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Some Chapters Out Of The History Of Tom Jones A Foundling.

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house, and turn a Dog therein, which terrifying the Beaver he immediately leaves it, and takes to the water, after which, he is soon entangled by the net.

Mr. *Lawson* who was general surveyor of *North Carolina*, affirms, that Beavers are very plenty in that country. He confirms what has been said about their ingenuity in building of their dams and houses, and observes, that their food is chiefly the barks of trees and shrubs; such as that of the *sassafras*, *ash*, *sweet gum*, and several others. He adds, that if they are taken young, they will become very tame; but then they will do a great deal of mischief in the orchards, by breaking the trees. They will likewise block up the doors of the houses in the night, with the sticks and wood which they bring thither. He farther informs us, that it is certain death for them to eat any thing that is salt. The flesh is looked upon as very delicate food; but the tail is the greatest dainty, and is in great request.

SOME CHAPTERS OUT OF THE HISTORY OF  
TOM JONES A FOUNDLING. \*)

Book IV. Chap. 4. 8 and 10.

**T**his matter, then, which put an end to the debate mentioned in the last chapter, was no other than a quarrel between Master *Blifil* and *Tom Jones*, the consequence of which had been a bloody nose to the former; for though *Mr. Blifil*, notwithstanding he was the younger, was in size above the other's match, yet *Tom* was much his superior at the noble art of boxing.

*Tom*, however, cautiously avoided all engagements with that youth; for besides that *Tommy Jones* was an inoffensive lad amidst all his roguery, and really loved *Blifil*, *Mr. Thwakum* being always the second of the latter, would have been sufficient to deter him.

But well says a certain Author no man is wise at all hours; it is therefore no wonder that a boy is not so. A difference arising at play between the two lads, *Mr. Blifil* called *Tom* a beggarly bastard. Upon which the latter, who was somewhat passionate in his disposition, immediately caused that phenomenon in the face of the former, which we have above remembered.

Mr.

\*) The Works of Henry Fielding Esq; Vol. 8. London 1762. 8.

Mr. Blifil now, with his blood running from his nose, and the tears galloping after from his eyes, appeared before his uncle and the tremendous Thwackum; in which court an indictment of assault, battery and wounding, was instantly preferred against Tom; who, in his excuse, only pleaded the provocation, which was indeed all the matter that Mr. Blifil had omitted.

It is indeed possible, that this circumstance might have escaped his memory; for in his reply, he positively insisted, that he had made use of no such appellation, adding, "Heaven forbid such naughty words should ever come out of his mouth."

Tom, though against all form of law, rejoined in affirmation of the words. Upon which Mr. Blifil said, "It is no wonder; those who will tell one fib, will hardly stick at another. If I had told my master such a wicked fib as you have done, I should be ashamed to shew my face."

"What fib, child.," cries Thwackum, pretty eagerly.

"Why, he told you that nobody was with him shooting, when he killed the partridge; but he knows, (here he burst into a flood of tears) "yes, he knows; for he confessed it to me, that Black George the gamekeeper was there. Nay, he said,—yes you did,—deny it if you can, that you would not have confessed the truth, tho' master had cut you to pieces."

At this the fire flashed from Thwackum's eyes, and he cried out in triumph, "Oh! oh this is your mistaken notion of honour! this is the boy who was not to be whipped again!," But Mr. Allworthy, with a more gentle aspect turned towards the lad, and said, "Is this true, child! How came you to persist so obstinately in a falsehood?"

Tom said, "He scorned a lie as much as any one; but he thought his honour engaged him to act as he did; for he had promised the poor fellow to conceal him: which," he said, "he thought himself farther obliged to, as the gamekeeper had begged him not to go into the gentleman's manor, and had at last gone himself in compliance with his persuasions." He said, this was the whole truth of the matter, and he would take his oath of it; and concluded with very passionately begging Mr. Allworthy, "to have compassion on the poor fellow's family, especially as he himself only had been guilty, and the other had been very difficultly prevailed



“on to do what he did. Indeed, Sir,, said he, “it could  
 “hardly be called a lie that I told; for the poor fellow  
 “was entirely innocent of the whole matter. I should  
 “have gone alone after the birds; nay, I did go at first,  
 “and he only followed me to prevent more mischief.  
 “Do, pray Sir, let me be punished; take my little horse  
 “away again; but pray, Sir, forgive poor George.,”

Mr. Allworthy hesitated a few moments, and then dismissed the boys, advising them to live more friendly and peaceably together.

The reader may remember, that Mr. Allworthy gave Tom Jones a little horse, as a kind of smart-money for the punishment which he imagined he had suffered innocently.

This horse Tom kept above half a year, and then rode him to a neighbouring fair, and sold him.

At his return, being questioned by Thwackum, what he had done with the money for which the horse was sold, he frankly declared he would not tell him.

“Oho!,, says Thwackum, “you will not! then I will  
 “have it out of your br—h;,, that being the place to which he always applied for information on every doubtful occasion.

Tom was now mounted on the back of a footman, and every thing prepared for execution, when Mr. Allworthy entering the room, gave the criminal a reprieve, and took him with him into another apartment; where being alone with Tom, he put the same question to him which Thwackum had before asked him.

Tom answered, he could in duty refuse him nothing; but as for that tyrannical rascal, he would never make him any other answer than with a cudgel, with which he hoped soon to be able to pay him for all his barbarities.

Mr. Allworthy very severely reprimanded the lad, for his indecent and disrespectful expressions concerning his master, but much more for his avowing an intention of revenge. He threatened him with the entire loss of his favour, if he ever heard such another word from his mouth; for he said he would never support or befriend a reprobate. By these and the like declarations, he extorted some compunctions from Tom, in which that youth was not over sincere; for he really meditated some return for all the smarting favours he had received

received at the hands of the pedagogue. He was however, brought by Mr. Allworthy to express a concern for his resentment against Thwackum; and than the good man, after some wholesome admonition, permitted him to proceed, which he did, as follows.

“Indeed, my dear Sir, I love and honour you more than all the world: I know the great obligations I have to you, and should detest myself, if I thought my heart was capable of ingratitude. Could the little horse you gave me speak, I am sure he could tell you how fond I was of your present: for I had more pleasure in feeding him than in riding him. Indeed, Sir, it went to my heart to part with him; nor would I have sold him upon any other account in the world than what I did. You yourself, Sir, I am convinced, in my case, would have done the same; for none ever so sensibly felt misfortunes of others. What would you feel, dear Sir, if you thought yourself the occasion of them!—Indeed, Sir, there never was any misery like theirs,—Like whose, child?,” says Allworthy: “What do you mean?,” “Oh, Sir,,” answered Tom, “your poor gamekeeper, with all his large family, ever since you discharged him, have been perishing with all the miseries of cold and hunger, I could not bear to see these poor wretches naked and starving, and at the same time know myself to have been the occasion of all their sufferings.—I could not bear it, Sir, upon my soul, I could not.” (Here the tears run down his cheeks, and he thus proceeded:) “It was to save them from absolute destruction, I parted with your dear present, notwithstanding all the value I had for it:—I sold the horse for them, and they have every farthing of the money.”

Mr. Allworthy now stood silent for some moments, and before he spoke the tears started from his eyes. He at length dismissed Tom with a gentle rebuke, advising him for the future to apply to him in cases of distress, rather than to use extraordinary means of relieving them himself.

This affair was afterwards the subject of much debate between Thwackum and Square. Thwackum held, that this was flying in Mr. Allworthy's face, who had intended to punish the fellow for his disobedience. He said, in some instances, what the world called charity appeared to him to be opposing the will of the Almighty,

which had marked some particular persons for destruction; and that this was, in like manner, acting in opposition to Mr. Allworthy; concluding, as usual, with a hearty recommendation of birch.

Squire argued strongly on the other side, in opposition perhaps to Thwackum, or in compliance with Mr. Allworthy, who seemed very much to approve what Jones had done. As to what he urged on this occasion, as I am convinced most of my readers will be much abler advocates for poor Jones, it would be impertinent to relate it. Indeed it was not difficult to reconcile to the rule of right an action which it would have been impossible to deduce from the rule of wrong.

Soon after this, an action was brought against the game-keeper by Squire Western (the gentleman in whose manor the partridge was killed), for depredations of the like kind. This was a most unfortunate circumstance for the fellow, as it not only of itself threatened his ruin, but actually prevented Mr. Allworthy from restoring him to his favour: for as that gentleman was walking out one evening with Mr. Blifil and young Jones, the latter slyly drew him to the habitation of Black George; where the family of that poor wretch, namely, his wife and children, were found in all the misery with which cold, hunger and nakedness, can affect human creatures: for as to the money they had received from Jones, former debts had consumed almost the whole.

Such a scene as this could not fail of affecting the heart of Mr. Allworthy. He immediately gave the mother a couple of guineas, with which he bid her cloath her children. The poor woman burst into tears at his goodness, and while she was thanking him, could not refrain from expressing her gratitude to Tom; who had, she said, long preserved both her and hers from starving. "We have not," says she, "had a morsel to eat, nor have these poor children had a rag to put on, but what his goodness had bestowed on us." For indeed, besides the horse and Bible, Tom had sacrificed a nightgown and other things to the use of this distressed family.

On their return home Tom made use of all his eloquence to display the wretchedness of these people, and the penitence of Black George himself; and in this he succeeded so well, that Mr. Allworthy said, He thought the  
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the man had suffered enough for what was past; that he would forgive him, and think of some means of providing for him and his family.

Jones was so delighted with his news, that tho' it was dark when they returned home, he could not help going back a mile, in a shower of rain, to acquaint the poor woman with the glad tidings; but, like other hasty divulgers of news, he only brought on himself the trouble of contradicting it: for the ill fortune of Black George made use of the very opportunity of his friend's absence to overturn all again.

**M**r. Blifil fell very short of his companion in the amiable quality of mercy; but he as greatly exceeded him in one of a much higher kind, namely, in justice: in which he followed both the precepts and examples of Thwackum and Square; for though they would both make frequent use of the word Mercy, yet it was plain, that in reality, Square held it inconsistent with the rule of right; and Thwackum was for doing justice, and leaving mercy to Heaven. The two gentlemen did indeed somewhat differ in opinion concerning the objects of this sublime virtue; by which Thwackum would probably have destroyed one half of mankind, and Square the other half.

Mr. Blifil, then, though he had kept silence in the presence of Jones, yet when he had better considered the matter, could by no means endure the thoughts of suffering his uncle to confer favours on the undeserving. He therefore resolved immediately to acquaint him with the fact which we have above slightly hinted to the readers; the truth of which was as follows:

The gamekeeper, about a year after he was dismissed from Mr. Allworthy's service, and before Tom's selling the horse, being in want of bread, either to fill his own mouth, or those of his family, as he passed through a field belonging to Mr. Western, espied a hare sitting in her form: this hare he had basely and barbarously knocked on the head, against the laws of sportsmen.

The higler, to whom the hare was sold, being unfortunately taken many months after with a quantity of game upon him, was obliged to make his peace with the Squire, by becoming evidence against some poacher. And now Black George was pitched upon by him, as being a person already obnoxious to Mr. Western, and



one of no good fame in the country. He was, besides, the best sacrifice the higher could make, as he had supplied him with no game since; and by this means, the witness had an opportunity of screening his better customers; for the Squire, being charmed with the power of punishing Black George, whom a single transgression was sufficient to ruin, made no further enquiry.

Had this fact been truly laid before Mr. Allworthy, it might probably have done the gamekeeper very little mischief; but there is no zeal blinder than that which is inspired with the love of justice against offenders. Mr. Blifil had forgot the distance of the time. He varied likewise in the manner of the fact? and by the hasty addition of the single letter S, he considerably altered the story; for he said that George had wired hares. These alterations might probably have been set right, had not Mr. Blifil unluckily insisted on a promise of secrecy from Mr. Allworthy, before he revealed the matter to him; but, by that means, the poor gamekeeper was condemned, without having any opportunity to defend himself; for as the fact of killing the hare, and of the action brought, were certainly true, Mr. Allworthy had no doubt concerning the rest.

Short-lived then was the joy of these poor people; for Mr. Allworthy, the next morning, declared he had fresh reason, without assigning it, for his anger, and strictly forbade Tom to mention George any more; though, as for his family, he said, he would endeavour to keep them from starving; but as to the fellow himself, he would leave him to the laws, which nothing could keep him from breaking.

Tom could by no means divine what had incensed Mr. Allworthy; for of Mr. Blifil he had not the least suspicion. However as his friendship was to be tired out by no disappointments, he now determined to try another method of preserving the poor gamekeeper from ruin.

Jones was lately grown very intimate with Mr. Western. He had so greatly recommended himself to that gentleman, by leaping over five-barred gates, and by other acts of sportsmanship, that the Squire had declared Tom would certainly make a great man, if he had but sufficient encouragement. He often wished he had himself a son with such parts; and one day very solemnly asserted at a drinking bout, that Tom should hunt a  
pack



pack of hounds for a thousand pounds of his money, with any huntsman in the whole country.

By such kind of talents he had so ingratiated himself with the Squire, that he was a most welcome guest at his table, and a favourite companion in his sport: every thing which the Squire held most dear, to wit, his guns, dogs, and horses, were now as much at the command of Jones, as if they had been his own. He resolved, therefore, to make use of this favour on behalf of his friend Black George, whom he hoped to introduce into Mr. Western's family, in the same capacity in which he had before served Mr. Allworthy.

The reader, if he considers that this fellow was already obnoxious to Mr. Western, and if he considers farther the weighty business by which that gentleman's displeasure had been incurred, will, perhaps, condemn this as a foolish and desperate undertaking; but if he should totally condemn young Jones on that account, he will greatly applaud him for strengthening himself with all imaginable interest on so arduous an occasion.

For this purpose, then, Tom applied to Mr. Western's daughter, a young lady of about seventeen years of age, whom her father, next after those necessary implements of sport just before mentioned, loved and esteemed above all the world. Now as she had some influence on the Squire, so Tom had some little influence on her. But this being the intended heroine of this work, a lady with whom we ourselves are greatly in love, and with whom many of our readers will, probably, be in love too before we part, it is by no means proper she should make her appearance in the end of a book.

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#### Book IV. Chap. III.

*Wherein the history goes back to commemorate a trifling incident that happened some years since; but which, trifling as it was, had some future consequences.*

**T**he amiable Sophia was now in her eighteenth year, when she is introduced into this history. Her father, as hath been said, was fonder of her than of any other human creature. To her, therefore, Tom Jones applied, in order to engage her interest on the behalf of his friend the gamekeeper.

But before we proceed to this business, a short recapitulation of some previous matters may be necessary.

Though the different tempers of Mr. Allworthy and of Mr. Western did not admit of a very intimate correspondence, yet they lived upon what is called a decent footing together; by which means the young people of both families had been acquainted from their infancy; and as they were all near of the same age, had been frequent play-mates together.

The gaiety of Tom's temper suited better with Sophia than the grave and sober disposition of Mr. Blifil. And the preference which she gave the former of these would often appear so plainly, that a lad of a more passionate turn than Mr. Blifil was, might have shewn some displeasure at it.

As he did not, however, outwardly express any such disgust, it would be an ill office in us to pay a visit to the inmost recesses of his mind, as some scandalous people search into the most secret affairs of their friends, and often pry into their closets and cupboards, only to discover their poverty and meanness to the world.

However, as persons who suspect they have given others cause of offence, are apt to conclude they are offended; so Sophia imputed an action of Mr. Blifil to his anger, which the superior sagacity of Thwackum and Square discerned to have arisen from a much better principle.

Tom Jones, when very young, had presented Sophia with a little bird, which he had taken from the nest, had nursed up, and taught to sing.

Of this bird, Sophia, then about thirteen years old, was so extremely fond, that her chief business was to feed and tend it, and her chief pleasure to play with it. By these means little Tommy, for so the bird was called, was become so tame, that it would feed out of the hand of its mistress, would perch upon her finger, and lie contented in her bosom, where it seemed almost sensible of its own happiness; though she always kept a small string about its leg, nor would ever trust it with the liberty of flying away.

One day, when Mr. Allworthy and his whole family dined at Mr. Western's, Mr. Blifil, being in the garden with little Sophia, and observing the extreme fondness that she shewed for her little bird, desired her to trust it for a moment in his hands. Sophia presently complied with the young gentleman's request, and after some previous caution, delivered him her bird; of which he was no sooner in possession, than he snipt the string from its leg, and tossed it into the air.

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The foolish animal no sooner perceived itself at liberty, than forgetting all the favours it had received from Sophia, it flew directly from her, and perched on a bough at some distance.

Sophia, seeing her bird gone, screamed out so loud, that Tom Jones, who was at little distance, immediately ran to her assistance.

He was no sooner informed of what had happened, than he cursed Blifil for a pitiful, malicious rascal; and then immediately stripping of his coat, he applied himself to climbing the tree to which the bird escaped.

Tom had almost recovered his little namesake, when the branch on which it was perched, and that hung over a canal, broke, and the poor lad plumped over head and ears into the water.

Sophia's concern now changed its object. And as she apprehended the boy's life was in danger, she screamed ten times louder than before; and indeed Mr. Blifil himself now seconded her with all the vociferation in his power.

The company, who were sitting in a room next the garden, were instantly alarmed, and came all forth; but just as they reached the canal, Tom (for the water was luckily pretty shallow in that part) arrived safely on shore.

Thwackum fell violently on poor Tom, who stood dropping and shivering before him, when Mr. Allworthy desired him to have patience, and turning to Mr. Blifil, said, Pray, child, what is the reason of all this disturbance?

Mr. Blifil answered, "Indeed, uncle, I am very sorry for what I have done; I have been unhappily the occasion of it all. I had Miss Sophia's bird in my hand, and thinking the poor creature languished for liberty, I own I could not forbear giving it what it desired! for I always thought there was something very cruel in confining any thing. It seemed to be against the law of nature, by which every thing hath a right to liberty; nay, it is even unchristian; for it is not doing what we would be done by. But if I had imagined Miss Sophia would have been so much concerned at it, I am sure I would never have done it; nay, if I had known what would have happened to the bird itself: for when Mr. Jones, who climbed up that tree after it, fell into the water, the bird took a second flight, and presently a nasty hawk carried it away."

Poor

Poor Sophia, who now first heard of her little Tommy's fate, (for her concern for Jones had prevented her perceiving it when it hapened), shed a shower of tears. These Mr. Allworthy endeavoured to assuage, promising her a much finer bird: but she declared she would never have another. Her father chid her for crying so for a foolish bird; but could not help telling young Blifil, if he was a son of his, his backside should be well flea'd.

Sophia now returned to her chamber, the two young gentlemen were sent home, and the rest of the company returned to their bottle; where a conversation ensued on the subject of the bird, so curious, that we think it deserves a chapter by itself.

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### OBSERVATIONS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE EAST-INDIA COMPANY. \*)

**T**he Company's affairs, untill about the Year 1750, required little more than commercial talents; the produce of our own country was carried there, sold, and returned in the manufactures of those parts; and the little spots we possessed excited no jealousies amongst the neighbouring princes.

The French, under Dupleix, first opened the way to acquiring territorial possessions in India; and why they did not reap those advantages we have since done, and which they may be justly charged with having forced us into, on that coast, arose entirely from the misconduct of Dupleix, who, intoxicated by pride and vanity, did, through his obstinacy, plunge his countrymen into various distresses, until they were quite undone. The success, which at first attended his measures, was owing in a great degree to our inactivity and wretched parsimony. Mr. Barnet, who had foreseen the storm that was gathering, died unfortunately at the beginning of 1746, and Madras was taken the latter end of that year.

The leaders in the direction at that time, attentive only to the commercial plan, and prejudiced against more extensive views, remained inactive until the French and Indian powers together had almost drove us into the sea. We were roused at last by necessity; and, about the year 1751, the Company's affairs began to wear a better aspect: lord Clive had made a stand against the enemy; and soon after general Laurence returned again  
from

\*) Lond. 1771. gr. 8.