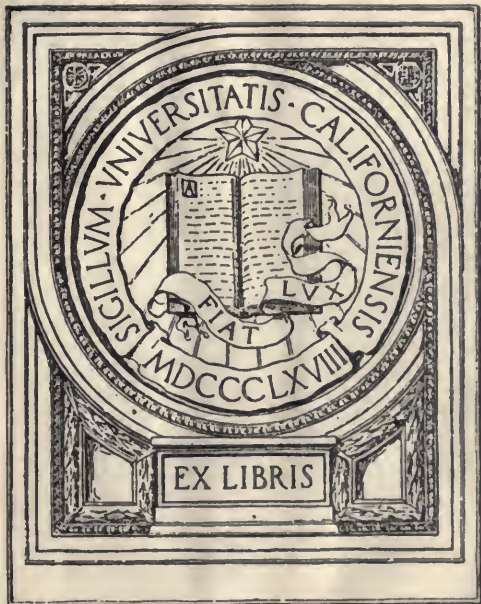


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Captain Caulfield.
6th Dragoon Guards.

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AT LOS ANGELES



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Crookt characters, mere words,
All dry, adust —
If thou'dst have blossoming
Give them life thou must.

WALTER DE LA MARE



And you here — you all had
something out of life: money, love—
-whatever one gets on shore.... JOSEPH CONRAD



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Samuel Richardson

From the Portrait by Tighemore, Engraved by Caroline Watson

Published May 15-1804 by Richard Phillips, in St. Pauls Church Yard

THE
CORRESPONDENCE
OF
SAMUEL RICHARDSON,
AUTHOR OF
PAMELA, CLARISSA, AND SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

SELECTED FROM THE
ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS,

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO HIS FAMILY,

To which are prefixed,

A BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT
OF THAT AUTHOR,

AND

OBSERVATIONS ON HIS WRITINGS.

By ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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VOL. I.
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1804.

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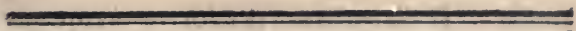
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ADVERTISEMENT.

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Dawson

WHEN a private correspondence is presented to the public, the first question which occurs is, how have they been procured?—In the present instance this admits of the most satisfactory answer. It was the custom of Mr. RICHARDSON, not only to preserve the letters of his numerous correspondents, but to take copies of his own, generally by the hands of his daughters, — particularly his daughter Martha, and his nephew, who performed to him the office of amanu-

Howse
found
them

ensis. It was the favourite employment of his declining years to select and arrange them, and he always looked forward to their publication at some distant period, when the lapse of time should have precluded the necessity of observing that delicacy which living characters have always a claim to. Indeed, he was not without thoughts of publishing them in his life time, in which case he would have subjected them to such restrictions as his correspondents thought proper to impose. After his death they remained in the hands of Mrs. Anne Richardson, his last-surviving daughter, till her death, which took place in January last. After that event they became

came the property of his grandchildren, of whom Mr. Phillips purchased them at a very liberal price: he trusts for remuneration to the curiosity of the public, which has always shewn an eagerness, more natural perhaps than strictly justifiable, to penetrate into the domestic retirements, and to be introduced to the companionable hours of eminent characters. That this inclination may be gratified without impropriety, care has been taken that no letters should be published of any living character, except the correspondence of Mrs. Duncombe, (formerly Miss Highmore) which that lady has had the goodness to communicate herself. She also supplied the correspondence with Miss

Mulso. Mr. Scudamore also obligingly sent several letters of his deceased mother's. The whole collection is very numerous.

When Mr. Phillips had completed his purchase, he engaged me to perform the necessary office of selection. I have endeavoured to do justice to him and to the public; how I have succeeded I am yet ignorant. No two persons probably would fix precisely upon the same standard of choice. But it may be fairly observed, that neither can any one criticise that standard with judgment, unless he had submitted to his inspection, not only the letters that are taken, but those also which are left.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

C O N T E N T S

OF

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L I F E
OF
SAMUEL RICHARDSON,
WITH
REMARKS ON HIS WRITINGS.

THERE is no period in the history of any country, at all advanced in elegant literature, in which *fictitious adventures* have not made a large part of the reading men have most delighted in. They have been grafted upon the actions of their heroes, they have been interwoven with their mythology, they have been moulded upon the manners of the age, and, in return, have influenced not a little the manners of the next generation, by the principles they have insinuated, and the sensibilities they have

a 4 exercised

exercised. A spirit of adventure, a high sense of honour, of martial glory, refined and romantic passion, sentimental delicacy, or all the melting sensibilities of humanity, have been, in their turns, inspired by this powerful engine, which takes so strong a hold on the fancy and the passions of young readers. Adorned with the embellishments of poetry, they produce the epic; more concentrated in the story, and exchanging narrative for action, they become dramatic; allied with some great moral end, didactic, as in the *Telemaque* of Fenelon, and the *Belisaire* of Marmontel. They are often the vehicles of satire, as in the *Candide* and *Babouc* of Voltaire, and the *Gulliver's Travels* of Swift. They take a tincture from the learning and politics of the times, and are often made use of successfully to attack or to recommend the prevailing systems of the day. We have seen liberty and equality recommended from one publication, and French principles exposed in another.

another. When the range of this kind of writing is so extensive, and its effect so great, it is evident that it ought to hold no mean rank among the productions of genius; and, in truth, there is hardly any department of literature in which we shall meet with more fine writing than in the best productions of this kind. It is not easy therefore to say, why the poet should have so high a place allotted him in the temple of Fame, and the romance-writer so low a one, as, in the general estimation, he is confined to; for his dignity as a writer has by no means been measured by the pleasure he affords to his readers; yet the invention of a story, the choice of proper incidents, the ordonnance of the plan, the exhibition of the character, the gradual development of a plot, occasional beauties of description, and, above all, the power exercised over the reader's heart, by filling it with the successive emotions of love, pity, joy, anguish, transport, or indignation,

tion, together with the grave impressive moral resulting from the whole, imply talents of the highest order, and ought to command our warmest praise. There is no walk in which taste and genius have more distinguished themselves, or in which virtuous and noble sentiments have come out with greater lustre, than in the splendid fictions, or pathetic tales, with which France, Germany, Switzerland, and our own country, have adorned the annals of their literature. A history of romance writing, under all its various forms, would be an acceptable present to the public, if given by a man of taste and sufficient reading. But there are some periods which make, as it were, a new era in this kind of writing, and those productions are more particularly deserving our attention which stand at the head of a class, and have diverted the taste of the public into some new channel. Of this kind are the writings of Mr. Richardson, whose name, on the present

present occasion, is brought anew before the public. He may, in a great measure, be said to be the father of the modern novel of the serious or pathetic kind, and he was also original² in the mode of epistolary writing by which he carried on the story.

If we were to search among the treasures of ancient literature for fictions similar to the modern novel, we should find none more nearly resembling it than *Theagenes and Chariclea*, the production of Heliodorus, a Christian bishop of Trieca, in Thessaly. Though his romance was unexceptionably pure and virtuous, he was called upon either to burn his book, or resign his bishopric; upon which, with the heroism of an author, he chose the latter.

But, after Europe had sunk into barbarism, a taste was again to be formed; and a taste for the natural, the graceful, and the simple-pathetic, is generally the late result of a long course of civilization.

Not original
See
Briant's
Recess
in
Familiar
Letters
Sup.
Cramer's
See, Richardson

Every one knows the character of the romances of chivalry.—Amadis de Gaul at their head, with whose merits the English reader has lately been made acquainted in an elegant abridged version. They were properly historical, but they heightened the traditionary adventures of the heroes of their different countries, with the more wonderful stories of giants, enchantments, and other embellishments of the supernatural kind. But we are not to suppose that even these fictions were considered, as we now consider them, the mere play of the imagination: “*le vrai seul est aimable*” was always so far a maxim, that no work of imagination can greatly succeed, which is not founded upon popular belief; but what is *le vrai*? In those times talismans, and wounds cured by sympathetic powder, and charms of all kinds, were seriously credited.

A great deal of love adventure was intermixed in these narratives, but not always
of

of the purest or most delicate kind. Poetry was often made the vehicle of them, particularly in Italy: the *Orlando Furioso* of *Ariosto*, is a chivalrous romance in verse.

As, however, the spirit of military adventure subsided, these softened, by degrees, into the languishing love romances of the French school—the *Clelias* and *Cassandras*, the laboured productions of the *Calprenedes* and *Scuderis*. I might indeed have mentioned before these a romance of a peculiar kind, the *Astrea* of d'Urfé, which all France read with eagerness at the time it was published. It is a pastoral romance, and its celebrity was, in a great measure, owing to its being strongly seasoned with allusions to the amours of the court of Henry the Fourth.

But to return to the *Romances de longue haleine*. The principle of these was high honour, impregnable chastity, a constancy unshaken by time or accident, and a species of love so exalted and refined, that it bore

bore but little resemblance to a natural passion. In the story, however, they were a step nearer to nature; the adventures were marvellous, but not impossible. Their personages were all removed from common life, and taken from ancient history; but without the least resemblance to the heroes whose names they bore. The manners therefore, and the passions, referred to an ideal world, the creation of the writer; but the situations were often striking, and the sentiments always noble. They would have reigned longer, had they been less tedious—there exists no appeal for an author who makes his readers weary. Boileau ridiculed these, as Cervantes had done the others, and their knell was rung: people were ready to wonder they had ever admired them.

A closer imitation of nature began now to be called for: not but that, from the earliest times, there had been tales and stories imitating real life; a few serious,
but

but generally comic. The *Décamerone* of Boccacio, the *Cent Nouvelles* of the Queen of Navarre, *contes* and *fabliaux* without number, may be considered as novels, though of a lighter texture; they abounded with adventure, generally of the humourous, often of the licentious kind, and, indeed, were mostly founded on intrigue, but the nobler passions were seldom touched. The *Roman Comique* of Scarron is a regular piece of its kind, and possesses great merit in the humourous way; but the *Zaïde*, and the *Princesse de Cleves*, of Madame de la Fayette, are esteemed to be the first that approach the modern novel of the serious kind, the latter especially; they were written in the reign of Louis XIV. greatly admired, and considered as making a new era in works of invention. Voltaire says of them, that they were “*Les premiers Romans où l'on vit les mœurs des honnêtes gens, et des aventures naturelles, décrites avec grace. Avant elle on écrivait d'un stile empoulé,*

“ *poulé, des choses peu vraisemblables.*” “ The first romances in which were seen natural incidents, and the manners of good company, described with elegance. Before her time, improbable adventures were described in a turgid and affected stile.” The novels of Madame la Fayette are certainly beautiful, but a step is still wanting; they no longer speak, indeed, of Alexanders and Brutus’s, still less of giants and fairies; but the heroes and heroines are princes and princesses—they are not people of our acquaintance. The scene is, perhaps, in Spain, or amongst the Moors; it does not reflect the picture of domestic life, they are not the men and women we see about us every day.

Le Sage, in his *Gil Blas*, a work of infinite entertainment, though of dubious morality, presented us such people; but his portraits were mostly of the humourous kind, and his work was rather a series of separate adventures than a chain of events.

concurring, in one plan, to the production of the catastrophe. There was still wanting a mode of writing which should connect the high passion, and delicacy of sentiment of the old romance, with characters moving in the same sphere of life with ourselves, and brought into action by incidents of daily occurrence.

In the earlier periods of English history, we had our share in the rude literature of the times, and we were familiar, either by translations or stories of our own growth, with the heroes of the chivalrous times, many of whom belonged to our own country. We had also, in common with our neighbours, the monkish legends, a species of romance abounding with the marvellous, and particularly suited to the taste of a superstitious age. Many of these merit attention as a branch, and no small one, of fiction; they have been properly exploded for their falsehood; they should now be preserved for their invention: they
are

are now harmless; they can no longer excite our indignation, let them be permitted to amuse our fancy.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we had the once famous romance *Sidney's Arcadia*, of the pastoral heroic kind, if the expression may be permitted. It is a book that all have heard of, that some few possess, but that nobody reads.

From that period, to the middle of the last reign, we had tales and stories of various kinds, but scarcely one that continues to be read to the present day, and, I believe, not any (the singularly ingenious allegorical fiction of the *Pilgrim's Progress* excepted) that was known out of our own country. We had poets, we had philosophers, long before we had attained any excellence in the lighter kinds of prose composition. Harrington's *Oceana* is political, and will grievously disappoint those who look into it for amusement. The *Atlantis* of Mrs. Manley lives only in that line
of

of Pope which seems to promise it immortality,

“ As long as Atalantis shall be read.”

It was, like Astrea, filled with fashionable scandal. Mrs. Behn's novels were licentious: they are also fallen. Till the middle of the last century, theatrical productions and poetry made a greater part of polite reading than novels, which had not attained either elegance or nice discrimination of characters; some adventure and a love story, were all they aimed at. *The Ladies' Library*, described in the *Spectator*, contains “ *the Grand Cyrus*, with a pin stuck “ in one of the leaves, and *Clelia*, which “ opened of itself in the place that describes “ two lovers in a bower;” but there does not occur either there, or, I believe, in any other part of the work, the name of one English novel, the *Atalantis* excepted. *Plays* are often mentioned as a favourite and dangerous part of ladies' reading. The
first

first author we had, who distinguished himself by natural painting, was that truly original genius De Foe ; and if from any one Richardson caught, in some measure, his peculiar manner of writing, to him it must be traced, whose *Robinson Crusoe* and *Family Instructor* (the latter consisting of domestic dialogues,) he must have read in his youth. They were both accurate describers, minute and circumstantial, but with this difference, that the minuteness of De Foe was more employed about things, and that of Richardson about persons and sentiments. No one ever knew like De Foe to give to fiction, by an accumulation of circumstance, and a grave natural way of telling the story, the most serious air of truth ; except, indeed, Swift, in his *Gulliver's Travels*. De Foe wrote also some novels ; I cannot speak of them, for I have not seen them : they do not appear to have attained much celebrity. Richardson was the man who was to introduce a new kind
of

of moral painting; he drew equally from nature and from his own ideas. From the world about him he took the incidents, manners, and general character, of the times in which he lived, and from his own beautiful ideas he copied that sublime of virtue which charms us in his *Clarissa*, and that sublime of passion which interests us in his *Clementina*. That kind of fictitious writing of which he has set the example, disclaims all assistance from giants or genii. The moated castle is changed to a modern parlour; the princess and her pages to a lady and her domestics, or even to a simple-maiden, without birth or fortune; we are not called on to wonder at improbable events, but to be moved by natural passions, and impressed by salutary maxims. The pathos of the story, and the dignity of the sentiments, interest and charm us; simplicity is warned, vice rebuked, and, from the perusal of a novel, we rise better prepared to meet the ills of
life

life with firmness, and to perform our respective parts on the great theatre of life. It was the high and just praise given by our great critic, Dr. Johnson, to the author of *Clarissa*, that “ he had enlarged the “ knowledge of human nature, and taught “ the passions to move at the command of “ virtue.” The novelist has, indeed, all the advantage of the preacher in introducing useful maxims and sentiments of virtue ; an advantage which Richardson made large use of, and he has besides the power of impressing them upon the heart through the best sensibilities of our nature. Richardson prided himself on being a moral and religious writer ; and, as Addison did before him, he professed to take under his particular protection that sex which is supposed to be most open to good or evil impressions ; whose inexperience most requires cautionary precepts, and whose sensibilities it is most important to secure against a wrong direction. The
manner

manner of this captivating writer was also new.

There are three modes of carrying on a story: the narrative or epic as it may be called; in this the author relates himself the whole adventure; this is the manner of Cervantes in his *Don Quixote*, and of Fielding in his *Tom Jones*. It is the most common way. The author, like the muse, is supposed to know every thing; he can reveal the secret springs of actions, and let us into events in his own time and manner. He can be concise, or diffuse, according as the different parts of his story require it. He can indulge, as Fielding has done, in digressions, and thus deliver sentiments and display knowledge which would not properly belong to any of the characters. But his narration will not be lively, except he frequently drops himself, and runs into dialogue: all good writers therefore have thrown as much as possible of the dramatic into their narrative. Mad.
d'Arblay

d'Arblay has done this so successfully, that we have as clear an idea, not only of the sentiments, but the manner of expression of her different personages, as if we took it from the scenes in a play.

Another mode is that of memoirs ; where the subject of the adventures relates his own story. Smollet, in his Roderic Random, and Goldsmith, in his Vicar of Wakefield, have adopted this mode ; it confines the author's stile, which should be suited, though it is not always, to the supposed talents and capacity of the imaginary narrator. It has the advantage of the warmth and interest a person may be supposed to feel in his own affairs ; and he can more gracefully dwell upon minute circumstances which have affected him. It has a greater air of truth, as it seems to account for the communication to the public. The author, it is true, knows every thing, but when the secret recesses of the heart are to be laid open, we can hear no
one

one with so much pleasure as the person himself. Marivaux, whose productions partly followed, and partly were cotemporary with those of Richardson, has put the history of Marianne into her own mouth, and we are amused to hear her dwell on little touches which are almost too trivial to be noticed by any body but herself.

But what the hero cannot say, the author cannot tell, nor can it be rendered probable, that a very circumstantial narrative should be given by a person, perhaps at the close of a long life, of conversations that have happened at the beginning of it. The author has all along two characters to support, for he has to consider how his hero felt at the time the events to be related, and how it is natural he should feel them at the time he is relating them; at a period, perhaps, when curiosity is extinguished, passion cooled, and when, at any rate, the suspense which rendered them interesting

is over. This seems, therefore, the least perfect mode of any.

A third way remains, that of *epistolary correspondence*, carried on between the characters of the novel. This is the form made use of by Richardson and many others after, none, I believe, before him. He seems to have been led to it by circumstances in his early youth, which will be hereafter related. This method unites, in a good measure, the advantages of the other two; it gives the feelings of the moment as the writers felt them *at the moment*. It allows a pleasing variety of stile, if the author has sufficient command of pen to assume it. It makes the whole work dramatic, since all the characters speak in their own persons. It accounts for breaks in the story, by the omission or loss of letters. It is incompatible with a rapid stile, but gives room for the graceful introduction of remark and sentiment, or any kind, almost, of digressive matter. But, on the other hand,

hand, it is highly fictitious; it is the most natural and the least probable way of telling a story. That letters should be written at all times, and upon every occasion in life, that those letters should be preserved, and altogether form a connected story, it requires much art to render specious. It introduces the inconvenience so much felt in dramatic writing, for want of a narrator; the necessity of having an insipid confidant to tell the circumstances to that an author cannot relate in any other way. It obliges a man to tell of himself, what perhaps no man would tell; and sometimes to repeat compliments which modesty would lead him to suppress: and when a long conversation is repeated, supposes a memory more exact than is generally found. Artificial as it therefore is, still as it enables an author to assume, in a lively manner, the hopes and fears, and passions, and to imitate the peculiar way of thinking of his characters, it became fashionable, and has

been adopted by many both at home and abroad, especially by the French writers; their language, perhaps, being particularly suited to the epistolary stile, and Rousseau himself, in his *Nouvelle Heloise*, has followed the steps of our countryman.

Our author had a most ready pen, indeed it was seldom out of his hand, and this readiness, with the early habit of writing letters, made him take pleasure in an extensive correspondence, with which he filled the interstices of a busy day. Before this correspondence is presented to the reader, it may not be undesirable to preface the collection with all the particulars which can now be collected, relative to him who was the centre of it. The facts are taken either from the letters themselves, or the obliging communications of some of his surviving cotemporaries, or from printed biographical anecdotes.

Mr. Samuel Richardson, whose name and genius no English readers, and it may be added,

added, few foreign ones, are unacquainted with, is one instance, among innumerable others, of natural talents making their way to eminence, under the pressure of narrow circumstances, the disadvantage of obscure birth, and the want of a liberal education.

The following is the account he gives of his family, in a letter to Mr. Stinstra. “ My
“ father was a very honest man, descended
“ of a family of middling note, in the county
“ of Surry, but which having for several ge-
“ nerations a large number of children, the
“ not large possessions were split and di-
“ vided, so that he and his brothers were
“ put to trades; and the sisters were mar-
“ ried to tradesmen. My mother was also
“ a good woman, of a family not ungen-
“ teel; but whose father and mother died in
“ her infancy, within half-an-hour of each
“ other, in the London pestilence of 1665:
“ My father’s business was that of a join-
“ er, then more distinct from that of a car-
“ penter than now it is with us. He was

“ a good draughtsman, and understood ar-
“ chitecture. His skill and ingenuity, and
“ an understanding superior to his busi-
“ ness, with his remarkable integrity of
“ heart and manners, made him person-
“ ally beloved by several persons of rank,
“ among whom were the Duke of Mon-
“ mouth and the first Earl of Shaftsbury,
“ both so noted in our English history;
“ their known favour for him having, on
“ the Duke’s attempt on the crown, sub-
“ jected him to be looked upon with a
“ jealous eye, notwithstanding he was
“ noted for a quiet and inoffensive man,
“ he thought proper, on the decollation
“ of the first-named unhappy nobleman,
“ to quit his London business, and to re-
“ tire to Derbyshire, though to his great
“ detriment; and there I, and three other
“ children out of nine, were born.”

As it was probably a great disadvantage
to Mr. Richardson’s father to leave his
flourishing business in London, and as it is
not

not very likely that a man in his way of life should have so companionable an intimacy with the Duke of Monmouth and the Earl of Shaftsbury, as to subject him to danger on that account merely; it is probable that he entered further into their political views, than appears from the foregoing account. Mr. Samuel Richardson was born in the year 1689, in Derbyshire, but in what particular place cannot be traced out. It is said that Richardson, from some motives known only to himself, always avoided mentioning the town which gave him birth. If this concealment arose from a reluctance to bring into view the obscurity and narrow circumstances in which his childhood was involved, the motive was an unworthy one, since they only served to reflect honour on the genius which could break through so thick a cloud. But, in truth, the candour and openness with which he relates the circumstances of his early life, ought to clear him from this imputa-

tion. He goes on to inform his friend; that his father intended him for the church, a designation perfectly agreeable to his own inclinations, and which indeed his strong sense of religion, and the sobriety of his conduct, gave him an appropriate fitness for. But he adds: " But while I
 " was very young, some heavy losses hav-
 " ing disabled him from supporting me as
 " genteelly as he wished in an education
 " proper for the function, he left me to
 " choose, at the age of fifteen or sixteen,
 " a business; having been able to give me
 " only common school-learning."

Some of the admirers of Richardson have wished to raise his character by asserting, that he possessed a knowledge of the classics; but his own assertions are frequent in his letters, that he possessed no language but his own, not even French. It is said, indeed, that Dr. Young and he have been heard to quote Horace and other classics in their familiar conversations, and
 the

the letters of the pedant Brand in *Clarissa*, which are larded with Latin quotations, are adduced as proofs of his scholarship; but, with regard to the latter, it seems probable, as may be seen in the letters, that he was assisted by his friend Mr. Channing; and, as to the former, it is not unlikely that he might be familiar with a few of those Latin phrases which are used, in a manner proverbially, by scholars, as the garniture of their discourse; and that he might also remember something of the rudiments, which he probably learnt at school, neither of which circumstances imply any real knowledge of the language. His deficiencies in this respect he often lamented; and it is certain his style is as far as possible from that of a scholar. It abounds with colloquial vulgarisms, and has neither that precision, nor that tincture of classic elegance, which is generally the result of an early familiarity with the best models.

But, however an ignorance of the learned

languages might, some centuries ago, have precluded the unlearned Englishman from those treasures of literature which open the faculties and enlarge the understanding, our own tongue now contains productions of every kind sufficient to kindle the flame of genius in a congenial mind. Reading, provided a man seeks rather after good books than new books, still continues to be the cheapest of all amusements; and the boy who has barely learned to read at a village school-dame's, is in possession of a key which will unlock the treasures of Shakespeare and of Milton, of Addison and of Locke. Nor is time generally wanting; the severest labour has its intervals, in which the youth, who is stung with the thirst of knowledge, will steal to the page that gratifies his curiosity, and afterwards brood over the thoughts which have been there kindled, while he is plying the awl, planing the board, or hanging over the loom. To have this desire implanted in the
young

young mind, does, indeed, require some peculiarly favourable circumstances. These can sometimes be traced, oftener not. In regular education, the various stimuli that produce this effect are subject to our observation, and distinctly marked; in like manner as we know the nature and quality of the seed we sow in gardens and cultured ground; but of those geniuses called self-taught, we usually know no more than we do of the wild flowers that spring up in the fields. We know very well they had a seed, but we are ignorant by what accidental circumstances the seed of one has been conveyed by the winds to some favourable spot, where it has been safely lodged in the bosom of the ground, nor why it germinates there, and springs up in health and vigour, while a thousand others perish. Some observation struck the young sense; some verse, repeated in his hearing, dropt its sweetness on the unfolding ear; some nursery story, told with impressive

tones and gestures, has laid hold on the kindling imagination; and thus have been formed, in solitude and obscurity, the genius of a Burns or a Shakespeare.

With regard to Richardson, it is not often we possess such particular information as he has given us, in his own words, of his early invention, and powers of affecting the heart.—“ I recollect, that I was
“ early noted for having invention. I
“ was not fond of play, as other boys: my
“ school-fellows used to call me *Serious* and
“ *Gravity*; and five of them particularly
“ delighted to single me out, either for a
“ walk, or at their father’s houses, or at
“ mine, to tell them stories, as they phrased
“ it. Some I told them, from my reading,
“ as true; others from my head, as mere
“ invention; of which they would be most
“ fond, and often were affected by them.
“ One of them particularly, I remember,
“ was for putting me to write a history, as
“ he called it, on the model of Tommy
“ Pots:

“ Pots; I now forget what it was, only
“ that it was of a servant-man preferred
“ by a fine young lady (for his goodness)
“ to a lord, who was a libertine. All my
“ stories carried with them, I am bold to
“ say, an useful moral.”

It is in like manner related of the Abbé Prevôt, one of the most affecting of the French novelists, that, when he was among the Carthusians, into which order he had originally entered, he was accustomed to amuse the good fathers with telling them stories of his invention; and once, it is recorded, they sat up the whole night listening to him. But not only our author's inventive turn, the particular mode in which he exercised it was very early determined. He was fond of two things, which boys have generally an aversion to—letter-writing, and the company of the other sex. An incident, which he relates in the following words, shews how early he had devoted himself to be the Mentor of his female acquaintance:

“ From my earliest youth, I had a love
“ of letter-writing : I was not eleven years
“ old when I wrote, spontaneously, a
“ letter to a widow of near fifty, who,
“ pretending to a zeal for religion, and
“ being a constant frequenter of church
“ ordinances, was continually fomenting
“ quarrels and disturbances, by back-
“ biting and scandal, among all her ac-
“ quaintance. I collected from the scrip-
“ ture texts that made against her. As-
“ suming the style and address of a person
“ in years, I exhorted her, I expostu-
“ lated with her. But my hand-writing
“ was known. I was challenged with it,
“ and owned the boldness ; for she com-
“ plained of it to my mother with tears.
“ My mother chid me for the freedom
“ taken by such a boy with a woman of
“ her years ; but knowing that her son was
“ not of a pert or forward nature, but, on
“ the contrary, shy and bashful, she com-
“ mended my principles, though she cen-
“ sured the liberty taken.”

Notwithstanding the ill-will which this freedom might draw upon him from individuals, he was, he tells us, a general favourite with young and old.

“ As a bashful and 'not forward boy,
“ I was an early favourite with all the
“ young women of taste and reading in
“ the neighbourhood. Half a dozen of
“ them, when met to work with their
“ needles, used, when they got a book
“ they liked, and thought I should, to
“ borrow me to read to them; their mo-
“ thers sometimes with them; and both
“ mothers and daughters used to be pleased
“ with the observations they put me upon
“ making.

“ I was not more than thirteen, when
“ three of these young women, unknown
“ to each other, having an high opinion
“ of my taciturnity, revealed to me their
“ love-secrets, in order to induce me
“ to give them copies to write after, or
“ correct, for answers to their lover's
“ letters :

“ letters : nor did any one of them ever
“ know that I was the secretary to the
“ others. I have been directed to chide,
“ and even repulse, when an offence was
“ either taken or given, at the very time
“ that the heart of the chider or repulser
“ was open before me, overflowing with
“ esteem and affection ; and the fair re-
“ pulser, dreading to be taken at her word,
“ directing *this* word, or *that* expression,
“ to be softened or changed. One highly
“ gratified with her lover’s fervour, and
“ vows of everlasting love, has said, when
“ I have asked her direction ; I cannot
“ tell you what to write ; but, (her heart
“ on her lips) you cannot write too kindly ;
“ all her fear was only, that she should
“ incur slight for her kindness.”

Human nature is human nature in every class ; the hopes and the fears, the perplexities and the struggles, of these low-bred girls in, probably, an obscure village, supplied the future author with those ideas, which,

which, by their gradual development, produced the characters of a Clarissa and a Clementina; nor was he probably happier, or amused in a more lively manner, when sitting in his grotto, with a circle of the best informed women in England about him, who, in after-times, courted his society, than in reading to these girls in, it may be, a little back-shop, or a mantua-maker's parlour, with a brick-floor. In the mean time, years went on, and the father of Richardson, being disappointed in his views of bringing him up to a profession, it became incumbent on him to chuse a humbler employment, and he fixed upon that of a printer; chiefly, as he informs us, because he thought it would gratify his thirst for reading. He was bound apprentice to *Mr. John Wilde, of Stationer's-hall*, in the year 1706. He did not, however, find it easy to gratify this thirst, though the stream ran by his lips, "I served," (says he) "a diligent seven years to it; to a
" master

“ master who grudged every hour to me
“ that tended not to his profit, even of
“ those times of leisure and diversion,
“ which the refractoriness of my fellow-
“ servants *obliged* him to allow them, and
“ were usually allowed by other masters
“ to their apprentices. I stole from the
“ hours of rest and relaxation, my read-
“ ing times for improvement of my mind ;
“ and, being engaged in a correspondence
“ with a gentleman, greatly my superior
“ in degree, and of ample fortune, who,
“ had he lived, intended high things for
“ me ; those were all the opportunities
“ I had in my apprenticeship to carry it
“ on. But this little incident I may men-
“ tion ; I took care that even my candle
“ was of my own purchasing, that I might
“ not, in the most trifling instance, make
“ my master a sufferer (and who used to
“ call me the pillar of his house) and not
“ to disable myself by watching or sitting-
“ up, to perform my duty to him in the
“ day-

“ day-time.” The correspondence with the gentleman just mentioned, must have been of great service to the young apprentice, in gaining that fluency of pen which he was remarkable for, though it appears he was deprived by death of the patronage he expected. “ Multitudes of letters passed between this gentleman and me ; he wrote well, was a master of the epistolary style. Our subjects were various : but his letters were mostly narrative, giving me an account of his proceedings, and what befel him in the different nations through which he travelled. I could from them, had I been at liberty, and had I at that time thought of writing as I have since done, have drawn great helps : but many years ago, all the letters that passed between us, by a particular desire of his (lest they should ever be published) were committed to the flames.”

After the expiration of his apprenticeship,

ticeship, our author continued five or six years working as a compositor and corrector of the press to a printing-office, and part of the time as an overseer; and, at length thus working his way upwards into day-light, he took up his freedom, and set up for himself; at first in a court in Fleet-street, from whence, as his business grew more extensive, he removed into Salisbury-court.

Richardson was not one of those who make genius an excuse for idleness. He had been diligent and conscientious as an apprentice, he was assiduous and liberal as a master. Besides the proper work of a printer, he did a good deal of business for the booksellers, in writing for them indexes, prefaces, and, as he stiles them, honest dedications. These humble employments tended to facilitate to him the use and management of the pen. Mr. Richardson's punctuality, and the honour and generosity of his dealings, soon gained him

him friends, and his business greatly flourished. He printed, for a while, the *True Briton*, a periodical paper, published in 1723, under the auspices of the Duke of Wharton, who, at that time, was endeavouring to foment a spirit of opposition in the City; and, to gain popularity, became a member of the Wax-chandler's Company. Richardson, though his principles were very different, was intimate with him, as was also, in early life, Dr. Young. Some of the numbers of the *True Briton* were prosecuted, but Mr. R. escaped, as his name did not appear. He was engaged some time in printing a newspaper, called *The Daily Journal*, and afterwards, *The Daily Gazetteer*. Through the interest of the Speaker, Mr. Onslow, he had the printing of the Journals of the House of Commons, in twenty-six volumes, folio. Mr. Onslow had a great regard for him, and often received him at his house in Embercourt. Polite regards are sometimes more easily

easily obtained than money from the court end of the town. Mr. R. did not find this branch of his business the one which yielded him the quickest returns. He thus writes to his friend Aaron Hill: “As to my
“silence, I have been at one time exceed-
“ingly busy in getting ready some vo-
“lumes of Journals, to entitle myself to
“a payment which yet I never had, no,
“not to the value of a shilling, though the
“debt is upwards of three thousand pounds,
“and though I have pressed for it, and
“been excessively pressed for the want
“of it.”

He was chosen master of his company, an office, which, in the Stationer's Company, is not only honourable but lucrative, in 1754; on which occasion one of his friends tells him, that though he did not doubt his going very well through every other part of the duty, he feared his habitual abstemiousness would allow him to make but a very poor figure at the city feasts.

feasts. His indulgencies were not of the sensual kind—he had, according to the salutary custom of the London citizens, a country residence; first at North-end, near Hammersmith, and afterwards at Parsons's-green, where he spent the time he could spare from business, and seldom without visitors. He loved to encourage diligence and early rising amongst his journeymen, and often hid a half-crown amongst the letters, so that the first who came to work in a morning might find it. At other times he brought, for the same purpose, fruit from his garden.

Mr. R. was twice married, his first wife was Allington Wilde, his master's daughter, she died in 1731. His second was the sister of Mr. James Leake, bookseller, at Bath, with whom he always maintained a very friendly intercourse: this lady survived him. Of his family, history, and the many wounds his affectionate nature received in the loss of those dear to him, he

he thus speaks in a letter to Lady Bradshaw, who had been pleading against a melancholy termination to Clarissa.

“ Ah! Madam; and do you thus call upon me! Forgive an interrupting sigh, and allow me a short abruption.

“ I told you, Madam, that I have been married twice; both times happily: you will guess so, as to my first, when I tell you that I cherish the memory of my lost wife to this hour: and as to the second, when I assure you that I can do so without derogating from the merits of, or being disallowed by my present; who speaks of her on all occasions, as respectfully and affectionately as I do myself.

“ By my first wife I had five sons and one daughter; some of them living, to be delightful prattlers, with all the appearances of sound health, lively in their features, and promising as to their minds; and the death of one of them, I doubt,

“ doubt, accelerating from grief, that of
“ the otherwise laudably afflicted, mother.
“ I have had, by my present wife, five
“ girls and one boy; I have buried of
“ these the promising boy, and one girl:
“ four girls I have living, all at present
“ very good; their mother a true and in-
“ structing mother to them.

“ Thus have I lost six sons (all my sons)
“ and two daughters, every one of which,
“ to answer your question, I parted with
“ with the utmost regret. Other heavy
“ deprivations of friends, very near, and
“ very dear, have I also suffered. I am
“ very susceptible, I will venture to say,
“ of impressions of this nature. A father,
“ an honest, a worthy father, I lost by the
“ accident of a broken thigh, snapped by
“ a sudden jirk, endeavouring to recover
“ a slip passing through his own yard.
“ My father, whom I attended in every
“ stage of his last illness, I long mourned
“ for. Two brothers, very dear to me, I

“ lost abroad. A friend, more valuable
“ than most brothers, was taken from
“ me. No less than eleven affecting deaths
“ in two years ! My nerves were so affect-
“ ed with these repeated blows, that I have
“ been forced, after trying the whole *ma-*
“ *teria medica*, and consulting many physi-
“ cians, as the only palliative (not a reme-
“ dy to be expected) to go into a regimen ;
“ and, for seven years past have I forborne
“ wine and flesh and fish ; and, at this
“ time, I and all my family are in
“ mourning for a good sister, with whom
“ neither I would have parted, could I
“ have had my choice. From these af-
“ fecting dispensations, will you not allow
“ me, Madam, to remind an unthinking
“ world, immersed in pleasures, what a
“ life this is that they are so fond of, and
“ to arm them against the affecting
“ changes of it ?”

Severely tried as he was, he had yet
great comfort in his family ; his daughters
grew

grew up under his tuition, amiable and worthy; they were carefully educated, and engaged his fondest affections. It is remarkable that his daughter Anne, whose early ill-health had often excited his apprehensions, was the last survivor of the family. They were all much employed in writing for him, and transcribing his letters; but, his chief amanuensis was his daughter Martha.

In addition to his other business, Mr. Richardson purchased, in 1760, a moiety of the patent of law printer to his majesty, which department of his business he carried on in partnership with Miss Catherine Lintot. From all these sources he was enabled to make that comfortable provision for a rising family, which patient industry, judiciously directed, will, generally, in this country, enable a man to procure.

But the genius of Richardson was not destined to be for ever employed in ushering into the world the productions of others.

Neither city feasts and honours, nor printing law books and acts of parliament, nor the cares of a family, and the management of so large a concern of business, could quench the spark that glowed within him, or hinder the lovely ideas that played about his fancy, from being cloathed in words, and produced to captivate the public ear. The printer in Salisbury-court was to create a new species of writing; his name was to be familiar in the mouths of the great, the witty, and the gay, and he was destined to give one motive more to the rest of Europe, to learn the language of his country. The early fondness of Mr. Richardson for epistolary writing has already been mentioned, as also that he employed his pen occasionally for the booksellers. They desired him to give them a volume of Familiar Letters, upon a variety of supposed occasions. He began, but, letter producing letter, like John Bunyan, "as he pulled, it came;" till, unexpected to himself, the result was
his

his *History of Pamela*. His account of it is as follows:—"The writing it, then, was owing to the following occasion:—Two booksellers, my particular friends, entertained me to write for them a little volume of Letters, in a common style, on such subjects as might be of use to those country readers, who were unable to indite for themselves. Will it be any harm, said I, in a piece you want to be written so low, if we should instruct them how they should think and act in common cases, as well as indite? They were the more urgent with me to begin the little volume for this hint. I set about it; and, in the progress of it, writing two or three letters to instruct handsome girls, who were obliged to go out to service, as we phrase it, how to avoid the snares that might be laid against their virtue; the above story recurred to my thought: And hence sprung Pamela. This volume of letters

“ is not worthy of your perusal. I laid
“ aside several letters after I had written
“ them for this volume, as too high for the
“ view of my two friends.”

This was written, (it was then only in two volumes) in three months. The idea he set out with of writing letters for rather the lower class, probably determined him to the station of his heroine, and the simplicity of her language.

The author's object in *Pamela* is twofold : to reclaim a libertine by the influence of virtuous affection, and to conduct virtue safe and triumphant through the severest trials, to an honourable reward. For this purpose *Pamela*, a young girl, born of poor, but pious and worthy parents, taken by a lady of fashion to wait upon her person, and brought up by her with great tenderness and attention to her improvement, is, after the lady's death, at which event the story opens, exposed to the solicitations of her youthful master, the only

son of her benefactress. The story is carried on by letters, chiefly between Pamela and her father and mother. Her youth and innocence render her, for some time, unsuspecting of the passion she has inspired ; and, when she can no longer misunderstand the purposes of her master, she prepares to leave his house, but he detains her under various pretences, and attempts liberties with her person, which she resists with firmness, as well as his pecuniary offers ; though not disinclined to his person, and though she has no resource, on the supposition of leaving him, but to return to hard country labour. Her behaviour is all the while full of humility and respect to her master, in every instance consistent with the defence of her honour. Her master, who, though young, is a practised libertine, finding her protected by the watchful advice of her parents, and by the care of a virtuous house-keeper, who had belonged to his mother, determines to con-

vey her to a place where she shall be entirely in his power. Under pretence, therefore, of sending her home to her parents, he has her conveyed to another of his seats, where she is absolutely confined, under the guardianship of an abandoned woman, whose office it has been to minister to his pleasures. The poor Pamela forms many schemes to get away, and endeavours, by means of a young clergyman, to engage some of the families of the neighbourhood in her favour, but without effect. She then endeavours to escape alone, and actually gets through a barred window into the garden, from whence she hopes to escape into the fields, though ignorant of any one who will receive her; but she falls, and bruises herself in attempting to get over the high brick wall. Her sufferings in this attempt are affectingly described. Finding all her schemes abortive, she is greatly tempted to free herself from the danger of dishonour, by throwing herself
into

into the pond, but considerations of piety at length prevail, and she determines to trust to Providence. Her master at length, after many ineffectual attempts to vanquish her resistance, begins to relent, professes honourable love to her; and, after a severe struggle between his passion and his pride of birth and fortune, offers her his hand in marriage. Pamela acknowledges her love for him, and accepts (almost upon her knees it must be allowed) his proposal. Difficulties remain to be got over with Lady Davers, a proud and termagant woman of quality, sister to Mr. B. but the sweetness and prudence of Pamela overcome her dislike, and the whole concludes with the perfect happiness of the wedded pair.

Such is the outline of this first work of our author, which was published in 1740. It was received with a burst of applause from all ranks of people. The novelty of the plan, the strokes of nature and pathos with which the work abounds, the simpli-

city of the language, the sentiments of piety and virtue that are brought forward, took at once the taste of the public. Numberless were the compliments Mr. Richardson received upon it, as soon as he was known to be the author, for in the publication he only assumed the character of editor, and that not by name. He had earnestly wished, he said, to be concealed; probably he did, till its reception was known. All that read were his readers. Even at Ranelagh, those who remember the publication say, that it was usual for ladies to hold up the volumes of Pamela to one another, to shew they had got the book that every one was talking of. The tendency of this novel was held to be so excellent, that it was recommended by Dr. Slocock, even from the pulpit. The friends of the author were lavish, not to say extravagant, in their compliments, and he received spontaneous eulogiums from many of the first authors of the age. Mr. Leake thus

thus writes of Mr. Allen and Mr. Pope: Mr. Pope says, "it will do more good than many volumes of sermons; I have heard them both very high in its praises, and they will not bear any faults to be mentioned in the story; I believe they have read it twice a-piece at least; I believe Mr. Pope will call on you." Mr. Chetwynd says, "that if all other books were to be burnt, this book, next to the Bible, ought to be preserved." Mr. Lobb talks of bringing-up his son to be virtuous, by giving him Pamela as soon as he could read, a choice of books for a youth which we, at present, should be very much surprised at; and Mr. Lucas, the esteemed author of the Search after Happiness, thus writes: "I am inform'd that the author of Pamela, (the best book ever published, and calculated to do most good) is one Mr. Richardson, Printer. I think it a piece of common justice, to shew my regard to this common be-

“ nefactor of mankind, by making him a
“ tender of my best services. Accord-
“ ingly, being about to publish a volume
“ of sermons, I take the liberty of making
“ him the offer of them.” It was im-
mediately translated into French and
Dutch.

The fame of this once favourite work is now somewhat tarnished by time, as well as eclipsed by the author's subsequent publications; but the enthusiasm with which it was received, shews incontrovertably, that a *novel* written on the side of virtue was considered as a new experiment.

Appreciating it at this distance of time, we must acknowledge that the faults are great, but the beauties are genuine. The character of Pamela, so long as her sole object was to resist her master's attempts, is beautifully drawn, with many affecting incidents, and little strokes of nature. Her innocent prattle to Mrs. Jervis, the rustic dress in which she equips herself, when de-
termined

terminated to leave her place, her stealing down to the kitchen to try if she could scour the pewter, in order to accustom herself to course household work—"I see I could do it," says she, "it only blistered my hand in two places;" the sudden spring she gives on seeing her father, by which she overturns the card-table, and the affecting account of her sufferings on attempting to make her escape, are all worthy of a master-hand. There are not many under-characters in this work; the most pleasing, and perhaps the best sustained, of the whole, are those of Goodman Andrews and his wife, Pamela's father and mother. It would not be easy to find a prettier picture of low life, and of true English low life, in its most respectable garb; made respectable by strict honesty, humility, patience of labour, and domestic affection; the whole rendered saintly and venerable by a touching air of piety and resignation, which pervades all their sentiments.

ments. The behaviour of the old man, when he walks to Mr. B.'s to enquire after his child; and his humble grief, is truly pathetic. The language of the good couple is simple, without being vulgar. It is not the simplicity of Arcadian shepherds: It is such as people in low life, with the delicacy of a virtuous mind, might fall into without any other advantages than a bible education. It is the simplicity of an English cottage. Mrs. Jervis, the virtuous house-keeper, is well-intentioned, grateful, but timid. The other, Mrs. Jewkes, is drawn in coarse but natural colours. The pride and passion of Lady Davers are strongly drawn, some may think, perhaps too strongly, for a lady of her fashion; but we every now and then see instances in which nature will get the better of the decorums of life, and one of Richardson's correspondents tells him he could find him half a dozen Lady Davers's (her wit excepted) amongst his quality acquaintance.

The

The character of Mr. B. himself is drawn with less address than that of any one in the piece; he is proud, stern, selfish, forbidding, (selfish, that is to say, in his love, for he has generosity enough in money matters) and his ideas of the authority of a husband are so high, that it is not easy to conceive of Pamela's being rewarded by marrying him, unless her regard for external circumstances was greater than the author would wish to have supposed. The moral of this piece is more dubious than, in his life time, the author's friends were willing to allow. So long as Pamela is solely occupied in schemes to escape from her persecutor, her virtuous resistance obtains our unqualified approbation; but from the moment she begins to entertain hopes of marrying him, we admire her guarded prudence, rather than her purity of mind. She has an end in view, an interested end, and we can only consider her as the conscious possessor of a treasure, which she

she is wisely resolved not to part with but for its just price. Her staying in his house a moment after she found herself at liberty to leave it, was totally unjustifiable; her repentant lover ought to have followed her to her father's cottage, and to have married her from thence. The familiar footing upon which she condescends to live with the odious Jewkes, shews also, that her fear of offending the man she hoped to make her husband, had got the better of her delicacy and just resentment, and the same fear leads her to give up her correspondence with honest Mr. Williams, who had generously sacrificed his interest with his patron in order to effect her deliverance. In real life we should, at this period, consider Pamela as an interested girl; but the author says, she married Mr. B. because he had won her affection, and we are bound, it may be said, to believe an author's own account of his characters. But again, is it quite natural that a girl, who had such a genuine

genuine love for virtue, should feel her heart attracted to a man who was endeavouring to destroy that virtue? Can a woman value her honour infinitely above her life, and hold in serious detestation every word and look contrary to the nicest purity, and yet be won by those very attempts against her honour to which she expresses so much repugnance? Does not pious love to assimilate with pious, and pure with pure? There is, indeed, a gentle seduction of the affections, from which a virtuous woman might find herself in danger, especially when there existed such a bar to a legitimate union as great disparity of rank and fortune; but this kind of seduction was not what Mr. B. employed. He did not possess, with Sedley,

————— That prevailing gentle art,
 Which can, with a resistless force, impart
 The loosest wishes to the chaste heart;
 Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire
 Between declining virtue and desire,
 That the poor vanquished maid dissolves away,
 In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.

His

His attempts were of the grossest nature, and, previous to, and during those attempts, he endeavoured to intimidate her by sternness. He puts on the master too much to win upon her as the lover. Can affection be kindled by outrage and insult? Surely, if her passions were capable of being awakened in his favour, during such a persecution, the circumstance would be capable of an interpretation very little consistent with that delicacy the author meant to give her. The other alternative is, that she married him for

“The gilt coach, and dappled Flanders’ mares.”

Indeed, the excessive humility and gratitude expressed by herself and her parents on her exaltation, shews a regard to rank and riches beyond the just measure of an independent mind. The pious Goodman Andrews should not have thought his virtuous daughter so infinitely beneath her licentious master, who, after all, married her to gratify his own passions.

The

The indelicate scenes in this novel have been justly found fault with, and are, indeed, totally indefensible. Dr. Watts, to whom he sent the volumes, instead of compliments, writes him word, that he understands the ladies complain they cannot read them without blushing. ✓

Great curiosity was expressed by many, to know whether the story was founded in fact; just as children ask eagerly, when they hear a story that pleases them, "Is it true?" The author received anonymous letters from six ladies, who pressed him to declare, upon his honour, which they were sure he was too much of a gentleman to violate, whether the story was true or false, and they hoped Mrs. B. if there was such a lady, would not be against satisfying a request which redounded so much to her honour; they tell him also, that they have taken an oath to keep the secret, if he will entrust them with it; and that they will never cease writing till he has obliged them.

Popular write

them: He tells them, in his answer, that it was never known, since the world began, that a secret was kept which had been entrusted to six ladies, and pretends that he was not at liberty to break the trust; also, that they are very unreasonable in expecting him to give up the name of his heroine to ladies who keep their own names a secret.

The real Pamela was said by some to be the wife of Sir Arthur Hazelrig, who had then lately married his maid; others affirmed, with great confidence, that she was daughter to the gamekeeper of the Earl of Gainsborough, who had rewarded her virtue by exalting her to the rank of Countess. Both these ladies were of exemplary characters; but the author's own account of the matter is given in the following words, in a letter to his friend and great admirer Aaron Hill.

“ Dear

Story of
Pamela. insp.
by the
following

“ Dear Sir,

“ I will now write to your question—
“ Whether there was any original ground-
“ work of fact, for the general foundation
“ of Pamela’s story.

“ About twenty-five years ago, a gen-
“ tleman, with whom I was intimately ac-
“ quainted (but who, alas! is now no
“ more!) met with such a story as that of
“ Pamela, in one of the summer tours
“ which he used to take for his pleasure,
“ attended with one servant only. At
“ every inn he put up at, it was his way
“ to inquire after curiosities in its neigh-
“ bourhood, either ancient or modern;
“ and particularly he asked who was the
“ owner of a fine house, as it seemed to
“ him, beautifully situated, which he had
“ passed by (describing it) within a mile or
“ two of the inn.

“ It was a fine house, the landlord said.
“ The owner was Mr. B. a gentleman of
“ a large estate in more counties than
“ one.

“ one. That his and his lady’s history
“ engaged the attention of every body
“ who came that way, and put a stop to
“ all other enquiries, though the house
“ and gardens were well worth seeing.
“ The lady, he said, was one of the great-
“ est beauties in England; but the quali-
“ ties of her mind had no equal: beneficent,
“ prudent, and equally beloved and admired
“ by high and low. That she had been taken
“ at twelve years of age, for the sweet-
“ ness of her manners and modesty, and
“ for an understanding above her years,
“ by Mr. B—’s mother, a truly worthy
“ lady, to wait on her person. Her pa-
“ rents, ruined by suretiships, were re-
“ markably honest and pious, and had in-
“ stilled into their daughter’s mind the
“ best principles. When their misfortunes
“ happened first, they attempted a little
“ school, in their village, where they were
“ much beloved; he teaching writing and
“ the first rules of arithmetic to boys; his
wife

“ wife plain needle-works to girls, and to
“ knit and spin ; but that it answered not :
“ and, when the lady took their child, the
“ industrious man earned his bread by
“ day labour, and the lowest kinds of
“ husbandry.

“ That the girl, improving daily in
“ beauty, modesty, and genteel and good
“ behaviour, by the time she was fifteen,
“ engaged the attention of her lady’s son,
“ a young gentleman of free principles,
“ who, on her lady’s death, attempted, by
“ all manner of temptations and devices,
“ to seduce her. That she had recourse
“ to as many innocent stratagems to escape
“ the snares laid for her virtue ; once,
“ however, in despair, having been near
“ drowning ; that, at last, her noble re-
“ sistance, watchfulness, and excellent
“ qualities, subdued him, and he thought
“ fit to make her his wife. That she be-
“ haved herself with so much dignity,
“ sweetness, and humility, that she made
“ herself

“ herself beloved of every body, and even
“ by his relations, who, at first despised
“ her; and now had the blessings both of
“ rich and poor, and the love of her hus-
“ band.

“ The gentleman who told me this,
“ added, that he had the curiosity to stay
“ in the neighbourhood from Friday to
“ Sunday, that he might see this happy
“ couple at church, from which they never
“ absented themselves: that, in short, he
“ did see them; that her deportment was
“ all sweetness, ease, and dignity mingled:
“ that he never saw a lovelier woman:
“ that her husband was as fine a man, and
“ seemed even proud of his choice: and
“ that she attracted the respects of the
“ persons of rank present, and had the
“ blessings of the poor.—The relater of
“ the story told me all this with trans-
“ port.

“ This, Sir, was the foundation of Pa-
“ mela’s story; but little did I think to
“ make

“ make a story of it for the press. That
“ was owing to this occasion.

“ Mr. Rivington and Mr. Osborne,
“ whose names are on the title-page, had
“ long been urging me to give them a
“ little book (which, they said, they were
“ often asked after) of familiar letters on
“ the useful concerns in common life;
“ and, at last, I yielded to their importu-
“ nity, and began to recollect such sub-
“ jects as I thought would be useful in
“ such a design, and formed several letters
“ accordingly. And, among the rest, I
“ thought of giving one or two as cautions
“ to young folks circumstanced as Pamela
“ was. Little did I think, at first, of
“ making one, much less two volumes of
“ it. But, when I began to recollect what
“ had, so many years before, been told me
“ by my friend, I thought the story, if
“ written in an easy and natural manner,
“ suitably to the simplicity of it, might
“ possibly introduce a new species of
“ writing,

“ writing, that might possibly turn young
“ people into a course of reading different
“ from the pomp and parade of romance-
“ writing, and dismissing the improbable
“ and marvellous, with which novels gene-
“ rally abound, might tend to promote
“ the cause of religion and virtue. I
“ therefore gave way to enlargement: and
“ so Pamela became as you see her. But
“ so little did I hope for the approbation
“ of judges, that I had not the courage to
“ send the two volumes to your ladies, until
“ I found the books well received by the
“ public.

“ While I was writing the two volumes,
“ my worthy-hearted wife, and the young
“ lady who is with us, when I had read
“ them some part of the story, which I had
“ begun without their knowing it, used to
“ come in to my little closet every night,
“ with—‘ Have you any more of Pamela,
“ Mr. R.? We are come to hear a little
“ more of Pamela,’ &c. This encouraged
“ me

dates // “ me to prosecute it, which I did so dili-
“ gently, through all my other business,
“ that, by a memorandum on my copy, I
“ began it Nov. 10, 1739, and finished it
“ Jan. 10, 1739-40. And I have often,
“ censurable as I might be thought for
“ my vanity for it, and lessening to the
“ taste of my two female friends, had the
“ story of Moliere’s Old Woman in my
“ thoughts upon the occasion.

“ If justly low were my thoughts of this
“ little history, you will wonder how it
“ came by such an assuming and very im-
“ pudent preface. It was thus:—The ap-
“ probation of these two female friends,
“ and of two more, who were so kind as
“ to give me prefaces for it, but which
“ were much too long and circumstantial,
“ as I thought, made me resolve myself on
“ writing a preface; I therefore, spirited
“ by the good opinion of these four, and
“ knowing that the judgments of nine
“ parts in ten of readers were but in hang-

“ing-sleeves, struck a bold stroke in the
 “ preface you see, having the umbrage of
 “ the editor’s character * to screen myself
 “ behind.—And thus, Sir, all is out.”

The success of the work gave occasion to a spurious continuation of it, called *Pamela in High Life*. The author had, in reality, no reason to be disturbed at this; the continuation would have had the same fate with that of Marianne, afterwards published, which no one ever confounded with the Marianne of Marivaux. However, upon this, the author prepared to give a second part. Pope and Warburton, who heard he was about it, advised him to make it a vehicle for satire upon the fashions and follies of the great world, by representing the light in which they would appear to the rustic Pamela, when she was introduced to them. The plan might have

* Under the character of Editor, he gave great commendations to the letters, for which he was blamed by some of his friends.

suited Pope or Swift, but Richardson did not, by any means, possess those light touches of delicate humour which were required in it; and the knowledge of the great world he had yet to acquire. These volumes, two in number, are, like most second parts, greatly inferior to the first. They are superfluous, for the plan was already completed, and they are dull, for instead of incident and passion, they are filled with heavy sentiment, in diction far from elegant. A great part of it aims to palliate, by counter criticism, the faults which had been found in the first part. It is less a continuation than the author's defence of himself. The only incident of consequence is, the adventure at the masquerade, and Mr. B.'s beginning intrigue with a lady there, which gives Pamela an opportunity to shine in so critical a circumstance as a married jealousy; her behaviour under it is very well drawn, with a proper mixture of acute feeling, spirit, and gentleness, and

is supposed to have the effect of finally and completely reclaiming her repentant husband. Goldoni has written two plays on the story of Pamela; his *Pamela Nubile* and *Pamela Maritata*.

It may be worth mentioning, that this novel changed the pronunciation of the name Pamela, which before was pronounced Pamēla, as appears from that line of Pope—

“ The gods to curse Pamela with her prayers”.

Aaron Hill thus writes about it: “ I have made” (viz. in some commendatory verses he wrote upon the occasion) “ the e short in your Pamēla; I observe it is so in her own pretty verses at parting. I am for deriving her name from her qualities; only that the Greek *πας* and *μελος* allude much too faintly to the all-reaching extent of her sweetness:” and he adds, “ that Mr. Pope has taught half the women in England to pronounce it wrong.”

Fielding

It is well known that Fielding, who started in his career of fame soon after Richardson, wrote his Joseph Andrews in ridicule of Pamela. Joseph is supposed to be the brother of Pamela, and Mr. B. is 'Squire Booby. Richardson was exceedingly hurt at this; the more so, as they had been upon good terms, and he was very intimate with Fielding's two sisters. He never appears cordially to have forgiven it, (perhaps it was not in human nature that he should) and he always speaks in his letters with a great deal of asperity of Tom Jones, more indeed than was quite graceful in a rival author. No doubt he himself thought his indignation was solely excited by the loose morality of the work and of its author, but he could tolerate Cibber. Richardson and Fielding possessed very different excellencies.—Fielding had all the ease which Richardson wanted, a genuine flow of humour, and a rich variety of comic character; nor was he wanting in strokes of an amiable

sensibility, but he could not describe a consistently virtuous character, and in deep pathos he was far excelled by his rival. When we see Fielding parodying Pamela, and Richardson asserting, as he does in his letters, that the run of Tom Jones is over, and that it would be soon completely forgotten: we cannot but smile on seeing the two authors placed on the same shelf, and going quietly down to posterity together. Richardson, encouraged by the applauses, and benefited by the criticisms he had received, soon proceeded to a new work.

But Pamela, captivating as was the publication, shewed only the dawn of our author's genius; and, if he sunk in the second part of it, it was only to rise with new lustre in Clarissa, the first two volumes of which were published eight years after the preceding.

The production upon which the fame of Richardson is principally founded, that

which

which will transmit his name to posterity, as one of the first geniuses of the age in which he lived, is undoubtedly his *Clarissa*. Nothing can be more simple than the story, — A young lady, pressed by her parents to marry a man every way disagreeable to her, and placed under the most cruel restraint, leaves her father's house, and throws herself upon the protection of her lover, a man of sense and spirit, but a libertine. When he finds her in his power he artfully declines marriage, and conveys her to a house kept for the worst of purposes. There, after many fruitless attempts to ensnare her virtue, he at length violates her person. She escapes from further outrage: he finds her out in her retreat; offers her marriage, which she rejects. Her friends are obdurate. She retires to solitary lodgings; grief and shame overwhelm her, and she dies broken-hearted: her friends lament their severity when too late. Her violator is transiently stung with remorse, but not reformed;

reformed; he leaves the kingdom in order to dissipate his chagrin, and is killed in a duel by a relation of the lady's.

On this slight foundation, and on a story not very agreeable or promising in its rude outline, has our author founded a most pathetic tale, and raised a noble temple to female virtue. The first volumes are somewhat tedious, from the prolixity incident to letter-writing, and require a persevering reader to get through them: but the circumstantial manner of writing which Richardson practised, has the advantage of making the reader thoroughly acquainted with those in whose fate he is to be interested. In consequence of this, our feelings are not transient, elicited here and there by a pathetic stroke; but we regard his characters as real personages, whom we know and converse with, and whose fate remains to be decided in the course of events. The characters, much more numerous than in *Pamela*, are all distinctly

distinctly drawn and well preserved, and there is a proper contrast and variety in the casting of the parts. The plot, as we have seen, is simple, and no under-plots interfere with the main design. No digressions, no episodes. It is wonderful that without these helps of common writers, he could support a work of such length. With *Clarissa* it begins,—with *Clarissa* it ends. We do not come upon unexpected adventures and wonderful recognitions, by quick turns and surprises: we see her fate from afar, as it were through a long avenue, the gradual approach to which, without ever losing sight of the object, has more of simplicity and grandeur than the most cunning labyrinth that can be contrived by art. In the approach to the modern country seat, we are made to catch transiently a side-view of it through an opening of the trees, or to burst upon it from a sudden turning in the road; but the old mansion stood full

in the eye of the traveller, as he drew near it, contemplating its turrets, which grew larger and more distinct every step that he advanced; and leisurely filling his eye and his imagination with still increasing ideas of its magnificence. As the work advances, the character rises; the distress is deepened; our hearts are torn with pity and indignation; bursts of grief succeed one another, till at length the mind is composed and harmonized with emotions of milder sorrow; we are calmed into resignation, elevated with pious hope, and dismissed glowing with the conscious triumphs of virtue.

The first group which presents itself is that of the Harlowe family. They are sufficiently discriminated, yet preserve a family likeness. The stern father, the passionate and dark-souled brother, the envious and ill-natured sister, the money-loving uncles, the gentle, but weak-spirited mother, are all assimilated by that
stiffness,

stiffness, love of parade, and solemnity, which is thrown over the whole; and by the interested family views in which they all concur. Miss Howe is a young lady of great generosity and ardent feelings, with a high spirit and some love of teasing, which she exercises on her mother, a managing and notable widow lady, and on her humble servant Mr. Hickman, a man deserving of her esteem, but prim and formal in his manner. Miss Howe is a character of strong lights and shades, but her warmest affections are all along directed to her friend, and the correspondence between them is made the great vehicle of Clarissa's narrative of events, as that between Lovelace and his friend Bedford is of his schemes and designs. The character of Clarissa herself is very highly wrought: she has all the grace, and dignity, and delicacy, of a finished model of female excellence. Her duty to her parents is implicit, except in the article of
sacrificing

sacrificing herself to a man utterly disgusting to her; and she bears, with the greatest meekness, the ill usage she receives from the other branches of the family. Duty, indeed, is the great principle of her conduct. Her affections are always compleatly under command; and her going off with Lovelace appears a step she was betrayed, not persuaded, into. His persuasions she had withstood, and it was fear, not love, that at last precipitated her into his protection. If, therefore, the author meant to represent her subsequent misfortunes as a punishment, he has scarcely made her faulty enough. That a young lady has eloped from her father's house with a libertine, sounds, indeed, like a grave offence; but the fault, when it is examined into, is softened, and shaded off by such a variety of circumstances, that it becomes almost evanescent. Who that reads the treatment she experienced, does not wonder at her long-suffering. After

Clarissa

Clarissa finds herself, against her will and intention, in the power of her lover, the story becomes, for a while, a game at chess, in which both parties exert great skill and presence of mind, and quick observation of each others motions. Not a moment of weakness does Clarissa betray, and she only loses the game because she plays fairly, and with integrity, while he is guilty of the basest frauds.

During this part of the story, the generality of readers are perhaps inclined to wish, that Lovelace should give up his wicked intentions, reform, and make Clarissa happy in the marriage state. This was the conclusion which Lady Bradshaw so vehemently and passionately urged the author to adopt. But when the unfeeling character of Lovelace proceeds to deeper and darker wickedness, when his unrelenting cruelty meditates, and actually perpetrates, the last unmanly outrage upon
unpro-

unprotected innocence and virtue; the heart surely cannot have right feelings that does not cordially detest so black a villain, notwithstanding the agreeable qualities which are thrown into his character, and that woman must have little delicacy, who does not feel that his crime has raised an eternal wall of separation between him and the victim of his treachery, whatever affection she might have previously entertained for him. Yet it is said by some, that the author has made Lovelace too agreeable, and his character has been much the object of criticism. But a little reflection will shew us, that the author had a more difficult part to manage, in drawing his character, than that of any other in the work, and that he could not well have made him different from what he is. If he had drawn a mean-spirited dark villain, without any specious qualities, his Clarissa would have been degraded. Lovelace, as he is to win the affections
of

of the heroine, is necessarily, in some sort, the hero of the piece, and no one in it must be permitted to outshine him. The author, therefore, gives him wit and spirit, and courage, and generosity, and manly genteel address, and also transient gleams of feeling, and transient stings of remorse; so that we are often led to hope he may follow his better angel, and give up his atrocious designs. This the author has done, and less he could not do, for the man whom Clarissa was inclined to favour. Besides, if it was part of his intention to warn young women against placing their affections upon libertines, it was certainly only against the agreeable ones of that class, that he had any occasion to warn them. He tells us in one of his letters, that finding he had made him too much a favourite, he had thrown in some darker shades to obviate the objection; and surely the shades are dark enough. In one particular, however, the author might per-
haps

haps have improved the moral effect of the work; he might have given more of horror to the last scene of Lovelace's life. When Clarissa and he were finally separated, there was no occasion to keep measures with him; and why should Belton die a death of so much horror, and Lovelace of calm composure and self-possession. Lovelace dies in a duel, admirably well described, in which he behaves with the cool intrepidity of a gentleman and a man of spirit. Colonel Morden could not behave better. Some tender strokes are thrown in on his parting with Belford, and on other occasions, tending to interest the reader in his favour; and his last words, "Let this expiate," are manifestly intended to do away our resentment, and leave a favourable impression on our minds with regard to his future prospects. Something, indeed, is mentioned of impatience, and a desire of life; but Richardson *could* have drawn a scene which would have made us

turn

turn with horror from the features of the gay, the agreeable seducer, when changed into the agonizing countenance of the despairing self-accuser.

But, if the author might have improved, in this respect, the character of Lovelace, that of Clarissa comes up to all the ideas we can form of female loveliness and dignified suffering. The first scenes with her hard-hearted family, shew the severe struggles she had with herself, before she could withdraw her obedience from her parents. The measure of that obedience, in Richardson's mind, was very high ; and, therefore, Clarissa seems all along, rather to lament the cruelty, than to resent the injustice, of imposing a husband upon her without her own consent. It is easy to see she would have thought it her duty to comply, if he had not been quite so disagreeable. The mother is a very mean character ; she gives a tacit permission to Clarissa, to correspond with Lovelace, to prevent mischief, and
yet

yet consents to be the tool of the family in persecuting her innocent and generous daughter;—but, this was her duty to her husband!—Yet, distressing as Clarissa's situation is in her father's house, the author has had the address to make the reader feel, the moment she has got out of it, that he would give the world to have her safe back again. Nothing takes place of that pleasure and endearment which might naturally be expected on the meeting of two lovers; we feel that she has been hunted into the toils, and that every avenue is closed against her escape. No young person, on reading Clarissa, even at this period of the story, can think of putting herself into the power of a lover, without annexing to it the strongest sense of degradation and anxiety. A great deal of contrivance is expended by the author, in the various plots set on foot by Lovelace, to keep his victim tolerably easy in her ambiguous situation; and, though some of these
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are tedious, it was necessary, for Clarissa's honour, to make the reader sensible that she had an inextricable net wound around her, and that it was not owing to her want of prudence or vigilance, that she did not escape. In the mean time the wit of Lovelace, and the sprightliness of Miss Howe, prevent monotony. In one instance, however, Clarissa certainly sins against the delicacy of her character, that is, in allowing herself to be made a show of to the loose companions of Lovelace:—But, how does her character rise, when we come to the more distressful scenes; the view of her horror, when, deluded by the pretended relations, she re-enters the fatal house, her temporary insanity after the outrage, in which she so affectingly holds up to Lovelace the licence he had procured, and her dignified behaviour when she first sees her ravisher, after the perpetration of his crime. What finer subject could be presented

presented to the painter, than that in which Clarissa grasps the pen-knife in her hand, her eyes lifted up to heaven, the whites of them only visible, ready to plunge it in her breast, to preserve herself from further outrage: Lovelace, aghast with terror, and speechless, thrown back to the further end of the room? Or, the prison scene, where she is represented kneeling amidst the gloom and horror of the dismal abode; illuminating, as it were, the dark chamber, her face reclined on her crossed arms, her white garments floating round her in the negligence of woe; Belford contemplating her with respectful commiseration; or, the scene of calmer, but heart-piercing sorrow, in the interview Colonel Morden has with her in her dying moments: She is represented fallen into a slumber, in her elbow-chair, leaning on the widow Lovick, whose left arm is around her neck; one faded cheek resting on the
good

good woman's bosom, the kindly warmth of which had overspread it with a faintish flush, the other pale and hollow, as if already iced over by death; her hands, the blueness of the veins contrasting their whiteness, hanging lifelessly before her, the widow's tears dropping unfelt upon her face—Colonel Morden, with his arms folded, gazing on her in silence, her coffin just appearing behind a screen. What admiration, what reverence does the author inspire us with for the innocent sufferer, the sufferings too of such a peculiar nature.

There is something in virgin purity, to which the imagination willingly pays homage. In all ages, something saintly has been attached to the idea of unblemished chastity. Hence the dignity of the lady in *Comus*; hence the interest we take in those whose holy vows have shrowded them from even the wanton glances of an assailer;

sailer; hence the supposed virtue of prayers

From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate,
 ————— To nothing earthly.

Beauty is a flower which was meant in due time to be gathered, but it attracts the fondest admiration whilst still on the stalk, before it has felt the touch of any rude hand.

Sic virgo, dum intacta manet, dum cara suis est.

It was reserved for Richardson to overcome all circumstances of dishonour and disgrace, and to throw a splendour round the *violated virgin*, more radiant than she possessed in her first bloom. He has made the flower, which grew

————— Sweet to sense and lovely to the eye,

throw out a richer fragrance *after* “ the
 “ cruel spoiler has *cropped the fair rose,*
 “ *and rifled its sweetness.*” He has drawn
 the

the triumph of mental chastity; he has drawn it uncontaminated, untarnished, and incapable of mingling with pollution.—The scenes which follow the death of the heroine, exhibit grief in an affecting variety of forms, as it is modified by the characters of different survivors. They run into considerable length, but we have been so deeply interested, that we feel it a relief to have our grief drawn off, as it were, by a variety of sluices, and we are glad not to be dismissed till we have shed tears, even to satiety. We enjoy, besides, the punishment of the Harlowes, in the contemplation of their merited anguish. Sentiments of piety pervade the whole work; but the death-bed of Clarissa, her Christian forgiveness, and her meek resignation, are particularly edifying. Richardson loved to draw death-beds: He seems to have imbibed, from his friend Dr. Young, an opinion of their being a touch-stone of merit or demerit. There are three described in this work, besides that of Love-

lace; that, it has already been mentioned, would have had a more moral effect, if it had been fuller of horror. Lovelace is made to declare, that he cannot be totally unhappy, whatever be his own lot in a future state, if he is allowed to contemplate the happiness of Clarissa: He exclaims,

Can I be at worst? avert that worst,
O thou Supreme, who only canst avert it!
So much a wretch, so very far abandoned,
But that I must, even in the horrid'st gloom,
Reap intervenient joy; at least, some respite
From pain and anguish in her bliss.

This is a sentiment much too generous for a Lovelace.—The author has shewn himself embarrassed with regard to the duel, by his principles, which forbade duelling. Yet, it was necessary to dispatch Lovelace; for what family could sit down with such an injury unpunished? or which of his readers could be satisfied to see the perpetrator of so much mischief escape vengeance. Colonel Morden was a man of
the

the world, acted upon the maxims of it, and, therefore, it seemed hardly necessary to make him express regret at having precipitated Lovelace into a future state; Richardson was not then drawing his perfect character, and did not seem called upon to blame a duel, which, in our hearts we cannot, from Colonel Morden, but approve of.

That *Clarissa* is a highly moral work, has been always allowed; but what is the moral? Is it that a young lady who places her affections upon a libertine, will be deceived and ruined. Though the author, no doubt, intended this as one of the conclusions to be drawn, such a maxim has not dignity or force enough in it, to be the chief moral of this interesting tale. And, it has been already mentioned, that *Clarissa* can hardly stand as an example of such a choice, as she never fairly made the choice. On the contrary, she is always ready, both before her elopement and after

it, to resign the moderate, the almost insensible predilection she feels for Lovelace, to the will of her parents; if she might only be permitted to refuse the object of her aversion. Is she, then, exhibited as a rare pattern of chastity? Surely this is an idea very degrading to the sex. Lovelace, indeed, who has a very bad opinion of women, and thinks that hardly any woman can resist him, talks of trying her virtue, and speaks as if he expected her to fail in the trial. But, surely, the virtue of Clarissa could never have been in the smallest danger. The virtue of Pamela was tried, because the pecuniary offers were a temptation which many, in her station of life, would have yielded to; and, because their different situations in life opposed a bar to their legitimate union, which she might well believe would be insuperable. The virtue of Werter's Charlotte was tried, and the virtue of the wife of Zeluco was tried, because the previous marriage of one of the parties

ties

ties made a virtuous union impossible.— But Clarissa! a young lady of birth and fortune, marriage completely in her lover's power—she could have felt nothing but indignation at the first idea which entered her mind, that he meant to degrade her into a mistress. Was it likely that she, who had shewn that her affections were so much under her command, while the object of his addresses appeared to be honourable marriage, should not guard against every freedom with the most cautious vigilance, as soon as she experienced a behaviour in him, which must at once destroy her esteem for him, and be offensive to her just pride, as well as to her modesty? It is absurd, therefore, in Lovelace to speak of trying her chastity; and the author is not free from blame in favouring the idea that such resistance had any thing in it uncommon, or peculiarly meritorious. But the real moral of Clarissa is, that virtue is triumphant in every situation; that in cir-

cumstances the most painful and degrading, in a prison, in a brothel, in grief, in distraction, in despair, it is still lovely, still commanding, still the object of our veneration, of our fondest affections; that if it is seated on the ground it can still say with Constance,

“ Here is my throne, kings come and bow to it !”

The Novelist that has produced this effect, has performed his office well, and it is immaterial what particular maxim is selected under the name of a moral, while such are the reader's feelings. If our feelings are in favour of virtue, the novel is virtuous; if of vice, the novel is vicious. The greatness of *Clarissa* is shewn by her separating herself from her lover, as soon as she perceives his dishonourable views; in her chusing death rather than a repetition of the outrage; in her rejection of those overtures of marriage, which a common mind might have accepted of, as a refuge against worldly dishonour; in her firm indignant carriage,
mixed

mixed with calm patience and christian resignation, and in the greatness of mind with which she views and enjoys the approaches of death, and her meek forgiveness of her unfeeling relations. In one particular the author has been blamed, and perhaps justly, for encouraging superstition, in representing Clarissa so greatly terrified at the curse laid upon her by her unnatural father. He may be faulty as a moralist, but it has a good dramatic effect: and, I question if Richardson went much beyond his own ideas of the efficacy of a parent's curse on this occasion. The too high colouring of some of the scenes has been objected to, as tending to inflame passions which it was the author's professed aim to regulate. He was led to it, in some measure, by the nature of his story, but he seems to have begun writing with a coarseness of ideas in this respect, which he got rid of by degrees. His Clarissa is far less objectionable than his Pamela; his Grandison not

at all so. The death of Sinclair is painted with great strength, but excites painful disgust as well as horror; yet, being intended to excite a salutary disgust to the haunts of vice and infamy; perhaps, in that light may be borne with. Its operation is that of a strong medicine, meant to create a nausea. The death of Belton is an admirable piece of painting, and not excelled by any thing in the admired scene of Cardinal Beaufort.

It is not perfectly delicate that Clarissa should have so many interviews with Lovelace after the catastrophe. Clarissa, indeed, could not help it, but the author could. He should only have exhibited them together in those few striking scenes in which our feelings are wound up to the highest pitch. No long parleys, nothing that can be called trivial should pass between them then. If the reader, on opening casually the book, can doubt of any scene between them, whether it passes before or after the outrage, that scene is one too much.

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The character of Lovelace, though laboured with great art, is, perhaps, after all, more of a fancy piece than a real portrait of an English libertine. Where is the libertine who would attempt in England the seduction of young women, guarded by birth and respectable situations in life, and friends jealous of their honour, and an education which would set them far out of the reach of any disgraceful overtures. A love of intrigue, rather than a love of pleasure, characterizes Lovelace; he is a cool systematic seducer, and the glory of conquest is what he principally aims at. Had such a character been placed in France, and his gallantries directed to married women, it would have been more natural, and his epistolary memoirs rendered more probable; but, in England, Lovelace would have been run through the body, long before he had seen the face of Clarissa, or Colonel Morden.

There is an improbability which the

author could not well avoid, as it resulted from his plan of carrying on the narrative by letters, and that is, the tame acquiescence of Belford in a villainy which he all along so strongly disapproves. It is true, as a man of honour, he might think himself obliged not to betray his friend's secrets, but his disapprobation would certainly have prevented his friend from communicating those secrets. Belford is, in fact, reformed, from the time we first hear of him ; and, therefore, those intimate communications could not any longer have subsisted. But Belford is a being, created in order to carry on the story, and must not be made too strictly the object of criticism. A novel writer must violate probability somewhere, and a reader ought to make all handsome and generous allowances for it. We should open a book as we enter into a company, well persuaded that we must not expect perfection. In Belford, too, we have a reformed libertine, one whom the reader

regards

regards with esteem and affection. Richardson mentions in one of his letters, that Mr. More, author of the *Foundling*, had an intention of bringing the story of *Clarissa* upon the stage, and that Garrick told him he should with great pleasure be the *Lovelace* of it. The powers of More were no means equal to such an undertaking; but, if they had been greater, the gaiety and spirit of *Lovelace*, in the hands of Garrick, would have been too strong for the morality of the piece. We know how great a favourite he was in *Ranger*.

The publication of *Pamela* occasioned the sensation of surprize and pleasure, which a new author, a new style, a new mode of writing, is calculated to inspire; that of *Clarissa* raised its author at once to the first rank among novelists; it is even more admired by foreigners than by the English themselves. Rousseau, whose *Heloisè* alone, perhaps, can divide the palm with *Clarissa*, asserts in a letter to d'Alenbert,

bert, that nothing was ever written equal to, or approaching it, in any language. Diderot speaks of Richardson with high applause. Dr. Johnson, in his Life of Rowe, expresses himself in the following forcible language :

“ The character of Lothario seems to
“ have been expanded by Richardson into
“ that of Lovelace ; but he has excelled his
“ original in the moral effect of the fiction.
“ Lothario, with gaiety which cannot be
“ hated, and bravery which cannot be
“ despised, retains too much of the spec-
“ tator’s kindness. It was in the power of
“ Richardson alone, to teach us at once
“ esteem and detestation ; to make virtuous
“ resentment overpower all the benevo-
“ lence which wit, and elegance, and cou-
“ rage, naturally excite ; and to lose at
“ last the hero in the villain.”

French travellers often shew their admiration of this work, by enquiry after little local circumstances mentioned in it.

The

The writer of these observations well remembers a Frenchman who paid a visit to Hampstead, for the sole purpose of finding out the house in the *flask-walk* where Clarissa lodged, and was surprised at the ignorance or indifference of the inhabitants on that subject. The *flask-walk* was to him as much classic ground as the rocks of Meillerie to the admirers of Rousseau; and, probably, if an English traveller were to make similar enquiries in Switzerland, he would find that the rocks of Meillerie, and the *chalets* of the Valais, suggested no ideas to the inhabitants, but such as were connected with their dairies and their farms. A constant residence soon destroys all sensibility to objects of local enthusiasm.

The interest which Clarissa excited, was increased by the suspense in which its readers were so long held. In general, the suspense of a reader lasts no longer than the time which is necessary
for

for him to read the book ; and, in the case of a book which is much talked of, very few readers enjoy the full pleasure of the story, as they can scarcely help learning, from some quarter or other, how it is to end. But, in this instance, the interval of several months, which was allowed to pass between the publication of the first four volumes, and the remaining four, wound up its readers to the highest pitch of enthusiasm ; and, it is really impossible to conceive greater earnestness in a matter of real life and death, than some of his correspondents expressed in favour of the heroine. One who signs Philaretus, thus expresses himself :—“ Since I have heard
“ that you design the end shall be un-
“ happy, I am determined to read no
“ more ; I should read the account of her
“ death with as much anguish of mind as
“ I should feel at the loss of my dearest
“ friend.” Some entreated, others threatened. The veteran Cibber was quite out-
rageous

rageous at the idea of an unhappy termination, and the ladies pleaded—but in vain. To have made a different ending, the author well knew would have spoiled his work; yet, he could not but have been secretly flattered with seeing the strong impression he had made. That a work is canvassed, is criticised, ought to present no disagreeable idea to an author. He alone has to complain of the public, of whose book it says nothing. To the author's supreme talent of moving the passions, every one bore witness. Miss Highmore expresses herself in a pretty and touching manner on this subject:—"What must have been
" your feelings, at the time you wrote what
" nobody can read without streaming eyes
" and heart-breaking sorrow? It has had
" the same effect on my father and mother
" as on myself. We could none of us
" read aloud the 'affecting' scenes we met
" with, but each read to ourselves, and in
" separate apartments wept." Miss High-
more

more was not mistaken in her idea of the feelings the author must have had in writing his work. He bore testimony to the maxim *si vis me flere dolendum est primum ipsi tibi*, for, he says, in one of his letters, that Clarissa has cost him as many tears as any of his readers. A number of correspondencies were the consequence of his celebrity ; but, certainly the most singular compliment he ever received, though probably not the most acceptable, was from a lady who had herself written a novel, and signs Cleomira ; she says, “ I am more and more charmed with
“ your Clarissa ; it is, indeed, a noble cha-
“ racter ; but, I fear, no where to be met
“ with except in your letters. What a
“ pity it is you are not a woman, and blest
“ with means of shining as she did ; for, a
“ person capable of drawing such a cha-
“ racter, would certainly be able to act
“ in the same manner, if in a like situa-
“ tion.”

The

The Abbé Prevost gave a version of Clarissa into French, but rather an abridgment than a translation. It was afterwards rendered more faithfully by Lé Tournour. Prevost says, and truly, that Clarissa required some softening to adapt it to the more delicate taste of the French. It was also translated into Dutch by Mr. Stinstra, and into German under the auspices of the celebrated Dr. Haller.

Our author was now at the zenith of his fame, but his fancy was not exhausted, nor his powers of writing diminished; and, after an interval of between four and five years, he again appeared before the public.

After Mr. Richardson had published two works, in each of which the principal character is a female, he determined to give the world an example of *a perfect man*. His laudable design was to unite every thing that is graceful and engaging in the man of spirit and the fine gentleman, with every moral virtue, and with the observance
of

of the strict rules of Christianity—an arduous undertaking!

He was partly stimulated to this design by the attacks of his female disciples, who, in answer to the reproaches he made them of liking Lovelace too well, observed to him, that he had given them nobody else to like:—the virtuous Hickman was too tame and too formal to do justice to his good principles; and, in short, that he had not presented them with one male character, on which the imagination might rest with complacence. If he did not wish they should regard men of pleasure with too favourable an eye, it was his duty to provide some one whom they might like upon principle. Upon this idea he determined to give them *A Good Man*, the title by which he always speaks of the work while he is writing it, though he afterwards changed it to that of *Sir Charles Grandison*.

Sir Charles is a man of birth and fortune,

tune, endowed with every personal advantage, and master of every fashionable accomplishment. He is placed in a variety of situations, calculated to draw forth the virtues and energies of his character, as a son, a brother, a guardian, a friend, and a lover; and his conduct is every where exemplary. He is a man of address, of knowledge of the world, and makes himself to be respected in different countries, and by all sorts of people, bad as well as good. He is generous without profusion; religious without superstition; complaisant without weakness, firm in his purposes, rapid in the execution of them; jealous of his honour, yet always open to a generous reconciliation, feeling (at least as the author would have us believe) the passions of human nature, yet always possessing a perfect command over them.

The conduct of this piece differs from that of Pamela and Clarissa in this respect; that it does not depend upon one great event,

event, but is intended to open and display this character in a variety of lights. The unity of the work, therefore, consists in the reference which every person, and every incident, bears to him who is the hero of it. Of him the author never loses sight after his first appearance, which he makes as soon as the reader has been prepared by the play of some inferior characters, (who, to use a military phrase, *keep the ground* for him) in a brilliant action, the rescuing the lady, he is finally to marry, from the hands of a lawless ravisher.

It was necessary for the execution of the plan, and it is so contrived, in fact, that this work should be diversified with a greater variety of characters than his former ones. It has, particularly, many more of the pleasing cast. The author shews in it, that he had improved in the knowledge of life and the genteel world; and there are none of those warm descriptions in it which were justly blamed in its two elder sisters.

sisters. He has an *enlèvement*, a incident he seems to have been fond of, since it occurs in all the three works ; but the object is only marriage, and it is managed with perfect decorum, at the same time that it presents a truly affecting scene. The early part of the novel presents a rich display of incidents and personages. The history of Sir Thomas and Lady Grandison is admirably executed, and highly moral. The behaviour of Sir Charles to his father's mistress, to his sisters, to his uncle Lord W., to the Danbys, is all excellent, and opens his character to the greatest advantage. But the chief intrigue of the piece arises from the double love of Sir Charles to Miss Byron and Clementina. A double love, say the critics in that passion, is no love at all ; and they will insist upon it, that Sir Charles is all along actuated by compassion solely for both the ladies.

The character of Miss Byron is meant by the author as a model of true female excellence ;

excellence; but it is judiciously kept down, not only with relation to Sir Charles, but to the high-wrought portrait of the Italian lady. Miss Byron is gentle, timid, and somewhat passive; her character has no very prominent feature, except her love for Sir Charles. As she was destined to reward the hero, the author has shewn great address in previously interesting his readers in her favour, before we become acquainted with Clementina; so that, notwithstanding our admiration for the latter, and the strong feelings she has called out, we all along consider the Italian family as intruders, and are glad, upon the whole, when Sir Charles is disengaged from them. We adore Clementina, but we come *home* to Miss Byron.

Richardson had been accused of giving a coldness to his female characters in the article of love. The accusation was ill-founded; for the circumstances of the story in his two former pieces forbade the
display

display of a very tender sensibility; but he has made ample amends for the imputed omission in his *Grandison*, where he has entered into the passion with all the minuteness, and delicacy, and warmth, that could be desired, and shewn the female heart to be open to him in all its folds and recesses. In his *Olivia*, his *Harriet*, his *Emily*, his *Clementina*, he has well exemplified the sentiment of the poet—

Love, various minds does variously inspire;
In gentle bosoms kindles gentle fire,
Like that of incense on the altar laid;
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade,
A fire which every windy passion blows,
With pride it mounts, and with revenge it glows.

But, as the character of *Sir Charles* is the most instructive, that of *Clementina* is the highest effort of genius in this piece. In her, he has drawn a young creature involved in a passion expressed with the utmost innocence and delicacy, yet so strong as to overturn her reason; and afterwards,

terwards, on the recovery of her reason, after a severe struggle, voluntarily sacrificing that very passion at the shrine of religious principle. Clementina is indeed a heroine, and her conduct is truly noble, because, with her articles of faith, the obstacle was, in reality, insurmountable to a well principled mind. Her faith might be erroneous; but her conduct, grounded on that faith, was just and rational. This sentiment is insisted on, because some good protestants have called Clementina a poor narrow-minded bigot. A bigot she certainly was; but it had been strange if she had not believed the religion in which she had been carefully educated, and she only acted consistently with that belief. It were superfluous to any one who has perused this work, to remark the masterly manner in which the madness of Clementina is painted. Dr. Warton speaks thus of it;

“ I know not whether even the madness

“ of

“ of Lear is wrought up and expressed
“ by so many little strokes of nature and
“ passion. It is absolute pedantry to pre-
“ fer and compare the madness of Orestes,
“ in Euripides, to this of Clementina.”

There is such a tenderness and innocence in her wanderings, such affecting starts of passion, such a significant woe in her looks and attitudes, such a sanctity of mind, with so much passion, that he who is not moved with it, must resign the pretension of being accessible to fictitious sorrow.

It is the fault of Richardson that he never knew when to have done with a character: that of Clementina would have been dismissed with dignity after her refusal of Sir Charles; instead of which, he resumes her story in the last volumes, brings her to England, a step little consistent with the delicacy of her character, nor necessary to any event; and, finally, leaves the reader to conclude that she will be brought to accept the hand of the Count de Belvedere. How easily and naturally

turally might he have disposed of her in a convent, there to complete the sacrifice she had made of her love to her religion. He probably would have done so, if a desire of making his piece instructive had not, in this instance, warped his judgment, and restrained his genius. He was in the habit of inveighing to his young friends against romantic ideas of love, and particularly the notion that a first passion could not be conquered, and he feared it would have a bad effect if he represented the contrary in his works.*

But though, in real life, a passion, however strong, will generally give way to time, at least so far as to permit the disappointed party to fill her proper station in social life, and fulfil the relative duties of it with calm complacency, if not with delight, we cannot easily figure to ourselves that Clementina, with such a high-toned mind,

* I want to have young people think there is no such mighty business as they are apt to suppose, in conquering a first love.—*Letter to Miss Mulso.*

and a passion so exalted, a passion that had shaken the very seat of reason in her soul, could, or with so shattered an intellect ought, to turn her thoughts to a second lover. Novels will always be different from real life, and therefore always, perhaps, in some degree, dangerous to the young mind; but they must be consistent with themselves; and if the author chose to describe a passion which unhinged the reason of one lady, and was sinking the other to the grave, a catastrophe which we are led to suppose would have been the effect of Miss Byron's final disappointment, he should not then have been scrupulous of allowing it to have its full effect.

Great debates took place in the author's female senate concerning the point we have been discussing. Some voted for killing Clementina, and very few were satisfied with the termination, as it stands; which, however, is only distantly implied, as, at the conclusion of *Le Cid* of Corneille, we are led to suppose that Chimene

will, in due time, give her hand to Don Rodrigue.

The correspondence, in these volumes, is carried on, for the most part, between Miss Byron and her friends and Lady G. Sir Charles's sister, on the one side, and Sir Charles and Dr. Bartlett, (a respectable clergyman) on the other. Lady G.'s character is sprightly and petulant, and her letters have a good deal of wit, though sometimes it degenerates into flippancy. She resembles Miss Howe, but with less of fire and ardour, and more of levity. She behaves to her husband still more provokingly than that lady to Mr. Hickman, Notwithstanding, however, the general resemblance just suggested, and a few others that might be pointed out, there is no man, perhaps, who has written so much, and who has less repeated himself, than Richardson. If we may judge by the variety of characters in this, his last publication, the fertility of his fancy was by no means exhausted.

exhausted. Of all the under characters, none is more delightful than Emily Jer-vois, the young ward of Sir Charles, in the beautiful and touching simplicity with which he has invested her. Her unconscious love for her guardian, arising so naturally, as she advances towards womanhood, from her grateful affection and unbounded esteem for him, her ingenuous shame at the bad conduct of her dissolute mother, and her generosity to that mother on the first symptoms of reformation, together with the *naïveté* which is so happily hit off both in her ideas and her language; render her uncommonly interesting. Mrs. Shirley is a graceful portrait of mild and venerable age. Lady Beauchamp's character gives Sir Charles an opportunity to shew the address and dexterous management of a man of the world; Olivia, his virtuous forbearance; the proud Porretta family, his manly spirit, tempered with presence of mind and a guarded prudence;

the behaviour of Mr. Lowther, and the French surgeons, shew a knowledge of professional character; and various parts of the work attest the author's improvement in general information, and more enlarged views of life.

There is not, in any of Richardson's works, one of those detached episodes, thrown in like make-weights, to increase the bulk of the volume, which are so common in other works: such is the story of *The Man of the Hill*, in Tom Jones. If his works are laboured into length, at least his prolixity is all bestowed upon the subject, and increases the effect of the story. Flashes of humour, and transient touches of sensibility, shew, indeed, genius; but patient and persevering labour alone can finish a plan, and make every part bear properly upon the main subject.

Sir Charles Grandison, however, lies open, as what work does not? to criticism. Besides the double love, which has been mentioned, there was another point which perplexed

perplexed the author much: Sir Charles, as a Christian, was not to fight a duel, yet he was to be recognised as the finished gentleman, and could not be allowed to want that most essential part of the character, the deportment of a man of honour, courage, and spirit. And, in order to exhibit his spirit and courage, it was necessary to bring them into action by adventures and rencounters. His first appearance is in the rescue of Miss Byron, a meritorious action, but one which must necessarily expose him to a challenge. How must the author untie this knot? He makes him so very good a swordsman, that he is always capable of disarming his adversary without endangering either of their lives. But are a man's principles to depend on the science of his fencing-master? Every one cannot have the skill of Sir Charles; every one cannot be the *best* swordsman; and the man whose study it is to avoid fighting, is not quite so likely

as another to be the best. Dr. Young, indeed, complimented the author upon his success in this nice point, in a flourishing epigram, which is thus expressed :

What hast thou done ? I'm ravished at the scene ;
A sword undrawn, makes mighty Cæsars mean.

But, in fact, it was not undrawn. In the affair with Sir Hargrave, he may be said to have really fought a duel ; for, though he refuses the challenge in words, he virtually accepts it, by going into the garden with him, knowing his purpose. In like manner he with Greville retires to a private spot, and there, on his adversary's drawing, which he might be sure he would do, draws, disarms, and gives him his life. But Greville might not have given him his, nor could every one turn a duel into such harmless play. Can, then, a better expedient be suggested ? If not, must we not fairly confess that, in certain cases, the code of the gospel and the code of worldly honour are

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are irreconcilable, and that a man has only to make his choice which he will give up.

Another fault is, a certain stiffness which, it can hardly be denied, is spread over this admirable character. This results partly from the author's stile, which, where it aims to be elegant, wants ease; partly from the manner in which the hero is *proné*, as the French say, by all the other characters, and from the abundance of compliments which are paid on all sides; for certainly Sir Charles is *de la vieille cour*. In part, too, it arises from the very circumstance of his being so perfect and so successful. Perfection of character, joined to distress, will interest; but prosperous perfection does not greatly engage our sympathy. We are apt to conceive of Sir Charles as having, in reality, no passions; and we do not greatly pity him for the loss of Clementina, when a most amiable lady, who had the other half

of his heart, was waiting his acceptance on the other side of the water. We are not quite satisfied with the dutiful resignation with which he gives up corresponding with two amiable and beloved sisters, in compliance with the injunctions of a tyrannical father. We are the less surprised, however, as we recognize in it the high notions entertained by the author of parental authority; but we can give no answer to the question, How came so dutiful a son to enter into a treaty of marriage without consulting his father? except, what perhaps is sufficient, that it would have embarrassed the story.

There is one important particular in which this highly-wrought character does not present an example for imitation, and that is his going so far into a matrimonial treaty with a bigotted catholic; with a woman, whose very love for him must expose him to continual distressing importunities to change his religion. Italian servants,

vants, an Italian confessor, a stipulated residence half the year out of his native country, and, above all, the giving up half his children (it might happen to be all) to the errors of a faith which he believed to be erroneous—these are among the sacrifices which a conscientious man will scruple, and a wise man will refuse to make. Horrible must be a union, where the most tender affection can only serve to lacerate the heart, as must be the case, when the object of it is supposed to be under the wrath of God, and doomed to everlasting perdition. This must be the consequence of marrying a bigot to any mode of faith, where the other party is of a different one. Add to this, that the very proposal, made so often by the proud Porretta family to Sir Charles, to change his religion for a wife, and bind himself to live half the year out of his native county, was a high insult to him, considered only as an English gentleman. The author, however, valued himself upon his management of this nice

negociation; and, in a letter to one of his French translators, dexterously brings it forward, as a proof of his candour and liberality towards the catholic religion*.

The author of Sir Charles often mentions in his letters, that he was importuned by many of his friends, to give them another volume, and the Gottenburg translators sent for the rest of the work, supposing it incomplete: he ought to have received it as a proof that it was too long, and not too short. He had already continued it a whole volume beyond the proper termination, the marriage of his hero, and having done so, he might, without more impropriety, have gone on to the next point of view, and the next, till he had given the history of two or three generations. Clarissa, perhaps, runs out into

* It is said, that an Italian translation of the bible appeared some years since at Naples, in the preface to which the translator warned his readers against English publications; but excepted one, the Clarissa of Richardson.

too great a length, but bold were the hand that should attempt to shorten it. Sir Charles, on the contrary, would be improved by merely striking out the last volume, and, indeed, a good part of the sixth, where descriptions of dress, and parade, and furniture, after the interest is completely over, like the gaudy colouring of a western sky, gives symptoms of a setting sun. But it is ungrateful to dwell on the faults of genius.

Besides his three great works, Richardson gave to the world a volume of *Familiar Letters*; *A paper in the Rambler*; *An edition of Æsop's Fables, with Reflections*; and he was concerned in a few booksellers publications. The *Familiar Letters* is the book he laid by to write *Pamela*, and which he finished as soon as he had done with that work. He did not give his name to it. It is seldom found any where but in the servant's drawer, where it is a favourite book, but when so found, it has not unfrequently detained the eye of the mistress,

mistress, wondering all the while by what secret charm she was induced to turn over a book, apparently too low for her perusal; and that charm was.—Richardson. This book shews him intent, as he always was, to inculcate the duties of life, and it shews how accurately he had attended to the various circumstances and relations of it. The Rambler he wrote was the ninety-fifth number: it describes the progress of a virtuous courtship, and pleased the public so much, that it is said to be the only paper which experienced a great demand, while the work was publishing in numbers. Richardson was a sincere friend of Dr. Johnson's, and interested himself much for the success of the Rambler, which, before the papers were collected in volumes, went off but heavily. He also published a large single sheet of the Duties of Wives to Husbands, and a Selection of Maxims and Moral Sentiments, extracted from his three novels, for he always valued himself upon the morality of his

his pieces, much more than upon his invention, and had partly persuaded himself, and partly been flattered by others, into the idea, that he was the great reformer of the age. An excellent moral writer he certainly was; because his pathetic powers interested the feelings in the cause of virtue; but as he did not possess that kind of style, either of terseness or dignity, which is necessary to give brilliancy to moral maxims and observations taken separately, it was a vain expectation that his should attract attention, when they were abstracted from all that had rendered them impressive. Yet he certainly did seem to expect, that this little volume would be used by his admirers as a kind of manual of morality.

The style of Richardson, which it remains to take notice of, was not in proportion to his other excellencies of composition. He wrote with facility; expressions, as well as thoughts, flowing readily to his pen; but we do not find in his writings,

ings, either the ease and elegance of good company, or the polished period of a finished author. They are not only overloaded with a redundancy of complimentary expression, which gives a stiffness to the dialogue, particularly in his *Grandison*, where he has most attempted to give a picture of genteel life, but they are blemished with little flippancies of expression, new coined words, and sentences involved and ill-constructed. One of his correspondents, a Mr. Read, after giving him high and just praise, thus expresses himself: "But is there not here and there
" a nursery phrase, an ill-invented un-
" couth compound; a parenthesis, which
" interrupts, not assists, the sense? If I
" am wrong, impute it to the rudeness
" of a college-man, who has had too little
" commerce with the world, to be a judge
" of its language." If this was considered to be the case when Richardson wrote, it is a still greater impediment to his fame at
present,

present, when we are become more fastidious with regard to style, in proportion as good writing is become more common; that degree, I mean, of good writing, which a habit of the pen will always give. The style of Richardson, however, has the property of setting before the reader, in the most lively manner, every circumstance of what he means to describe. He has the accuracy and finish of a Dutch painter, with the fine ideas of an Italian one. He is content to produce effects by the patient labour of minuteness. Had he turned his thoughts to an observation of rural nature, instead of human manners, he would have been as accurate a describer as Cowper: how circumstantial is the following description of a bird new caught! “ Hast
 “ thou not observed how, at first, refusing
 “ all sustenance, it beats and bruises it-
 “ self against its wires, till it makes its gay
 “ plumage fly about, and overspread its well-
 “ secured cage. Now it gets out its head,
 “ sticking

“ sticking only at its beautiful shoulders;
“ then, with difficulty, drawing back its
“ head, it gasps for breath, and erectly
“ perched, with meditating eyes, first sur-
“ veys, and then attempts, its wired ca-
“ nopy. As it gets breath, with renewed
“ rage, it beats and bruises again its pret-
“ ty head and sides, bites the wires, and
“ pecks at the fingers of its delighted
“ tamer; till, at last, finding its efforts
“ ineffectual, quite tired and breathless,
“ it lays itself down, and pants at the
“ bottom of the cage, seeming to bemoan
“ its cruel fate, and forfeited liberty. And,
“ after a few days, its struggles to escape
“ still diminishing, as it finds it to no pur-
“ pose to attempt it, its new habitation
“ becomes familiar, and it hops about from
“ perch to perch, and every day sings a
“ song to amuse itself, and reward its
“ keeper.”

An idea prevailed at the time, and has gained credit with many, that Richardson
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was assisted in his works, particularly his Grandison, by some of his lady correspondents. It is true that he often complimented them, by asking their advice and assistance, and was so far at least in earnest in the request, that, being very sensible of his deficiencies in his knowledge of fashionable life, he hoped to be benefited by their hints and criticisms. How should he draw a fine gentleman, he often asks, except they would condescend to tell him what sort of a man he must be to please. Lady G.'s letters, in particular, were said to be written by Lady Bradshaigh; but the author's own words, in a letter to that lady, are a sufficient confutation of the report, at the same time that they mention a trifling insertion from another lady; but, it should be observed, a mere insertion, and not at all connected with the story of the novel. "Your ladyship has been forced
" to aver, you say, to some of your ac-
" quaintance, that you had no hand in
" the

“ the history of Sir Charles. Miss Mulso
“ has suffered from the same imputation:
“ so has that very worthy man Mr. Ed-
“ wards, the author of the Canons of
“ Criticism. I once wished, that each of
“ the ladies who honoured me with their
“ correspondence, would give me a let-
“ ter. But they would not favour me so
“ far. Yet one lady, on recollection,
“ shewed me some pretty observations on
“ the education of women, and their at-
“ tainments. I begged a copy, telling
“ the use I intended to make of it. It
“ appears as good Mrs. Shirley’s, in the
“ debate on the inferiority and superiority
“ of the two sexes, at the latter end of
“ vol. v. octavo, vi. duodecimo; you will
“ be pleased with this anecdote.”

The works of Richardson bear all the internal marks of having been written by one person. The same sentiments, the same phraseology, the same plan sedulously followed from beginning to end,
proclaim.

proclaim the hand of a single author. It is true, indeed, that when his female friends pressed him to give them another volume of *Sir Charles*, he told them, that in that case they must each contribute. Whether he had really any serious design in what he said, cannot now be known, but Lady Bradshaigh seems to have been the only one who complied. She wrote one letter, in the character of Lady G. It is executed with a degree of liveliness and spirit, and not unsuitable to the character she had engaged to support, but it is evident from Richardson's answer, that he did not like it well enough to have made use of it, had the intended volume taken place. But where could Richardson have found a pen able to supply his own, except in some detached ornament or trifling appendage? Mrs. Carter's beautiful Ode to Wisdom, made its first appearance in *Clarissa*, but indeed, without the author's permission. There is a fragment among
the

the unprinted correspondence, by the famous Psalmanazer, written for the purpose of being inserted in Pamela, in the second part. It is an account of Pamela's charities to a poor family: but it is coarsely written; attempting to move the heart by a mere representation of squalid misery, (a representation easy to execute) without a spark of the grace and delicacy which is necessary to touch the finer feelings: it was very properly laid aside. The fragment, entitled, the *History of Mrs. Beaumont*, printed at the end of volume the fifth of this publication, was possibly meant for this additional volume; or, it may be, thrown out of the former ones, as what might be spared without injuring the general effect, for Richardson shortened considerably all his works, voluminous as they are. *Clarissa* was reduced by two whole volumes after the first draught of it. He had never occasion to solicit his invention, his only care was to rein it in: a strong characteristic

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ristic of true genius. Clarissa underwent the criticism of Colley Cibber, Dr. Young, and Aaron Hill. The latter undertook to go through it, and write the whole again more briefly: he wrote over again the first seven letters, but he soon found he should take a great deal of pains only to spoil it, and the author found it still sooner than he did.

Dr. Young, sensible of the arduous task his friend would have, to support the reputation he had gained by this work, had advised him to repose upon his laurels: but, when his *Grandison* was published, he retracted, in the following couplet:

I now applaud, what I presum'd to blame,
After Clarissa you shall rise in fame.

That he rose in fame by it, is very true; not, however, in the general opinion, by the last surpassing the former, but by the accession it brought to what he had already performed. He himself used to say,
that

that he looked upon himself as the father of three daughters, all of whom he loved with so much tenderness, that he enjoyed the praises of all equally, and it was indifferent to him, whether the elder or the younger were thought the handsomest. A lady, indeed, told him, that they put her in mind of a story she had heard from her nurse, of a man who had three daughters, the first was the handsomest that ever was, the second was handsomer than she, and the third was the handsomest of all.

His *Grandison* was published in 1753. While it was in the press, an affair happened which gave him great disgust and vexation, and considerably injured his well-earned property. This was the piracy of the Dublin booksellers. The printing Irish editions from published books, however it might prejudice an author, was not forbid by any law, though it was illegal to vend them in England. But, at least, the author's edition had so much the start
of

of any other, as made it worth-while for a Dublin bookseller to purchase his concurrence. But these men bribed the servants of Richardson to steal the sheets while they were under the press. They broke open the place where they were kept, as he says, under lock and key; sent over what was prepared for publication, which was about half the work, and came out with a cheap edition of several of the volumes, before the author's English one; and almost all the Dublin booksellers concurred in this atrocious act of robbery. Faulkner, who was the author's agent for his own edition, seems to have acted like the dog in the story, who, being set to defend a basket of meat, his master's property, which was attacked by a number of other dogs, kept them off for some time with great vigilance, but finding that one snatched a piece, and another snatched a piece, abandoned the defence; and, since he could not keep off the depredators, resolved to come in for

his share. Richardson sent his own edition to be sold there at a reduced price, but they were resolved to undersell him, and for what he did sell he could not get the money. His friends in Dublin expressed great indignation at the behaviour of their countrymen, and endeavoured to serve him in the matter. Many letters passed, but to little purpose. This affair seems to have vexed Richardson to the heart. His reputation was at the highest, the sale of his works sure, and he reasonably expected to reap the profit of it. Notwithstanding, however, those disappointments which people in business are liable to meet with, Mr. Richardson's assiduity and success was gradually encreasing his fortune. In the year 1755 he was engaged in building, both in town and in the country. In the country he removed from North End to Parsons Green, where he fitted up a house. In town, he took a
range

range of old houses, eight in number, which he pulled down, and built an extensive and commodious range of warehouses and printing-offices. It was still in Salisbury-court, in the north-west corner, and it is at present concealed by other houses from common observation. The dwelling-house, it seems, was neither so large nor so airy as the one he quitted ; and, therefore, the reader will not be so ready, probably, as Mr. Richardson seems to have been, in accusing his wife of perverseness, in not liking the new habitation so well as the old. “ Every body (he says) is more
“ pleased with what I have done, than my
“ wife.” Two years after, he married his daughter Mary (the only one married in his life-time) to Mr. Ditcher, a respectable surgeon at Bath. He now allowed himself some relaxation from business ; and only attended from time to time, his printing-offices in London. He often regretted,

that he had only females to whom to transfer his business ; however, he had taken in to assist him a nephew, who relieved him from the more burdensome cares of it, and who eventually succeeded him. He now had leisure, had he had health, to enjoy his reputation, his prosperous circumstances, his children, and his freinds ; but, alas ! leisure purchased by severe application, often comes too late to be enjoyed ; and, in a worldly, as well as in a religious sense,

When we find
The key of life, it opens to the grave.

His nervous disorders increased upon him, and his valuable life was at length terminated by a stroke of an apoplexy, on the 4th of July, 1761, at the age of seventy-two. He was buried, by his own direction, near his first wife, in the middle aisle, near the pulpit of St. Bride's church.

The moral character of Mr. Richardson may be partly gathered from the preceding
sketch

sketch of his life. It was most respectable and worthy of his genius. He was sober and temperate, regular and assiduous in business, of high integrity, and undoubted honour. It is no small praise, that in his unfriended youth, and in the midst of those miscellaneous connections which a man who acts in the world unavoidably forms, (and of intercourse with the gay and the dissolute, the Cibbers and Whartons of the time, he had his share) that, so circumstanced, he should have firmness of mind to resist the temptations which offer themselves in a licentious metropolis, and should be able to say thus of himself, " I never
" was in a bad house, nor, to my knowledge,
" in company with a licentious woman in my
" life." This assertion was drawn from him by his friend Mr. Stinstra, who had insinuated, that in order to draw a Lovelace, it was necessary he should have been something of a libertine at one period or other of his life. His admirers, however, are

constrained to acknowledge, that his imagination was not quite so pure as his conduct. He seems, by some means or other, to have acquired a most formidable idea of the snares to which young women are exposed, and of their incapacity (in general) to resist them. He seemed to think women had a great deal to hide, and though his chief intimacies were with ladies, he sometimes betrays a mean opinion of the sex in general. Perhaps we might find the origin of some of these ideas, if we were in possession of the love letters he wrote for his female companions, in the early period of his life, with their dangers and escapes; but, it is certain his writings rather tend to inspire a certain bashful consciousness, and shrinking reserve, than the noble simplicity of truth and nature, in the intercourse between the sexes. Richardson was a careful, kind father, and a good husband in essentials; but, it must be confessed, there appears to have been a certain formality

mality and stiffness of manner, but ill calculated to invite his children to that familiarity and confidence, which is so lovely when it does take place, but which frequently fails to do so, even where there is real affection, between such relations. Of this he was himself sufficiently sensible, and often laments it. "My girls," says he, "are shy little fools." But manner does not depend on the will. The manner of a bashful, reserved man, is seldom encouraging to others; especially if he stands in a superior relation to them. Besides, he not only had high notions of filial as well as conjugal obedience, but expected all those reverential demonstrations of it in the outward behaviour, which are now, whether wisely or not I will not pretend to determine, so generally laid aside. Lady Bradshaigh writes him a very sensible letter on this subject. She finds fault with the stile of his daughter's letters, as too stiff, with the *Honoured Sir*, and the *ever dutiful*, constantly occurring, which, she tells him,

was not likely to produce the familiarity he wished to invite; and objects, that in his writings, filial awe is too much inculcated. In his answer he acknowledges the too great distance of his own children; but as to the general maxim observes, “ I had rather (as too much reverence is not the vice of the age) lay down rules that should stiffen into apparent duty, than make the pert rogues too familiar with characters so reverend;” and adds, “ I could wish, from the respectful manner (avoiding formality and stiffness as much as possible) in letters to a parent, let my eye fall on what part of the letter it would, to be able to distinguish it from one directed to a playmate.” To young children Richardson was familiarly kind, and they were very fond of him; he generally carried sugar-plumbs in his pocket to make his court to them. It must also be observed, that one lady who knew him personally, imputes the formality of the family

mily rather to Mrs. Richardson than to him. She was, by all accounts, a formal woman, but with a very kind heart. "My worthy-hearted wife," her husband generally calls her, and, no doubt, always thought her, though he often affects to speak of her in a different style, and with a degree of petulance between jest and earnest, not unlike the captiousness of his own uncle Selby; and grievously does he complain of being governed by his meek wife. "What meek woman," says he, "ever gave up a point that she had fixed her heart upon? O the sweet Parthians!" And, in another letter, "My wife, a very good woman, in the main, as I have often said, governs me thus; She lets me bear my testimony against what I dislike. I do it, now-and-then, as I think reason calls, with some vehemence: she hears me out. A day or two after, (if it be a point she has her heart in, or her will, which to a woman is the same thing) with-

“ out varying much either lights or shades,
“ she brings the matter once more on the
“ tapis. I have exhausted all my reason-
“ ings, cannot bear to repeat what I had
“ said before, and she carries her point; and,
“ what is the worst of it, judging by her
“ success, thinks me convinced, and that she
“ was right at first, and I was wrong; and
“ so prepares to carry the next.” In this
kind of half captious pleasantry, his con-
versation, as well as his letters, abounded.
He was a benevolent and kind-hearted,
but I do not feel sure that he was a good-
humoured, man. For liberality, genero-
sity, and charity, Richardson claims un-
qualified praise. His generosity knew no
bounds, but the necessary attention to the
welfare of a growing family. Various in-
cidents in the numerous volumes of his
letters, both those which appear, and the
far greater part which do not appear, shew
how much he was in the habit of obliging.
He assisted Aaron Hill with money; he
had

had the honour to bail Dr. Johnson. He writes to a neighbour, who had suffered from a fire, and with whom he does not appear to have been in habits of intimacy, offering the use of all his first floor for a week, fortnight, month, or as long as he should be unprovided; and the attendance of his servants for himself and family, and an occasional bed at his country residence, and all this he presses upon him with the most generous earnestness. In all these kindnesses his wife concurred with affectionate readiness. Miss Collier, it is evident, was in the habit of receiving pecuniary assistance from him. The unhappy Mrs. Pilkington found a friend in him. When Lady Bradshaigh mentioned the case of the poor penitent girl, for whom she wanted a situation: "Let her come to us," he said, "she shall do just what she can, and stay till she is otherwise provided for." He was a great promoter, if not the first mover, of the Magdalen charity. In short, his purse

was ever open to any proper call upon it, not to mention the many opportunities a man in business has, of doing essential favours without any actual donation. Besides all this, he had a brother's family thrown, in a great measure, upon his hands. He thus writes of the event in 1750: " It
" is a brother's death I mourn for; an
" honest, a good-natured, but a careless
" man; of late years careless, so that his
" affairs were embarrassed, and he has left
" six children, five of them small and help-
" less." In the affairs of a family difference, in which he was the mediator, his advice seems to have been prudent, conciliating, and judicious. His advice and opinion was greatly valued by all his friends, both literary and others, and his trouble, as a printer, was enhanced by the criticisms and remarks they engaged him to make, on the pieces they entrusted him with.

In the qualities of courtesy and hospitality, Richardson was excelled by no man.

" I think

“ I think I see you,” says one of his correspondents, “ sitting at your door like an old patriarch, and inviting all who pass by to come in.” Whether sick or well ; whether they could entertain him with vivacity and cheerfulness, or wanted themselves the soothing and attentions of himself and family, they were always welcome. Two of his friends were nursed at his house in their last illness. In all the intercourses of civility he loved to be the obliger, especially if his friends were of rank and fortune superior to his own. His letters, particularly to Lady Bradshaigh, are full of contests about little presents, which he loved better to give than to receive. In this there was, no doubt, a jealous fear of being treated otherwise than as an equal, and somewhat of a painful consciousness of inferiority of station prompting that fear ; for he possessed the dignity of an independent mind. When Lady Echlin expressed her wishes that he might be acquainted

quainted with her daughter, Mrs. Palmer, a lady of fashion ; “ the advances, then,” said he, “ must come from her. She was “ the superior in rank, but he knew ladies “ of the west-end of the town did not wish “ to pass Temple-bar ;” and, sometimes, perhaps, this consciousness made him a little captious with regard to the attentions he expected from ladies of fashion ; who, coming to town for a short period, could not devote so much time to him, as, perhaps, the warm affection expressed in their correspondence, might have led him to expect.

It will not be supposed that a man who knew so well how to paint the passion of love, should be inaccessible to its influence. His matrimonial connections were, most probably, those of convenience and calm affection ; but he intimates that he once loved with ardour. The passage referred to is in a letter to Lady Bradshaigh, who had been desiring him to write, for his

next

next publication, the history of his own life.

“ The fortune of the man you hint at, was
“ very low : his mind, however, was never
“ mean. A bashfulness, next to sheep-
“ ishness, kept him down : but he always
“ courted independence ; and, being con-
“ tented with a little, preserved a title to
“ it. He found friends, who thought they
“ saw something of merit in him, through
“ the cloud that his sheepishness threw
“ over him, and, knowing how low his
“ fortune was, laid themselves out to raise
“ him ; and most of them by proposals
“ of marriage, which, however, had al-
“ ways something impracticable in them.
“ A pretty idiot was once proposed, with
“ very high terms, his circumstances con-
“ sidered : her worthy uncle thought this
“ man would behave compassionately to
“ her.—A violent Roman Catholic lady
“ was another, of a fine fortune, a zeal-
“ ous professor ; whose terms were (all
“ her

“ her fortune in her own power—a very
 “ apron-string tenure!) two years proba-
 “ tion, and her confessor’s report in favour
 “ of his being a true proselyte at the end
 “ of them *.—Another, a gay, high-spi-
 “ rited, volatile lady, whose next friend
 “ offered to be *his* friend, in fear of her
 “ becoming the prey (at the public places
 “ she constantly frequented) of some vile
 “ fortune-hunter. Another there was
 “ whom his soul loved; but with a reve-
 “ rence—Hush!—Pen, lie thee down!—

“ A timely check; where, else, might I
 “ have ended?—This lady—how hard to
 “ forbear the affecting subject!—But I
 “ *will* forbear. This man presumed not—
 “ Again going on!—not a word more this
 “ night.”

This lady, from hints given in other
 places, and from the information of Mrs.
 Duncombe, appears to have been the same
 whose history he has delicately and ob-
 scurely shadowed out in that of Mrs. Beau-

* Might not this give the first hint of his Clementina?

mont;

mont ; and never, she adds, did he appear so animated as when he was insensibly led into a narration of any circumstances in the history or description of that most revered lady.

The author of *Clarissa* was always fond of female society. He lived in a kind of flower-garden of ladies : they were his inspirers, his critics, his applauders. Connections of business apart, they were his chief correspondents. He had generally a number of young ladies at his house, whom he used to engage in conversation on some subject of sentiment, and provoke, by artful opposition, to display the treasures of intellect they possessed. Miss Mulso, afterwards Mrs. Chapone ; Miss Highmore, now Mrs. Duncombe ; Miss Talbot, niece to Secker, and author of some much esteemed devotional pieces ; Miss Prescott, afterwards Mrs. Mulso ; Miss Fieldings ; and Miss Colliers, resided occasionally with him. He was accustomed to give the young ladies he esteemed the endearing appellation of his
his

his daughters. He used to write in a little summer-house, or grotto *, as it was called, within his garden, before the family were up; and, when they met at breakfast, he communicated the progress of his story, which, by that means, had every day a fresh and lively interest. Then began the criticisms, the pleadings, for Harriet Byron or Clementina; every turn and every incident was eagerly canvassed, and the author enjoyed the benefit of knowing before-hand how his situations would strike. Their own little partialities and entanglements, too, were developed, and became the subject of grave advice, or lively railery. Mrs. Duncombe thus mentions the agreeable scene, in a letter to Mrs. Mulso.

“ I shall often, in idea, enjoy again the
 “ hours that we have so agreeably spent in
 “ the delightful retirement of North End :

“ For while this pleasing subject I pursue,

“ The grot, the garden, rush upon my view ;

* The same of which an engraving is given in the work.

“ There,

“ There, in blest union, round the friendly gate,
“ Instruction, Peace, and chearful Freedom wait ;
“ And there, a choir of list’ning nymphs appears
“ Oppress’d with wonder, or dissolved in tears ;
“ But on her tender fears when Harriet dwells,
“ And love’s soft symptoms innocently tells,
“ They all, with conscious smiles, those symptoms view,
“ And by those conscious smiles confess them true.”

Mr. Richardson was a friend to mental improvement in women, though under all those restrictions which modesty and decorum have imposed upon the sex. Indeed, his sentiments seem to have been more favourable to female literature, before than after his intercourse with the fashionable world ; for Clarissa has been taught Latin, but Miss Byron is made to say, that she does not even know which are meant by the learned languages, and to declare, that a woman who knows them is an owl among the birds. The prejudice against any appearance of extraordinary cultivation in women, was, at that period, very strong. It will scarcely be believed,
by

by this generation, that Mrs. Delany, the accomplished Mrs. Delany, objects to the words *intellect* and *ethics*, in one of the conversation pieces, in Grandison, as too scholastic to proceed from the mouth of a female. What would some of these critics have said, could they have heard young ladies talking of gases, and nitrous oxyd, and stimuli, and excitability, and all the terms of modern science. The restraint of former times was painful and humiliating; what can be more humiliating than the necessity of affecting ignorance? and yet, perhaps, it is not undesirable that female genius should have something to overcome; so much, as to render it probable, before a woman steps out of the common walks of life, that her acquirements are solid, and her love for literature decided and irresistible. These obstacles did not prevent the Epictetus of Mrs. Carter, nor the volumes of Mrs. Chapone, from being written and given to the world.

The moral qualities of Richardson were crowned with a serious and warm regard for religion ; it is conspicuous in all his works ; and we shall, probably, not find any writings, of the class of novels, in which virtue and piety are so strongly and uniformly recommended, without any party spirit, or view to recommend a particular system, and it would be doing injustice to the taste of the world not to say that they were highly valued on that account. The house of Richardson was a school of virtuous sentiment and good morals. The following letter, from Mr. Reich, of Leipsic, shews the pleasing impression a visit to him made on the lively feelings of a foreigner.

“ You know, Sir, I set out for England
“ purely with a view of cultivating a per-
“ sonal acquaintance with so great a man
“ as Mr. Samuel Richardson, who had so
“ long endeared himself to me by his
“ works, and who, afterwards, by the corres-
“ pondence

“ pondence established between us, grant-
“ ed me his friendship. I arrived at Lon-
“ don the eighth of August, and had not
“ much difficulty in finding Mr. Richard-
“ son in this great city. He gave me a
“ reception worthy of the author of Pa-
“ mela, Clarissa, and Grandison; that is,
“ with the same heart which appears
“ throughout his works. His person, his
“ family, and even his domestics, all an-
“ swer this character. He carried me into
“ his library, and his printing-house, (for
“ he is a printer), in both which I never
“ saw things so well disposed. Sunday
“ following, I was with him at his coun-
“ try-house, (Selby-house) where his fa-
“ mily was, with some ladies, acquaint-
“ ances of his four daughters, who, with
“ his lady, compose his family. It was
“ there I saw beauties without affecta-
“ tion; wit without vanity; and thought
“ myself transported to an enchanted land.
“ After chocolate, Mr. Richardson brought
“ us

“ us into the garden, adjoining to the
“ house. He invited me to partake of its
“ fruits, of which the trees afforded the
“ finest of their kind; and, perceiving
“ that I hesitated, gathered some himself,
“ which he presented to me. Every thing
“ I saw, every thing I tasted, recalled to
“ me the idea of the golden age. Here
“ are to be seen no counterfeits, such as
“ are the offspring of vanity, and the de-
“ light of fools. A noble simplicity reigns
“ throughout, and elevates the soul. The
“ harmony of this charming family fur-
“ nished me with many reflections on
“ the common ill-judged methods of edu-
“ cation, whence springs the source either
“ of our happiness or misery. The ladies
“ affected not that stiff preciseness peculiar
“ to coquettes. Trained up by a parent
“ who instructs them, still more by his
“ example than by his works, they strive
“ to imitate him; and, if you feel a ten-
“ derness for objects so lovely, you will
surely

“ surely be sensible of a still greater re-
“ spect for them.

“ In the middle of the garden, over
“ against the house, we came to a kind
“ of grotto, where we rested ourselves. It
“ was on this seat, Mr. Le Fevre, (Mr.
“ Richardson’s friend) told me, that Pa-
“ mela, Clarissa, and Grandison, received
“ their birth; I kissed the ink-horn on the
“ side of it. We afterwards proceeded to
“ table, (dinner,) where an opportunity
“ was offered me of reading the letters
“ written to me by Malle. Sack, from
“ Berlin, concerning my voyage, and Mr.
“ Richardson. One might in them dis-
“ cern that wit which is the peculiar cha-
“ racteristic of that lady; and, every one
“ listened with the closest attention to
“ whatever truth obliged me to say
“ concerning her. Whereupon Mr. Ri-
“ chardson observed to me, that the la-
“ dies in company were all his adopted
“ daughters; that he should be very proud

“ to

“ to give to them, as well as to his own,
 “ so charming a sister; and desired to
 “ signify as much to her, and to send her
 “ his picture, which he gave me for that
 “ purpose. The rest of our discourse
 “ turned on the merits of Mr. Gellert,
 “ and of some other Germans of distinc-
 “ tion. I told him, we had the same
 “ reason to glory in our relationship, as
 “ countrymen of these worthy gentlemen,
 “ as the English had in regard to him
 “ Mr. Richardson’s usual modesty dic-
 “ tated his answer. Towards evening he
 “ brought me to London, where he made
 “ me promise to come and see him as
 “ often as I could. On the Sunday fol-
 “ lowing I was with him again at his
 “ pleasant country seat. We found there
 “ a large company, all people of merit;
 “ Mr. Miller, author of the Gardener’s
 “ Dictionary, (which has been translated
 “ at Nurnburg, with such success), and
 “ Mr. Highmore, the famous painter,
 “ were

“ were there. This last, two days after-
“ wards, conferred on me a genteel piece
“ of civility, which I shall never forget:
“ he must, indeed, be the accomplished
“ gentleman he appears to be, by oblig-
“ ing with so good a grace. I was ex-
“ tremely concerned on not seeing his
“ only daughter, who was in the coun-
“ try. I have read some of her letters,
“ which excite in me the highest esteem
“ both for her understanding and her
“ heart. In the evening I took my leave
“ of the family, and returned with Mr.
“ Richardson. I saw him several times
“ since, during the eight days I staid in
“ England; but it was necessary, at last,
“ to quit that divine man. I gave him
“ the letter entitled No. I. he embraced
“ me, and a mutual tenderness deprived
“ us of speech. He accompanied me
“ with his eyes as far as he could: I
“ shed tears.”

There is one fault of which it will not
be

be easy to clear our author. It is said that he was vain; he was fed with praise, and, with regard to that diet, it may be truly affirmed, that

———— increase of appetite doth grow
By what it feeds on.

In the circle of his admirers, his own works occupied, naturally, a large share of conversation; and he had not the will, nor perhaps the variety of knowledge necessary to turn it on other topics. The same subject forms the prominent feature in his correspondencies. — Impartiality, perhaps, requires a biographer to notice the opinion of such a man as Johnson, delivered through the medium of Mr. Boswell's memory, as follows, giving an account of a conversation at Mr. Nairne's, where Dr. Johnson drew the character of Richardson. “ I only remember that he
“ expressed a high value for his talents and
“ virtues: But that his perpetual study
h 2 “ was

“ was to ward off petty inconveniences,
“ and to procure petty pleasures; that his
“ love of continual superiority was such,
“ that he took care always to be sur-
“ rounded by women, who listened to
“ him implicitly, and did not venture to
“ contradict his opinions; and that his
“ desire of distinction was so great, that
“ he used to give large veils to Speaker
“ Onslow’s servants, that they might treat
“ him with respect.”

It may be observed upon this, that the ladies he associated with were well able to appreciate his works. They were both his critics and his models, and from their sprightly conversation, and the disquisitions on love and sentiment, which took place, he gathered what was more to his purpose than graver topics would have produced. He was not writing a dictionary, like Johnson, or a history, like Gibbon. He was a novel writer; his business was not only with the human heart, but with the female heart.

No man sought criticism with more diligence, or received it with more candour, than Richardson; he asks it even from some who had little title to give it. The fault of his mind was, rather that he was too much occupied with himself, than that he had too high an opinion of his talents. Praise, however, he certainly loved, and all that remains to be said on this head is, that when a man of genius is humane, benevolent, temperate, and pious, we may allow in him a little shade of vanity, as a tribute to human weakness. As to the veils, it was a disgraceful circumstance, not to Richardson, but to the customs of our country, and to Mr. Onslow, if he could not make his servants pay respect to his guests without it. But it were as candid to account for Richardson's giving more than others, from his known generosity as from his desire of distinction. I cannot pass by in silence, though it is unpleasant to advert to, the contemptuous manner in which

Lady Wortley Montagu has mentioned our author, in terms as little suited to the decorum of her own rank and character, as to the merit and respectable situation in life of the person she speaks of. "The doors of the great," she says, "were never opened to him." If the doors of the great were never opened to a genius whom every Englishman ought to have been proud of, if they were either tasteless of his merit, or so selfishly appreciated it as to be content to be entertained and instructed by his writings in their closet, and to suffer the man to want that notice and regard which is the proper and deserved reward of distinguished talent,—upon them let the disgrace rest, and not upon Richardson. And, I believe it is true, that in England genius and learning obtain less personal notice than in most other parts of Europe, and that men are classed here more by similiarity of fortune than by any other circumstance. Still, however,

ever, they do attract notice; and the reader must be amply convinced, by the list of Richardson's friends and correspondents, that Lady Wortley's assertions are as untrue as illiberal. It is strange that she, whose talents, not her rank, have transmitted her name to posterity, should not have experienced a more kindly fellow-feeling towards talent: but the public will judge which was most estimable, she whose conduct banished her from those with whom her birth entitled her to associate, or he who, by his merit, raised himself above the class whence he drew his humble origin.

I omitted to mention, in its proper place, that Richardson had a pressing invitation from the Moravians to go to Germany. He was written to, for that purpose, by the secretary of Count Zinzendorf, their head, and solely, it should seem, from their high opinion of the moral tendency of his writings.

Richardson was, in person, below the middle stature, and inclined to corpulency; of a round, rather than oval, face, with a fair ruddy complexion. His features, says one, who speaks from recollection, bore the stamp of good nature, and were characteristic of his placid and amiable disposition. He was slow in speech, and, to strangers at least, spoke with reserve and deliberation; but, in his manners, was affable, courteous, and engaging, and when surrounded with the social circle he loved to draw around him, his eye sparkled with pleasure, and often expressed that particular spirit of archness which we see in some of his characters, and which gave, at times, a vivacity to his conversation, not expected from his general taciturnity and quiet manners. He has left us a characteristic portrait of himself, in a letter to Lady Bradshaigh, written when he was in his sixtieth year, before they had seen one another.

another. She was to find him out by it (as she actually did,) as he walked in the Park. “ Short, rather plump, about five
 “ feet five inches, fair wig, one hand ge-
 “ nerally in his bosom, the other a cane
 “ in it, which he leans upon under the
 “ skirts of his coat, that it may impercep-
 “ tibly serve him as a support, when at-
 “ tacked by sudden tremors or dizziness,
 “ of a light brown complexion, teeth not
 “ yet failing him.” What follows is very
 descriptive of the struggle in his charac-
 ter between innate bashfulness and a
 turn for observation. “ Looking directly
 “ foreright, as passengers would imagine,
 “ but observing all that stirs on either
 “ hand of him, without moving his short
 “ neck; a regular even pace, stealing away
 “ ground rather than seeming to rid it; a
 “ grey eye, too often overclouded by mis-
 “ tiness from the head, by chance lively,
 “ very lively if he sees any he loves; if he
 “ approaches a lady, his eye is never fixed

“ first on her face, but on her feet, and
“ rears it up by degrees, seeming to set
“ her down as so or so.”

The health of Richardson was grievously affected by those disorders which pass under the denomination of nervous, and are the usual consequence of bad air, confinement, sedentary employment, and the wear and tear of the mental faculties. It is astonishing how a man who had to raise his fortune by the slow process of his own industry, to take care of an extensive business, to educate his own family, and to be a father to many of his relations, could find time in the breaks and pauses of his other avocations, for works so considerable in size as well as in merit, “ nineteen close printed volumes,” as he often mentions, when insisting upon it, in answer to the instances of his correspondents, that he would write more, that he had already written more than enough. Where there exists strong genius,

nus, the bent of the mind is imperious, and will be obeyed: but the body too often sinks under it. “ I had originally,” (says he) “ a good constitution; I hurt it “ by no intemperance, but that of appli- “ cation.”

Richardson scarcely writes a letter without mentioning those nervous or paralytic tremors, which indeed are very observable in those letters written with his own hand, and which obliged him often to employ the hand of another. Yet his writing, to the last, was small, even, and very legible. Though a strong advocate for public worship, he had discontinued, for many years, going to church, on account, as he tells Lady B. of his not being able to bear a crowd. It is probable, however, that he also wanted the relaxation of a Sunday spent in the country. He took tar-water, then very much in vogue, and lived for seven years upon a vegetable diet; but his best remedy was

probably his country house, and the amusement of Tunbridge, which he was accustomed to frequent in the season. He never could ride, being, as he declares, quite a cockney, but used a chamber horse, one of which he kept at each of his houses. His nervous maladies notwithstanding increased, and for years before his death he could not lift the quantity of a small glass of wine to his mouth, though put into a tumbler, without assistance. He loved to complain, but who that suffers from disorders that affect the very springs of life and happiness, does not? Who does not wish for the friendly soothing of sympathy, under maladies from which more material relief is not to be expected? That sympathy was feelingly expressed by Mrs. Chapone, in her Ode to Health, in the following apostrophe:

Hast thou not left a Richardson unblest?

He woos thee st. in vain, relentless maid.

Tho' skill'd in sweetest accents to persuade,
And wake soft Pity in the savage breast;

Him Virtue loves, and brightest Fame is his:

Smile thou too, Goddess, and complete his bliss.

In the latter part of his life, he was rarely seen among his workmen, sometimes not twice in a year, and, even when he was in town, gave his directions by little notes. His principal workman was hard of hearing; and Richardson felt a nervous irritation, which made it not easy for him to bear any thing of hurry or personal altercation.

His will shews the same equitable, friendly, and beneficent disposition, which was apparent in his life; legacies to a tribe of relations, to whom, it appears, he had given little pensions during his life; one third of his fortune to his wife, and the rest to be divided equally among his daughters; recommending, however, his daughter

ter

ter Anne to her mother's peculiar care, from the weak state of her health and spirits. Yet this object of his tender anxiety was the survivor of the whole family. She is said to have possessed "an excellent
" and cultivated understanding, true piety,
" sensibility, resignation, and strength of
" mind."

His daughter Martha was married, in 1762, to Edward Bridgen, Esq. and Sarah to Mr. Crowther, surgeon, of Boswell-court. Mrs. Richardson survived her husband twelve years.

It is with particular pleasure I subjoin to this account of Richardson, the animated and lively description of his character, which has been obligingly communicated to me in a letter from a lady, whose personal knowledge of him gives to her account both authenticity and interest.

" I am willing to give you every aid in
" my power, and contribute my mite of
" praise to my venerated friend.

" My

“ My first recollection of him is in his
“ house in the centre of Salisbury-square,
“ or Salisbury-court, as it was then called ;
“ and of being admitted, as a playful
“ child, into his study, where I have often
“ seen Dr. Young, and others ; and where
“ I was generally caressed, and rewarded
“ with biscuits or *bonbons* of some kind
“ or other, and sometimes with books, for
“ which he, and some more of my friends,
“ kindly encouraged a taste, even at that
“ early age, which has adhered to me all
“ my life long, and continues to be
“ the solace of many a painful hour. I
“ recollect that he used to drop in at my
“ father’s, for we lived nearly opposite,
“ late in the evening, to supper ; when, as
“ he would say, he had worked as long
“ as his eyes and nerves would let him,
“ and was come to relax, with a little
“ friendly and domestic chat. I even then
“ used to creep to his knee, and hang
“ upon his words, for my whole family
“ doated

“ doated on him ; and once, I recollect,
“ that, at one of these evening visits, pro-
“ bably about the year 1753, I was stand-
“ ing by his knee, when my mother’s maid
“ came to summon me to bed ; upon
“ which, being unwilling to part from
“ him, and manifesting some reluctance,
“ he begged I might be permitted to stay
“ a little longer ; and, on my mother’s
“ objecting that the servant would be
“ wanted to wait at supper, for, in those
“ days of friendly intercourse and *real*
“ hospitality, a decent maid-servant was
“ the only attendant at *his own*, and many
“ creditable tables, where, nevertheless,
“ much company was received, Mr. Rich-
“ ardson said, ‘ I am sure Miss P. is now
“ so much a woman, that she does not
“ want any one to attend her to bed, but
“ will conduct herself with so much pro-
“ priety, and put out her own candle so
“ carefully, that she may henceforward be
“ indulged with remaining with us till
“ supper

“ supper is served.’ This hint, and the
“ confidence it implied, had such a good
“ effect upon me, that, I believe, I never
“ required the attendance of a servant
“ afterwards, while my mother lived ; and,
“ by such sort of ingenious and gentle
“ devices, did he use to encourage and
“ draw in young people to do what was
“ right.—I also well remember the happy
“ days I passed at his house at North
“ End ; sometimes with my mother, but
“ often, for weeks, without her, domesti-
“ cated as one of his own children. He
“ used to pass the greatest part of the
“ week in town ; but, when he came down,
“ he used to like to have his family flock
“ around him, when we all first asked
“ and received his blessing, together with
“ some small boon from his paternal kind-
“ ness and attention ; for, he seldom met
“ us empty-handed, and was by nature
“ most generous and liberal.

“ The piety, order, decorum, and strict

“ regu-

“ regularity, that prevailed in his family,
“ were of infinite use to train the mind
“ to good habits, and to depend upon
“ its own resources. It has been one of
“ the means which, under the blessing of
“ God, has enabled me to dispense with
“ the enjoyment of what the world calls
“ pleasures, such as are found in crowds;
“ and actually to relish and prefer the
“ calm delights of retirement and books.
“ As soon as Mrs. Richardson arose, the
“ beautiful Psalms in Smith’s Devotions
“ were read responsively in the nursery,
“ by herself, and daughters, standing in
“ a circle: only the two eldest were al-
“ lowed to breakfast with her, and what-
“ ever company happened to be in the
“ house, for they were seldom without.
“ After breakfast we younger ones read
“ to her in turns the Psalms, and lessons
“ for the day. We were then permitted
“ to pursue our childish sports, or to
“ walk in the garden, which I was allowed
“ to

“ to do at pleasure ; for, when my mother
“ hesitated upon granting that privilege,
“ for fear I should help myself to the
“ fruit, Mrs. Richardson said, ‘ No ! I have
“ so much confidence in her, that, if she
“ is put upon honour, I am certain that
“ she will not touch so much as a goose-
“ berry.’ A confidence, I dare safely aver,
“ that I never forfeited, and which has
“ given me the power of walking in any
“ garden ever since, without the smallest
“ desire to touch any fruit, and taught me
“ a lesson upon the restraint of appetite,
“ which has been useful to me all my life.
“ We all dined at one table, and gene-
“ rally drank tea and spent the evening in
“ Mrs. Richardson’s parlour, where the
“ practice was for one of the young ladies
“ to read, while the rest sat with mute at-
“ tention, round a large table, and em-
“ ployed themselves in some kind of
“ needle-work. Mr. Richardson generally
“ retired to his study, unless there was
“ particular company.

“ These

“ These are childish and trifling anecdotes, and savour, perhaps you may think, too much of egotism. They certainly can be of no further use to you, than as they mark the extreme benevolence, condescension, and kindness, of this exalted genius, towards young people; for, in general society, I know he has been accused of being of few words, and of a particularly reserved turn. He was, however, all his life-time, the patron and protector of the female sex. Miss M. (afterwards Lady G.) passed many years in his family. She was the bosom friend, and contemporary of my mother; and was so much considered as *enfant de famille* in Mr. Richardson’s house, that her portrait is introduced into a family-piece.

“ He had many *protégées*:—A Miss Rosine, from Portugal, was consigned to his care; but of her, being then at school, I never saw much. Most of the ladies
“ that

“ that resided much at his house, acquired
“ a certain degree of fastidiousness and
“ delicate refinement, which, though amia-
“ ble in itself; rather disqualified them
“ from appearing in general society, to
“ the advantage that might have been ex-
“ pected, and rendered an intercourse with
“ the world uneasy to themselves, giving a
“ peculiar air of shiness and reserve to
“ their whole address, of which habits his
“ own daughters partook, in a degree that
“ has been thought by some, a little to ob-
“ scure those really valuable qualifications
“ and talents they undoubtedly possessed.
“ Yet, this was supposed to be owing more
“ to Mrs. Richardson than to him; who,
“ though a truly good woman, had high
“ and Harlowean notions of parental au-
“ thority, and kept the ladies in such order,
“ and at such a distance, that he often la-
“ mented, as I have been told by my mo-
“ ther, that they were not more open and
“ conversable with him.

“ Besides

“ Besides those I have already named,
“ I well remember a Mrs. Donellan, a ve-
“ nerable old lady, with sharp-piercing
“ eyes; Miss Mulso, &c. &c. Secker,
“ Archbishop of Canterbury; Sir Thomas
“ Robinson (Lord Grantham), &c. &c.
“ who were frequent visitors at his house
“ in town and country. The ladies I have
“ named, were often staying at North
“ End, at the period of his highest glory
“ and reputation; and, in their company
“ and conversation, his genius was ma-
“ tured. His benevolence was unbounded,
“ as his manner of diffusing it was delicate
“ and refined.”

THE correspondence of Richardson be-
gins a short time before his first publica-
tions, and extends through the remainder
of his life. Before the appearance of Pa-
mela, he does not seem to have transcribed
his

his own letters. After his celebrity was acquired, they probably assumed an importance in his eyes, which they did not possess before. In the decline of life, letter-writing was his favourite employment; It is one which men are apt to have either a fondness for, or an aversion to. He wrote more than he read. "I cannot tell why," he says, "but my nervous disorders will permit me to write with more impunity than to read;" and he often laments, that, through want of time, and ill-health, he was not better acquainted with books. He usually wrote upon a little board, which he held in his hand.

The correspondents of Richardson were either those connected with him by business, by personal friendship, or those attracted by his fame as an author. A large proportion of them are ladies. It has been observed how fond he was of female society. In this he resembled another amiable genius, the author of the *Task*; both
felt

felt the depressing influence of a bashful sensibility, and both felt their hearts opened by the caressing manners and delicate attentions of female friendship. There was, indeed, this great difference: Cowper's reserve was constitutional. Richardson's, probably, was owing to the want of an early familiarity with genteel life.

The earliest correspondent upon this list is AARON HILL, a man of some real genius, a warm heart, and a generous disposition. He wrote several plays, was at one time manager of the theatre, several poems, one in praise of Czar Peter, called the Northern Star, yet is better known to most readers of the present day, by the lines Pope bestowed upon him in the Dunciad, than by his own works. Conscious of originality of thought, which he really had, he affected to despise the public taste; and fondly prophesied, that posterity would read his works when Pope's were fallen into oblivion. He did
not

not so far trust to Posterity, however, as not to retaliate on his satirist in some finished lines, which may bear a comparison with Pope's on Addison.

Hill was a schemer, an unsuccessful one all his life. During the greatest part of this correspondence, he lived retired at Plaistow, an aguish situation, from which the health of himself and his family seem to have suffered much. In this retirement he wrote several poems; the following lines, in which he speaks of himself, are very touching:

Cover'd in Fortune's shade, I rest reclin'd,
 My griefs all silent, and my joys resign'd;
 With patient eye life's coming gloom survey,
 Nor shake th' outhasting sands, nor bid them stay;
 Yet, while from life my setting prospects fly,
 Fain would my mind's weak offspring shun to die;
 Fain would their hope some light thro' time explore,
 The name's kind passport, when the man's no more.

His style, in his letters, is turgid and cloudy, but every now and then illuminated

with a ray of genius ; as, when speaking of his hectic complaints, he says, (alluding to the march of the Israelites) “ they are “ a cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by “ night.” Hill wanted judgment and temper. He speaks with unmeasured contempt of those he dislikes, and is equally lavish in panegyric. Richardson has written on the back of some of his letters— “ Too high praise.” Their friendship appears to have been warm and uninterrupted.

Of the author of the NIGHT THOUGHTS it is unnecessary to give any information. He was in the decline of his genius when he was most connected with Richardson, and seems to have been often benefited by the judgment of the latter in his publications ; yet his letters are agreeable ; they shew the turn for antithesis, and bold swelling expression, which always distinguished him, and a strong sense of religion, tinged with gloom.

With

With Mr. EDWARDS, of Turrick in Buckinghamshire, author of the *Canons of Criticism*, and *Sonnets*, Richardson maintained a cordial, affectionate, and long-continued friendship. His letters are not brilliant; but he seems to have been a very good, pious, and kind-hearted man. I fear, indeed, his charity did not include Bishop Warburton.

Richardson was intimate with the two Miss COLLIERS, and with Miss FIELDINGS, sisters to the novel-writer. Miss S. Fielding wrote the *Governess*, *David Simple*, and some other pieces, all well received by the public. Miss Jane Collier, in conjunction with Miss Patty Fielding, wrote the *Cry*, a novel that had some run. She died poor, and her sister retired to the Isle of Wight, then cheap and little frequented; and her resignation was mixed with the pang inflicted by solitariness and neglect. Richardson's letters to her are soothing, and yet insinuate wholesome advice.

To speak of LÆTITIA PILKINGTON is to speak of a tale of other times; yet the tale may be useful, to shew how low a woman may fall who has parted with her virtue. That the companion of Swift and Delany, adorned with wit and beauty, should be reduced to lie upon straw in a night-cellar, and weep over her daughter's misconduct, without having, as she pathetically expresses it, "the right to find fault with her that another mother would have had, presents a striking lesson. Her letters are too complimentary, but have an easy flow of expression, and shew, if she was sincere, that she was susceptible of the gratitude to which Richardson's kindness gave him so just a claim.

CIBBER's intimacy with Richardson was after the most dissipated part of his life was over; but the sprightly veteran shews, in every line, the man of wit, and the man of the world.

Mrs.

Mrs. SHERIDAN was an estimable woman : good sense, and calm good humour, are said to have characterised her: She wrote Sidney Bidulph, of which Dr. Johnson said to her—"I know not, Madam, whether you
" have a right, on moral principles, to
" make your readers suffer so much." She also wrote the comedy of the *Discovery*, and other pieces. She died at Blois, whither Mr. Sheridan had retired on account of his affairs. He had been driven from the Dublin theatre (of which he was manager, and which he had brought to a state of order and decorum, from great licentiousness) by an opposition, and, for five years, he supported himself in London by his literary exertions.

Miss MULSO was a favourite correspondent of Richardson ; he loved to draw out her reasoning powers, then beginning to unfold themselves. He engaged her in a controversy on the measure of filial obe-

dience ; but her part of it, with the rest of her letters, was withdrawn from the collection after Richardson's death.

With the worthy families of HIGHMORE and DUNCOMBE, afterwards united by the marriage of Miss Highmore to Mr. Duncombe, Junior, author of the *Feminead*, Richardson was much connected. Mr. Highmore was a painter of eminence,—at a time, indeed, when the arts were at a very low ebb in England, the reigns of George the First and Second. He painted most of Richardson's characters. *Clarissa*, in a Vandyke dress; the Harlowe family, *Clementina*, and twelve prints of the history of *Pamela*, were engraved from his pencil.

Miss SUTTON was the daughter of the Countess of Sunderland, by Robert Sutton, Esq.

Mrs. DONNELAN, a maiden lady, and Mrs. DELANY, were among the most judicious

cious of Richardson's correspondents; they criticised his works with a friendly freedom. Mrs. Dews was sister to Mrs. Delany.

Miss WESTCOMBE's letters shew great sweetness, modesty, and the highest reverence for her adopted father.

Mr. SKELTON was a singular character; most singular, perhaps, in his uncommon benevolence. Placed in the wildest part of Ireland, amongst a people who differed more from the brutes around them in the evils to which human wants exposed them, than in any improvements or advantages with which human intellect had supplied them, he devoted his life, (the life of a scholar) and, in a year of scarcity, sacrificed his books, (the treasure of a scholar) for their relief. He was of an athletic make, and had often occasion to exercise his personal courage, as well as his pastoral care, amongst his flock. He used to go out attended by a

great dog, and a stout labourer, armed, as well as himself, with a huge club, when he made his pastoral visits in the neighbourhood. His connection with Mr. Richardson bore upon two points: his good offices exerted towards his friend in the affair of the piracy, and in getting in his Irish debts (no easy matter to perform) and on the publications he sent to Mr. Richardson's press. He was esteemed a writer of strength and acumen in the controversial line. His letters are frank and hearty; they shew him occasionally subject to the pettishness of low spirits, and it is pleasing to observe with what tenderness, forbearance, and calm reasoning, his friend smooths away the roughness of his disposition. There is a life of Skelton published in Ireland, which is worth reading, as it gives many particulars of an original and eccentric character. He was, at length, transplanted to Dublin; but too late to change his manners from the rustic to the urbane.

MARK

MARK HILDESLEY, bishop of Sodor and Man, was, before his promotion to that see, vicar of Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, and rector of Holwell, in the county of Bedford. He distinguished himself by a most diligent attendance on the duties of his parish, preaching, catechising, and distributing good books. In his bishopric he succeeded Dr. Wilson, who had begun a translation of the bible into the Manks language, which Hildesley completed.

The foreign correspondences of Richardson turn chiefly on the translations of his works; not many, therefore, have been given; but those of Mrs. KLOPSTOCK, must interest every reader. She is buried near Hamburgh, and an epitaph, in verse, of twenty lines, composed by her husband, is inscribed on her tomb. Mr. Klopstock never married again till, in his old age, a few years before his death, he had the ceremony performed between himself and a kinswoman, who lived with him, in order

to entitle her, as his widow, to the pensions he enjoyed from different courts. It is presumed the reader of taste will not wish that Mrs. Klopstock's letters had been put into better English.

MR. STINSTRA, the Dutch minister, who translated *Clarissa*, is the same who wrote a tract against Count Zinzendorff, and his followers, with extracts from their hymns, and other writings, in which their enthusiasm and indecency is fully exposed. It was translated into English, by Rimius. Stinstra, as a divine, seems to make some scruple of translating a novel; but he satisfied himself by the moral tendency of Richardson's.—GELLERT, the author of the *Fables*; and CLAIRAUT, a celebrated mathematician, were also among Richardson's translators.

But the largest contributor to this correspondence was Lady BRADSHAIGH, of whose family and connections some account may be acceptable.

She married (after a persevering courtship,

ship, on his part, of ten years, as she herself informs us) Sir Roger Bradshaigh, of Haigh, near Wigan, in Lancashire, at which place they lived in what was called the true English stile of country gentry, before the villa of the manufacturer had eclipsed, by its ephemeral splendour, the paternal seat of the hereditary landholder.

Haigh is a large old-built mansion; the grounds and gardens are laid out in that style which modern refinement has discarded for one which is generally admitted to be more agreeable to true taste, though, perhaps it may not be calculated to give more pleasure. Sir Roger's estate was in the midst of the mines of that most elegant species of coal called the *cannel*, or *candle* coal, which, it is well known, takes a high and beautiful polish. Of this material Lady Bradshaigh built a summer-house. From its colour, like black marble, and its combustible nature, it may be considered as a kind of contrast to the brilliant ice-palace of the Empress of Russia.

Lady

Lady Bradshaigh bore the character of a most worthy, pious, and charitable woman. Sir Roger and herself were a very happy couple, as, indeed, sufficiently appears from the letters. She was active and managing, and her large household was so regulated as to be a pattern of order and decorum. They had no children. Lady Bradshaigh lived many years at Haigh, as a widow, keeping up the same stile of chearful hospitality as in her husband's life-time. She died at an advanced age, above eighty, with all the sentiments of a piety which had been habitually wrought into the constitution of her mind.

Lady Bradshaigh's mental qualifications seem to have been a good deal of sound native sense, and strong feeling, with a lively impressible imagination. She wrote with ease, and was fond of writing. She had a chearful and generous disposition, as well as great natural vivacity, and in her letters exhibits a flow of expression, which, if the critic will not admit to be wit, must at least

least be allowed to rise to an agreeable sprightliness.

Ladies, at that period, were far from enjoying those advantages of education which offer themselves to the present rising generation ; at a distance from the metropolis, especially, a reading female was a sort of phenomenon, and the county in which Lady Bradshaigh lived was, by no means, the first to free itself from these symptoms of rusticity. Accordingly, we observe in the correspondence, that Lady Bradshaigh was much disturbed by the fear of being known by her neighbours to correspond with an author, and to escape the imputation, very ingeniously, after Richardson had sent her his portrait, changed his name into *Dickenson*, that the questions asked her about her distant friend, might not betray her secret. She, indeed, was by no means a literary woman, and Richardson combats the narrowness of her notions on the subject of female

female learning; yet she read a great variety of English books, and her remarks upon them are, in general, judicious. In the subjects of controversy between herself and her correspondent, she would oftener have the better of the argument, if Richardson had not laid hold on strong and unguarded expressions to teaze and perplex her, and many topics he insists on evidently for the sake of argument. An excellent heart is shewn by this lady throughout the whole; she seems to have been rather a hearty friend and a clever active woman, than a polished one. She had the highest veneration for Richardson, and for his productions. The eager and passionate interest she took in the story of Clarissa, though carried to almost a whimsical excess, does honour to the powers of the author, and the feelings of the lady. She seems to have considered Clarissa and Lovelace as real beings, whose
fate

fate the writer held in his hands.—
“ Pray, Sir, make her happy, you can so
“ easily do it! Pray reform him! Will
“ you not save a soul, Sir?” The circum-
stances in which the correspondence be-
gun and was carried on, under a feigned
name, for above a year, bear a roman-
tic cast, and the gradual steps of the
discovery cannot fail of amusing the
reader. No lover ever expected his mis-
tress with greater ardour than the grave
Richardson seems to have felt for his *in-*
cognita, when he paced so fruitlessly up
and down the Mall, gazing with expect-
tation at every lady he met. Indeed, they
were very near teasing one another into
serious ill-humour on the occasion.—
Though Lady Bradshaigh did not give the
kind of assistance many imagined to Ri-
chardson, he often made use of her re-
marks and criticisms. To mention a trivial
instance, he altered the month of July, in
which he had originally made Miss Byron
come

come up to London, to January, on her representation that July was not the season which would be chosen for a young lady to see the town. Her letters extend from the year 1750 to the death of Richardson, a period of eleven years. They, together with Richardson's answers, would alone make several volumes, I believe as many as the whole of this publication, a proof, by the way, that the bookseller and the editor have had some mercy on the public.

Lady ECHLIN was the sister of Lady Bradshaigh, and wife to Sir Robert Echlin, nephew, by marriage, to Mr. Tickell, the friend of Addison. With the Tickells, with Lady Lambard, and other worthy people, she was very respectably connected; as also with the good Bishop Hildesley, whose preferment to the Isle of Man she compares to the banishment of St. John to the Island of Patmos. Her country seat, at Villa Rusa, was on the

sea-coast, directly opposite to his residence. Lady Echlin had not the parts and vivacity of her sister; she seems to have been rather a good and pious, than a brilliant woman: but piety and goodness it is always pleasing to contemplate. She appears, indeed, from her favourable mention of the Countess of Huntingdon, and other circumstances, to have been of that class who make piety not only the regulator of their conduct, but the business of their lives. One might suppose novels would form a small part of the reading of such a woman, but the novels of Richardson were received by his admirers as manuals of instruction, and Lady Echlin, in particular, considered the morality of them, not only as the indispensable, but as the only material point. She too was seized with the desire of altering *Clarissa*, and making up the story to her own mind, which she accordingly executed, and after some hesitation and reluctance communicated to Richardson.—

She

She had reformed Lovelace by means of a Dr. Christian, and made him die after a lingering illness, occasioned by remorse, though the last outrage is not supposed to be committed. Though Richardson, after he had read her alterations, let her off very gently, one cannot but suspect he must secretly smile at the presumption which had induced so inferior a hand to lay colours upon his canvas. Lady Echlin lived chiefly in England, after she became a widow.

Nothing tends so strongly to place us in the midst of the generations that are past, as a perusal of their correspondence. To have their very letters, their very handwriting before our eyes, gives a more intimate feeling of their existence, than any other memorial of them. To see the heart that is now chilled with age, or cold in the dust, pouring forth its first youthful feelings; to see the hopes and fears, the friendships and animosities, the pains and cares of life, as it passes on, inspires the soul
with

with a tender melancholy. We see some, now established in fame, who at first advanced timid and doubting of their own powers; others sunk into oblivion, who had the highest confidence in them; we see secret kindnesses brought to light; and where there has been afflictation of any kind, we see it did not avail, but that the man is known, and the real motives of his actions, through all the glosses he puts on. We compare the tar-water of one age with the medicated airs of another, and the waters of Tunbridge with the sea-bathing places, and we find both equally inefficacious against the long-rooted malady, and touched with a deep feeling of the vanity of life, we cry out with Thomson—

Where now are fled

Those busy bustling days—those gay-spent nights—

Those veering thoughts—those longings after fame?

All now are vanish'd! *virtue* sole survives.

Immortal, never-failing friend of man,

His guide to happiness on high.

It may not be unacceptable to the reader, to conclude this account of Richardson with the following lines, written as an epitaph for him, by Mrs. Carter.

If ever warm benevolence was dear,
If ever wisdom gain'd esteem sincere,
Or genuine fancy deep attention won,
Approach with awe the dust—of Richardson.

What tho' his muse, thro' distant regions known,
Might scorn the tribute of this humble stone ;
Yet pleasing to his gentle shade, must prove
The meanest pledge of Friendship, and of Love ;
For oft will these, from venal throngs exil'd ;
And oft will Innocence, of aspect mild,
And white-rob'd Charity, with streaming eyes,
Frequent the cloister where their patron lies.

This, reader, learn ; and learn from one whose woe
Bids her wild verse in artless accents flow :
For, could she frame her numbers to commend
The husband, father, citizen, and friend ;
How would her muse display, in equal strain,
The critic's judgment, and the writer's vein !—
Ah, no ! expect not from the chissel'd stone
The praises, graven on our hearts alone.
There shall his fame a lasting shrine acquire ;
And ever shall his moving page inspire
Pure truth, fixt honour, virtue's pleasing lore ;
While taste and science crown this favour'd shore.

CORRESPONDENCE
BETWEEN
MR. RICHARDSON
AND
AARON HILL.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

June 1, 1730.

I THANK you, dear Sir, for the very agreeable news that you begin to perceive yourself better, under effect of your troublesome regimen. Such a blessing is health, that we purchase it cheaply, at expence of more time and more torture, than, I hope, it is likely to cost you. The relation you send me, of your doctor's disinterestedness and generosity of behaviour, makes it reasonable to expect due

success from his skill. For, whence ought we to look for capacity to be publicly useful, if not from minds that can give up their selfish attachments, and take others into their thoughts and their leisure?

It pleases me, but does not surprise me at all, that your sentiments concerning Milton's prose writings, agree with those I threw out, under influence of that back-handed inspiration, which his malevolent genius had filled me with, as I drew in the bad air of his pages. I know your good nature too well, to suspect it of esteem for an object so remotely unlike and unequal. One might venture on a very new use of two writers: I would pick out my friends and my enemies, by setting them to read *Milton* and *Cowley*. I might take it for granted, that I ought to be afraid of his *heart*, who, in the fame and popularity of the first, could lose sight of his malice and wickedness. And it could be running no hazard in friendship, to throw open
one's

one's breast to another, who, in contempt of the fashion we are fallen into, of decrying the works of the second, could have courage to declare himself charmed, by both the *muse* and the *man*, in that writer.

What you tell me concerning my *Cæsar*, gives me the pleasure you intended it *should*; but I receive it from a different quarter. It was your purpose to balance my chagrin at the inconsiderable effect of that essay, by representing it as obtaining *some* notice; whereas all the delight I enjoy from this generous artifice, is in my reflection on the view it arose from. For my part, I am *afraid* to be popular. I see so many who write to the living, and deserve not to live, that I content myself with a resurrection when dead. I very often remember, with pleasure, an old man (I am sure near a hundred), whom I rode by in a journey to Devonshire, and observed in the midst of a field, that had newly been plowed, very busy with a stick

and a basket. When I came up to the place he was at work in, I found he was making holes in the ground, and in every one of them planting an acorn. Friend, said I, is it for *profit*, or *pleasure*, you labour?—For neither, Sir, replied the honest old patriot; *but here will be a grove when I want no shelter.*

Before I put an end to this letter, I must say a word or two concerning your postscript. You tell me you had given yourself up, for some days, to a state of indolence, at North-End. I like *leisure* extremely; but have a suspicion of that vapourish word, *indolence!* Whatever you do, encourage cheerful and lively ideas. If you give your distemper a vacuum, it will fill it with lassitude and anguish. I am,

Dear Sir,

your most affectionate and
most humble servant,

A. HILL,

TO

WITH AARON HILL,

5

TO MR. RICHARDSON:

July 2, 1736.

DEAR SIR,

LATE last night I found the books and letter which had been left at my house by your servant. I have too long been acquainted with the extent of your spirit, and the elegance of your manner, to wonder at any thing that does new justice to your character. Yet you must allow me to remember, what your good nature is so willing to forget, that I continue a great deal longer than I ought, or intended, your debtor, on a considerable account, for printing bills, advertisements, &c.

You must also permit me to reflect, that you, who have so firm a possession of my esteem, have the most natural title in the world to my writings.

To which let me add, that though, with view to do some service to an industrious

company of actors, I suffered such a play as *Alzira* to appear in an improper season; yet I cannot be ignorant how far that must lessen, in all likelihood, the immediate demand of the copy. Nor can it be reasonable (indeed scarce honest), to be unmindful, in cases of this nature, that booksellers are less secure than they ought to be made, for want of an act of parliament, to appropriate and defend their just right in the copies they purchase.

I must, therefore, entreat your leave, and the three gentlemen's, to return the inclosed note of Sir Francis Child's. I cannot receive it, without acting against the consent of my heart. Yet to ease, to the utmost degree possible, all that amiable confusion which, but in your own generosity, you could here find no reason for feeling, I will receive, in its stead, another, just half its amount; *upon condition you give me your word*, to make no future opposition to the pleasures I shall seek to enjoy,

enjoy, from a proper disposal of whatever may lie in the power of,

Dear Sir,

your most affectionate

and most obedient

humble servant,

A. HILL.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

1736.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sorry to see that my fears, at the sight of your black wax, were too well grounded. Yet was it no little mitigation of my concern, that the blow was, near as it is, still no nearer you. I allow all the force of that tender affection you so beautifully feel and express for a mother. We

B 4

have

have the double reasons of duty and gratitude, for the sorrow we pay to the loss of a parent: but we correct and set bounds to an affliction, so due and so naturally to be looked for. It is the regular measure of death, and he neither stretches his hand on one side, nor steps suddenly out of his road, when he reaches the fruit that is ripest. But it is very much otherwise, in the painful surprise of our anguish, when a wife is torn away from our heart, or a child from our hopes, in whose endearing society we had commission from the promise of time, to expect a long and delightful continuance. It is the disappointment, in this case, that enrages the bitterness: we repine not at the loss, as if unwillingly resigning ourselves to the common calamities of nature, but we are taken unprepared to consent; and consider, as a too early and unseasonable demand, such exaction of a debt, which, though we know to be due, we had too rashly concluded would never be so suddenly called for.

I hope

I hope it will not be long before I can have the pleasure of making you a visit, in your retirement at North-End; when (I think) I am sure I shall be able to shew you an easy and pleasant short way to get rid of that phthysical tendency. As for the good air in the places you mention, those bad qualities which such a concourse exposes them to, is undoubtedly such a troublesome balance, that good sense and good taste would avoid it.—I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate and

most obedient servant,

A. HILL.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

April 14; 1737.

DEAR SIR,

I THANK you for your good-natured hint about the fineness of the weather:

But the cheerfulness in a friend's eye is all the sunshine I require, to make a visit tempting; and (that way) it will be always summer where you hold your residence.

I thank you for the pleasure I have received from Leonidas, which excellent poem I herewith return you. I am told that the author is young; and I gather comfort, in his right, for the rising generation. God would never have bestowed such a genius upon this part of the world, but with a view to the spirit he designs to distinguish the next age by. In our present condition, such a writer as Mr. D'Urfey would have been better adapted than Mr. Glover. May he be understood for his own honour, and popular for that of the nation! And may Mr. Richardson be as happy as he is wished, by

His most affectionate, obliged,

and obedient servant,

A. HILL.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Oct. 1737

DEAR SIR,

ABOUT the beginning of this summer I found myself under an unexpected obligation to retire, for some time, abroad, from an uneasy situation in my private affairs; which I hope will be of no long continuance.

In the interim, I satisfy myself, as well as I can, by reflecting, that no place on this globe should be foreign; except to one whose humanity is domestic (in the narrowest sense of the word). Since, wherever man can find man, he is *at home*: and our disagreements in language, religion, and customs, are, if we consider them without prejudice, as natural differences as the tempers and faces in families.

But, be that as it will, the leisure which men are thrown into upon such disappointments as these, affords them an equivalent

for their mortification. And, to say truth, there are in books, and in reflection, such amusements, both lively and solid, that a man, when he has nothing to do, seems surrounded with most business.

For my own part, though I have no extraordinary pretensions this way, I had rather be active without consequence, than idle without aim; and you will go near to see, this winter, three or four very different effects of my summer's retirement. To begin, like the heralds, and let the lowest in quality march foremost, I now intreat your acceptance of a poetical present, of the satirical kind, and therefore, I am afraid, in most danger to be popular; unless the salt is scattered too wide to content that particularity of malice which expects that persons, not things, should be censured.

You will be startled a little at the title; but may always be sure you have nothing to fear in my copies. This is merely an
artifice,

artifice, to secure a demand, for your sake, from an honest and innocent use of a very dangerous and factious disposition. And I am sorry to find it the means most effectual for animating the curiosity of the public. I am always, &c.

Dear Sir,

your most affectionate;

and obedient, humble servant,

A. HILL.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

July 6, 1738.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR answers to the troublesome requests I am continually making you, put me in mind of those which God sends to some orthodox doctor, when he prays but
for

for daily bread, and receives with it a bishopric. I will carefully and speedily return you the folio with which you so kindly surprised me. It promises me, as I turn the leaves transiently over, a good deal of pleasure in the perusal.

But no book can give me so much as you have obliged me with in one single paragraph: for I am positive, from what you now tell me, that there is nothing apoplectic in your distemper. And it is with no small addition to my pleasure, that I find your friend, Doctor Cheyne, declaring himself of the same opinion. What he says of amusement and exercise would be, doubtless, a very great help; but, since it is not so consistent as were to be wished with the avocations of a business that demands so much care and attention, the next certain benefit must be from medicine.

Give me leave to observe to you, that whenever you make use of the chaise, the
road

road you should chuse ought to be upland, to as high and as piercing an air as your time can allow you to think of reaching. To which let me add, that the swifter you drive, the more benefit by far is to be hoped from such airings, both from respiration and exercise.

I come now to the thanks I owe you for the gazetteer you were so kind to send me. I know it is a party paper, in that least excusable sense of the word, a professed and unconditional attachment not to things but to persons. This is a terrible hardship on genius; unless the person was inflexibly steady in pursuit of some strait course of politics; because the veerings which an irresolute steerer is subject to, throw out, with too sudden a jirk, the panegyrists of his skill to sail evenly.

Yet I am very much pleased that the good advice you have given seems to have had its due weight in the variation of subject, which that paper appears to be opening
itself

itself into. Not but that, with regard to my own taste, I always read both extremes, in all controversy, with an equal delight: for, as the graver completes not its line but by what it borrows from each side of the plate, so the images of opinion and reason are the result from both sides of a question. To say truth, I believe that, even in that limited view (the defence of the one person's measures they write for) the gentlemen who manage that paper would find their purpose better answered, if they admitted the letters of opposite, or seeming-opposite, thinkers. For, besides that this would carry the face of a bold and generous impartiality, it would quicken their reader's curiosity, and multiply the enquirers after the paper; to add nothing of its removing the present tiresome and servile pursuit of those tracks which are opened for them, by anti-ministerial, more popular, outstarters. There is something too narrow, in the very air, of perpetual
defence:

defence and apology: And I have a thousand times been astonished to find them always in humble expectation of what subject shall be struck out for them by their enemies, instead of plowing up new paths for themselves, in a field so extensive as politicks! Their patron would certainly have a good deal more reason to thank them, if they considered his dignity as part of his interest; and in place of endeavouring to prove him no criminal, took the pains to find arguments which might call for respect on his conduct. But, enough of this subject. I will now and then send a paper which shall flatter no side, misrepresent no intention, nor disoblige any person; and yet may, possibly, even on politic subjects, be acceptable enough in either of the two which you, and Messrs. Peel; &c. are concerned in the success of.

I will also overlook all my own papers in the Prompter, and fit them for appearing in volumes. The time for which, the
manner:

manner in which, and every right, choice, and decision concerning them, I resign and submit wholly to yourself, both now and for ever hereafter.

And now, too late, I look back on the length of my letter; and remember I am leading you into a breach of the very advice I would give you, not to pore over tedious and roughwritten manuscripts. I should be more ashamed of my own than I am, but that I have the comfort (bad as it is) to observe it more legible still than honest Dr. Cheyne's.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate,

and obedient servant,

A. HILL.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

August 29, 1738.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN Whittington received an estate in return for his *cat*, one would be apt to believe that the name of his factor was Richardson. While it is a fashion with the generality of the world to forget *real* benefits, it is your way to be grateful for imaginary ones; nay, you reward me for giving you trouble. I could exhaust all that plentiful store you have sent me, of the instruments of silent expression, without being able, at last, to explain half the pleasure and wonder you give me. If *heaven* were as fond of the balancing principle, as some of its modern vicegerents, you must seem to have been sent into the world, as (what Mr. Cowley called his friend, Dr. Scarborough)—

“ A counter-poison to the age.”

I shall

I shall never be able to thank you for a single obligation (that's another of your peculiarities). Why would you be so needlessly kind, to think of either volume of *Oldmixon*, after what I purposely said in my last, with a view to prevent it?

I return now to my quackery (though I think I should speak of my practice with a little more dignity, since you treat me like a doctor of the college, and pay me for prescriptions that have done you no service). Pray, do you ever drink coffee?— I dare almost promise your head some relief, and the sooner, if you drink it as hot as you can; covering the dish (on its outward edge), with your hand, so as to receive the full stream of the vapour at your mouth, nose, and eyes, in the drinking.

The little sweating-tent I just touched on in my last, has done wonders in Turkey and Persia. Nay, I lately observed, that a practice very like it, has reached still farther eastward; and there, too, done
mira-

miracles: an instance of which I must send you, out of one of the volumes of Churchill, which you were so good as to oblige me with:

*“ Sweating cure for the bite of a scorpion,
by a Cochin-Chinese Doctor.*

“ A scorpion bit a brother of ours (the Jesuits) in the neck, (and in that kingdom the bite of a scorpion is mortal). All his throat swelled immediately, and we were about giving him extreme unction. A surgeon being sent for, he set a pot of rice a boiling, in nothing but fair water; then clapping the pot to the brother's feet, covered him and it close with clothes, that the steam might not go out. And as soon as the said steam and hot smoke of the rice came up to the place where the bite was, the brother felt the pain assuage, the swelling in his throat fell, and he remained as sound as if nothing had ailed him.”

Dear Sir, what comfort will not inference
give

give you, in a case of so much less danger and difficulty? All the blessings of Nature are obvious, and our physicians pursue them through intricacies!—God bless you, and bring them no nearer you than to some of your presses.

I am, dear Sir,

your most obliged

and most affectionate Servant,

A. HILL.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

April 12, 1739.

SINCE I writ to you last, I have been defying the sharpness of the season in Essex, where I shall hope the delight of often feeling it milder and more pleasant this summer in your company; and where I have been planting near a hundred thousand French vines, with resolution next year to extend them over forty or fifty acres of vineyard.

vineyard. For knowing perfectly well, that it is not our climate but our skill, which is defective, both as to managing the vines in their growth, and their juice in its preparation. I have judged it an honest service to my country, to establish, if I can, the success of so considerable a branch of new product to her benefit, than to busy my cares, and make war on my own quiet, by a fruitless concern at affairs, which, whether rightly or wrongly administered, neither I, nor all those abler malcontents who are loudest in their contradictory purposes, will ever live to see settled in a channel, that can satisfy more than the present. Discontent is the thorn that is as natural as roses in the garden of liberty; and whoever is for plucking it off, has forgot the very nature of the tree, and will only be scratching his fingers.

I am, now and for ever,

Dear Sir,

most affectionately and faithfully,

A. HILL.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

May, 1739.

DEAR SIR,

I AM ashamed to be so late in my acknowledgments for your obliging succession of favours—your Harris, your Survey of Britain, and your three new volumes of Salmon. But I dare confess, to a humanity so well known as yours, that I have felt a discomposure in my mind for some weeks past, occasioned by the fate of an unhappy fugitive from my family, whose follies (while I thought him *murdered*) lay quite buried in compassion; and demanded, and possessed, my utmost application to discover and to prosecute the guilty.

But (to trust a secret where I safely may, that was not proper for the public) the guilt was all his own. His breach of oath, discretion, duty, and all ties that should have held him, by a low and miserable marriage, made his life at length so irksome

some to him, from the daily shocks he met with among coarsenesses and provocations, which, as he wanted foresight to expect, he wanted patience to support with temper, that he rashly shortened it, in a wild start of rage, with the same hand that had subjected him to suffer insults (even after his wife's death), from an ill-bred and implacable spirit of her family, with whom he weakly chose to continue a lodger, and who was jealous, it seems, of his frequenting the company of some woman she had taken a dislike to.

He lived five or six days after this irretrievable effect of his madness; exacting promises, in the most solemn manner he could contrive, from some of his own acquaintance and her's, who were present, that they would conceal the true state of the fact from his family, and give out the accident to have happened as he told it himself to the physician and surgeons, and as it has, from their representation of it

again, been made public in some of the newspapers.

Nor had I ever been acquainted with the truth, but that one of the persons in company when it happened had been many years a servant in my family, and, hearing that I was dissatisfied with the improbable circumstances of the story, as they told it, and fearing some suspicions might arise of ill consequence to himself, and one or two more, who had no other part in the affair than the misfortune of having been invited to supper, and being witnesses of the transport he was urged into, and its consequence; he then declared the plain fact, as I have described it to you, after the unfortunate sufferer himself had been many days dead, and had persisted to the last in the story as it was told in the papers, though often and separately asked questions concerning it by his father, and by my son, whom I commissioned to do him all the good offices possible before he died and after.

Poor

Poor boy! what a startling connection did he find between the crime that undid him and its punishment! He is gone—a too lively and terrible instance, that the force of the imagination, without some adequate temper in the judgment, is a ship with all sail and no rudder. I beg your pardon, dear Sir, for this long and too melancholy story: but, though it was prudent to conceal it from the general world, I could not resist the propensity of my friendship, and should have thought it an injustice, when I spoke of it to *you* at all, not to do it with truth and with confidence.

Your's affectionately,

A. HILL.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Sept. 21, 1739.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING, with an inexpressible slowness and difficulty, struggled back into life from the very brink of the grave, I cannot better employ the first moments of recovery than in an enquiry after your health; which, under my own severest despair of regaining, I was hourly and inly solicitous after; and which I progressively wished you, with a still greater ardour, as I more and more felt the pain of its absence. I hope, in God's goodness, you have escaped the relaxing effects of this moist and unseasonable summer, in which I had promised myself a hundred different enjoyments; and that many of them should have been heightened by the delight of being felt in your company. But, we are chained too short in the world which we crawl on, to
make

make prospects of pleasure at distance any rational part of our comfort. What we can do with the diminutive present, we may ; but the future eludes our faint grasp, behind a thousand interposing calamities.

Within a few days after writing the last letter I had the pleasure to send you, I went into the country, with design to have stayed but a fortnight ; for direction of some necessary cautions in preparing for the due cultivation of that soil wherein, as I think, I told you in a former, I have been bold enough to plant such a number of vines as will make me master of much the largest vineyard in England. In the midst of this agreeable work, whether by staying too late, exposed to the cool dewy evenings, or whether from effect of a change too precipitate into exercise and activity, out of a life, I am afraid, a little too lazy and sedentary, I was surprised by an ague ; the forerunner of an intricate succession of obstinate and ever-varying symptoms,

which required the utmost extent of my patience to support, and much more than my skill to understand and provide against. However, I thank God, I had courage to repel the assaults of the doctor and apothecary, and have escaped, without all those additions to danger and pain, which the arts of their torture could never have failed to procure me.

I was speaking above of my vines; and, remembering your delight in a garden, cannot help telling you, as something extraordinary, that, among forty or fifty thousand cuttings, which were planted out as fast as cut, in March and last April, and managed according to the direction of your friend, Mr. Miller, I have few now less than from five to six feet high; and had actually bunches of grapes upon several of them in the summer, which grew within two to six inches from the ground, as large and as promising as any upon my old-bearing plants in the garden. I believe Mr. Miller

ler

ler will look upon this as something uncommon; as, possibly, he may on some other informations, which I have thoughts, through your hands, of conveying to him, against he may be ready for publication of the second volume of his useful and excellent dictionary; wherein, I hope, he will be mindful to repair an accidental defect in the first, having referred us to the article of *wines*, for certain hints as to the manner of making them; yet omitted to say any thing at all under any such head, it being wholly left out of his dictionary.

May the pain and vexation I have been suffering this summer, serve for you and for me all our lives! And may nothing prevent you from being every way as happy as you always are in the wishes and hopes of,

Dear Sir,

Your ever affectionate,

and obedient, humble servant.

A. HILL.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Oct. 16, 1739.

A THOUSAND thanks to you, dear Sir, for the kindness of your last night's enquiry; and for these books, which I return by the bearer; and for the excellent basket of grapes, which you had the goodness to send me last week; and for all and every your endless succession of thoughts and actions, for ever engaging!

I have been so pinched by the easterly winds, that I was under a reluctant necessity to let them begin vintage, in the country, without me; but I am endeavouring to flatter myself into a dependance on strength enough to venture to look on, before they can finish their labour. How crazily, my dear Mr. Richardson! are our active souls lodged, in bodies too frail to preserve them from impressions of pain, and yet strong enough to confine them from changing
their

their quarters! Mine would quit its captivity with rapture; but it is chained to its too limited prison—doing penance, I am afraid, (in your friend, Doctor Cheyne's, conception) to prepare itself for some more extended capacity of acting hereafter. Would to God it had power, in its present situation, to *transfer* all the good which it must not be allowed to enjoy! I would then tell you something more worthy your knowing, than that I am, faithfully and affectionately,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant:

A. HILL.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Dec. 19, 1739,

DEAR SIR,

BEING come to town, in order to settle accounts with just such a tedious and slow-paced executor as I would wish to your enemy's-

enemy's purposes (if there is such a wretch in the world as an enemy to Mr. Richardson), one of the first things that I heard of was the kind and obliging concern you have shewn for my health in a succession of unwearied enquiries, for which I never can thank you sufficiently.

I think I may say, with some confidence, that I have now almost perfectly recovered that constitutional firmness of health, which was, in a manner, the only full and unshadowed enjoyment it has pleased God to brighten my lot with; and I tell it you with pleasure, because I know it will give you some to hear it; for you are one of the noble minority, who can taste the felicity of others, as a generous increase of your own!

Give me leave to hope your pardon for the too great and unpurposed delay I have made in returning you the interleaved volumes of Plain Dealers and Prompters. The unpleasing situation of my affairs, and
a mind

a mind endeavouring in vain to resist the impressions attacking it, took away, not the leisure so much as the temper that would have been necessary ; but, now, I design to set about it with the proper attention.

While I am writing, there is brought me, by one of the inhabitants of an out-quarter of the city, the ridiculous proposal inclosed. I was in hopes, that in a town where the best things I am able to write are so little regarded, the *worst* * might have been suffered to sleep in their merited neglect and obscurity. But I am apprehensive that malice has more share than judgment in this violation of the right of an author to his own nonsense. The bookseller, I suppose, has the same kind of reason in view which the players once had when they were for acting my Lord Grinston's comedy, called,

* Present State of the Ottoman Empire.

Love in a hollow Tree *. To confess the plain truth, I was so very a boy when I suffered that light piece of work to be published, that it is a sort of injustice to make me accountable for it. If you know any body who has influence with the undertaker, I should be very much pleased could a stop be put to his purpose; and I know, if it lies in your way, you will be so good to endeavour it.

This moment I am agreeably interrupted by your servant's calling here with a new proof of your goodness, which hastens me (after having thanked you most heartily) to seal up my letter a page or two sooner than I else should have done it, that he might carry it with him, from,

Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

A. HILL.

* Published when Lord Grimstone was candidate at an election, by the opposite party, in order to make him ridiculous.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Jan. 8, 1739-40.

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH, throughout all parts of the year, I prolong and increase my good wishes for whatever can relate to your happiness, and might address to you the words of Mr. Milton, to one of the possessors of paradise :—

With thee conversing, I forget all times,
All seasons, and their change—

Yet I cannot find it in my heart to begin this first letter I have the pleasure of writing to you, for the opening year, without charging it with every possible prayer for the long-lasting health and felicity of yourself, and your other-self; and, in the sincerest warm wishes of this kind, I am joined by those of my family of either sex : all which is so heartily and affectionately

yours,

yours, that I can say nothing in the name of any branch of it, on this head, which is not seriously made good by their real conceptions. And of this, I wish your very kind and repeated invitations to North End may not draw upon you some troublesome proofs in the spring. In the mean time, while I am half frozen-up here in Essex, when I but venture to breathe the air of the garden, I never fail to remember the delight which you take in the country, and feel a fear or two for its effect to your prejudice.

What shall I say to you, dear Sir, for such a deal of unpurposed trouble as I have led you into on account of that puerile sally of mine, *The Present State of the Ottoman Empire*? Had I ever heard, or imagined, that it had already been scattered abroad in that dirty low manner you mention, the tenderness of apprehension which I felt for this new purpose of *Marshe's*, had been a needless, as well as fruitless, anxiety.

ety. All the mischief, it seems, has been done, which I had in view to have hindered. But I am infinitely obliged to you for the measures you have had the goodness to take, which may probably intimidate the pirate.

And, as to the other, less juvenile, and more pardonable, productions of my pen, which I begin to be desirous of publishing together, for no other reason but to prevent the probability of its being done after my death with less judgment, at least, with less severity, by some collector of quantity, not quality, I can think with no pleasure of their property in any hand but your own, and those of your chusing. This property (I speak of what is not already made yours) I am fully resolved to assign you. And, sincerely, am apprehensive, that, having always detested, as I shall always continue to detest, the poor arts of our poachers of popularity, the collection will make its way too slowly for you to find

find your account in the sale of it; and therefore think, that I ought not only to offer it to you as a present, which I heartily wish might be worth your acceptance; but, in order to render it more certainly such, to be myself at the charge of your printing and publishing it.

I cannot close my letter without a word or two concerning your *nerves*. Your telling me lately that those too sensible feelers are the root of your malady, made the most touching impression upon me in your behalf, from what I just then underwent in my own; the too little guard I had held over my passions, in resentment of the baseness of a vile wretch, who has trifled with me these four or five years past, in matters of the utmost importance, having hazarded the throwing me back into the danger, with regard to my health, from which I so lately escaped with such difficulty. I hope, therefore, you have always philosophy enough to balance your mind

in

in that happy serenity which repels all attacks from the follies and vices of others. It is a pity that things we can scorn should have power to disturb our tranquillity. May you for ever keep free from the weakness, which shall never, (I think) for the future, get ground upon,

Dear Sir,

Your's,

A. HILL.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Sept. 17, 1740.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been so long, and so shamefully silent, where I have been called upon daily, by the warmest affection, to break through the unaccountable languor, and send you my thanks for your many obliging enquiries after my *health*, that nothing ought to procure me your pardon, but the almost
incon-

inconceivable degree to which I have wanted it. I knew your good-nature so well, that I ordered myself to be reported (to the messengers you so kindly and frequently sent) in a very different state from that which was a long time my true one: And, even after I was really recovered, in the usual signification of the word, my mind underwent a new malady, and I sickened into a restraint of my sentiments. A restless feverish unaptness for repose or reflection, carried me about (like the children of Israel in their marches) with a *cloud* by day, and a *fire* by night: and, in short, all the plague of our climate took an absolute and permitted possession of my faculties.

If, in all this suffusion of thought, I remember any thing with an idea of pleasure, it is, that I never forget *you* a day; nor remembered you without impressions of gladness. I am now, I thank God, greatly changed for the better; and most heartily
hope

hope I shall hear that you have continued to enjoy that new prospect you were beginning to form from the success of your last application.

I have lately, with the greatest satisfaction, read over your beautiful present of Sir Thomas Roe's Negotiations in Turkey. But, as full as I acknowledge that author to be of a wisdom, discernment, and spirit, so much wanting in the feebleness of our modern state-maxims, I owe most of the pleasure he gave me to the discovery I made, with astonishment, as I turned over the book, that your comprehensive and excellent index of heads had drawn every thing out of the body!

You was very obliging to send me Mr. Miller's new volume. I read all his pieces with profit. I do not love our swallow-like writers of gardening, who dip and skim into every body's pool. Mr. Miller dives under the surface, and brings up what he finds at the bottom. One is pleased with and instructed by his writings.

But I observe, in some parts of his discourse on the new spirit for vineyards that is rising in England, Mr. Miller seems to think with discouragement concerning the success of that prospect. I hope he will soon have the pleasure to find that his wishes are more in the right than his fears. I think I can venture to promise my country, that her wines, in a few years, shall hold at least equal rank with the French. It is not the inconsiderable advantage they have of us in regard to the difference of latitude that throws us behind them; it is rather the natural curtain that is drawn between us and the sun, the island vapours and clouds that hang over our fields and our spirits! This unripening influence of moisture is the bar to our hopes without-doors; and compels us (if we would have wines fit for drinking) to correct in the cellar that green, hard, and tartarous quality, to which we owe the disgrace of our vintages.

But the difficulty is, how shall this end
be

be obtained? They who mix foreign wines with the English, if *French*, marry beggars together, and by their union increase but their poverty: if *Spanish*, overlay our thin product, and induce the specificflavour (though with the body a great deal diminished) of the additional wine they make choice of. All the while, this is no English produce. If they use raisins, the same disadvantage, as to flavour, prevails; besides the unavoidable consequence of a heavy, flat, disgustive insipidness, which is made still worse by those who, instead of raisins, use sugar. And as for their endeavours who by mixture of spirits would hope to add the strength they find wanting, they are, more than all others, mistaken; and, instead of increasing the body, that is, the consistence and weight of the wine, only add a lean dryness, and thin sapid sharpness, to the native austerity of the liquor.

I speak with assurance, concerning the foregoing weak helps, having, for a long course

course of years, made and varied, to no purpose, the experiments of them all; till I grew weary, at last, of the trials, and threw them into the list of Solomon's vanities.

At length (that I might not have it to say, I once travelled much to no purpose at all) it came into my thoughts, that, in Candia, and Rhodès, and two or three other of the islands of Greece, I had seen them boiling their newly-pressed *must* (before fermentation) into a very thick, syrup-like consistence; which I take to be the same thing the Spaniards call *cute*, and put in practice in the parts about Alicant and Malaga. Though I was very young at that time, I remember I had the curiosity of asking the cause of the process; and was answered, that the grapes in those countries always ripening to a viscid and clammy excess, the juice that they yielded came too thick into the vat, and carried along with it such a mucilaginous texture of fibres,

fibres, as not only prolonged fermentation till it induced an acidity on the wine, but also kept it in a ropy indisposition to settle; so that, to accelerate the fining of the wine, they had found out this method of boiling the must: whereby, the pulp becoming liquified, the strings were no longer suspended, but grew naked and thready, and sunk easily down with the fæces.

You have met with a great many men in your time, who were unexpectedly got to the end of their lives, just as they were beginning the plan of their purposes. You see an image of it just now. I was come to the end of my sheet, when I had scarce reached the middle of my story.

But I was telling you a remedy for wines, that are by nature too rich, and in a climate where grapes ripen too much. You will wonder of what use such a practice can be, with regard to a country where the wines are so poor, that the grapes scarce ever ripen at all. But it is so easy to graft
different

different fruits on one stock, that a very little reflection threw a benefit in my way from this slight observation, that will, I hope, prove no small one to my country. I considered that jejune unripe juices want two qualities of wine, that is, body and softness. It was obvious that the first of these two could not fail to be a consequence of boiling down new must to a third, more or less, of its original quantity; for nothing evaporating before fermentation, but the watery parts of a liquor, it follows, that if two parts be wasted in boiling, the third will be three times as thick as it would have been in its natural condition. And, as to the second thing wanting, the softness, I expected, what fell out in the experiment, that the boiling would not only sweeten the juice, but precipitate a great part of the tartar, to the increase of both smoothness and flavour.

But here arose an unforeseen difficulty, which, at last, I had the good fortune to
get

get over. The must, so enriched from its syrupy consistence of body, and an indisposition to ferment (an effect it derived from the boiling), lay inactive and still in the pipes, and found the autumn and winter of England too cold to allow it to work; and, even when next summer came on, often passed the warm months in the same calm condition, so that these were the two extremes of the prospect; either improving the consistence of the must, it became incapable of working so much as it ought, or leaving it in its natural greenness, it would fret, with renewed fermentations upon every mild change of the weather, till the poor body it brought from the grape was destroyed, and the wine became undrinkably acid.

The medium I happened to find, was to boil down one proper proportion into an excessive thick *cute*, and therewith *feed* the other, left to work according to its natural tendency, so as to prolong and invi-

gorate the fermentation till the oils were sufficiently rarefied, and the salts as completely expanded; and a body produced of force to sustain all the tumult, and sheath the two contraries, in a flavorful and spirited smoothness.

See, dear Sir, the history of the wine I have sent you a taste of. It waits on you, perhaps, before it is so bright, as it would have been the easiest thing in the world to have made it. But, none of the wine-cooper's arts having been permitted to debauch its true English firmness of heart, I was resolved to use none in the fining it down, but have left it, in every particular, to nature; so led, but not pushed, as you have seen in the foregoing part of this letter; and, I am mistaken, if France can produce such a Burgundy. I believe it would be proper to put the bottles (for one night at least), down into a cellar, before you taste the wine; it having been bottled but yesterday from the cask, and probably a little warmed by the carriage.

And

And now, dear Sir, I will tell you why I send you the wine, with so long a description of its manner of making. In the first, I consulted your health; in the second, your pleasure. What I mean by your pleasure, I will explain by and by; giving your health, as it deserves, the first place in my meanings. It is not above a month or six weeks since, when observing the quick lively taste to be just what I wished it; and that, notwithstanding the brisk sprightly flavour, the wine seemed to carry a full and deep strength of body, I took a fancy to compare (in an experiment from distillation of two equal quantities), not foreign Burgundy, for that, I made no doubt, was much weaker, but the strongest French claret I could get, in order to try it against this product of England. The effect was, that from the claret I obtained a sixth part of the quantity in spirit; from the English Burgundy, a full fourth; which being more, by one in five, than the oldest port wines will produce; gave me an inclination to

drink it every day since that time: and my recovery so immediately and surprisingly followed, that I cannot help flattering myself, you will feel some good consequences yourself, in regard to the disorder on your spirits.

And now I am come to the last thing, your *pleasure*. You may remember that about the end of the summer before this, you sent me Mr. Miller's folio volume, wherein he had been very full on that head, though it had not been printed in the octavo edition. He has there a paragraph, that hints at feeding thin wines, when they fret overmuch, with some of the same kind of grapes the must had been made of; and the idea yet arose in my mind, from his use of the significant expression of *feeding*, to the new manner of using my *cute*, with a success that has answered my best expectation. And I am sure it will give you a pleasure to find yourself contributing, so immediately, the occasion to which I owed the improvement.

I looked

I looked back in this place, and am
frighted to see myself at the bottom of the
eighth page of a letter! I snatch off my
my pen, with astonishment! and hasten to
tell you that, whether too silent, as lately,
or too much the reverse, as at present,

I am always, your's, &c.

A. HILL.

Præce

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Dec. 17, 1740.

DEAR SIR,

YOU have agreeably deceived me into a
surprise, which it will be as hard to express,
as the beauties of Pamela. Though I
opened this powerful little piece with more
expectation than from common designs of
like promise, because it came from your
hands for my daughters, yet who could
have dreamed he should find, under the
modest disguise of a novel, all the soul of
religion, good breeding, discretion, good-
nature,

nature, wit, fancy, fine thought, and morality? I have done nothing but read it to others, and hear others again read it to me, ever since it came into my hands; and I find I am likely to do nothing else, for the Lord knows how long yet to come; because, if I lay the book down, it comes after me. When it has dwelt all day long upon the ear, it takes possession, all night, of the fancy. It has witchcraft in every page of it; but it is the witchcraft of passion and meaning.

Yet, I confess, there is one in the world, of whom I think with still greater respect than of Pamela, and that is of the wonderful author of Pamela. Pray who is he, dear Sir? and where and how has he been able to hide, hitherto, such an encircling and all-mastering spirit?

I must venture to add, without mincing the matter, what I really believe of this book. It will live on, through posterity, with such unbounded extent of good consequences,

quences, that twenty ages to come may be the better and wiser for its influence.

If it is not a secret, oblige me so far as to tell me the author's name; for since I feel him the friend of my soul, it would be a kind of violation to pretend him a stranger. I am not able to thank you enough for this highly acceptable present; and, as for my daughters, they have taken into their own hands the acknowledgments due from their gratitude.

I am, &c.

A. HILL.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Dec, 29, 1740.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHOEVER considers your Pamela, with a view to find matter for censure, is in the condition of a passionate lover, who breaks in upon his mistress, without fear

D 4

or

or wit, with intent to accuse her and quarrel. He came to her with wrath in his purpose; but his heart subdues his malice, and he goes away more enslaved for complaining.

The designs you have taken for frontispieces, seem to have been very judiciously chosen; upon pre-supposition that Mr. Hogarth is able (and if any-body is, it is he), to teach pictures to speak and to think.

We have a lively little boy in the family, about the age of your dear eldest charmer; but, alas for him, poor child, quite unfriended, and born to no prospect. He is the son of an honest, poor soldier, by a wife, grave, unmeaning, and innocent. Yet the boy (see the power of connubial simplicity!) is so pretty, so gentle, and gay-spirited, that we have made him, and designed him, our own, ever since he could totter and aim at words. The wanton rogue is half air; and every motion he acts by, has a spring like your Pamela's, when she threw
down

down the card-table. All this quickness; however, is tempered by a good-natured modesty; so that the wildest of his flights are thought rather diverting than troublesome. He is an hourly foundation for laughter, from the top of the house to the parlours; and to borrow an attribute from the Rev. Mr. Peters, *plays a very good fiddle in the family*. I have told you the history of this tom-tit of a prater, because, ever since my first reading of Pamela, he puts in for a right to be one of her hearers; and, having got half her sayings by heart, talks in no other language but her's; and what really surprises, and has charmed me into a certain foretaste of her influence, he is, at once, become fond of his books, which (before) he could never be brought to attend to—that he may read Pamela, he says, without stopping. The first discovery we made of this power, over so unripe and unfixed an attention, was one evening, when I was reading her reflections at the pond to

some company. The little rampant intruder, being kept out by the extent of the circle, had crept under my chair, and was sitting before me on the carpet, with his head almost touching the book, and his face bowing down towards the fire. He had sat for some time in this posture, with a stillness that made us conclude him asleep; when on a sudden we heard a succession of heart-heaving sobs, which, while he strove to conceal from our notice, his little sides swelled as if they would burst, with the throbbing restraint of his sorrow. I turned his innocent face to look towards me, but his eyes were quite lost in his tears; which running down from his cheeks in free currents, had formed two sincere little fountains on that part of the carpet he hung over. All the ladies in company were ready to devour him with kisses, and he has since become doubly a favourite; and is, perhaps, the youngest of Pamela's converts.

Your's, &c. A. HILL.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Dec. 1740.

WHAT a genteel well-turned epigram have you sent me, my dear friend! But from so kind and so partial a hand, that whatever I may think, I will rather say nothing than confess myself charmed; except with that part of it which compares the ridge of rocks in the Shannon, dividing and enfeebling its current, to the perplexing intervention of rhyme, interrupting and weakening the sense of expression *. The ingenious complaint is too just (as our verse

- * When noble thoughts with language pure unite,
 To give to kindred excellence its right;
 Tho' unencumber'd with the clogs of rhyme,
 Where tinkling sounds for want of meaning chime;
 Which, like the rocks in Shannon's midway course,
 Divide the sense and interrupt its force;
 Well we may judge so strong and clear a rill,
 Flows hither from the Muses' sacred HILL.

is most commonly managed) for what page in what poet will not give in clear evidence, that rhyme is as sweet a misleader as love? And yet, pray please to ask your lady and Miss M—— (whose judgments, I am sure, you have undeniable cause to confide in) whether it is not the fault or neglect of men's reason, when they follow beauty divided from merit?

I have a commission to thank you, again and again, for my daughters. What a terrible condition would you be in, if you were bound to read half what they say of you! It is a comfort (you will answer) when a man has to do with such menacing baggages, that women cannot send their tongues in a letter! Yet it stands decreed that the very next day these bold threateners set their faces for London: Salisbury-square is to be the first place against which they will form their approaches. Nay, and that all may be out (as you say) they have
have

have pressed me along with them, as an escort in the march; but I shall discharge this my trust, like a true modern guide; and give notice, when we dislodge, to the enemy.

Here I thought to have closed; but there is a never-to-be-wearied male tongue within hearing that makes twice as much noise (would you think it?) as two dozen of good girls all united! And he (the six-year-old urchin you wot of) will not suffer me to be quiet a moment, till I promise him to let you know what an effect your kind notice had on him. And indeed, to say truth, I would give a great deal for a power to impress your own generous heart but with just half the joy wherewith you have quite deluged over that of our volatile little bird of a boy, upon his sight of your so-prettilly adapted kind present of books, and hearing some of those tender and compassionate expressions wherein your goodness condescended to speak of him. Never talk of a
picture.

picture.—What a faint gleam has painting against the bold glow of Nature! Would I could describe to you the transported rogue in his ecstasy! Every word would communicate a passion, and, by a kind of contagious felicity, spread his rapture from your ear to your fancy.

My daughters and I were sitting with a table between us, and against a leaf of it, that fronted the fire, stood, bending, the little scribbler, with his back to the chimney, scrawling letters and syllables (as unrestrained and as wild as his own active innocence) upon pieces of paper, which I allow him to collect, and fill up his own way, that the pleasure which he takes in aspiring to meanings may attract him, by insensible stages, to mean something, at last, in good earnest. It was easy to judge, upon opening the books, to whose hand your indulgent and considerate elegance had consigned them. However, I laid them both down, and said nothing; but
pro-

proceeded to open one letter, after having given my daughters the other. The busy pirate, mean while, who had thrown aside his pen upon a glimpse of the pictures, fell to lifting the leaves, one by one, and was peeping between them with the archness and fear of a monkey; and I left him (as he thought) unobserved to the enjoyment of his cautious discoveries, till I came to that paragraph in your letter where you call him *the dear amiable boy*, which I purposely read out aloud. At those words, up flashed all the fire of his eyes, with a mixture of alarm and attention; and just then one of my daughters happening to say—"Now am I sure that this good-natured and generous Mr. Richardson has sent those two books for little Harry." "See there," added the other, "what it is to be praised for a boy that is wise, and loves reading." All the triumphs of fortunate love, war, and glory, would be cold if compared to his ecstasy! Out burst a hundred

dred *O Lords!* in a torrent of voice rendered hoarse and half choaked by his passions. He clasped his trembling fingers together; and his hands were strained hard, and held writhing. His elbows were extended to the height of his shoulders, and his eyes, all inflamed with delight, turned incessantly round from one side, and one friend, to the other, scattering his triumphant ideas among us. His fairy-face (ears and all) was flushed as red as his lips; and his flying feet told his joy to the floor, in a wild and stamping impatience of gratitude. At last he shot himself, in acknowledgment, upon me, with a force like a bullet; and fastening his arms round my neck, fell to kissing me for a minute or two together, with so hard and so clinging an eagerness, that it was impossible, without hurting the little honest assaulter, to disposses him of his hold, or his rapture. Nobody could see such a scene without being touched with uncommon delight at
this

this strong sensibility in a child's apprehension! What, though his words wanted art to explain his conceptions? Nature spoke them (most expressively) in the pangs which adorned him!

So arose the first swell of this animal tempest; nor have the waves yet subsided, nor are they likely to subside, I assure you. He reads, laughs, and dances all day: and at night carries his two books to bed with him; and, as I began, about a fortnight ago, to encourage him to look some poor letters together, and scrawl out his notions upon small slips of paper (bidding him look into written sheets which I lend him, or into printed books, for the words he would scribble, and if he finds them not there, ask of any body in the house how to spell them), he brings me every morning some new piece of nonsense, from the mint of his own wanton fancy; and now, what a tedious long story of childish insignificance were here; but that I know
you

you feel a pleasure in observing with how early a tendency nature forms our first passions to virtue! How unhappy is it, that the human degeneracy to evil should be a consequence but of increase in our knowledge! But for shame, let me now make an end, lest you should think there is no measure of conscience in,

Dear Sir, &c.

A. HILL.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

April 13, 1741.

DEAR SIR,

I SHOULD not be able to forgive myself for not writing to you so long, but that I can honestly plead in atonement, that I have never passed an hour without the pleasure of thinking of you. My daughters are newly returned from a long country

try ramble, whither they went with a kind of regret, as it postponed a delight which dwelt (and still dwells), in the uppermost view of their hope. And, indeed, the delay is, at present, rather my fault than theirs; or, to speak it more properly, it is the misfortune of us all; as arising from a good deal of vexatious concern I have been under, at some juvenile weaknesses in the conduct of ———, whom, I begin to be afraid, I shall find quite incapable of the solid or serious turn of mind—whether in learning or business.

Well! these are troubles we are heirs to by nature, and we must receive them as part of our patrimony. Neither ought I, I think, to complain of my lot, while I have two, out of four, who are just what I wish them. .

The two good girls above meant, are come home, quite filled and transported with the triumphs of Pamela; and, I think, in my conscience, they could not feel so
much

much pleasure from a sense of their own, if they made any worth their desiring.

How does my dear Mr. Richardson do, and all his dear family? And how runs the growing renown of his name, in a great, wicked town, which his genius does honour to?—I am so hid among green leaves and blossoms, that I read or see nothing that busies the public, except now and then a few newspapers; but even from those I have the joy to discern the justice that is done to your Pamela; and the oblique reputation weaker writers endeavour to draw, from a distorted misuse of her name, for a passport to malice and faction.

You will find, by what I now send you, how sincerely I told you, that it hardly was possible to do what you have urged so repeatedly, so far as to change any thing but a word, here and there, in your beautiful work (for a work one may call this fine piece, with propriety, that is built for ages!)—Yet, as you so kindly and warmly insisted

insisted on the attempt, I, who love to consider your wishes as laws to my own inclination, took a late resolution to try how far it was practicable, if a man could go over your Pamela with the eye and the heart of a cynic, at one reading, and, in the next, with the vigilance of friendship—to pick out any thing that might not suffer by altering.

Upon the word of a friend and a gentleman, I found it not possible to go farther, without defacing and unpardonably injuring beauties, which neither I, nor any man in the world, but their author, could supply, with others as sweet and as natural!—If you conceive such an inspection of the rest worth your wishing, I will go through them all, with the same care and caution.

I am, &c.

A. HILL.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR,

April 21, 1741.

MY daughters being with me when I had the pleasure of receiving your letter, wherein you express a desire that some of your praises might be retrenched, I read it out to them aloud, and proceeded to remark on it as follows:

There are three sorts of men, said I, who can never have concurring opinions. The envious hates all praise, except that which is claimed by himself. The weak has a sneaking and cowardly doubt of his friend; because, wanting spirit to judge for himself, he hangs his ear upon other men's censures. But the candid examiner, neither partial to friendship, nor biassed by fools or their fashions, gives way to nothing but virtue and truth; and will be equally warm and sincere in a reproach he finds

finds due to a friend, or in a praise that is the right of an enemy. It is easy, continued I, to determine, that out of these three there are two, who deserve no regard from a writer of genius. And yet, what a pity it is, to see him resigning his judgment with a fruitless, however beautiful, hope, to reconcile inconsistent extremes, and unite all mankind in one sentiment!

Little Harry Campbell, whom you so kindly condescend to remember, had been listening all this while upon the floor, under the umbrage of a pair of out-strutting hoops; and sate so snugly concealed in his covert, that I had forgot we had the monkey so near us; till peeping out from his petticoat canopy, with his face twisted upward to find me, "Sir," said he, with an air of attentive importance, "that's just like one of my fables; there's no pleasing every body. I will shew you the man, and his little boy, and the ass; and pray let me write to my good Mr. Richardson about it,
for

for it is in the book he was so kind as to send little Harry.”

I heard and have complied with the order of the volatile busy-body; because, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings—you know the conclusion, and I leave it to your reflection.

However, I have gone carefully over the sheet, and return it you, with a retrenchment of every praise I found fit to give up.

Sordid taste, of an age we are doomed to make part of! when to belie and calumniate with spirit, is thought the highest attainment of wit; and to applaud and distinguish with judgment, the boldest adventure of folly.

After all, there is something due from a man to himself, as well as to the rest of the world; and I do not know which of the two is exposed to the most dangerous error—he who (too tenacious of his own first impressions), gives up nothing to the judgment of others? or he who, resolving upon
nothing

nothing without previous deliberation and forecast, quits his notions too easily, in respect to rasher and much weaker decisions?

As to that extraordinary exception, which has been taken by some of the cloth, against the word silly, applied to a parson, I have resumed it from Mr. Williams, and bestow it very heartily on the objectors. Sure these gentlemen forgot, who enjoined his disciples to be wise as serpents. But if I understand the distinction you designed for Mr. Williams's character, he is drawn as a well-meaning weak man, of too credulous and unreflecting a confidence, to be hit by the epithet unguarded (my substitute, as it now stands, for silly; for I would humour the sensibility—it would be uncivil to call it the pride—of the gentlemen who think themselves hurt through his sides).

I am charmed at the good news you send me, concerning the progress of Pamela. But you are too obliging, dear Sir, to put

me in mind of renewing a trouble, I have been so often encouraged to give you ; and, excepting the pieces you have been so kind as to favour me with a sight of, I have read nothing, of what has been published, for eighteen months past ; so that any books, great or small, containing matter either solid or curious, cannot fail to be welcome and useful.

Against we hear that your present hurry is a little abated, which, I suppose, may be upon the rising of the house, my good girls and I retain our purpose upon Salisbury-square. And, in the mean time, they desire me to tell good Mrs. Richardson and yourself, that they often dream of you in the night, and have the liveliest foretaste of your companies. I threatened them this morning, that I would send their true pictures before them, that you might expect to see nothing extraordinary ; and one of the baggages answered me, that the most extraordinary thing I could send, would

would be the pictures of women drawn truly. But I am running on, as if you had nothing to do, but amuse yourself with the prattle of two idle girls, and their impertinent father, who is,

Your's, &c.

A. HILL.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

July 29, 1741.

I WILL not wound your apprehensive mind, my dear friend, with the particulars of what my days and nights have suffered, since the happy afternoon we passed in Salisbury-court.—It was the last and liveliest of our pleasures; and it seemed as if the checquer-work of human instability condemned us to this long vexation, because no short or common one could be

considered as a balance for it. It is not possible to tell you with how charmed a sensibility my daughters and myself returned from that delightful visit, and what schemes were formed between us for renewing and extending the felicity. But—there followed a discovery, of such domestic melancholy consequence, that I do not know whether they, from sisterly, or I, from fatherly concern, have undergone the greatest share of restlessness. I fear vain application to prevent the ruin of a youth, who, being born without any aptitude to think, was destined to be led away by every light temptation.

Imagine for us, from this general hint of our affliction, that has many branches, and let it justify us to your generous thoughts.

I have been long accustomed to prepare and arm my mind against impressions of calamity: but, whether frequent exercise of this too necessary virtue may now, at
last,

last, have deadened its due power to make resistance, or what other weakness I should charge it on, I know not; but I find myself less able than I ought to be to shake off these successions of fresh evils, and support a frame of temper answerable to the shocks they give me.

But I will turn aside myself, and be no part of my own prospect. Let me look at, and delight in you, through all your brightness of increasing fame:—a fame that never was so well deserved before, and never can be hurt by envy; yet, what a monstrous breadth of her coarse clouds have you drawn up, by shining on them with too strong a lustre! Sometimes I pity, and am sometimes very angry at, the persisting dulness of their malice.—Hitherto, however, it is innocent of consequence. It must depend on you, not them, to give ability to their bad purpose. Should they prevail so far as to deprive the world of any part of what your promise to

the public has now made a debt of honour, then, indeed, their influence would be felt: but this, dear Sir, you must not, cannot, suffer. And yet, I almost dread to ask what I long ardently to hear:—how far have you gone on in that bold, dangerous, glorious, Second Part, which no man breathing but the author of the First is equal to?

My two good girls, all-charmed and filled with the idea of that happy afternoon, will not allow me to say any thing about them; because, as soon as they can find their hearts at ease enough to tell their transports, they reserve themselves the pleasure of avowing what they feel. And, as for me, I never shall be able to express how truly I shall live and die,

Dear Mr. Richardson's

most humble

and affectionate Servant,

A. HILL.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR,

Oct. 15, 1741.

A THOUSAND thanks are due to you for the two delightful sheets of Pamela, part II. Where will your wonders end? or how could I be able to express the joy it gives me to discern your genius rising, not like a pyramid, still lessening at it labours upward, but enlarging its proportion with the grace and boldness of a pillar, that, however high its shaft is lifted, still looks largest at its capital. Go on, Dear Sir, (I see you will and must) to charm and captivate the world, and force a scribbling race to learn and practice one new virtue—to be pleased with what disgraces them. My daughters are in Surry, preaching Pamela, and Pamela's author, with true apostolical attachment; and they and I are, every where and every way, both his and his dear family's most faithful servant,

A. HILL.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Oct. 24, 1742.

DEAR SIR,

YOU are, as usual, very kind and good ; and, because I know that your good-nature would be pleased if I could tell you what it wishes to hear from me, I am grieved it is not in my power to send you word that we are all, once more, recovered.

On the contrary, I languish still, and hourly shrink away in flesh and spirit, without any other visible remains of my late fever. I have neither strength nor appetite ; and (which is quite a new affliction to me) I am tortured with sharp headaches.

All my family have been, or are, in the same bad condition. Our gardener we have buried, who was taken ill the very day and hour that I was. And, truly, it was a loss beyond all likelihood or promise from a man of his condition. He was

was one of those few servants who attach themselves by heart, as well as duty, to the will and interest of the family they live in. He was sober, modest, silent, ever busily laborious, and ingenious beyond any instance I have met with, of a person in his station. He turned his hand, with readiness and pleasure, to whatever interruption of his present applications he was called away to, and was never known to murmur, or even look dissatisfied. He was an excellent mathematician; surveyed and measured land, with great exactness; was smith, carpenter, cooper, bricklayer, and whatever artizan the family had use for; and, in all these different talents had attained a handy and dispatchful readiness. He loved, and was beloved by every body in the family: and I will not ask your pardon for this story I have told you of him; because it would be doing an injustice to your humanity, who know to measure the true value of a good and faithful

servant, not as it often is, but as it should be measured.

As soon as it please God we have the power to think of stirring, we shall quit, with proper haste and indignation, this unlucky and ill-chosen place, (most part of whose inhabitants we have seen buried) and are in hopes to find relief in the dry, smoaky air of London.

My daughters (all that is left them of themselves) are most sincerely and affectionately your's, and your dear family's.

My only comfort is, that I am able now to write and read, without much difficulty; and so I fill up a large vacuum, which else would but make room for idle thoughts and vapours. I will yet delight myself with the idea of those future happier hours, I hope to make myself amends by, in your company, for all these sad and gloomy ones, that have so long and cruelly affected,

Your ever faithful servant,

A. HILL.

TO MR. HILL.

Salisbury-court, Fleet-street,
Oct. 29, 1742.

GOOD SIR,

I CANNOT avoid troubling you with a few lines on the melancholy subject of your last, which so greatly affected me, that I could not help speaking of it to a skilful friend, who greatly admires you.

He desired me to recommend to your better consideration two things for your case: the one to quit, with all possible haste, the air that has been so unkindly pernicious to you, and to get into the town. His reason was more especially the season of the year; when, as he observes, the fall of the leaves fills the pools, the ponds, and the dikes, as well as the moister air, with particles, and animalcula, and perishables, of vegetable as well as animal nature, that are so noxious to tender constitutions; and which are qualified by the

London smook, and the warmer air of a close compacted city. The other is, the asses milk; and I have such hopes from both, that I should not have held myself excused, if I had not instantly—the very moment—while even my friend was but stepping from me, taken pen in hand on the occasion.

In mean time, Sir, and till you can be provided to your wish, and that you may change your present air by such degrees for that of the town as may not be too sensible, I should think myself greatly favoured, if you would be pleased to fill a coach from your dear family, and try the Hammersmith air. I have only a female servant there, who is there all the year, and one of my town maids, whom I send thither for her health, which is amended by the air. And that you may see how free I will be, I will acquaint you, that, from this time to the 12th of November, I shall not have any other friend there: that, on that day, indeed,

indeed, Miss R———, who is to change her name with her new friend, retires thither, to avoid the noise of the town, for one week, or so; and, after that, it will again be quite free, and at your service. And, as the parlours are distinct, as well as the bedchambers, and I can make ten beds within the house, I will be down or up, and not invade, but at your pleasure and that of the ladies, a moment of your retirement, nor shall any one else. The preparations for the solemnity I have mentioned permit me not to make the same offer as to Salisbury-court; else, with what pleasure should I do it! And, I hope, Sir, my freedom in what I have mentioned will convince you of the ease and convenience it would be to me to be thus favoured. My dear Sir, what can be done? Change of air only, even sometimes of a good to a more indifferent one, is of benefit; what then may it not be of an indifferent to a better: for a swampy to a drier? And there

there will not want one hour's time on my side to prepare for you or your's; for I will not make strangers of you, or do one thing for you that I would not otherwise do, as to the customary matters of the house, furniture, &c.

What an excellent servant have you lost! But he was happy in such a master and ladies! That servant must be very bad in nature, that could not be made good in such a household.—Yet, for his many other talents and abilities, where can such another, in his or in any station, be found! But could he have known that he should have been thus lamented; the loss of him thus regretted, by so excellent a master, how happy to him must have been the last moments of his life!

I will not dwell upon the melancholy subject, although it affords me another argument—change of scene, as well as air, to support my earnest wishes in the favour begged for by, Sir, your's truly,

S. RICHARDSON.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON:

January 20, 1743-4.

DEAR SIR,

IF, among the arts, whereby I delight myself, in amusing my retreat from the world, by the practical examination of their ideas, I could but find out some way to transmute a warm wish into benefit, never mortal was happier than I would make you feel and confess yourself. You should be puzzled by nothing, but how to raise a new hope; or contrive a desire, which you already possessed not the end of. As it is; I must content myself with the simple power of sending you a few fruitless thanks, for the obliging regard you are so good to retain for me and my family; not a branch of which but knows how to value it, at so just a rate, as to prefer it to any of the fashionable new-year's gifts, that are said to be sent abroad from St. James's.

I began

I began to fear for the state of your health, and almost dreaded to ask how your spirits sustained the late sharp weather, quite unheededful as I was; that I myself had been the cause of your long silence, by forbearing to inform you, that we were condemned (for one year, still, from Christmas last), to bear with the bad air of Plaistow. It is a quiet, and not quite unpleasant (were it but a healthy), solitude; a place that seems to have been only formed for books, and meditation, and the Muses.—God give to you, and all you love, those pleasures, and a thousand livelier, for a long, long, happy length of years to come, and every year still mending. I am,

Dear Sir,

for ever your most faithful

and affectionate servant,

A. HILL.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

April 2, 1743.

I NOW daily gather better hopes, and will, as soon as I can bear the yet too pinching sharpness of the air, enjoy a few days with you, where your goodness has so often wished me; and whence some evil dæmon, envious of my intended happiness, has seemed, as often, busy in contriving accidents to disappoint me!

Do me the favour to accept an Easter offering from me. It is a small one; but, I hope, may be productive of some future ones, deserving your possession. I believe the piece may yet be out in a fit season, and before the town begins to thin.

The *title* may a little startle you *; but you will find the satire (as it should be always), general, and levelled against things,

* *Go to bed Tom*, afterwards *The Fanciad*.

not persons. I do not love the air of boast or vanity; but, if the world receives this poem coldly, I have done with hoping to content them. It will have novelty, at least (if that can recommend it); for many of the sentiments are such as are not only new, but for the most part opposite to the received opinions upon commercial, politic, and military subjects; and that, too, in points, whose consequences deserved to have been better weighed than they have been, or seem to me to have been, by the managers of states, and their determinations.

So much for the general turn and matter of the poem, which I beg you to bestow; at leisure, an attentive reading on, and tell me frankly what effect it has upon you. I shall, and safely may, from that, fore-judge its public fate; for, if it does not please you, more than commonly, I have been cheated into an ill-grounded hope, from a fond parent's blind partiality: hav-

ing

ing bestowed more care and labour on this piece, than I shall dare confess, if you do not feel it in the reading you bestow upon the verses.

As to what may seem particular in the poem, the compliments to the Marlborough family, my purpose is as public-spirited, even there, as every poet's ought to be, on every subject which he touches. If it can prove a means of stirring up an inclination to enable (by their family memoirs), some fit hand to write a history of the late duke's conduct of the war, that both the nation and the family may draw due glory from, I shall have been the instrument of no small future reputation to my country; which is (I hope), I am sure she ought to be, ashamed to see a length of victories, that shook one half of Europe, and redeemed the other, making so lame, so dark, so all-entangled and confused a figure; that what must certainly have been the laboured, and produced, effect of genius, almost more than human, seems a mass of huddled and
unpurposed

unpurposed accidents, wherein events were thrown for, and but followed fortune!

It is impossible for me to close this letter, before I have added the most important affair it will speak of—I mean, that obstinate weight and dizziness in your head—shall I venture to tell you, that I am sometimes afraid, lest you should fall too far into the practice of your friend, Dr. Cheyne's cold doctrines, of abstinence and excess of evacuations. All extremes are reproachable; and that gentleman, in many of his late writings, seems to forget, that his own case is not every-body's; and is for treating us, all, like valetudinarians. Nature ought to be followed (helped, indeed, now and then), but never to be thwarted and crossed in her tendencies. I have strongly experienced this truth in my late long confinement. Among other joint causes, I owed the misfortune to a decay in the force of my spirits, under a too cold, too abstinent, regimen of diet.

I will trouble you with no more, now,
upon

upon this subject, or on any other; but make haste to tell you, that in health, or out of health, in poetry or prose, in spirit and in truth, I never can be other than,

Your faithful humble servant,

A. HILL.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

April 5, 1743.

DEAR SIR,

YOU are kind, with the usual partiality of your friendly good wishes, in what you hint about the hand wherein you would be glad to see the memoirs of the great family mentioned in the poem. To be sure, mine is infinitely too weak for the demand of the subject; and so, I fear, will any other be found, to whose care such a trust has a probability of being committed. For, I do not know how it happens, but
certain

certain it is, history is one of the rarest of all human accomplishments, and no plant, I am sure, of our climate. It is owing to a very long and unwearied application to its study, that I am more than ordinarily shocked at its too scandalous deficiency, upon a subject so replete with occasion for national glory! But I am doubtful whether this defect is so obvious as it ought to be to the family in whose possession the papers lie, which alone can give foundation to a hope for the cure of it. I will tell you, very frankly, the whole extent of my scheme on this subject.

I hope it is no extravagant supposition, that the poem may remind the family, and also the public, that such an undertaking ought to be promoted; and when, against next winter, (many general conversations on the subject being likely in the interval) they shall be prepared for the impression of a proof, that nothing that deserves the name of history has yet appeared in honour of the
duke's

duke's great actions. I have thoughts of getting ready an essay on the campaign of one year only; (for instance, that of Blenheim) wherein, when they discern how different a figure the duke makes from that which he has hitherto appeared in, they will infer that he might still be made to shine beyond comparison more brightly, by the help of those assistances which they can furnish for the future. For they will feel, that what they now believe sufficiently explained is darkness, when they see the subject in the lights it ought to be produced in; whereas, till then, they may, and I believe they do, conceive that there is nothing wanting, to convey a full idea to posterity of actions, which (far from it!) must, as now related, carry down a gross and muddy bulk of ill-packed and hard-folded intricacies.

My greatest difficulty would be to find, among our own and the French tracts, examined and considered together, matter
enough

enough wherefrom to disentangle facts and motives, in sufficient charity to form, at least, so much upon as to demonstrate, by another model, that the old ones are too heavy and defective to content the nation or the family; but, I believe, it might be practicable to select, one way or other, materials for that one year's history; and what defects the manuscript must have, for want of helps the family could furnish, may (if they please) be remedied before the public comes to judge of the performance.

This is my plan: and my chief motive is that true and honest one insinuated in the poem, from the apprehension of our conquerors losing ground in histories so far inferior to the genius they pretend to celebrate. I know it is too likely, from my own experience. The duke's own modest silence on the actions he could have best described, who only could have executed them; and the confused and dark accounts which other hands perplexed my
apprehen-

apprehension by, while they pretended to enlighten it, misled me to a rash conclusion, which I have since, but by mere accident, discovered to have been a very false and unjust one. And, I am sure, it is reasonably to be suspected, that what now, so near the time wherein the actions were performed, could cause me to mistake the author of them so unjustly, will, in times still more and more removed, produce still grosser errors, to the disadvantage of that great man's future character.

I am, &c.

A. HILL.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR,

|| SEND you back Letters XI. and XII. of your still growing, as well as lengthening, beauty. She is infinitely pleasing, and so

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F

sweetly

sweetly natural in her movement, that you could not make her seem too tall, though you should stretch her out to as much vastness as the fame of Virgil.

If there is any place that can be shortened, without maiming this delightful composition, you, who have created it, and have its whole proportion and connexion in your eye at once, are better justified in doing it, than it is possible for any other man to be, who, seeing it in parts, divided, and at distant times, would use, methinks, a boldness too unpardonable in advising to retrench the smallest piece of any of its pages, till he has revised and re-considered it in its conclusive and accomplished fullness.

You crowd, indeed, your observations and reflections, in this charming work. But is not that the very life, and soul, and fire, that makes the use and beauty of it impressive and so striking? In fact, it is in the first stages (if at all) that you must look
for

for lopping-places. All your after-growths are sacred, to the smallest twig; and can admit no cutting, without downright violation.

I am greatly pleased at the small hint you give of a design to raise another Alps upon this Appenine! We can never see too many of his works who has no equal in his labours.

Forgive the haste I write this with, being called off, by business, in the middle of it but, for ever,

Dear Sir,

your most obliged, &c.

A. HILL.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

January 7, 1744-5.

DEAR SIR,

IT now seems so long since you obliged me with the two first pieces of your beautiful new work, that I am half ashamed to tell you why I have not sooner thanked

you for the pleasure they brought with them.

I have (in weighed and oft-repeated readings), found your blank leaves doomed to an unspotted virgin purity. I must not, nay, I dare not, think of violating them. Indeed, I see no modest possibility of doing it; since precision, in so natural a flow of drapery, would only serve to stiffen, what you bid me shorten. You have formed a style, as much your property as our respect for what you write is, where verbosity becomes a virtue; because, in pictures which you draw with such a skilful negligence, redundance but conveys resemblance; and to contract the strokes, would be to spoil the likeness.

In short, I cannot improve you. Would you have me frankly tell you why? It is, because I want the power to imitate you. You must be content to stand alone; and truly so you would, though fifty dwarf assistants were to croud into your shadow!

You

You contain, like the new notion of philosophy in vegetation, a whole species in one single kernel. Nothing will be ever of your kind, unless yourself produces it.

I could not have said less than this; and more I will forbear to say, till you have sent the whole performance to,

Dear Sir,

Your's, &c.

A. HILL.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR,

July 24, 1744.

I HAVE, again and again, re-perused and reflected on that good and beautiful design I send you back the wide and arduous plan of. It is impossible, after the wonders you have shewn in Pamela, to question your infallible success in this new, natural, attempt. But you must give me

F S

leave

leave to be astonished, when you tell me you have finished it already!

The honour you intended me, in such a trust as you once thought of*, is a compliment, you may be sure, of no small influence; since it had the power of giving me some pleasure, mixed, as it came to me, with so horrible, and not to be rethought of, an idea!

As to Dr. Young, I know and love the merit of his moral meanings; but am sorry that he overflows his banks, and will not remind himself (when he has said enough upon his subject), that it is then high time to stop. He has beauties scattered up and down in his *complaints*, that, had he not so separated them by lengths of cooling interval, had been capable of carrying into future ages such a fire, as few past ones ever equalled. What a pity want should be derived from superfluity!

* To *bequeath* to his friendly care and judgment my poor writings.

To the author of the Seasons, will you be so good as to return my thanks, for his remembering an old friend; who, though he had still been forgotten, would, notwithstanding that, have yearly traced him round with new delight, from Spring quite down to Winter.

And, because I find myself obliged to another writer for his present, through such a hand as your's, pray please to let him know, I thank him for the favour. But, indeed, the more I read of these blank verse eruptions, the more beautifully necessary I perceive the yoke of rhyming. It is a kind of trammel that compels close stepping; whereas the wild luxuriant wantonness of those unfettered launchers into liberty, throws down enclosure, on pretence of latitude; and overtrampling all propriety, marked bound, or limitation, turns distinction into desert, and lays dry the Muses' districts.

Good night, my dear Mr. Richardson:

be happy and healthy, and continue to write on and charm on, and instruct the true way by example!

Your's ever, A. HILL.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR,

Sept. 10, 1744.

WE cannot yet say a great deal of the health you are so kind to wish us. But our tedious lease is near expiring; and, by next spring, we shall have before us the advantage of some better choice, for mending our bad situation.

Mr. Pope, as you with equal keenness and propriety express it, is *gone out*. I told a friend of his, who sent me the first news of it, that I was very sorry for his death, because I doubted whether he would live to recover the accident. Indeed, it gives me no surprise, to find you thinking he was in the wane of his popularity. It
arose

arose, originally, but from meditated little personal assiduities, and a certain bladdery swell of management. He did not blush to have the cunning to blow himself up, by help of dull, unconscious, instruments, whenever he would seem to sail, as if his own wind moved him.

The heart of man is said to be inscrutable: but this can scarce be truly said of any writing man. The heart of such still shews, and needs must shew itself, beyond all power of concealment; and, without the writer's purpose, or even knowledge, will a thousand times, and in a thousand places, start up in its own true native colour, let the subject it is displayed upon bend never so remotely from the unintended manifestation.—How many have I heard declare (and people, too, who loved truth dearly, and believed they spoke it), that they charmed themselves in reading Pamela; when, all the while, it was Mr. Richardson they had been reading.

In fact, if any thing was fine, or truly powerful, in Mr. Pope, it was chiefly centered in expression : and that rarely, when not grafted on some other writer's preconceptions. His own sentiments were low and narrow, because always interested ; darkly touched, because conceived imperfectly ; and sour and acrid, because writ in envy. He had a turn for verse, without a soul for poetry. He stuck himself into his subjects, and his muse partook his maladies ; which, with a kind of peevish and vindictive consciousness, maligned the healthy and the satisfied.

One of his worst mistakes was, that unnecessary noise he used to make in boast of his morality. It seemed to me almost a call upon suspicion, that a man should rate the duties of plain honesty, as if they had been qualities extraordinary ! And, in fact, I saw, on some occasions, that he found those duties too severe for practice ; and but prized himself upon the character, in
pro-

proportion to the pains it cost him to support it.

But rest his memory in peace! It will very rarely be disturbed by that time he himself is ashes. It is pleasant to observe the justice of forced fame; she lets down those, at once, who got themselves pushed upward; and lifts none above the fear of falling, but a few who never teased her.

What she intends to do with *me*, the Lord knows! The whole I can be sure of is, that never mortal courted her with less solicitude. And, truly, if I stood condemned to share a place in her aerial storehouse, with some characters that fill up great voids there, as things go at present, I should rather make a leg, shrink back, and ask her pardon.

But, what have I to do with fame, who have only, now and then, thrown out a loose leaf (sybil-like), and given the wind free privilege to scatter it? Perhaps it is better they should so be scattered, for so

I see it would have been, for many of our liberal entailers of their *works* upon a public, that is scarce disposed to rank them among pastimes.—I am,

Dear Sir, Your's, &c.

A. HILL.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR,

1744.

I MET with your letter (as a most reasonable consolation), upon my return from an application, that of all applications I hate, a law plague, of tedious delays and attendances, which my very soul seems corroded by the oppressive chicaneries of.

You are always so good, that I scarce know where to begin or end the thanks I find due to you. Reading, to say truth, is the strongest holder-down of my thought,

to

to a diversion from uneasier reflexions. Writing, possibly, might have the same effect; but that I mortify myself with a conscious distrust, that I think not to the taste of the public. What a monstrous new proof of it is, the reception that the *Fanciad* has met with! It is a year or more, too, since, upon information that they were bringing on *Alzira*, at Drury-lane House, I revised and altered that play, and sent it them, improved and strengthened to a very great degree; with the additional name to it of *Spanish Pride humbled*: and the seasonable popular prologue I here inclose you, which I writ at Mr. Fletewood's pressing desire. The play is given out in parts, and is (they tell me), to come on this season. But the management there is so loose, that I question whether it ought yet to be so far depended on, as to deserve your thinking of another edition, to be ready against its acting.

You charm me by the generous truths

you

you remark, on the mercenary malignity of Mr. Pope's narrow conduct. His genius is not native nor inventive: it is a verbal flexibility of expressiveness, that now and then throws such light on his couplets. He can add a door or a window to another man's house; but he would build very badly on a new plan, or model, of his own disposition. He must have something to lean against, or would not move without falling. His imagination, therefore, is weak and defective; and since his judgment too is demonstrably so, by his everlastingly correcting his new editions for the worse, below comparison, to what else can we attribute the prodigious success which his writings have met with, but to the industrious servility of the arts, which he used, in his youth, to cajole and hook in his supporters? Never was any thing, I think, more visible than this appears in the correspondence betwixt him and Mr. Wycherly; and every-where else,

in-

indeed, throughout all that we see, of his beginnings. As to his Essay on Man (which is a battle between beauties and obscurities), you are very kind to his genius, when you consider that as a proof of it, when the versification, I am afraid, is his whole—and the matter and design my lord Bolingbroke's. And yet, in spite of these truths, there is always here and there, in whatever he writes, something so expressed to bewitch us, that I cannot, for my soul, help admiring him; for he out-charms even a poet, though he is none.—In this ridiculous combat against king Colley, some Minerva has lent the laureat a spear; for there are strokes, of no *Cibberine* hand, in this new Sixpenny-worth of Scorn, that he has so wisely provoked the severity of.

God bless the new shoots of your family, and their dear root and sweet stem, and all the lovely little blossoming branches.

I am, dear Sir, Your's, &c.

A. HILL.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR,

Oct. 13, 1746.

AS to the story promised you concerning Mr. Pope, I could not have forgot to give it you. It left a much more deep impression on my memory than any vanity, that was but a mere vanity, could have been capable of fixing there. For a too partial sensibility to self is often but a harmless, to-be-pitied pride of head; whereas here seemed to have been something worse than even a pride of heart—something that blew up lightness into insolence; and added coarseness to ingratitude.

There was a verse, which Mr. Pope had drawn from a mistaken hint in Horace, which he would be oft repeating, and was very fond of:

“ For fools *admire*; but men of sense *approve*.”

I used

I used to tell him I abhorred the sentiment; both from its arrogance, and want of truth in nature. We had many contests of this kind: but there are arguers, whom heaven, as this same gentleman expresses it extremely well,

“Has curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.”

And so our battles usually were drawn ones, where both sides laid claim to victory.

In the last debate we had upon this subject, I desired to know if he was still, as formerly, convinced Longinus's remark on the *sublime* was right?—“That the most certain way of knowing it is from the power in some idea touch'd enthusiastically, to move the blood and spirits into transport, by a thrilling kind of joy, that raises pride in him who hears the passage, as if his soul grew wider, by expanding to conceive such images.”

He

He owned it was the strongest definition of the true sublime that could be possibly imagined: but was sure, that only men of genius could conceive it. Whereupon I asked him whether joy, and transport, and enthusiasm, and a thrill of blood, could possibly consist with want of admiration? He perceived the use I made of his concession, and said nothing, till I added this new question: whether only fools admire, if only men of genius are susceptible of a sublimity of admiration?

In some perplexity to find a better answer, he was forced to satisfy himself with saying, that Longinus's remark was truth; but that, like certain truths of more importance, it required assent from faith, without the evidence of demonstration. I replied, that I had had the pleasure to be witness of its demonstration, in an instance that himself gave cause for.

His curiosity was raised, and I informed him, that, at reading a new play at Lord Tyrconnel's, there was present a gentleman,

man, distinguished both for rank and genius, who, on a discourse about the difficulty of a delicate and manly praise, repeated those fine lines, in compliment to the earl of Oxford, printed before D. Parnell's poems.—I added, that this gentleman had been so generously warmed, in his repeating them, that he was the most undeniable example I had ever seen of all Longinus's effect of the sublime, in its most amiable force of energy! for, (breaking off into a humanised excess of rapture, that expressed philanthropy with such a natural beauty, that, had he been my greatest enemy, I must have, from that moment, been compelled to love him for it) he told us, "He could never read those verses without rapture; for, that sentiments such as those were, appeared to carry more of the god in them than the man, and he was never weary of admiring them!"

I there looked on Mr. Pope, in expectation of a question that he asked immediately—"Who *was* this gentleman?"

I an-

I answered, it was the Speaker of the House of Commons: and re-paused attentively for the effect his gratitude was brought in debt for.

But here arose the groundwork of my story, in a vanity, that merited a name so much severer, that, I own, I never afterwards recovered the opinion I then lost of that (too loud) pretension to high morals, which you know he loved to make on all occasions.

In short, he had so much unfeeling arrogance, as to receive this honour (done him in so noble and so natural a manner) as deserving only a strained supercilious smile; and all he said upon it was—"The Speaker is a man remarkable for heat of passion; and such transports will be common to such tempers!"

I have done with this long little story. But, as painters better catch a likeness from some small unguarded glance of negligence, than any set position of the coun-

countenance, so, if I were disposed (as I am not) to give the world an ugly picture of this famous poet's mind, I could not chuse the help of a more strikingly characteristic feature. It affected me the more, because I knew him in the first gradations of his rise to notice; and compared his present ill-bred and contemptuous disregard of admiration, with the mean sedulity of all those arts of flattery wherewith he courted praise, in the beginnings of his growth to eminence. Many poor plots there are which the least discerning eye can look through, in the letters between him and Mr. Wycherly, and Harry Cromwell, and in a long *et. cætera* of observations on his outset conduct. But it is time to put an end to letters on the fourth page of a sheet, and so,

Dear Sir, Your's, &c.

A. HILL.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Nov. 1746.

DEAR SIR,

THERE is a manner, (so beyond the matter, extraordinary always, too, as that is!) in whatever you say and do, that makes it an impossibility to speak those sentiments which it is equally impossible not to conceive in reverence and affection for your goodness!

This single word, upon receipt of your sixty, and two twenty pound bank notes, in so surprisingly obliging (yet so pain-inforcing) a manner, I could not but, in the fulness of my heart, compel an aching head to let me say to you, just now——

The rest I must refer to another day, and larger letter, having neither words, nor time, in this to say a hundredth part of what I feel—who am, for ever, Dear Sir,

Your obliged

A. HILL.

TO

TO MR. HILL.

Oct. 27, 1743.

DEAR SIR,

WITH regard to some parts of your favour of the nineteenth, I will only say, that I am too much pained on your account to express any thing but my pain. A mind so noble! so generous! so under-rating intentional good from himself! so over-rating trifling benefits from others! But no more on this subject. You are an alien, Sir, in this world; and no wonder that the base world treat you as such.

You are so very earnest about transferring to me the copyright to all your works, that I will only say, that that point must be left to the future issues of things. But I will keep account. I will, though I were to know how to use the value of your favours as to those issues (never can I the value of your generous intentions). You will

will allow me to repeat, *I will keep account*. It is therefore time enough to think of the blank receipt you have had the goodness to send me to fill up.

Would to heaven that all men had the same (I am sure I may call it just) opinion of your works that I have! But—shall I tell you, Sir?—The world, the taste of the world, is altered since you withdrew from it. Your writings require thought to read, and to take in their whole force; and the world has no thought to bestow. Simplicity is all their cry; yet hardly do these criers know what they mean by the noble word. They may see a thousand beauties obvious to the eye: but if there lie jewels in the mine that require labour to come at, they will not dig. I do not think, that were Milton's *Paradise Lost* to be now published as a new work, it would be well received. Shakespeare, with all his beauties, would, as a modern writer, be hissed off the stage. Your sentiments, even they

they will have it who allow them to be noble, are too munificently adorned : and they want you to descend to their level. Will you, Sir, excuse me this freedom? Yet I can no longer excuse myself, to the love and to the veneration mingled that I bear to you, if I do not acquaint you with what the world you wish to mend says of your writings. And yet, for my own part, I am convinced that the fault lies in that indolent (that lazy, I should rather call it) world. You would not, I am sure, wish to write to a future age only.—A chance, too, so great, that posterity will be mended by what shall be handed down to them by this. And few, very few, are they who make it their study and their labour, to stem the tide of popular disapprobation or prejudice. Besides, I am of opinion that it is necessary for a genius to accommodate itself to the mode and taste of the world it is cast into, since works published in this age must take root in it, to flourish in the next.

As to your title, Sir, which you are
VOL. I. G pleased

pleased to require my opinion of, let me premise, that there was a time, and that within my own remembrance, when a pompous title was almost necessary to promote the sale of a book. But the booksellers, whose business is to watch the taste and foibles of the public, soon (as they never fail on such occasions to do) wore out that fashion: and now, verifying the old observation, that good wine needs no bush, a pompous or laboured title is looked upon as a certain sign of want of merit in the performance, and hardly ever becomes an invitation to the purchaser.

As to your particular title to this great work, I have your pardon to beg, if I refer to your consideration, whether epic, truly epic, as the piece is*, you would choose to call it epic in the title-page; since hundreds who will see the title, will not, at the time, have seen your admirable definition of the word. Excuse, Sir, this free-

* Gideon; or, the Patriot. An epic Poem.

dom also, and excuse these excuses.—I am exceedingly pressed in time, and shall be for some time to come, or, sloven as I am in my pen, this should not have gone.

God forbid that I should have given you cause to say, as a recommendation, that there will be more prose than verse in your future works!

I believe, Sir, that Mr. Garrick, in particular, has not in any manner entered into vindictive reflections. I never saw him on the stage; but of late I am pretty well acquainted with him. I know he honours you. But he thinks you above the present low taste; (this I speak in confidence) and once I heard him say as much, and wish that you could descend to it. Hence one of the reasons that have impelled me to be so bold as I have been in this letter.

The occasion of the black wax I use, is the loss of an excellent sister. We loved each other tenderly! But my frequent, I might say constant, disorders of the nervous

kind ought to remind me, as a consolation, of David's self-comfort on the death of his child, perhaps oftener than it does, immersed as I am in my own trifles, and in business, that the common parental care permits me not to quit, though it becomes every day more irksome to me than another.

I am, Sir,

With true affection,

Your most faithful,

and obedient servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Nov. 2, 1748.

II REALLY thought, dear Sir, that neither my affection, admiration, or warm grateful sense of your inimitable virtues, could

could have admitted the increase given to it, by the sincere, kind, friendly plainness, of this last obliging letter.

Yet, it tells me nothing new, of the low estimation of my writings: I have always known them, and expected them to be, unpopular: nor shall I live to see them in another light. But there will rise a time, in which they *will* be seen in a far different one: I know it, on a surer hope than that of vanity.

As for the present world and me, we are so well agreed in our contempt of one another, that (exclusive only of one amiable interest I would wish myself, more speedily, of some poor little use to), I feel no desire at all to undergo the imputation of contenting it.

The *simplicity* they make so great a cry about, is what I love as much as they pretend to love it; for, indeed, they talk of what they do not understand. Nor can such creatures as complain of poetry, be-

cause it puts them to the pain of thinking, merit any poet's thinking of. Obscurity, indeed (if they had penetration to mean that), is burying sense alive; and some of my rash, early, too affected puerile scribblings must, and should, have pleaded guilty, to so just an accusation. But the case, thank God, is very different now; and these implicit mules, that carry malice for their owners, might perhaps have modesty enough to think it so, if they could see with what unpardoning severity I do, and shall, revise my copies.

But I am sure, that when my dear friend told me that the world has changed its taste, he gives that word the same restrained sense I have used it in above. For no judge better knows, that with exception to a Jewish and stock-jobbing city, and a foreign court (with their too numerous dependents), where our very language is despised, and in a manner out of use; and English taste, there, changed
in

in consequence: I say, with due exception to deaf ears, the world was never more disposed than now, to English thought and English feeling. Nor shall we (if our period, as a people, is as distant as I hope in heaven it is), in any part of the now current century, want sufficient numbers of learned men, and persons of exalted genius, to preserve all writings worth their notice; such, I mean, as carry figure to attract it: for small pamphlet pieces, I suspect, too seldom reach good hands, or run a hazard to be lost, among the rubbish that sinks round them.

What you hint of Mr. Garrick, with your usual and peculiar sweetness of intention, is just what I think of him, as to his own free sentiments, detached from wrong suggestions of malignant minds, which he too easily adopts, without examining. We correspond but little, and it has been always on a civil footing. But I am not without reasons, not worth telling
G 4 you,

you, for fearing him (which is a weakness very strange, yet but too common throughout life!) pervertible by men, whose judgment, at the same time, he despises. But, I hope, my Merope is in a fair way to come down to him this season from a hand of power; whence, if it does so come, I shall soon better know him.

I cannot help saying something more about simplicity; because, as Mr. Dryden told some fools of his own days, that when they praised an easy way of writing, they meant that which men could write most easily; so their successors, of the modern stamp, are far from meaning, when they cry up what they call simplicity, that natural and delightfully instructive elegance of unaffected passion, which your touched and thinking readers see, and suffer under, and grow better by, in the distresses and reflections of a Pamela, or a Clarissa. All that these dim humble wretches mean, by their abuse of it to a benumbing sense, is
the

the unjogging slide of something, but they cannot tell what, that paces their lame understanding smoothly on, and does not shake it out of a composure, necessary to its weakness.

Simplicity (you know it best of all men breathing), is a weaker word for the same thing, propriety. Whatever is conceived with and expressed with that wants nothing; it has every ornament becoming its demand, not one beyond it. If it had none, it would be naked; if too few, defective; if too many, tawdry. This, my dear friend, is simplicity; and this is your simplicity. Whether we take the word from *simplex* (sine plica), or from *simplus* (sine and plus), its true sense must be found in its reverse to *duplex*; so that every thing is simple, that has nothing added contrary to its own quality; and every thing un-simple, that has foreign and unnatural annexions. If a camel were to be described, it might be done with all the

G 5

requisite

requisite simplicity; however loftily the poet should express the beast's raised neck, majestic pace, and venerable countenance. But from the moment he began to mention claws and courage, as the camel's attributes, his deviation from the rules of true simplicity would justly call for the reproach of too magnificently adorned; not because camels ought not to be spoken of magnificently, but because there should not be assigned them a magnificence repugnant to their nature.

Long as this letter is already, I have something still to add, relating to a prose piece I informed you I should want your judgment on. It is my tract of new improvements in the art of war, by sea and land. This piece is very full of novelty, and possibly will have much future consequence. And yet the supercilious narrowness in vogue may make it be supposed, that nothing of this nature can be worth regard, nor authorised by a commission,

to

to think rationally. To such heads it were of little influence to say, how much I saw and learned in armies of three different nations at the outset of my life (too soon engaged in foreign ramblings). A still less effect would follow, if I went about to make them sensible, how preferable to whole lives of mill-horse rounds in practical contractions, an extended theory may be, when exercising a not-unadapted genius, long and obstinately bent on all examinations proper to that study.—Would it not be better I should spare myself the trouble of these undeserved apologies, to such a war-defaming race as we know where to look for? and, instead of a dry dissertation on what *might be* done in arms, present it to the entertained imagination, as what *had already been*; laying the scene, at some pretended time, in some imaginary country; and uniting, in a lively story, all the use, surprise, and pleasure, of historical narration, filled with warlike

and political events, of a new turn and species to the active demonstrations of a theory, that else might pass for project only. I persuade myself that one might make a piece of this kind very pleasing; and will throw it into such a form, if you conceive it would do better.

Are you to hope no end to this long, long, long, nervous persecution? But, it is the tax you pay your genius; and I rather wonder you have spirits to support such mixture of prodigious weights, such an effusion of the soul, with such confinement of the body, than that it has overstrained your nerves to bear your spirit's agitation!—God Almighty bless you! I should never end at all, if I writ on till I had nothing left that I still wished to tell you, from your (beyond his power of telling),

Most obliged and
grateful humble servant,

A. HILL.

LETTER

LETTER

FROM

MR. WARBURTON

TO

MR. RICHARDSON.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

GOOD SIR,

Dec. 28, 1742.

THIS very day, on receiving my things from London, I had the pleasure to find in the box an obliging letter from you, of the 17th past, with a very kind and valuable present of a fine edition of your excellent work, which no one can set a higher rate upon. I find they have both lain all this time at Mr. Bowyer's.

I have so true an esteem for you, that
you

you may depend on any thing in my power, that you think may be of any service to you.

Mr. Pope and I, talking over your work when the two last volumes came out, agreed, that one excellent subject of Pamela's letters in high life, would have been to have passed her judgment, on first stepping into it, on every thing she saw there, just as simple nature (and no one ever touched nature to the quick, as it were, more certainly and surely than you) dictated. The effect would have been this, that it would have produced, by good management, a most excellent and useful satire on all the follies and extravagancies of high life; which to one of Pamela's low station and good sense would have appeared as absurd and unaccountable as European polite vices and customs to an Indian. You easily conceive the effect this must have added to the entertainment of the book; and for the use, that is incontestable. And
what

what could be more natural than this in Pamela, going into a new world, where every thing sensibly strikes a stranger? But, when I have the pleasure of seeing you in town, we will talk over this matter at large; and, I fancy, you will make something extremely good of our hints. I have a great deal to say upon this subject, that, when we are together, you will not only understand more perfectly, but I shall be able to conceive more clearly by the use of your true judgment.

At least, I shall be always zealous of shewing how much I am, Good Sir,

Your very obliged and most

affectionate, humble servant,

W. WARBURTON.

CORRESPONDENCE
BETWEEN
MR. RICHARDSON
AND
MR. STRAHAN.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Edinburgh, Aug. 17, 1749.

DEAR SIR,

AFTER an agreeable, though somewhat fatiguing, journey of five days, we arrived safely at this place, where we found all friends as well as we expected. The alterations in persons, places, and things, since I was here last, struck me exceedingly, and afforded me the most convincing proof imaginable of the mutability of human affairs. Many people are strangely altered,
many

many have disappeared, and many are now no more, which it is impossible to think of without concern, and a degree of seriousness not to be suddenly checked. Nay, so natural is it to be prejudiced in favour of the appearances things had when we were young, that even the alterations for the better please me not; at least, not till I have reasoned myself into the utility and propriety of the change.

I am like to be very well entertained while I stay here. There are sensible men in plenty; though such as Mr. R. are rarely found any where. I assure you the most valuable folks here like your writings best. You may, with great propriety, say, *exegi monumentum*.

There is nothing in this place worth writing you, only that there seems to be a great spirit of industry gone forth, which I am sure will turn to the advantage of both parts of the united kingdom.

I hope this will find you in perfect health,
and

and happy in every sense. None merits every good thing better than you do; nor is there any person better qualified for the enjoyment of every rational pleasure. I hope your little girl is somewhat better, and that the rest continue perfect models of what young ladies should be. You will be so good to give my best respects to the valuable Mrs. Richardson; and to Mrs. Poole and Miss Dutton, whom, you know, you and I both love.

I remember your long-continued friendship for me with pleasure and gratitude. I admire your generosity, your benevolence, your sagacity, your penetration, your knowledge of human nature, and your good heart; I esteem you as my friend, my adviser, my pattern, and my benefactor; I love you as my father; and let me, even me also, call you my Nestor.

My wife and her mother bid me say every thing that is kind and respectful to
you

you and Mrs. Richardson: shall we have the pleasure of hearing from you?—Mr. Hamilton will, no doubt, have occasion to trouble you now and then. I know you will not grudge giving him your best advice; whose every long day is filled with acts of benevolence to every body you know.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant.

W. STRAHAN.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Edinburgh, Aug. 24, 1749.

DEAR SIR,

IF I were to be long at a distance from you, I fancy I should become as troublesome in writing, as you have experienced, to your cost, I have often been in talking to you, as every thing I see puts me in
mind

mind of you.—What would Mr. Richardson think of this?—Here is room for his praise;— and here for his censure:— this would raise his compassion; this his indignation; this would touch his benevolent heart with joy; and here he would exercise his charity; this man's solid sense would delight him; the ladies would, in general, charm him; and the honest prejudices of many, in favour of their native country, would make him smile. These, and many other such-like thoughts often occur to me, so that I am oftener in your company than you imagine. The civilities I daily meet with, and the hospitality with which I am entertained, are not to be expressed. I have nothing to do but go from feast to feast, the manners of the better part of this country bearing a very near resemblance to those of North End. I am overwhelmed with their kindness, so that I must really make my stay here as short as possible, lest living thus riotously should prejudice

prejudice my health. But no more of this till I see you—a pleasure I truly long for.

At intervals, as I am now almost become a stranger to this country, and am possibly now taking my leave of it, I visit what is ancient or curious. Yesterday I paid my compliments to the remains of King James the Fifth, and shook Lord Darnley by the hand; he was Queen Mary's husband, you well know, and was seven foot eight inches in stature: a portly personage once, and now—what we must all be. O what a pleasing melancholy filled me on beholding their venerable remains. To see the very bodies of two such great men, who existed two centuries ago, is a curiosity indeed. They are in the chapel of Holyrood House, a very noble structure, but almost entirely demolished at the revolution, and since utterly neglected. Here monuments of men, like men, decay! But, however, the outside is firm, so that it may easily be repaired, when the government thinks proper.

What

What else I have seen, with my observations on every thing that occurs, will afford me matter of conversation with you, when my tongue, perhaps, would be more impertinently employed. I shall therefore say no more now. Suffer me only to take every occasion of making my sincere acknowledgments for your continued and uninterrupted kindness and friendship to me. When I think of particular instances of your goodness to me, all I can say to you upon that subject comes so very short of what I feel, that I do myself great injustice in endeavouring to say any thing at all.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your most obliged servant,

W. STRAHAN.

WITH MR. STRAHAN.

143

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Sept. 2, 1749.

DEAR SIR,

COULD you communicate to me a very small portion of your lively and creating fancy, my letters would be much more worthy of your perusal. The Israelites, who were obliged to make bricks without straw, were, in my opinion, in a much more tolerable situation than the man who is obliged to write without genius, because, though they had, indeed, no allowance of straw delivered out to them, they had the whole land of Egypt to glean it in; and as that, like Clarissa, was notoriously a most fruitful country, in which there were doubtless many delicious spots, they unquestionably found very pretty pickings in it.

Since my last, I have been at Glasgow, a town greatly altered for the better, in point of trade, since I was there last. Several large manufactories are set on foot, in
which

which the poor of all ages, and both sexes, are usefully employed. From thence I went to Paisley, where Mr. Millar's father is minister, a venerable old man, who, like the church he preaches in, is nodding to his dissolution, but beautiful even in ruins. The town is almost entirely composed of manufacturers, and is in so exceeding thriving a way, that it is, they tell me, considerably increased even since last year when Mr. Millar was there. I returned thence to Stirling, and visited the castle, and went over the noble monuments of the amazing grandeur of our kings before the union of the crowns that are crumbling into dust. Here is a fine palace built by King James the Fifth, and a parliament-house, infinitely superior to that of Westminster. Here is a chapel also, purposely erected for the christening of Prince Henry, King Charles the First's eldest brother. Had he been preserved, who knows how things might now have been altered from what they

they are.—All these are hastening to decay, as no care is taken of any thing here except the fortifications. I had forgot to tell you, that the great church at Glasgow, and that noble structure at Paisley, are about 600 years old, and are most authentic proofs of the power of the church, or rather churchmen, in those days, who were able, in times of poverty and rudeness, to erect a variety of piles, any one of which would sensibly distress the whole kingdom, now, in its improved and flourishing state, to finish. On my return to Edinburgh, I passed by the ruins of the abbacy of Culross, part of which is now turned into a stable. The remains of gentlemen's houses, of long standing, occur every where; in which the builders have visibly studied strength and security, preferably to pleasure and conveniency. During this excursion, I was continually comparing past times with the present; the ancient glory of a prince, and a few noble families, supported at the

expenditure of the lives of some, and the liberties of all the rest of the people, (who, the clergy excepted, laboured under the last degree of poverty, slavery, and ignorance) with the present economy of things, when our merchants are princes, and tradesmen enjoy the good things of the earth; when property may be acquired and safely enjoyed by the meanest labourer; and when superstition and ignorance can hardly find shelter in our meanest cottages. And yet, comfortable as this comparison is, the ruin of these ancient badges of our slavery, by reason of their splendour and magnificence, impresses me with a very deep concern.

I have insensibly spun out a long letter, without saying hardly any thing; and, lest I tire you too much at once, I shall only add, at present, the assurances of my most perfect gratitude and esteem, being always,

Dear Sir,

Your's, &c.

W. STRAHAN.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Edinburgh, Sept. 16, 1749.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I sit down to write to you, I present you before my eyes, with a smile of complacency overspreading your intelligent countenance, as if telling me, before I put pen to paper, that you expected to hear nothing new from me; but that's your fault, not mine. Had you been less assiduous in storing your mind with every sort of useful knowledge, you would yet have had something to learn. I have the pleasure of daily making new discoveries, which *you*, who have long ago travelled over the whole territories of human nature, are already intimately acquainted with. In this respect, I am happier than you.—“I am glad of it, Mr. Strahan; I envy not your superior ignorance, I assure you.”

This moment I was going to say several

bright things, which, as I am afraid I shall not be able to recollect again, I am sorry to tell you, you will probably lose for ever; but was interrupted by several people, who insist on my company, whether I will or no. I must therefore hasten to tell you, that I have had the pleasure and honour of your kind epistle; that my face, sleek as it is, I am very sensible will, in time, if it lasts, undergo a change, which I now neither hope for nor fear—that I hope I shall be able to tell you this, to *your face*, twenty years hence:—that my wife says she loves you, as does also her old infirm mother; poor conquests you would say, if you were not Mr. Richardson:—that I have not yet seen Mrs. A——, but intend it soon:—that Mr. ——— is in Ireland, from whom you need never expect any thing:—that ——— is in the North just now, but having got a good post, you will surely recover his money; please, therefore, send me down
another

myself, I think I shall ever endeavour to pay all I can towards the interest of them, since the principal I am afraid I shall never be able to discharge. I know you may justly reproach me with neglecting one affair in particular you recommended to me; but I can with great truth say, it proceeds not from indolence, or any worse cause, but purely from an almost irresistible dislike to that sort of employment, which I really did not perceive in myself before, but which I am determined nevertheless to conquer.

I take this opportunity also to acquaint you, that my spouse was yesterday, between six and seven in the morning, safely delivered of a boy. She and I had long ago determined, if this child should be a male, to name it Samuel, after you; to make him, as it were, a living monument of your friendship; but without intention of putting you to expence, as I never make any formal christening. This, I hope, you will do me the honour to accept of.

I shall

I shall ever retain that just value and esteem for your singular humanity and goodness, which such a variety of amiable qualities never fail to command; and it shall always be my sincere wish, that you may enjoy a good state of health, to enable you to do all the good that is in your heart to do; that your young and promising family may exceed all your expectations of them; and that they, with Mrs. Richardson, (whose invincible honesty of heart, and unaffected love and veneration for you, must daily gain ground in the affections of a heart like your's) may all concur to make life serenely agreeable to you. I am, &c.

WILLIAM STRAHAN.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

September 21, 1749.

DEAR SIR,

|| I THINK it is an observation of your own, that people cannot be at a loss for a
 : H 4 subject

subject when they write to those they esteem and love. I own I am entirely of your opinion, and therefore when I sit down to write to you, I am not at all puzzled to say enough, but only to say something that may in some degree deserve your reading. If this was not the case, you might expect to be overpowered with my letters, as you have often been with my talking, when, from a sincere desire to please and divert you, (however short I came of my intention) I have opened the sluices of every folly in my brain, and overwhelmed you with nonsense.

Since I wrote last I have been in the north, seeing an old and a dear comrade, the parting from whom pierced me to the very soul. In my way I visited the ancient city of St. Andrew's, a most august monument of the splendour of the Scots episcopal church in former times. It is a most awful heap of ruins, to which I could wish all high-churchmen in Britain would take
a visit

a visit once a-year, in pilgrimage, where they will behold a tremendous and amazing instance to what a deplorable degree of contempt and ruin they may reduce themselves, by their excessive arrogance, pride, and oppression.

On my return I had the pleasure to receive your letter. I shall set out for London in about eight days, and hope to have the pleasure to see you ten days after that.

This recess from the hurry of business has been no disagreeable pause to me: it has, I may venture to say, afforded me both amusement and instruction. It is like turning over another leaf in the book of life, which, though not so crowded with the most useful matter, is nevertheless much fairer to the eye, more legible and pleasant in the reading. In traversing the country I have had occasion to see several pictures of life, which, though not entirely new to me, were yet nearly so. I have seen (a rare sight in London) indolence,

lence, inactivity, poverty, tranquillity, and happiness, dwelling under one roof. I have seen the several gradations from that to the busy moiling trader, and from him again to those who were born to every earthly enjoyment. How seemingly different their situations, how nearly equal their pretences to real happiness! What an amazing variety in one little island. Here the poor reaper issues from his homely cot, in the bleak regions of the everlasting mountains, contented if after the weeks of harvest are over in the more fertile plains, he can return home with a few shillings to subsist him till the return of that season. This is the utmost his most laborious employment of cutting down the corn, can procure him. There, the merchant thirsts after a princely inheritance; or the ambitious statesman labours to lord it not only over all his fellow-subjects, but even over his prince. But I will tire you no longer than till I tell you, that I have seen

Captain

Captain C——, who is a very pretty gentleman, and lives in the finest house in Scotland, which he is exceedingly fond of, and is indeed particularly pleased with this country. I am really greatly affected, and my wife more so, with the loss of my pretty little Anne, and could delineate the pangs I felt on that occasion, but that I write to one who is too susceptible of the most tender impressions, and who has had too many occasions (may he never have another) to exercise the most difficult of all christian duties, resignation to the will of heaven.

I hope you will believe, that I remember not only you, but your's, with very great respect and affection. I wish to find health even in that part of your family where you seem least to expect it; and my wife and her mother join me in every good wish to you all.

I am, &c.

W. STRAHAN.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Answick, Oct. 1, 1749.

DEAR SIR,

I AM thus far on my road to you, and long to finish my journey; but as I travel with women and a child, we make but a slow progress.

Had I a tolerable pen, I could describe to you, I think, in lively colours, what I felt at parting with dear friends, some of whom I am sure I shall see no more. I could tell you how exquisitely pleasing the sight of my native country has been to me; and how easily, how naturally, how cordially, I have renewed old friendships. I could tire you with descriptions of the different states of my mind, as I was differently affected with joy, sorrow, surprise, &c. I could paint to you the analogy between an excursion of this kind, and the
journey

journey of life itself. But these things I must defer for a few days longer, and am, meanwhile,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient

humble servant,

W. STRAHAN.

P.S. There is a very pretty lady in company, much resembling your Clarissa.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

York, October 5, 1749.

DEAR SIR,

ONCE more—I am now half way, and shall have the pleasure of seeing you two days after you receive this: as nothing has occurred during our journey worth mentioning, I have nothing to say on that subject. The lady in my last postscript is one
after

after your own heart; she has true simplicity of manners, attended at the same time with a most becoming and easy dignity. Her person is well proportioned and stately, and commands respect; her deportment, her unaffected and engaging affability and constitutional good-nature, commands your affection; she discovers a fund of good sense, and knowledge of life and manners, accompanied with a solidity of judgment rarely to be found with so few years, and so much beauty: her sweet temper is most engaging, whilst her conversation is most instructive. Having seen much of the world, she seems to have made a very proper use of it, and made a just estimate of human life. Thus qualified, I prophesy you will be very fond of her. I have not done her half justice; your penetrating judgment will soon discover a thousand beauties which I have not sagacity enough to find out: But from what I have said, you may easily perceive my
wife

wife has no small cause of jealousy ; but I am open and above-board with it, and freely own I cannot help admiring beauty and loving virtue, wherever I find it ; and she has good sense enough not to be offended, and is indeed as fond of her as I am.

While I am writing, I cannot help looking back with some astonishment on my manner of life for these two months. Instead of plodding in business ; hunting after pleasure, roving from place to place, from company to company, with a degree of unconcern about my most material affairs, which I did not believe myself capable of. These scenes have, however, been interspersed with others of a distressful kind, which gave me pause ; and while they melted my heart with grief, and stirred up all that was friendly and affectionate in me, at the same time afforded proper motives for recollection, and gave occasion for many serious, and, I hope, not unuseful reflections.

Your

Your goodness and your known friendship for me, will, I hope, excuse me for troubling you, upon all occasions, with whatever is uppermost in my heart. You, yourself, will answer for me, that I mean well; for you know how much I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged

and affectionate

humble servant,

WM. STRAHAN.

CORRESPONDENCE
BETWEEN
MR. RICHARDSON
AND
MR. HARRIS.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Sarum, June 13, 1749.

DEAR SIR,

I AM much obliged for your kind present; yet, not so much for that, as for the very friendly and benevolent manner in which you make it. As to the work itself, I shall always value it, as having that stamp or character which alone can make any work valuable, to the liberal and disinterested; that is, I shall value it as the work not only of a sensible, but of an honest man.

My wife begs your acceptance of her compliments. With her's I join my own
to

to Mrs. Richardson, and your little family, for whose welfare you have our sincerest wishes. I am, Dear sir,

Your most obedient servant,

JAMES HARRIS.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Sarum, Jan. 19, 1752.

DEAR SIR,

II AM glad that Hermes has been able to merit the approbation of so worthy a man, and so rational a reader, as yourself. It would be hard, indeed, if the notion of learning were confined to the mere knowledge of one or two dead languages. Whoever surely possesses a good understanding, duly exercised upon becoming subjects, may justly aspire both to the name and to the character. In this light I consider yourself, having withal this farther
reason

reason to applaud you, that the sordid views of trade have not (as usual) been so far able to engross you, as to withdraw you from the contemplation of more rational, more ingenuous, and (what perhaps may sound strange to many of your neighbours) more interesting subjects.

Your kind wishes for my family I accept with thanks. Be pleased to accept, in return, the sincerest wishes both of myself and wife, for the prosperity of all that you call your's, believing me to be, as I truly am,

Dear Sir,

Your very sincere friend,

and humble servant,

JAMES HARRIS.

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

MR. RICHARDSON

AND

MR. CAVE.

TO MR. CAVE.

Aug. 9, 1750.

MR. CAVE,

THOUGH I have constantly been a purchaser of the Ramblers from the first five that you was so kind as to present me with, yet I have not had time to read any farther than those first five, till within these two or three days past. But I can go no further than the thirteenth, now before me, till I have acquainted you, that I am inexpressibly pleased with them. I remember not any thing in the Spectators, in those Spectators.

Spectators that I read, for I never found time—(Alas! my life has been a trifling busy one) to read them all, that half so much struck me; and yet I think of them highly.

I hope the world tastes them; for its own sake, I hope the world tastes them! The author I can only guess at. There is but one man, I think, that could write them; I desire not to know his name; but I should rejoice to hear that they succeed; for I would not, for any consideration, that they should be laid down through discouragement.

I have, from the first five, spoke of them with honour. I have the vanity to think that I have procured them admirers; that is to say, *readers*. And I am vexed that I have not taken larger draughts of them before, that my zeal for their merit might have been as glowing as now I find it.

Excuse the overflowing of a heart highly delighted with the subject, and believe me

to

to be an equal friend to Mr. Cave and the Rambler, as well as

Their most humble servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

St. John's Gate, August 23, 1750.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED the pleasure of your letter of the 9th inst. at Gloucester, and did intend to answer it from that city, though I had but one sound hand (the cold and rain on my journey having given me the gout); but, as soon as I could ride, I went to Westminster, the seat of Mr. Cambridge, who entertained the Prince there, and, in his boat, on the Severn. He kept me one night, and took me down part of his river to the Severn, where I sailed in one of his boats, and took a view of another of a peculiar

culiar make, having two keels, or being rather two long canoes, connected by a floor or stage. I was then towed back again to sup and repose. Next morning he explained to me the contrivance of some waterfalls, which seem to come from a piece of water which is four feet lower. The three following days I spent in returning to town, and could not find time to write in an inn.

I need not tell you that the Prince appeared highly pleased with every thing that Mr. Cambridge shewed, though he called him upon deck often to be seen by the people on the shore, who came in prodigious crowds, and thronged from place to place, to have a view as often as they could, not satisfied with one; so that many who came between the towing line and the bank of the river were thrown into it, and his royal highness could scarce forbear laughing; but sedately said to them, "I am sorry for your condition."

Excuse

Excuse this ramble from the purpose of your letter. I return to answer, that Mr. Johnson is the *Great Rambler*, being, as you observe, the only man who can furnish two such papers in a week, besides his other great business, and has not been assisted with above three.

I may discover to you, that the world is not so kind to itself as you wish it. The encouragement, as to sale, is not in proportion to the high character given to the work by the judicious, not to say the raptures expressed by the few that do read it; but its being thus relished in numbers gives hope that the sets must go off, as it is a fine paper, and, considering the late hour of having the copy, tolerably printed.

When the author was to be kept private (which was the first scheme), two gentlemen, belonging to the Prince's court, came to me to enquire his name, in order to do him service; and also brought a list of seven gentlemen to be served with the Rambler.

Rambler. As I was not at liberty, an inference was drawn, that I was desirous to keep to myself so excellent a writer. Soon after, Mr. Doddington sent a letter directed to *the Rambler*, inviting him to his house, when he should be disposed to enlarge his acquaintance. In a subsequent number a kind of excuse was made, with an hint that a good writer might not appear to advantage in conversation. Since that time, several circumstances, and Mr. Garrick and others, who knew the author's powers and stile from the first, unadvisedly asserting their (but) suspicions, overturned the scheme of secrecy. (About which there is also one paper.)

I have had letters of approbation from Dr. Young, Dr. Hartley, Dr. Sharpe, Miss C——, &c. &c. most of them, like you, setting them in a rank equal, and some superior, to the Spectators (of which I have not read many for the reasons which you assign): but, notwithstanding such recom-

mendation, whether the price of *two-pence*, or the unfavourable season of their first publication, hinders the demand, no boast can be made of it.

The author (who thinks highly of your writings) is obliged to you for contributing your endeavours; and so is, for several marks of your friendship,

Good Sir,

Your admirer,

and very humble servant,

E. CAVE.

LETTER
FROM
LORD ORRERY
TO
MR. RICHARDSON.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Marston House, near Frome, in Somersetshire,
Nov. 9, 1753.*

SIR,

BY means of Mr. Leake, I yesterday received your most valuable present. Give me leave to thank you, not only in my own name, but in the name of my whole family. Yet, I own, we thank you for sleepless nights and sore eyes, and perhaps, there are aching hearts and salt tears still in reserve for us.

I wish your gift might have been to a more useful servant ; but, as I feared, so I found it impossible to be the important friend I most heartily wished myself*. However, I was happy in receiving your commands ; and I hope my ill success will not hinder you from giving me opportunity of publicly shewing myself, Sir,

Your obliged and obedient,

humble Servant,

ORRERY.

* Relating to the Irish Piracy.

CORRESPONDENCE
BETWEEN
MR. RICHARDSON
AND
THE REV. SAMUEL LOBB,
AND
WILLIAM LOBB, JUN.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

May 21, 1743.

DEAR SIR,

I SHOULD have thought a compliance with my request *, without any marks to distinguish it from those that are usual on such occasions, a very great obligation upon me; but a compliance so big with generosity as your's, in terms that express:

* To stand god-father to his child.

just what I was wishing, but, really, was far from having the presumption or vanity to expect, shews not a bare esteem, but the affection of a sincere friend; and this accompanied with such a respect for one, indeed, of the best of wives and mothers; and with such tenderness for the dear little stranger you so kindly consider already as your own. So unexpectedly engaging a compliance as this, affected me on my first perusing your most obliging letter; and every time I think of it, still affects me in a manner I can no other way give you the idea of, than by referring you to what you must have felt yourself, if at any time, with such warm wishes for an interest in the friendship of a person you most highly valued, you have had your expectations so agreeably disappointed and exceeded, as by a goodness that admits of but few examples, mine have now been.

I do not pretend, by thus referring you to your own sentiments of gratitude, that
mine

mine are equally grateful. The true sterling generosity is uniform and of a piece on all occasions, if exerting itself; and, therefore, shews itself as much in acknowledging, and, where there is the opportunity, in returning obligations, as in seeking and embracing opportunities of conferring them.

On the 19th of May, through the goodness of God, we had all the friends with us we had invited, but Mrs. Leake, and Mrs. Oliver, who were not horsewomen enough to accompany our other friends. What an additional pleasure would it have been, could your affairs, and the time, have permitted you to have indulged your kind disposition of making one of the company.

Our much esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, desired me to send you their best compliments, and to Mrs. Richardson, of whom Mrs. Allen speaks with great respect and good-liking.

The god-father and god-mother of our

dear little fellow surprised us with their liberality on the occasion. The evening my friends were going, I gave the nurse, who is a widow with seven children, three guineas, without any intimation that any thing more was likely to come to her share; for this she was very thankful; but when, the next day, I added the other three guineas, she was almost beside herself, and, in the surprise of her joy, she fell down on her knees, stammering out a million, ten millions, of thanks, with a most beautiful and natural remark on the goodness of God, in the care of the fatherless and widow. It was very affecting to see the natural workings of a grateful mind.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate
friend and servant,

S. LOBB.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

March 1, 1747-8.

DEAR SIR,

A CERTAIN friend, that at present shall be nameless, has laid me under a very great and unreturnable obligation, by a very singular and quite unexpected favour. Now, though it be ever so much against me, I will do him the justice to give you his true character; or else, you know, how will you be able to form a judgment? If any good quality may be said to be born with a person, generosity and he were certainly born together. I do not mean that they were twins; it is part of his very self. Now you must be sensible that such a person (which is another consideration that makes terribly against me) can never confer a favour, but he makes it as big again as it would be (were it conferred by another of less generosity), by the very man-

ner of his conferring it. The case therefore, in short, is this. This friend has obliged me, as above, so long ago as the 12th day of January last; and now it is the first day of March, and, in all this time, that is, in the space of near six-and-forty days, has not had from me so much as a bare acknowledgment. And now, in spite of your own generosity, tell me the truth: do not you feel your breast rise with some degree of indignation; and have you not already passed sentence upon me, as chargeable with the crime I pretend to such an abhorrence of? Why, really, while I have the case, as I have stated it, in view, without my defence, I am apt to take your part, and feel some of that very indignation myself; but still I will not plead guilty, till, after your having fairly weighed what I have to allege in my behalf; you declare, that in spite of your prejudice in my favour you must be against me. That, indeed, will sink me at once!

That

That will bring me on my knees:—but I hope better things. Thus, then, stands my defence.—I received the favour, with all the sentiments the nature of it, and the manner of conferring it, could inspire. I admired the benefaction. I loved my friend for his generosity. I felt myself warmed with all the gratitude an ingenuous mind would wish to feel. I was full of it. I must also confess, that, being then a visitor at the house of a gentleman of the very same stamp for generosity and goodness, one Ralph Allen, Esq. in the impatience of my gratitude, or, perhaps, rather of my pride to shew him what a footing I had in the friendship of one, whose character I knew he was no stranger to, I shewed him my friend's letter, without so much as once thinking, till afterward, of the construction it was capable of—that of an invitation to go and do likewise. I own, even that after-thought gave me no real pain; for as he needs no intimations of that sort, so,

from his knowledge both of my circumstances and my character, I was satisfied he could not suspect me of being guilty of such a meanness. But to return to my other friend ; with the same grateful sentiments, and, I will not deny it, with the same pleasing vanity, I betrayed his generosity to more than he is acquainted with : but he knows the above-mentioned gentleman's lady ; he has some knowledge of Dr. Oliver, of Bath ; and a greater of Mr. and Mrs. Leake, of the same city, who were of the number of those to whom, in the fulness of my heart, I shewed the letter I was so proud of. So that, I flatter myself, you will allow that I have nothing further to account for, but my deferring so long my acknowledgements to himself. Why, what if I hesitated a little whether I ought to accept of the favour ? But, indeed, no : my friend's generosity furnished him with an expedient by which, I know, he designed to remove that difficulty. For
he

he throws in my way a pretty little godson of his, whom he knows I love as well as himself, in such a manner, that my refusing his kindness might be construed a faulty disregard to that little fellow.

I am, &c.

S. LOBB.

TO MR. S. LOBB.

London, March 7, 1747-8.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR kind acceptance overpays the present; and your equally kind letter, by its agreeable length, and the heart that it incloses, more than make amends for the delay you blame yourself for. I must have over-valued the trifle almost as much as you do, had I presumed to harbour the least hard thought of a friend I esteem so
 much

much (and that for his unquestionable goodness of heart), because he observed not a punctilio. I am even sorry that you should seem to think yourself under the necessity of apologizing on this score; had you been as many weeks as days in answering, well as I love to hear from you, I should only have doubted your health, and been solicitous to have put a private enquiry after it into my next letter to Bath, and enjoined it to be kept private, lest it should have been a reflection on my own expectation for a thing so much in the way of my business, and so very a nothing in itself.

I was a little concerned at first reading your letter, where you mention the shewing of mine to several of my worthy and valued friends; but was easy when I considered, that you, undesignedly, gave greater reputation to your own amiably grateful disposition in the over-rate, than could be due to me, had the matter been of much higher value.

My

My sincere respects to your other self, and kindest love, as well as blessing, to my godson, not forgetting the other young gentleman, from whom not only I, but all who have seen or heard of him, expect great things; and who will never forget (from such a monitor as he has the happiness to have) that great means, at least, includes, as of necessary consequence, good.

I am, &c.

S. RICHARDSON.

TO MR. W. LOBB.

London, Dec. 29, 1755.

I HAVE finished, thank God! the building that has engaged my attention for many past months; and now am collecting the letters of my kind correspondents, which I had not answered, because of that engagement,

engagement, in order to perform that duty.

A very kind one of your's, my dear Mr. Lobb, rises to my eye, bearing date Sept. 20, 1755. Can that be the last you wrote? Have I not mislaid one of a later? I had the pleasure of seeing you since; I apologized to you for my silence to that letter; I told you how much I was engaged, mind and person, with workmen of almost all denominations; and you was so kind as to say, that if I were to be further hindered from writing in answer to your's that had come to hand, you would write again, despising form, &c. Surely, then, some other intermediate letter must have been written, and miscarried. September, October, November, December. If you have not written in all this space of time, write now, to let me know how you have been engaged; what studies you have mastered; what improvements are made, or hoped for, by the pupils entrusted to your care; what

what more valuable correspondents have been gratified, &c.

Your's, of the 20th of Sept. the last of your's that came to my hand, was a very pleasing one, as it gave me assurances, that you would copy into your life and practice, all that was copiable (No academical word, I doubt; but it is mine, not yours.) in your different station, in Sir Charles Grandison. Look to it, my dear Mr. Lobb; I value not myself for any quality (invention, or any thing whatever,) so much as for the assurances of this nature, which you, and some of my young friends, have given me. If there be any thing amiable in the better characters of my humble performances, and thought so, and pointed out by young gentlemen and young ladies as such, and which they promise to make subjects for imitation, I hold them to it in my mind, and try them by their own professions. Have you the copy of that letter by you? you promise largely in it, my dear young friend.

friend. You are esteemed much in the university for the talents lent you: you have raised in me an high opinion of them. Take care; let me repeat.—Not for my sake, but your own! take care!

Who now are your rising geniuses at Cambridge? What new works are in hand? I love your *Alma Mater*. May you be more and more an ornament to it, and a comfort and pleasure to the dear parents I love, and who so well deserve it, prays

Your's, most sincerely,

S. RICHARDSON.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

AN answer already! Now is he wanting to know what I have heard about his Billy. Ha'n't I hit it, friend Lobb? Not the only motive, I assure you; yet I must ask my

my friend, what he has heard of my boy, that occasioned such an affectionate congratulation. But, on second thoughts, I think I will not; for why do I want to know what? Do I pretend to be a stranger to the honour he has received? I do not. Indeed, I know enough to think myself under great obligations to the gracious giver of his parts, and of his opportunities and inclinations for improving them; and I hope all his good friends and mine will join their best remembrances with our's for the favours he has received, and pray that they may be long continued, and always improved, to his being while he lives, and to his long being a most amiable example of a person's improving and employing fine parts to worthy purposes. "As to his negligence in writing, do not suppose our Billy to be one of my correspondents: I have not for a long time received a letter from him." "Our Billy!" how kind is that? How shall I bring

I bring my poor boy off, charged with a neglect that has such an ugly appearance of his not having been so grateful as he should have been? You are a father, and cannot, in your heart, find fault with a father, for suggesting what shall occur to his thoughts to lessen his son's offence. But the truth of the case I take to be this. Ever since he has been at the university, he has had a larger acquaintance than has been common for an obscure country clergyman; all along he has had, from principle, a concern to answer his friends' expectations, which could only be by a proper application. Every week, after the first month, during the time of his being from me, he has wrote to me once, and generally three parts of a sheet: when he is to write to a friend, he must write something worth writing: for that, every one of good parts is not so well qualified. I will not pretend to clear him absolutely; but to save him, at least, from so heavy a charge as that
of

of having been ungrateful, I must acquaint you, that before the bishop left college, he told him he had not yet done with him, by any means, and let him know he should expect to hear from him now and then. This obliged him to acquaint his lordship with his success on his trial for his degree; to which his lordship wrote him a very friendly answer: and about the same time I received a letter myself from his lordship, acquainting me as to the satisfaction he had had as to his parts, acquirements, and behaviour.

I am, &c.

W. LOBB.

TO THE REV. MR. LOBB.

London, Nov. 10, 1756.

WHY did my dear and reverend friend so severely and so repeatedly chide his son for not calling upon me in his way to the
Devizes?

Devizes? You say you repeated your chidings oftener than he cared you should. Do we not know that love, were that, in the present case, wanting (the contrary of which I hope and believe), is not to be forced? And, did I not know my young friend better, I should have been afraid he would have loved me less for your chidings. Is it not natural for young people to abate of their esteem for those by whom they suffer in that of their first friends? But I know what your chidings were.—Do not I see you in the very act, with tears of joy in your honest eyes—“ Billy, my love! you might have called—you should have called, methinks—should you not, on our friend R——?” As if, as an abatement prudential of your sobbing joy, his merit at the university, his duty to you in presence, after a considerable absence, were necessary to give expression to your overflowing love.

Well, but all has been made up on his
return

return from you. He called upon me here, with your very kind letters. He dined with me and my family at Parson's Green, and again called upon me here before he set out for Cambridge; but I was not so lucky as to be within: and if he writes to me from college, as he has leisure, I shall think myself much obliged to him. We elders love to be taken notice of by our ingenious and worthy juniors. How much more, then, to be defended by them when attacked, as in the extract in your son's letter, in answer to Mr. Greville's cavils?

I am much obliged to the young gentleman for his defence of my writings, and for his acknowledged friendship to me but be pleased to know, that if he had not rated me so high, I would not have been mortally displeased with him for his not calling upon me, though I am always very glad to see him.

As to Mr. Greville, I know not the gentleman by person; by character, I am told

he

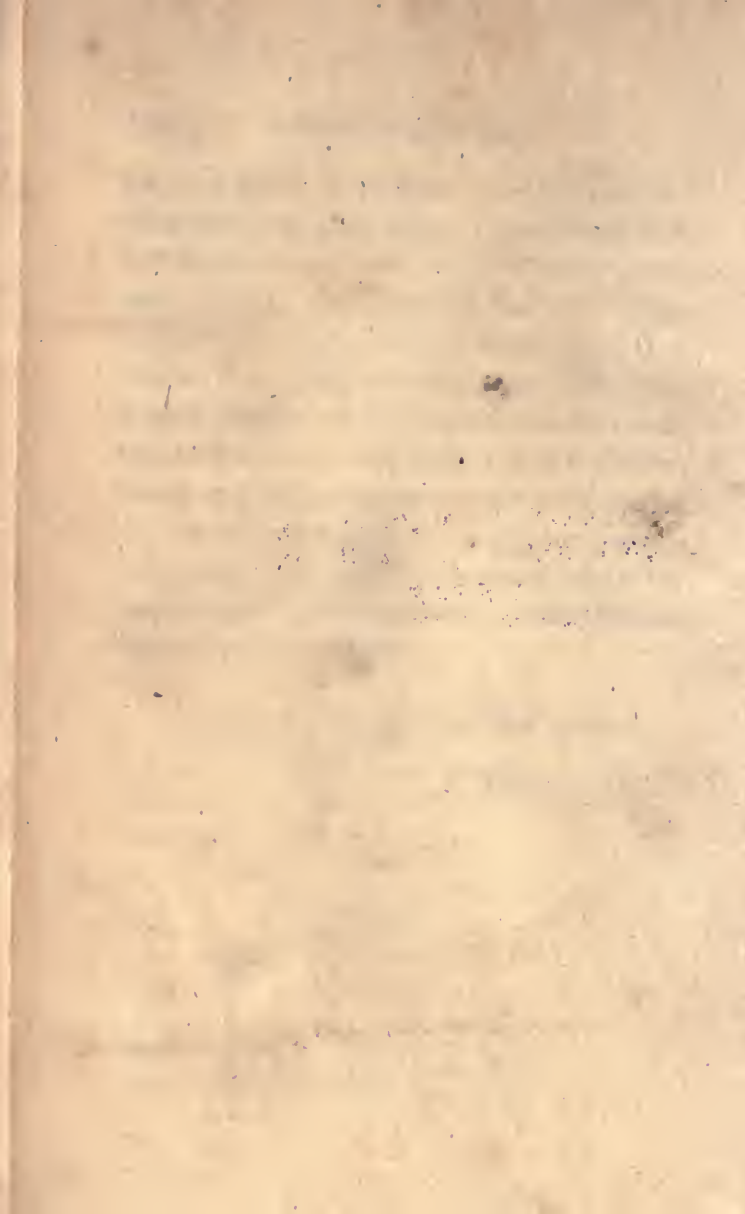
he is a lively, gay man, one who knows what they call high life. I contented myself to say to a friend, in perusing his censure on me, that possibly the gentleman might be right in one half of what he said against me; and, as to the other half, if he valued himself on the superior opportunities he has had to be polite and well-educated, and the writings of both were to be the test of our merits, it would, by competent judges, perhaps be as much matter of wonder that I did no worse, than that he did not perform better.

I am, dear Sir, your faithful servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

END OF VOL. I.



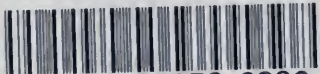




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LOS ANGELES



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