Good indeed; but let the Cause  
 be what it will, what mighty Matter of Good  
 can two People do? And, for my Part, I un-  
 derstand nothing of it. I never fired off a Gun  
 above ten Times in my Life; and then it was  
 not charged with Bullets. And for the Sword,  
 I never learned to fence, and know nothing of  
 the Matter. And then there are those Cannons,  
 which certainly it must be thought the highest  
 Presumption to go in the Way of; and no-body  
 but a Madman—I ask Pardon; upon my Soul,  
 I meant no Harm: I beg I may not throw your  
 Honour into another Passion.  
 Be under no Apprehension, *Partridge*, cries  
*Jones*; 'I am now so well convinced of thy  
 Cowardice, that thou couldst not provoke me  
 on any Account.' 'Your Honour,' answered  
 he, 'may call me Coward, or any thing else you  
 please. If loving to sleep in a whole Skin  
 makes a Man a Coward, *non immunus ab illis*  
*malis sumus*. I never read in my Grammar,  
 that a Man can't be a good Man without fight-  
 ing.