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The History Of Tom Jones, A Foundling

In Four Volumes

Fielding, Henry

London, 1750

Chap. II. What befel Mr. Jones on his Arrival at London.

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vast, luxuriant Stores, in long Antiquity piled up, pour forth the rich Profusion. Open thy *Mæonian* and thy *Mantuan* Coffers, with whatever else includes thy Philosophic, thy Poetic, and thy Historical Treasures, whether with *Greek* or *Roman* Characters thou hast chosen to inscribe the ponderous Chests: Give me a-while that Key to all thy Treasures, which to thy *Warburton* thou hast entrusted.

Lastly, come, Experience, long conversant with the Wise, the Good, the Learned, and the Polite. Nor with them only, but with every Kind of Character, from the Minister at his Levee, to the Bailiff in his Spunging-House; from the Dutchess at her Drum, to the Landlady behind her Bar. From thee only can the Manners of Mankind be known; to which the recluse Pendant, however great his Parts, or extensive his Learning may be, hath ever been a Stranger.

Come all these, and more, if possible; for arduous is the Task I have undertaken: And without all your Assistance, will, I find, be too heavy for me to support. But if you all smile on my Labours, I hope still to bring them to a happy Conclusion.

C H A P. II.

What befel Mr. Jones on his Arrival in London.

THE learned Dr. *Misaubin* used to say, that the proper Direction to him was, *To Dr. Misaubin, in the World*; intimating, that there were few People in it to whom his great Reputation was not known. And, perhaps, upon a very nice Examination into the Matter, we shall



find that this Circumstance bears no inconsiderable Part among the many Blessings of Grandeur.

The great Happiness of being known to Posterity, with the Hopes of which we so delighted ourselves in the preceding Chapter, is the Portion of few. To have the several Elements which compose our Names, as *Sydenham* expresses it, repeated a thousand Years hence, is a Gift beyond the Power of Title and Wealth: and is scarce to be purchased, unless by the Sword and the Pen. But to avoid the scandalous Imputation, while we yet live, of being *one whom No-body knows*, (a Scandal, by the By, as old as the Days of *Homér* *) will always be the envied Portion of those, who have a legal Title either to Honour or Estate.

From that Figure, therefore, which the *Irish* Peer, who brought *Sophia* to Town, hath already made in this History, the Reader will conclude, doubtless, it must have been an easy Matter to have discovered his House in *London*, without knowing the particular Street or Square which he inhabited, since he must have been one *whom every body knows*. To say the Truth, so it would have been to any of those Tradesmen who are accustomed to attend the Regions of the Great: For the Doors of the Great are generally no less easy to find, than it is difficult to get Entrance into them. But *Jones*, as well as *Partridge*, was an entire Stranger in *London*; and as he happened to arrive first in a Quarter of the Town, the Inhabitants of which have very little Intercourse with the Householders of *Hanover* or *Grif-*

* See the 2d *Odyssey*, ver. 175.

vernor Square, (for he entered through *Gray's-Inn Lane*) so he rambled about some Time, before he could even find his Way to those happy Mansions, where Fortune segregates from the Vulgar, those magnanimous Heroes, the Descendents of antient *Britons, Saxons, or Danes*, whose Ancestors being born in better Days, by sundry Kinds of Merit, have entailed Riches and Honour on their Posterity.

Jones being at length arrived at those terrestrial *Elysian Fields*, would now soon have discovered his Lordship's Mansion; but the Peer unluckily quitted his former House when he went for *Ireland*; and as he was just entered into a new one, the Fame of his Equipage had not yet sufficiently blazed in the Neighbourhood: So that after a successless Enquiry 'till the Clock had struck Eleven, *Jones*, at last, yielded to the Advice of *Partridge*, and retreated to the *Bull and Gate* in *Holborn*, that being the Inn where he had first alighted, and where he retired to enjoy that kind of Repose, which usually attends Persons in his Circumstances.

Early in the Morning he again set forth in Pursuit of *Sophia*; and many a weary Step he took to no better Purpose than before. At last, whether it was that Fortune relented, or whether it was no longer in her Power to disappoint him, he came into the very Street which was honoured by his Lordship's Residence; and being directed to the House, he gave one gentle Rap at the Door.

The Porter, who, from the Modesty of the Knock, had conceived no high Idea of the Person approaching, conceived but little better from the Appearance of Mr. *Jones*, who was drest in a



Suit of Fustian, and had by his Side the Weapon formerly purchas'd of the Serjeant; of which, tho' the Blade might be compos'd of well-temper'd Steel, the Handle was compos'd only of Brass, and that none of the brightest. When *Jones*, therefore, enquir'd after the young Lady, who had come to Town with his Lordship, this Fellow answer'd surlily, 'That there were no Ladies there.' *Jones* then desired to see the Master of the House; but was inform'd that his Lordship would see no-body that Morning. And upon growing more pressing, the Porter said, 'He had positive Orders to let no Person in; but if you think proper,' said he, 'to leave your Name, I will acquaint his Lordship; and if you call another Time, you shall know when he will see you.'

Jones now declared, 'that he had very particular Business with the young Lady, and could not depart without seeing her.' Upon which the Porter, with no very agreeable Voice or Aspect, affirm'd, 'That there was no young Lady in that House, and consequently none could he see;' adding, 'Sure you are the strangest Man I ever met with; for you will not take an Answer.'

I have often thought, that by the particular Description of *Cerberus* the Porter of Hell, in the 6th *Aeneid*, *Virgil* might possibly intend to satirize the Porters of the Great Men in his Time; the Picture, at least, resembles those who have the Honour to attend at the Doors of our Great Men. The Porter in his Lodge, answers exactly to *Cerberus* in his Den, and, like him, must be appeas'd by a Sop, before Access can be gain'd to his Master. Perhaps *Jones* might have seen him in
that

that Light, and have recollected the Passage, where the Sibyl, in order to procure an Entrance for *Aeneas*, presents the Keeper of the *Stygian* Avenue with such a Sop. *Jones*, in like Manner, now began to offer a Bribe to the human *Cerberus*, which a Footman overhearing, instantly advanced, and declared, 'if Mr. *Jones* would give him the Sum proposed, he would conduct him to the Lady.' *Jones* instantly agreed, and was forthwith conducted to the Lodging of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, by the very Fellow who had attended the Ladies thither the Day before.

Nothing more aggravates ill Success than the near Approach to Good. The Gamester, who loses his Party at Piquet by a single Point, laments his bad Luck ten Times as much as he who never came within a Prospect of the Game. So in a Lottery, the Proprietors of the next Numbers to that which wins the great Prize, are apt to account themselves much more unfortunate than their Fellow-Sufferers. In short, these kind of hair-breadth Missings of Happiness, look like the Insults of Fortune, who may be considered as thus playing Tricks with us, and wantonly diverting herself at our Expence.

Jones, who more than once already had experienced this frolicksome Disposition of the Heaven Goddess, was now again doomed to be tantalized in the like Manner: For he arrived at the Door of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, about ten Minutes after the Departure of *Sophia*. He now addressed himself to the Waiting-woman belonging to Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; who told him the disagreeable News, that the Lady was gone, but could not tell him whither; and the same Answer he afterwards received from Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* herself. For as that



Lady made no doubt but that Mr. Jones was a Person detached from her Uncle *Western*, in Pursuit of his Daughter, so she was too generous to betray her.

Though *Jones* had never seen Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, yet he had heard that a Cousin of *Sophia* was married to a Gentleman of that Name. This, however, in the present Tumult of his Mind, never once recurred to his Memory: But when the Footman, who had conducted him from his Lordship's, acquainted him with the great Intimacy between the Ladies, and with their calling each other Cousin, he then recollected the Story of the Marriage which he had formerly heard; and as he was presently convinced that this was the same Woman, he became more surprized at the Answer which he had received, and very earnestly desired Leave to wait on the Lady herself; but she as positively refused him that Honour.

Jones, who, though he had never seen a Court, was better bred than most who frequent it, was incapable of any rude or abrupt Behaviour to a Lady. When he had received, therefore, a peremptory Denial, he retired for the present, saying to the Waiting woman, 'That if this was an improper Hour to wait on her Lady, he would return in the Afternoon; and that he then hoped to have the Honour of seeing her.' The Civility with which he uttered this, added to the great Comeliness of his Person, made an Impression on the Waiting-woman, and she could not help answering; 'Perhaps, Sir, you may:' And, indeed, she afterwards said every Thing to her Mistress, which she thought most likely to prevail on her to admit a Visit from the handsome young Gentleman; for so she called him.

Jones

Jones very shrewdly suspected, that *Sophia* herself was now with her Cousin, and was denied to him; which he imputed to her Resentment of what had happened at *Upton*. Having, therefore, dispatched *Partridge* to procure him Lodgings, he remained all Day in the Street, watching the Door where he thought his Angel lay concealed; but no Person did he see issue forth, except a Servant of the House, and in the Evening he returned to pay his Visit to *Mrs. Fitzpatrick*, which that good Lady at last condescended to admit.

There is a certain Air of natural Gentility, which it is neither in the Power of Dress to give, nor to conceal. *Mr. Jones*, as hath been before hinted, was possessed of this in a very eminent Degree. He met, therefore, with a Reception from the Lady, somewhat different from what his Apparel seemed to demand; and after he had paid her his proper Respects, was desired to sit down.

The Reader will not, I believe, be desirous of knowing all the Particulars of this Conversation, which ended very little to the Satisfaction of poor *Jones*. For though *Mrs. Fitzpatrick* soon discovered the Lover, (as all Women have the Eyes of Hawks in those Matters) yet she still thought it was such a Lover, as a generous Friend of the Lady should not betray her to. In short, she suspected this was the very *Mr. Blifil*, from whom *Sophia* had flown; and all the Answers which she artfully drew from *Jones*, concerning *Mr. Allworthy's* Family, confirmed her in this Opinion. She therefore strictly denied any Knowledge concerning the Place whither *Sophia* was gone; nor could *Jones* obtain more than a Permission to wait on her again the next Evening.



When *Jones* was departed, *Mrs. Fitzpatrick* communicated her Suspicion concerning *Mr. Bliss*, to her Maid; who answered, 'Sure, Madam, he is too pretty a Man, in my Opinion, for any Woman in the World to run away from. I had rather fancy it is *Mr. Jones*.'—*Mr. Jones*, said the Lady, 'what *Jones*?' For *Sophia* had not given the least Hint of any such Person in all their Conversation: But *Mrs. Honour* had been much more communicative, and had acquainted her Sister *Abigail* with the whole History of *Jones*, which this now again related to her Mistress.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick no sooner received this Information, than she immediately agreed with the Opinion of her Maid; and, what is very unaccountable, saw Charms in the gallant, happy Lover, which she had over-looked in the slighted Squire. '*Betty*,' says she, 'you are certainly in the right: He is a very pretty Fellow, and I don't wonder that my Cousin's Maid should tell you so many Women are fond of him. I am sorry now I did not inform him where my Cousin was: And yet if he be so terrible a Rake as you tell me, it is a Pity she should ever see him any more; for what but her Ruin can happen from marrying a Rake and a Beggar against her Father's Consent. I protest, if he be such a Man as the Wench described him to you, it is but an Office of Charity to keep her from him; and, I am sure, it would be unpardonable in me to do otherwise, who have tasted so bitterly of the Misfortunes attending such Marriages.'

Here she was interrupted by the Arrival of a Visitor, which was no other than his Lordship; and as nothing passed at this Visit either new or
extraor-