

**‘Disease, death and the
power of the written text
in Henry Fielding’s *Journal
of a Voyage to Lisbon*
(1755)’**

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**THE TRAVELLER’S BODY IN THE LITERATURE,
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'I do, therefore, solemnly declare to you, Mr.
Censor,
that I will trouble the World no more with any
Children of mine
by the same Muse'

Henry Fielding, *The Covent-Garden Journal*, November 1752,
pp. 65-66.

‘[...] I was hoisted with more ease by a chair lifted
with pulleys. I was soon seated in a great chair in the
cabin [...].’

(Henry Fielding, *The Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*, Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Ian A. Bell and Andrew Varney, Oxford, New York: Oxford University Press, 1997, p. 141 – subsequently referred to as *Journal*).

‘a dead luggage’
(*Journal*, p. 164 and p.182)

‘As I was therefore to be entirely passive in my motions, I resolved to abandon myself to the conduct of those who were to carry me into a cart when it returned from unloading the goods.’

(*Journal*, p. 182)

‘Indeed so ghastly was my countenance, that timorous women with child had abstained from my house, for fear of the ill consequence of looking at me. In this condition, I ran the gauntlope* (so, I think I may justly call it) through rows of sailors and watermen, few of whom failed of paying their compliments to me, by all manner of insults and jests on my misery.’

***gauntlope:** gauntlet, the military punishment for running between two rows of men armed with sticks or cords.

(Journal, p. 141)

‘For my delivery of this, I well knew I must be again obliged to the trochar [...]’ (*Journal* p. 137)

‘[...] I was once more delivered of my burthen [...]’ (*Journal*, p. 210)

‘[...] the distemper under which I laboured [...]’ (*Journal*, p. 210).

‘I think, upon my entrance into the boat, I presented a spectacle of the highest horror. The total loss of limbs was apparent to all who saw me, and my face contained marks of the most diseased state, if not death itself.’

(Journal, p. 141)

‘[...] there was no appearance of anything but poverty, want, and wretchedness about their house [...]

(Journal, p. 172)

‘[...] no house to inhabit, no chair to sit upon, nor any bed to lie in [...]

(Journal, p. 176)

‘Again, as many marks of want abounded everywhere, so were the marks of antiquity visible. Scarce any thing was to be seen which had not some scar upon it, made by the hand of time [...]

(Journal, p. 172)

‘[...] the *Journal* presents its author’s disease as merely part of some larger, and seemingly inescapable, pattern of decay and pain in a hostile world.’

(Tom Keymer, Henry Fielding, *The Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*, Penguin Books, introduction, p. x.)

‘[...] to put the civil society into such order, that no such gangs should ever be able, for the future, to form themselves into bodies, or at least to remain any time formidable to the public.’

(Journal, p. 131)

‘Having thus fully accomplished my undertaking, I went into the country in a very weak and deplorable condition [...].’

(Journal, p. 132)

‘[...] I cannot pass on without throwing forth an observation or two, sufficiently satisfied in having finished my life, as I have, probably, lost it, in the service of my country [....]’

(Journal, p. 201)

‘[...] the lowest class of our people’ have ‘shaken off the shackles of their superiors, and become not only as free, but even freer, than most of their superiors.’

(Journal, p. 178)

‘whether they be a company of soldiers, a crew of sailors, or a gang of rogues, he who is at the head of them is always stiled [sic] the captain.’

(Journal, p. 147)

‘the owner being indeed little more than an appendage to his trunk, or box, or bale [...]

(Journal, p. 145)

‘[...] some of the most amusing pages, if indeed there be any which deserve that name, were possibly the production of the most disagreeable hours which ever haunted the author.’

(Journal, p. 215)

Henry Fielding's definition of travel narrative as 'a novel without a plot'

(Wilbur L. Cross, *The History of Henry Fielding*, New Haven: Yale University Press, 1918, p. 62)

'In Fielding's novels he alone knows how the story ends; the reader can only guess. In this posthumously published autobiographical narrative, the reader knows how the story ended; as the narrative goes on the author can only guess.'

(*Journal*, Introduction and notes by Ian A. Bell and Andrew Varney, Introduction, p. xx.)

‘Can I say then I had no fear; indeed I cannot, reader, I was afraid for thee, lest thou shouldst have been deprived of that pleasure thou art now enjoying, and that I should not live to draw out on paper, that military character [the captain’s nephew] which thou didst peruse in the journal of yesterday.’

(Journal, p. 192)

‘———— *his Finis chartæq, viæq;*’

(Horace, *Satires*, quoted in Fielding’s *Journal*, p. 224)