



# Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

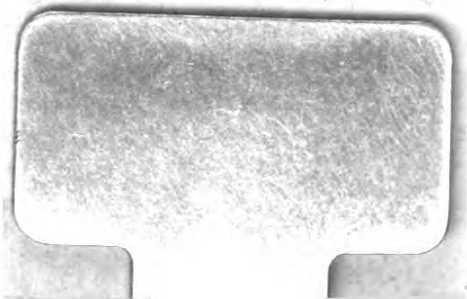
<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.



E 50





X L68.6!

To be returned

16 MAY 1949

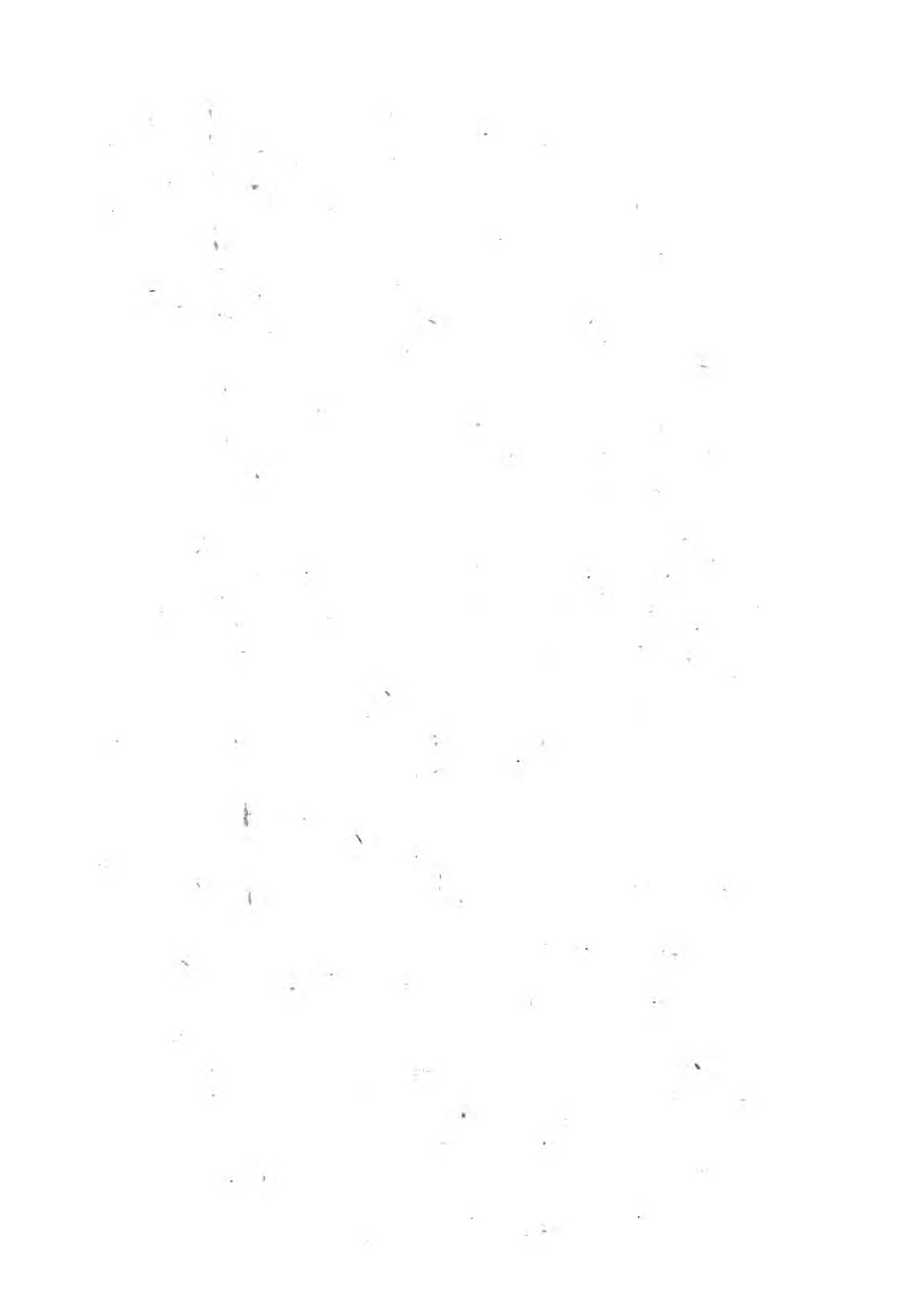
25 NOV 1949

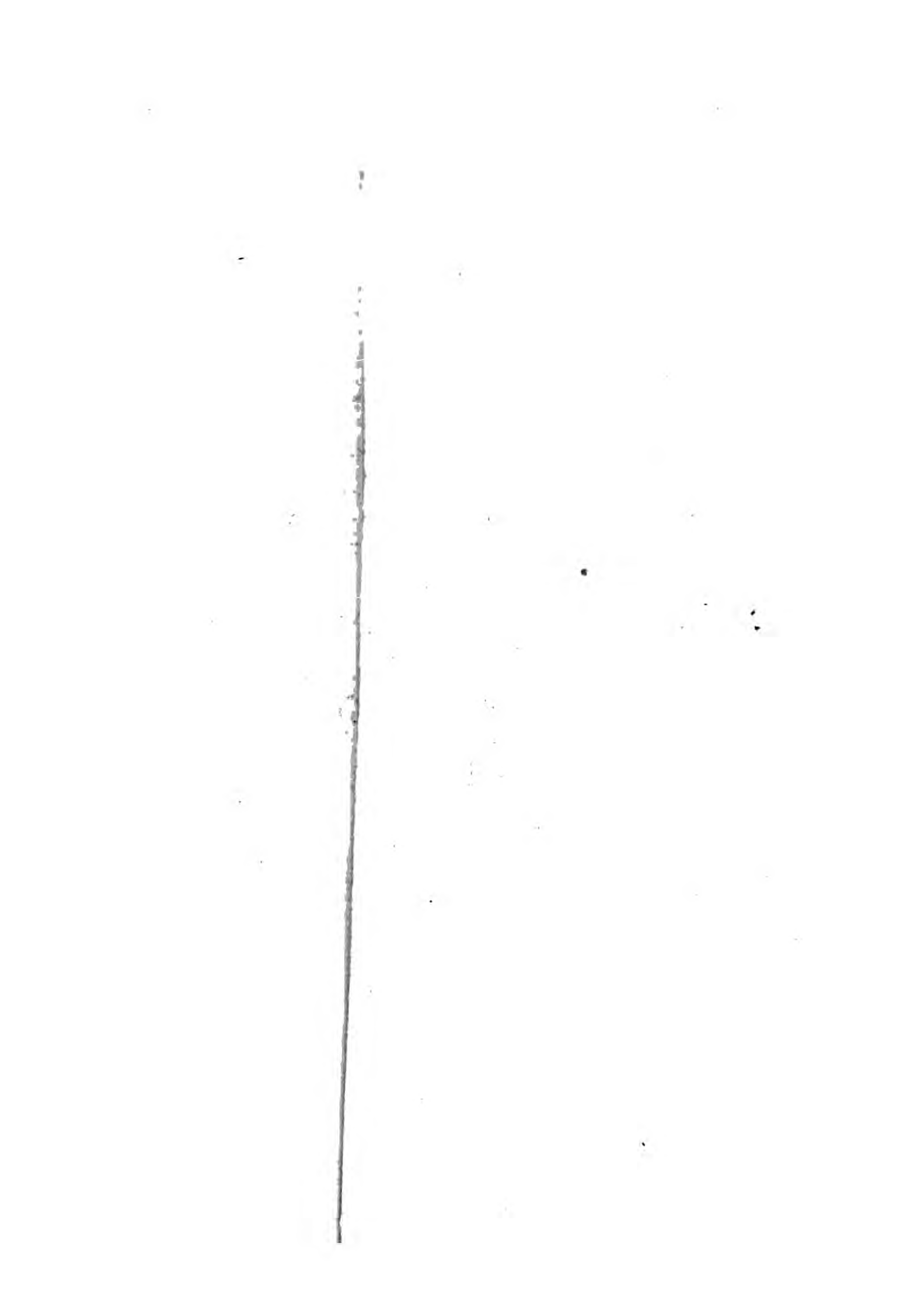
DEC 3 - 1954

19 JAN 1966

NOV 16 1967







*Grotto of his House at North End, from a drawing made at the time, by Miss Highmore*



*Mulso, afterwards M<sup>rs</sup> Chapone.  
Prescott, afterwards M<sup>rs</sup> Mulso.  
Rev<sup>d</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Duncombe.  
Highmore afterwards M<sup>rs</sup> Duncombe!*

*Stadler sc*

*St Paul's 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.

---

---

VOL. II.

---

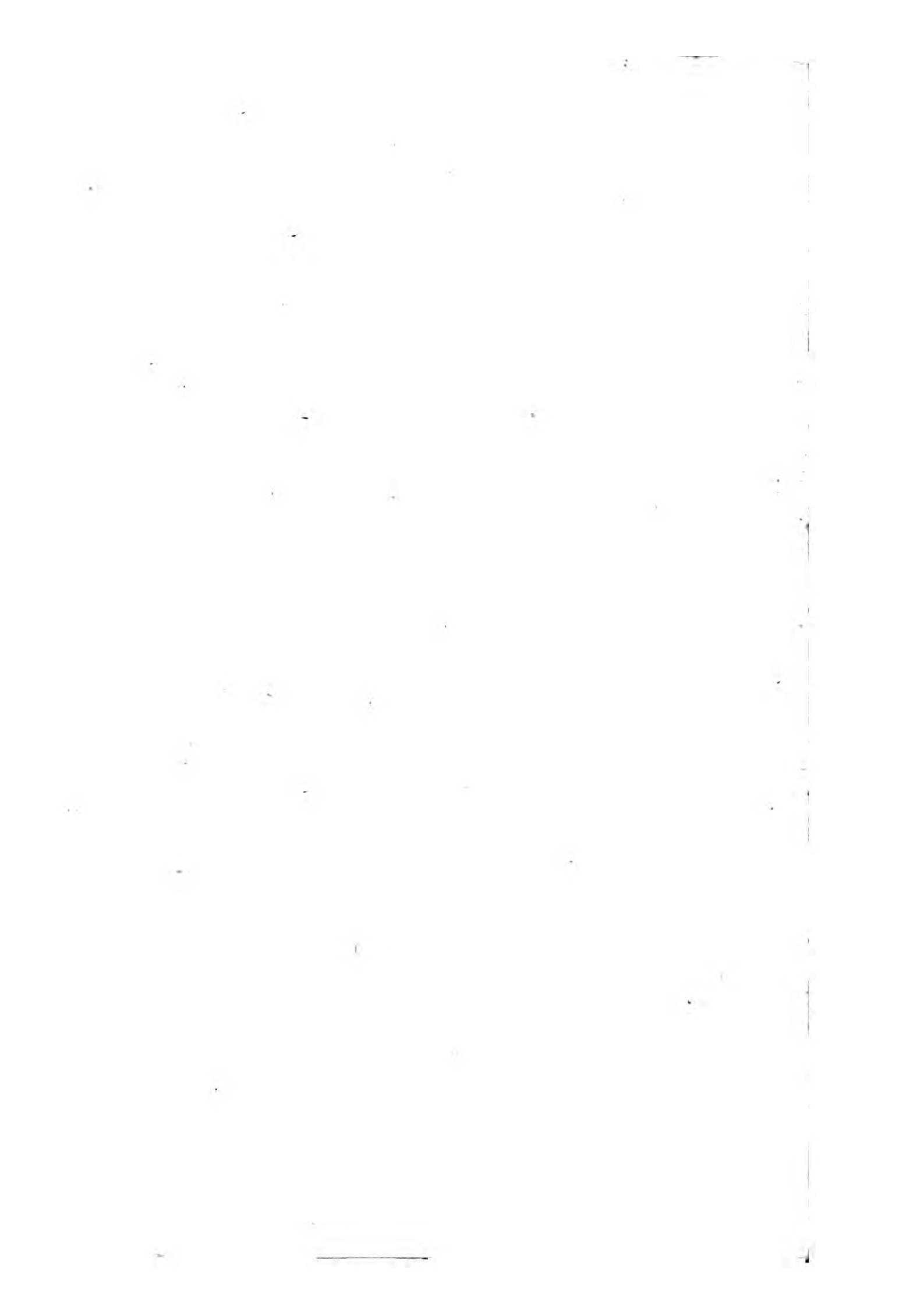
---

LONDON: PRINTED FOR RICHARD PHILLIPS, NO. 71,  
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1804.

---

J. ADLARD, Printer, Duke-street, West Smithfield.



J. Irving

C O N T E N T S  
OF  
VOL. II.

---

---

	PAGE
<i>Correspondence with Dr. Young . . . . .</i>	I
————— <i>Miss M. Collier and Miss</i>	
<i>Fielding . . . . .</i>	59
————— <i>Colly Cibber and Mrs. Pilk-</i>	
<i>ington . . . . .</i>	112
<i>Letter from the Rev. James Hervey . . . . .</i>	180
<i>Correspondence with the Rev. B. Kennicott . . . . .</i>	183
————— <i>Mr. Duncombe, Miss High-</i>	
<i>more, and Miss Mulso . . . . .</i>	203
————— <i>Mr. Channing and Mr. Spence</i>	319



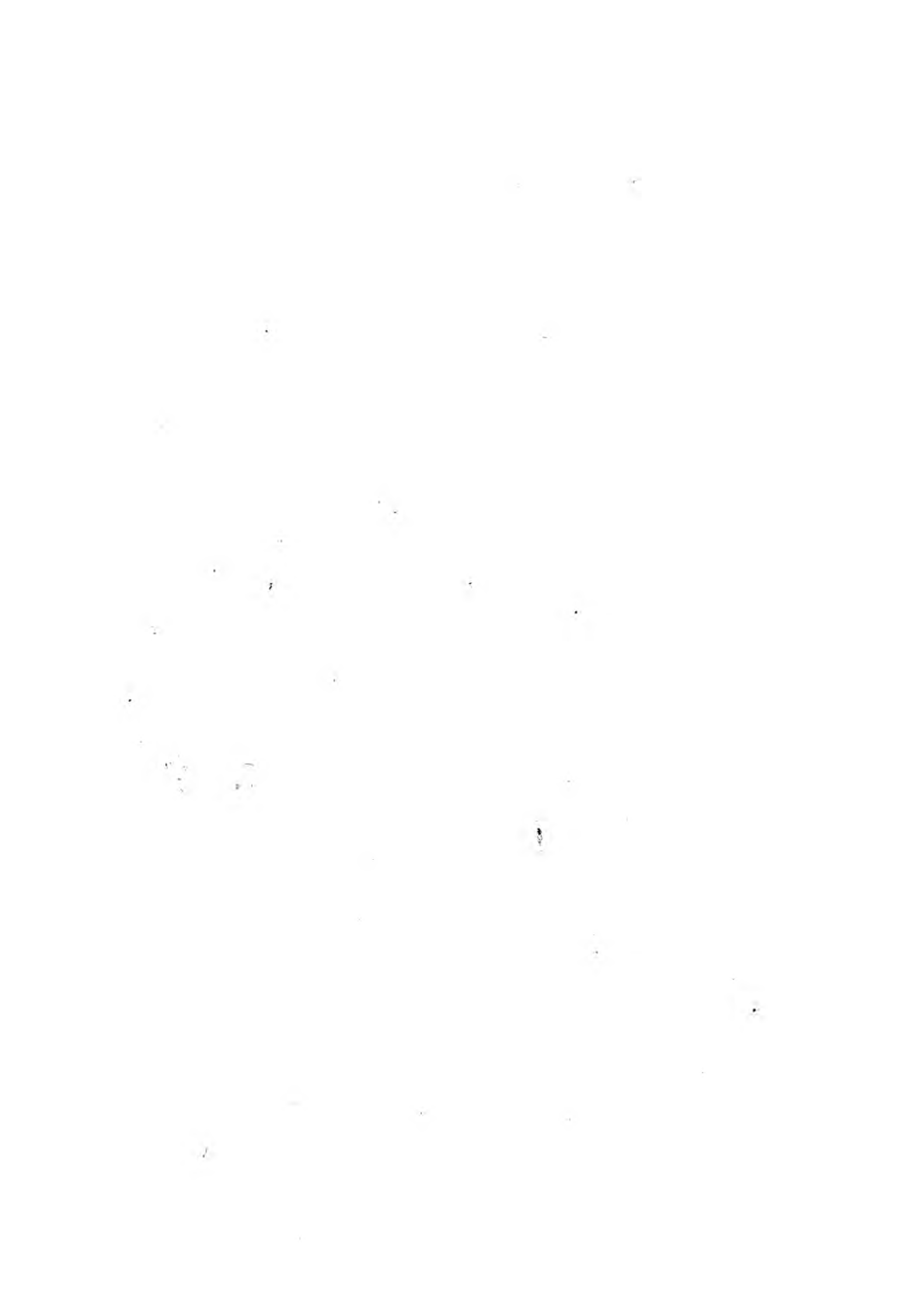


THE

CORRESPONDENCE

OF

RICHARDSON.





CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

MR. RICHARDSON

AND

DR. YOUNG.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*April 20th, 1744.*

DEAR SIR,

OUR good friend Sir John!!—The book you put into my hand at his request, I read; but my opinion of it would have been no comfort to any that expected any consolation that they found not obviously presented to them in the Gospel.

I have been much out of order, and a good deal in your way. My nerves were so tender, that a door clapt, or a dog running before me, on a sudden, gave me a shock which I did not understand before. I bless

VOL. II.

B

God,

God, I am much better, but not well. A great laziness and lowness hangs on me. I have several years been much out of order about this time, nor knew ('till I read your's) that the equinox had any thing to do with it; but I believe it has. I am heartily sorry that you bear so strong testimony on that side of the question. Caroline has just now read you over in your new and splendid suit, with which you was so kind as to present her; and she is too much a woman not to like you still better for being so well dressed. May the lesser felicities of this life, joined to those of your good heart, ever give you cause to rejoice! There is self-interest in this wish; for I shall partake in your satisfaction, and always continue,

Dear Sir,

your affectionate humble servant,

E. YOUNG.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Wellwyn, July 9, 1744.*

DEAR SIR,

MY house is full of friends, that congratulate my return to life: 'till now I knew not that report had buried me. But I cannot but steal from them, to let you know (this first post) how truly sensible I am of your late goodness.

Caroline and I by no means forget the respects we owe in Salisbury-court; yet must I particularly insist that, when you go to North End, you let Cleopatra and Octavia \* know, that by their favour I was so happy, that in their company and so sweet a retirement, I thought, with Antony, the world well lost.

At present, I am pretty much engaged in the *Last Night*, and hope you are no less so in your undertaking. It will have many more readers than I can expect. And he that writes popularly and well, does most

\* The Lives of Cleopatra and Octavia, written by Miss Fielding.



good; and he that does most good, is the best author.

Be not concerned about Lovelace: 'tis the likeness, not the morality, of a character we call for. A sign-post angel can by no means come into competition with the devils of Michael Angelo.

Heaven prosper you and your's. There are so many catching at you, and you are so unwilling to be caught, that I fear Wellwyn stands a bad chance.

I am, &c

E. YOUNG.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

1744.

DEAR SIR,

DOES Lovelace more than a proud, bold, graceless, heart, long indulged in vice, would naturally do? No. Is it contrary to the common method of Providence, to permit the best to suffer most? No. When the best do so suffer, does it not most deeply affect the human heart? Yes. And is it not your business

business to affect the human heart as deeply as you can? Yes.

Your critics, on seeing the first two or three acts of *Venice Preserved*, the *Orphan*, and *Theodosius*, would have advised that the innocent and amiable *Belvidera*, *Monimia*, and *Athenais*, should be made happy; and thus would have utterly ruined our three best plays.

But you ask, how come they then to give this advice? From ignorance, or envy, or affectation of a delicate concern and high zeal for virtue; or from such a degree of infidelity as suffers not their thoughts to accompany *Clarissa* any farther than her grave. Did they look farther, the pain they complain of would be removed; they would find her to be an object of envy as well as pity; and the *distressed* would be more than balanced by the *triumphant* *Clarissa*: and thus would they be reconciled to a story, at which their short-sighted tenderness for virtue pretends to take offence.

Believe me, Christians of taste will ap-  
B 3 plaud

plaud your plan, and they who themselves would act Lovelace's part, will find the greatest fault with it.

Your affectionate

humble servant,

E. YOUNG.

---

TO DR. YOUNG.

REV. SIR,

AS you propose to write to your bookseller, he will give you that account of the sale of your excellent piece, which I cannot but by enquiry of him.

Poor Sir John asked me several times after your opinion of "*Heaven opened to all Men.*" He was much taken with the book, because he would have it, that there was nothing in it contrary to the Gospel. I think he was a very good man and good Christian; and his liking proceeded from that humanity  
and

and benevolence, which, to me, appeared to shine out in him with great distinction, rather than from the *extraordinary* occasion he thought himself under (human frailty allowed for) to recur to such a subterfuge. He was very serious with me once or twice, because I had not read it. I told him (which was the truth) that I had but little time to read any thing that I thought controversial or shocking to fundamentals. On this occasion it was he told me, that he did not apprehend *this* to be such a piece; but that many texts were reconciled by it, that he knew not otherwise how to reconcile; and that if he thought it a heterodox piece, he would reject it. We both held ourselves suspended till your opinion of it came; then Sir John was to reconsider it: I was to read it—But why say I this now?

You do me great honor in remembering what takes up the leisure time of such a scribbler as I am. I have been so very much engaged in the Journals in the House of Commons, and in my other business, (not having an

B 4

overseer)

overseer) that I have not gone so far as I thought to have done by this time : then the unexpected success that attended the other thing, instead of encouraging me, has made me the more diffident. And I have run into such an egregious length, and am such a sorry pruner, tho' greatly luxuriant, that I am apt to add three pages for one I take away ! Altogether, I am frequently out of conceit with it.

May a constant stock of health and spirits attend you. The public is concerned in the wish. But were it not, the veneration I have for good Dr. Young would be a sufficient motive for me to wish it, for his own sake, with that zeal, wherewith I am

His most faithful well-wisher

and servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Wellwyn, Feb. 18th, 1745.*

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been under some pain ever since I received the favour of your last, or so kind a letter should not have been so long without a reply. But pain I have been acquainted with before, and have endeavoured not to be dejected under it. An even mind, undejected by ill, unelated by good, is an advice the wise Heathens inculcated as much, if not more, than any other. Nor has Scripture shewn it less regard. No single piece of wisdom seems to me so strongly guarded there as this equanimity. Two noble barriers are erected against our deviation on either hand: one in the History of Solomon, who, to suppress elevation, assures us, that the best is vain; one in the History of Job, who tells us, the worst is supportable; which truth is the present. I return to the good woman,



who favoured me with an ornament to my watch. There is a time when we should not only number *our* days, but our hours. Her present may stand my friend in this view : a measure of time is naturally an instrument of wisdom ; but more so is the good example of a valuable and valued friend.

This moment I hear the knell of a young gentleman and neighbour, cut off in his bloom by the small-pox. 'Tis very near us : I am afraid for Caroline, to whose family it has been very fatal.

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate and obliged

humble servant,

E. YOUNG.

*P. S.* As I was going to fold my letter, I heard a second knell. Asking whose it was, it proved my next neighbour's.—What has man to do but to know the vanity, and avoid the vexation, of human life ? Evils fly so near and so thick about us, that I'm half persuaded, my dear friend, that we should aim at little more than negative good here,

and positive in another scene. Escape here, and enjoyment hereafter.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Bulstrode, Nov. 26, 1745.*

MY VALUED FRIEND,

AFTER a very wet journey above and below, I arrived at this family, to arrive at which one would be glad to go through some difficulties. Virtue, prudence, peace, industry, ingenuity, and amiableness, dwell here. You will say I keep very good company ;— but you must know that anxiety has lately intruded, without the least invitation from folly or vice. The Duke\* has a considerable estate in and about Carlisle, which must have suffered much ; nor can they yet see to the end of the mischief. So that the common calamity makes more than a common impression here. God Almighty send us good news and good hearts.

\* Duke of Portland.

I was

I was a little struck at my first reading your list of evils in your last letter. Evils they are, but surmountable ones, and not only so, but actually by you surmounted, not more to the admiration, than the comfort, of all that know you. But granting them worse than they are, there is great difference between middle and *old age*. Hope is quartered on the middle of life, and fear on the latter end of it; and hope is ever inspiring pleasant dreams, and fear hideous ones.--- And if any good arises beyond our hope, we have such a diffidence of its stay, that the apprehension of losing it destroys the pleasure of possessing it: it adds to our fears, rather than encreases our joys. What shall we do in this case? Help me to an expedient: there is but one that I know of, which is, that since the things of this life, from their mixture, repetition, defectiveness, and, in age, short duration, are unable to satisfy, we must aid their *natural* by a *moral* pleasure; we must season them with a spice of religion, to make them more palatable; we must consider that

'tis

'tis God's will that we should be content and pleased with them : And thus the *thinness* of the *natural* pleasure, by our sense of joining an *obedience to Heaven* to it, will become much more *substantial*, and satisfactory.— We shall find great account in considering content, not only as a prudence, but as a *duty* too.

Religion is all; and (happy for us!) it is all-sufficient too in our last extremities; a full proof of which I will steal from yourself. So all-sufficient is religion, that you could not draw, in *Clarissa*, the strongest object of pity, without giving us in it (thanks to her religion) an object of envy too.

Pray my love and service to all, and to Mr. Groves among the rest, who has lately much obliged, Dear Sir,

Your truly affectionate

humble servant, and

Clarissa's admirer,

E. YOUNG.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Wellwyn, Dec. 10, 1745.*

DEAR SIR,

I FIND you and Mr. Groves (to whom my humble service) are two eels that are not to be caught; whereas you find me a perfect gudgeon. Whenever I swim with the stream of my own inclinations, you are sure of me. However, I thank you for your superfluous care of throwing out the bait of your kind invitation. Caroline begs her best respects to Mrs. Richardson and yourself; and many thanks for the present I brought her from you. She is far from well, but no symptoms of the disease we would particularly guard against: the disorder hangs chiefly on her spirits; and she told me, after she had dipt into your book,\* that she fancied flowers and tombs were (tho' seeming so remote) as near in nature, as in that author's composition.

\* Hervey's Meditations.

May

May Almighty Providence spread its tender wing over you and your's. With true affection, esteem, and gratitude,

Dear Sir,  
sincerely your's,  
E. YOUNG.

*P. S.* The *times* and *weather* will mend. Fear is a passion of great use; and I hope this juncture will habituate our countrymen to such thoughts as will mingle kindly with those of God Almighty and of death.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

July 17, 1746.

MY DEAR SIR,

AFTER long absence, (long I mean to my feeling) I yesterday returned home, as to a pillow, which gives me that joy in rest, of which you will not be able to entertain any idea these twenty years.

You convince me, every day, more and more,



more, of the singularity of your character ; your heart is, I find, set on doing good offices, and to those who are least capable of returning them. If there is any such thing as virtue, it consists in such a conduct ; and if there is any such thing as wisdom, it consists in virtue ! What else can furnish either joy or peace ? For when a man has had years, reflexion, and experience enough to take off the mask from men and things, it is impossible for him to propose to himself any true peace, but peace of conscience ; or any real joy, but joy in the Holy Ghost. This, another might call preaching ; but you, Sir, must either condemn the whole tenor of your life, or allow it to be common sense.

On his travels a very old man dines with me this day, the Rev. Mr. Watty, whose character may be briefly given by comparing him to a frosty night. There are many thoughts in him that glitter through the dominion of darkness. Though it is night, it is a star-light night ; and if you  
(as

(as you have promised) should succeed him in our little hemisphere, I should welcome Richardson as returning day.—In a word, I love you, and delight in your conversation, which permits me to think of something more than what I see! a favour which the conversation of very few others will indulge to,

Dear Sir,

your affectionate and obliged

humble servant,

E. YOUNG.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Wellwyn, Nov. 11, 1746.*

DEAR SIR,

I THANK you for enabling me, at my time of day, to think with great pleasure of living another year. A summer bearing such fruits as you kindly give me cause to expect, may excuse me for wishing to see longer days than we at present enjoy. I consider



consider Clarissa as my last amour; I am as tender of her welfare, as I am sensible of her charms. This amour differs from all others in one respect—I should rejoice to have all the world my rivals in it.

The waters here are not new things; they were in great vogue fifty years ago; but an eminent physician of this place dying, by degrees they were forgot. We have a physician now near us who drinks them himself all the winter; and a lady comes seven miles every morning for the same purpose. They are the same as Tunbridge; and I myself have found from them just the same effect.

As to the melancholy part of your letter—our Chelsea friend; poor soul!—But God is good; and we know not what we pity. She is dead to us; she is in another state of existence. We are in the world of reason; she is in the kingdom of imagination: nor can we more judge of her happiness or misery, than we can judge of the joy or sorrow of a person that is asleep. The  
persons

persons that sleep are, for a time, in the kingdom of imagination too; and she, as they, suffers or enjoys according to the nature of the dreams that prevail.

I heartily rejoice that at length you find benefit from your tar-water. Tar by winter, and steel by summer, are the two champions sent forth by Providence to encounter, and subdue the spleen.

In long chronical cases, perseverance is the point; and so it is in the greatest point of all. No man is so profligate, but he is good for moments: perseverance only is wanting to make him a saint. As you persevere in the great point, persevere in this—to a good heart, add a good constitution; and then you are (only not an angel) as happy as mortality can admit.

I bless God, I am well: and I am composing, but it is in wood and stone; for I am building a steeple to my church; and as a wise man is every thing, I expect from you, as an architect, a critique upon it.

I had

I had almost forgot to tell you, that an Irishman has run away with one of my neighbours, and that with such circumstances of intrigue and distress, that its truth alone hinders it from being an excellent romance: just as fiction alone hinders *your's* from being an excellent history.

You say, my dear friend, that I cannot but think. True!—But to live as one ought, requires constant, if not intense, thinking. The shortness and uncertainty of life is so evident, that all take it for granted it wants no proof: and what follows? why this: because we cannot deny it, therefore we forget it; because it wants no proof, therefore we give it no attention; that is, we think not of it at all, for a very odd reason, viz. because we should think of nothing else. This is too strictly expressed, but very near the truth. Ask Cibber if he's of my opinion.

Mr. Prior cautions us about frauds in tar, which will defeat our expectations from  
it.

it. He says it must be *Norway* tar, of a *deep* brown, and pretty thin.

Your truly affectionate and  
obliged humble servant,  
E. YOUNG.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Wellwyn, May 17, 1747.*

DEAR SIR,

I THANK you for the hopes of seeing you here; and if you consider how few are the joys of age, you will not think I flatter you, when I say, I greatly rejoice at it. Nor am I very sorry for the multiplicity of business of which you seem to complain; it is profit, credit, and health.

The delightful weather we have had, brings forward our season for the steel-water, and consequently of my enjoying you at this place, for your health, and my great pleasure. I do assure you, from the authority of the best physicians, and from experience,  
which

which is a better physician than the college can afford, that this spring has all the virtue of Tunbridge in it.

I have corrected the *Eighth Night*; you will let me know when you have occasion for it. I forgot to tell you, that this place will be as salutary to Clarissa as to yourself; for amid your multiplicity of affairs, how you can sufficiently attend to her charms is to me astonishing. Though we are told that Venus rose from the sea, yet I do not remember that it was from the sea in a storm; which seems to me no unapt resemblance of your London life. My best love and service to you and your's.

With true affection and esteem,

your faithful humble servant,

E. YOUNG.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*August 5, 1747.*

DEAR SIR,

IF I do not see you now, I shall despair of ever seeing you at Wellwyn. The season of the year, the fineness of the weather, the vacation from business, the smallness of the distance, the benefit to your health, the gratification to your friend, the regard to your promise, and, perhaps, the company of Mr. Cibber, (to whom my humble service) may possibly incline you to confer this much desired favour on,

Dear Sir,

your truly affectionate

humble servant,

E. YOUNG.

My love and service to Mrs. Richardson and the little ones.

It will be no interruption to your amour with Clarissa. She may travel with you, and be assured of a hearty welcome.

TO

TO DR. YOUNG.

Nov. 19, 1747.

REV. SIR,

IT was an infelicity to me, that I was not able to wait on you at your Wellwyn. One part of the time, I could have made the excursion; then I must needs wait for other people. I have a very great fault in being will-less. But I will begin, however late, to be will-full, and to snatch my opportunities as they offer. What contentions, what disputes have I involved myself in with my poor Clarissa, through my own diffidence, and for want of a will! I wish I had never consulted any body but Dr. Young, who so kindly vouchsafed me his ear, and sometimes his opinion. Two volumes will attend your commands, whenever you please to give me your direction for sending them. I think I shall publish in about a fortnight.

Miss Lee may venture (if you and she have patience) to read these two to you. But Lovelace afterwards is so vile a fellow, that if  
I publish



I publish any more, I do not know (so much have some hypercritics put me out of conceit with my work) whether she, of whose delicacy I have the highest opinion, can see it as from you or me. And yet I hope, at worst, there will be nothing either in the language or sentiments, that may be so very censurable as may be found in the works of some very high names, who have, uncalled for by their subjects, given us specimens of their wit at the expence of their modesty, and even of common decency—nay, sometimes to the dishonour of human nature.

S. RICHARDSON.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Rec<sup>d</sup>. May 8, 1749.*

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I was in town, I ask'd you if you had read Dr. Hartley's book. You told me you had not. I was sorry for it; for I have a curiosity to know your opinion of it. I

VOL. II.

c

have



have since read it a second time, and with great satisfaction. It is certainly a work of distinction ; by men of distinction therefore it ought to be read. It is calculated for men of sense. I make no doubt but that it has its gainsayers ; but therefore it is a proper subject for your discussion and discernment. So few books have any thing new in them, that those which have are entitled to our particular regard. All I will venture to say about it, is, that there is no man who seriously considers himself as immortal, but will find his pleasure, if not his profit, in it. And if you are not one of those men, give me leave to say, you have greatly imposed on

Dear Sir,

Your very affectionate and  
most humble Servant,

E. YOUNG.

*P.S.* I have not been very well since my return home, or you had heard sooner from me. I hope all are well, especially the *little sufferer,*

*ferer*, of whom I heard such ill news when I was in town.—It is evident that Dr. Hartley has thought for himself; a character, without which, no writer can be of any considerable value. And thus far the author I recommend to your perusal resembles yourself, which is a sort of bribe to you in his favour.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Wellwyn, Nov. 5, 1749.*

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE read Miss Fielding with great pleasure. Your *Clarissa* is, I find, the *Virgin-mother* of several pieces; which, like beautiful suckers, rise from her immortal root. I rejoice at it; for the noblest compositions need such aids, as the multitude is swayed more by others' judgments than their own. How long was *Paradise Lost* an obscure book? Authors give works their merit; but others give them their fame; and it is

their merit becoming famous, which gives them that salutary influence, which every worthy writer proposes, on mankind.—Suppose, in the title-page of the *Night Thoughts*, you should say—*published by the author of Clarissa*. This is a trick to put it into more hands; I know it would have that effect. I have disposed of Miss Fielding into five very proper hands. I am very much obliged to the authors of the *Candid Disquisitions*; and, if I knew how, should be glad to return my thanks in a more particular manner, both for their favour to me, and their noble (and I hope useful) zeal for Christianity. In the mean time I beg Mr. Millar to return them my best respects and heartiest wishes for their success. The old bachelor is very much your's. Please to let me know when the *Night Thoughts* are finished; for I have a few presents to make. Heaven spread its wing over you and your's; to whom best wishes and service.

I am, dear Sir, your's,

E. YOUNG.

TO

TO MRS. HALLOWES.\*

*London, July 4, 1752.*

DEAR MADAM,

WE are inexpressibly obliged to the good Doctor and you for your repeated invitations to Wellwyn. I am sorry to acquaint you, that my wife has too much reason to deny herself the pleasure of attending you. She has been much indisposed; and we all are greatly affected by the increased malady of a dear excellent child, our third daughter, whom this day we parted with, to our very great regret, she setting out by easy journeys for Southampton, to try what bathing in the sea will do for her; which yet we have no hopes from. But a friend being advised to go thither for another malady, her poor heart was set upon accompanying her; and I have long resolved, by way of mitigating her sufferings, to deny her nothing.

\* Governante to Dr. Young.

You think Mr. Shotbolt was a little conscious on the hint I gave.\* I am glad of it. But I would not urge him too closely, because the omission he has been guilty of, is of such a nature, as cannot well be retrieved; and where there must be repentance, and cannot be reparation. Since time past, and past opportunities, are irrevocable, why should I make so honest a man, and so warm a friend, uneasy with himself?

My girl would have been very glad, she says, to have accepted of the Doctor's syllabub, could she have accompanied her mother; but she started at the word *deception*, near which she was invited to drink it. She is but just beginning to look about her; and was the more apprehensive for that. "Any deceptions, Papa, at good Dr. Young's, or where Mrs. Hallowes, will accompany me?" I made her honest heart easy; yet left her something to be agreeably surprized at, if ever she shall be so happy as to enter

\* Alluding to some pleasantry on his being an old bachelor.

the Doctor's doors. Women and girls, I have been told, love surprizes. Do they, Madam?

Mr. Shotbolt has promised, that the next journey he will make us a visit at N. End. O that the Doctor and Mrs Hallowes could also! Be pleased to tell him, that if I had not been jealous of him, I should not have thrown out a hint that he might think had malice in it. I never knew any body before him that had so much power over my wife, in a *go-abroad* case; for she seldom cares to stir out for an hour or two; and he had induced her to promise an expedition of days. Indeed it was to Dr. Young's——else, perhaps, even himself had not got a promise from her; and when she promised, be so good as to tell the Doctor, she intended to perform.

I am, my good Mrs. Hallowes, with grateful and affectionate regard,

Your faithful and obedient Servant,

S. RICHARDSON.



TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*March 14, 1754.*

DEAR SIR,

JOY to you, dear Sir, and joy to the world; you have done great things for it. And I will venture to affirm, that no one shall read you without either benefit, or—guilt. Pray ask Mr. Cibber from me where now are the *fine gentlemen* of the stage! Sir Charles has entered a caveat against their wonted applause, and Mr. Cibber signs it, or incurs the mentioned guilt.

You have, my dear friend, made a long and successful campaign. God grant you may live long to reap the fruits of it; and continuing by your conduct to vindicate your sex, convince the hypercritics that Sir Charles is by no means drawn beyond the life!

Shall I tell you what I think? You would not let me if you knew what I was about to say. When the pulpit fails, other expedients are necessary. I look on you as a peculiar instrument

instrument of Providence, adjusted to the peculiar exigence of the times ; in which all would be *fine gentlemen*, and only are at a loss to know what that means. While they read, perhaps, from pure vanity, they do not read in vain ; and are betrayed into benefit, while mere amusement is their pursuit. I speak not this at a venture ; I am so happy as already to have had proofs of what I say.

And as I look on you as an instrument of Providence, I likewise look on you as a sure heir of a double immortality ; when our language fails, one, indeed, may cease ; but the failure of the Heavens' and the Earth will put no period to the other. These are great words, but your modesty must bear what your worth imposes ; and permit your friends to let loose the real sentiments of their hearts. Happy is the man whose head has secured him one immortality, and whose heart entitles him to the other !

Dear Sir, your's, &c.

E. YOUNG.



TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Sept. 20th, 1755.*

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED yesterday, dear Sir, a letter from Mr. Millar, which says, that he saw you the night before, in health and good spirits. God preserve them; for, either wanting, life is little worth. To support my own spirits, I have been singing a song; which I send you, and I wish it may be at all to your taste.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

E. YOUNG.

THE SAILOR'S SONG.

TO  
THE SOUTH.

*Occasioned by the Rumour of a War.*

---

---

BY DR. YOUNG.

---

---

I.

PEACE! heavenly Peace! what loud alarms?  
Why gleams the *South* with brandish'd arms?  
War, bath'd in blood, from curst ambition springs:  
Ambition mean! ignoble pride!  
Perhaps, her ardors may subside,  
When weigh'd the wonders *Britain's* sailor sings.

II.

Hear, and revere.—At *Britain's* nod,  
From each enchanted grove and wood  
Hastes the huge *Oak*, and shadeless forests leaves.  
The mountain *Pines* assume new forms,  
Spread canvas-wings, and fly through storms,  
And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

## III.

She *nods* again: the labouring earth  
 Discloses a tremendous birth;  
 In smoking rivers runs her molten ore:  
 Thence, monsters of enormous size,  
 And hideous aspect, threat'ning, rise;  
 Flame from the deck—from trembling bastions roar.

## IV.

She gladly sheaths her courage keen,  
 And spares her nit'rous magazine:  
 Her cannon slumber, till the proud aspire;  
 Or lawless plunder: then they blaze!  
 They thunder from resounding seas!  
 Touch'd by their injur'd masters' soul of fire.

## V.

Then ruin runs! the battle raves!  
 And rends the skies! and warms the waves!  
 And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep;  
 In spite of nature, spite of *Jove*,  
 While all-serene, and hush'd above,  
 Tumultuous winds in azure chambers sleep.

## VI.

A thousand deaths the mighty bomb  
 Hurls from her disembowel'd womb!  
 Chain'd, glowing bolts, in dread alliance join'd,  
 Red-wing'd by strong sulphureous blasts,  
 Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men and masts,  
 And leave sing'd, naked, blood-drown'd, decks behind.

Dwarf

## VII.

Dwarf laurels rise in tented fields :  
The wreath immortal *ocean* yields :  
There wars whole sting is shot, whole fire is spent,  
Whole glory blooms ! How pale, how tame,  
How lambent is *Bellona's* flame ;  
How her storms languish on the Continent ?

## VIII.

From the dread front of ancient War  
Less terror frown'd : her scythed car,  
And castled elephant, and battering beam,  
Stoop to those engines, which deny  
Superior terrors to the sky,  
And boast their clouds, their thunder, and their flame.

## IX.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,  
The night by day, the sea of blood,  
Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell of sinking throngs,  
The graveless dead, an *ocean* warm'd,  
A *firmament* by mortals storm'd,  
To patient *Britain's* angry brow belongs.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*July 21, 1757.*

MY DEAR SIR,

WHAT you call our trouble, is, indeed, our very great pleasure : Miss Nancy is a very agreeable and sensible companion ; and my best fruits, which I from the first proposed as her chief entertainment, are not yet ripe. You must not rob her of them, and us of her. Trouble not yourself about her conveyance ; I myself will deliver her (God willing) safe into your hands, when the hour is come ; which, I trust, is yet at a considerable distance ; for indeed, indeed, she is as welcome to me as if she was my own. — Besides, dear Sir, consider, either Miss Richardson flatters us, or her health is rather bettered by this air, which is good, and I persuade her to take it on horseback as often as it is agreeable to her.

As

As Juvenal says of a boxing-match, I think it is a blessing, *paucis cum dentibus*, to escape out of the hands of Galleni. Mine have been distempered ever since, and rather worse than before. I am sorry, very sorry, for the bad account you give of your's. And your saying that our friend Watson innocently betrayed you into it, makes me think that what Solomon says of enemies and friends, may be applied to fools and the wise—"Separate thyself from fools, and take heed of the wise." Though integrity is but scarce, yet there is more integrity than infallibility in the world.

Your's, &c.

E. YOUNG.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*October 23d, 1757.*

DEAR SIR,

O My dear friend ! little do you think how you oppress me by your great goodness to me : and more still by the uneasiness you yourself are under. My spirits fail me ; I am very low ; and am designing for the bath as my last resource.

However, considering my time of day, I bless God that it is not still worse with me. What I suffer, I look on as *necessary* discipline ; and humbly hope it may be some small expiation of great offences ; and I am bound in reason to consider it as a blessing, if God grants me the grace of patience and resignation under it.

To the divine mercy and favour I recommend you and your's, with a heart full of gratitude and sincere affection.

E. YOUNG.

TO

TO DR. YOUNG.

*October 24th, 1757.*

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

HOW much am I grieved for your continued lowness of spirits ! I am glad that you are going to Bath. Change of air, of place, of scene, will, I hope, restore them. I have heretofore tried the Bath waters, and that more than once. I have more hopes in your case. Your nerves are good, your constitution is sound, and your muscular flesh is firm.

Suppose, dear and good Sir, you favour us for a few days in your way thither ? Mrs. Hallows can, perhaps, attend you while here. I have pleasure in thinking that I have a daughter there who loves and honours you, as all mine do ; and indeed every one does who has the pleasure of knowing you. Mr. Ditcher, her husband, will rejoice to have it in his power to serve you. Mr. Leake and his agreeable family will do



do all they can to make the place (and the situation in it which you shall choose) convenient. Come to me, dearest Sir ; we will write to my daughter and her husband to provide for you the conveniencies you shall choose. So that from Salisbury-court to Bath, shall be all the way a preconcerted journey ; and you shall immediately enter there on the well-aired lodgings, that my daughter will cause to be ready for you.

Dr. Oliver is the most eminent physician there, and so deemed for many years past. Favour me with giving him my sincere compliments. I will answer for his care, his skill, and his love.

God Almighty bless and preserve you, and continue for many happy years to come a life so useful to the world ; and give you health to make it agreeable to yourself, prays with ardour,

Dear Sir, your most affectionate and  
obliged humble Servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Bath, Jan. 3, 1758.*

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

NUMBERLESS are your favours: Mr. and Mrs. Ditcher are to me extremely kind. I bless God, I at last find benefit from the waters, as to appetite, rest, and spirits. I have now for three nights had pretty good rest, after two sleepless months; and I believe that persevering in the waters is the point, at least in my complaint.

But at my time of day, how dare I to complain of small things, on the brink of the grave, and at the door of eternity! What a mercy that I am still here? What a fall have I seen around me? I was here twenty years ago; and scarce find one of the generation alive.

I rejoice, I greatly rejoice, to hear that you are better. Might not Bath be as much  
your

your friend as mine? In some points our cases are similar.

I think you told me in a letter that you once found benefit from it; if you could try again, I would attend you to your last hour.

But, say you, are you idle all this time? No, I am on a great work. How great a work is it to learn to die with safety and comfort? This is, as it should be, my business, unless I think it too much to spend my superannuated hours on that which ought to have been the business of my whole life.

I am now (as it is high time) *setting my house in order*—and therefore desire you to send by the carrier the *parcel of Sermons*, (which were packed up when I was in town) that I may commit them to the flames.

And please to favour me with my *full and long debt* to you; for I am in pain to have it discharged.

That

That the wing of an indulgent Providence  
may be ever stretched over you and your's,  
is the earnest prayer of,

Dear Sir,

most justly your's,

E. YOUNG.

---

TO DR. YOUNG.

*Jan. 1758.*

REV. AND EVER DEAR SIR,

I CONGRATULATE you with my whole  
heart on the good effect the waters have at  
last had on your health.

What may we not promise ourselves from  
so sound and good a constitution, from  
your regularity and temperance, and from  
the powers of *such* a mind invigorating the  
whole!

whole ! A mind which can enjoy, and even enlarge itself, by that very sleeplessness which tears in pieces the health of others !

Our cases in some points are similar ! Ah, my dear and good Sir !—But that exercise, that journeying, which will contribute to your cure, I am unable to take. What a motive do you give me to make you a Bath visit, were I able !—But I hope on your return I shall not be deprived of the blessing of your company, and the favour of Mrs. Hallows's, as was my request, by my daughter Ditcher. I have been often at Bath ; but remember not that I received benefit from the waters. The late worthy Dr. Hartley once whispered me that I must not expect any.

“ You are about a great work : “ to learn to die with safety and comfort ” My dear Sir, you that have been so admirable a *teacher* of this very doctrine in your excellent *Night Thoughts*, must be more than a *learner*. You have not left to *superannuated hours* (which, I hope, if ever they come, are far,  
very

very far, distant) that great work. How comfortably, therefore, may you enjoy life, as well as contemplate the closing scene.

Your ever affectionate

and obliged humble Servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

*P. S.* I am sorry that sleeplessness is your complaint. But when you sleep, you are awake to noble purpose. I, to none at all : My days are nothing but hours of dozings, for want of nightly rest, and through an impatience that I am ashamed of, because I cannot subdue it.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*April 30, 1758.*

DEAR SIR,

I GRATEFULLY accept the kind offer you made me of being under your roof for some days, while I transact an affair in town. I shall be with you on Monday next, God willing; that God willing, who this moment has a thousand agents at work for my sake, of which I know nothing, though they are all within me; and should any one of them cease to work, it would prove my instant death.—I mean the animal functions. Yet how merry should I make the world, should they hear me say, “If it please God, I will rise from my seat;”—or, “I will open my mouth;”—or, “If it please God, I will set pen to paper, &c.” So ignorant are our wise ones of God and man.



With the utmost freedom of a true friend to truth, and to me, favour me with the full opinion of the *dedication* to my sermon ; for I am, my dear Sir, somewhat uneasy till I can determine myself about it, and my own judgment is at a loss.

Is there any thing *mean* in what I say of *myself, and my long service at Court* ?

Is there *impropriety*, or too *great length*, in what follows about the army ?

Pray let me know your real sentiments. Or shall I take your silence as a tender way of your letting me know that you disapprove ?

Your truly affectionate

E. YOUNG.

TO DR. YOUNG.

*London, May 2, 1758.*

DEAR AND REV. SIR,

I SEND you, inclosed, a proof of your sermon. On reading cursorily the discourse, I thought there were two or three places (which I cannot, on re-perusal, find again) that were not quite so clear to my clouded understanding as the rest of the excellent piece

As to the dedication, I am far from thinking your mentioning length of service *mean*: will it not rather be thought, or misunderstood, to carry with it something of complaint, or even of reproach; and, as if your neglecting your month for some years past, were owing to resentment, I humbly think this part cannot be too delicately mentioned; especially as you have touched upon it with great feeling in more  
places

places than one, in your Night Thoughts, so long ago—*My master knows me not, &c.*—and nothing resulted from the just sensibility. Some of your great admirers in that divine work, thought you descended too much, for the superior light you appeared in to them. Suppose, Sir, you stop at your well-known seniority in the present chaplainship, without carrying the hint to Leicester-house; leaving it upon them to recollect, that you could have gone further with justice, had preferment been your sole view. It is right, however, not to be quite silent on the subject.

Might not, Sir, the manner of introducing what relates to the army, be less violent, if I may so express myself, and the connexion be made more easy? Might not a word be said, first, as to the influence of faith upon the present welfare of society, as well as upon the future happiness of individuals, and so applied briefly to men's civil character in society; and then, more at large, to their military character?

When your month commences, be pleased to remember, that Parson's Green is very conveniently situated near Kensington: you have not seen Parson's Green yet.

Nancy thanks you, Sir, for your kind remembrance of her. My wife, and all mine, join their best wishes and respects with those of

Your ever faithful

S. RICHARDSON.

TO

WITH DR. YOUNG.

53

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*May 14, 1758.*

DEAR SIR,

A THOUSAND thanks, my best friend! for restoring me to common sense. I shall follow your advice in the dedication; and now, on reflection, think it monstrous that I stood in need of it. I now see how weak I am myself, and what a friend is worth. I could not forbear writing to you by this post, being pained with the thought of your thinking me a fool any longer. This day se'nnight I propose sending the dedication as it shall stand.

Your's, &c.

E. YOUNG.

D 3

TO

TO DR. YOUNG.

*May 29, 1759.*

THANKS to my dear and good Dr. Young for his kind letter by Mr. Shotbolt.

I hope, Sir, you are quite recovered of your feverish complaint.

I have written urgently to Mr. Johnson : but it would be pity to baulk the sale. Mr. Millar has ordered one thousand to be printed.

I was very desirous that the anecdote of Addison's death-scene should be inserted : yet, so many admirable things as there are in every page of the piece, was half sorry to have *that* made the sole end of your writing *it*. Your subject of original composition is new, and nobly spirited. How much is your execution admired ! But three good judges of my acquaintance, and good men too, wish, as I presumed formerly myself to propose, that the sub-  
ject

ject had been kept more separate and distinct. They think the next-to divine vehemence (so one of them expressed himself) with which original writing is recommended, suffers some cooling abatement, which it would not have done had the solemn subject been left to the last, when the critic, the scholar, the classic, might properly have given place to the Christian divine.

Let me ask (however great and noble what you say of Mr. Addison's death is) whether it may not bear shortening? Will it not be thought laboured? And when from the different nature of diseases, some of them are literally incapacitating, and deliriums happen often, is it not, or may it not be, discouraging to surviving friends to find wanting, in the dying, those tokens of resignation and true Christian piety which Mr. Addison was graciously enabled to express so exemplarily to Lord W. Sir J—. S—. was a good man, yet I have heard you mention his anxiety, and painful death,



with no small concern. Forgive my freedom: but I know you will.

One of Dr. Warburton's remarks was, that the character of an original writer is not confined to subject, but extends to manner; by this distinction, I presume, securing his friend Pope's originality. But he mentioned this with so much good humour, that I should have been glad to have heard you both in conference upon the subject.

This is not a favourable day to me: may every one, for many happy years, be more so to you, my dear Dr. Young, prays

Your most affectionate

and faithful Servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Sept. 8, 1760.*

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE received the papers: and how greatly am I concerned that I cannot take the advantage of the infinite pains you have taken for me; but every day puts it more and more out of my power.

Pray my humble duty to the Speaker, and tell him that I greatly enjoy his so kind remembrance of me; and long to kiss his hand.

I find little assistance from art; but my complaint itself, in one view, is an excellent *glass*, making things invisible more legible than they were before.

It is with difficulty that I can read what your friendship, and genius, and virtue, has sent me: but still greater difficulty am I

under sufficiently to thank you for it. To write is uneasy to me: must I despair of ever seeing you? or have I that pleasure in life still to come?—Success and peace be ever with you!

Amen,

which is the natural style of those that have entered the intermediate state between this scene and the next: a dim apartment it is, which excludes action, but favours thought. Heaven be favourable to Miss Patty's health.

E. YOUNG.

CORRE-

---

---

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

MISS M. COLLIER,

MISS FIELDING,

AND MR. RICHARDSON.

---

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Jan. 8th, 1748-9.*

SIR,

YOU cannot imagine the pleasure Miss Collier and I enjoyed at the receipt of your kind epistles. We were at dinner with a *hic, hæc, hoc* man, who said, well, I do wonder Mr. Richardson will be troubled with such *silly women*; on which we thought to ourselves (though we did not care to say it) if Mr Richardson will bear us, and not think

us impertinent in pursuing the pleasure of his correspondence, we don't care in how many languages you fancy you despise us ; not but we know you do love and like us too, say what you will to the contrary.

'Tis but a sham quarrel between you and your pen ; for had it been real, I flatter myself, that, knowing how delighted, how overjoyed, I should have been, with making your pen my master, you would have solicited him to have admitted me as his servant. Humble and faithful would I have been ; I would have obeyed his call ; his hours, though six, or even five, in the morning, should have been mine. Indeed, what is there I would not have done ? Pleasantly surprised should I have been, suddenly to have found all my thoughts strengthened, and my words flow into an easy and nervous style : never did I so much wish for it as in this daring attempt of mentioning Clarissa : but when I read of her, I am all sensation ; my heart glows ; I am overwhelmed ; my only vent is tears ; and unless tears could mark my thoughts as legibly

gibly as ink, I cannot speak half I feel. I become like the Harlowes' servant, when he spoke not; he could not speak; he looked, he bowed, and withdrew. In short, Sir, no pen but your's can do justice to Clarissa. Often have I reflected on my own vanity in daring but to touch the hem of her garment; and your excuse for both what I have done, and what I have not done, is all the hopes of,

Sir, your ever faithful

humble Servant,

S. FIELDING.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Oct. 4, 1748.*

DEAR SIR,

¶ I HAVE been farther considering of that part in Mrs. Fielding's proof, which relates to Mrs. Teachum's method of punishing her scholars; and give me leave to tell you  
1 my

my reasons for thinking it rather better to remain as she has left it, than to have it altered even as *you* proposed.

As this book is not so much designed as a direction to governesses for their management of their scholars (though many a sly hint for that is to be found, if attended to) as for girls how to behave to each other, and to their teachers, it is, I think, rather better that the girls (her readers) should not know what this punishment was that Mrs. Teachum inflicts ; but they should each, on reading it, think it to be the same that they themselves had suffered when they deserved it ; for though Miss Fielding (as well as yourself) is an enemy to corporeal severities, yet there is no occasion that she should teach the children so punished that their punishment is wrong ; for it is the governors only that should be taught that lesson, and this may be done in her Book upon Education ; and this is my reason for leaving it as it is with regard to her little readers.

And



And now, as to her elder readers, I have this reason, which chiefly indeed regards this future Book upon Education.

You know that people are very much divided in their opinions concerning the punishment of children, and in this, as in most other things, they are pretty positive; so that, as soon as it is seen, by this small hint, that Miss Fielding is against corporeal severities, all the party of the Thwackums' (as Mr. Fielding calls them) will say at once, that they are sure her notions of education cannot be worth reading, as she has already shewn herself an enemy to what they call proper discipline; and so she will lose the very chance of a fair reading from one half of those that read; whereas if she leaves this place as it is, all these aforesaid Thwackums' will say, upon seeing the words, *severe punishments, &c.* "Aye, this Book upon Education will be worth reading, for I find the lady has a just notion of severities;" which they, of course, will suppose to be bodily; and, when they come to find the  
contrary

contrary set forth in this future Book on Education, as the reasons for it will be there set forth, they may happen to be convinced.

And now, as to the other party, they will easily infer, that as no whipping is mentioned, no whipping is implied, and therefore they also are engaged in favour of this other book.

You see how I have run on as usual upon this thing ; but I trust that you will do just what you like best ; for Mrs. Fielding desired you would determine upon it ; and if you would still have it altered, then be so kind as to put in what you would have, and Miss Fielding will be perfectly satisfied with it, and I am sure I can answer for myself, that I shall *know* that you must be in the right.

Your dear little Patty's story (for dear I must call her) is extremely pretty, and I should send it to you, but I want to read it to my sister ; but will bring it or send it before it is long. Pray send me word how you  
do

WITH MR. RICHARDSON.

65

do to-day—I want to know not only how you do, but what you do, to-day ; but a verbal answer to this will satisfy

Your very sincere Friend,  
and humble Servant,

J. COLLIER.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Doctors Commons, 13th April, 1749.*

DEAR SIR,

I RETURN you my thanks for the play you sent me ; and by what I have read of it, I think Mr. Garrick is very much obliged to the author for shewing the world how much he was in the right for refusing it. I thought to have called upon you this morning, but cannot ; nor do I believe that I shall see you, unless your kind intentions should lead you  
this

this way, before you go to North End. Mr. Harris was telling me the other day, that he heard your sweet girl most unmercifully condemned for not marrying Lovelace at St. Alban's. "She should (said the lady who blamed her) have laid aside all delicacy; and if Lovelace had not asked her in the manner she wished, she ought to have asked him." And more things of the same kind she ran on with; but, at last, closed all with saying, "In short, Lovelace is a charming young fellow, and I own I like him excessively."

You know I love to tell you every thing I hear concerning your Clarissa, or otherwise I should not furnish you with more instances of what you have reason to say you too often meet with; namely, the fondness most women have for the character of Lovelace. It vexes me so much when I hear of people talking in such a manner, that I cannot help attempting something like an answer; but the best answer to the present criticism is, to give you the history and character of the  
lady

lady who so ingenuously avowed her fondness for Lovelace. This lady is a person of very high rank, and therefore you must excuse my naming names. She lived as a mistress with a man for many years, and proved herself to have done so in a court of justice, in order to recover some money for a child she had by that very man. She then went into keeping with a noble lord (now her husband) and after having lived with him some years, she prevailed with him to marry her, by shewing him the *meeekness* of her spirit, and the *gentleness* of her passions : for (besides being frequently in fits and sometimes in the most violent passions of rage) she once attempted to take laudanum to destroy herself ; and, being prevented, she another time hanged herself, just as she knew he was coming up stairs ; which last stratagem gained her ends : and now she is a woman of quality, and a woman of taste, and a perfect judge of delicacy, as appears by the before-mentioned criticism. I wonder whether her husband ever read your books, and  
whether

whether he attended to your description of Belton, and his Thomasine !

If I should not have the pleasure of seeing you before you go out of town, I beg my compliments to Mrs. Richardson ; and believe me,

dear Sir,

Your sincere Friend,

and humble Servant,

J. COLLIER.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*July 6, 1754.*

DEAR SIR,

VERY many excuses could I make for not writing to you before ; but silence sometimes proceeds from a consciousness of not being able to say enough on the principal subject uppermost in our thoughts ; and yet finding it



it difficult to discharge that subject, and make room for any other, as I remember once to have heard a gentleman say, that he had observed, that when ladies were asked to give a toast, they generally hesitated a good while, which time they employed in driving the man they liked best from their memory, to make room for some other to whom they were perfectly indifferent.

A sister Indolence, Miss L—, was so kind to sit with me yesterday in the afternoon, and desired me to say something in mitigation of her omission of the same kind ; to which I answered, I could not be a proper pleader in her behalf, but would leave it to the ruler of Sir Charles Grandison's mind to find excuses for the meek-hearted.

Your kind friendship will be pleased with my telling you that the waters agree so well with me, that I hope in time they will work as perfect a cure from diseases as an old woman can expect. Here are a set of young women endued with the most exemplary patience I ever met with ; for Miss L— and

Miss



Miss B— agreed to read Sir Charles Grandison together, and really waited from time to time till they could meet, each honourably performing their covenant, and not so much as taking one unlawful peep in the absence of the other. Patient Grizzle, I find, is no unnatural fable. I assure you, Sir Charles, notwithstanding you have bestowed him on Miss Byron, is so great a favourite with the ladies, that I know a young woman of quality who is deservedly the object of public admiration, and yet has absented herself from all her admirers several evenings, and chosen a perfect retirement with Sir Charles ; but I think she likes lady G— too well : why should her wit and liveliness excuse her insolence ? Even Lovelace had wit and liveliness remember ! You could make him agreeable whenever we were not reading his heart. It is true there is a sort of reformation in lady G— ; but I am afraid her husband will never be convinced that she don't despise him.

I am, dear Sir, your's,

S. FIELDING.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*June 26, 1755.*

DEAR SIR,

I WAS in town two days. I sought you out, but you was no where to be found; for you were gone to Parson's Green, from whence, Monday se'nnight, I ran away, being frightened with a pain in my stomach, which put me in mind of an old story of a lady, whose friend said she was very rude and uncivil to go a visiting to her friend, and die whilst she was there.

My love to Mrs. Richardson, and all who have the happiness to be under your roof.

To live in a family where there is but one heart, and as many good strong heads as persons, and to have a place in that enlarged single heart, is such a state of happiness as I cannot hear of without feeling the utmost pleasure. Methinks, in such a house,

house, each word that is uttered must sink into the hearer's mind, as the kindly falling showers in April sink into the teeming earth, and enlarge and ripen every idea, as those friendly drops do the new-sown grain, or the water-wanting plant. There is nothing in all the works of nature or of art too trifling to give pleasure, where there is such a capacity to enjoy it, as must be found in such an union. Give me leave, dear Sir, to return your pleasingly cordial expression, and to say I am, with unabated affection, ever your's,

S. FIELDING.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Ryde, Oct. 3, 1755.*

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE delayed answering the kind favour of your's, in hopes I should have seen more of the island, which my good Mrs. Roberts proposed to have shewn me; but  
the

the weather has been so very cold and comfortless here, that we have not had fine days enough successively to make the pleasant expedition we have intended: if we could have gone, I would have done my best to have given you a description of the views and pretty things I had seen; but I met with some lines the other day in a translation of a famous Italian poet, which in a few expressive words, gives a better account of this sweet country, than I could in a hundred:

She wishes much to tarry in this land  
 That hath both fruitful earth, and pleasant air,  
 And fountains sweet, and woods on ev'ry hand,  
 And meadows green, and pastures fresh and fair;  
 Beside large hav'ns, where ships at ease may stand,  
 To which the merchants often make repair,  
 By tempest driven, well loaden with good traffick,  
 Of things that come from Egypt and from Africk.

This poem was the only book of amusement I brought with me; it is called Ariosto; or, Orlando Furioso, and is, in

its way, a most wonderful piece of imagination, and really a very extraordinary work. My good friends at Appley are so kind to supply me with books when I am absent from them at my little cottage, which is not so often as to read a great deal. I am so apprehensive, now the weather grows cold, that I shall soon lose dear Mrs. Roberts, and her amiable daughters, that I am as much with them as possible whilst I can have them so near me; and their frequent society is what I fear I shall greatly miss when they go to London: yet for the sort of people in the low station my old folks are in, I hardly ever met with more simplicity and good sense than they both have, and it is with some degree of pleasure that I sit in an evening with them, and hear the discourse and gossippings of the day; it makes me smile often, and sometimes rises to a downright laugh; and whatever promotes and causes this, with innocence and good humour, is as eligible

(as far as I know, in the way of conversation) and as worthy to be ranked of the sort called delightful and pleasing, as in the routs and hurricanes of the great, or at court, or even in company with my Lord Chesterfield. I am acquainted with few others in this village besides my old folks; but endeavour to get a speaking and how d'ye kind of knowledge of them all as I meet them, and I hear by this behaviour I have acquired the title amongst them of "a civil gentlewoman," and "a very civil gentlewoman" many of them say; the children bow and curtsey down to the ground, and whisper and jog each other when I am coming, crying, "here is the gentlewoman coming;" this is homage and respect enough to gratify all the vanity and ambition I have now left, I think, sufficiently. Mrs. Roberts says, when she sees me in my very poor house, sitting on my earthen floor, eating my dinner out of a platter, and my poor bed-chamber without



any door to it, and a little window peeping out from under the thatch, bare walls, and every thing suitably poor, that under this humble roof I can have no proud thoughts, but must have killed every grain of worldly pride and vanity, before I could sit down contented in such a place. I was forced to make a great slaughter and lay about me prodigiously, before I could conquer those bitter enemies to peace and humility called passions; but now I think and hope they all lie dead in heaps at several places in London and elsewhere; and I brought down nothing with me but a bundle of mortifications; or, to speak more seriously, a thorough and humble acquiescence to the Divine will, and an earnest desire, with patience, resignation, and serenity of mind, to work out my salvation as soon as it will please God to release me; perhaps a little impatience still remains, which tempts me to add "the sooner the better;" and Madame Maintenon's words, in a letter of her's, occur



occur to me, where she says, "It is high time to die; why should I stay any longer in this world; I have nothing to do in it; and it is generally business and ambitious views, that make us fond of staying here."

I was sadly vexed, at my first coming, at a report which had prevailed here, of my being the author of Mr. Fielding's last work, "The Voyage to Lisbon:" the reason which was given for supposing it mine, was to the last degree mortifying, (viz that it was so very bad a performance, and fell so far short of his other works, it must needs be the person *with him* who wrote it. This is the disadvantageous light poor women are held in, by the ill-nature of the world. If they write well, and very ingeniously, and have a brother, then to be sure—"She could not write so well; it was her brother's, no doubt." If a man falls short of what is expected from his former genius in writing, and publishes a very dull and unentertaining piece, then

“ to be sure it was his sister, or some woman friend, who was with him.” Alas ! my good Mr. Richardson, is not this a hard case ?— To you I appeal, as the only candid man, I believe, with regard to women’s understandings ; and indeed their only champion, and protector, I may say, in your writings ; for you write of angels, instead of women.

Admiral Byng and Admiral Hawke now lye at Spithead ; the latter brought in many French prizes with the fleet.

I heard there was a wreck of a West India-man, on the south side of the island, last Friday (but the crew saved) laden with sugar.—Poor souls, it was a great distress the getting on shore, and being plundered, as in all likelihood they were. Had they been drowned, I think I should not have been so sorry ; for I pity nobody that dies : I pity those left behind. Oh, that I had died for thee, my dearest friend and sister ! but it was not permitted me. Excuse me this sudden gust of grief : I should not, dare not, trust myself

myself to write on this afflicting and tender subject ; it makes me incapable, from want of eyes, to add more than my kindest and best respects to dear Mrs. Richardson, and the Miss Richardsons, to beg the continuance of your friendship, dear Sir, and that you would believe me to be, with the highest esteem,

Your sincerely obliged, &c.

M. COLLIER.

TO MISS M. COLLIER.

*Dec. 24, 1755.*

IF my dear Miss Collier knew how much I have been immersed in bricks, mortar, plasterers' and carpenters' work all the summer, and till within this month past, and in that month wholly engrossed by the removal of all my printing materials into the new building, she will think the less hardly of my long silence to a letter that I admire in every line of it.

Do not let this silence deprive me of the description you intended to give me of the views, prospects, situations that were to offer to you in the excursions you were to make with your hospitable friend, Mrs. Roberts, and her amiable daughters.

Alas ! they have left you, I doubt ! How are you now ? Who have you to associate with when you carry yourself out of that happy circle ? Happy it must be ; your  
ambition



their brothers and other men friends, &c. But think you not that this is a great deal owing to your own sex, who (the capable ones I mean) hide their talents in a napkin, and are afraid, lovely dastards, of shewing themselves capable of the perfections they are mistresses of?—It is well I have not the punishing of such *degraders* of their own sex, so I was going to call them; for do they not, by their wilful and studious concealments of the gifts God has blessed them with, confess, at least indirectly, an inferiority to the other? What is it they fear in asserting themselves with modesty, and when occasionally called forth? Is it that the men will be afraid of them, and shun them as wives? Unworthy fear! Let the wretches shun and be afraid of them. Unworthy of such blessings, let such men not dare to look up to merits so superior to their own; and let them enter into contract with women, whose sense is as diminutive as their own souls. What loss would a woman of high attainments and of  
genius

genius have, in a man of a character so low, as to be afraid of the perfections of the woman who would give him the honour of calling her his !

I was not a little pleased to hear that you kept up a correspondence with so excellent a woman as Mrs. Berthon is described to be by my good friend Mrs. Watts. Miss Lodwich, another admirable lady. But who can forbear being extremely anxious for them, and for many others, among the multitudes that have perished in the most tremendous catastrophe of Lisbon ? What a dreadful dispensation !

Some impatience, in my dear Miss Collier, seems still remaining to be conquered ; and *when* that can be done, and a thorough reliance made on the Divine goodness, so as neither to covet life, nor to wish for death, but to wait the appointed time with cheerfulness—Who will be so happy as my dear friend in the Isle of Wight ?



But what shall we do for a door to your apartment this cold weather? Cannot you find a way to draw upon me, payable at sight, for five guineas? Oblige me, my dear Miss Collier, in the grant of this request.—The promissory note I annex.\*

My wife and girls most particularly desire their best wishes to be wafted to you.

Once more excuse my long silence; and believe me to be, with great truth,

Your affectionate Friend

and humble Servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

\* A note for five guineas.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Dec. 31, 1755.*

HOW shall I express, my dear good Mr. Richardson, the half of what I feel in my sincerely grateful heart on your kind, above measure kind, and friendly letter; and yet I know not what to say to the generous note annexed. I am ashamed, indeed I am greatly ashamed, to be so intolerably burthensome, as I may call it, to so dear a friend: I am a constant rent-charge upon you—I know not how to bear it. My good and worthy Sir, would you have been quite angry with me if I had enclosed it back to you again? However I will not presume to do this without your permission; yet I think verily if I was just now with you, I would watch for an opportunity when your back was towards me, and slip it into your coat pocket unobserved,  
not

---

not daring to stand your looks on this sly trick, least there should be the smallest degree of displeasure or severity towards me, which, if I should ever be so unfortunate as to give just occasion for, would give me more real concern than you can well imagine : nay, believe me, Sir, more concern coming from you, than from any one person *now* in this world. There are no bounds, my dear Sir, to your goodness and generosity ! *Ought I* not to set the bounds ? Or shall I not appear, and indeed be in reality, perfectly rapacious : yet don't I know that your greatest pleasure and happiness is in doing acts of benevolence and kindness towards others, and shall I disappoint and rob you of this darling pleasure in one instance ? In short, you must have your own munificent and noble spirit gratified if you please ; but you will give me leave to wait till the favour of your next letter, before I make use of the note. Having warm curtains to my bed, I assure you, upon my word, I have not  
been

been sensible of much cold as yet this winter, and I am sorry that I mentioned it in such a way as should give your kind and feeling heart pain on this account.

I must not omit thanking you also for your kind corrective reproof in relation to my impatience of life ; it certainly deserves reprehension : it is all, however I hope of impatience I have now to conquer, and I will endeavour to attain to this desirable frame of mind (by your example and advice) so as by the Divine goodness (whose assistance and heavenly grace I pray for) I may be able with chearfulness to wait my appointed time. “ My ambition trodden under foot,” as you say so tenderly, without reproaching me ; but I will reproach and blame myself for this faulty and presumptuous ambition, which helped to disturb a mind distracted, and kept in suspense by vain hopes and passions, that ought to have been trodden under foot many and many years ago ; but I thank God I have lived to be thoroughly sensible  
of

of my errors and follies, and say as a certain good woman said, you know where, that “ I have given over all thoughts of the world, but such as shall assist me to leave it happily.” My peaceful retreat from it is every way suitable to my wishes, and could I be assured it would continue, and that I should never be forced back into that world where I have suffered so much uneasiness, I should have abundant cause to be thankful for my present lot, in which I am perfectly contented, and in general very chearful ; so chearful, that my poor dear Mrs. Roberts, who has all this world’s good around her, such as a fine fortune, a paradise of a place to live in, children in whom she finds dutiful and agreeable companions, &c. does yet often say, to poor dependant me, “ Oh, what would I give, Collier, for your chearfulness and good spirits !” Is this not strange ? but poor woman she has indeed low spirits to a great degree sometimes, and some nervous disorder upon her, which makes me very sorry to see.

see. She and her good girls have been absent above a month ; yet I have spent my time ever pleasantly since they went. My good old folks were desirous that I should read *Clarissa* to them, which gave me a fourth time the pleasure of going through that admirable work ; they never read nor heard of it till now, and are so delighted, and so interested for your beloved sweet girl, that you cannot imagine what a new entertainment it is to me to hear the remarks, and odd observations they make, and this from minds so innocent and ignorant of the world as they seem.

My description of views, situations, and prospects, are all shut in (like my worldly prospects) dear Sir, for this season at least ; so much rain followed just after my last to you, that Mrs. Roberts had never an opportunity of shewing me all she intended.

My dear Sir, you inveigh most vehemently against women geniusses who conceal their abilities and talents for fear of the men, &c.

It



It may be so ; I know not if any particular person is meant by the prophet Nathan— I am sure he cannot say, *I am the man* ; it would be vanity of me to suppose it.

Have you seen my dear friend, Mrs. B— since she and her amiable friends, the Miss B—'s, have left Essex ? She has admirable good sense, as well as those her friends and your great admirers. I think it would not be amiss for you to begin punishing those young ladies the first you take in hand ; for I have found them guilty of genius, and here inform against them, if you have not had any opportunity from their modesty and diffidence to have already convicted them of it.

I still feel anxiety, painful anxiety, for some good account of those I knew and esteemed at Lisbon. I have wrote two letters to a person who lived about a mile from the city ; believing they may be safe, and she knowing all my friends, will, I hope, give me some account soon that may set my heart a little at rest for them. I see the public newspapers



newspapers pretty constantly, and have watched earnestly for some account amongst the English who got on board ships, and are coming to England, for the name of Stubbs, or Berthon, and others, but am not yet satisfied. But how terribly extensive have these shocks been ! Sure never was heard of an earthquake being felt so very far, and in so many places, and so many leagues at sea, as this before ! We have had a poor unhappy girl in this village who drowned herself about a fortnight ago, that pretended to prophesy of earthquakes in England before a twelve-month is at an end—one in London, one at Portsmouth, and one at Cowes. She was certainly a lunatic, poor soul ; but yet many of her own rank here believe her a saint, and of course have faith in these her sayings.

My best respects and kindest compliments to Mrs. Richardson, and your dear good girls ; and believe me, my dear worthy Mr. Richardson,

Your sincerely obliged  
and affectionate humble Servant,

MARGARET COLLIER.

TO MISS M. COLLIER.

*London, Jan 5, 1756.*

I AM sorry my dear Miss Collier had the thought of returning the note she mentions; unused. Give me not, Madam, that mortification: I hope you will not, and in that hope, will say no more on the subject.

The Miss B—'s! True, my dear; they are among the dastards I had in my head, when I inveighed, *so vehemently*, you say, against the geniusses of your sex, who studiously in many inexplicable plaits, wrap up their napkin'd talents. "Punish them." I wish it were in my power. How do you think it should be, for the first fault, on conviction? Why, to banish them for three months to Ryde, in the Isle of Wight--- Miss Collier to be the inflictor, and the example too, of all *human* divestments (allow me the odd expression) for that space of time.

But

But think you, my good Miss Collier, that this elaborate concealment of *God-given* talents, is an *honest* one? Would these girls put a cheat upon some little-minded creatures, who would be afraid of such talents in their respective wives, as would do them credit? Would they break upon them, when they could not help themselves, and *astun* them with a superiority of good sense? Rather let me ask, would such girls be afraid that such men would slight them were they to unplait their napkins? Would they condescend to join hands with men *capable* of slighting them for the excellencies they gave not to themselves? Can you, who read Ariosto, help thinking that you see, on such an idea as this will raise, a lady possessed of the shield of Ruggiero, uncovering it, by surprise, and darting radiant glory in the face of her husband; the Caitiff, as in one of the cuts of Harrington's translation, sprawling, dazzled at her feet?

You

You honour me with the noble title of a vindicator of your sex ; but let me desire you to whisper in the ears of the ladies you mention—" Who, my dears, shall vindicate the honour of a sex, the most excellent of which desert themselves ?"—Don't mind their blushing looks at one another by turns :—whisper over again the question, till they are determined to amend ; *or*—what *or* ?—Be sent to the Isle of Wight. No severe punishment, neither, I hope !—the complicated fault considered.

Mrs. Berthon and family, I have the pleasure of telling you, are safe in their persons. Mr. Millar has a letter from Mr. W.—I have not seen it. That gentleman was almost miraculously saved. Terribly extensive indeed has been this earthquake ! God Almighty preserve us from the effects of these terraqueous convulsions ! Were we to persuade ourselves that they are sent as judgments, what have not we of this kingdom to fear ?

Your

Your poor frantic girl, perhaps, thought she was avoiding the evil to come, and which she had prophesied would come, when she sought her death in the water. There have been unhappy people, more in their senses than she seems to have been, who have thrown themselves into the arms of death, for fear of dying. This girl must have been earthquake-mad, as well as otherwise delirious. Don't you think so ?

My wife, my girls, desire their particular respects to you, and join with me in wishing the begun year may be the happiest you have ever known. In the enviable frame of mind you are in, it must be so.

God bless you ! adieu ! and adieu, my dear Miss Collier !

S. RICHARDSON.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Feb. 11, 1756.

I AM much of your opinion, dear Sir, as to the dishonesty of those girls who studiously conceal, in many inexplicable plaits (as you say) the glorious talents bestowed on them. I wish they had courage to assert themselves before marriage, and *astun the Caitiff's vile*, in order to get rid of them ; for I think, should they fall prostrate and sprawling before the dazzling shield of the lady, it would be a properer and more becoming posture for a lover, than a husband ; besides it would be highly dishonest in such surpassing geniusses to marry men of inferior understandings in another light than that of deceiving ; for ought not the power and government to rest with those who have the superiority of judgment and wisdom ? And who would be so base and wanting to her own worth,

as



as voluntarily to enter into a state of submission and acquiescence to the will of a person less qualified to govern than herself;—when this would be to enter into a state of the vilest servitude, and the only one truly so called; as the divine Milton describes it, where he says,

“ It is not servitude to serve whom God ordains,  
Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same  
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels  
Them whom he governs. This is *servitude*,  
To serve the unwise, or him who hath rebell'd  
Against his worthier.”——

You say (and truly) that there are little-minded creatures who would be afraid of such talents in their respective wives as would outshine themselves.—And again, ask if such girls would be afraid that *such men* should slight them? Why, no, surely.—But O! Mr. Richardson (with a deep sigh I say it) that I never had heard men of real good sense, great parts, and many fine qualities, lower themselves down to these little-minded crea-  
tures,



tures, in inveighing with warmth against an uncommon share of understanding in a wife ; and shewing but too plainly in their practice, when they come to marry, that they are as much afraid of a rivalship of understanding in their wives, as those men you mention. —Indeed, indeed, Sir, I have heard and seen this in men of unquestionable good sense !—Where then shall we find husbands for our dear uncommon geniusses of girls ?—Are not they under a kind of necessity (if they ever intend to marry) to continue their napkins in plaits before marriage, nor ever dare to unfold them, even after marriage, to the generality of men, except they could meet with a noble-minded Sir Charles Grandison, or such as have grace enough to endeavour to tread in his steps.

I have a mixture of joy and tender concern in the account you give me of my friends at Lisbon, and from what I have heard from others. They are safe in their persons, it seems ; but poor Mr. St—bs and family have  
lost

lost every shilling they had in the world, it's said. Dear!—What a trying circumstance is this to people in great affluence as they were. I pray God support and comfort them under this heavy affliction: they are worthy good people, and I hope they will find friends to assist them.

My good old folks—you can't think how I love them!—the more I believe, because they hearken with such attention and admiration to Clarissa and Sir Charles Grandison, which latter I have now begun to them. They believe both Clarissa and Sir Charles to be real stories, and no work of imagination, and I don't care to undeceive them. The good man is more than three-score, he believes; but quite alive, and has none of the infirmities of age. She has one of the most agreeable and placid countenances I ever saw. They love each other, and the husband rejoices in the balance of sense being of her side, which it is, in some degree, and glories in her being able to read

and write, which he can scarcely do. I can't quit my old folks without expressing my happiness in them, and gratitude to all my kind friends, who put it in my power, by the help my little pittance is to them, to afford them more of the necessaries and comforts of life than they enjoyed before I came.

In short, my good Gaffer and his wife, I believe, are just such good old folks as Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, in Pamela.

Compliments to dear Mrs. Richardson ;  
and believe me to be, dear Sir,

Your affectionate humble Servant,

M. COLLIER.

## TO MISS FIELDING.

*London, Dec. 7, 1756.*

YOUR's of the 4th, my dear Miss Fielding, gives me joy indeed. Most cordially do I congratulate you on your amended health. God perfect, and continue it, for many happy years! Why did you not tell Lady Bradshaigh, when you saw her at good Mrs. Bowden's, that you were my much-esteemed Sally Fielding, the author of *David Simple*? She knows my opinion of you, and of your writing powers. If again you see the dear lady, make yourself known to her at my request. I wish you had mentioned her present state of health. I am as anxious for her, as I can be of the welfare of any one of my daughters. Have I not, heretofore, presumptuously called her, the daughter of my mind?

How kind, how affecting, how gracious, is the passage in your's before me, which runs thus! "I cannot tell how it is; but my mind seems, in some measure, to lay a claim to the acquaintance of those friends you esteem and value." Good Miss Fielding, continue to me the honour of your esteem.

I have a letter from good Mrs. Sheridan; the very excellent Mrs. Sheridan, whose graces you so characteristically describe, when you say "Calm sense and good humour dwell with her." In it, she desires to hear of you, and, as happily, professes her esteem of you.

As to my health. Nervous disorders mend not by added years. My hands shake more and more. What will be must.

My poor friend, Mr. Edwards, on a returned visit to me, is taken very dangerously ill at Parson's-Green. Don't let Dr. W. know it. I am afraid he will hardly go abroad again.

A friend we value, Miss Dutton, has been  
with

with us some months for the air ; but has reaped no benefit by it. Every week, for several past, has presented the good creature to our aggrieved hearts wasting visibly ; and she seems now to be in the last stage of a consumption. Poor Sally has been confined with a rheumatic disorder. Three of our servants have taken their turns. But why trouble I you with these melancholy particulars ?

I rejoice with you in the applause Mr. Sheridan meets with. He is indeed an ingenious and worthy man.

Are you acquainted with good Dr. Oliver ? Have you interest enough, if you are not, to procure the perusal of, his *Myra* ? The father most pathetically breaks forth in every line of it. I am charmed with it. I have wept with him, and by reading it to some of my girls, have raised compassion in them, and given them distress. My Polly wept till she sobbed. She has the honour of being known to the Doctor. He was very good



to her. No wonder she entered into the paternal distress. But those who had not the honour of personally knowing the Doctor, were deeply affected by it. Be so kind as to desire Mr. L. to return the Doctor my best thanks for it.

Affectionate remembrances to my dear relations at Bath. They thank me for the pleasure Lady B. has given them. Very kind to me, both from my Lady and them. I wish I could have been among you for one week or fortnight.

I hate the pen more and more ; or I should not have been so long silent to my dear Miss Fielding as I have been. Don't you miss our dear Miss Jenny Collier more and more ?— I do. But she must be happy !

I amuse myself as well as I can with reading. I have just gone through your two vols. of Letters. Have re-perused them with great pleasure, and found many new beauties in them. What a knowledge of the human heart ! Well might a critical judge of writing



writing say, as he did to me, that your late brother's knowledge of it was not (fine writer as he was) comparable to your's. His was but as the knowledge of the outside of a clock-work machine, while your's was that of all the finer springs and movements of the inside.

There is as worthy-hearted a good woman as any in England, Mrs. Duperre, in Wade's Passage. You love good hearts. Be so obliging to me as to make acquaintance with her in her shop ; [she deserves a better station] and when you have a vacant half hour, if she neither leads nor follows a better subject, talk to her of me. But name but Mrs. Watts (with whom my Nancy is so happy as to be) and she will charm you with her eloquence.

Adieu, my dear Miss Fielding. God bless you, prays

Your true Friend and Servant,  
S RICHARDSON.

## TO MISS FIELDING.

*London, Jan. 17, 1757.*

MY DEAR MISS FIELDING,

I TAKE this opportunity to thank you for your excellent letter of the 21st of December; and for your kindness to good Mrs. Duperré.

We lost poor Miss Dutton; and in about a fortnight after, Jan. 3d, good Mr. Edwards. They commenced immortals from Parson's Green. Happy (but Mr. Edwards through painful sufferings) in their departures. O how distressful to us all! In the progress of their several maladies, Sally and Sukey were confined, for many days of the time, with rheumatic disorders; Polly and Patty, for three weeks of it, by fevers and sore throats, which my good wife laboured with for several weeks in the latter season of the year.

Good

Good wife did I say? she behaved throughout the whole trial like an angel; but sometimes I was afraid would have sunk under it. Miss Dutton hastening to her dissolution in one room; Mr. Edwards, my dear, very worthy Mr. Edwards, in another; Sally and Sukey helpless in two several rooms; Polly and Patty in two others: it was with me nothing but going from room to room to beloved patients, in turn, when I went down, which I did much oftener than usual, you may be sure: three nurses in the house; continual visitors (but welcome ones to us) to enquire after our two worthy friends' state of health, &c. Think, my dear Miss Fielding, what a melancholy time we have had; nor will you wonder that my nerves have suffered. But no more in this sad strain. Our friends departed were worthy of all our cares; and being unexpectedly called upon to assist them in the last offices of friendship, we acted as persons in the way of our duty: we per-

formed that duty. God has blessed my girls aforementioned with returned health. My wife, on her return to town with them, recovers her spirits. She, however, joins a silent tear, now and then, to those of her daughters, in remembrance of her departed friends; but cheers up on recollecting, that she had so well, and in a manner so truly sisterly, helped to sustain and comfort the guests whom she looked upon as *deodands*, may I say?

How do you? Are you amended in your health and spirits? God grant it!—Have you been able to pursue any of the plans you consulted me upon? Can I, in any way, be of service or pleasure to you? Command me, if I may. Should not our friend Mr. Dodsley advertise the *copy*, on the filling of the town? Suppose you make Ferdinand as worthy of his mistress at last, as he was at first; and by the help of a few cancellings, publish a second edition of it? I cannot bear that a piece which has so  
much

much merit and novelty of design in it, should slide into oblivion.

Adieu, my good Miss Fielding! Make no apology for employing me in any affair that can be serviceable to you.

I have heard nothing of a long time directly from my relations at Bath. To them and you many happy returns of the season.

Always your's,

S. RICHARDSON.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Ryde, Feb. 4, 1757.*

**I**MPUTE it not to disrespect, my dear good Mr. Richardson, that I have not before wrote to you; neither was it laziness; but in truth to a consciousness, that I had really nothing worth your attending to in my head to commit to paper.

I found

I found my good folks but very indifferent in their healths; but I thank God they are pure well now, and so am I, notwithstanding this bitter cold north-east wind and excessive hard frosts for this ten days past. I sit wholly at home this sharp weather, and grow fonder and fonder of retirement the more I indulge myself in it; there is nothing I reflect on with more thankfulness than the pleasure I am capable of taking in reading, writing, music, and other amusements, which I trust are innocent, if not laudable; for since it is my lot to live so much alone, how miserable should I be if reading grew tiresome, or other employments of the mind were not pleasing to me; since the several ways of *killing* time amongst the generality of women, namely, in visits, diversions, or cards, are entirely cut off from my way of life, as much almost, as from any recluse in a nunnery. Sometimes, for a fortnight together, I do not see a soul but those within our walls, my



dear good old souls, who are so happy in each other, and so continually chearful in an evening when I see them, that I might well learn of them that good lesson of contentedness, which is none of the least of Christian virtues; and indeed many other virtues might I learn of them; for the more I see and know of them, the more I love them, hitherto. Their business begins to fail and fall off (as it often happens with old people, and young ones supplant them with their customers); this grieves and vexes me more than to appearance it does them; for they express no impatient re- pinings, nor the least degree of bitterness, at old friends and customers leaving them, without any fault of theirs but growing old; nor are they at all envious at the young ones that have insinuated themselves into their business: this I love them for, and admire them, as doubting, in myself, whether they are not my superiors in this respect.

Here



112      MISS M. COLLIER, &c.

Here are great complaints amongst the poor, at the dearness of corn, as well as in other parts of England; and every thing, this war time, is also dearer here than it was ever known in the memory of the oldest people in the Isle of Wight. God grant we may soon have a peace!

I am, dear Sir, your most obliged  
and affectionate humble Servant,

M. COLLIER.

CORRE-

---

CORRESPONDENCE  
BETWEEN  
MRS. PILKINGTON,  
COLLY CIBBER,  
AND MR. RICHARDSON.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*King-street, Westminster, June 1743.*

SIR,

THE sin of ingratitude would lie heavy on me, did I not, with the most perfect thankfulness, acknowledge your goodness. Every favour you confer receives a ten-fold value from your manner of conferring it; and as they are at least not bestowed on an insensible

sible heart, I hope you will indulge me so far, as that without offending you, I may acquaint you with the sentiments of it.

Give me leave then to inform you, that the cruel treatment I have received from numbers of those falsely styled virtuous, has made me fearful of applying to any of them (but such to whom my misfortunes were entirely unknown) ; for instead of the relief my calamities required, they were heightened by some bitter insult ; and the best comfort I received, was to be informed, I deserved all that I could suffer here. It was consequently with dread I addressed even the Doctor D—y ; for although I had long been a witness to his humanity to others, I was not sure but I might have been so misrepresented to him, as to persuade him I was unworthy of it. You may judge then, Sir, when I found my letter, and his answer, in your hand, how much I was startled ; for being a stranger to you, I know not what proofs you would require as to the sincerity of my reformation.

But

But how agreeably was I surprised, when, instead of an awful severe judge, I met with a gentleman truly polite and compassionate ! I know, Sir, I am entirely indebted to you for the Doctor's bounty, both as you have run the hazard of advancing it, been an intercessor for me to him, and encreased my store by your own charity. Such worthy minds as your's reclaim the fallen sinner, smoothing the thorny paths of virtue, and making them appear all beauty, peace, and pleasure.

It would now seem quite unreasonable to make a farther request to you ; yet I have it so much at heart, that I must entreat you to comply with it. 'Tis that you will continue to me the happiness of your acquaintance :—'tis so desirable a blessing, that I am anxious to preserve it ; and blessings are dealt to me with so sparing a hand, so very few I possess, that I am certain you will not deprive me of the chief.—That they may be abundantly multiplied  
to

to you, and your's, is the sincere wish  
of, Sir, Your most obliged and

most grateful humble Servant,

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*July 15, 1743.*

SIR,

I DID myself the favour of waiting on you yesterday ; but not having the good fortune to meet with you, I have taken the liberty of addressing myself to you, to let you know I can get a most compleat beautiful shop, in the Strand, exactly opposite to Buckingham-street ; but the gentleman who owns it wants some person of credit to give me a character. I mentioned Mr. Cibber, but he had no opinion

nion of him. I am sensible I shall be able to pay him, and to live, were I but once fixed. I am so much a stranger to you, and already so much indebted to your goodness, that I scarce know how to presume to ask so great a favour : yet I know a favourable word from you, will almost make my fortune ; and I do assure you no behaviour of mine shall ever give you cause to repent of it. I have this day presented a piece of work to the Lord Chancellor : he accepted of it, and has given me a direction to wait on him a Sunday, that being his only leisure day. I beg pardon for troubling you with my affairs ; but I am sensible, that my success is pleasing to you. May every blessing wait on you, and your's ! And I beg you will believe me to be, with the utmost truth and respect, Sir,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

L. PILKINGTON.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*March 13, 1744-5.*

DEAR SIR,

I DID not till this moment open the paper you were so kind to send me, my eyes being so sore for want of sleep, that I was afraid to write. But how was I astonished to find you, like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft the lonely heart with good, and bounty unexpected, unmerited, unsought !

What can I pay thee for this noble usage, but grateful praise ; so Heaven itself is paid : And you, truly made in the image of God, will, I hope, accept of the low, but sincere oblation, of a thankful spirit.

But pray, Sir, why will you differ so much from the generality of mankind ?—A proud

Unfeeling race ! whose breasts ne'er learnt to glow  
For others' good, or bleed for others woe.

You



You have monopolised all the Christian, all the social virtues and graces to yourself. Sir, is this equitable ; is it fair ? I wish the House of Lords, especially the Lords Spiritual, would take it into their serious consideration ; for the day I had the honour to write to you, I had the mortification to write to the Lord Almoner, who, by his title, ought to have a little charity, and to whom I was strongly recommended, both by his Grace of York, and Doctor Hales, last year, for the King's bounty ; and in hopes of gaining his favour, I also presented him with a very curious piece of work ; but all this produced nothing but a very great insult ; for though I wrote in the most humble and pathetic terms I was mistress of, or his pride could desire, he sent out my letter in a minute's time, torn to pieces, to my servant, with this comfortable message, that he would never do me any good ; and I verily believe him. But surely this disgraced himself more than me, plainly proving he knew not what belonged to

to his station, either as a gentleman or a prelate.

'Tis a remark of Doctor Swift's, that persons are resentful in the same measure that they are grateful ; to the truth of this observation my heart bears witness ; for perhaps no human creature possesses either of those passions in a more eminent degree than myself. Resentment, indeed, I endeavour to subdue ; because it hurts only myself, by which you may perceive I am spiteful, though impotent ; yet who can be touched to the quick, and not feel ? Gratitude is a generous laudable passion, the offspring of an enlarged mind ; yet 'tis with me somewhat too intense, and like what the poets dream of the joys of love, winds me up even to a painful height of ecstasy ; and when I reflect, that I have no power in any degree to return the favours I have received from you, Sir, more, abundantly more, than from any person living, my spirits quite sink beneath the sense I have of my obligations.

My

My little faithful Irishwoman offers up all her Ave-maria's and Paternoster's for your prosperity. Your ever grateful and

most obliged humble Servant,

TRISTITIA.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*May 16, 1745.*

SIR,

THE very good woman who bears this to you, I am by the severity of fortune obliged to part with, as it would be cruelty in me to detain her, when I see no prospect either of being able to pay her what is justly due to her, nor am I even capable of giving her subsistence. Where I shall find any, I commit to that power, who doth the raven feed; yea providentially caters for the sparrow.

But, though I have resolution enough to  
VOL. II. G bear

bear my own misfortunes, I cannot bear another should suffer with me, and for me.

As she is really fit, both by her skill and integrity, for a nobleman's service; could she get a good one, my character of her will be of little avail, as in my present situation, in so dismal a place, those who know not how far affection can carry, would be apt to imagine a good servant would not stay in poverty; and such a wretched mistress as I am, can be of no use to her any way.

I have, therefore, Sir, the very great favour to beg, that as your word is unquestionable, if she should apply to you, you will be so kind as to say you know her.

I most humbly thank you for the paper you were so kind to send me; but it would not be sufficient to contain half the gratitude which overflows my heart, when I consider the numberless instances of your favour, to,  
Sir,

Your most obliged  
and ever-acknowledging humble Servant,

LÆTITIA.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Westminster, May 27, 1745.*

DEAR SIR,

I HAD the pleasure of passing four hours on Saturday with Mr. Cibber, who is just returned from Bath, and is, thank God! in pure health and admirable spirits. He has given me his commands to present his respects to you, and tell you, he thirsts for your writings, that is his word, and hopes you will give him a morning; and I hope as he has given me leave to be of the party, it will not be displeasing to you, insomuch as I promise not to mention my unspeakable obligations to you before your face.

Spirits who are not finely touched like yours, can scarce stretch their narrow minds to conceive a disinterested generous action; relate it, and they shall rack their inventions

to find some flaw in it. I dare say you would meet with more censure, than applause, for bestowing any favour on one who so little merits it, according to the general opinion ; but you have dealt with me according to Hamlet's advice :—Use every man better than his deserts, or who shall escape a whipping ? Believe me to be, with such respect as we pay to superior beings, Sir,

Your ever obliged and  
most devoted Servant,

LÆTITIA.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

1745.

SIR,

THE following lines, having something in them that seemed applicable only to one person in the world, I have, at the request of the author, presumed to beg your  
1 opinion

opinion of them, being very diffident of my own judgment, as to my shame I confess it; I have a partiality even to the faults of the writer. I hope, for my sake, they will also find a favourable allowance from you, who are never severe to mark what is done amiss :

Thus much may serve by way of proeme,  
But now proceed we to the poem.

VERSES TO A VERY SINGULAR  
GENTLEMAN.

TO thee, within whose heav'n-illumin'd breast,  
Resides each virtue which adorns the blest,  
'Tis bold presumption to attune my lays,  
Seraphic notes should hymn sublimer praise.  
Angels, enthron'd in bliss, with rapture see  
Their own divine perfections live in thee.  
Where hast thou learnt this excellence and grace?  
Why uncorrupt amidst a sinful race?



Why are th' afflicted still thy constant care?  
E'en tho' they merit all the woes they bear.  
No harsh reproach, no comment on their faults  
Wounds their pain'd ears, or shocks their nicest thoughts;  
No frown severe declares th' unwelcome guest  
Unworthy of thy converse, or thy feast.  
Judging how loss of fortune, and of fame,  
Must sink th' unhardened mind in grief and shame;  
Sweetly humane! thy words and placid air  
Pour balm into the soul, and almost cure despair.  
Others, for once perhaps, afford relief,  
With such reluctance, it augments the grief;  
For, O believe me! 'tis a dreadful task  
To gen'rous minds to be compell'd to ask;  
More dreadful still to have their suit deny'd,  
Or take a wretched alms, giv'n with contemptuous pride.  
With such obliging grace thy bounties flow;  
They double all the blessings they bestow:  
Touch'd with a painful joy the labouring heart,  
Struggles its mighty raptures to impart:  
Meanings crowd thick; the tongue its aid denies;  
And springing tears flow grateful from the eyes,  
Silent as dews, which nightly bless the ground,  
Thy mercy falls, refreshing all around:  
Yet no proud boast proclaims these fertile show'rs,  
'Till seen in swelling buds and op'ning flow'rs.  
Wait then the harvest of thy well-spent years,  
'Till the bright sun of righteousness appears;

Then

Then shall conspiring Angels, in thy praise,  
Their loud Hosannahs to Jehovah raise ;  
In beauty thou of holiness shalt shine,  
And all the glory God can give, be thine.

Amen.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*June 29, 1745.*

SIR,

I PASSED two hours this morning with Mr. Cibber, whom I found in such real anxiety for Clarissa, as none but so perfect a master of nature could have excited. I had related to him, not only the catastrophe of the story, but also your truly religious and moral reason for it ; and, when he heard what a dreadful lot hers was to be, he lost all patience, threw down the book, and vowed he would not read another line. To express or paint his passion, would acquire

such masterly hands as yours, or his own: he shuddered; nay, the tears stood in his eyes:—"What! (said he) shall I, who have loved and revered the virtuous, the beautiful Clarissa, from the same motives I loved Mr. Richardson, bear to stand a patient spectator of her ruin, her final destruction? No!—My heart suffers as strongly for her as if word was brought me that his house was on fire, and himself, his wife, and little ones, likely to perish in the flame. I cannot bear it! had Lovelace ten thousand souls and bodies, I could wish to see them all tortured, stretched on the rack: no punishment can be too bad for him."

In this manner did the dear gentleman, I think I may almost say, rave; for I never saw passion higher wrought than his. When I told him she must die, he said, "G-d d—n him, if she should; and that he should no longer believe Providence, or eternal Wisdom, or Goodness governed the world, if merit, innocence, and beauty were to be so  
destroyed:

destroyed: nay, (added he) my mind is so hurt with the thought of her being violated, that were I to see her in Heaven, sitting on the knees of the blessed Virgin, and crowned with glory, her sufferings would still make me feel horror, horror distilled."— These were his strongly emphatical expressions.

"I would, (said he) write to him, [and shewed me a-part of a letter to you] but I fear I have been too sincere already: I have gone every evening to Ranelagh, in order to find a face or mien resembling Miss Harlowe, but to no purpose: the charmer is inimitable; I cannot find her equal."

I am not quite sure, whether Mr. Cibber is not so strongly enamoured with her perfections, and touched with her distresses, that, were they exhibited on the stage, he would not, like Don Quixote, rise up in wrath and rescue the lady from the hands of her violater.

I can scarcely, Sir, express the pleasure

I received from the dear gentleman's warmth, nay heat, on this occasion ; as it shewed me at once both the virtue of his own heart, and the power of the writer, who could so melt, engage, and fire it.

But now, Sir, I must fairly own with Mr. Cibber, I cannot bear the thought of the lady's person being contaminated. If she must die ; if her heart must break for being so deceived, let her make a triumphant exit, arrayed in white-robed purity. As for repentance, she has little cause, nay indeed, none ; for the force or treachery practised against her (inasmuch as what our minds detests, and we are compelled to by violence) can never be imputed to us as a crime by Eternal Goodness : as well might we, had we a power after death, repent that a highwayman had robbed and murdered us. Spare her virgin purity, dear Sir, spare it ! Consider, if this wounds both Mr. Cibber and me (who neither of us set up for immaculate chastity) what must it do with those  
who

who possess that inestimable treasure? and if the bare imagination of it is terrible, what must it be when arrayed in the full pomp of such words as on this occasion must flow from such a heart, and such a pen, as your's! Time cuts me off from adding any more at this time, than that I am, with most unfeigned gratitude and respect,

Your ever obliged

L. PILKINGTON.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

1745.

SIR,

I MUST take the liberty of engaging some of your precious moments, just to beg to know, whether I have, by any misfortune, lost the little share I once thought I possessed in your favour, for your silence and absence make me extremely apprehensive;

G 6

though



though I know not why, except that I have been so much a stranger to happiness of late, that if it ever appears, 'tis but like a pleasant dream, and I wake to all the woes I left behind. Whatever I dearly esteem, I am sure to be deprived of; and had I been in love with life, I believe I should long ago have parted with it.

You will think me splenetic; but I leave you, Sir, to judge if I have not reason. I cannot dispose of any work; and my maid, in whom I placed such confidence, has robbed me of all my linen, even to sheets, and of every thing she could make money of. I hope I shall not to this loss have one added much more insupportable, that of your ever honoured regard. Continue it to me, Sir, I beseech you; and though I cannot merit it, I shall know how to esteem so great a blessing, and look on it as an equivalent to numberless afflictions, which I shall not distress your humanity to repeat.

I am



I am now quite alone in this wild-looking house, and truly melancholy; my only comfort is that I am mortal:

Though the unhappy often prove  
Death is as coy a thing as love.

I find my poor spirits too low to produce any thing worth your attention; a line from you will be the best cordial they can possibly receive, and that all your kindness to a poor lost one shall for ever be acknowledged with the most perfect gratitude and respect, by, Sir,

Your most obliged

and most humble Servant,

L. PILKINGTON.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

1745.

SIR,

THOUGH fallen on evil days, and evil tongues, I find it difficult to subdue my rising pride ; for to have so accurate a judge, and master of all that is sublime, harmonious, or elegant, endure my lays, is more than my vainest hopes could flatter me with.

I have never read the Doctor's Night Thoughts, it being a long time since I have been able to purchase a book ; however, where one blessing is denied, another is continually given ; for whatever I have read I remember ; and, to make use of his own words,

So now a poet's gratitude you see,  
Grant me two favours, and I'll ask for three.

If you have them, I beg you will lend them to me, and I do assure you I will be perfectly careful of them.

The

The greatest unhappiness of desolate poverty to me, is, that I am as it were cut off from human society. Mean company I cannot be pleased with; I am unable to go abroad, and have no place fit for any body to come into, so that I have no relief but a book.

Sir, your most grateful  
humble Servant,  
L. P.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*August 13, 1745.*

SIR,

THIS waits on you with my best hopes that you and your's are as well and happy as my grateful heart truly wishes. I think, Sir, I am born to be a troublesome beggar to you; but as my heart is sincerely bent on leaving England, I hope you will pardon a last request,

quest, which is, that you will oblige me with a few sheets of gilt paper, a few pens, and a stick of sealing-wax, in order to write circular letters to the nobility who have honoured me with their notice, to raise as much as will carry me to the land of fogs and fens :—

A servile race, in folly nurst ;

Who truckle most, when treated worst. SWIFT.

I must try, Sir, whether I can turn my lead to gold ; for at present, in one point at least, I fulfil the gospel—I *die daily*. Pardon me, I know you will, this liberty, and believe me to be,

Your ever obliged,

and most truly acknowledging Servant,

while this machine is .

LÆTITIA.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Thursday, 12 o'clock.**Dec. 1745.*

SIR,

I HAVE long been silent; I only wish I were so for ever. But, indeed, I think all sorts of plagues and shames are to be raised on my bare-head. My daughter is come to me big with child, naked and desolate; and because I would not let her lye in the street, my saint-like methodist landlady has padlocked the door, and turned us both there. My own writings she has secured, as well as a few small matters, she, my child, had provided for her child. I have less authority to blame her than perhaps another mother would take. We have both been forced to sit up in a place they call a night-house, all last night, so that my head is extremely disordered; and I hope you will pity and pardon my bad writing. As I know you are a subscriber

scriber to some of the hospitals, could I but get her to lye-in in one, I should think myself happy.

Dear Sir, if this be in your power to grant, it will save three lives, and mingle civic crowns with your bays. Indeed I am almost distracted. This is a calamity quite unexpected. Once more I beg your pardon, and I am sure your humanity will incline you to pity, Sir,

Your most gratefully obliged Servant,

L. PILKINGTON.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Westminster, Dec. 23, 1745.*

SIR,

TO your numberless instances of charity, I must humbly implore you, or rather your lady, to add one more: 'Tis, that if you can spare a little old linen of any kind, you will be pleased mercifully to bestow it on this unhappy

happy wretch, my daughter. I know not what to do with her or myself, in this dreadful exigence. I can procure no lodging for either of us but the floor; and to have her bring forth her child, and not have any thing to wrap it in, the malicious world might perhaps judge we had an intention to destroy it; at least, the oppression I have met with, makes me apprehensive of every thing it could inflict.

I am still in the same calamitous night-house, where your young gentleman came to me; where there is no rest to be had either night or day. Riot and mis-rule reign in it, and as Milton expresses it, *Late Wassailers*. I am surprized that I yet retain my senses.— Pardon me, gracious Sir, these plainings, which give some relief to the most desolate heart that lives. May the Eternal Goodness make your daughters a blessing to you, and preserve you and your lady to them, prays the unhappy

L. PILKINGTON.

TO



TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Westminster, Dec. 28, 1745.*

SIR,

ACCEPT, I beseech you, of my humble acknowledgments to you, and your worthy lady, for your bounty. The season of peace and good-will towards men, has been very disastrous to me; and God only knows when my calamities will end. I have been terrified with parish-officers demanding security that I shall not be troublesome to them in case of the mortality, either of my daughter, or her child. This, though the girl appears quite hale, is out of my power to answer, and they barbarously threaten to pass her from parish to parish, back to Dublin; if so, she must be lost; indeed as by God's good providence the mother brings nourishment for her young along with it; and by your goodness, and your lady's, we have enough to clothe it,

we

we shall never abandon it ; but life and death are in the hands of the Almighty.

Our being and our stay dependant still,  
Not on our own, but on another's will.

Here I am at a plunge, and know not what to say to those who are in the insolence of office, and empowered by law to distress the distressed.

I pray'd for children, and Heaven gave me such,  
That all men hail'd me happy ; yet alas !  
Who would be now a parent in my case ?

May the day-spring from on high visit you,  
and your's, and the sun of righteousness arise  
on you, and your dear family, shall be the  
first and last prayer of, dear Sir,

Your ever obliged and

most grateful humble Servant,

L. PILKINGTON.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Jan. 23, 1746.*

DEAR SIR,

I KNOW it will be agreeable to your humane and generous heart to hear, that by a bounty of five guineas from Mr. Pelham, and one from Mr. Furneze, my poor girl and I are delivered (I am sure I may say) from worse than death, and have got into a very decent garret, in a sober reputable house (one Mr. Smith's, a turner, in Castle-street, by the Mews). I have redeemed all my absolutely necessary furniture; and by our own, and your dear lady's goodness, am provided tolerably against the approaching occasion: for my daughter is not yet brought to bed. God has (I may say) miraculously kept her up, till there was some accommodation for her.

I ought to tell you, that this relief was obtained for me, by my other dear and  
honoured

honoured benefactor, Mr. Cibber. Spirits so finely touched as your's, feel not only a delight in the good they themselves have communicated to others, but are also charmed with the recital of benevolent deeds; and this, Sir, according to my weak conception, must be the ultimate happiness of that blessed place, to which your elevated mind so often makes excursions :

Tho' thou may'st seem, so heav'nly is thy sense,  
Not going thither, but new come from thence.

And when, by contemplations on excellent persons, one is (according to the eastern style) rapt into the third heaven, who can forget the ever worthy Dr. Young? Will you, dear Sir, who are master of every excellence, make the inclosed trifle acceptable to him?

The humble incense of a grateful heart.

Indeed, I ought to be truly thankful to God for the great mercies I have received, and  
to

to his images on earth whom he inspired  
with compassion for my misery.

Your most obliged, most grateful  
and most obedient Servant,

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

1746.

SIR,

THE youth who waits on you with this,  
is my long-lost son, and I know, on that  
account, you will honour him with a little  
part of that favour you have long bestowed  
on his unhappy mother. Mine is an in-  
creasing family; for I have also got a grand-  
son. God has miraculously given me  
power to assist them hitherto; and if I can  
but get the boy on the stage, and the girl  
into work, my business in this world is at  
an

an end ; for in some measure I have had my desire ; though God only knows the difficulties, granting me my wishes, has involved me in.

I hope you, and all your dear family, are as well as my grateful heart most sincerely wishes them. I should be glad to know if my little present was agreeable to Dr. Young ? I speak not this as even wishing it should be a tax on him ; far from it, I am still his debtor. Indeed I am very much so to many worthy minds ; but to none on earth more than to your own. As near as human nature can approach the Divinity, you already have perfection. God only can add to your felicity ; and may he do it here, and to all eternity, is evermore the prayer of, Sir,

Your most devoted,

most grateful humble Servant,

L. PILKINGTON.

*P. S.* Tell me what sort of a heart the father

ther of this lad has, who could use him so cruelly ?\*

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*March 2, 1746.*

SIR,

I HAVE a letter from Mrs. Pilkington, complaining of grievous distress. God knows, I have long from my heart and soul lamented her lost condition, and earnestly beseeched, and still implore, the Divine Mercy in her behalf. I am at present bare of money, and must therefore beg the favour of you to let her have five guineas on my account, and I will thankfully repay you the first time I get into the city.

Your most obedient

and obliged Servant,

P. DELANY.

\* *Note by Richardson.*—Ragged; destitute. I gave him a suit of clothes. He gave particular orders to the tailor to make it fashionable to the height of the mode.

TO



TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*April 3, 1746.*

SIR,

I AM, amongst many other obligations, extremely indebted to you for the paper, though, as you see, it furnishes me with means of being farther troublesome to you. I have been obliged to move my lodgings, the people having let their house, and have taken a pretty decent room, at three pounds a year, in Great White-lion-street, at the sign of the Dove, near the Seven Dials. I have had the good fortune to dispose of my son (happily, I hope) as he is going abroad with a young gentleman of fortune, the son of my most intimate friend in Ireland, and one who was his playfellow from his childish days. I have also disposed of my grandson, his father having sent

H 2

orders

orders to an aunt of his here to put him out to nurse; so that the girl and I (I hope) shall be able to get bread; though really neither of us have tasted it these three days, all the little cash I had serving but for the unavoidable expence of moving: and in a new neighbourhood credit is not to be hoped for.

There are numbers of people who pay hackney scribes for writing letters, and drawing petitions for them; and I am often thus employed for charity. But, as I am forced to be a beggar myself, I think if I could get an advertisement published to this purpose,\* it might afford us some subsistence, while I could get my other writings in order for the press. To work and starve

\* "At the sign of the Dove, in Great White-lion-street, near the Seven Dials, letters are written on any subject (except the law) by Lætitia Pilkington, price one Shilling. Also, petitions drawn at the same price."

WITH MR. RICHARDSON. 149

is impossible; and I really want not industry, but support, while I employ it.

I am, Sir,

Your most grateful Servant,

L. PILKINGTON.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*May 6, 1746.*

SIR,

I So truly wish you health and happiness, that I hope you will pardon me the liberty I take in enquiring how you and your dear family are. I wish I could say I was well, either in body or mind, because I am sensible it would be pleasing to a heart like yours, that rejoices in the good of others; but I believe my calamities will not end but with life. My son's master is married, and has dismissed him without any manner of

H 3

reward

reward for his attendance ; indeed, his extravagance, and the sad match he has made, put it out of his power ; so that the poor boy is once more put to his shifts.

I hope you will pardon me, that I have not paid my respects to you ; for nothing can be a greater affliction to me, than to be hindered from performing so delightful a duty. But it is my hard fate to be quite a prisoner, having nothing even decent to appear in. I have not seen a tree this season ; and am as much cut off from society as the dead : but they have their advantages whose wants are ended. Indeed, Sir, I am loth even to write to you ; for why should I pain your humanity with my distresses ? My spirits are sunk even to a hopeless despondency ; and nothing can flow from me but sorrow. Complaints to a person of your generous spirit, carry an appearance I would of all things avoid, except the still worse appearance of neglect to you, whom of all human kind I most  
honour,

WITH MR. RICHARDSON. 151

honour, and to whom I am, with the most perfect respect, an ever obliged,

and truly grateful Servant,

L. PILKINGTON.

*P. S.* I could not go on with the stamp paper hats, having only borrowed the stamps; and whilst I had it in my possession, I had no materials to proceed. All my schemes are abortive.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

1746.

SIR,

I BELIEVE it will not greatly surprise you to hear I am quite broke: indeed, it was what I might naturally expect, having undertaken trade without any fund to carry it on; and whether I had business or not, quarter-day came. Indeed, my landlord was so kind as to give me fair warning that

H 4

he

he would seize. So I secured my bed, and my chairs, and some few necessaries from him : but I have left him more than the worth of his quarter's rent, even in the article of coals.

I am really weary of complaining of the frowns of fortune : but the world is the world, and I am quite sick of it.

I should be sorry, Sir, to be judged any way ungrateful to Mr. Cibber ; I owe him many obligations : but my extremity was, and still is, so great, that a trifle, which he could not miss, would have been a relief to me. Violent afflictions made Job himself murmur ; so I hope I may stand excused : and thus much I will venture to say, that Mr. Cibber never suffered either in fame, or fortune, by his kindness to me.

But neither from you, Sir, nor from him, had I any right or title to expect the favours I have received ; but the case is very different with regard to Dr. Delany. He, indeed (as you might perceive) tied me up  
from

from writing my full mind to him, by desiring he might hear from me no other way but by you. Yet, considering the long and intimate friendship which was between my father and him, which descended down to me, had he given me from his ample fortune some little annuity, even as much as he pays to his meanest servant, I have richly deserved it from him ; and believe me, Sir, I would not presume to say so, had I not a just foundation for it.

I write this tedious epistle in bed. I have been confined to it this three weeks, and believe my next remove will be to one of clay. I keep nothing in my stomach ; and am but the shadow of what you last saw me.

But of this be assured, that, living or dying, I shall for ever bless you, and pray for the happiness of you and yours ; and if it be in the power of departed spirits to render service to the living, may it be my delightful task to be some way conducive



to your good. I have had such a scene of misery here, that I hope, through the merits of my Redeemer, it will not last for ever.

Sir, your most obliged,  
and most obedient Servant—

My name is lost, barebit, and gnawn,  
by Slander's canker tooth.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Feb. 20, 1746-7.*

DEAR SIR,

I AM just recovered out of a violent fever; and though, to my unhappiness, my life is out of danger, yet I languish in very great misery with a disorder they term an ague in the head. My daughter was obliged to leave her place, to come and take care of me: however, her mistress has taken her again; and I am really in very great distress. My head is so bad, it is with  
2 infinite

infinite pain that I write. I believe from my knowledge of Dr. Delany's charity, that if he knew I had not even a fire, nor any subsistence, he would take some compassion on me. I am so weak, I am unable to assist myself; so my good old woman has been so kind to go of this errand. My best wishes ever attend you. I am, Sir,

Your ever grateful Servant,

L. PILKINGTON.

*P. S.* I lodge at the Blue Peruke, opposite Buckingham House, in the Strand.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Dublin, May 28, 1749.*

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH I have not done myself the honour of writing to you since I came to Ireland, yet I do assure you it was not for want of the deepest and most grateful sense of my obligations to you; but the truth is, I have been such a slave to the pen, in order to keep my word with the public, that I am glad to throw the tiresome utensil aside.

The lady who is so kind to undertake to deliver this to you, is your country woman, who is, with her spouse, grown weary of our most unpindarique climate: he is a printer, and, like yourself, Sir, a person of religion, taste, and learning. They both write well; and as I know you have no higher pleasure than encouraging merit, I am certain they will deserve all the favour you can shew them.

Pray

Pray be so kind to acquaint me sincerely, what kind of a reception my books met with in your great metropolis. I am sure it will be agreeable to you to hear I have met with many marks of distinction in my own country. I have not heard from Mr. Cibber for a considerable time ; but I learn, with pleasure, that he is well.

My best wishes ever wait on you, and your lady, and your sweet little nymphs.

Your ever obliged  
and most grateful humble Servant,

L. PILKINGTON.

TO COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ.

*Dublin, June 18, 1747.*

MY DEAR, DEAR SIR,

I DOUBT not but you will be surprised to receive a letter from the land of fogs and fens ; but as you have for many years been the kind preserver of my life, I think it an indispensable duty on me both to pay you the utmost acknowledgements of a grateful heart, and also to acquaint you by what means I came to revisit my native country, where I have made every body as much in love with your humanity, as they are charmed with your Cicero, which is now here, and so often borrowed from me by persons of taste and eminence, that I can scarcely call the book mine. I have, for its preservation, got it handsomely bound ; and must beg you will send me a copy of your Countenance, to prefix to it.

A short

A short time after I had the honour of seeing you, a well-natured prelate arrived from Ireland. He had been an intimate friend to me ; and, upon acquainting him what cruel treatment Mr. Pilkington had given both to his children and me, and that I had no means of redress but crossing the water, he generously sent me sixteen guineas, with which I cloathed myself and son decently, and arrived here just time enough to prevent my husband's second marriage ; who, to his unspeakable mortification, stands condemned to pay me seventy pounds. My Memoirs are in the press, and subscriptions pouring in from all quarters ; so that, when I have the happiness of seeing you again (as I trust in God I shall) your generous heart, which has so often sympathized with my sorrows, will, I know, rejoice, that they are at an end.

The indulgence your goodness has ever afforded me, make me hope you will pardon this liberty ; and also make me happy by an  
an

an answer. Give me, I beg you, a particular account of your health and spirits: God preserve them to you.

I do assure you, Sir, the honour you have shewn me, makes me looked upon as a person of consequence here. I entertain my friends in the same manner I have had the honour of amusing you, with a particular account of Dr. Swift: and if either prose or verse

————— can give

A deathless name, thine shall for ever live.

This village affords not any news worth writing. I am the chief subject of discourse here, my adventures being impatiently expected: and I think I cannot give you a more contemptible idea of the place, than that so inconsiderable a creature should furnish the tea-tables with chat. Mr. Victor presents his respects to you. I must beg you will make mine acceptable to the worthy Mr. Richardson, and that you will  
believe



WITH COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ. 161

believe me to be, with love, gratitude,  
and truth, my dear Sir,

Your ever grateful, humble Servant,

L. PILKINGTON.

*P. S.* I shall impatiently long for a line  
from you. Please to direct for me, at  
Mrs. Byrne's, near the Ram inn, in An-  
gier-street, Dublin.

---

TO MRS. PILKINGTON.

*Monday, June 29, 1747.*

THOU FROLICSOME FARCE OF FORTUNE!

WHAT! Is there another act to come  
of you then? I was afraid, some time ago,  
you had made your last exit. Well! but  
without wit or compliment, I am glad to  
hear

hear you are so tolerably alive. I have your incredible narrative from Dublin before me, and shall, as you desire me, answer every paragraph in its turn, without considering its importance or connection.

You say I have for many years been the kind preserver of your life. In this, I think, I have no great merit; because you seemed to set so little value upon it yourself: otherwise you would have considered, that poverty was the most helpless handmaid that ever waited upon a high-spirited lady. But as long as the world allowed you wit and parts, how poor (compared to you without a shilling in your pocket) was an illiterate queen of the Indies. Oh, the glory of a great soul! Why, to be sure, as you say, it must be a fine thing indeed! But—a word in your majesty's ear—Common sense is no contemptible creature, notwithstanding you have thought her too vulgar to be one of your maids of honour.

Common sense might have prevented as  
many

many misfortunes as your high-and-mightiness has run through. It is true, you have stood them all with a Catonian constancy ; but I fancy you might have passed your life as merrily without them. You see I am still friend enough to be free with your failings : but make the best of a bad market. You seem now to have a glimpse of a new world before you ! Think a little how you are to squeeze through the crowd, with such a bundle at your back ; and don't suppose it possible you can have a grain of wit, till you have twenty pounds in your pocket. With half that sum, a greater sinner than you may look the devil in the face. Few people of sense will turn their back upon a woman of wit, that does not look as if she came to borrow money of them : but, when want brings her to her wits' end, every fool will have wit enough to avoid her. But as this seems now to be your case, I am more afraid of your being out of your wits at your good, than your  
bad

bad fortune; for I question whether you are as able to bear the first as the last.

If you don't tell me a damned poetical fib, in saying that people of taste so often borrow *Cicero* of you, I will send you half a score of them, with which you may compliment those whom you suppose to be your friends; perhaps you may have a chance of having the favour returned with something more than it is worth. Generosity is less shy of shewing itself, when it only appears to be grateful. In a word, if you would have these books, you must order some friend in London to call upon me for them; for you know I hate care and trouble.

I am not sure your spouse's having taken another wife, before you came over, might not have proved the only means of his being a better husband to you; for, had he picked up a fortune, the hush! hush! of your prior claim to him, might have been worth a better separate maintenance, than you are now like to get out of him.

As

As for my health and spirits, they are as usual ; and full as strong as any body's that has enjoyed his the same number of years.

If the value I have for you gives you any credit in your own country, pray stretch it as far as you think it can be serviceable to you ; for under all the rubbish of your misfortunes, I can see your merit sparkle like a lost jewel. I have no greater pleasure, than in placing my esteem on those who can feel and value it. Had you been born to a large fortune, your shining qualities might have put half the rest of your sex out of countenance. If any of them are uncharitable enough to call this flattery, tell them what a poor devil you are, and let that solace them. If ever you should recover enough of the public favour to dissipate your former sorrows, I should be glad to see you here. In the mean time you will fully repay any service I may have done you, by sometimes letting me hear of your well-doing.

I hope

I hope you have but one volume of your Memoirs in the press; because, if that meets with any success, I believe I could give you some natural hints, which, in the easy dress of your pen, might a good deal enliven it.

You make your court very ill to me, by depreciating the natural blessings on your side the water. What have you to boast of, that you want, but wealth and insolent dominion? Is not the glory of God's creation, lovely woman! there, in its highest lustre? I have seen several and frequent examples of them here; and have heard of many, not only from yourself, but others, who, for the agreeable entertainments of the social mind, have not their equal play-fellows in Old England. And pray what, to me, would life be worth without them? dear soft souls! for now too they are lavish of favours, which, in my youth, they would have trembled to trust me with. In a word, if, instead of the sea, I had only  
the

WITH COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ. 167

the dry-ground Alps to get over, I should think it but a trip to Dublin. In the mean time we must e'en compound for such interviews as the post or the packet can send to you, or bring to

Your real Friend and Servant,

C. CIBBER.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Wednesday Morn.*

*March 30, 1748.*

SIR,

IS it possible? How could an author, so snubbed, and disappointed of approbation as you have been from me, ever recover into such spirit? Lovelace's sixth letter, p. 52,\* has thrown out such lively strokes of his uncommon, and yet natural cha-

\* Vol. III.

racter,



racter, such almost justifiable sentiments of his intended treatment of Clarissa, that scarce a libertine reader will forbear to triumph with him, over the too charming, and provoking delicacy of his Clarissa. I am in the same rapture with Miss Howe's reply to her narrative, p. 60.\* I have not patience to dwell on its particular parts, that have seized upon my approbation. I am afraid of talking nonsense upon it. Would you were here, while I am reading! I could not help saying thus much, before I come to something, which I confess I am in apprehension of meeting with to displease me. The Lord grant I may be disappointed!

I have got through 210 pages,† with a continual resolution to give every occasional beauty its laudable remark; but they grow too thick and strong upon me, to give me that agreeable leisure. I read a course of full five hours and a half, without draw-

\* Vol. III.

† Vol. III.

ing bit (as the jockeys call it); in which time my attention has got the better of my approbation, which all the while longed to tell you how I liked it. But hold, said I, be quiet, and (as Congreve says) while the lady is singing,

Let all saucy praise be dumb!

And yet it is impossible any longer to contain. Miss Howe's expostulatory letter (p. 213) wherein she sets her own, and her friend's differently amiable temper, in the most lively light, must charm every sensible heart that reads them. O Lord! Lord! can there be any thing yet to come that will trouble this smooth stream of pleasure I am bathing in. But the book again lies open for me.—I have just finished this letter of Miss Howe's; with that charming chicken's neck at the end of it. What a mixture of lively humour, good sense, and wanton wilfulness, does she conclude it with! How will you be able to support

this spirit? In Clarissa's following letter you have, with admirable art, removed the objection of Clarissa's not having followed Miss Howe's advice not to delay any moment in her power to marry Lovelace, as the only means to redeem her from misery. And yet I tremble for the life she is to lead at London. But to read and write, at the same time, grow troublesome. Shall I call upon you this afternoon?

Your's,

C. CIBBER.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*January 16, 1749-50.*

SIR,

YESTERDAY I saw our equal delight Miss *Muse*, who has not only opened her leaves to a full blow of her rose, but has taken *Boileau* to task for regretting his inclination to the nine ladies, who had so lavishly bestowed their favours on him. In a word, she has translated, improved, and swaddled him for his ungrateful error. Her Mama was a witness of the new professions I made of my growing regard for her. I therefore challenge you, before the whole family, to put in your claim to the least smile of her eye, any day or hour you chuse to appoint. I am rouzed to this defiance by your not having yet performed your promise of the transcript I so long for.

Pray when do you intend to make my

patience amends, for being so long without it? After my salutations to the long string of your whole family, I tie myself of a fast knot to it, as

Your sincere Friend,  
and humble Servant,  
C. CIBBER.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Tuesday, May 27, 1750.*

SIR,

I HAVE just finished the sheets you favoured me with; but never found so strong a proof of your sly ill-nature, as to have hung me up upon tenters, till I see you again. Z---ds! I have not patience, till I know what's become of her.—Why, you! I don't know what to call you!—Ah! Ah! you may laugh if you please: but how will you be able to look me in the face, if the  
lady

lady should ever be able to shew *hers* again? What piteous, d——d, disgraceful, pickle have you plunged her in? For God's sake send me the sequel; or—I don't know what to say!—After all, there is one hint in your narration, that convinces me, Greville, though he was seen to light from his chair at home, must be the man that has had the good or bad disposal of her. My girls are all on fire and fright to know what can possibly become of her.—Take care!—If you have betrayed her into any shocking company, you will be as accountable for it, as if you were yourself the monster that took delight in her calamity. Upon my soul I am so choaked with suspense, that I won't tell you a word of the vast delight some had in Miss Byron's company, till you have repeated it, by letting me see her again without the least blemish upon her mind, or person; though, 'till you brought her to this plunge, I could have kissed you for every character that

was so busy about her. But—O Lord! send me some more, and quickly, as you hope ever to see, or hear again, from

Your delightfully uneasy

Friend and Servant,

C. CIBBER.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Christmas Day, 1750.*

SIR,

THOUGH Death has been cooling his heels at my door these three weeks, I have not had time to see him. The daily conversation of my friends has kept me so agreeably alive, that I have not passed my time better a great while. If you have a mind to make one among us, I will order Death to come another day. To be serious, I long to see you, and hope you will take  
the



WITH MR. RICHARDSON. 175

the first opportunity : and so with as merry  
a Christmas, as merry a new year, as your  
heart can hope for, I am

Your real Friend and Servant,

C. CIBBER.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*May 20, 1753.*

SIR,

MY female fry are all on tiptoe for their  
jaunt to North End, and will not let me  
rest, till I have settled the day and hour  
to your mind.

We therefore propose to be with you  
about twelve at noon, on Sunday the 3d day  
of June, if that day will be agreeable to  
you: unless some notice from you con-  
tradicts it expect us. Pray make our com-  
pliments to Miss Byron, whose conversa-  
tion

tion only can make their entertainment complete. By bringing such a cluck of chickens along with me, you will find no fool like the old one.

Your humble Servant,

C. CIBBER.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

SIR,

*Wednesday June 6, 1753.*

THE delicious meal I made of Miss Byron on Sunday last, has given me an appetite for another slice of her, off from the spit, before she is served up to the public table; if about five o'clock to-morrow afternoon, will not be inconvenient, Mrs. Brown and I will come and piddle upon a bit more of her: but pray let your whole family, with Mrs. Richardson at the head of them, come in for their share. This, Sir, will make me more and more

Your's, &c.

C. CIBBER.

TO

WITH MR. RICHARDSON.

177

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Nov. 19, 1753.

SIR,

THE devil take the insolent goodness of your imagination ! The spirited generosity of Sir Charles to the two Danbys and their sister has put me so out of conceit with my own narrow soul, that I cannot be easy for not having been myself the author of your more than mortal history. By the way, don't I almost talk nonsense ? But people in rapture never think that common words can express it. And so let me read on a little.

I could not make an end of this letter without having as *handkerchiefly* a feeling of it as Mr. Sylvester himself. But don't you think it a bold stroke to give such a limb of the dry law so quick a sense of another's virtue and good nature ! But it is your having yourself so much more of it than

you want, that makes you willing to part with it, where you are sure it *will be wondered at*.

Thus far I had wrote ten days ago, and not being able to admit any interruption into my reading whatever might relate to Sir Charles, has prevented me till now from sooner saying a word of your work. Were I to give my opinion at large, it would fill up a larger volume than you would have patience to read ; though I should hardly write a line that you would not like. I will not give you a pretence to call me flatterer, by particular praises of *what* I like, nor gratify my own vanity by finding faults, which, perhaps, it may be my fault if I *don't* like.

But let me at least do you this agreeable justice, that let your merit, as an author, be whatever it may, yet since I was born I cannot say, that in all my reading of ancients or moderns, I ever met with such variety of entertainment, so much goodness of heart, and so indefatigable a capacity to give proofs  
of

of it! Can any man be a good moral writer that does not take up his pen in the cause of virtue? I had rather have the fame that your amiable zeal for it deserves, than be preferred as a poet to a *Pope*, or his *Homer*.

What a spirited imagination there is in the two keys of Lord and Lady L—! What a sublime simplicity! What an original picture of matrimonial harmony! And yet how pleasantly provoking is that toying temper of her sister! This is a quite new poetical piece that no master-hand has been able to come up to. I will reserve finding fault, till I take a voyage to your end of the town, or till the penny-post walks this way, to put me in mind how much I owe to the volumes you have sent to

Your's for ever,

C CIBBER.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Weston, Nov. 3, 1747.*

DEAR SIR,

I CAN hardly forbear saying, that I almost envy the generosity which breathes in your letter. I hope it will always tend to fill my heart with conscious shame; and to enlarge it with some inferior degrees of emulating benevolence. Before this incident, I could not so much as guess at the solid worth of Mr. Richardson: but now I beg leave to regard him, not as a printer whom I employ, but as a choice friend, whom I highly honour, cordially love, and for whom I shall frequently pray.

And now, my dear friend, let me ask, whether you know any virtuous and valuable person in distressed circumstances, to whom a few guineas might be a seasonable and  
acceptable

acceptable present. If you do, be so kind as to inform me at your leisure ; and withal permit me to put such a little gift into your hand, to be transmitted to the worthy object.

I agreed with Mr. Rivington for the impression now printing off, at the rate of twenty-five guineas, and two dozen of copies, bound and lettered for my share. I was willing to transfer my right to him ; because I imagined it would be natural for him, in such a case, to push the sale, and be more concerned for the reputation of the book.

I assure you, Sir, if any of my thoughts are so happy as to please you, I shall entertain the more chearful hope with relation to the work that is going to appear ; and shall be the more easily induced to form some other attempt of a public nature. O ! that my capacities were equal to the arduous, but delightful task, which your pen has assigned ! Nothing could be more  
pleasing



pleasing to my own taste, than to explain the meaning, point out the beauties, and enforce the evangelical truths, with which the admirable prophecy of Isaiah is most copiously enriched, most illustriously adorned. I almost despair.—Nevertheless, I should be very glad, if, in some future vacant half-hour, you would suggest such a form and method of executing this design, as might be most acceptable and useful. I am, dear Sir, with very great respect and affection,

Your sincere and cordial Friend,

J. HARVEY.

## TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Exeter College, June 9, 1754.*

LONG since, my dear Sir, should I have written to you, had you been only an acquaintance of common value, and had I received none but common obligations. For my debt of thanks had been more easily paid, if it had been less ; but you yourself have made the discharge late by making it difficult.—*Indeed, Mr. Richardson!* (to use the address of one of your excellent daughters) in sober seriousness I must tell you, you so extremely obliged me when in town, and studied so much to make me very happy, by your own company, by that of your own and your adopted family, and by that of your correspondents, that I really dreaded to begin this letter, for fear I should never end it. Long indeed it would be before I ended it, if I gave it leave to express every sentiment of  
my

my heart in your favour. You will not, you cannot, at present think me insincere ; because every man, you know, makes his own character with Sir Charles Grandison, and is always believed good, till found otherwise.

As this, I find, is likely to be a letter of some form, at least the introduction, let me tell you softly in your own ear, that if I at all know my own heart, and possess any two good qualities, these are gratitude and sincerity. Under the awe of these principles, then, I must assure you, that I know not the man upon earth I more honour, as the true friend, and (which completes the character) the successful friend, of virtue. And not a little vanity, of course, possesses me, at having leave to call the friend of mankind, *my friend more particularly*.

I am much obliged for the great civilities of your bed and board. But, to be very full of thanks for these, when I had every day so many higher entertainments, would be making a very improper return. And to thank  
you

you for either, without the other, what would this be but to make a very false return? I believe I have nothing therefore to do but (with the High Sheriff of Oxfordshire) to make a double return; thanking you, Mrs. and Miss Richardson, and every part of your worthy family, very sincerely for the former; and thanking you, good Sir, most cordially for the latter—"The flow of reason and the feast of souls."

And here, never could I forgive myself, if (next to the mention of your own family) I forgot to express my gratitude for the pleasures and the improvements you kindly introduced me to, when you brought me acquainted with Mrs. D——n, Miss H——, Miss M——, and Miss P——; to whom, with Mr. H——, I beg my sincerest compliments and best thanks, when they have next the pleasure, shall I say? yes; and I know they'll not forgive me, if I do not add—the benefit of your company.

Pray tell Mrs. D—— that my works  
shall

shall wait upon her, proud of the honour of her acceptance, as soon as they are dressed tolerably fit to appear, where every thing is so supremely elegant, and where every wall is eloquent in favour of the mind that has so strikingly adorned them. And pray tell Miss H——, that at Uxbridge I saw her fair friends of the name of B——, who rejoiced at the mention of her health; and that they confirmed my opinion of their own merit by the manner in which they spoke of her's.

And now, my very good Sir, I am to give you a particular account of our late—some call it *a celebrity*—and some call it *a-doings*; but *a commemoration of benefactors* is certainly a title of more dignity, as well as decorum, and perhaps *a public convention or association, in support of honest Toryism*, may be as just a name as either of the former.

Well then :—On Tuesday last about three thousand persons filled our Theatre, before four o'clock, in a manner not a little irregular;

gular; women sitting on some of the doctors benches, and several bed-makers having seats, while ladies were obliged to stand.

The first clap of applause was upon *Fraasi's* taking her place in the orchestra (which, by the bye, was, to my great surprise, fronted with the same *green* cloth as usual) Signiora seemed a little too sensible of the honour by dropping several low congées, as if no one could possibly be meant but her own extensive sweet self. But I forgive her; for indeed she sings—I cannot say, *most* delightfully—for, have I not heard Miss *Mulso*?

The next peal of thunder was upon the entrance of Mr. Vice-Chancellor, Lord Westmoreland, the new High Steward, and a long sweep of Doctors; many of whom found it very difficult to get places. Dr. King stood on the Vice-Chancellor's right hand, and, as it soon appeared, not improperly: for the Vice-Chancellor was not very ready at the names of some of the now first-heard-of gentlemen



tlemen intended to be Doctor'd—a difficulty, which (you may be sure) was not owing to Mr. Vice-Chancellor's want of apprehension, but to the badness of the writing.

Having mentioned the causes of the convocation, the Vice-Chancellor addressed himself to the new High Steward, in a quarter of a sheet of paper, and presented him with the patent of his office and the Book of Statutes, both which his Lordship kissed affectionately. The High Steward answered the Vice-Chancellor in a very elegant speech, of double the length, without a paper; and I believe his speech (which I hear was made by himself) would have pleased very greatly if it had been better heard. He complimented the Chancellor and the University; enlarging upon our merit in preserving the independence and honour of elections, and our judgment in re-electing Sir Roger Newdigate (then present) and Mr. Palmer; and lamented the badness of the times.

The triumph of this day being to be improved



proved by harmony, as well as beauty, music with its hundred hands and voices (for I believe the performers, vocal and instrumental, made about that number) begun, ended and connected the several acts of this day's convocation. And here, effectually to silence every vile whisper of disloyalty, we had Handel's—**GOD SAVE THE KING!**

Then were presented eleven Doctors of Law, who had been, prudently enough, proposed to us all in the lump, for fear of particular exceptions. What, in the name of wonder! was become of Dr. Jenner, our newly-appointed Professor of Law, that he should desert his station; a station so honourable! so advantageous!—desert it on the very first call to it—on an occasion so very critical, and leave it occupied by Dr. King, who was sure to abuse that very government which had made Jenner professor.

Dr. King begun with telling us—he never intended to have turned orator again; but the insults of his enemies, the entreaties of his

his honest friends, and the commands of Mr. Vice-Chancellor, had prevailed. Then, his compliments to the High Steward, and the new Doctors—then the wickedness and corruption of the times—times so irreligious (he said) that we were lately about to sell the birth-right of British Christians even to the *Jews!*—Times, so horribly corrupt, that we had agreed to sell our daughters by the late *Marriage Act!* Sweet creatures! (as the orator said) it was ten thousand pities such fine girls as then filled the Theatre should be sold by their unnatural parents, and, perhaps, (dreadful thought!) even to *Whig* husbands! But so beautiful, so elegant, were the ladies there assembled, he was sure they were of the right side; and he advised them, as the fair friends of liberty, to wear upon their rings, and embroider upon their garments, this sound maxim—*The man who sells his country, will sell his wife or his daughter.* (Upon which there was loud applause, the ladies *clapping their wings*, as well

well as the gentlemen; which the orator called *ominous*.) Having done with the ladies, the old gentleman paid his compliments to our High Sheriff, that *unjust Judge*;—concluding, that if the good old cause should have no more justice *elsewhere*, farewell to British liberty. (This hint taken probably from the late Cry, at Oxford, *No Dashwood! No King!*—And indeed the Doctor is very condescending to take any useful hints, so he can but put them into good Latin: and you see that almost every hint in his speech is taken from that great author, (*The London Evening Post*.) He talked of *soldiers*—and of *cut-throats*—and of the murder of the poor unarmed *chimney-sweeper's boy*. He talked of certain *priests* who had lately taught many lessons of perjury; and he could not forget the *informers*:—wretches! who had been rewarded with the fattest dignities for violating all private faith, and becoming the public tools of corruption. In short, though philosophers, in the days of

1

yore,

yore, had so much agreed to differ about the *summum bonum*, yet it was most certainly comprised in the words *friendship* and *liberty*. I had forgot to observe, in its proper place, that the old gentleman was very explicit in his veneration for every thing *politically antique*; and that he declared loudly against *new chaps of all denominations*.

This wonderful oration lasted near half an hour; after which eight gentlemen were barely presented to the degree of Master of Arts, by Mr. Mather, the (regular) university orator.

Then a second Anthem of Handel's—*Let Justice and Judgment be the Preparation of thy Seat, &c.*

Then Mr. Mather spoke handsomely from the rostrum, for about an hour, commemorating the principal benefactors of the University; concluding with compliments on Lord Westmoreland, whom, with great justice as well as judgment (considering the occasion) he characterised as *truly loyal, without*

*without being servilely dependant, and not more the foe of flattery than of faction.*

This speech was succeeded by eleven lines of Mr. Wharton's Commemoration Ode, set to music by Professor Hayes, which concluded the public operations of the day. There was no ball at night, for fear (it was said) of giving offence. But where could be the offence, when almost every person present was *truly blue*? I speak of the out-of-town ladies and gentlemen; for otherwise, I hope you'll do us the justice to believe, there was present no contemptible number *truly green and orange*. This general blueness of the strange company was probably the reason why Lord *Pl-m—th*, who came here on the Monday, went off early next morning, without staying to take with him the Doctor's degree, which was offered him by the Vice-Chancellor, &c. and was as probably the reason why the Lords *D-rtm—th* and *N—h* did not come to be doctor'd, as, 'tis said, was expected.

It was intended on the Monday to give a doctor's degree on Tuesday to Sir Thomas St-p-lt-n, though his name has been for near ten years past in the university *black-book*, called in Latin *The Book of Knaves*.— But on Monday night (it seems) a printed paper of queries was stuck up about the university; of which (in order to complete this account) I have procured the inclosed copy. These queries, it is presumed, created an apprehension that the degree would be opposed in the theatre, which occasioned its not being proposed on Tuesday in the grand assembly. But a more private convocation being called on Wednesday morning, the degree was then proposed and carried, though with two or three protests entered against it. Dr. King, at presenting him, said—*No man could be an enemy to Sir Thomas St-p-lt-n, who was not an enemy to his country and to the university.* (Wonderful!) And on Friday morning a doctor's degree was also conferred on Mr. Ash—st,



a gentleman formerly of Exeter College: upon presenting whom, Dr. King took occasion to abuse that College to such a degree, as conferred great honour upon every member of it.

Wednesday afternoon was performed in the theatre, *L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, and Il Moderato*. On Thursday *Judas Macca-bæus*—and on Friday *The Messiah*—to a company of about 1500, each day, at 5s. per ticket.

For the *names* of the gentlemen, who, on this solemn occasion, were honoured with the degrees of the university (in company with Sir Thomas St-p-l-t-n, who, by being in *the black book*, had been a *disgrace* to it) I must refer you to the public papers.

I know but of little more, my good friend, to trouble you with at present, but that I shall be impatient till I hear from you, and greatly uneasy, if I do not then hear that you are better than when I left you. Pray add, how Mrs. Richardson and Mrs. Donnellan are.



My best good wishes attend you and every one so happy as to be related to you.

Your's, very affectionately,  
and with the truest gratitude,

BENJ. KENNICOTT.

---

TO THE REV. B. KENNICOTT.

*July 15, 1754.*

DEAR AND REV. SIR,

I THOUGHT we were upon a footing of friendship—Why then so many acknowledgments for common civilities only?

You saw, you say, Miss Talbot, &c. Was it before that inestimable young lady had heard of the death of the excellent Duchess of Somerset? I am greatly apprehensive for her tender mind on that occasion. I, who had

had not the honour to know that great, because good lady, loved and revered her for the sake of her character. What heavy losses has the family of Cuddesden had to deplore within the past two or three years!

I thank you, Sir, for the circumstantial account you favoured me with of your late *doing*. What strange people are some of your leading ones at Oxford! If your occasional orator were to choose his supreme governor, he would not find a Dr. King *permitted* to arraign the justice of his government, and to reflect on laws actually passed, and in force. There cannot be a greater instance of the lenity of the government he abuses, than his pestilent harangues, so publicly made with impunity, furnishes all his readers with. I know not the gentleman. He is old, you say. Old, yet so abandoned of decency! So much a reviler of the powers that be! Such a rebel, as I may call him, to the doctrines of Christianity, and so great a stranger to that meekness and submission,

which are its characteristics ! What encouragement to parents and guardians to send their youth to a seminary so governed ! And when your capital men make such poor figures, with their short written-down speeches ; and the men who have been in the world so much out-do them, at their own weapons ; why blamed you a friend of your's for not using his little powers in favour of the universities in this kingdom ?— For, may I not ask—is not the sister-university rather coaxed into an appearance, than the reality, of loyalty ? Do you think any other government, but that of the present family, would not have given active tokens of their resentment against a body under its protection, who, forty years ago, chose a chancellor in despight of it, whose whole merit was, that he was the brother of a perjured, yet weak, rebel ; and which body has ever since, invariably, in defiance of that government, pursued the same measures, and exalted men of the same spirit ? Would  
a late

a late choice have been made, had not the gentleman, whatever were his other merits, been a renegade from the lowest degree of Whigism to the highest of Toryism ?

But what am I about ? Running into politics ! I have long laid aside so contemptible a subject. I was asked, a few days ago, by one who had heard in your theatre this old man's last harangue, and been told of his former, and saw your young men, as well as some of doctorial degree, pleased with him, whether those gentlemen had taken the oaths to the present government ? And upon my answering in the affirmative, whether we had among us Protestants a power who could dispense with the obligation ? This gentleman is an honest Roman Catholic, upon his first visit to England. It will be no credit to your university-admirers of such old boy-harangues, were they to be told, that, party out of the question, there are men among us, in the great town, of whose judgment in other matters, you all at Ox-

ford would be proud, and Learning reverent, who will not allow your orator to be either a gentleman or a scholar ; and think meanly of his *admirers* for being so. But all this between ourselves.

You are so good as to write, that after you have heard from me, you will set about transcribing the pieces you promised me. You don't, I hope, forget the preface to the Sentiments of the Three Pieces. I hate to think of prefaces ; for I have an aversion to all parading. But take your time for both, and don't let me interfere with your publication of your own works if you intend it, as I hope you do.

I cannot boast of being better. This will be a very sorry letter. I write in a very bad fit of head-disorders. Perhaps you'll say, I needed not to tell you this. Indeed I can hardly hold a joint still : but being behind-hand with many of my correspondents, I was resolved to begin to pay off my debts with one that I hold not in the least estimation. My

My duty I should have desired you to present to my good Lord of Bristol, and to Miss Coneybeare.

Mrs. Donnellan desires her compliments, &c. My wife very cordially her's. I have not seen any of my other girls : but I know they will speak *graciously* of you.

I am, my dear Sir,

very affectionately your's,

S. RICHARDSON.





---

---

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

MR. DUNCOMBE,  
MISS HIGHMORE,  
AND MR. RICHARDSON.

---

---

TO MISS HIGHMORE.

*Tunbridge Wells, Aug. 2, 1748.*

WHAT say you to me *here*, Miss Highmore?—"Sure, if you go to Tunbridge (says a lady you dearly love, but not better than every one who has the pleasure of knowing her, loves) you will not value travelling a few miles in order to visit us." Tunbridge Wells are about thirty-eight miles distant from London: Hatch (I have  
κ 6                      enquired)

enquired) is about forty; and no extraordinary roads. I, a bad traveller, cannot sit a horse—come hither to drink the waters for health-sake—can ill spare the time—propose but *three* weeks—have been here *one*, last Friday—this *my* situation.

The geniuses of Hatch, how different their's! Nothing to do but study their diversion and amusement. Tunbridge, in high season, a place devoted to amusement.—Time entirely at command, though not hanging heavy; impossible indeed it should.—Vehicles, whether four-wheeled or four-legged, at will; riding, a choice.—And the worthy Dr. Knatchbull here. What says my fair correspondent?—What her worthy and kind friends to *this*?

Do come and see how your other old lover spins away, hunting after new faces, at fifty-seven. You will see him in his kingdom: and he will read to you a new performance, calculated indeed for the perts of the place: "A Dialogue between a Father and  
and

and a Daughter," very sprightly; a little sprinkling of something better in it, but very sparingly sprinkled; as if the author were afraid, that his mind should be thought as antique as his body.—Calculated to reconcile fatherly authority with filial obedience: (so he says.)—But I think, to level the former, and throw down distinction.

He read it to the speaker; who thought it better managed than he expected: but referred him to me upon it; for I was present, and objected to it. I have, according to my usual prolixity, given him half a sheet upon half a page. He wants me to go on with my remarks—has altered two or three passages; but I think not for the better: it is a task, therefore, that I decline. For I am told I should not scribble—have a large correspondence upon my hands. Business, besides, very ill sparing me; and post and coach employed to carry up my directions, and in receiving accounts of management; with about one half of which, only, I can be pleased.

Lord,

Lord, Lord! Miss Highmore! What figures do Mr. Nash and Mr. Cibber make, hunting after new beauties, and with faces of high importance traversing the walks! God bless you, come and see them!—And if you do, I will shew you a still more grotesque figure than either. A sly sinner, creeping along the very edges of the walks, getting behind benches: one hand in his bosom, the other held up to his chin, as if to keep it in its place: afraid of being seen, as a thief of detection. The people of fashion, if he happen to cross a walk (which he always does with precipitation) *unsmiling* their faces, as if they thought him in their way; and he as sensible of so being, stealing in and out of the bookseller's shop, as if he had one of their glass-cases under his coat. Come and see this odd figure! You never *will* see him, unless *I* shew him to you: and who knows when an opportunity for that may happen again at Tunbridge?

And here have I turned over.—But how ready are you to catch at a pretence for  
making

making your letter short, when you say, that you are afraid that I should design mine for an example in that respect ! But how little reason have you to call mine short, when I write more (in quantity) in one line, than you do in three ; and more in half a page, than you do in four whole ones. What though my length is my dispraise, I cannot help it : I have no patent for brevity. Nor is it every one, who, like Miss Highmore, can write a great deal in a little compass. Who can paint the dew-dropt meadows, every spire of grass glittering like diamonds of the first water—the obscuring clouds—the sunny glories of the great luminary—the shady lanes, perfumed and enamelled with honey-suckles—the fragrant fields of new-cut hay—the light lasses, and nimble lads, resting on their rakes and forks, lost in wonder and reverence, when they behold the *horse-folks*, as you humbly phrase it ! Who can anticipate the yellow harvest, the busy hinds, and the reward of industry !—Who can figure out  
in

in still superior lights, the beauties of contemplation which she enjoys in her Clarissa-closet (as she is pleased to call it) with pen, pencil, and books!—The agreeable conversation, at other times, of her enlivening friends; and the charms of dear variety, that soul of female pleasure: and fifty and fifty other no less delightful subjects; and bring them all into the compass of a letter of fifty or sixty short lines!—This is given to Miss Highmore to do; but not to me.

Dr. Knatchbull desires his affectionate compliments to all at Hatch. He gives me his countenance in wishing to see you all here. My respectful ones to Sir Wyndham and Mrs. Knatchbull. Mr. Cibber's duty attends you. And I am, my dear Miss Highmore,

Your faithful Friend,  
and humble Servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

*P. S.* You might have gone on with your subject of happiness; for who is it that tastes it, knows it, and deserves it, if Miss Highmore does not?



## TO MISS HIGHMORE.

*North End, Nov. 26, 1749.*

I HAD the pleasure, my dear Miss Highmore, to pass last Thursday evening with Papa and Mama in Lincoln's-inn-fields. They told me that you complained that I was in arrear with you; when I did not imagine that you expected another letter from me till you got to Sheen, and then a notice of attending you on your way home, according to my promise; for do you not say, that you did not leave room in your's to answer several articles in my letter, and refer to our meeting? And do not you tell me that you shall set out from Westonhouse sometime this month, and on this occasion do me the favour to bespeak my attendance, as above? What was I to understand by this, dear Madam, but that you  
expected



expected me to hear from you again? And on this I then set the more natural construction, as I had given you cause to think that I had treated you with less respect than you had reason to expect. And indeed, I thought (but for these reasons) that I should have had another letter from you, in answer to those parts of mine, which you own you left unanswered. Nevertheless, as such was your expectation, I should think myself to blame not to answer your last.

“The many faults I find in you, my dear Miss Highmore!”—They are not many. And did I not love you as my own daughter, I would not find one: but those I do find, dear lady, spring they not from your own letters? I will not say *heart*. Do I not give reasons (such as they are) for what I say?—My satirical conclusion (as you are pleased to call it) with regard to your Condolence on the Death of Mr. Grover, will appear to yourself, I dare say, on reconsideration,

ation, not an unnatural conclusion from what you say on the occasion. And as to my expressions on *another* occasion, which you think *vastly too strong*, be pleased, Madam, to allow me to judge by the impulses of my own heart, which must be more unprejudiced in that case than your *more generous one* could be. But, though my motive for censure on this subject was designed to alleviate your concern for the loss of a friend of whom you had thought highly, I will not touch further on this too tender point.

“You cannot be of my opinion, that young ladies ought to be restrained from freely keeping company with both sexes.” Be pleased, Madam, to re-peruse what I wrote on this head, and you will not see that this *is* my opinion. I principally mean, that the danger is, at a dangerous and too susceptible time of life, that they should *all at once* (perhaps too much restrained before) rush into free conversations, accessibilities  
(shall

(shall I say?) with the other sex. Don't I, Madam, make it *your* happiness, that you are always accustomed to innocent freedoms with both sexes; whereby you had an opportunity to see that we are *not* such dangerous animals, such formidable creatures, as birds just let fly might think them, and perhaps find them.

“The unfortunate Miss N—, a good deal restrained in the early part of her life!” This is a proof, take it as *you* state it, of my observation. But her case was differently circumstanced: she had been some time solely independent, and accustomed to public places; she set herself up for a judge of fit and proper conduct between man and wife; she called upon all her acquaintance to execrate and abhor the vile husband, who had, by cruelties, till then, unheard of among Barbarians, been the death of an excellent and noble young lady. This declared enmity, this avowed, this imprecated, abhorrence, made the man resolve to attempt *her*. He succeeded.

The

The world knows the rest. And can this case be brought to prove your argument? Is it not rather a strong confirmation of mine?

All that you say of Anna Howe and of Clarissa serves only to demonstrate, that I am an enemy to undue restraints. I am of Prior's opinion, as well as you, my Miss Highmore, in the main. I would not, by a mean distrust of a generous girl (though all girls are not generous) beget cause of distrust. But, inasmuch as the fair sex never propose to be other than on the defensive, and that our's carry on always an offensive war against them, I would not that my girls should be to learn discretion at sixteen, seventeen, or eighteen, on a supposition, that at those susceptible years they would find it absolutely necessary to be discreet. In short, I would be sure they had legs, and morally so, that they could stand upon them, before I let the poor things, as you call them, be left to trust to them. Let them, say you, be introduced earlier into mixed company.

This

This was what I allowed, and complimented you, with great sincerity, upon the topic. So far was I from thinking my own sex so formidable as you suppose, that by confining my exceptions to the sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen, you might see, that I was more afraid of the seducer within them, than of the tempter without them. But all this time you may suppose that I had in my head girls of fortune and fashion ; or such as, by their opportunities and situations in life, were likely to accompany with no other. Girls of middle families, middle life, such as my own in particular, I would only indulge in seeing every thing, and partaking in every thing innocent, in the public diversions, once, twice, thrice in the season ; and not so often as *thrice*, if I saw that they were likely to be drawn from domestic usefulness by the indulgence. And this for that reason, as well as for fear of the active arts of wretches who, as I said, were to carry on an offensive war against them.

“ You

“You are very sensible of the indulgence of your own parents,” you say. I have no doubts, my dear sweet friend, that you are, when you reflect and compare. But when you recollect the occasion given for my observation, to which this acknowledged gratitude is owing, you would not think me quite so impertinent in what I wrote, as I may otherwise appear to be. Indeed, indeed, my dear girl, it is very difficult for the most generous spirits to bear contradiction when their hearts are set upon any thing; and the more difficult, as they have not been used to controul. Poor Passives! *not allowed to have wills of their own!* will then come up. I hope you are too sensible of my paternal (intendedly paternal) plain-dealing, for me to urge this point further.

Let me, however, say, before I absolutely quit this subject, that I am not extremely pleased with a sentence of your's, that carries a glare in it, but a glare only: yet shall I not mention that I am not, by way of chiding



chiding you ; but only as delivering my opinion of it.

These are your words : “ I am sure I can feel that the ties of gratitude and love are stronger than those of mere parental authority and filial obedience, would ever have been.” Sure ! How sure ! And without trying the difference.—And is this the pleasure ? Is indulgence the measure of obedience ? Is the girl to be the judge ; and is she to dispense with the word and thing called *duty*, should her parents be less indulgent (if not quite unreasonable ; if not absolute Harlowes) than she would have them to be ? I would engage, I would wish to engage, the gratitude and love of my children ; but that at my own option, and in cases that I thought fit to oblige them in : but should be sorry if I could not make them sole judges of the fit and the unfit, that the duty should be wanting to entitle me both to their gratitude and their love for what I did indulge them in.

Even



Even this, you must know, my Miss Highmore, that the want of duty on one part justifies not the non-performance of it on the other, where there is a reciprocal duty. There can be no merit, strictly speaking, in performing a duty; but the performance of it on one side, when it is not performed on the other, gives something so like a merit, that I am ready almost to worship the good mind that can do it.

You will be the less surprized, Madam, that these strict notions are mine, when you will recollect, that, in the poor *ineffectual* History of Clarissa, the parents are made more cruel, more implacable, more punishable in short, in order to inculcate this very doctrine, that the want of duty on one side enhances the merit on the other, where it is performed. And you see how Clarissa shines in her's; nor loses sight of her gratitude and love, cruel as they were in the nineteenth year of her life, for their kindness and favour to her in the preceding eighteen. Nor

will I allow, that she shall be judged in this respect by any thing but by the duty on her part (as they are to be condemned, on theirs, by the want of it); much less by the partial passions of such as think they should not have been able to act as she did. An example is an example; right is right; and wrong is wrong; whether we can or cannot come up to the one, or avoid the other. I express myself with the more carelessness, with the less accuracy and force, as the point between us does not, I think, call for strength of expression. And, indeed, an unhappy indisposition of as good a wife as man ever had, almost disqualifies me from writing at all. Only this to my dear girl, whom (let me chide her as I will) I must love, and the more so for the few faults I find in her. Indeed I would have you have some faults. Only be so good as to allow me (you have every one else for your applauder!) to tell you that I think them not virtues.

You have a dear and partial friend in this  
truly

truly excellent woman. Partial, I repeat. She has seen more than one of the letters on each side. She says, you are a dear good girl, and that I treat you too severely. But I mind her the less, as she is accustomed to love the very faults of those whom she loves, mine only excepted; else, you know, she could not blame me on your account.

I hope, Madam, to be at liberty to attend you when you shall think of returning to your winter lodgings in Lincoln's-inn-fields. Mean time believe me to be, with unabated esteem, and a true affection,

Your paternal Friend,

and humble Servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

TO MISS HIGHMORE.

*Wednesday Night.*

AND so my dear Miss H. thinks, or seems to think, that distance will avail in the cure of a wounded mind. When the malady is in the mind, the presence of kind and soothing friends, when but one thing is wanting, will make that one the more missed and sighed after! Had I but—how happy should I be! My joys would then be complete.

But shall I not affront you, if I compare you girls to spiders? Here Arachne (we will call the weaver) draws its web, spreads its snares; hangs up an entangled fly here; another there; a third, and a fourth, if she can get the buzzing insect into her purlieus; and then goes and turns one round, pats another, and enjoys her depredations as she pleases.

pleases. But how miserably runs the recreant into her hole, when a powerful finger of some giant man brushes down or demolishes her cobweb! This may not exactly quadrate to any particular case; but it came into my head, and down it went.

You call the maxim cruel, which teaches to act against inclination, and call it my maxim. I am far from thinking it a maxim that is always to be followed; though too generally, I believe it is a safer rule than to pursue an inclination. A dreadful thing, however, that the bias in the bowl of life should generally lie the wrong way. What a rogue, as Lovelace says, is human nature.

I hope you do me justice, Madam, when you compliment me with being indulgent to lovers' foibles. I am apt to argue for the right, or against the wrong, with some strictness, in order to settle the boundaries between right and wrong. But when they are exceeded, I believe there hardly lives the

wight that allows more than I do for unwilling failings. I say this the rather, because I believe all my girls but you have mistaken me on this head.

Give you a plan, my dear !—Why, let Lincoln's-inn be your court, your palace. Issue your mandates from thence. Let all your friends and correspondents know where to have you. Take the gad-fly out of your cap. Make few progresses. When the King stays in England, Kensington is his country-house. It is too near London. I will allow your's to be a mile beyond it. When the King goes to Hanover (not a better country, I presume, than that he quits for several months in the year) his liege subjects grumble ; and if he loves them, as well as they do him, he cannot but forgive them. As you love your father, love your father's house. Domesticate yourself. You will want no company there. The young fellows, as well as old ones, will know where to have you. Six or seven months in Kent  
one



one year ; half as many at other places in the same county other years ; five or six months at Weston. You may have gained admirers ; indeed, that must have been the case. But how many lovers ? The lovers like to come *home* to a girl ; and how know you your loss by being so much abroad ? It would be a sad thing to reflect upon, if it be true, that your best friends are not those (with merits which few girls ever surpassed) that you have passed most of your summer months with. O ! my dear, you have qualities that would make you shine and be sought after at home ; while the same qualities will create you enemies abroad, from envy. Don't you know that envy takes merit for its prey, and is always endeavouring to hunt it down ?

I am very much obliged to you, for your transcriptions and observations from Pliny ; as you say, I should never find time to read the book. What stores of knowledge do I lose, by my incapacity of reading, and by my having used myself to write, till I can



do nothing else, nor hardly that. Business too, so pressing and so troublesome. But I shall bespeak my hole under the gallows—the reward of those who kill themselves by working.

I will make all the compliments you wish me to make, when I go to North End. Mean time, let me desire you to excuse the freedom of my pen ; I believe I have been very free. Let me thank you for all the very kind things you say of one who loves you dearly ; though your knowledge of that truth ought not to make you partial in his favour. And let me be esteemed (with respects to the friends you are with, of whom you write with so much respectful love, though I will not have Charlotte Grandison affronted neither) as I am,

Your paternal Friend,  
and humble Servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

*P. S.* I never write well, but am afraid this letter is not legible.

## TO MISS HIGHMORE.

*Monday, June 4, 1750.*

WHAT means my Miss Highmore, by saying she is enjoying all that undisturbed tranquility, &c.; yet to come in with her alas's, and hints that she is *not* enjoying an undisturbed tranquillity?

Shady groves, verdant fields, and murmuring streams, rather increase than alleviate the grief, you say, of a mind not tolerably at ease. But these will help to soothe such a mind, and soothing will give a pleasing melancholy to a mind not intolerably uneasy.

Your observation, that a sedate and settled grief hurts the body more, and is much more lasting than a violent gust of woe, is undoubtedly just; for nothing violent can be lasting. But have you felt such a se-

date and settled grief? I will not allow it to you. Ungrateful as it may be to you to say it, I repeat, that you cannot be unhappy; nor ought you to think you are, that things are as they are. If, from want of consideration, you do not think so, I put it down as a fault to you; and, for your own sake, wish you to amend.

But, perhaps, I should not have said thus much on this topic, since you add, that you are thankful for the repose you find yourself capable of relishing; and own that you had better, for your own peace, forget some certain transactions.

And yet, when you mingle your acknowledgments of repose, &c. with your alas's, and the words, now five days are past; and recal to memory the day of the month you set out for the one place and for the other; and doubt whether an absolute cessation from all anxiety, can be called actual pleasure; and this after a hurricane or two; I cannot but justify myself.

Nevertheless

Nevertheless, I most heartily congratulate you on the resolution you have taken to be contented. "Contented I am (say you); and more and more contented every day I will be; for my happiness shall depend on within and not on without!"—Heroically said!—May you be enabled to make it good!—If you are, in such a world as this, your friends and lovers so numerous, and you blessed with a feeling heart, you will be most singularly happy.

I am much obliged to you, Madam, for the account you give me of the individuals that make up, at present, your very agreeable family. From the little I have seen of Mr. B. I had set him down in my mind, as the very worthy gentleman you paint him; and I had added, liveliness of disposition, frankness of manners, and an agreeable sincerity to the picture.

I had formed a very high notion of the good sense of his fair housekeeper, from a letter or two you had obliged me with the

sight of, as you observe ; and what you now add of her amiable disposition, and uncommon understanding, makes me put her down in the list of my female worthies.

Her sister you also place in a most engaging light ; but to that taciturnity, which you gently blame them for, because, as you say, they are capable of talking so well, I ascribe a great deal of their improvements in understanding ; since the talking person lets out, and perhaps from an half empty vessel ; the silent one takes in, till it is brim-full, and in time runs over, and benefits by its overflowing all around it.

Your young lady visitor of fourteen, I congratulate on her opportunities with you ; and I wish you joy of so sweet and amiable a pupil. Have you any little farm-house very near you, where I could put to board a girl or two of mine for their improvement ? I fancy you could induce your agreeable companions and friends, now and then, to make them an instructive visit. My girls are

pretty good. They love you, you know : your countenance only would go a great way ; and the examples of such a society would complete them.

You compliment me highly when you make me one of the dozen you sometimes wish, in turn, to see. You ought to send a wish, now and then, after friends, from whom, on every occasion, you are so ready to run away.

I am glad that Cowley takes his turn with you. Cowley has great merit with me ; and the greater, as he is out of fashion in this age of taste. And yet I wonder he is so absolutely neglected, as he wants not point and turn, and wit, and fancy, and an imagination very brilliant : nor puts a reader to vast trouble to understand him—a great matter in this age of dictionary and index learning, in which our study is to get knowledge without study (if I may so express myself) and a smattering is almost all that is aimed at.

But



But do not carry your philanthropy too high, as you read Marlborough's conquests ; but rather lament that the effect of them was so totally frustrated by party pique, vile selfishness, and corruption. And you will take my advice, I believe, when you consider, that Marlborough fought for the liberties of the best quarter of the world, endangered by the overgrown power of a prince, who kept not faith longer than suited with his convenience, and who aimed at universal monarchy, and who bid fair for attaining his aim. Had it not been so, I should have approved of what you wrote : for nobody can have more universality of love to the whole human species than myself ; or can more heartily subscribe to the sense of Mr. Hill's two lines in his Northern Star :

Mankind's my country!—born no matter where ;  
For Man's a denizen of earth and air.

As for the old Romans, they were abominable fellows, thieves, robbers, plunderers : love of their country they were  
not



not satisfied with. They would not allow any other nation to love theirs. From robbery to robbery they proceeded, till they had enlarged their den so as to take in the greatest part of the then-known world. The Turks, not more mean in their beginnings than they : and from their beginnings, to this day, a much better people. Yet from these banditti are our university-men, and dramatic-writers, to borrow their heroes.—Shrink you not, Madam, at the crimes of their Tarquins, their Decemviri, their Mariuses, their Syllas, their Pompeys, their Cæsars—almost all their Cæsars?

Mr. Edwards loves you, and he loves your Miss B——. “ You felt a little sorry when you thought how long it might be before you should see again that gentleman.” Yet could run away from them all without remorse.—A little sorry!—so I thought : and that little went as soon off (I make no question) as any gentleman’s grief could do on another occasion. And yet if you had  
1 thought

thought so of that gentleman's concern, on parting with a certain lady, you would not have supposed it in writing. But you remember, that once you wrote to me, by way of excuse, for not performing your word voluntarily given; though you supposed I had never once thought of your promise, after it was made.—Very good at supposition is my Miss H—!

And you had a little expectation (you say) that I would have called on you once more before you went—so sudden your resolution to go!—Thursday, the first notice I had. Friday, I was not able to stir out. Saturday, I went to North End.—You, no doubt, every day great levees when at home. Out, sometimes, taking leave, &c.—But I was really half angry with you; and yet it was very impertinent in me to be so, when your papa and mama so cheerfully gave in to your journey. But selfishness governs us all: and on this occasion I had a large share of it, having proposed to myself, and for my  
my

my wife and girls (Weston having not absolutely engaged you) a good deal of your company at North End: and people, who by infirmities and advanced life, are verging—in short, such people don't care to be deprived of what they think will give them pleasure while here. But I will endeavour, after your example, to found my happiness on within, and not on without.

But here I utterly and from my heart disclaim the cause to which you impute my displeasure. Pray tell the young lady you hint at, that I was, and shall always be, glad to see the certain gentleman; and that I was also glad to see the sudden spring she gave from the window she chose (against my advise) to sit in, to the chair in the middle of the room, and the change of countenance, on seeing that certain gentleman coming to my house, although, as she now owns, she expected to see him. “It appeared too plainly this lady has told me that his coming was a concerted scheme.” But why too plainly?

ly? Pray let that lady know, that I have much more apprehensions for that gentleman's heart, than I have for her's. I know this will please her pride; and yet I could infer much from her solicitude to have me think that she has not more favour for the gentleman than she owned to me; other petty circumstances corroborating—but where we put our hands before our eyes, we are so apt to think no body else can see!

Well, but she has only rather more good nature, she says; be it so; good nature exhibited on these occasions, are two very pretty words. Be pleased to tell her, that I make my compliments to her good nature; and that, as well in behalf of the certain gentleman as myself; and yet that I should have thought, that she would have wanted less the excuse she asks of me, on this occasion, had she confessed a stronger motive for either the involuntary or voluntary spring, I have mentioned above, than mere good nature “to a modest man, who wanted to take all opportunities

tunities to be in her company, as there was going to be a long separation!" Mighty well!—Tell her, I say, mighty well! and tell her further, that I wish with all my heart, that she would profit in these kind of instances, a little more by that charming sincerity (so very near and dear to her as you are) which has ever been your distinction and boast; and so much at present for this lady!

I will take the first opportunity to attend your papa and mamma, who were so good on Thursday last, with Mr. Edwards, to pay me a visit, or rather my wife, in Salisbury Court, and then hope to see the altered sonnet. But I shall set out to-morrow, I think for Enfield, on a visit to Miss Westcomb and her mamma, perhaps for four days. This day I was kept at North End, to receive a breakfast-visit from two very worthy ladies, recommended by Mrs. Delaney:—One, Mrs. Donnelann, a woman of fine parts, and great politeness; the other, Miss Sutton, daughter of the Countess of Sunderland, by Sir Robert Sutton, a sweet  
tempered

tempered and very agreeable young lady ; both very intimate with one Clarissa Harlowe : and both extremely earnest with me to give them a *good man*. Can you help me to such a one as is demanded of me ? He must be wonderfully polite ; but no Hickman ! How can we hope that ladies will not think a good man a tame man ?

And now what say you ? Have I not pleased you in the length of my letter, if not in some of the contents of it ? Your's, I presume, you will not reckon a short one ; though I think it not a long one ; yet mine will thus far make three or four of it.

It only remains to say, that my wife and all mine desire, in the most particular manner, their very sincere love to you ; and to assure you, that I am, my dear girl (you delight me by calling yourself my girl)

Your truly affectionate Friend,  
and faithful Servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

*P.S.* You'll not forget to make my respectful



ful compliments to Miss C——; and obtain for me her consent, if she has no objection, to the inserting her charming Ode upon Wisdom in the new edition, now printing, at length; the last edition having only the three last stanzas, as set to music. I have done it, but will cancel it, if insisted on.

---

---

TO MISS HIGHMORE.

*London, June 22, 1750.*

I AM very much pleased, my dear Miss Highmore, with the declaration of your easy and happy state of mind. I do not take delight in finding fault with my girl; but it was because I wished you happy, and thought you ought to think yourself so, that made me take notice of an expression or two that looked another way.

But what mean you by the word *even*?

“I be-



“I behave, I hope, in such a manner that even you would approve.” What mean you by this word *even*, I once more ask you?

Your little heart-ach, and tender sigh, occasionally given way to, I, even I, do allow. “People have talked of poor me,” say you: and could you doubt it? But who dare to tax you with silliness or imprudence?—Would not the sister shield you from such bold censure? Your visit, and your stay, was to her and with her: and yet, at North End, I saw that the brother and sister neither were, nor deserved to be, equal favourites.—But no more of this subject: shall I—?

Your reasons of prudence I greatly approve relating to the new station of the good family you are in. But as to your Bower of Temptation, I don't know what to say to that. I will therefore keep my thoughts on that subject *in petto*.

You could not doubt, Madam, had you staid in or about town, that I, and my wife

wife and daughters [I will put myself in, though you (half prudishly, I doubt) leave me out, and name them] would have engrossed you as much as we could.

As to what you say of the young lady— But this is of a piece with the Bower of Temptation; so down it sinks into *petto*. But when she tells you, that she desires not to conceal her sentiments from me in any respect, I am afraid she is guilty of one of Lady B—'s white fibs. Yet she may deceive herself too in this particular (as she says she is more likely to do than to deceive me) as far as I know.

And so “her heart is not in danger,” yet “it has escaped by flying.”—Not *much* in danger, that word, I see, I left out. But, O! the pretty pride shewn in taking hold of the greater concern which I had expressed for the gentleman's heart, than the lady's! Did you know, my dear, (would I say to her, were I near her) that you are a little of the coquet in this place?

“And

“And now will I misconstrue her curiosity, if she asks you whether her friend has visited me at North End, or at Salisbury Court?” To this I answer, that I will not, I believe I cannot, misconstrue her curiosity. Her friend has visited me at both places. Twice at Salisbury Court—But silent as the night as to the business you wot, yet wot not of. He sent me, anonymously, a copy of verses on Clarissa. “Pish! (so you said before) I know it.”—Well, and don’t you want to know what I think of the gentleman? You laid out once or twice for my opinion on this subject before. Well! but on Tuesday last I had visitors at North End; to dinner too!—And who think you they were?—Guess!—“You cannot.” Then I’ll tell you:—In the first place, there was Mr. Mulso—“And Miss Prescott, I am sure, say you:”—True! Then there was Miss Bundy; then there was Mr. Holcombe.—“And who else?”—Have patience—Then there was Mr. Duncombe,

combe, senior—"And who else? who else?"  
The girl's mad with impatience, I think.

"Lord, how teasing!"—Why, if you must know, there was—there was—Miss Duncombe.—Oh! and lest I forget, Mr. Cibber (my brother elder) came to tea, by my pre-engagement: and there he read his Pindaric and Horatian Ode, and the translation of another Ode *Ad Melpomene*, and please you. Now don't you wish you had been there? It was a hot day; and he read till he was in a breathing, and wiped and acted like any thing: and every body was pleased.—But let me see: was there not somebody else present? I know you won't be satisfied unless I find one more gentleman-guest.—Let me see—Let me see—Oh! now I recollect. There was—there was—what call you the gentleman's name?—I saw him at your papa's once. His name is—a tall gentleman, and thin. You must know who I mean. Mr.—he has written a tale or two, and other things. Mr.—Oh! now

I have it—Mr. Jefferies :—not the diamond-cutter Jefferies, who cut me, that am no diamond.—But no more of that. Mr. Jefferies, whom I saw at Mr. Duncombe's, in Frith-street; a relation of the Duke of Chandos's, another elder. Now are you satisfied? No, you are not. Why then you are an unreasonable girl, and you shall speak out. What a duce, are you again afraid of a misconstruction? Well! and we had a most agreeable day. And what do you think? Miss Prescott was so very enchantingly urgent with me to give them my company upon a party of pleasure to Richmond the next day, that I could not resist; so went home that night: and Wednesday morning, nine o'clock, met them at Whitehall, and we proceeded to Richmond “Who proceeded?”—Patience, child. But I have had this day for it (though I got a little better to write the above) one of the worst days in my nervous way, that I have known for some time past. “But your company?  
your

your party?" Why there were seven of us, in a very bad boat, without awning, without cushions; and only a bended hooped tilt, opened up in it, and a violent hot day. "But who were the seven?" Why, except Mr. Duncombe, senior, and Mr. Jefferies, and Mr. Cibber, we were the same we had the day before at North End. "Let me see:—You named, Sir, Mr. Mulso and Miss Prescott, two; Mr. Holcombe and Miss Bundy, four; Miss Duncombe, five; yourself, six:—Mr. Duncombe, and Mr. Jefferies, and Mr. Cibber, not there." Why the seventh was—was—why the seventh was Mr. Duncombe, junior. "O! oh! Mr. Richardson! was it so? You have such a way of making one spring, and change countenance. Why did you not name him before?" Are you sure, Miss Highmore, that I did not? "Sure? yes, that I am!" I believe you, my girl.

"But yet, Sir, you have not told me what you think of the verses? Not that I would



have you misconstrue my curiosity." No fear, child. Why, I think them (for all they praise a simple man, named in them Richardson) exceeding good ones. There now! And so thinks the speaker of the House of Commons. "Well, but, Sir"—Be quiet, Miss Highmore; I will answer no more questions this night. My catchings return: and so good night.

*Friday morning.*—My apprehensions "for the gentleman's heart raises more concern to a certain lady's good nature, than gratification to her pride." May be so, Miss Highmore! "For she does not correspond with him at present." May be so, Miss Highmore! So said the gentleman. You have agreed not to correspond at present I question not. To be sure, when you fly to escape the Bower of Temptation, you should not correspond at present. Not such a novice in these cases as that comes to *at present*. And yet, as correspondence implies *good nature*, I agree with you, "that  
it



it is very unreasonable that a young lady may not be as good-natured to a male, as to a female, friend."

I don't wonder that you are in such raptures with Spenser ! What an imagination ! What an invention ! What painting ! What colouring displayed throughout the works of that admirable author ! and yet, for want of time, or opportunity, I have not read his *Fairy Queen* through in series, or at a heat, as I may call it. What honour do you do to our worthy friend, Mr. Edwards, when you say, you think he could equal Spenser ! I have a very high opinion of the genius of that valuable friend. But no man that ever yet was born could equal Spenser in his own way ; and I wish none but Mr. Edwards would attempt his style and his manner ; and he, only in sonnets : for there he may undoubtedly, I think, rival that prince of English poets. But, in description, no man ever will come up to Spenser.

I told Mr. Edwards, that you and your

bulfinch loved him. He gave me his company in Salisbury Court several times, and Saturday and Sunday last at North End ; and often mentioned you with honour, and with love ; and so he did your favourite.

I am afraid we shall want matter of Molly Leaper's works to make out the bulk of the new volume. We must try, if so, to get more of her letters.

“ You cannot help thinking, that rural scenes and rural pleasures are more delightful as described by poetical pens, than when really beheld and enjoyed.” Have you not found it so, in every thing that these madmen touch upon ? If you have not, in every thing, you will. I wrote a letter once for a girl mad after arcadian scenery ; who teased her mother to death, to let her go from their more charming Greenwich residence, to a country cousin's. When there, I made her write to her female friend, raving at the poets, at her disappointments, and begging to be permitted to return before the time allowed

lowed her ; but denied, till she herself, thought her choice, her punishment. I don't know where it is ; but one or two to whom I shewed it, thought it, I remember, whimsical stuff.

I sent to your papa for an address to you, for my last letter ; and finding that my communication of what passed between us last summer, gave your papa a kind of generous curiosity and expectation : next time I went, I read to them, in your closet, what I thought proper of your's and mine. But I had beforehand, inclosed, in hooks, [ ] what I thought you would not wish them, or any body to see ; with proper connections, &c. so that the sense was not imperfect ; and yet, to be sincere with you, I hinted, that there were two or three passages that I should not read, wherein I had treated our girl a little freely ; and your good mamma looked so pitiful for you—she sighed.—Then I wish not, said she, to see them. Mr. Edwards accuses me of loving to *tarantälise* ; a soft

word, with him, for tyrannise, borrowed from a girl he once heard sing the Polly Peachum song—

O! how I then would tarantaise!  
With a stand-by—clear the way.

But I subscribe not to the censure.

I don't see that I can shew any part of your last favour, or of this my answer to it, to your insatiable, yet modestly curious, papa. Do you think I can?—No, say.

*Friday night.*—I sent to know about Master H. Browne. On Monday last, your papa says, he was left well at Drayton. But how many fears! how many apprehensions have that dear mother, and fond father, to combat with, before that promising child shall be a man! and when a man, who knows whether he will be answerable to these promises!—whether he may reward the indulgent parents for their care! But we must hope for the best, and the best I hope will happen to them.

But

But I, my dear Miss Highmore, have been in danger of losing a valuable friend ! Nor is the danger over. When, says Clarissa, in a state so uncertain as this, shall poor mortals be said to be out of danger ? How unhappily active is the human mind, to torment itself !—The last time we saw this dear friend, or that, had we known it would have been the last !—and such fruitless, such unavailing reflections ! How happy are you, Madam, if, on like occasions, with such a feeling heart, as I said in my last, you can stand to what you say. Teach me the noble philosophy—I will be your pupil.

“ Contented, I assure you, I am (say you ?) and more and more contented every day I will be ; for my happiness shall depend on within, and not on without.” Heroically, truly heroically said, let me repeat. Shew me how to bear a loss, by your magnanimity ; for my friend is a friend of your’s. Suspense is painful. Good Mrs. God—ll, my dear child, is likely soon to reap the reward

of all her piety, of all her motherly cares, of all her conjugal duty. It is painful to me to breathe this to my girl. But, I call upon you, for the exertion of the promised fortitude—deceive me not in my hope of it. I loved Mrs. God—ll, more than you can imagine, on so short a knowledge. Such a matronly goodness! Whenever, since I knew her, I heard the word matron used, I put the word worthy to it, and thought of Mrs. God—ll. But God's will must be submitted to. It is God's will; and while we are grieving for lost friends, are not our own lives hastening to their period. Let me know how you bear this affliction, my dear child! that I may form a judgment of your future equanimity. The person who lives long, which is what we are all desirous of, must have very, very many, afflicting scenes of this nature, to pass through—so witness, my dear Miss Highmore,

Your truly affectionate Friend,

and humble Servant,

S. RICHARDSON.



TO MISS HIGHMORE.

*London, July 20, 1750.*

MY DEAR MISS HIGHMORE

WILL, perhaps, think I have taken too much time in answering her last favour ; but I have been very much engaged in other people's affairs (if I may say other people, of those I love) and my own more immediate business ; and have, besides, been very much out of order, with an increase of my old malady ; so that I have hated a pen ; yet been forced to write several letters ; and to write without spirits is dreadful ; and now you must not expect so long a letter, as I usually write. " I will excuse you, if you don't," methinks. I hear you say ; I know you will.

You thank me for my preparatory manner of acquainting you ; and yet, as far as I can

M. G.

under-



understand, you understood not what I wrote. Slight reading ! slight attention to what I write ! But so taken up—yet am I not sorry, that you did not take it absolutely ; for you might have been too much affected.

“ Quiet content, you aim at, and not at heroism.” Know you not, my dear, that in such a world as this, and with a feeling heart, content is heroism ! Can you be contented without equanimity ? And can you have equanimity without magnanimity ? Aim at content, nevertheless. You made a noble resolution in your former. Happiness must be from within : it cannot, or, but by fits and starts, be from without. Greatness of mind, however, excludes not feeling : to feel for others, is greatness of mind, if the feeling be carried to the utmost of our power into deeds ; into good deeds ; all that I mean, by what I have heretofore said on this topic, and now say, is only to shew you, that you made a noble resolution, as I said before, and to keep you up to it.

You

You had a trial of your tenderness, in passing by a certain melancholy mansion—I can allow it you : you express yourself on the occasion so as to affect me : I sighed for you and for the departed : Two—the losing of two of your best friends, in one twelve-month—I will not allow you to say two, Miss Highmore. Words are wind, but deeds are mind, says Lord M.—Pray don't call those best friends, who give you most pain ; yet Lovelace says, that women love those best, whether husband, lover, or children, who give them most uneasiness. Indeed, they must love, or it would not be in the power of the ingrateful to make them uneasy ; but, this is more than I intended to say on this subject.

Do I condemn your sonnet, Madam ?—Indeed I don't. I think it has no little merit ; but as a copy to be prefixed to the sweetly easy poems of Molly Leaper, had it not been written, I should not have advised the measure ; and yet I love that genius should shew its powers.

I have not had a line, or a word, from Mr. Edwards, since his departure from town. Have you? Does he cross the river Lethe, in his way to Turrick? But I have such a foolish expectation of people's loving me, because I love them!—Especially, when they have always behaved kindly to me!—Of this foible, I doubt I never shall be cured. It began young with me; and never left me; nor will, I dare say.

But you are mistaken, when you say, that perhaps I don't care what the ladies say of me. I am very fond of standing well with the ladies. But you have not the tyrannical spite in you, that I have. Very well, Miss Highmore. But if I had thought you had not, perhaps, you yourself, would not have fared the worse from me, in a certain case.

“Perhaps you may, undesignedly, you say, give me more room for raillery, by declaring, that you could not help wishing to have been of the party, to Richmond, where I made one!”—Where I made one; good lack!—and this is said undesignedly, is it?

But the lady we wrote about, neither is a tyrant. Perhaps not—let me only transcribe a few lines, which you, who know as much of her heart, as she knows of it herself, presented me with.

“ She says, that she is glad to find, the young gentleman found means to amuse himself so well in her absence !” Would she have had him locked up, in a dark room, and picking straws for his diversion ! But she goes on in the same strain, or worse !—She withdraws (there’s majesty !) any concern she had bestowed (bestowed ! No tyrant !) on him ; since she finds, by all accounts, (spite, perhaps, set upon the poor young man !) that he studied his pleasure too much (O dear ! O dear !) to have felt for any time the uneasiness he pretended to feel for her absence, when taking leave of her !!!”—So the poor young gentleman should have denied himself all manner of pleasure, though perhaps, glad to run into diversion, for diversion’s sake. He was so to have behaved, that  
his

his father should have taken him to task upon it. And if he had been prevailed upon to go to Richmond, he was to have swelled the tide with his tears. He was to have run after the fawns in the park, to have told them his gentle tale.—But the lady bethinks herself. “She does not mean by this, to reproach him—there is no reason: nor does she think his friendship for her the less [only his love, not his friendship!—yet love, it seems, is a queer word!] for taking pleasure without her!” A little more reasonable this, I confess, than what went before it. “Only (now mind again!) if he is quite easy, she need not give herself the pain to pity him.” Ah! Madam!—Ah! Miss Highmore!—Pray tell this lady from me, that if her love is engaged, her pride is piqued. But my life for her’s, a little more of both than she is aware of. Pray, let not your partiality for this lady so far engage you, as to believe all she says. Depend upon it, that she knows not her own heart; she could not (for she is  
a lady

a lady of sense) go backward and forward thus in the same paragraph if she did.

Mr. Duncombe, senior, brought me an admirable letter from Miss Mulso from Canterbury ; a letter that has made me in love with her. I have just now written to it.

I promised you but a short letter ; but, see how impossible ! But not one word more will I write, after I have subscribed to the assurance, that I am, with equal truth and affection, dear Madam,

Your most faithful

and obedient Servant,

S. RICHARDSON

*P.S.* I intend to make a law, that my ladies shall send me two letters for one. Will you begin, Madam ?



TO MISS MULSO.

*North End, past 11 at Night.*

THE place from whence I date this letter will inform you, my dear Hecky, that I am at present happy ; for if my good papa, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, had not been well, I should not have been here, but as he is so, and our honoured papa, Richardson, I flatter myself is better, and gives us his company, all his worthy family here, and the amiable Pressy with me, (who, I hope, is fast asleep just now) can I be otherwise than happy? especially as I had the satisfaction of hearing, yesterday, that you were well after a most dismal journey, which filled me with apprehensions on your account, and am sure, that, had you seen the anxious lamentable cares of my papa and his daughter, you would have thought them worthy of a place  
in



in the droll catalogue Pressy has indulged me with a sight of.

We have this day had the satisfaction (a satisfaction even you, surrounded as you are by your worthy friends, will almost envy us) of hearing Miss Grandison extricate herself from those difficulties you left her involved in. Oh! my dear, Sir Charles will be all we wish him—I am sure he will—and is destined to shew the world what the purest love should be, when inspired by an object irresistably amiable, like Miss Biron! I will not though anticipate the pleasure reserved for you, when Harriet shall find her gratitude requited with tenderness and friendship; shall I say love, equal to her own? But such felicity is not yet her portion.

I hope, my dear, you are at present enjoying every pleasure your agreeable situation can afford; sometimes contemplating within the vaulted roofs of awful, venerable cathedrals, and in the Gothic palace relishing the higher sociable delight of conversation

tion suitable to your taste ; then varying the scene, by sharing every rural satisfaction the rural entertainments at this season of the year can never fail to give. You will guess, perhaps, by my talking of vaulted roofs and Gothic structures, that I have been favoured with the perusal of your epistle to our dear Mr. R ; he has indeed read to me what he judged proper, and I feel I blush at the recollection of your obliging wish and kind expectation of hearing from your Suky. I assure you she intended much earlier to have gratified herself by addressing you ; and her conscience cannot be easy till this reaches you, nor her heart satisfied till you answer it. But you know the difficulty of secluding one's self from amiable friends we dearly love, and who love us, who intreat the writing hour to be a little while delayed (your cousins do so, I dare say, sometimes ) The invitation of Harriet Biron, too strong to be resisted ; the modest solicitations of our sweet young sisters to walk, to draw, to  
prattle

prattle with them, almost irresistible also ; and then to have it said, this girl is always scribbling, unless, like the fair one so prettily rebuked, she scribbled for the entertainment of all her readers, is such a mortifying thing ! Yet thus have I taken myself just now away from my companions, who are working and reading in the room under mine ; however, I have the consent of them all to dedicate an hour to their, and my, ever dear Miss Mulso, and I am desired to send their sisterly love and respectful compliments to you ; nor can I, in the list of sisters, omit the gentle Miss Chapone, whose worthy mind you have not yet had sufficient opportunity, I believe, of knowing. Her agreeable company has added much to the happiness of your Pressy and of me. Poor Pressy left us yesterday, gallanted by the faithful Edward, and to-morrow she sets out for Epsom, with another young gentleman, though all the while, it is well known, her tender heart wanders all over the rambling circuit with her deserving Pery.

This clock goes wonderous fast ! This precious hour, how soon expired ! And must I already bid adieu to my Miss Hecky ; and already assure her, that, amongst all her friends, none can esteem and love her with more sincerity than her faithful and affectionate

S. H.

---

TO MISS MULSO.

*July 18th, 1751.*

BY this time, my dear Miss Mulso, I doubt not but that your Pressy and you have settled your correspondence, and mutually to the satisfaction of both have excused the little silence of which each accused the other. Our amiable friend, I hope, received pleasure at Epsom, for she stays there as long again  
as

as was at first intended ; so poor I am deprived of her company at the time I had set my heart upon being very much with her in town and at North End. Indeed, I do not remember ever to have been in London when so many of my acquaintance deserted me, and have generally at this time of the year been taking some of my country rambles, which I feel as if I wanted now ; and often wish my papa and I were wafted together to the side of some clear river, among rows of tall shady trees, and all the pleasing plentiful scene of harvest just within our view ; but as that is not at present my fate, I endeavour to content myself with seeing the mower whet his scythe, and mow the grass in the square ; walking there, and fancying it a hay-field ; and at night can see the radiant moon in as full splendour as you can see her at Peterboro', and, reflected in our canal, think she appears to great advantage. I have not, I confess, such a passion for the intrinsic beauties of the country as I believe

you have ; yet think it by far more natural, more eligible, and salutary, to pass the summer months there than within the confines of a city ; but for my happiness, the company I like, am with, is vastly more essential than the place I am in. I believe my next excursion will be, this week or next, to Blackheath, and after that to Mr. R—'s again, where I am always pleased, where, in reality, I meet with the instructive, though at the same time paternally tender and indulgent, conversation of the generous patron of that happy mansion, as well as the utmost friendship from his excellent lady, and the kindest attention from all my younger amiable companions there.

I should think you did my rude sketch too much honour in preserving and taking it with you, were it not for the respectable persons attempted to be therein represented. Our circle now is incomplete ; we all wish for our admired, our dear Miss Hecky, to fill up the vacancy. When, my dear, will  
you



you come amongst us ? Not till all the verdure has forsaken your P—gh plains ? not till the leaves are all stripped from the trees ? till the winter solstice, friendly season, (sociable, and therefore delightful) shall gather together all the straggling set, now called, by different avocations, into various parts of the kingdom.

However, I shall always be contented while I hear you enjoy health and happiness, and that you love and remember

Your ever affectionate, &c.

S. H.



## TO MISS HIGHMORE.

*Saturday, July 20, 1751.*

I AM doubly obliged to my dear, Miss Highmore for her kind letter, as it was written when she was so happily engaged, that I ought not to have complained had she banished even the remembrance of her Hecky for the time. But what shall I say, when her kindness is before hand with that of my own Pressy; from whom I have not yet received one line, though I wrote to her a week ago. But these young gentlemen that gallant her about so genteelly have made her forget me; yet, naughty as she is, I cannot but rejoice to hear she is so happy as to be with our agreeable friends, the Duncombes. I fancy she and that other young gentleman  
you

you mention, will be exceeding good company to each other.

Dont be angry, my dear, I know you saw me smile at those words in your letter ; but, indeed, mine was a smile of pleasure and approbation.

You give me very great pleasure in the account of your own happiness at North End. I cannot envy my friends, but I wish to partake in their delights, which I always do when I hear of them. I am very glad that poor Charlotte has extricated herself from the confusion I left her in. But that brother, my dear, will, I fear, make us despise ourselves and all the world, he is so enormously excellent. I want to hear of his faults, of his weaknesses ; for some he must have : and yet is it not owing to something very bad in human nature, that mankind in general are so curious after the spots of a beautiful character, and so desirous of bringing down to their own level a fellow creature that seems soaring into a higher species ?

Without doubt this is one of the pitiable littlenesses of our nature ; and though I never felt it with regard to a real character, I shall quarrel with my own heart for being inclined, as I fear it is, to this mean jealousy of Sir Charles's superlative merit. Yet I believe it is for Harriet that I am jealous. She was my prime favourite till this man appeared, and I cannot bear to be forced to allow him the preference ; I cannot bear that his conscious nobleness should give him rather a compassionating tenderness than an admiration for even the best of our sex. Harriet put this thought into my head, when she said, that notwithstanding his extreme politeness, she almost feared that, in his heart, he looked down on women as on poor, pitiable, weak, creatures. I find I cannot bear that, so it is in vain to try ; but if I can but see him thoroughly in love with Harriet, I shall then be convinced that he thinks more highly of her than of himself, and then will my pride be satisfied. I shall long to  
know

know the progress of the story, but must wait for that pleasure till I return to be one of our dear papa's happy auditors. I think I am jealous too for my favourite Clarissa ; for I verily think this work promises (or threatens, which shall I say ?) to excel that. I was angry with Clarissa for eclipsing my Pamela ; and I believe I shall now have the same quarrel with her new rival. O ! may our dear Mr. Richardson live long to enjoy the fame he acquires ; and which, I doubt not, will continue to augment as long as he lives. I rejoice to hear that he is better. I suppose you will make frequent visits at North End, if you do not go further out of town. I think you are not so enthusiastically fond of the country as I am, therefore I will not pity you (as I was going to do) for spending so much of this summer in town. Let me know if you have any excursion in view, for I shall take a delight in following you, in imagination, to your rural retirement, wherever it be ; yet is my fancy never

so well pleased as when it places me amongst the dear circle at North End, which your pencil so prettily described. You do not know how much pleasure I take in surveying that sketch, nor how often I contemplate very figure in it, and recal the delights of that day.

The clocks here, my dear, go as fast as with you. I have another letter to write, and must stop my pen, which runs on apace without being tired. Yet not till I have indulged it and my heart too in the pleasure of assuring my dear Miss Highmore, that I am her very affectionate,

and obliged humble Servant,

HESTER MULSO.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Benet College, Oct. 15, 1751.*

DEAR SIR,

AS you were so obligingly desirous of hearing from me on my arrival at Cambridge, nothing but unavoiable avocations of various kinds could have prevented me from immediately transmitting a sincere specimen of my regard for Mr. Richardson, even into that mansion of cheerfulness and grotto of instruction, where an epistle of mine can have no other title to approach him, than that of a friendly visit without ceremony. Had I no other motive, self-interest would prompt me, in the first place, to enquire whether you have made any nearer advances towards the attainment of that health and ease which your anxious

N 4

friends

friends so ardently wish you: nor can I refrain adding to my wishes for your welfare, my eager enquiries after the situation of our friends at Colebrook. Interesting were the scenes in which I left them; and suitable, doubtless, has been their behaviour. But how frequently have I since reflected on the tender distress of your fair Italian! How often have I grieved for that innocent, distracted maid, with sympathy little less than what her brother the bishop must feel on such an occasion. Emily, I am sure, and Harriot too, will readily forgive me, if at present unmindful of them; I indulge the pleasing, but painful reflection, of the wound which Clementina so lately gave me, which now, on recollection, bleeds anew. And here I cannot help repining at my present distant situation, as it deprives me of the pleasure which I might otherwise hope for, and have sometimes been indulged in, of peeping into the manuscripts, and contemplating your growing work:  
and



and on this occasion I cannot help applying to you, with a little alteration, some lines of Milton :

Under your forming hands a creature grows,  
*A pattern to mankind*: so lovely good ;  
 That what seem'd good in all the world, seems now  
 Mean, or in him summ'd up, in him contained.

I had the pleasure, the other night, of meeting Mr. Lobb, who seems to be a modest, amiable youth, and entertained me much with playing some of the airs in Alexander's Feast. Mr. Graham is not at Cambridge; but his brother is, who is also very ingenious, and expresses a great desire to be acquainted with you, as he already thoroughly is with your writings. He has rather more openness and unreserve than his brother, and blames him for not visiting you oftener, and cultivating a more intimate acquaintance with you. The short epigram which Mr. Graham sent you was wrote by himself, and is much liked here, as we

N 5

think

think it partakes of the sublime simplicity of the ancients.

Mr. Sharp desires to be remembered to you; and often mentions to me, with pleasure, the kind and indeed sumptuous entertainment we met with at North End, as you so agreeably

———— mingled with the friendly bowl,  
The feast of reason, and the flow of soul.

I expect my friend Greene in College to-night. Hope to have the pleasure of hearing from you soon; and beg you will not fail to tell me what is become of poor Clementina, whether she is dead, or worse than dead: for I trust it will be needless to tell you, that any thing that relates to yourself or your writings, will always be highly agreeable to,

Dear Sir,

Your's, very sincerely,

J. DUNCOMBE.

*P. S.* My best compliments attend Mrs. Richardson, and all your family.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Cambridge, Nov. 17, 1751.*

DEAR SIR,

THE agreeable contents of your's, merited, I am sure, a much earlier answer than this, which I am ashamed of not having given them, and should be more so, were I not convinced that you are no loser by the delay.

As to the foreigners you mention, I had not the pleasure of seeing Mr. L— till after they were gone, so, not knowing their names, could not pay them the civilities I ought, both for your sake and their own. I heard, with great concern, some time ago, of Miss M——'s indisposition; and not having heard since, hope she is recovered. It is needless to say, how greatly all her friends must sympathize with her.

N 6

I saw

I saw in the papers, some weeks since, an account of a wedding that much surprized me: Miss B——'s. As I know her to be one of your set, and wish her all the happiness her great merit deserves, I am desirous, methinks, of knowing something of the character and fortune of Mr. L——.

I have been reading lately, with great satisfaction, the Letters of Lord Orrery on Dr. Swift; and pleased myself with reflecting on the resemblance they bear to those of Cicero, in the tender expressions of his love for his children: for, with what fondness does the Roman speak of his Marcu and his Tulliola, preferring, as he tells us, their company to life itself! The Briton has, at least with equal tenderness, addressed his Hammy and his Charles: addressed them, not only with the fondness of a father, but with the affection of a friend, styling himself their happy companion, and repeatedly assuring them that they are the dearest pledges he has on earth. To pursue  
the

the resemblance still further, each of them gave public tokens of their paternal love ; the one to his Marcu at Athens, the other to his Hamilton at Oxford. Cicero formed a project of building a temple to perpetuate the memory of his daughter ; Lord Orrery has actually raised a far nobler trophy to the praises of his sons ; a trophy, more durable than Chian marble, and as lasting as the names of Pliny and of Swift.

As to the question you put to me about your new work, I am sure none of your friends could think of reaping any pleasure or improvement at the expence of your health so as that is *our* chief consideration, and *ought* to be *your's*, if you find writing inconsistent with it, for God's sake throw away your pen.

Dear Sir,

Your obliged and affectionate

humble Servant,

J. DUNCOMBE.

TO

TO MR. DUNCOMBE.

*London, Dec. 12, 1751.*

DEAR SIR,

I AM sure you will excuse my long silence. I have been exceedingly busy, and sometimes not well. Harriet has suffered from my avocations. I have lost my thread, and know not where to find it.

Miss Mulso, and her aunt Thomas, have both been ill since their return from Peterborough: but you have heard from other hands, no doubt, that they are both better.

Miss B——'s marriage surprized all her friends. Henceforth, if I ever know a young lady who labours under the pangs of slighted love, though a love of seven years standing, I shall conclude, that to go down to Bristol, and the waters of St. Vincent's well will, in the tenderest heart, in less than four months (a proper gentleman offering) effectually cure her of her former passion.

Mr.

Mr. L—— has a very good character; is, it seems, a sightly man. He is a master in chancery in Ireland; and said to be in good circumstances. But Captain W——n, it seems, did not expect that her love was so transferable: nor, in truth, did I; yet am glad it was.

I am concerned in the work, called, *The Universal History, from the Earliest Accounts of Time: the ancient part of which is published in twenty volumes, octavo.* Do you, or Mr. Greene, or Mr. Sharp, know any gentleman in your university, who would be willing to engage in writing any part of the modern history, which is now pursuing; and several hands employed in it!

My cordial respects to those two gentlemen. Believe me to be,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful and obliged Servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

TO



## TO MISS HIGHMORE.

*London, July 15, 1753.*

MY dear Miss Highmore was very good to write so soon after her arrival, at Weston House: and had I not been obliged to pass two days at Enfield, which set me behind-hand with all my business, she should have had her kind expectations answered before the last week had elapsed.

But why filled my amiable girl, the first side of her sheet, with so melancholy an account of her depression of spirits, on leaving a father, so well beloved by every body, to go to a delightful spot, and to a lady of whom she is so fond, and who was always so fond of her?

“ I hope the vain girl (say you) has not represented herself of too much consequence.”

quence." You have not, my dear. Do we not all know, that you are of the utmost to that indulgent parent : and of very high to all who have the pleasure of your acquaintance ? But looks it not, as if one of the frankest-hearted girls in Britain took a little hardly some of my past truly paternal freedoms, when she adds,—“ If she has, I am sure Mr. Richardson will cure her of that mistake.” Well, but my dear Miss Highmore, this shall not hinder me from telling you of your faults, if any appear to me ; and I hope you will deal as freely with me—I have multitudes—I wish I were but half as good as I think you.

Your papa writes so well, and is so fond of writing to his beloved daughter, that I will leave it to him to tell you, how happy he thinks himself in knowing you to be so ; and that you are right in supposing “ that his benevolent heart expands with delight, at the account he receives of your health and felicity.” When therefore you can turn the  
bright

bright side of things outward, as you do; your mental *Æsculapius*, as you do a certain man the honour to call him, tells you, that you have prudence and reflection enough to be your own physician; and, that had not your spirits been weakened by indisposition, and a train of disagreeable perplexities, that have affected one of the evenest tempers in woman, you would not have had reason to paint your sensibilities in such dark colours, on your leaving, for such agreeable friends, even a father, whose paternal goodness you have from infancy so largely experienced.

How sweetly, as you describe, do you pass your time! I rejoice with all my heart in Mrs. God—ll's happiness. One of the greatest pleasures, that a beneficent mind can know, is to have it in her power to lay an obligation on a worthy, on a grateful, mind.

“ A strong taste for literature; a mind well stocked and improved by the productions of authors, ancient and modern; an amiable disposition; good sense.” Where  
could

could your fair friend have made a better choice? Where else, so good a one, in such an age as this, of foplings and *petit maîtres*? I wonder not that such a young gentleman “behaves so properly as you say, to his lady; and that your esteem for him rises every day, more and more, as you are a witness of that his proper and affectionate behaviour to her.” I had both reverence and love for her excellent mother; methinks I could wish her to be permitted to look down from her heaven, to see how happy that beloved daughter is, for whose happiness she was so anxious. God continue it to them both—and them to each other, as an example of that conjugal piety, which is so very rare in the present age, among people of condition!

“What a strange character does that of Cicero always appear to you?” It is a strange one; yet he was a glorious creature. Great geniuses, we are told, have not small faults. You have made such proper observations on this great man’s failings, that it is needless to add

add to them. And charmingly do you say, “that the truly noble and exemplary character, is that which is uniformly good, great, and wise, in every trial.”

What a wretched creature. is the man of title, you mention? But I have not so much pity for the lady as you have. She knew whom she married, and, I doubt not, proposed to herself at first, counterbalances which would content her, and this is evident to me, by the way in which she lives. What signifies to her the low company “he keeps,” so as he confines himself “to an obscure corner of his own magnificent house with them ;” and leaves her (in the character of “an amiable woman,” in every one’s eye, and the more amiable for her supposed misfortunes) “to receive in the rest, and the nobler parts of the house, the visits of every creditable family around her ?”—So long as she finds herself “honoured and beloved by her visitors ; and has the credit, as well as the power, of having ornamented the noble house  
she

she reigns in, with absolute sovereignty, according to her own directions ?"—So long as she has "an equipage and retinue of her own, every prospect art or nature can afford to please surrounding her stately habitation !" With all these advantages, and such a lord, ask you, can she be tolerably happy ? Yes, Madam, exquisitely so, as a managing woman, and as one who knew (as I hinted) beforehand, the wretched creature she chose to marry. And, indeed, you answer your own question :—"She appears so, say you (well, she may !) and having been long accustomed to the present method (an enviable one it may be called ! for must not the man be a loathsome creature ?) "may really be" (the duce is in her, if she be not !) "as tranquil and chearful, as her easy and polite deportment seems to denote."

This advantage she moreover reaps from the low and servile company he keeps, that through them she can manage her lord as she pleases ; since they and he are her's in  
 abso-



absolute property. Come, come, Madam, let us shew our pity in the right place. The tranquil lady deserves it not—she is a managing woman, as I said: all women love power: she has it in its perfection. She has perhaps shewn it, eccentrically, in more instances than one; and every body knows, that Lady O—— can be Lord, as well as Lady O——, whenever she pleases—and fit she should, when the poor creature her lord so behaves as to be the jest as well as companion of his own menials.

Next Thursday, my good-naturedly perverse wife thinks of going to North End!!! O Miss Highmore! women ought to be controuled, if they are like my wife—in pity to themselves, they ought. For when left to their own will, how do they choose! How are they puzzled!

Mrs. G—— has done me favour in her remembrance of me. My best respects attend her, and, if acceptable, her's. I am involved in sentimentizing:—very hard, among



so many charming girls, that I could not get myself excused from this task. No helps from any of you. Go, naughty, idle chits—to pretend to approve what I am about, as if it would be promotive of the public good; and yet, when I hoped a finger from every one of you, to find no aid—not so much as extracts from a work ready written to your hands! yet call me papa, boast of filial regards, and so forth: yet, dotard as I am, I cannot forbear priding myself in my girls—and on every occasion, styling myself, as now to you,

Your paternal Friend,

and faithful and affectionate

humble Servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

TO

## TO MISS HIGHMORE.

*London, Jan. 31, 1754.*

I AM, when I recollect some of the free things I have formerly written to my dear Miss Highmore, extremely angry with myself. I believe I loved to blame rather than commend, some years ago. Fie upon me, for my ill-nature, if so—and vainly too—setting up for a Mentor, when I was but a Momus. But do I grow better-natured, and see clearer, as I grow older? I congratulate myself upon that, if I do. What admirable observations you make on the consequence it is of for young persons to be thrown early into good and improving company! I had a good mind to transcribe every word you wrote on this subject, and to beg of you to let it pass for my own. What a poor creature  
was

was I at your age ! And you were always so good—were you not ?

But, though I love you for your charity, when you infer from premises very laudable, that we should make great allowances in errors, not grossly immoral, for those who have not had the benefit of being accustomed in their youth to good and improving company, I cannot allow of the abatement you mention to be made, of the merit of those who have had better opportunities, and improved by them. I will not, my dear Miss Highmore, allow of your level ; in order to bring down to a state of nature, those who owe their merit to actions that are the consequences of habitual virtue. Let us judge of merit and demerit, as they appear to us, from whatever source they spring ; and not, my dear child, think it assurance to condemn the contemptible. We shall then encourage merit (too apt to be despised by such, in order to bring it down to their own level) and, through shame, have a chance

to amend the faulty, and make them strive to be measured by the standard of the others. It is not to be imagined what it is in the power of women to do in this particular ; especially of those who are amiable in person, and have a reputation for good sense. Often have I seen a coxcomb, who set out with all the confidence of a laughing Sir Hargrave, shrink into himself, merely at the reproving eye, and restrained smile, of a young lady of judgment ; and particularly, if she has had the address to turn round on the spot and distinguish, by her smiling familiarity, another man in company with whom she had reason to be better pleased.

No vain woman can be more fond of admiration, than men of this cast : let them be conscious of a judiciously given disappointment, and no men are such nothings. The sensible woman, who laughs with the creature she should laugh at, debases herself ; puts herself on a level with him. But this is the judgment, to avoid supercilious-

ness, and being really prudish (no matter for the aspersion) in the correction she looks ; for a look will give it. I am speaking of a sensible woman, you know!—such women, scores of which, I was going to say, I have the happiness to know.

“ The admonitions of parents can never have the effect on young minds, that the examples of persons near their own age will produce ; and reasons why it must be so are obvious and natural enough.” Never, Miss H——! where the parents are companionable to their children ; and can allow for the foibles of youth—such as your’s, suppose ! Where the children are reasonable, and have no points in view, which they are ashamed to own!—What ! never, Miss H—— ? And are there no such cases ? Cannot there be such open-hearted, frank girls as Harriet, where there is a Mrs. Harley or Mrs. Selby ? —Unhappy that there are not more such indulgent parents, and such undisguisedly-minded children ! How obvious soever the

reason for what you say is, there cannot be a more dangerous doctrine propagated among young people, than that which springs from an allowance of this nature. And I have therefore taken notice in print, that young people, in certain cases, should never be determined by the advice of young people; and the less by that of those who are in the same circumstances with themselves. It is not, I have said, what you would do, Polly, Sukey, &c. were you in my case; but what ought to be done. I know that your observation is rather owing to facts than justice. But we will not, if you please, too readily give up justice to facts, lest we should make custom a law; where it would be of general use to applaud the exception, and to endeavour to weaken the force of the faulty rule.

Give me leave to say, that I intended more by setting in strong lights the frankness of Harriet's character, in one of the most delicate circumstances of female life, than what, at first sight, may be thought of, on a cursory reading.

reading. What do you think I have had the confidence to answer to the pressing instances of two persons, for whom I have great honour, that I would begin a new piece ! that I would think of doing so, when I had reason to believe, that the many delicate situations that this last piece, as well as *Clarissa*, abounded with, were generally understood and attended to ! What a duce ! must a man be always writing ?

Fie upon me, for taking the first sheet of paper that came to hand : I am come to the end of it already ; and how much unsaid !— I have no room to add more, than that I am,

Your sincere Admirer, &c.

S. RICHARDSON.



TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Sandwich, near Sevenoaks, Kent,  
August 16, 1754.*

DEAR SIR,

IF you approve the design of the following sonnet you may, if you please, communicate it to your friend.\* Whether the author approves it or not, it speaks my real thoughts (in which I am far from being singular) and it rises from a sincere regard for the genius and goodness of heart that appears in all the writings of Mr. Edwards.

Since I have taken pen in hand, I must so far concern myself in what concerns you, as to ask where you have now fixed your rural

\* A Sonnet to Mr. Edwards, disapproving his imitation of the style of Spenser.

resi-

residence? This is a question in which all your friends must think themselves interested, and that for two reasons—First, as it promotes their pleasure; secondly (which is far more important) as it preserves your health. I have formerly called you a patriarch, and I still think you so. At this instant I see you, social and hospitable, like those of old, sitting in your tent-door, and urging all your friends to turn in, which they cannot do without finding entertainment both for the mind and body. But, my good friend, wherever you fix, give me leave to enter a protest, in the name of all your friends, against Finchley Common. If there you dwell, I foresee death and destruction in your next work; and bitter will be the complaints of all your fair readers. As our thoughts and writings are, in some degree, influenced by what we hear and see, rapes, robberies, and murders, must ensue, if you are planted so near their scene of action, as to be continually hearing of highwaymen, and viewing

of gibbets. In vain will Lady B— send to you her sylphs and fairies ; in vain will Miss M— terrify you with dreams and visions.

Wherever you settle, wherever you pitch your tent, may good angels continually guard it with healing in their wings ; for I will boldly pronounce that, with a heart like your's, if you have health, you cannot be unhappy. In all your future works (if any such are yet in store) you shall always have the good wishes of all your former readers ; you shall always have the hearty thanks of,

Dear Sir,

your affectionate humble Servant,

J. DUNCOMBE.

TO

TO MR. DUNCOMBE.

*August 24, 1754.*

YOUR sonnet, dear Sir, well as I like it, will not be communicated to Mr. Edwards by me, for reasons I will read to you the next time I have the pleasure of seeing you.

You are very kind in the interest you take in my new country residence. Your first reason for it is a very obliging one. You do me high honour in comparing me to a patriarch, sitting at my tent-door, inviting in my friends. But, in warning me against Finchley, do you not as good as say, your friends will not go thither on purpose to see you; and you'll have a chance of seeing but few pass by as you sit? Is it not so? Yet, perhaps, the pleasure I take in receiving my friends, may make me jealously apprehensive

of their coldness, as my tent is, or is not, pitched in a place convenient to them, rather than that my observation on your kind solicitude is either good-natured or just.

But, if at Finchley I dwelt, I am out of danger of writing more dismally than I have done, were I to resume the pen ; not only because I never wrote from what I saw by the bodily eye, but for a very good reason that is too obvious in the face of my attempts to need particularizing. But I am still farther removed from the danger of which you are so apprehensive, since I have assuredly, I think, laid down the pen for ever, with a view to the public eye. The question would then be, whether, were I to fix at Finchley, I should not be totally deserted by the sylphs and fairies, and by the sweet dreamer you mention, as well as by my other beloved friends of both sexes.

But this is now no question, thank Heaven ! On Parson's Green, between Chelsea and Fulham (propitious be the name of the place !)

place !) on the side of the King's Road to Fulham, Putney, Kew, Richmond, &c. have I pitched, at last, my tent. There is a porch at the door (an old monastery-like house) in which my friends, such even as will not come on purpose, will find it difficult, as they pass by, to avoid seeing the old man, who, if he lives, proposes, often in it to reconnoitre the Green, and watch for them.

And then after Christmas next, or before that feast, at North End, he hopes to see his worthy Messrs. Duncombe, senior and junior ; to whom, in the mean time, he wishes all manner of felicity, as becomes, dear Sir,

Your much obliged and  
affectionate humble Servant,  
S. RICHARDSON.

TO MR. DUNCOMBE.

*London, June 5, 1757.*

I WILL not, as I justly might, plead both incapacity and indisposition, to excuse myself from a task which my dear Mr. Duncombe has set me, though so very arduous a one; and made the more so, by your telling me that the lady is determined to be guided by my advice.

Eighteen years a virtuous sufferer! What must be her merit! How great his condemnation! There are, I presume, no children living. If there were, that would make a material difference in the judgment to be formed on the case; and I also presume, that, were a separation to take place, the lady would not be involved in unhappy circumstances, as to the world.

Justly



Justly do you observe, "that love, once disappointed, is frequently unfortunate or careless in a second choice." The lady has the greater right to complain of his ill-treatment of her, as she was induced by her friends (rather than by her own inclination) to marry. But it seems plain, that she could not expect to be very happy with him "A man (you say) as different from herself in virtue, taste, and temper, as she from *Hercules*: (such is your comparison). Good nature, indeed, he had the appearance of;" and she might well hope, that her condescension and obliging behaviour would secure to her kind and grateful treatment, and she might be tolerably happy even with a "man of principles and morals of a modish cast." But with a man of such a cast, and who wanted *taste* as well as *virtue*, what a risque did she run? How cruel was it in her friends to persuade her to accept of him! This I mention only to observe, that the unhappy lady could not be

be much disappointed by the ill-behaviour of a man, who had neither taste nor *principles*, if she knew his character before-hand ; and therefore (yet harsh sentence) will perhaps think herself obliged still to persevere in her patient virtues. And what will be her merit, if she can ? The more, if she can with tolerable ease and comfort to herself. The man is not immortal ; nor is she : and God will reward her for her patient sufferings, and for the performance of her own duties, *possibly*, in this life.

Can it be matter of punctilio only, whether the proposal of a separation comes from the wife or from the husband first, if it be resolved upon on both sides ? The gentleman has “often hinted his wishes for it, you say, and the whole tenor of his behaviour shews he desires it ; yet when seriously replied to—” and then you give the reason (politic enough for such a man) why you think he would wish the proposal of it should come from her. Suppose the lady  
draw

draw up in writing, as pathetically as the case requires, an account of her sufferings, of his moroseness, and ill-usage; and expatiate (as she justly may) on her patience, her obligingness, and desire to conciliate his affections if possible; on the fruitlessness of her endeavours for that purpose hitherto; and then take notice of his frequent hints at a separation, with assurance, that, if he is in earnest, and that no other step will intitle her to good usage from him, she will patiently wait God's appointed time, and pray for his eternal welfare in such a way, and in such a situation, as shall be agreed upon between them, for the sake of the comfort and reputation of both? Suppose she, taking a copy of this, gives it to him, desiring an answer to it in writing, as the best way to avoid the disagreeableness of personal altercation? Whether he writes to it, or not, this will probably open a way to come at his intentions as to a separation or not; and if he declares for it, she will be better intitled to come  
into

into it, than otherwise she is ; as it will be a kind of confession on his part, that he will be the reformed husband she deserves, and wishes him to be ; and the copy of her address to him will be, occasionally, a standing memorial of her goodness, be the event what it may ?

“ The lady, you say, is persuaded (and so are all that know them both) that she shall never know ease or comfort, while she remains with Dorastus :” “ Yet, on the other hand, she fears being accessory to guilt in him ; since, when the restraint of a wife is quite removed, he may relapse perhaps into former errors [Hence, I presume, in his favour, that he was once a still worse man than he is] or fall into worse ; anxious as she is for his eternal welfare, ought she not to guard and defend him from every danger, especially that of vice ? [Infidelity in his nuptials I would from hence hope was not one of his crimes]. “ Undiscouraged by what is past, ought she still to persist, supported

supported by the conscious assurance of acting right ?” You, my dear friend, have put these questions so strongly and properly, that I believe the good lady herself will be ready to answer them in the affirmative. And yet, how hard is it to say (which is the result of such an affirmative) “that she ought not to seek that peace abroad, which she cannot find at home; convinced, by melancholy experience, that her endeavours, both to reform and please, are equally ineffectual; nor able much longer to groan under a burthen too heavy for her to bear !” And yet, after eighteen years heavy trials, let her not despond. This life is a life of probation. She is in that very state which will crown her perseverance in her duty with a glorious reward. I will not, that she herself, by impatience, after so many years of magnanimity, shall deprive herself of any part of that merit of which she has been so long in full possession.

But if Dorastus is bent on a separation,  
and,

and, on such a method as I have suggested, perseveres in it, suppose he is allowed to try the experiment, how condescending in that case will it be in the lady to give way to it, as to an *experiment* only, in her own mind; separating with so much gentleness, as if in the eye of the world, it were to be on a distant visit only to some worthy friends for a few months, which might go on from quarter to quarter, even to years; she retaining the will and resolution, on his full conviction and repentance, to receive him to favour and grace. How glorious for her such a condescension! How noble an example to her sex! What a laudable instance of its power! And what of generous and noble, may not be expected from a lady who desires her friend, in stating her unhappy case, to do it with all the lenity and gentleness that it can be done with; and that her husband may not be treated in it with the severity that his misbehaviour so justly calls for. May it not be expected, that



that on such a gentle separation (the world not allowed to push its busy nose into either the motives or intention) they even corresponding together, as it will become her character to be solicitous for his welfare [a conduct that would engage and overcome a savage] she would maintain a greater influence over him in her absence, than by her presence ; and by her advice keep him out of dangers that might affect his future, as well as his temporal, welfare ?

I have written a much longer letter than I apprehended my nervous disorders would allow me to write when I began ; yet have only suggested things for you to improve or expatiate upon, or correct, as you see necessary. I am, dear Sir,

with respects to the Lady,

Your affectionate and faithful Servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

*P. S.* Your's received but yesterday.



## TO MISS HIGHMORE.

*London, Sept. 19, 1757.*

I WRITE, my dear Miss Highmore, in gratitude, in fear, in love, in hope, in pain. In gratitude for your favour to me of Sept. 6th, and to thank good Mrs God—ll, through your hands, for her kind remembrance of me.

In fear, of hurting your good papa, who grudges me the favour of so kindly-long a letter from you (the thanks I got for communicating it to him) by doing offence to your eyes:—but a little bit of jealousy in his fear, for all that, lest any should, by accident, receive from you a letter one line longer, than any one of those you wrote to himself. What will he do, if you should take heart at last, and marry, and your husband be sometimes distant from you!

In love, because I cannot help it, if I would; and take delight in the account you give of that health, and serenity of mind, which I pray may ever attend you.

In pain, because I cannot pour out my heart as glibly as usual, or rather as formerly, to my beloved friends, when I paid my duty to them on paper, by reason of paralytic and failing fingers, when that heart is as sincerely theirs as ever.

In hope (I had like to have forgot that having so little left for myself) that you and all you love, if that be possible, continue always as happy, with some necessary variations, however, to keep the pool of life from stagnating, as you describe yourself to be at the penning of the letter before me.

Hush! hush! hush! dear Mr. Highmore! No such thing, as the above particularization, being an infallible sign of a long answer. I will be brief in the rest, for your sake; and also for my own; though once I loved to prattle to this dear girl.

I am delighted with your account of your studies, your pursuits, your diversions, and with those of the more athletic of your own sex with you, mentioned by you with so much advantage to them all.

“Your well-furnished library,” amusement equally entertaining and instructive!

“Henry and Francis;” of all books of the kind!—That it has been read by Mrs. D—— is recommendation with numbers! Mrs. Montague, Lady Bradshaigh, Miss Highmore. Well, I’ll take it up again, and try to like it better than I did, when I dipped into it last. No one has a higher opinion of these names, and of Mrs. D——’s judgment, than I.

“My opinion of Mr. Grey’s Odes?” You know I admire the author. I have heard that you and Mr. G—— have both studied them together, and have found out all their beauties. I have no doubt but they are numberless—but indeed have not had head clear enough to read them more than once, as yet. But from you, I expect the result of Mr. G——’s studies, and discoveries on the subject, as also your marginal notes; which will not, I hope, be too severe, &c.—Why that caution to me, my Miss Highmore?

I am

I am glad I did not say all I said to Lady B—— about Henry and Francis.

“ And then comes the kindly felicitating subject ;” to which I directed Patty to answer.—She did I hope.

And there, Mr. Highmore, is an end, I hope, of your tender solicitude for the eyes of our dear girl, on my account, for the present !

Excuse bad writing, interlining, &c.—  
“ Was it not always bad ?” Yes ; but never so bad as now. Repeated respects to Mrs. God—ll,

I am, dear Miss Highmore,  
your ever affectionate,

S. RICHARDSON.

TO MISS MULSO.

MY DEAR MISS MULSO,

I HOPE nothing has happened since your departure, to ruffle, or ever so little discompose, your gentle spirits; and that the odorous air of Kent, perfumed with the honeysuckles and roses which grow on every hedge, and on every bush, breathes health around you; that you neglect not walking in the charming rural walks, that surround the venerable city—that you bring home cheeks as rosy as the sunny nymphs that rake the hay—that you watch the progress of the harvest, and the hops; all this will undoubtedly contribute to your health, and health will enable you to pursue those yet more enchanting invitations of the Muses, who have, if I mistake not, great confidence in the fidelity to them, and ability to execute their grandest designs.

I have had some very odd adventures since I saw you, not unworthy of a Lady Arabella,  
which

which happily I may relate, when we have the pleasure of meeting again, when, in return, I shall, questionless, claim your history ; also, two very remarkable letters have been sent me, one from the person, once before mentioned to you, very sensible, artful, and tender, explaining his meaning, as an interview was denied him.—“ Declares at last, that no felicity inconsistent with that of H——, was ever any part of his system ; but that his ultimate aim was to deserve the title of her friend, her faithful, honest, and affectionate friend.” But H—— knows too well, that such friendships are not desirable—are often dangerous in their consequences, and she acted accordingly—gave no answer in writing, to be sure. Since that, a book, well sealed, directed to Miss H——, very pompously, was delivered ; on the inner paper, she was desired, as soon as it came to hand, to look in the title-page, and there behold a present—a letter from another friend, I warrant!—an anonymous he-friend.



I lament that my own real and true friend, my Philo, is not in town to consult with me in these labyrinths, nor can I amuse him with the recital of these transactions, for not a word can be wafted from L—n-fields to the banks of the Cam. and the banks of the Cam. must be as silent as the fields of L—n.

I know not what you will think of my presumption, when I tell you I have attempted a preface for Sir Charles; that is, have complied with Mr. Richardson's serious request, and have freely given my sense on the subject; for I found that pride, and not modesty would have prevented me; you know I often say that pride will produce exactly the same effect as modesty in some cases, and I believe, we often mistake the real causes of such effects. They are divided by as thin a partition as wit and madness. However my pride has been gratified at the expence of my modesty in this affair; but Mr. Richardson and I shall be both heartily disappointed if you do not write your sentiments also; indeed I think you cannot refuse, after what he has



now wrote to you ; I am sure it cannot be a more disagreeable task to you, than it was to me—had no other pleasure but that of doing as our good papa Richardson bade me ; and if you decline now, will perhaps be called perverse or obstinate girl ; epithets never given to the amiable, the obliging, Hecky ; epithets she never can deserve. Oh ! my dear, what a charming letter have you sent to Mr. Richardson, and what a charming one received in answer ; all the excellent vein of raillery of his Lady G — runs through it, attempered with his own sweetness of disposition, though, I own, there are some severities ! But are you alarmed or not at his dreadful imagination relating to Sir Charles ? I am not, for I know it cannot be, he only means to frighten you, and to hear what you will say on the occasion ; pray say something very strong. Sure, as Sir Charles is designed as an example in prosperous circumstances, it would rather frustrate the end proposed, to take him off in that untimely manner—Clarissa was designed as a pattern of suffering virtue, her

catastrophe was therefore necessary, and glorious for her—but, here!—I will not proceed though, for I want to know your unprejudiced thoughts.

Your affectionate

S. HIGHMORE.

---

TO MISS MULSO.

YOUR charming epistle, your tender and affectionate expressions of friendship, gave my heart more delight than it has felt of a long time. Oh! my dear Hecky, could I say with truth, that our souls are sister souls, how pleased should I be with myself!—how sweet the idea of an irresistible sympathy between us!

And so you are not alarmed, neither for our lovely favourite nor for her and our beloved Sir Charles; yet, indeed, I am more so now than at first, for Harriet has dreamt, my dear, such foreboding dreams, that were I superstitious, I should not rest for terrible apprehensions about her fate! However, you know, I have no faith in dreams, not so

much as you have ; and I verily believe Mr. Richardson has been spiteful enough to send these shocking aerial visions, which discompose the gentle slumbers of the most amiable of her sex, only to revenge himself on you and I, two saucy girls that pretend to be so sure that happiness must reward the virtue and heroic sufferings of the exalted lovers, for whom we interest ourselves so strenuously ; let us remember he can cut their thread of life at pleasure ; their destiny is in his hands, and I am not certain that our security may not provoke him to destroy them, for that has set his imagination on the glow ; and he can draw instructions equally from every catastrophe, and can wind nature as he pleases ; she presents him with events for every purpose, so probable, that we shall think no other than the chosen fortune could have attended them with propriety.

Every paragraph of your letter gives me very great satisfaction, save only one, and for that one, I could almost, nay I can quite, chide my dear Miss Mulso, who makes me

repent of the frankness of my heart, which told her of the preface I had written—a silly girl was I to do so, and too severely punished for my folly, if she persists in a refusal of that gratification, to her papa Richardson.

By the time this reaches you, the happy visit to Deal will be over, and the sweet recollections and reflections concerning improving conversations, agreeable walks, and every pleasing employment, when there, will dwell upon your mind. Whilst I am writing this, methinks I see the two women most formed to give each other the highest satisfaction, enjoying, in each other's company, the inexpressible delight of friendly communications, equally sensible, benevolent, and affectionate. Enough disinterested is my heart to share in this felicity—I rejoice at but envy it not; though would I choose on earth the spot on which I now would pass some hours, it should be that where I could join Miss C—— and Miss Mulso,

Your's, &c.

S. HIGHMORE.

---

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

MR. RICHARDSON,

MR. CHANNING, &c.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

---

ALLEGORY OF ART AND NATURE.

*Stratton-street, January 21, 1748.*

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE read over your contents, and return them to you, with many thanks. Even the reading of them (which contents, I think, never did before) gave me, several times, those fine emotions which you know I am so fond of;

Those feelings of the soul!—that charming pain,  
That swells and agitates the heaving breast,  
And bursts in tears of pleasure at the eye.

I have a moral feeling for you, of another sort ; on seeing how much you suffer from the contrariety of advices that have been given you. Such a multitude of opinions can only serve to confuse your own judgment, which I verily believe would direct you better, without any help, than with so much.

I wish you would take up a resolution (which perhaps may be new to you) of neither trusting others, nor distrusting yourself, too much. If you bundle up the opinions of bad judges in your head, they will only be so much lumber in your way ; and even the opinions of good judges, in general, when they come to decide about particulars in your *Clarissa*, are much to be suspected.

Have they sufficiently considered your design and manner of writing in that piece ? Do they know the connections and dependencies of one part upon another ? Are they acquainted with your various ends in writing it ; your unravellings of the story ; and your winding up of the whole ? Without these lights, a very good judge may give a very



wrong opinion about the parts that compose it. Another defect in those that are called the best judges is, that they generally go by rules of art; whereas your's is absolutely a work of nature. One might, for instance, as well judge of the beauties of a prospect by the rules of architecture, as of your *Clarrissa* by the laws of novels and romances.

A piece quite of a new kind must have new rules, if any; but the best of all is, following nature and common sense.

Nature, I think, you have followed more variously, and at the same time more closely, than any one I know. For Heaven's sake, let not those sworn enemies of all good works (the critics) destroy the beauties you have created. If you indulge them all in their wicked will, they will cut every tree in your garden into a bird or a beast.

What I have just said will hold stronger against lopping. You love the Scriptures. There, you know, a good man is said to be like a tree by the rivers of water. You are,



as yet, flourishing in all your verdure ; for God's sake, don't let them make a pollard of you ! Upon reading the contents of the whole, I am more and more convinced that much ought not to be parted with. Pruning is always proper. If you see a dead branch, or a straggling bough, that offends your eye, cut it away ; but do not labour to find out faults where they do not meet you.

For fear I should fall into too grave and critical a way myself, if you please, I'll tell you a story. I wish it was shorter ; but you will be so good as to take it as you find it.— But, hold ! shall I call it a dream or a story ? A dream, you know, may be as long as one pleases, and so I'll e'en call it a dream !

As we had a tolerable afternoon yesterday, I went, as usual, into the Park ; and, after a turn or two in the Mall, stept to the pretty coffee-house at the end of it, just without Buckingham-gate. I had the second part of your Clarissa in my pocket, and was so eager to go on with the story, that I could not help pursuing it even in the coffee-room.

I seated myself there by the fire, and after reading about ten leaves, my eyes (which are still very bad with my cold) would not suffer me to go any farther. I laid my book down upon the table, and in a few minutes sunk insensibly into a gentle slumber, to the hum of three or four critics, who were gravely debating over their coffee, on the other side of the room.

Our thoughts in sleep are often only a continuation of the dreams we have while we are awake. At least, it was so with me now ; for I was no sooner asleep, than I found myself again walking by the side of the Mall, with several of the same persons in it that I had left there so lately. But there was one lady, whom I had never seen there, I think, before, and who soon engaged all my attention. She was tall ; of an easy air, and noble deportment ; with a face more charming than one of Guido's angels. There was grace in all her looks and motions ; her dress was rather negligent than set ; she had very  
P 6 little

little head-dress, and her hair fell in easy ringlets down to her shoulders ; her bosom was shaded with lawn, but not imprisoned in stays, as one could discern through her long robe of white satin, which was collected there, though it flowed all loose, and at its full liberty, behind her. As I and several others were admiring her (for no man could look steadily on her without admiring her) a little, pert, busy woman, with much of the air of a French milliner, came tripping to her, and cried (half out of breath) “ O ! Ma’am, I’m most extremely glad of having the pleasure of meeting your la’ship here ! but, for God’s sake, who dressed you to-day ? Never did Heaven give so many beauties to any one person to be so hideously neglected as your la’ship’s are. Those beautiful auburn ringlets to be suffered to run to all that wildness ! why, they wander at least three fingers-breadth lower than they ought to do ! Then these wide unmanaged sleeves ! and that intolerable length of your robe, that hides the prettiest feet in the universe ! That length

of robe is what I can't nor won't bear with !” As every thing she said was accompanied with much action, these last words were followed by a very violent one ; for just as she had finished them, she applied a pair of scissors (which she had till then concealed) to the robe, which had so much offended her, and running them along with the greatest impetuosity, in a moment as it were, divided all the lower half of it from the upper. A gentleman, who stood just by me, and had observed the whole affair with a particular attention, seemed more than ordinarily moved at it. “ What ! (says he) shall it be allowed to so mean a creature to insult so noble an one, thus in the sight of day, and in my sight, who am so well acquainted with the dignity of the one and the vileness of the other ?” “ Do you know them ? (said I.) For Heaven's sake ! who are they ?” “ These are not real ladies (replied he) but allegorical ones.” “ Allegorical ladies ! (cried I) I am extremely glad of it ; for I don't know that I ever saw an allegorical lady before, in

my life ; but, pray, what are their names ?”

“That fine lady (says he) with so free and graceful an air, is NATURE ; and that little busy French milliner, who has cut off the most flowing part of her robe (perhaps only to make pincushions and patchwork of it at home) is ART. Now you know who they are, you will, I doubt not, be the more ready to join me to catch that wretch, and conduct the noble sufferer out of this crowd. Let us fly, then ! (cried he, taking me by the hand) let us fly !—” And at that instant I started out of my sleep, awakened by a sudden quarrel that had arisen between the critics in the coffee-room. It seems they had taken up your book, which I had dropped heedlessly on the table. Three of them maintained, with great clamour, that it ought to be reduced to half its bulk ; that a story ought to be short and quick, and the events crowding in upon one another ; that a giant-novel was a monster in nature ; and several other things that put me in mind of the restrain-

ing character of the milliner in my dream. I could not help smiling a little to myself. I put your book into my pocket, which they had flung down again upon the table, in the impetuosity of their arguments; and left them to debate over a point, which they seemed very little to understand.

I am now safe again in my room, where I should be glad to see you on Saturday, if it suits your convenience. I will have a vegetable dinner that day, of which you may take a part or not, as you please. If it should be inconvenient to you to stay, it may, however, be of service to me; for, with such temperate diet, I shall be the less subject, perhaps, to these hurrying dreams. I am, in the mean time, very sincerely and affectionately,

Your's,

J. SPENCE.

---

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR,

1748-9.

OUR good friend, Elias Brand, Master of Arts, of Brazen-nose College, Oxford, is a



most admirable repository of the wisdom of the ancients; happy in head and memory. But that you seem to be very well and intimately acquainted with him, I could relate to you innumerable presages of his future high character, during his being my school-fellow. Not a boy in the class to which he belonged could equal him in capping verses, as it is called. An X or an R were no more to him, than an O or an I to his other school-fellows: in short, he twirled us all round his finger, whenever we pretended to contend with him. I have seen a theme of his on these words, *O formose puer, nimium ne crede Colori*; which filled a whole sheet of paper, margin and all; so deeply did he enter into his subject. though some have imagined it a mighty superficial affair. His distinctions and contradistinctions were so fine, that even Aquinas, Suarez, and Duns-Scotus, might have been proud to have owned them. To compare them to a cobweb or a hair, is to say nothing: they were pure æther; or, if you please,



*Eutia Rationis.* My master looked on the stripling with the same eyes of joy and affection, as Hector looked on his son with : “ See here (says he, extending the paper) a pattern for you all. Where did you steal all this, Elias?” “All my own, the fruits of last night’s hard study!” replied the blushing youth. *Macte virtute.* “I prophesy, Elias, if you go on at this rate, you’ll make one of the ablest theologues in England. But one word in your ear : when you become a court chaplain, Elias, as I know your merit can no more be hid, than the stars of a skyrocket, be sure, child, shorten as much as you can : for there a discourse of five minutes is excellent, of ten scarce tolerable, but a quarter of an hour long, beyond all patience, be the subject what it will.”

Elias prosecuted his studies with unusual vigour, and amazing rapidity. At fourteen, he was elected off to Brazen-nose ; where he soon became the envy of the young, the terror of the fellows, and the delight of the

*skulls.* At fifteen, he wrote an elaborate treatise against the famous John Locke, a kind of a half-presbyterian, filled with much solid learning. Next year appeared another anonymous treatise, against Sir Isaac Newton, proving him to be an unsound, Atheistical writer, and shewing the evil tendency of his so celebrated performance. And by-the-bye, the Frenchman, l'Abbé Pluche, is beholden to him, for all his objections to Sir Isaac, in the *Histoire du Ciel*, without naming him : but a Frenchman and a plagiarist are, as you well know, synonymous terms. Next year he betook himself to the study of the Arabic language ; and the year following, having made himself perfect master of that nice and difficult dialect, he voluntarily went over to Tunis to convert the Moors, and to teach them the art of gunnery, which at his leisure hours he had made himself well acquainted with. The Dey received him with the same ardour as Goliath had experienced before him, entertained him in his own palace, and treated

him as his child : but his love for his native soil made him return to his *alma mater* within the year.

His humility and temperance were admirable. He was esteemed to such a degree, that even some of his common utensils are treasured in the archives of the university ; one single instance let me give you, 'tis his tankard. Now the Wadham College give it the name of one of their own members ; believe me, Sir, the cunning varlets vilely stole it from Brazen-nose. I have myself drank out of it more than once to my inexpressible comfort. Never did Mr. Brand contaminate his faculties with any other than collegiate liquor ; from whence, in some measure, no doubt, did proceed his solidity and weight in argument.

When he was of age, he entered into holy orders, and became the most amazing preacher of his day ; all grave, and solid, and orthodox. A high admirer and quoter of the fathers, quite down to the thirteenth century ; for all that followed, he usually

called children. He has been, for some years, looked upon by my good Lord Chamberlain, for a court chaplain : nay, has often been importuned to accept it ; but he has constantly pleaded his youth, and want of experience. I hear, however, in confidence, and so I tell it you, that he has been close shut up, and hard at work, night and day, these ten days past, employed by his worthy patron, Mr. John Harlowe, in answering a book of very dangerous tendency, as 'tis said, by one M——, of Cambridge ; which said book favours popery very much, and is intended to overthrow our reformation, as by law established. I could not help giving these scattered hints of my old friend and school-fellow, at the same I return his letter ; and thank you for it, as I most heartily do ; for 'tis a most elaborate and inimitable piece in its kind, as indeed all his are. I am, Sir, your most

humble Servant, &c. &c.

ORTHODOXUS ANGLICANUS.

By Richardson's note indorsed on this letter (Mr.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

October 31, 1748.

DEAR SIR,

I RETURNED your papers on Saturday, with sincere thanks, myself very truly affected with them. I had attended the last moments of your heroine with such emotions of soul, as every unsteeled reader must experience. But who, without a much longer pause, could leave the company of a departing saint, and enter that of a brutal Mowbray? *His* character, no doubt, is as well preserved, as all the rest have been; but till I have paused and reflected some time, I can no more be entertained with any thing such a character can say, than I should have been with a buffoon or a harlequin, playing tricks over the fresh dug grave of my father.

It may be accounted a partiality to my

*Channing with the copies of Brund's Letters*) it seems probable that *he* was the friend who assisted him with the letters of the pedant *Brand* in *Clarissa*, and that this letter was intended to introduce his appearance. But Richardson might think the irony too apparent for his purpose.

own opinion ; but to me, the desire of having your piece end happily (as 'tis called) will ever be the test of a wrong head, and a vain mind. Let Belton *feel* all that wickedness can feel ; and Clarissa *enjoy* all the serenity which piety, and piety only, can bestow. How much more instructively will these scenes be formed to touch the hearts both of good and bad, than any which can be drawn upon the contrary plan ! Two deaths pictured in the strongest contrast : one filled with the gloomy remorse created by a life spent in wanton impiety ; the other, glorious in that peace which is the promised conclusion of a life devoted to Heaven and virtue.—The one, like the tempestuous sea, which cannot rest, whose waters cast forth mire and dirt ; the other, all humble resignation, and unclouded hope !

Your reader will be shocked, forsooth, at poor Belton's horrid end—be it so : perhaps too at Clarissa's coffin, and her familiarity with an object naturally undesirable ; and yet I can assure you, my dear friend,



some scenes I have myself been present at, very much resembling those you represent, the memory of which I could wish never to lose. And give me leave to say, the reader who would be most shocked by them, has perhaps the most need of them.

My own father was removed from this world, by a painful, lingering, tedious illness. The morning of the day on which he died, his pains and oppression of breathing were so excessive, that by the consent of his physicians he was bled, with an expectation of alleviating them; it had its effect. My brother and self, were in the afternoon sitting by him, when, bidding me feel his pulse, he charged me on my duty, to tell him truly how long I imagined he might be yet continued? Being answered, scarce an hour. I bless God for it, said he—Be sure, children, that you cultivate true religion and virtue—never think hardly of God, or his providence, from what you have seen me suffer. God has been kind and merciful to me, in all this dispensation; and, I bless him for it, I



can look forward with comfort and pleasure. I am now easy, and believe I shall go off without pain. Then, asking for a little wine—I drink to all your welfares; I take my last solemn farewell of you, said he; God bless you all, and be for ever with you. I will now try to sleep, and let me not be disturbed—He seemed to dose, and in a few minutes expired, without any external appearances of the least uneasiness.

Can I remember this; can I have this parting, awful (and let me say too pleasing) lesson, repeated, and not take time solemnly to reflect upon it? 'Tis too solemn, too pleasing, too interesting, to admit at present any other. Will God himself visit the good man upon his bed of languishing? Will he make all his bed in his sickness? Will he put underneath him his everlasting arms, and support him under the tottering ruins of mortality? Have I seen this in picture, and in reality?

I am, your's, &c.

J. CHANNING.

WITH MR. RICHARDSON.

337

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

*Sept. 5, 1748.*

DEAR SIR,

I CALLED on you the day before I left London, when you exacted a kind of promise of a line or two from me.

I set out from London with as much glee as ever prisoner left his dungeon ; and most cordially wish that my affairs were so circumstanced as never to see that foul beast again. Every stage gave me fresh spirits, and the country appeared even more charming, than ever it had appeared before even to me. The smoke, the gloom, the hurry of the town, seemed more than ever my aversion, and I was ready to envy the meanest cottager I past by. Our journey was safe and agreeable: only the humanity of my friend and companion, Mr. P——, frequently hurt him. The poor post horses were the objects of his compassion, and every lash they received, gave him very sensible displeasure. For my own part, I never was much inclined to the Cartesian doctrine ; and yet, I don't know how it was,

my spirits were so high, and the pursuit of my journey so much at heart, that I was almost ready to think with that whimsical philosopher, that those animals felt little more than machines ; at least I was willing to excuse the brutality of the drivers, who treated them as such. We arrived here on Saturday, after having been overturned only once ; a singular happiness, as we were both quite unhurt.

Sunday was devoted to the public worship. All the family went to the parish church ; and here I was most agreeably surprised with a rural concert :—artless, indeed, and undorned ; but whose natural, pathetic, unaffected harmony charmed me as much, or more, than the best choir I had ever heard, accompanied by even a Green or a Handel. The forty-third, and the hundred and thirty-seventh Psalms, were performed by no mean voices, in four parts. Both these have been ever reckoned fine pieces of ancient poetry ; the last, particularly, has ever been justly admired as an inimitably fine composition ;

and Brady's paraphrase of it, which they sung, one of his best. I have prevailed on them to give me a copy of that music in score, and am much mistaken if it do not please our connoisseurs in music as much as it did me. The chief composers, as I learn from the parson of the parish, are the clerk's son, and another day-labourer. There are several good voices, one in particular, a girl, whose pipe, for strength and sweetness, equals any I have ever heard : she has the misfortune to have lost one eye, and is likewise a day-labourer. This epistle should have been sent you from the top of a neighbouring hill, whither your humble servant sallied forth, a morning or two after his arrival, furnished with pen, ink, and paper, and trusting to his nearer approach to the clouds for inspiration. I had even fixed on a little hillock for my desk, and found my spirits and imagination in a tolerable way for writing something or other, to a friend whose candour might be trusted to ; but a young companion missed me at home, and soon traced me out, so as to render my

design impossible ; and hereby you are spared a week longer. I wish you were with me, at the top of that hill, whose lofty summit commands one of the most beautiful vales in the country, with a little river winding through it. Methinks I feel more strongly than ever the force of that divine poetry, which displays the beauty of the rural scene, at this season ; the little hills rejoicing on every side, the pastures clothed with flocks, the vallies covered over with corn, and the whole scene sounding the praises of the great Parent and Preserver of universal nature. But whither am I going?—I must leave room enough to tell you, that wherever I am, I shall ever remember the many obligations I am under to you, and embrace with the greatest pleasure, every occasion of assuring you, that I am, dear Sir, your most obliged,

and affectionate humble Servant,

J. CHANNING.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



J. ADLARD, PRINTER, DUKE-STREET, SMITHFIELD.

