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

In Four Volumes

**Fielding, Henry**

**London, 1750**

Chap. XII. A Dialogue between Jones and Partridge.

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## C H A P. XIII.

*A Dialogue between Jones and Partridge.*

**T**HE honest Lovers of Liberty will, we doubt not, pardon that long Digression into which we were led at the Close of the last Chapter, to prevent our History from being applied to the Use of the most pernicious Doctrine which Priestcraft had ever the Wickedness or the Impudence to preach.

We will now proceed with Mr. *Jones*, who, when the Storm was over, took Leave of his *Egyptian Majesty*, after many Thanks for his courteous Behaviour and kind Entertainment, and set out for *Coventry*; to which Place (for it was still dark) a *Gypsy* was ordered to conduct him.

*Jones* having, by reason of his Deviation, travelled eleven Miles instead of six, and most of those through very execrable Roads, where no Expedition could have been made in Quest of a Midwife, did not arrive at *Coventry* till near Twelve. Nor could he possibly get again into the Saddle till past Two; for Post-Horses were now not easy to get; nor were the Hostler or Post-Boy in half so great a Hurry as himself, but chose rather to imitate the tranquil Disposition of *Partridge*; who being denied the Nourishment of Sleep, took all Opportunities to supply its Place with every other Kind of Nourishment, and was never better pleased than when he arrived at an Inn, nor ever more dissatisfied than when he was again forced to leave it.

*Jones*

*Jones* now travelled Post; we will follow him therefore, according to our Custom, and to the Rules of *Longinus*, in the same Manner. From *Coventry* he arrived at *Daventry*, from *Daventry* at *Stratford*, and from *Stratford* at *Dunstable*, whither he came the next Day a little after Noon, and within a few Hours after *Sophia* had left it; and though he was obliged to stay here longer than he wished, while a Smith, with great Deliberation, shoed the Post-Horse he was to ride, he doubted not but to overtake his *Sophia* before she should set out from *St. Albans*; at which Place he concluded, and very reasonably, that his Lordship would stop and dine.

And had he been right in this Conjecture, he most probably would have overtaken his Angel at the aforesaid Place; but unluckily my Lord had appointed a Dinner to be prepared for him at his own House in *London*, and in order to enable him to reach that Place in proper Time, he had ordered a Relay of Horses to meet him at *St. Albans*. When *Jones* therefore arrived there, he was informed that the Coach and Six had set out two Hours before.

If fresh Post-Horses had been now ready; as they were not, it seemed so apparently impossible to overtake the Coach before it reached *London*, that *Partridge* thought he had now a proper Opportunity to remind his Friend of a Matter which he seemed entirely to have forgotten; what this was the Reader will guess, when we inform him that *Jones* had eat nothing more than one poached Egg since he had left the Alehouse where he had first met the Guide returning from *Sophia*; for with the Gypsies, he had feasted only his Understanding.

The

The Landlord so entirely agreed with the Opinion of Mr. *Partridge*, that he no sooner heard the latter desire his Friend to stay and dine, than he very readily put in his Word, and retracting his Promise before given of furnishing the Horses immediately, he assured Mr. *Jones* he would lose no Time in bespeaking a Dinner, which, he said, could be got ready sooner than it was possible to get the Horses up from Grass, and to prepare them for their Journey by a Feed of Corn.

*Jones* was at length prevailed on, chiefly by the latter Argument of the Landlord; and now a Joint of Mutton was put down to the Fire. While this was preparing, *Partridge* being admitted into the same Apartment with his Friend or Master, began to harangue in the following Manner.

‘Certainly, Sir, if ever Man deserved a young Lady, you deserve young Madam *Western*; for what a vast Quantity of Love must a Man have, to be able to live upon it without any other Food, as you do? I am positive I have eat thirty times as much within these last twenty four Hours as your Honour, and yet I am almost famished; for nothing makes a Man so hungry as travelling, especially in this cold raw Weather. And yet I can’t tell how it is, but your Honour is seemingly in perfect good Health, and you never looked better nor fresher in your Life. It must be certainly Love that you live upon.’

‘And a very rich Diet too, *Partridge*,’ answered *Jones*. ‘But did not Fortune send me an excellent Dainty Yesterday? Dost thou imagine I cannot live more than twenty-four Hours on this dear Pocket-Book?’

‘Un-

‘ Undoubtedly,’ cries *Partridge*, ‘ there is  
 ‘ enough in that Pocket-Book to purchase many  
 ‘ a good Meal. Fortune sent it to your Honour  
 ‘ very opportunely for present Use, as your Ho-  
 ‘ nour’s Money must be almost out by this  
 ‘ Time.’

‘ What do you mean?’ answered *Jones*; ‘ I  
 ‘ hope you don’t imagine that I should be dis-  
 ‘ honest enough, even if it belonged to any other  
 ‘ Person, besides Miss *Western*——

‘ Dishonest!’ replied *Partridge*, ‘ Heaven  
 ‘ forbid I should wrong your Honour so much;  
 ‘ but where’s the Dishonesty in borrowing a lit-  
 ‘ tle for present spending, since you will be so  
 ‘ well able to pay the Lady hereafter? No, in-  
 ‘ deed, I would have your Honour pay it again,  
 ‘ as soon as it is convenient, by all Means; but  
 ‘ where can be the Harm in making Use of it  
 ‘ now you want it. Indeed if it belonged to a  
 ‘ poor Body, it would be another thing; but so  
 ‘ great a Lady to be sure can never want it, es-  
 ‘ pecially now as she is along with a Lord, who  
 ‘ it can’t be doubted will let her have whatever  
 ‘ she hath Need of. Besides, if she should want  
 ‘ a little, she can’t want the whole, therefore I  
 ‘ would give her a little; but I would be hanged  
 ‘ before I mentioned the having found it at first,  
 ‘ and before I got some Money of my own; for  
 ‘ *London*, I have heard, is the very worst of  
 ‘ Places to be in without Money. Indeed, if I  
 ‘ had not known to whom it belonged, I might  
 ‘ have thought it was the Devil’s Money, and  
 ‘ have been afraid to use it; but as you know  
 ‘ otherwise, and came honestly by it, it would  
 ‘ be an Affront to Fortune to part with it all  
 ‘ again, at the very Time when you want it  
 most;

' most; you can hardly expect she should ever  
 ' do you such another good Turn; for *Fortuna*  
 ' *nunquam perpetuo est bona*. You will do as you  
 ' please, notwithstanding all I say; but for my  
 ' Part, I would be hanged before I mentioned  
 ' a Word of the Matter.'

' By what I can see, *Partridge*,' ' cries *Jones*,  
 ' hanging is a Matter *non longe alienum à Scævoleæ*  
 ' *studis*.' ' You should say *alienus*,' says *Par-*  
 ' *tridge*—' I remember the Passage; it is an Ex-  
 ' ample under *Communis, Alienus, immunis, va-*  
 ' *riis casibus serviunt*.' ' If you do remember  
 ' it,' cries *Jones*, ' I find you don't understand  
 ' it; but I tell thee, Friend, in plain *English*,  
 ' that he who finds another's Property, and wil-  
 ' fully detains it from the known Owner, de-  
 ' serves in *Fero Conscientiæ*, to be hanged no less  
 ' than if he had stolen it. And as for this very  
 ' identical Bill which is the Property of my  
 ' Angel, and was once in her dear Possession, I  
 ' will not deliver it into any Hands but her own,  
 ' upon any Consideration whatever; no, tho' I  
 ' was as hungry as thou art, and had no other  
 ' Means to satisfy my craving Appetite; this I  
 ' hope to do before I sleep; but if it should hap-  
 ' pen otherwise, I charge thee, if thou wouldst  
 ' not incur my Displeasure for ever, not to shock  
 ' me any more by the bare Mention of such de-  
 ' testable Baseness.'

' I should not have mentioned it now,' cries  
 ' *Partridge*, ' if it had appeared so to me; for I'm  
 ' sure I scorn any Wickedness as much as another;  
 ' but perhaps you know better; and yet I might  
 ' have imagined that I should not have lived so  
 ' many Years, and have taught School so long,  
 ' with-

' without being able to distinguish between *Fas*  
 ' & *Nefas*; but it seems we are all to live and  
 ' learn. I remember my old Schoolmaster, who  
 ' was a prodigious great Scholar, used often to  
 ' say, *Polly Matets cry Town is my Daskalon*.  
 ' The *English* of which, he told us, was, That  
 ' a Child may sometimes teach his Grandmother  
 ' to suck Eggs. I have lived to a fine Purpose  
 ' truly, if I am to be taught my Grammar at  
 ' this Time of Day. Perhaps, young Gentle-  
 ' man, you may change your Opinion, if you  
 ' live to my Years: For I remember I thought  
 ' myself as wise when I was a Stripling of one  
 ' or two and twenty as I am now. I am sure I  
 ' always taught *alonus*, and my Master read it  
 ' so before me.

There were not many Instances in which *Par-*  
*tridge* could provoke *Jones*, nor were there many  
 in which *Partridge* himself could have been  
 hurried out of his Respect. Unluckily however  
 they had both hit on one of these. We have al-  
 ready seen *Partridge* could not bear to have his  
 Learning attacked, nor could *Jones* bear some  
 Passage or other in the foregoing Speech. And  
 now looking upon his Companion with a con-  
 temptuous and disdainful Air (a thing not usual  
 with him) he cried, '*Partridge*, I see thou art  
 ' a conceited old Fool, and I wish thou art not  
 ' likewise an old Rogue. Indeed if I was as well  
 ' convinced of the latter as I am of the former,  
 ' thou shouldst travel no farther in my Com-  
 ' pany.'

The sage Pedagogue was contented with the  
 Vent which he had already given to his Indigna-  
 tion; and, as the vulgar Phrase is, immediately  
 drew in his Horns. He said, he was sorry he had

utered.

uttered any thing which might give Offence, for that he had never intended it; but *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*

As *Jones* had the Vices of a warm Disposition, he was entirely free from those of a cold one; and if his Friends must have confest his Temper to have been a little too easily ruffled, his Enemies must at the same time have confest, that it as soon subsided; nor did it at all resemble the Sea, whose Swelling is more violent and dangerous after a Storm is over, than while the Storm itself subsists. He instantly accepted the Submission of *Partridge*, shook him by the Hand, and with the most benign Aspect imaginable, said twenty kind Things, and at the same Time very severely condemned himself, tho' not half so severely as he will most probably be condemned by many of our good Readers.

*Partridge* was now highly comforted, as his Fears of having offended were at once abolished, and his Pride completely satisfied by *Jones* having owned himself in the Wrong, which Submission he instantly applied to what had principally nettled him, and repeated, in a muttering Voice, 'To be sure, Sir, your Knowledge may be superior to mine in some Things; but as to the Grammar, I think I may challenge any Man living. I think, at least, I have that at my Finger's End.'

If any thing could add to the Satisfaction which the poor Man now enjoyed, he received this Addition by the Arrival of an excellent Shoulder of Mutton, that at this Instant came smoaking to the Table. On which, having both plentifully feasted, they again mounted their Horses, and set forward for *London.*

C H A P.