A STUDY OF THE VILLAINS IN THE
NOVELS OF SAMUEL RICHARDSON

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INTRODUCTION

Samuel Richardson (1689-1761), the father of the modern English novel, in his three masterpieces, Pamela, Clarissa Harlowe, and Sir Charles Grandison, created three rakes, Mr. B----, Lovelace, and Sir Hargrave, who were received so well by the public that their influence on literature spread far and wide. The purpose of this thesis is to point out a few of the sources from which Richardson drew in order to create his rakes, to make a comparison of his villains, and to record the influence that they exerted on English and European literature.

In the method of procedure the chronological order has been followed as far as it was possible to do so. The first chapter is a study of the sources which influenced Richardson in depicting his villain in his novels. Commencing with John Lyly, the chapter traces the rake character down to the time of Richardson's novels. In the second chapter a study of the influence which Mr. B----, Lovelace, and Sir Hargrave had on the literature of England and the Continent is made. A comparison of Richardson's three rakes is presented in the final chapter. Mr. B---- is first discussed, then Lovelace, and finally Sir Hargrave.

1. The word villain in this thesis is used interchangeably with rake or libertine. A definition of a rake is given on page 46.
The principal sources for the first two chapters are chiefly internal evidences which show the influence that early authors had on Richardson and the influence that Richardson's rakes had on succeeding authors. Perhaps a number of external evidences could have been given if Mrs. A. L. Barbould's Correspondence of Samuel Richardson (1804) had been obtained. However, the main sources are: the novels of Samuel Richardson, The History of the English Novel by Ernest A. Baker, The Drama of Sensibility by Ernest Bernbaum, Richardson, by Brian W. Downs, Jean Jacques Rousseau et LesOrigines du Cosmopolitisme by Joseph Texte, and Richardson's Novels and Their Influence by F. S. Boas.
CHAPTER I

A STUDY OF THE SOURCES WHICH INFLUENCED RICHARDSON
IN HIS CREATION OF THE VILLAINS IN HIS NOVELS

In January, 1741, Matthew Stradling, a silversmith, called at the bookseller's shop in Russell Street for a book for his daughter, Charlotte, aged seventeen.

"Have you seen the new book, wrote (sic) by Samuel Richardson, the printer you know of, whose office is in Salisbury Square?" the bookseller asked. "All London is talking of it, and I am selling a prodigious number of copies."

He took up two small, thick volumes and handed one of them to the silversmith.

"It is called Pamela; or Virtue Rewarded," he said, "and as far as I can see, I have not had time to read it myself, it is made entirely of letters written by a serving-maid to her father and mother. It seems a strange sort of a book for ladies and gentlemen to delight in reading, but there is scarce one among the great folk who does not praise it highly. Mr. Pope says that it will do more good than many volumes of sermons."

After glancing through it, Stradling decided it was a harmless sort of book; so he bought it. He took it home, and Charlotte received it with rapture; and when he went out the next morning, he left her with her sewing and the book.

At supper that night his daughter appeared at the table, her face clouded, her eyes red with crying, and she sat silent and mournful all through the meal. He was about to ask what was the matter when his wife gave him a warning look, and after Charlotte had said a subdued good-night and gone off to bed, she turned to him saying,

"Tis the book you brought her yesterday. I found her sobbing over it in the parlour, just as I remember sobbing over Cléopâtre."
The next day he was very much annoyed when things were no better. He almost made a vow that he would bring no more books. Then on the third day a change came. That night at supper Charlotte was full of laughter and high spirits. The book was finished, the heroine had come through her trials, had married her master, and became a great lady. Charlotte would have told him all about it, but her mother stopped her.

"I am reading the book," she said, "and would not know the ending until I come to it in due course."

Where did such a book come from? Where did the author get his conception of his characters so that they held his readers spellbound and their influence spread throughout the Continent, and, consequently, throughout the world?

One source of interest in the book was the villain character. In Pamela (begun on November 10, 1739 and finished on January 10, 1740) Richardson created his first villain, Mr. B--. In Clarissa (1747) he gave to the world his greatest villain, Robert Lovelace, and in The History of Sir Charles Grandison (1753) he presented his last and least interesting one, Sir Margrave Polexfen. It is the purpose of this chapter to trace some of the sources from which Richardson drew in order to create these libertines.

One of the earliest authors who influenced Richardson was John Lyly, who published Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit in 1578 and Euphues and his England in 1580. These books are often described as the first English novels or the first

2. A detailed study of these three villains is given in Chapter III.
novels of manners. They contained very little narrative but stressed the life and manners of the day. In the first book an educated young Athenian, wishing to see the world, visits Naples, a frivolous and dissolute place, well exemplifying the demoralized state of Italian society, against which it is one main object of the book to give young men a warning. Here, after being greeted with a protracted lecture on the follies of youth from an old man, Eubulus—who might stand for Conscience in a morality play—and replying impatiently at similar length, Euphues falls in with a gallant of his own age, Philautus. The two become very good friends, and Philautus takes Euphues to the house of the lady whom he is courting. Euphues has the ill-grace to fall in love with, and, when his friend's back is turned, to woo the young lady himself. He cuts out Philautus, but Lucilla, the young lady, soon jilts him, and both the young men are left temporarily broken hearted.

In the second part Philautus is the central figure. He falls in love with the arrogant Camilla, who does not succumb to his ardour. His sentimental experiences in trying to seduce Camilla are faintly related to the experiences which Richardson's villains undergo and which will be discussed later. Finally, Philautus finds happiness with another young lady who has been in love with him for a long time. After his friend's marriage, Euphues returns philo-

sophically to Athens and retires to a life of meditation. Such is the brief plot of the first novel which influenced Richardson. Just how much influence Euphues and Philautus had on Mr. B—— and Lovelace would be impossible to say, but since it is conceded that Lyly gave Richardson an idea for the creation of his sentimental novels surely Lyly's characters would influence Richardson's. Lyly could have given Richardson the idea of the moral conflict which his villains underwent when they debated whether to continue their lives of sin or not. Euphues, when he realizes that he has fallen in love with Lucilla, his best friend's fiancee, says:

I but Euphues, hath shee not heard also that the dry touche wood is kindled with lyce, that the greatest mushrompe growth in one night? Yet the fire quickly burneth the flaxe? that love easelye entrench into the sharpe witte without resistence, & is harboured there without repentance?

If therefore the Gods have endewed her with as muchountie as beautie, if she have no lesse wit then she hath comelyness, certes she will neyther conceive sinisterly of my sodayne sute, neyther be soye to receiue me into hir service, neyther suspect me of lyhtnesse, in yeilding so lightly, neyther reiect me disdainfully, for loving so hastily. Shall I not then hazard my lyfe to obtaine my loue? and deceiue Philautus to receiue Lucilla? Yes Euphues, where loue beareth sway, Friendshippe can have no shew. As Philautus brough me for his shadowe the last supper, so will I vse him for my shadowe till I haue hayned his Saint. And canst thou wretch be false to him that is faithful to thee? Shall hys curtsey be cause of thy enemtie? Wilt thou violate the league of fayth to enherit the land of folly? Shal affectie be of more force then friendshipe, love then law, lust then loyaltie? Knowest thou not that he that looseth his honestie hath nothing els to lose?

I. Ibid., p. 88
Tush the ease lo lyght where reason taketh place, to love and to love well, is not granted to\nIupiter. Who is so blinded with the caule of beautie,\nDiscerneth no colour of honestia. Did not Euphues\nsay Candaulc a coat of his owne measure? Did not\nParis though he were a welcome guest to Euphues\nserv his hosts a slippery prancke? If Philautus\nhad loved Lucilla, he would never have suffered\nEuphues to have stolen her. Is it not the praye\nthat antiseuth the thieves ryfto? Is it not the\npleasant boyte, that causeth ye floaste fish to\nbite? Is it not a bys word amongst vs, that golde\nmaketh an honest man an ill man? Did Philautus\naccempt Euphues to simple to decrement beautie, or\nsuperticious not to desire it? Did he seeme him\na saint in rejecting fancie, or a scitte in not\ndiscerning?\n
Euphues' reasoning with himself is very similar to the\nreasoning which Lovelace gives to his friend Belford for\nnot giving up his plan to seduce Clarissa. Insisting that\npeople would say he was a coward if Clarissa escaped him,\nLovelace said that it was Clarissa's fault if any harm\nhappened to her, for she never had any confidence in him\nand should not have put herself in his power.

Another Elizabethan moral romance which influenced\nRichardson was Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, (1580).\nCritics are agreed that Richardson borrowed much from the\nArcadia for his novel Pamela. Much of the description\nin Pamela is similar to that of Sir Philip's novel. The\nsimilarities between the scene in Sir Richard Grandison

3. Hearn, LaFcadio, History of English Literature, pp 196,201.
where the villain, Sir Margrave Pollexfen, abducted Miss Harriet Byron and a similar scene in which one of the villains in the Arcadia stole his fair lady is often pointed out. But one critic, Dr. S. L. Wolf, says that it is hardly necessary to suppose that Richardson was deliberately borrowing, or was consciously imitating the Arcadia. The influence was much more indirect. A villain who would do such a thing was almost traditional in fiction by Richardson's time. It is interesting to note that the name Pamela appears in the Arcadia and also that there is a threat similar to Clarissa's when she vowed that she would commit suicide if necessary in order to save her honour. No proof exists that Richardson ever read the Arcadia, but at least he knew that the book existed. In the fire alarm scene in Clarissa Lovelace wrote to Belford that Mrs. Sinclair's cook-maid was reading "the simple History of Dorastus and Faunia," the names of the two main characters in the Arcadia, when the candle set the curtains on fire.

Though Lyly and Sidney influenced Richardson slightly in the development of his villains, there were many authors in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries who influenced him very much. To John Bunyan, who published The Pilgrim's Progress in 1678, Richardson owed "a vivid strength of imagination to spiritual intensity." In other

3. Cambridge History of English Literature, X, 2.
words, without Bunyan, Richardson would not have been able to bring such great characters together as Clarissa and Lovelace and to have handled them with any degree of efficiency.\(^1\) Clarissa's determination to preserve her virtue at all costs, and Lovelace's determination to break down her moral restrictions can be traced directly to Bunyan. Like Addison, Richardson turned to account for dramatic purposes a wealth of psychological observation and insight into human character.\(^2\) Lovelace would have lacked his cunning and subtility if Richardson had not read and understood Addison, Defoe, whose Robinson Crusoe was published in 1719, taught Richardson the necessity of detailed characterization so that his libertines would stand out as sharp individuals.\(^3\) So realistically presented was Lovelace that ever since his creation he has stood as the epitome of villainy.

There are several non-literary sources suggested as the immediate parents of Pamela. Richardson had had some business transactions with the brilliant reprobate, Phillip, Duke of Wharton, who has been put forth as a possible model for Richardson's libertines. But there is no evidence that Richardson and his aristocratic client ever came into a close personal contact.\(^4\) Richardson said in his letters that when he was a young man, he had been told the story, at

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an inn in the country, of B—, owner of the great house close by, and his wife, a lady of great beauty and finest character. As a young girl, the child of humble parents, who had brought her up in the best moral principles, she had been engaged by the squire's mother as her personal maid. After the lady's death, the young squire tried "by all manner of temptations to seduce her... She had recourse to many innocent stratagems to escape the snares laid for her virtue; once, however, in despair, having been near drowning... At last her noble resistance, watchfulness, and excellent qualities, subdued him, and he thought fit to make her his wife."¹

There appeared on Saturday, May 10, 1712, in The Spectator an article by Hughes which is also suggested as a possible source for Richardson's Mr. B— in Pamela². Hughes' essay tells of a very eminent man who by a series of misfortunes was reduced to poverty. His wife, rather than upbraiding him, humbly cheered her husband in their misery. To lessen their expense their eldest daughter, Amanda, was sent into the country to the home of an honest farmer. The lord of the manor, who called often at the farmer's house, fell passionately in love with the beautiful Amanda. Though he was a very generous man, he had a strong aversion to marriage, which was due to a faulty education.

¹. Ibid., IV, 20-21.
². Dictionary of National Biography, XVI, 1130.
Therefore, he kept his plan secret until she had returned his love. One day he found her in tears over a letter which she had received from her parents, telling her of a new financial disaster. Taking this opportunity, he made a proposal which was distinctly not honorable according to Amanda's code. She locked herself in her room, and he immediately dispatched the following letter to her father:

Sir,

I have heard of your Misfortune, and have offer'd your Daughter, if she will live with me, to settle on her Four hundred Pounds a year, and to lay down the Sum for which you are now distressed. I will be so ingenuous as to tell you that I do not intend Marriage; But if you are wise, you will use your Authority with her not to be too nice, when she has an opportunity of saving you and your Family, and of making herself happy.

This letter fell into the hands of Amanda's mother, who wrote to her daughter, telling her not at any cost to accept the lord's proposal. Though her father was in debtor's prison and her mother and sister were starving, Amanda should forget them and protect her virtue. This letter was first given to the lord, who was greatly moved by the contents. Taking it to Amanda, he confessed that he had read it and repented of his evil designs. Again he wrote to her parents, begging their pardons and saying that he would marry their daughter.

The similarity between this lord and Mr. B— is striking. Both were rich young lords who fell in love with their

mothers' maids. In order to persuade the maids to become their mistresses, they both tried to bribe them. However, the idea of a rich man falling in love with a poor maid and wishing to make her his mistress does not take a very daring imagination.

The influence of the "rogue novel" on Richardson's villains is not any too certain. Jean de Luna's Lazarillo de Tormes was tremendously popular during the seventeenth century. However, when the English began to copy the Spanish novels, their books became unauthentic biographies of outlaws and reprobates whose exploits in defiance of law and order had passed into legend. The Life and Death of Gamaliel Ratsey, a Famous Theefe of England (1605) is one of these.\(^1\) The most popular authors of the novels of roguery were Richard Head and Francis Kirkman, who pilfered unscrupulously from every source, even from Don Quixote and the Decameron. Mr. Frank Wadleigh Chandler, in his interesting book on the rogue character, says that Richardson owed a big debt to the picaresque tale.\(^2\) However, Mr. Chandler does not tell in what way, and he even says that "the libertinism of Lovelace or of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen had little in common with the cheating love matches proposed by Spanish sharpers."\(^3\) Evidently Richardson's villains were much more complex characters than the rogues in the picar-

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2. The Literature of Roguery, p. 288.
3. Ibid., p. 300.
esque novels.

No violent social change preceded Richardson, but a deep movement of vitality had been secretly at work. Puritanism had not held a strong place in literature or the world from Milton to the age of Fosley. Bunyan, however, had dreamt his dreams; Addison had reconciled literature with the earnest purposes of the human life; Defoe had been able to put truth into fiction. The merchant class was becoming increasingly influential. In 1740 the Methodist Movement was gaining by leaps and bounds. A definite change was being felt. Emotion and puritanism swept Richardson's "naturally narrow genius" along with the great force.1

Edmund Gosse says:

The final decay of the theatre led to the craving on the part of English readers for an amusement which should be to them what the seeing of comedies had been to their parents, and of tragedies to their grandparents. The didactic plays of such writers as Lillo, who lived until 1759, were practically the latest amusements of the old school of play-goers, who were weary of drama, weary of the old pompous heroic story, of chronicles of pseudo-Atalantic scandal, of the debased picaresque romance. Something entirely new was wanted to amuse the jaded mind of Europe, and that new thing was invented by the fat little printer of Salisbury Court.2

Although there is no definite proof, Richardson must have been influenced by the rakes in the Restoration comedies. Sir John Vanbrugh, in his play, The Relapse, or Virtue in Danger (1696), possibly created an ancestor of Richardson's

2. English Literature: An Illustrated Record, III, 305.
Lovelace in his libertine, Loveless. Possibly Vanbrugh's rake suggested the name for Richardson's. Even though the main plot of the play deals with a silly mixup between Lord Foppington and his brother, Young Fashion, the personality of Loveless is very well portrayed. Forced to return to London on business, Loveless, a supposedly reformed rake, takes his wife, Amanda, with him. Temptations are not long in presenting themselves to him. At the opera he sees a beautiful widow, Berinthia, and immediately becomes infatuated with her. In a moral struggle similar to Euphues' and Lovelace's, Loveless debates:

Sure Fate has yet some business to be done,
Before Amanda's Heart and mine must rest:
Else why amongst those Legions of her Sex,
Which throng the World,
Shou'd she pick out for her Companion
The only one on Earth,
Whom Nature has endow'd for her undoing?
Undoing wasn't, I said?--Who shall undo her?
Is not her Empire fix'd? Am I not her
Did she not rescue me, a grov'ling Slave,
When chain'd and bound by that black Tyrant Vice,
I labour'd in his vilest drudgery?
Did she not ransom me, and set me free?
Nay more:
When by my Follies sunk
To a poor tatter'd despicable Beggar,
Did she not lift me up to envied Fortune?
Give me herself, and all that she possesst?
Without a thought of more Return,
Than what a poor repenting Heart might make her,
Han't she done this? And if she has,
Am I not strongly bound to love her for it?
To love her?--Why do not I love her then?
By Earth and Heaven I do.
Nay, I have demonstratation that I do:
For I would sacrifice my life to serve her.
Yet holds:--If laying down my Life
Be Demonstration of my Love,
What is't I feel in favour of Berinthia?
For shou'd she be in danger, methinks I would incline
To risque it for her Service too; and yet I do not love her.
How then subsists my Proof?  

Harry Horner, a popular rake in William Wycherley's
comedy, The Country Wife (1673), seems to have no scruples
whatev'er. In order to have as many mistresses as he wishes
among the ladies of fashion, he has his doctor begin the
rumor that he has become a eunuch. Under this guise Horner
allays the suspicions of husbands while he cuckoldes them.
In contempt of the society in which he lives he says:

For your bigots in honour are just like those
in religion; they fear the eye of the world more
than the eye of Heaven; and think there is no vir-
tue, but railing at vice, and no sin but giving
scandal.  

Though Lovelace was immoral, he had pride which would
not let him stoop to many of the acts of Horner.

How much was Richardson influenced by the dramatists
of the early Eighteenth Century? Mr. Ernest A. Baker says
that Lovelace undoubtedly was suggested by the "gay Lothario"
in Rowe's The Fair Penitent (1703).  
A detailed study of
Lothario and Lovelace shows a great deal of similarity be-
tween them. George Pierce Baker, in his introduction to
Rowe's play, says: "Rowe makes Lothario, the villain, as
Dr. Johnson observes; occupy too much attention. His seduc-
tive charm is exploited with every lavish device of rhetoric,
so that his name, since Richardson took him and transformed

1. The Relapse, Act III, Scene 2.
him into Lovelace, has become the synonym of the gay libertin."1

The Fair Penitent opens with a discussion between Altamont, a young lord, and Sciolto, a nobleman of Genoa, whose daughter, Calista, is engaged to Altamont. Altamont complains of his fiancée's coldness towards him. When they leave, Lothario, Altamont's enemy, enters with his friend, Rossano, boasting how he will triumph over Altamont and Sciolto. The first part of this scene depicts only too well Lothario's foul character; therefore, it shall be given in detail.

Lothario. The father and the husband!

Rossano. Let them pass, they saw us not.

Lothario. I care not if they did, E're long I mean to meet 'em face to face, And gaul 'em with my triumph o'er Calista.

Rossano. You lov'd her once.

Lothario. I lik'd her, wou'd have marry'd her, But that if pleas'd her father to refuse me, To make this honourable fool her husband. For which, if I forget him, may the shame I mean to brand his name with, stick on mine.

Rossano. She, gentle soul, was kinder than her father.

Lothario. She was, and oft in private gave me hearing, 'Til by long list'ning to the soothing tale. At length her easie heart was wholly mine.

Rossano. I have heard you oft describe her, haughty, insolent, And fierce with high disdain; it moves my wonder,

1. The Fair Penitent, Ed. by Sophie Chantai Hart, p. XII.
That virtue thus defended should be yielded
A prey to loose desires.

Lothario. Hear, then I'll tell thee.
Once in a lone and secret hour of night,
When ev'ry eye was clos'd, and the pale moon
And stars alone shone conscious of the thief,
Hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood,
Hap'ly I stole unheeded to her chamber.

Rossano. That minute sure was lucky.

Lothario. Oh 't was great.
I found the fond, believing, love-sick maid
Loose, unattir'd, warm, tender, full of wishes;
Fierceness and pride, the guardians of her honour,
Were charm'd to rest, and love alone was waking.
Within her rising bosom all was calm;
As peaceful seas that know no storms, and only
Are gently lift'd up and down by tides.
I snatch'd the glorious, golden opportunity,
And with prevailing, youthful ardour prest her,
'Till with short sighs, and murmuring reluctance,
The yielding fair one gave me perfect happiness.
Ev'n all the live-long night we past in bliss,
In extasies too fierce to last for ever;
At length the morn and cold indifference came;
When fully sated with the luscious banquet,
I hastily took leave, and left the nymph
To think on what was past, and sigh alone.

Rossano. You saw her soon again?

Lothario. Too soon I saw her;
For oh! that meeting was not like the former;
I found my heart no more beat high with transport,
No more I sigh'd, and languish'd for enjoyment;
'T was past, and reason took her turn to reign,
While ev'ry weakness fell before her throne.

Rossano. What of the lady?

Lothario. With uneasie fondness
She hung upon me, wept, and sigh'd, and swore
She was undone; talk'd of a priest and marriage,
Of flying with me from her father's pow'r;
Call'd ev'ry saint and blessed angel down,
To witness for her that she was my wife.
I started at that name.

Rossano. What answer made you?
Lothario. None; but pretending sudden pain and illness
Escap'd the persecution; two nights since,
By message urg'd, and frequent importunity,
Again I saw her. Strait with tears and sighs,
With swelling breasts, with swooning, with distraction,
With all the subtleties and powerful arts
Of wilful woman lab'ring for her purpose,
Again she told the same dull nauseous tale.
Unmov'd, I beg'd her spare th' ungrateful subject,
Since I resolv'd, that love and peace of mind
Might flourish long inviolate betwixt us,
Never to load it with the marriage chain;
That I would still retain her in my heart,
My ever gentle mistress and my friend;
But for those other names of wife and husband,
They only meant ill-nature, cares, and quarrels.

Thus is Lothario's character shown. Ruthlessly he
tramples on Calista as Lovelace tramples on Clarissa in
order to satisfy his false pride. Lothario loses a note
from Calista which asks him for a secret rendezvous, and
which he has been saving to show to Altamont and Sciolto.
Altamont's friend and brother-in-law, Horatio, finds the note
and shows it to Calista, who tears it up and tells Altamont
that Horatio is falsely accusing her. The two men are kept
from fighting by Altamont's sister and Horatio's wife, Lavinia.
However, Altamont discovers Calista and Lothario together
and challenges Lothario. In the duel that ensues Altamont
wins. Dying, Lothario says:

O Altamont, thy genius is the stronger
Thou hast prevail'd!—My fierce, ambitious soul
Declining droops, and all her fires grow pale;
Yet let not this advantage swell thy pride,
I conquer'd in my turn, in love I triumph'd:

2. Lovelace's pride will be shown in the next chapter.
Those joys are lodg'd beyond the reach of fate;
That sweet revenge comes smiling to my thoughts,
Adorns my fall, and cheers my heart in dying.

He died unrepentant, unlike Lovelace, who was broken-hearted when it was too late to do anything about remedying his faults. Both Lovelace and Lothario wished to get revenge against the family of the young lady, both ravished the young lady, and both were killed in a duel. Can there be a doubt that Richardson must have been influenced by Rowe's drama when he created Lovelace?

Another predecessor of Richardson's villains was Sir John Freeman in George Lillo's play Silvia, or The Country Burial (1730), who greatly resembles Mr. B--- The plot of the play centers around Sir John, who tries to seduce Silvia, the reputed daughter of one of his tenants. As B--- offered Pamela great wealth if she would become his mistress, so Sir John offers Silvia. Like Pamela, Silvia scorns the proposal, even though she loves him very much. Her father, grieved by the insult, forbids Sir John to come to his house. Returning unopened a letter which pleads for forgiveness, Silvia, fearing that her lover's resentment will be taken out on her father, goes to Sir John and begs him not to cancel the lease of their farm. Touched by her devotion and distress, he asks her to marry him. However, lest he think her former refusal of his advances based on merely mercenary

1. The Fair Penitent, Act IV, Scene 1, 2, 109-15.
2. Bernbaum, Ernest, The Drama of Sensibility, pp. 143-44.
considerations, she will not consent to this honorable proposal. Her father rejoices at her unselfishness and at Sir John's reformation. However, it is discovered that Sir John and Silvia have in their infancy been secretly exchanged for one another, so that she is an heiress and he the farmer's son. Hence all obstacles to their marriage are swept away. Sir John is similar to Amanda's lover in Hughes' essay and also to Mr. B--.

Charles Johnson, the immediate successor of Lillo in domestic tragedy, wrote Caelia, or the Perjured Lover (1732), which tells of the seduction and desertion of an innocent maiden. Caelia, the beautiful daughter of a genteel family in a country town, has been seduced by Wronglove, a city libertine, and under a solemn promise of marriage has eloped with him to London. She is about to become a mother and does not know Wronglove is planning to desert her. When he urges her to take rooms with Mrs. Lupine, whom he represents as a respectable midwife, she does not know it is the first step in severing their relationship. Caelia is not long in discovering that Wronglove has placed her in a house of ill fame, and has instructed Mrs. Lupine to persuade her to become a prostitute. Before her father is able to come to her aid, the house is raided, and Caelia is carried before a magistrate and placed in jail. Her mother dies from the shock, and a friend fights a duel with Wronglove and kills

him. Before he dies he repents and recognizes Caelia as his wife.

Certainly no one who has read Caelia could deny the great similarity between Wronglove and Lovelace. The name "Lovelace" was possibly suggested by "Wronglove." The circumstances under which the two libertines worked in order to bring about the seduction of their victims were parallel. Since Caelia and Clarissa were daughters of well-to-do parents, to attempt to bribe them was an impossibility. Both rogues took the heroines to London, and both were killed in duels after they had repented.

This attempt to trace the sources which influenced Richardson when he created his villains has revealed a few interesting facts. Mr. B—, Lovelace, and Sir Hargrave were not new figures in English literature but were the descendants of a long line of rakes. Many eminent authors had contributed to the forming of this type of libertine. John Lyly contributed the moral struggle which each villain underwent so that the reader would not feel that the rogue was completely lost or depraved. Description and part of the method which Richardson's villains used Sir Philip Sidney contributed. John Bunyan, with the further moral struggle on the part of the villain, Joseph Addison, with his psychological insight into the make-up of the villain, and Daniel Defoe, with his detailed description of the rake character all helped to make Richardson's libertines the
interesting people that they are.

The immediate sources from which Richardson drew are many. In his creation of Mr. B-- he could have been influenced by the prominent rake of his day, Philip, Duke of Wharton, or by a true story told to him at a country inn, or by the essay of Hughes in *The Spectator*. Possibly the picaresque novel had a little to do in the formation of B--'s character. Nicholas Rowe's *Lothario* certainly is a parent of Richardson's villains. George Lillo's *Sir John Freeman* and Charles Johnson's *Wronglove* are undoubtedly also the ancestors of Mr. B--, Lovelace, and Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. Therefore, Richardson did draw on other authors when he created his villains.
CHAPTER II

A STUDY OF THE INFLUENCE WHICH THE VILLAINS OF RICHARDSON HAD ON ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND GERMAN LITERATURE

In the previous chapter, a study of the sources which influenced Richardson in the creation of his villains has been given. This section will deal with the influence which Mr. B—, Lovelace, and Sir Hargrave had on the succeeding rakes in English and European literature. Critics agree that within the fifty years which followed Richardson's death it would be impossible to single out any novelist on whom he did not have an influence. Richardson brought everyday manners and common people to artistic acceptance and expressed the grievances and prejudices of the middle class. Thus his effect is felt generally throughout literature down to the present day.

Very soon after Pamela was published in 1740 many imitations and adaptations appeared. Richardson counted sixteen "Remarks, Imitations, Retailings, Pyracies etc." Perhaps the most important imitation was Joseph Andrews.

2. Down, Brian W., Richardson, p. 196.
(1741) by Henry Fielding, a struggling playwright of the day. If Fielding had not been so much disgusted with the oversentimental flavor of Richardson's novel that he attempted to ridicule it, perhaps he would never have written his great masterpiece, Tom Jones (1749), which some critics believe was created "as a corrective to the morbid satanism, the sentimental remorse and the complete caddishness of Lovelace." However, most of the imitations were pretty weak stories and soon passed into oblivion.

A burlesque for puppets, The Handsome Housemaid; or, Piety in Pattens (1775), written by Samuel Foote, contains a villain comparable to Mr. B—. It tells of a servant girl whose master had fallen in love with her. The master tries to bribe her to become his mistress, but she is warned by the butler, Thomas, to repulse any such offers because if she loses her virtue, she loses everything. She takes this advice and slights her master, who, overcome by her honest principles and the strength of his passion, offers to marry her. She says that she will marry Thomas. Instead of showing jealousy, her master agrees because he wishes her to be happy. His great generosity so upsets her plans that she decides to rest an old maid, although she loves them both.

Another play in which the villain was fashioned after the libertines in Richardson's novels is The Foundling (1748) by Edward Moore. In it, the rake Belmont loves the friend-

1. Ibid., p. 196.
2. Ibid., p. 199.
less Fidelia and she him, but he suffers from the same moral
disease as Lovelace and shows his determination to stop at
no baseness in isolating her from her friends and then out-
raging her.¹

Two authoresses, Mrs. Davys and Mrs. Haywood, whose
novels had been popular even before Richardson's Pamela,
changed their technique and imitated Richardson. Mrs. Davys,
who described herself as "in years" in 1725, put forth as
late as 1756 a novel entitled The Accomplish'd Rake which
contained a feature destined to be popular for some decades--
the undoing of the virtuous heroine with the help of an
opiate.² This feature is copied from the scene in which
Clarissa is drugged before Lovelace outraged her. The Fortun-
ato Foundlings (1743), Betsy Thoughtless (1751), and Jenny
Jessamy (1753) by Mrs. Haywood contain characters fashioned
after Richardson's heroines and villains.³

Sarah Fielding, the sister of Henry Fielding and a
close friend of Richardson's, imitated Richardson in her most
famous novel, "The Adventures of David Simple, containing an
Account of his Travels through the Cities of London and
Westminster in the Search of a Real Friend (1744). Though
this novel, as does Henry Mackenzie's The Man of Feeling (1771),
chiefly follows the sentimental strain developed by Richard-
son, still the hero, David Simple, possesses many of the

¹Ibid.; p. 201.
³Ibid.; p. 204.
same qualities as Richardson's villains. The tenacity with which David pursues his objective—to find the qualities most desirable in a friend—resembles that of Lovelace. Miss Fielding's analysis of motives and feelings is also related to that of Richardson's villains.¹

Perhaps as an example of the way in which the villains of Richardson were imitated, a detailed study of Sir Clement Willoughby in Fanny Burney's Evelina (1778) would be interesting. Often compared to Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, the least convincing of Richardson's villains, Sir Clement is not as forceful a character as his predecessor.² Evelina, the beautiful young heroine, goes to London for a season with some friends. One evening at an assembly, a dance or party where informalities are allowed, she is accosted by a handsome young man who asks her to dance. Since she is in love with Lord Orville, the hero, she refuses to dance with the stranger, and he accuses her of bad manners. Such is the introduction of Sir Clement. Like Mr. B--, Lovelace, and Sir Hargrave, he is handsome, a gifted conversationalist, well travelled and educated, and popular with women. A clever man of pleasure and fashion, Sir Clement decides to add Evelina to his list of victories. As soon as he hears about the episode at the assembly, Arthur Villars, Evelina's guardian, writes her to beware of Sir Clement. However, his warning

¹ Ibid., p. 205.
² D'Iarblay, Francis Burney, Evelina; or The History of a Young Lady's Entrance into the World, introduction by Annie Raine Ellis, p. xxxii.
is needless, for Evelina develops a strong antipathy against Sir Clement. Everything he does displeases her. "He affects to enter the house with the freedom of an old acquaintance," she writes sarcastically to her guardian.\(^1\) The only time that Sir Clement shows himself as even faintly worthy of being the successor of Sir Hargrave is in the episode when one evening, while driving Evelina home, he orders his servant secretly to drive to the upper end of Piccadilly instead of to Evelina's home on Queen Ann Street. She says:

I now began to apprehend that he had himself ordered the man to go a wrong way; and I was so much alarmed at the idea, that, the very instant it occurred to me, I let down the glass, and made a sudden effort to open the chariot-door myself, with a view of jumping into the street, but he caught hold of me, exclaiming, "For heaven's sake, what is the matter?"

"I--I don't know," cried I (quite out of breath), "but I am sure the man goes wrong; and if you will not speak to him, I am determined I will get out myself."

"You amaze me," answered he (still holding me), "I cannot imagine what you apprehend. Surely you can have no doubts of my honour?"

He drew me towards him as he spoke. I was frightened dreadfully, and could hardly say, "No, Sir, no,—none at all: only Mrs. Mirvan,—I think she will be uneasy."

"Whence this alarm, my dearest angel?—What can you fear?—my life is at your devotion, and can you, then, doubt my protection?"

And so saying, he passionately kissed my hand.

Never, in my whole life, have I been so terrified. I broke forcibly from him, and, putting my

\(^1\) Ibid., p. 71.
head out of the window, called aloud to the man to stop. Where we then were, I know not; but I saw not a human being, or I should have called for help.

Sir Clement, with great earnestness, endeavoured to appease and compose me: "If you do not intend to murder me," cried I; "for mercy's, for pity's sake, let me get out!"

"Compose your spirits, my dearest life," cried he, "and I will do every thing you would have me." And then he called to the man himself, and bid him make haste to Queen Ann Street. "This stupid fellow," continued he, "has certainly mistaken my orders; but I hope you are now fully satisfied."

Thus ends Sir Clement's most dashing episode in the novel. Sir Hargrave at least kidnapped the lady, Miss Harriet Byron, and started to force her to marry him. Sir Clement never lives up to the warning which Mr. Villars gives Evelina. He wrote:

But Sir Clement, though he seeks occasion to give real offence, contrives to avoid all appearance of intentional evil. He is far more dangerous, because more artful: but I am happy to observe, that he seems to have made no impression upon your heart; and therefore a very little care and prudence may secure you from those designs which I fear he has formed.

Not being able to break through Evelina's indifference, Sir Clement, after several attempts to win her, left the field to Lord Orville and went abroad much as Sir Hargrave went abroad after Sir Charles Grandison had rescued Miss Byron from him.

1. Although these terms of endearment may have been common to the age, it is interesting to note that Lovelace uses the same expressions.
2. Ibid., pp. 97-98.
3. Ibid., p. 116.
4. A detailed description of this scene is given in the next chapter, p. 133.
A much lustier villain than Sir Clement is Squire Thornhill in Oliver Goldsmith's *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766). The Squire "desired to know little more of the world than its pleasures; being particularly remarkable for his attachment to the fair sex."¹ No sooner was the Vicar, after losing his fortune, peacefully settled in his new home as a tenant of the Squire's than the Squire called on him with two London prostitutes, who were posing as ladies of quality. When the Squire saw Olivia, the Vicar's oldest daughter, he immediately decided to seduce her as he had so many of the farmers' daughters. A plan to lure the Vicar's two daughters to London as attendants to the pretended ladies failed. The Vicar's family did everything in their power to make a match between the two young people. Constantly visiting the family, the Squire gave new proofs each day of his passion for Olivia, but never a proposal of marriage passed his lips. In desperation the family encouraged a young farmer to court Olivia, hoping that this would arouse the Squire's jealousy. Nothing happened. A marriage was finally arranged between the farmer and Olivia, but four days before it was to take place, Olivia eloped with the Squire. Taking her to London, the Squire had a fake marriage ceremony performed. Olivia, when her father found her abandoned, related the following:

The very next morning I found what little

¹ Goldsmith, Oliver, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, p. 12.
expectations I was to have from his sincerity. That very morning he introduced me to two unhappy women more, whom like me he had deceived, but who lived in contented prostitution. I loved him too tenderly to bear such rivals in his affections, and strove to forget my infamy in a tumult of pleasures. With this view I danced, dressed, and talked; but still was unhappy. The gentlemen who visited there told me every moment of the power of my charms; and this only contributed to increase my melancholy, as I had thrown all their power quite away. Thus each day I grew more pensive, and he more insolent, till at last the monster had the assurance to offer me to a young Baronet of his acquaintance. Need I describe, sir, how his ingratitude stung me? My answer to this proposal was almost madness. I desired to part. As I was going, he offered me a purse; but I flung it at him with indignation, and burst from him in a rage, that for a while kept me insensible of the miseries of my situation.

Insolently, the Squire called at the Vicar's home after Olivia's return and proposed that a husband be found quickly for her so that she could keep him as her lover. In this scene the Squire is comparable to Lovelace. Only a libertine who gloats over the ruin that he has caused would dare to face the father of the girl whom he has ruined. Threatening to foreclose a mortgage, the Squire left the Vicar's family, who have just had their house burned. Off to debtor's prison the family was carried. However, by the intervention of the supposed ne'er-do-well, Mr. Burchell, who has been courting the second daughter, Sophia, and who turned out to be the rich Sir William Thornhill, the uncle and guardian

1. Ibid., p. 66.
2. Ibid., p. 72.
of the Squire, they are freed. It turns out that the marriage between Olivia and the Squire was legal, and the Squire, when he realized that his uncle is going to marry Sophia, is only too glad to recognize Olivia as his wife.

Though Olivia falls far short of her predecessors, Pamela and Clarissa, the Squire is a villain of the same sort as Mr. B— and Lovelace. His great talents for villainy do not have much chance for development, for Olivia is much too easy to seduce. He really does not have the opposition necessary to bring out his great ability as a rake. Had Olivia been a Clarissa, who knows what a great figure the Squire would have made in the history of the libertines?

The Byronic hero, exemplified in Byron's Manfred and Cain, is indirectly descended from Richardson's villains. Goethe and Rousseau were both influenced by Richardson, and they, in turn, influenced Byron.¹ In Manfred (1817) Byron created a man very similar to Goethe's Faust in spite of the fact that Byron says:

His Faust I never read, for I don't know German; but Matthew Mon, Lewis, in 1816, at Caligny, translated most of it to me, viva voce, and I was naturally struck with it, but it was the Steinback and the Jungfrau, and something else, much more than Faustus, that made me write Manfred. The first scene, however, and that of Faustus are very similar.²

Goethe wrote:

1. Richardson's influence on Goethe and Rousseau will be discussed later in this chapter.
Byron's tragedy, Manfred, was to me a wonderful phenomenon, and one that closely touched me. This singularly intellectual poet has taken my Faustus to himself, and extracted from it the strongest nourishment for his hypochondriac humor.¹

An interesting comparison can certainly be made between Manfred and Lovelace. The sufferings of Richardson's villain after he had outraged Clarissa and she had died, resembled those of Manfred as described by Jeffrey:

In Manfred we recognize at once the gloom and potency of that soul which burned and blasted and fed upon itself. He is fixed by the genius of the poet in the majestic solitudes of the Central Alps—where, from his youth up, he has lived in proud but calm seclusion from the ways of men, conversing only with the magnificent forms and aspects of nature by which he is surrounded, and with the Spirits of the Elements over whom he has acquired dominion, by the secret and unhallowed studies of sorcery and magic. He is averse, indeed, from mankind, and scorns the low and frivolous nature to which he belongs; but he cherishes no animosity or hostility to that feeble race...Manfred is a grand and terrific vision of a being invested with superhuman attributes, in order that he may be capable of more than human sufferings, and be sustained under them by more than human force and pride.²

These words, which Manfred utters in the Bernese mountains, could have aptly been said by Lovelace when, tired of mankind and life and sick at heart because of the way that his affair with Clarissa had turned out, he awaited the duel with Morden.

Think'st thou existence doth depend on time? It doth; but actions are our epochs: mine Have made my days and nights imperishable, Endless and all alike, as sands on the shore, Innumerable atoms; and one desert,

¹. Ibid., p. 78, n.
². Ibid., pp. 4, 5, n.
Barren and cold, on which the cold waves break,
But nothing rests, save carcasses and wrecks,
Rocks, and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness. 1

F. S. Boas in his essay on the influence of Richardson's
novels says, "Except Byron, there is no Englishman whose
work has swept over Europe with such tempestuous force." 2
Without a doubt, if a great deal of time were spent on the
subject, a close relationship between the Byronic hero and
Richardson's libertines could be shown.

An attempt has been made to trace the influence of
Richardson's libertines on English literature. Nearly all
the prominent authors of Richardson's day imitated Mr. B—,
Lovelace, or Sir Hargrave. Mrs. Davys, Mrs. Haywood, and
Miss Sarah Fielding incorporated Richardson's rakes into
their novels. The absence of "local color" in Richardson's
pictures of his villains and his concern with their inner
life made them very influential on the authors of English
literature. Frances Burney mildly imitated Sir Hargrave in
Evelina. Lovelace was the model for the Squire in Goldsmith's
The Vicar of Wakefield. Even Byron's Manfred was somewhat
influenced by Lovelace.

What about French literature? How much did Richardson
influence the great French authors after his publication of
Pamela in 1704? Richardson was inordinately lucky in his
translator, Abbé Prévost—a practical man of letters, who

1. Ibid., Act II, Scene 1.
2. Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association,
   II, 65.
had already published an acknowledged masterpiece in Manon Lescaut. He knew exactly what the French reading public wanted. Of Clarissa he exclaimed, "Of all the works of the imagination, without from motives of conceit excepting my own, there is none that I have read with greater pleasure than this."1 Realizing that a literal translation of Richardson's novels would not be acceptable to the French, Prévost abridged and rewrote much of the novels. So well did he succeed that his own name was glorified along with Richardson's.

Several imitations of Pamela, Clarissa, and Sir Charles Grandison appeared among the French novels. An anonymous Histoire de Pamela en liberté, suite de Pamela anglaise (1770), and a Fanny ou La Nouvelle Pamela (1767) by Baculard d'Arnaud, and Mademoiselle Le Prince de Beaumont's Nouvelle Clarice (1767), a Nouvelle Clementine, and a Petit Grandison copied Richardson's novels.2 Therefore, they contained characters similar to the rakes in Richardson's novels. Voltaire finally revolted against the over-sentimental influence of Richardson's novel, saying, "Truly, is it not too bad that the English let themselves be duped by the charlatanry of their novels?" But he went himself to the story of Pamela for characters in his play Manine. (1749).3

1. Downs, Richardson, p. 216.
2. Ibid., p. 218.
3. Joseph Texte, Jean Jacques Rousseau et les Origines de Cosmopolitisme Littéraire, p. 266. All the references given from this book will be my own rough translation.
The second literary giant in the France of that time, Diderot, found in Richardson a spirit and a purpose much more congenial to himself than did Voltaire. The story is told that one day a friend called to see Diderot and found him in tears. "What in the world can be the matter with you?" cried the friend. "What is the matter?" answered Diderot in a broken voice. "I am filled with misery by a story that I am writing!" This capacity of thinking of imaginary personages as if they were friends living in the next street, had been stirred by Richardson.1 Diderot liked Richardson because he rebelled against the artificiality of the pseudo-classic drama. Richardson's villains were not the fops of Congreve and Vanbrugh's dramas. Diderot thought that Richardson divided men into two classes—those who enjoy and those who suffer. Just how Lovelace would be classified, for he both enjoyed and suffered, he did not say. But he did think that Richardson made him love his fellowman and duty better, made him pity the wicked, have deeper compassion for the unfortunate, and more contempt for life. Therefore, it is not surprising that in Le Neveu de Rameau Diderot incorporated many of Richardson's ideas. In La Religion he borrowed the plot and characters of Clarissa.2

The difference between the influence of Richardson on Voltaire and Diderot can immediately be seen in what they

2. Ibid., II, 24-31.
said about him. Always a friend of the upper class, Voltaire, in speaking of Richardson's novels, said:

It is cruel for a man like me to read nine whole volumes in which you find nothing at all. I said even if all these people were my relations and friends, I could take no interest in them. I can see nothing in the author but a clever man who knows the curiosity of the human race, and is always promising something from volume to volume, in order to go on selling them.

When Richardson died in 1761, Diderot wrote:

O Richardson, Richardson, unique among men in my eyes, thou shalt be my favorite all my life long! If I am hard driven by pressing need, if my friend is overtaken by want, if the mediocrity of my fortune is not enough to give my children what is necessary for their education, I will sell my books; but thou shalt remain to me, thou shalt remain on the same shelf with Moses, Homer, Euripides, Sophocles!

O Richardson, I make bold to say that the truest history is full of falsehoods, and that your romance is full of truths. History paints a few individuals; you paint the human race. History sets down to its few individuals what they have neither said nor done; whatever you set down to man, he has both said and done....No, I say that history is often a bad novel; and the novel as you have handled it, is a good history. O printer of nature, 'tis you who are never false!

Among the many authors whom Richardson's libertines influenced was Choderlos de Laclos, whose epistolary novel, Liaisons Dangereuses (1784) contains the villain Valmont, who is by universal consent directly modelled on Lovelace. But the most important French author who used Richardson as a model was Jean-Jacques Rousseau.3

1. Ibid.
2. Ibid.
Richardson's novels through Prévost's translations or adaptations, Rousseau was completely swept off his feet. "There has never yet been a novel equal or even approaching Clarissa," he said when he took it to be his model for Julie ou La Nouvelle Héloïse (1761). Since we are dealing only with the influence of Richardson's villains on succeeding literature, the huge amount of evidence which proves that Julie was fashioned after Clarissa need not be given. What connection can be made between Lovelace and Saint Preux, the hero in Le Nouvelle Héloïse? The plot of Rousseau's novel given by John Morley is as follows:

As the title warns us, it is a story of a youthful tutor and a too fair disciple, straying away from the lessons of calm philosophy into the heated places of passion. The high pride of Julie's father forbade all hope of their union, and in very desperation the pair lost the self-control of virtue, and threw themselves into the pit that lies so ready to our feet. Remorse followed with quick step, for Julie had with her purity lost none of the other lovelinesses of a dutiful character. Her lover was hurried away from the country by the generous solicitude of an English nobleman, one of the bravest, tenderest, and best of men. Julie, left undisturbed by her lover's presence, stricken with affliction at the death of a sweet and affectionate mother, and pressed by the importunities of a father whom she dearly loved, in spite of all the disasters which his will had brought upon her, at length consented to marry a foreign baron from some northern court. Wolmar was much older than she was; a devotee of calm reason, without a system and without prejudices, benevolent, orderly, above all things judicious. The lover meditated suicide, from which he was only diverted by the arguments of Lord Edward, who did more than argue; he hurried the forlorn man on board the ship of Admiral Anson, then just starting for his famous voyage round the world.

1. Downs, Richardson, p. 220.
When one compares the two men, Saint Preux suffers. Lovelace would certainly not allow another man to take his place, even if he had had to kill Clarissa. Dead or alive, Clarissa belonged to him and to no one else. In speaking of Saint Preux, Morley says:

Saint Preux is a personage whom no widest charity, literary, philosophic, or Christian, can make endurable. Egoism is made thrice disgusting by a ceaseless redundance of fine phrases. The exaggerated conceits of love in our old poets turn graciously on the lover's eagerness to offer every sacrifice at the feet of his mistress. Even Werther, stricken creature as he was, yet had the stoutness to blow his brains out, rather than be the instrument of surrounding the life of his beloved with snares. Saint Preux's egoism is unbrightened by a single ray of tender abnegation or a single touch of the sweet humility of devoted passion. The slave of his sensations, he has no care beyond their gratification. With some rotund nothing on his lips about virtue being the only path to happiness, his heart burns with sickly desire. He writes first like a pedagogue infected by some cantharidean philter, and then like a pedagogue with the philter, and that is the worse of the two. Lovelace and the Count of Valmont are manly and hopeful characters in comparison.

Mr. B—, Lovelace, and Sir Hargrave were then carried across the Channel into France. The imitators of Richardson's novels incorporated his villains into their novels. Such great authors as Voltaire and Diderot followed the style in borrowing ideas and characters from Richardson. But Richardson's greatest pupil in France was Jean-Jacques Rousseau, whose La Nouvelle Héloïse, fashioned after Clarissa, contains a character somewhat similar to Lovelace.

1. Morley, Rousseau, p. 29.
Let us now see how Richardson's villains were accepted in Germany. F. S. Boas says that a thoroughly satisfactory study of Richardson's influence on German literature is still badly needed. ¹ A few German novelists which Richardson influenced will be mentioned. Erick Schmidt says, "Richardson belongs as well to the history of the German, as to that of the English, novel."²

The chords which the author of Clarissa struck in the hearts of his earnest, religious, and sentimental German readers were no other than those which he stirred in his light and sceptical French admirers—so true it is that one great tide of emotional enthusiasm swept, at that time, over the bounds of nationality and race. But the individual genius of each nation was a course recognizable in the chorus of praise by a tone of its own. The state of German romance before Gellert, says the critic just quoted, was much the same as that of English fiction before Richardson—with this difference only, that Germany had no Defoe. Gellert, who translated Pamela and Grandison, was, indeed, a writer after Richardson's heart; and his novel, Das Leben der Schwedischen Grafin (1746), though it falls far short of his model, still affords ample proof of the most praiseworthy intentions. Meanwhile, the German literary market, just like the French was flooded with imitations and sequels; "histories" of an individual or of a family, in epistolary form, became the fashion.³

Among the novelists who followed Gellert's example may be mentioned Hermes (Geschichte der Miss Fanny Wilkes, 1766) and Sophie La Roche (Geschichte des Freuleins van Sternheim, 1771). Wieland's admiration found vent in a drama on the unfortunate Clementina della Portetta (1760), after he had planned a series of letters from Sir Charles Grandison to

1. Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association p. 68 n. Although stated in 1711, it is still true.
3. Ibid.
Miss Jervois (1759). In their impulsive eagerness, many admirers went to England to visit Hampstead and the Flash Walk, places where Clarissa resided, as people later made the pilgrimage to Clarens, the scene of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*. Characteristic, in this respect, was Klopstock's longing to quit Copenhagen and to go to London to be personally acquainted with Richardson. His young wife and he carried on a great correspondence with their idol.

Praising Richardson as the creator of bourgeois literature, Lessing placed Lovelace on the same level as Alexander, Charles XII, Richelieu, and Mассаніellо. The villain in his *Miss Sara Sampson* (1755), strongly influenced by *Clarissa*, greatly resembles Lovelace.

Goethe, who in a famous passage in Book VI of *Dichtung und Wahrheit* shows an intimate insight into the essentials of Richardson's art, in Book XIII states that "he made the citizen world attentive to a more delicate morality." But his use of the epistolary form in *Werther* (1774), and his interpretation both of the sentimental temperament and of nature, are due to the influence of Rousseau rather than of Richardson at first hand. In *Werther* we are shown a youth who has withdrawn from the worries of the world to a small, peaceful German village. Not having to work for a

2. Ibid.
living, he spends his time reading for the Bar, though he
detests law. Though he loves simple and natural literature,
such as the Old Testament, Homer, and Goldsmith, he loves
Nature. The woods and hills, the sunset skies, children
and the peasants are to him a living force. He decides to
live for delicate emotions.

In this idyllic setting he meets his ideal of woman-
hood, Lotte. She reads English novels and Klopstock; she
weeps; she dresses in white with pink ribbons; she is the
child of nature. It is true she is betrothed, but Albert,
his fiancé, is away; therefore, Lotte becomes Werther's
mistress. When Albert returns, Werther lets things slide,
and daily basks in happiness insecure. He plays with the
children and tells them stories; he gathers pears into Lotte's
apron and weeps his woes into it. With Albert he discusses
Lotte's charms and the justification of suicide. But Albert,
good soul, feels that the situation is becoming a little
strained, and Werther's tender melancholy is succeeded by
gloom. He sees Nature now as an open grave, a monster for-
ever swallowing her own offspring. His old pursuits fill
him with disgust, and sinking into complete idleness he
rambles aimlessly through the woods.

At last, in desperation he takes a job in a small
court town. However, excluded from the best society be-
cause of his low birth, he makes a complete failure and
decides to roam the country. Even when a noble man shows
him some little kindness, Werther complains, "He values my intelligence and talents more than my heart, which is my only pride, the source of all my strength, my bliss, my misery." After several months he returns to the village to find Lotte and Alfred rigidly married. Seeing that Alfred does not wish him to stay, Werther discovers that everything around him has changed. Goethe's own description of the consequence is characteristic:

All the annoyances that had ever fallen to his lot in practical life: the vexation at the Embassy, all his failures, all his slights, kept seething and tossing in his memory. He thought of them all which seemed to justify his inactivity. He appeared to himself to be cut off from any prospect for the future, incapable of grasping any of those means by which we attack the business of common life. And so, the victim of a peculiar sensitiveness, and an infinite passion, reduced to the eternal monotony of a mournful intercourse with the being he loved while he ruined her peace, exhausting his powers in stormy passions without aim or object, he was drawn step by step continually nearer to a disastrous end.

He resolves to die. For the last time he decks the Christmas tree and visits Lotte, reading her long passages from his translation of Ossian. In a brief and passionate scene the lovers fall into each other's arms. Werther rushes through the country, carefully pays his debts, records his last sensations, and sends for Albert's pistols on the excuse that he is going on a long journey. Lotte, on Albert's command, gives him the pistols, and he shoots himself.

Werther is a "sentimental" Lovelace. A much stronger

1. Nevinsen, Henry W., Goethe, Man and Post, pp. 43-47.
2. Ibid.
character than Saint Preux, Werther represents a principle of rebellion in the midst of all his self-centered despair. He knows that his weakness is shameful. His despair, moreover, is deeply coloured with repulsed social ambition, for he feels the world about him.\textsuperscript{1} There is a great difference between the dashing, bold villain Lovelace and the sensitive shrinking Werther; yet there can be no doubt that the two are related. The fact that Richardson's influence first was showered upon Jean-Jacques Rousseau and was from him transmitted to Goethe may account for Lovelace and Werther being so different.

This short study has shown that Richardson's villains did have an influence upon the literature in Germany. Wieland, Lessing, and Goethe used characters similar to Mr. B--, Lovelace, and Sir Hargrave.

This brief study of the influence of Richardson's villains would be incomplete if no mention were made of their influence on Dutch, Danish, and Italian literature. When as early as 1742 an unknown translator put forth his version of the completed Pamela in Dutch, the first part had already appeared; and the Dutch editions of Clarissa (1752-5) and Grandison (1756-7) appeared fairly soon after the originals. The last two come from the hand of Johannes Stinstra, a Mennonite pastor, with whom Richardson corresponded. It was Stinstra who communicated to Richardson the déclaration

I. Morley, Rousseau, p. 30.
of another Dutch divine, that if Clarissa had formed one of the canonical books of the Bible, it would have furnished proof positive of divine inspiration. Two Dutch authoresses, Elizabeth (Betje) Wolff and Agatha Deken, were greatly influenced by Richardson and hence by Richardson's villains in their collaborated novels, Sara Burgerhart (1782), Willem Leevend (1784-5), and Cornelia Wildschut (1795-6). Pamela appeared in Danish between 1745-6, translated by the would-be parson B. J. Lodde (1706-88) and prefaced by J. P. Anchersen, who was Professor of Rhetoric at Copenhagen and twice filled the office of Rector Magnificus. Pamela, one of the very first novels available to Dutch readers, caused the usual stir. People were divided for and against Richardson. As in the other countries, many imitations of Richardson's novels appeared in Holland. Without a doubt many of them contained characters similar to Richardson's rakes. Downs says that Sweden seemed to escape the furore created by Richardson; however, Fru Nordenflycht owned a copy of Clarissa and, "to judge from her temperament, probably wallowed in it."

It is interesting to note that about 1765 there was published at Christiania Ditlevine Feddersen's Danish version of the most popular play directly suggested by Richardson--Pamela Fanfiulla. This comedy was written by Goldoni and

1. Downs, Richardson, p. 223.
3. Downs, Richardson, p. 231.
first appeared in the original Italian in 1750, the novel on which it was based having appeared at Venice in an Italian translation between 1744 and 1746, and proved a great success. For dramatic purposes, Goldoni effected considerable changes in the story. Mr. B-- becomes "Milard Bonfil," and since, as Goldoni tells us in his Memoirs, "a patrician of Venice who marries a commoner deprives his children of their noble rank with its privileges," the heroine's father has to declare, very believably, that his real name is not Andreuve, but that he is the Count of Auspingh, Scottish, who was driven out by the revolutions in his own country, and saved himself by hiding in the mountains of England. This play was translated into English, Portuguese, and Danish. Otherwise the vogue of Richardson was slight in Southern Europe. Chiari, however, is said to have imitated Clarissa in Frances in Italia, and Richardson, though he did not introduce it, made the epistolary novel fashionable in Italy.

This study has shown that many authors were influenced by the rakes or villains in Richardson's novels. In England Mrs. Davys, Mrs. Haywood, Fanny Burney, Goldsmith, and perhaps Byron incorporated libertines similar to Richardson's in their novels and plays. Voltaire, Diderot, and Rousseau in France followed the vogue of Mr. B--, Lovelace, and Sir Hargrave. Such authors as Gellert, Klopstock, Laroche, and Goethe in Germany were also influenced by Richardson's

1. Ibid., p. 232.
2. Ibid., p. 233.
villains. Stinstra, Wolff, and Deken in Holland borrowed ideas from Richardson's villains. Even Italy felt the influence of Mr. B— and Lovelace. Naturally this study has been much too brief to give all the details necessary to show exactly how Richardson's rakes traveled throughout the world. Many of the conclusions, perhaps some of them faulty, have been drawn on the assumption that, if an author imitated one of Richardson's novels, he would necessarily imitate the villains in Richardson's novels, for how could Pamela exist without Mr. B—, Clarissa without Lovelace, and Miss Byron without Sir Hargrave?
CHAPTER III

A COMPARISON OF THE VILLAINS IN SAMUEL RICHARDSON'S NOVELS

Mr. B—

In his first novel, Pamela, Samuel Richardson created the particular type of villain which he further developed in his two succeeding novels, Clarissa or The History of a Young Lady and The History of Sir Charles Grandison. It is the purpose of this chapter to make a comparison of Richardson's three major villains—Mr. B--, Robert Lovelace, and Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. All three were wealthy, handsome, well educated according to the standards of their time, well traveled, and able to speak several foreign languages. Unfortunately, all of them possessed certain personal traits which led them to be rakes. Although they were willful and cunning, they could hide these unpleasant characteristics under a very pleasant manner whenever they wished. Of more importance is the fact that in order to seduce the heroine of each novel each villain used the same technique. First, he tried persuasion. When that failed, he tried to bribe the chaste young lady, and when that also failed, he tried to frighten her by abducting her. In desperation he tried to force her to become his mistress or wife. In this section
a detailed account of Mr. B— will be given. It will be shown also how his background, training, and character influenced him so that, when he fell in love with Pamela, he set about planning and plotting to make her his mistress.

Before we discuss the libertines of Richardson, perhaps it would be pertinent to give a definition of a rake. What is his creed? What distinguishes him from other men? In the first place, a rake, or a libertine, is a man of society whose aim in life is the gratification of sensual pleasures. Being essentially selfish, he thinks only of himself. Usually very wealthy, otherwise he would be classed as an adventurer, the rake possesses a certain place in society. Clever in business when he puts his mind to it, the rake generally spends most of his time and money in pursuit of gambling, drinking, keeping up a smart appearance, and above all, seducing women. Having once set his fancy on something, be it a horse or a woman, the rake makes it a point of honour to fulfill that desire. Haughty by nature, there is one thing on which the rake particularly prides himself—his method of obtaining a new mistress. Women to him are game to be stalked and hunted like wild animals. Like the proverbial fisherman, the rake loves to boast of his fine "catch". Although anything is permissible with a woman, a rake never tells a lie to a gentleman. To do so would immediately place him in the ranks of the rogue. A much more manly figure than a fop, the rake is not so enamoured with
his own beauty that he spends most of his time admiring himself in a mirror. A rake may be disliked, but he is never repulsive. After making this definition of a rake, let us now compare the libertines created by Richardson.

B— was a very spoiled child. His mother let him have his way in everything. No one was allowed to correct or contradict him; therefore he was not used to any control whatsoever. Naturally, he could not bear the least thing to cross his violent will when he became a man. Brought up with the idea that he had the right to obtain anything that his fancy desired, he could not understand why Pamela should not be his if he so wished. In speaking of himself and other children of the nobility of his time, B— says:

We people of fortune, or such as are born to large expectations, of both sexes, are generally educated wrong. You have occasionally touched upon this, Pamela, several times in your journal, so justly, that I need say the less to you. We are usually so headstrong, so violent in our wills, that we very little bear control.

Humoured by our nurses, through the faults of our parents, we practise first upon them; and shew the gratitude of our disposition, in an insolence that ought to be checked and restrained, then encouraged.

Next, we are to be indulged in every thing at school; and our masters and mistresses are rewarded with further grateful instances of our boisterous behaviour.

But in our wise parents' eyes, all looks well; all is forgiven and excused: and for no other reason, but because we are theirs.

Our next progression is, we exercise our

I. Richardson, Samuel, Pamela, I, 220.
spirits when brought home, to the torment and regret of our parents themselves, and torture their hearts by our dutiful and perverse behaviour, which, however ungrateful it is, is but the natural consequence of their culpable indulgence from our infancy upwards.¹

B— was educated to please. After attending the schools in England, he was sent on the grand tour on the Continent. In the different countries he perfected himself in the modern languages. However, the only time that he actually used one of these languages, Italian, he became involved in an almost disastrous love affair. Apparently happily married to Pamela, he attended a masquerade, where he met the brilliant and beautiful Countess of ——. Not mentioning the fact that he was married, he began a flirtation with her. In front of Pamela he was careful to speak to the Countess in Italian.² Besides being an accomplished linguist, B— played the violin like a professional. Thus it can be seen that B— was a type of man who could easily become a rake—spoiled, handsome, colorfully educated, and clever.

Two important events occurred when B— was a young man—a duel and a love affair—but he did not seem to learn anything, for in neither case was he hurt. While traveling in Italy, a friend of B—'s was basely attacked by a group of assassins hired by an Italian nobleman who, B— says, "like many other persons of title, had no honour!" B— disarmed one of these braves, and made him confess his employer.

¹. Ibid., I, 411.
². Ibid., II, 299.
whom E— later challenged. They fought at Vienna, and the
nobleman died a month later from a fever, so B-- believed,
and not from any wounds received from B--'s sword. However,
the nobleman's family thought otherwise, and B-- had to leave
Italy sooner than he had intended.¹

The love affair took place while B-- was attending col­
lege in England. He gave the following account to Pamela.

When I was at the college, I was well received
by a widow lady, who had several daughters, and but
small fortune to give them: the old lady set one
of them, a deserving good girl she was, to draw
me into marriage, for the sake of the fortune I
was heir to; and contrived many opportunities to
bring us and leave us together. I was not then of
age: and the young lady, not half so artful as
her mother, yielded to my addresses before the
mother's plot could be ripened, and so utterly
disappointed it.²

At a later date B-- gave further details of this affair to
Pamela.³ It seems that the girl's mother did everything in
her power to bring about this advantageous marriage. She
encouraged freedoms on their part, and hired a footman and
a half-pay officer, a relative of hers, to watch for an op­
portunity to frighten them into a marriage. One night these
amateur detectives surprised the couple in the young lady's
boudoir, and drawing their swords, they demanded instant
marriage. In fact, a parson had been obtained and was wait­
ing downstairs. From the circumstances B-- suspected that
Miss Sally Godfrey, the young lady, was in on the plot, a

1. Ibid., I, 359.
2. Ibid., I, 400.
3. Ibid., I, 446-47.
thought so repulsive to him that he knocked the two men down and escaped. Thereafter, the lovers met on the sly, and it soon became evident that Miss Sally was pregnant. The frantic mother again tried to arrange a marriage, but she did not succeed, even though she threatened to tell his parents. For the lay-in Miss Sally was sent to Marlborough. Lady Davers occupied herself with the baby daughter, securing her admission to an excellent private school. B—settled a small fortune on his daughter, and promptly forgot about her, believing that his duty toward her was fulfilled. Miss Sally, dreading to be again caught in such a net, made arrangements to go to Jamaica. There she passed for a young widow, and soon was happily married to a plantation owner. Since this romance did not turn out disastrously for him, B— did not learn a lesson. He had no fears whatsoever concerning another such affair. Instead of teaching him to respect women, it made him laugh at them.

Most of B—'s good qualities were hidden until after he decided to marry Pamela; however, a few of them just could not be held back. People liked him. Even though he mistreated her badly, Pamela had to declare that he was "a fine gentleman, and has wit at will." Mrs. Jervis, the family housekeeper, also confirmed this and added that B— had always been popular with the ladies. He was a

1. Ibid.; I, 142.
2. Ibid.; I, 30.
particularly good conversationalist, keeping well up on poetry and all the arts. He always had a witty saying ready. For instance, the following is the answer which he gave to Pamela when she wished to nurse her first child:

As to what you allege, my dear, of old customs, times and fashions are much changed. If you tell me of Sarah's, or Rachel's, or Rebecca's, or Leah's nursing their children, I can answer, that the one drew water at a well, for her father's flocks; another kneaded cakes, and baked them on the hearth; another dressed savoury meat for her husband; and all of them performed the common offices of the household: and when our modern ladies shall follow such examples in every thing, their plea ought to be allowed in this.

Another example of B--'s wit is shown in his conversation with Lady Davers when she asked, "Where can the difference be between a beggar's son married to a lady, or a beggar's daughter made a gentleman's wife?" B-- said:

Then I'll tell you: the difference is, a man ennobles the woman he takes, be she who she will; and adopts her into his own rank, be it what it will: but a woman, though ever so nobly born, debases herself by a mean marriage, and descends from her own rank to his she stoops to.

When the royal family of Stuart allied itself into the low family of Hyde (comparatively low, I mean), did any body scruple to call the lady Royal Highness, and Duchess of York? Did any one think her daughters, the late Queen Mary and Queen Anne, less royal for that?

When the broken-fortuned peer goes into the city to marry a rich tradesman's daughter, be he duke or earl, does not his consort immediately become ennobled by his choice? And who scruples to call her lady, duchess, or countess?

But when a duchess or countess dowager des-

1. Ibid. II, 218.
2. Ibid. II, 233.
cends to mingle with a person of obscure birth, does she not then degrade herself, and is she not effectually degraded? And will any duchess or countess rank with her?  

However, it is not B--'s virtues, but his vices that make him the interesting villain that he is. Lady Davers again spoke the truth when, describing B--, she said, "He is too lordly a creature by much; and can't bear disappointment, nor ever could." It is this willful pride which keeps the plot moving in the first volume. Mrs. Jervis, one of his housekeepers, summed up the situation at the first of the book when she said to Pamela, "I believe that he loves you, though his servant, better than all the ladies in the land; he has tried to overcome it, because you are so much his inferior; and it is my opinion he finds he can't; and that vexes his proud heart." When B-- secretly read the long letters written by Pamela which told in detail her opinion of his character, he became infuriated at her and gave her warning about using his name carelessly. It is B--'s temper which may at any time lash out and change the whole plot of the play. After B-- had tried everything possible to make Pamela his mistress, he asked her very nicely to marry him. She, still suspicious, answered that she was not worthy of him and wished only to return to her parents. He flew into a terrible rage and sent her on her way in haste, with these words:

1. Ibid., I, 389. One can't help wondering why B-- didn't think of this reasoning when he was attempting to seduce Pamela.
2. Ibid., I, 405.
3. Ibid., I, 30.
And is it thus in my fond conceiving moments, that I am to be answered and despised? Perverse, unreasonable Pamela; be gone from my sight, and know as well how to behave in a hopeful prospect, as in a distressful state; then, and not till then, shall thou attract my notice.

His temper was also shown when Lady Davers came down to his Lincolnshire estate to break up the relationship between Pamela and him. For a long time he permitted her taunts and insults. Even when she broke into his room while he was in bed with Pamela, he laughingly carried her into her own room. But she finally fatigued him, and he ordered her to leave. Terrified, she appealed to Pamela to intercede for her. When she did, B-- in a terribly stern voice ordered Pamela to leave him. Later B-- explained to Lady Davers his conduct to Pamela:

She must learn that lesson, never to come near me when I am in those humours; which shall be as little as possible; for, after awhile, if left alone, I always come to myself, and am sorry for the violence of a temper, so like my dear sister's here; and for this reason, think it is no matter how few witnesses I have of its intemperance, while it lasts; especially since every witness, whether they merit it or not, as you see in my Pamela's case, must be a sufferer by it, if unsent for they come in my way.2

B--'s background and character have been described in detail so that he can be well understood when he attempts the seduction of his sixteen-year-old servant girl, Pamela. Hot-tempered, proud of his family, spoiled by everyone,

1. Ibid., I, 218.
2. Ibid., I, 409.
B— was a favorite among the ladies; therefore, he seemed to have everything in his favour to succeed. Pamela had only her virtue. When she was thirteen, B— began to notice and desire her. He knew that he would have to be very clever if he were to outwit her and his mother who guarded her like a hawk. Any discovered foolishness on his part would be severely punished. He knew that. Therefore, he was very careful not to let his mother know his attachment for Pamela. On every occasion possible he criticised the way that his mother educated Pamela to play the harpsichord, to read good books, and to enjoy a life above her place in the world.1 He succeeded well, for when his mother died, her dying request was that he guard and protect Pamela from the kind of man that he turned out to be.

As soon as his mother was decently buried, B— began to carry out his plot to make Pamela his mistress. Recognizing her good qualities, he knew that it would not be easy to beat down her conscience. Flattery he tried at first. On every occasion possible he showered her with compliments, telling her that she had "prudence above her years".2 Seeing Pamela writing a letter one day, he took it without her permission, read it through, and gave it back to her with the advice to be kind to her parents and to always be faithful and diligent. He assured her that his mother's

1. Ibid., II, 103.
2. Ibid., I, 5.
care had not been wasted upon her. Subtly complimenting her intelligence, he gave her leave to read his mother's books.

In order to persuade Pamela to think kindly of him, B-- gave her some of his mother's clothes with so much graciousness that she observed, "He looked like an angel." He very carefully had Mrs. Jervis, his housekeeper, present; but the next time, to further test Pamela when he presented her with some clothes, he was alone. Among the dresses was a pair of stockings which B-- let Pamela know that he was perfectly aware that women wore. He was very careful to see that Pamela thought about sex as much as possible, saying suggestive things and always giving her little love glances. One day he came upon her sewing in the summerhouse. When she said that she wished to go to Lady Davers', he replied, "You wish to go because you are a little fool, and know not what's good for yourself. I tell you I will make a gentlewoman of you if you be obliging, and don't stand in your own light." So saying, he put his arm about her and kissed her. She weepingly protested that she wanted to be virtuous. He angrily retorted, "Who would have you otherwise, you foolish slut! Cease your crying. I own I have demeaned myself, but it was only to try you. If you can keep this matter secret; you'll give me a better opinion of your prudence."
Infuriated, he gave her a piece of gold to keep her quiet, and promised to forgive her.

After this firm repulsion, B-- became quiet and sullen. To everyone he was cross and angry, and he shunned Pamela as much as possible. Meeting her in the hall one day, even though she cringed against the wall, he said, "This creature is always in the way." At various times he called her "little wretch, equivocator, slut, saucy, and saucebox." Finally he agreed to let her return to her father and mother--her only desire. However, he just couldn't make up his mind, nor had he any intention of letting her escape him so easily. Forcing her to sit on his knee, and kissing her neck and lips, he observed, "Whoever blamed Lucretia? All the blame lay on the ravisher only, and I am content to take all the blame on me, as I have already borne too great a share for what I have deserved." She protested that like Lucretia, she would justify herself with her death if she were "used barbarously". Retorting that they would make a pretty story of romance between them, he put his hand into her bosom, and she fled, leaving behind a piece of her dress.

Distracted with desire, B-- did everything in his power to persuade Pamela to give in to him. On every occasion possible he made violent love to her, pinching her arms so fiercely that he made black and blue marks upon them. He

1. Ibid., 1, 20.
swore to Mrs. Jervis that he would have Pamela. Then followed the famous bedroom scene in which B-- concealed in the closet, nearly frightened Pamela to death.Referring to this escapade, Pamela wrote to her parents:

I don't know what was the matter, but my heart sadly misgave me: indeed, Mr. Jonathan's note was enough to make it do so with what Mrs. Jervis had said (Pamela was too pretty). I pulled off my stays, and my stockings, and all my clothes to an under-petticoat, then hearing a rustling again in the closet, "Heaven protect us! But before I say my prayers, I must look in this closet." And so was going to slip-shod, when, O dreadful! out rushed my master in a rich silk and silver morning-gown.

I screamed, ran to the bed, and Mrs. Jervis screamed too; he said, "I'll do you no harm if you forbear this noise; but otherwise take what follows."

Instantly he came to the bed (for I had crept into it, to Mrs. Jervis, with my coat on and my shoes), and taking me in his arms said, "Mrs. Jervis, rise, and just step up stairs, to keep the maids from coming down at this noise; I'll do no harm to this rebel."

"O for Heaven's sake! for pity's sake! Mrs. Jervis," said I, "if I am not betrayed, don't leave me; and, I beseech you raise all the house." --"no," said Mrs. Jervis, "I will not stir; my dear lamb; I will not leave you. I wonder at you Sir;" she said; and kindly threw herself upon my coat, clasping me round the waist. "You shall not hurt this innocent," said she; "for I will lose my life in her defence. Are there not," said she, "enough wicked ones in the world, for your base purpose, but you must attempt such a lamb as this?"

He was desperate angry, and threatened to throw her out of the window; and turn her out of the house the next morning. "You need not, Sir," said she; "for I will not stay in it. God defend my poor Pamela till to-morrow, and we will both go together." --says he, "Let me but expostulate a word or two with you, Pamela?" "Pray, Pamela," said Mrs. Jervis, "don't hear a word, except he leaves the bed, and goes to the other end of the
room." —"Aye, out of the room," said I, "expostulate to-morrow, if you must expostulate!"

I found his hand in my bosom, and when my fright let me know it, I was ready to die; I sighed, screamed and fainted away. And still he had his arms about my neck; Mrs. Jervis was about my feet, and upon my coat. And all in a cold dewy sweat was I. "Pamela! Pamela!" says Mrs. Jervis as she tells me since, "Oh!" and gave another shriek, "My poor Pamela is dead for certain!" And so I was for a time; for I knew nothing more of the matter, one fit followed another, till about three hours after, I found myself in bed, and Mrs. Jervis sitting up on one side, with her wraps about her, and Rachel on the other; but no master, for the wicked wretch was gone.

It is very interesting to compare the above account given by Pamela with the version B— gave to Lady Davers one year later when she chided him for trying to attack Pamela when Mrs. Jervis was present. He said:

I was mean enough to conceal myself in the closet in Mrs. Jervis's room, in order to hear their private conversation; but really not designing to make any other use of my concealment than to tease her a little, if she should say anything I did not like; which would give me a pretence to treat her with greater freedoms than I had ever yet done, and would be an introduction to take off from her unpremeditated apprehensiveness another time.

But the dear prattle, not knowing I was there as she undressed herself, begun such a bewitching chit-chat with Mrs. Jervis, who, I found, but ill kept my secret, that I was at such a loss what to resolve upon. One while I wished myself, unknown to them, out of the closet, into which my inconsiderate passion had meanly led me; another time I was incensed at the freedom with which I heard myself treated; but then, rigidly considering that I had no business to hearken to their private conversation, and it was such as became them, while I ought to have been ashamed to give occasion for it, I excused them both, and admired still more and more the dear prattle.

1. Ibid., I, 50.
In this suspense, the undesigned rustling of my night-gown, from changing my posture alarming the watchful Pamela, she in a fright came towards the closet to see who was there. What could I then do, but bolt out upon the apprehensive charmer; and having so done, and she running to the bed, screaming to Mrs. Jervis, would not any man have followed her thither, detected as I was? But yet, I said, if she forbore her screaming, I would do her no harm; but if not, she should take the consequence. I found, by their exclamations that this would pass with both for an attempt of the worst kind; but really I had no such intentions as they feared. When I found myself detected; when the dear frightened girl ran to the bed; when Mrs. Jervis threw herself about her; when they would not give over their hideous squallings; when I was charged by Mrs. Jervis with the worst designs; it was enough to make me go farther than I designed; and could I have prevailed upon Mrs. Jervis to go up, and quiet the maids, who seemed to be rising, upon the other screaming, I believe, had Pamela kept out of her fit, I should have been a little freer with her than ever I had been; but, as it was, I had no thought but of making as honourable a retreat as I could, and to save myself from being exposed to my whole family: and I was not guilty of any freedoms, that her modesty, unaffrighted, could reproach herself with having suffered; and the dear creature's fainting fits gave me almost as great apprehensions as I could give her.

B— told Mrs. Jervis after this episode that since he knew her so well and she knew him, he would be forced to dismiss her and install Mrs. Jewkes from his Lincolnshire estate as housekeeper. Instead of being in the least abashed at his conduct in the bedroom when he met Pamela the next morning, he boldly said, "What does the little fool cover her face for? Pull your apron away, and let me see how you look, after your freedom of speech of me last night. No

1. Ibid., II, p. 119.
wonder you're ashamed to see me. You know you were very
free with my character." He accused her of holding malice
towards him, and assured her that she and Mrs. Jervis
frightened him as much by their "hideous squalling" as he
could frighten them. To further insult her he, taking her
hand, said:

Well, you are an ungrateful baggage; but I
am thinking it would be a pity, with these fair
soft hands, and that lovely skin that you should
return again to hard work, as you must, if you go
to your father's; and so I would advise Mrs. Jervis
to take a house in London, and let lodgings to us
members of Parliament, when we come to town; and
such a pretty daughter as you may pass for, will
always fill her house, and she'll get a great
deal of money. 2

Again on every occasion possible B-- tried to fill
Pamela's mind with thoughts of sex. At one time after ad-
vising her to be more cheerful, B-- added, "I wish I had
thee as quick another way, as thou in thy repartees.3

Seeing that gentle persuasion had failed flatly to make
Pamela give in to his will, B-- set upon another plan--to
bribe her. To beat down her suspicion of his true plan was
not easy. Sitting down with her on a rich settee, and taking
ahold of her hand he commenced:

Don't doubt me, Pamela. From this moment I
will no more consider you as my servant; and I
desire you'll not use me with ingratitude for the
kindness I am going to express towards you.... You
have too much good sense not to discover, that I,
in spite of my heart, and all the pride of it,
cannot but love you; and have put on a behavior
to you, that was much against my heart, in hopes

1. Ibid.; I, 53.
2. Ibid.; I, 57.
3. Ibid.
to frighten you from your reservedness. You see I own it ingenuously; and don't play your sex upon me for it. And though I am not pleased with all you said while I was in the closet, yet you have moved me more to admire you than before; I see more worthiness in you, than ever I saw in any lady in the world.

Thereupon B— launched forth with the first of his bribes—to help her poor parents. Each year he would allow her father fifty guineas and an employ suitable to his liking. In fact, he would see that Pamela's parents would never want for anything. When Pamela refused point-blank to the propositions, he said that he would see that she was safely married to someone who would protect her virtue and innocence. Mr. Williams, a young pastor on B—'s Lincolnshire estate, Pamela was to honour with her hand.

Realizing that he was getting nowhere with Pamela with his gentle suggestions of bribes, B— decided that the quickest and easiest way to break Pamela's resistance was to kidnap her and keep her confined at his castle in Lincolnshire. Richardson gives a short summary of the story up to this point and tells about the kidnapping. He says:

For when her master found her virtue was not to be subdued, and he had in vain tried to conquer his passion for her, being a gentleman of pleasure and intrigue, he had ordered his Lincolnshire coachman to bring his travelling chariot from thence, not caring to trust his Bedfordshire coachman, who, with the rest of the servants, so greatly loved and honoured the fair damsel; and having given him instructions accordingly and prohibited the other servants, on pretence of resenting Pamela's behavior, for accompanying her any part of the

1. Ibid., I, 70-71.
2. Ibid., I, 72.
road, he drove her five miles on the way to her father's; and then turning off, crossed the county, and carried her onwards towards his Lincolnshire estate.

It is also to be observed, that the messenger of her letters to her father, who so often pretended business that way, was an implement of his master's hands, and employed by him for that purpose; and always gave her letters first to him, and his master used to open and then read them, and sent them on; by which means, as he hinted to her, he was no stranger to what she wrote. Thus every way was the poor virgin beset; and the whole will shew the base arts of designing men to gain their wicked ends; and how much it behaves the fair sex to stand upon their guard against artful contrivances, especially when riches and power conspire against innocence and low estate.1

When Pamela's father came to inquire about her, B-- told him that she was quite safe and satisfied in a reputable Bishop's family. However, to Pamela he had delivered en route to Lincolnshire a letter in which he states that the passion which he had for her has forced him to treat her in such a way that would cause her great trouble and fatigue both of body and mind. But he assured her that he would use her honourably.2 The house to which she was taken should be so much at her command that even he would not approach it without her invitation. Knowing how easily Pamela made friends, B-- wrote a clever letter to the farm where Pamela stopped for the night on her way to Lincolnshire. In the letter, addressed to the landlord, he stated that he was sending a young gentlewoman, much against her will, to

1. Ibid., I, 77-78.
2. Ibid., I, 90.
Lincolnshire, for she had become involved in a love affair which would be her ruin as well as that of the man in the case. In order to oblige her father, B-- had ordered her carried to his estate where she would be well treated, to try if by absence and persuasion the affair could be broken. Of course, the farmer was very careful to see that Pamela did not escape.

In spite of the promise made to Pamela in his letter, already mentioned, that she should do as she pleased at Lincolnshire, B-- had her made virtually the prisoner of Mrs. Jewkes, who is in the words of Pamela in a letter to her parents:

...a broad, squat, pursy, fat thing, quite ugly, if any thing human can be so called; about forty years old. She has a huge head, and an arm as thick as my waist, I believe. Her nose is flat and crooked, and her brows grow down over her eyes; a dead, spiteful, grey, goggling eye, to be sure she has; and her face flat and broad: and as to colour, looks as if it had been pickled a month in saltpetre: I dare say she drinks. 'She has a coarse man-like voice, and an arm as thick as she's long: and yet looks so deadly strong, that I am afraid she would dash me at her foot in an instant, if I was to vex her. So that with a heart more ugly than her face, she frightens me sadly; and I am undone, to be sure, if God does not protect me; for she is very, very wicked—indeed she is.'

Such is the person which B-- chose to break Pamela to his will. Since he could not persuade nor bribe her to become his mistress, he put her in the hands of this woman who would try even physical punishment to kill Pamela's spirit. Therefore, to frighten Pamela was the next step which B--

1. Ibid., I, 91.
2. Ibid., I, 92-93.
took in his attempt to seduce her. Mrs. Jewkes was given orders to mistreat Pamela, which she certainly fulfilled to the letter. Several times, especially when Pamela called her a Jezebel or a London prostitute after being horribly treated, Mrs. Jewkes struck her. The following two letters reveal the schemes which B— carried on while Pamela was held prisoner. Although the second was addressed to Mrs. Jewkes, it was mistakenly given to Pamela. Is it any wonder that it nearly frightened her to death? Both letters were written the same day. The first, to Pamela says:

I begin to repent already, that I have bound myself by promise not to see you till you give me leave; for I think the time very tedious. Can you place so much confidence in me as to invite me down? Assure yourself, that your generosity shall not be thrown away upon me. I would press this, as I am uneasy for your uneasiness; for Mrs. Jewkes acquaints me that you take your restraint very heavily, and neither eat, drink, nor rest well; I have too great an interest in your health not to wish to shorten the time of this trial, which will be the consequence of my coming down to you. John, too, has intimated to me your concern with a grief that hardly gave him leave for utterance; a grief that a little alarmed my tenderness for you. Not that I fear anything but that your disregard to me, which yet my proud heart will hardly permit me to own, may throw you upon some rashness that might encourage a daring hope; but how poorly do I descend, to be anxious about such a menial as he? I will only say one thing, that if you will give me leave to attend you at the hall (consider who it is that requests this from you as a favour), I solemnly declare that you shall have cause to be pleased with this obliging mark of your confidence and consideration for me. If I find Mrs. Jewkes has not behaved to you with the respect due to one I so dearly love, I will put it entirely in your power to discharge her the house, if you think proper; and Mrs. Jervis, or who else you please, shall attend you in her place.
This I say on a hint John gave me, as if you
resented something from that quarter. Dearest
Pamela, answer favourably this earnest request
of one that cannot live without you, and on whose
honour to you, you may absolutely depend; and so
much more, as you place confidence in it.

The second letter, addressed to Mrs. Jewkes, says:

What you write me, has given me no small
disturbance. This wretched fool's plaything, no
doubt, is ready to leap at anything that offers,
rather than express the least sense of gratitude
for all the benefits she has received from my
family, and which I was determined more and more
to heap upon her. I reserve her for my future
resentment; I charge you double your diligence
in watching her, to prevent her escape. I send
this by an honest Swiss, who attended me in my
travels, a man I can trust: and so let him be
your assistant; for the artful creature is enough
to corrupt a nation by her seeming innocence and
simplicity; and she may have got a party, perhaps,
among my servants with you, as she has here.

Even John Arnold, whom I confided in, and favoured
more than any, has proved an execrable villain,
and shall meet his reward for it.

As to that college novice, Williams, I need
not bid you take care he sees not this painted
bauble; for I have ordered Mr. Shorter, my attorney,
to throw him instantly into jail, on an action of
debt, for money he had from me, which I had intended
never to carry to account against him; for I know
all his rascally practices, besides what you write
me of his perfidious intrigue with that girl, and
his acknowledged contrivances for her escape, when
he knew not that I designed her any mischief; and
when, if he had been guided by any sense of piety,
or compassion for injured innocence, as he pre-
tends, he would have expostulated with me as his
function, and my friendship for him, might have
allowed him. But to enter into a vile intrigue
with the amiable gewgaw, to favour her escape in
so base a manner (to say nothing of his disgraceful
practices against me in Sir Simon Darnford's
family, of which Sir Simon has informed me), is
a conduct, that, instead of promoting the ungrateful
wretch, as I intended, shall pull down upon him
utter ruin. Monsieur Celbrand, my trusty Swiss,

1. Ibid., I, 117.
will obey you without reserve, should my other servants refuse. As for her denying that she encouraged his declaration, I believe it not. 'Tis certain the speaking picture, with all that pretended innocence and bashfulness, would have run away with a fellow that she had been acquainted with but a few days; at a time when she had the strongest assurances of my honour to her.

I think that I now hate her perfectly; and, though I will do nothing to her myself, yet I can hear, for the sake of revenge, injured honour, and slighted love, to see anything, even what she most fears, be done to her; and then she may be turned loose to her evil destiny, and echo to the woods and groves her piteous lamentations for the loss of her fantastical innocence, which the romantic idiot makes such a cry about. I shall go to London with my sister Davers; and the moment I can disengage myself, which may perhaps be in three weeks from this time, I will be with you, and decide her fate, and put an end to our trouble. Meantime, be doubly careful; for this innocent, as I have warped you, is full of contrivances. I am your friend.\(^1\)

Could anything show more plainly the deceitfulness of B-- than these two letters illustrate? There is no level to which he would not stoop in order to obtain Pamela. Up to this point he had persistently lied and misrepresented things to her. Mr. Williams, the young pastor who tried so ineffectually to help Pamela to escape, was actually arrested, and carried away to Stamford prison. To further terrify Pamela, B-- had Mrs. Jewkes inform her that he had found a way to satisfy her scruples—by marrying her to Colbrand,\(^2\) the Swiss, and buying her of him on the wedding-day, for a sum of money. It would be her duty to obey her husband. Mr. Williams, as a punishment, would be forced to marry them.

When she would be surrendered up, the Swiss would return to

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2. A description of Colbrand is given in the introduction.
his former wife and children, for (so Mrs. Jewkes added maliciously) it is the custom of such people to have a wife in every nation. 1

B— did succeed in terrifying Pamela, but not in the way he planned. Instead of making her decide to become his mistress, it only strengthened her determination to even die rather than accept his terms. One night after escaping into the courtyard, she contemplated suicide by drowning in a pond. In self pity she thought:

My master, my angry master, will then forget his resentments, say, "O this is the unhappy Pamela! that I have causelessly persecuted and destroyed. Now do I see she preferred her honesty to her life," will he say, "and is no hypocrite nor deceiver; but was innocent creature she pretended to be!" Then, thought I, will he, perhaps, shed a few tears over the poor corpse of his persecuted servant; and, though he may give out it was love and disappointment, in order to hide his own guilt, for the unfortunate Mr. Williams; yet will he be inwardly grieved, and order me a decent funeral, and save me from the dreadful stake, and the highway interment; the young men and maidens all around my poor father's will pity poor Pamela! But, O! I hope I shall not be the subject of their ballads and elegies: but that my memory, for the sake of my dear father and mother, may quickly slide into oblivion. 2

Coming to Lincolnshire without Pamela's consent in spite of all his promises, and calling her a "fallen angel", B— presented the following proclamation to her:

The following Articles are proposed to your serious consideration; and let me have an answer, in writing, to them; that I may take my resolutions accordingly. Only remember that I will not

1. Richardson, Pamela, I, 160.
2. Ibid., I, 154.
be trifled with; and what you give for an answer, will absolutely decide your fate, with no expectation or further trouble.

Article I. If you convince me that the hated person has had no encouragement from you in his addresses, and that you have no inclination for him, in preference to me, then I will offer the following proposals to you, which I will punctually make good.

Article II. I will directly make you a present of five hundred guineas, for your own use, which you may dispose of to any purpose you please; and I will give it absolutely into the hands of any person you shall appoint to receive it; and expect no favour in return, till you are satisfied in the possession of it.

Article III. I will likewise directly make over to you a purchase I lately made in Kent, which brings in two hundred and fifty pounds per annum, clear of all deductions. This shall be made over to you in full property for your life, and the lives of any children to perpetuity that you may happen to have; and your father shall be immediately put into possession of it, in trust for these purposes: and the management of it will yield a comfortable subsistence to him and your mother for life; and I will make up any deficiencies, if such should happen, to that clear sum, and allow him fifty pounds per annum besides, for his life, and that of your mother, for his care and management of this your estate.

Article IV. I will, moreover, extend my favour to any other of your relations, that you may think worthy of it, or that are valued by you.

Article V. I will besides, order patterns to be sent you for choosing four complete suits of rich clothes, that you may appear with reputation as if you were my wife. And I will give you the two diamond rings, and two pair of ear-rings, and a diamond necklace, that were bought by my mother, to present to Miss Tomlins, if the match that was proposed between her and me had been brought to effect; and I will confer upon you still other gratuities, as I shall find myself obliged by your good behaviour and affection.
Article VI. Now, Pamela, will you see, by this what a value I set upon the free-will of a person already in my power; and who, if these proposals are not accepted, shall find that I have not taken all these pains, and risked my reputation, without resolving to gratify my passion for you, at all adventures; and if you refuse, I will accomplish my purpose without making any terms at all.

Article VII. You shall be mistress of my person and fortune, as much as if the foolish ceremony had passed. All my servants shall be yours; and you shall choose any two persons to attend yourself, either male or female, without any control of mine; and if your conduct be such, that I have reason to be satisfied with it, I know not (but will not engage for this) that I may after a twelvemonth's cohabitation, marry you; for if my love increase for you, as it has done for many months past, it will be impossible for me to deny you any thing.

And now, Pamela, consider well, it is in your power to oblige me on such terms as will make yourself, and all your friends, happy; but this will be over this very day, irrevocably over; and you shall meet with all you fear, without the least benefit arising from it to yourself.

I beg you will well weigh the matter, and comply with my proposals: and I will instantly set about securing to you the full effect of them; and let me, if you value yourself, experience a grateful return on this occasion, and I'll forgive all that's past.

Was there ever such a piece of farcical writing presented to a prisoner? Perhaps these articles reveal B--'-s character more than anything else in the book. First, he imperially says that he is not to be trifled with. Like Ozymandias, B-- seemed to have a "sneer of cold command" and to say, "Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"

In the first article B-- revealed his deep jealousy, which

1. Ibid., I, 168-71.
had no foundation whatsoever. Before Pamela was to be given any consideration, she had to convince B— that, just because Williams wished to help her escape, she did not encourage him to fall in love with her. Again B— tried to bribe Pamela, as if he had not already received enough cold refusals on the subject. It can be said in his favour that he did offer enough for an inducement—five hundred guineas, an excellent estate in Kent, and the support of her parents and relatives was not a bad offer. Knowing women as he does, he made a masterpiece out of his proposal to buy clothes and to shower jewelry upon Pamela. Any woman less virtuous than she surely could not have resisted. If it were not so serious, it would be amusing when B— assures Pamela that he sets a value upon free-will. How could he possibly figure that she had any choice at all? If she wished to keep off his vengeance, only one answer was possible. He makes that fact plain enough. Perhaps in making the offer of two servants which would be entirely hers, he does not close his eyes to the psychological fact that a servant usually dreams of having a servant. No one could be fooled by his suggestion of a future marriage. It is typically B— that he ends the articles with a threat and a plea. He meant that Pamela should feel the iron hand beneath the velvet glove.

Imagine B—'s chagrin when Pamela's answer to his proposals was in the negative! There was only one thing left to do if he was to accomplish his objective—force
Pamela to become his mistress. One evening he pretended to go to a neighboring town. The maid, Nan, who at this time was sleeping in the large bed with Mrs. Jewkes and Pamela so that Pamela would not have a chance to escape, became drunk during supper and was sent up to bed by Mrs. Jewkes. Suspecting nothing, Pamela soon afterwards followed her into the bedroom. Noticing the supposed maid curled up with her head hidden in a large chair, Pamela supposed her to be asleep, and not wishing to disturb her drunken slumbers, she went quietly to bed with Mrs. Jewkes. The following is Pamela's account of what happened:

I tremble to relate it! the pretended she came into bed, but trembled like an aspen-leaf; and I, poor fool that I was! pitied her much. --But well might the barbarous deceiver tremble at his vile dissimulation, and base designs.

What words shall I find, my dear mother (for my father should not see this shocking part), to describe the rest, and my confusion, when the guilty wretch took my left arm, and laid it under his neck, and the vile procuress held my right; and then he clasped me round the waist!

Said I, "Is the wench mad! Why, how now, Confidence?" thinking still it had been Nan. But he kissed me with frightful vehemence; and then his voice broke upon me like a clap of thunder. "Now, Pamela," said he, "is the dreadful time of reckoning come; that I have threatened." I screamed out in such a manner, as never any body heard the like. But there was nobody to help me; and both my hands were secured, as I said. Sure never poor soul was in such agonies as I. "Wicked man!" said I, "wicked abominable woman! --O God! my God! this time! this one time! deliver me from this distress! or strike me dead this moment." And then I screamed again and again.

Said he, "One word with you, Pamela; hear me but one word; and hitherto you see I offer nothing
to you." —"Is this nothing," said I, "to be in bed here? To hold my hands between you! I will hear, if you will instantly leave the bed, and take this villainous woman from me!"

Said she (O disgrace of woman kind!) —"What you do, Sir, do; don't stand dilly dallying. She cannot exclaim worse than she has done: and she'll be quieter, when she knows the worst."

"Silence!" said he to her; "I must say one word to you, Pamela! You see, now you are in my power! You cannot get from me, nor help yourself: yet have I not offered anything amiss to you. But if you resolve not to comply with my proposals, I will not lose this opportunity: if you do, I will leave you."

"O Sir," said I, "leave me, and I will do anything I ought to do." —"Swear then, to me," said he, "that you will accept my proposals!" and then (for this was all detestable grimace), he put his hand in my bosom. With struggling and terror I fainted away, and did not come to myself soon; so that they both, from the cold sweats that I was in, thought me dying. And I remember no more than that, when with great difficulty they brought me to myself, she was sitting on one side of the bed with her clothes on; and he on the other with his, and in his gown and slippers.

Your poor Pamela cannot answer for the liberties taken with her in her deplorable state. And when I saw them, I sat up in my bed, without any regard to what appearance I made, and nothing about my neck; and he soothing me, with an aspect of pity and concern. I put my hand to his mouth, and said, "O tell me, yet tell me not, what have I suffered in this distress?" I talked quite wild, and knew not what; for, to be sure, I was on the point of distraction.

He most solemnly, and with a bitter imprecacion, vowed he had not offered the least indecency; that he was frightened at the terrible manner I was taken in the fit; that he should desist from his attempt; and begged but to see me easy and quiet, and he would leave me and go to his own bed. "O, then," said I, "take with you this most wicked woman, this vile Mrs. Jewkes, as an earnest, that I may believe you."
"And will you, Sir," said the wicked wretch, "for a fit or two, give up such an opportunity as this?—I thought you had known the sex better. She is now, you see, quite well again!"

This I heard; more she might say; but I fainted away once more, at those words, and at his clasping his arms about me again. When I came a little to myself, I saw him sit there, and the maid Nan, holding a smelling-bottle to my nose, and no Mrs. Jewkes.

He said, taking my hand, "I vow to you, my dear Pamela, that I will leave you the moment I see you better, and pacified. Here's Nan knows and will tell you my concern for you. I vow to God, I have not offered any indecency to you: and, since I found Mrs. Jewkes so offensive to you, I have sent her to the maid's bed, and the maid shall lie with you tonight. But promise me that you will compose yourself, and I will leave you." —"But," said I, "will not Nan also hold my hand? Will not she let you come in again to me?" He said, "By heaven! I will not come in again tonight. Nan, undress yourself, go to bed, and do all you can to comfort the dear creature—and now, Pamela," said he, "give me your hand, and say you forgive me, and I will leave you to your repose." I held out my trembling hand, which he kissed: and I said, "God forgive you, Sir, as you have been just in my distress; and as you will be just to what you promise!" He withdrew with a countenance of remorse: Nan shut the doors, and at my request, brought the keys to bed.

The above episode was the climax of the story of Pamela and B—. With all his bad qualities, B— possessed a slight amount of compassion and did not proceed with the seduction when Mrs. Jewkes so indecently urged him on. Such a rape would have made B— one of the greatest rakes of all time. Richardson reserved such a deed for a later villain—Lovelace. B— realized that even force did not change Pamela's mind.

1. Ibid., 1, 182-84.
He told Mrs. Jewkes that he would try once more. Terror but added to Pamela's frost; therefore, B— decided to try to thaw her out by kindness. He wished to melt her by love instead of freezing her by fear. Coming upon Pamela and Mrs. Jewkes dining in the kitchen, he clumsily attempted to be nonchalant and eat with them. His debonair manner embarrassed Pamela terribly. After the meal he invited Pamela to walk in the garden with him. She accepted readily. He said:

You know I am not a very abandoned profligate: I have hitherto been guilty of no very enormous or vile actions. This of confining you thus, may, perhaps, be one of the worst. Had I been utterly given up to my passions, I should, before now, have gratified them and not have shown that remorse and compassion for you, which have reprieved you more than once, when absolutely in my power; and you are as inviolate a virgin as you were when you came into my house.

But what can I do? Consider the pride of my condition. I cannot endure the thought of marriage, even with a person of equal or superior degree to myself; and have declined several proposals of that kind; how then, with the distance between us in the world's judgment, can I think of making you my wife? Yet I must have you; I cannot bear the thoughts of any other man supplanting me in your affections: the very apprehension has made me hate the name of Williams, and use him in a manner unworthy of my temper.

These artful words would have even melted the heart of Pamela had she not been forewarned by an anonymous letter which stated that B— would pretend great love and kindness to her. He would even allay any suspicions that she might

1. Ibid., I, 188.
2. Ibid., I, 192.
have by a mock wedding, performed by a sly broken attorney.1 Therefore, she left him with only the promise that he should read all the letters which she had written for her parents describing in detail the many trials through which she had passed. He loved her wit and the clever way she wrote. When he read the part in which she described her thoughts of suicide,2 he took Pamela in his arms and confessed that he had been too severe on her with these words:

"Come, kiss me and tell me you forgive me, for exposing you to so much danger and distress. If I can see those former papers of yours, and these in my pocket give me no cause to alter my opinion, I will endeavour to defy the world and its censures, and make my Pamela amends, if in the power of my whole life, for all the hardships I have made her undergo."

All this looked well; but you shall see how strangely it turned. For this sham marriage came into my head again; and I said, "Your poor servant is far unworthy of this great honour: what will it be but to create envy to herself, and discredit to you? Therefore, Sir, Permit me to return to my poor parents; that is all I ask."

He was in a fearful passion then. "And is it thus," said he, "in my fond conceding moments, that I am to be answered and despised? Perverse, unreasonable Pamela! be gone from my sight, and know as well to behave in a hopeful prospect, as in a distressful state; then, and not till then, shalt thou attract my notice."3

Furiously he ordered her to prepare for the journey to her father's house. It was not his strength of character but his anger, which let her do the thing which she considered right—to return as poor as she left to her father's abode.

1. Ibid., I, 203.
2. Quoted on p. 67 of this chapter.
3. Richardson, Pamela, I, 218.
But even in this temper, he was attractive to Pamela, who was not now so sure that she wished to return home. However, there was nothing she could do but set out on the journey accompanied by two of his servants, Robin and Colbrand. At the inn where they stayed for the first night, the following letter was given to Pamela from B--. It said:

When these lines are delivered to you, you will be far on your way to your father and mother, where you have so long desired to be; and I hope, I shall forbear thinking of you with the least shadow of that fondness my foolish heart had entertained for you. I bear you no ill-will; but the end of my detaining you being over, I would not that you should tarry with me an hour after the ungenerous preference you gave, at a time I was inclined to pass over all other considerations, for an honourable address to you; for well I found the tables entirely turned upon me, and that I was in far more danger from you, than you were from me; for I was just upon resolving to defy all the censures of the world, and to make you my wife.

I will acknowledge another truth: that had I not parted with you as I did, but permitted you to stay till I had read your journal, reflecting, as I doubt not I shall find it, and heard your bewitching pleas in your own behalf, I feared I could not trust myself with my own resolution. And this is the reason, I frankly own, that determined me not to see you, nor hear you speak; for well I know my weakness in your favour.

But I will get the better of this fond folly: nay, I hope I have already done it, since it was likely to cost me so dear. And I write this to tell you, that I wish you well with all my heart, though you have spread such mischief through my family. Yet I cannot but say that I could wish you not to think of marrying in haste; and particularly not to have this cursed Williams. But what is all this to me now? Only, my weakness makes me say, that as I had already looked upon you as mine, and you have so soon got rid of your first husband, you will not refuse to my memory, the decency every common person observes, to pay a twelvemonth's compliment, though but a mere compliment, to my ashes.
Your papers shall be faithfully returned; and I have paid so dear for my curiosity, in the affection they have riveted upon me for you, that you would look upon yourself amply revenged, to know what they have cost me.

I thought of writing only a few lines, but I have run into length. I will now try to recollect my scattered thoughts, and resume my reason: and shall find trouble enough to replace my affairs, and my own family, and to supply the chasms you have made in it: for let me tell you, though I can forgive you, I never can my sister, nor my domestics; for my vengeance must be wreaked somewhere.

I doubt not your prudence in forbearing to expose me any more than is necessary for your own justification; for that I will suffer myself to be accursed by you; and will also accuse myself, if it be needful. For I am, and ever will be, your affectionate well-wisher.

The lover is slowly, but not without a struggle, sinking to his knees. His stubborn pride just wouldn't let him ask Pamela to stay. His idea of dignity must be retained at any cost. Which would win—his pride or love? There is no doubt in the capitulating letter B—dispatched to Pamela and which reached her before she arrived home. It said:

In vain, my Pamela, do I struggle against my affection for you. I must needs, after you were gone, venture to entertain myself with your journal. When I found Mrs. Jewkes's bad usage of you, after your dreadful temptations and hurts; and particularly your generous concern on hearing how narrowly I escaped drowning (though my death would have been your freedom, and I had made it your interest to wish it); and your most agreeable confession in another place, that, notwithstanding all my hard usage, you could not hate me; expressed in so sweet, so soft, and innocent a manner, that I flatter myself you may be brought to love me, (together with the rest of your admirable journal:) I began to repent my parting with you;

1. Ibid., 1, 224.
and, God is my witness! for no unlawful end, as you call it; but the very contrary; as all this was improved in your favour by your behaviour at leaving my house; for O! that melodious voice praying for me at your departure, and thanking me for my rebuke to Mrs. Jewkes, still dwells upon my ears, and delights my memory. I went to bed, but could not rest; about two I arose, and made Thomas get one of the best horses ready, in order to overtake you, while I sat down to write.

Now, my dear Pamela, let me beg of you, on receipt of this to order Robin to drive you back again to my house. I would have set out myself, for the pleasure of bearing you company back in the chariot; but am really indisposed; I believe, with vexation that I parted thus with my soul's delight, as I now find you are, and must be, in spite of the pride of my own heart.

You cannot imagine the obligation your return will lay me under to your goodness; and yet, if you will not so far favour me, you shall be under no restraint, as my letter inclosed to Colbrand will show, which I have not sealed, that you may read it. But spare me, my dearest girl, the confusion of following you to your father's: which I must do, if you persist to go on; for I find I can not live a day without you.

If you are the generous Pamela I imagine you to be (for hitherto you have been all goodness, where it has not been merited), let me then see the further excellence of your disposition, that you can forgive the man who loves you more than himself; let me see by it, that you are not prepossessed in any other person's favour: one instance more I would be, and then I am all gratitude; which is, that you would dispatch Monsieur Colbrand with a letter to your father, assuring him that all will end happily; and to desire that he will send to you, at my house, the letters you conveyed to him by means of punctilious doubts answered, I shall have nothing to do but make you happy, and be so myself. For I must be yours and only yours.¹

This time even Pamela could not resist the charm of the letter. With her return to become his wife, B— ceased to

I. Ibid., I, 227.
be the villain and assumed the role of the hero. This metamorphosis took place so quickly that it is almost hard to believe. Pamela said:

.....His words are so pure, his ideas so chaste, and his whole behaviour so sweetly decent, that never, surely, was so happy a creature as your Pamela! I never could have hoped such a husband could have fallen to my lot: and much less, that a gentleman, who had allowed himself in attempts, that I now will endeavour to forget for ever, should have behaved with so very delicate and unexceptionable a demeanour. No light frothy jests drop from his lips; no alarming railleries: no offensive expressions, nor insulting airs, reproach or wound the ears of your happy, thrice-happy daughter, in short, he says everything that may embolden me to look up with pleasure, upon the generous author of my happiness.  

However, some objections can be made to his treatment of Pamela. Pamela must act the way that he considered his wife should act. She must play cards, not because it would give her pleasure, but because that was the thing that a woman of her social position should do. When Pamela suggested that she try to win the friendship of Lady Davers by being humble and dutiful toward her, B— answered, 'No Pamela, don't imagine that when you are my wife, I will suffer you to do any thing unworthy of that character. I know the duty of a husband, and will protect your gentleness to the utmost, as much as if you were a princess by descent.'  

Although B— admitted to a friend, Mr. Brooks, that Pamela's person made him her lover, but her mind made him her husband,
Pamela said, "He pities my weakness of mind." Immediately he began to teach her about the English authors, the poets, particularly. Telling her about the grandeurs of France and Italy, he promised her that they would travel. The following rules he prescribed for their married life:

I will lay down one rule for you, my Pamela, to observe in your dress; and I will tell you everything I like or dislike, as it occurs to me: I would have you do the same, on your part; that nothing may lie upon either of our minds, that may occasion the least reservedness.

I have often observed, in married folks, that the lady soon grows careless in her dress; which to me, looks as if she would take no pains to secure the affections she had gained; and shows a slight to her husband, that she had not to her lover. Now, you must know, this has always given me great offence; and I should not forgive it even in my Pamela though she should have this excuse for herself, which thousands could not make that she looks lovely in every thing. So, my dear, I shall expect of you always to be dressed by dinner-time, except something extra-ordinary happens and this, whether you are to go abroad, or stay at home. For this, my love, will continue to you that sweet ease in your dress and behaviour, which you are so happy a mistress of; and whomsoever I bring home to my table, you'll be in readiness to receive; and will not want to make those foolish apologies to unexpected visitors, which carry with them a reflection on the conduct of those who make them; and, besides, will convince me, that you think yourself obliged to appear as graceful to your husband, as you would to persons less familiar to your sight.

...Why, my dear, you may better do this than half your sex; because they too generally act in such a manner, as if they seemed to think it the privilege of birth and fortune, to turn day into night, and night into day, and are seldom stirring till 'tis time to sit down to dinner; and so all the good old family rules are reversed:

1. Ibid., I, 323.
2. Ibid., I, 302. He fulfilled this promise.
for they breakfast when they should dine; dine
when they should sup; and sup when they should go
to bed; and, by the help of the dear quadrille,
sometimes go to bed when they should rise. --In
all things but these, my dear, I expect you to
be a lady. My good mother was one of the old-
fashioned cut, and in all other respects, as wor­
thy a lady as any in the kingdom. So you have not
been used to the new way, and may the easier
practice the other.

I shall, in the usual course, and gener­
ally, if not hindered by company, like to go to
bed with my dearest by eleven; and if I don't,
shan't hinder you. I ordinarily now rise by six
in the summer. I will allow you to lie half an
hour after me, or so. Then you'll have some time
you may call your own, till you give me your com­
pany to breakfast; which may be always so, as that
we may have done at a little after nine. And you
will have several hours again, at your disposal,
till two o'clock, when I should like to sit down
at table.

You will then have several useful hours more
to employ yourself in, as you please; I would
generally go to supper by eight. And when we are
resolved to stick to these old-fashioned rules,
as near as we can, we shall make our visitors
conform to them too, expect them from us, and suit
themselves accordingly; for I have always observed,
that it is in every one's power to prescribe rules
to himself. It is only standing a few ridiculous
jest at first, from such, generally, as are not
the most worthy to be minded: and after a while
they will say, "It signifies nothing to ask him:
he will have his own way. There is no putting
him out of his bias. He is a regular piece of
clockword!" And, why, my dear, should we not be
so? For man is as frail a piece of machinery as
any clock-work whatever: and, by irregularity, is
as subject to be disordered.

Then, my dear, when they see they are re­
ceived at my own times, with an open countenance,
and cheerful heart; when they see plenty and
variety at my board, and meet a kind and hearty
welcome from us both; they will not offer to
break in upon my conditions, nor grudge me my
regular hours; and as most of these people have
nothing to do except to rise in a morning, they
may as well come to breakfast with us at half an hour after eight in summer, as at ten or eleven; to dinner at two, as at four, five, or six; and to supper at eight, as ten or eleven. Then our servants too will know, generally, the times of their business and their hours of leisure; and we, as well as they, shall reap the benefit of this regularity. And who knows, my dear, but we may revive the good old fashion in our neighborhood by this means? At least it will be doing our part towards it; and answering the good lesson I learned at school—"Every one mend one." And the worst that will happen will be, that when some of my brother rakes, such as those who broke in upon us so unwelcomely last Thursday, are gone out of the way, and begin to consider whom they shall go to dine within their rambles, and they will only say, "We must not go to him, for his dinner-time is over;" and so they'll reserve me for another time, when they happen to suit it better; or perhaps, they will take a supper and a bed with me instead of it.

Now, my dearest, you see here are more of my injunctions, as you call them; and though I will not be so set as to quarrel if they are not always exactly complied with, yet as I know you won't think them unreasonable, I shall be glad they may, as often as they can; and you will give your orders accordingly, to your Mrs. Jervis, who is a good woman, and will take pleasure in obeying you.

And be sure, my dear, let no little accident muffle your temper. I shall never forget once, that I was at Lady Arthur's, and a footman happened to stumble with a fine China dish, and broke it all to pieces: it was grievous to see the uneasiness of the poor lady; and she was so sincere in it, that she suffered it to spread all over the company, and it was a pretty large one too; and not a person in it, but turned either her consoler, or fell into stories of the like misfortunes; so we all became, during the evening, nothing but blundering footmen, and careless servants, or were turned into broken jars, plates, glasses, tea-cups, and such like brittle substances. And it affected me so much, that when I came home, I went to bed and dreamt, that Robin, with the handle of his whip, broke the foreglass of my chariot; and I was so solicitous, methought,
to keep the good lady in countenance for her anger, that I broke his head in revenge, and stabbed one of my coach-horses. All the comfort I had when it was done, methought, was, that I had not exposed myself before company; and there were no sufferers but guilty Robin, and one innocent coach-horse.\textsuperscript{1}

Does this not sound like the master of the house giving orders to the housekeeper, rather than a bridegroom and a bride planning their home? B-- would take the liberty to frankly criticize his wife's clothes—something no man would dare to do if he were planning to live in harmony with her. Then she should be dressed at a certain time each day so that he would not be embarrassed if he should unexpectedly bring some visitors home. All meals should be served on time at specified hours. It is surprising that he did not tell her what food she should serve. Generously he allowed her to stay in bed half an hour after he arose. If they have company, he may stay up after eleven, but she would be excused to go to bed. Friends should not be allowed to change the daily routine an iota. But perhaps the most amusing of his orders was the last in which she should not lose her temper, no matter what the cause may be. He does not have the tact not to mention his own unruly temper, already discussed in this action. Of course, all this advice is good, if not judging by modern American standards. It just shows that B-- has not forgotten that Pamela is a servant.

\textsuperscript{1} Ibid., I, 337-42.
B--, Richardson's first villain, has been presented with all his good and bad qualities. It has been shown that his background was partially responsible for his becoming a rake. In fact, he frankly admits that he was educated to become one. Although he possessed many pleasant personal characteristics, he, unfortunately, possessed some bad traits which led him to become a rake capable of trying to seduce his young, innocent servant, Pamela. He was willful, quick-tempered, and cunning. Not underestimating the difficulties which he would have to overcome to achieve his goal, B-- followed a set plan. Playing upon Pamela's love for her poverty-stricken parents, he tried to bribe her to become his mistress when she flatly refused to do so by persuasion. After these two plans failed, he became determined to frighten her into consenting. He had her abducted and treated cruelly by his servants, and sent her threatening letters. When all else failed, he tried force, but at the last moment he backed out. This was the turning point of the story. His kindness won Pamela. However, even after his marriage he retained some of his old characteristics, though he made his wife very happy. Perhaps his predominant trait for the rest of his life was that he was domineering.

Robert Lovelace

Robert Lovelace, Richardson's second villain, who appears in Clarissa or The History of a Young Lady, had the
difficult task of being "a devil capable of imposing upon an angel." Generally conceded by critics to be Richardson's masterpiece of character portrayal, Lovelace possessed many characteristics similar to those of Mr. B—. Boas says that Lovelace was refined, intelligent, versatile, energetic, had a strong will, admired and quoted Shakespeare and the Bible. Being no mere sensualist, Lovelace thought that women were mere creatures of the field or of the air to be hunted, trapped, and caged. He had the intellectual delight of the strategist in planning his campaigns to make Clarissa Harlowe, an eighteen-year-old girl of an excellent family, his mistress. He had a form of diseased self-love which made him revel in Clarissa's destruction. Could such a villain fail to be interesting? It is the purpose of this section to compare Lovelace to B— in order to show how Richardson improved his villain type in his second novel.

Like B—, Lovelace had one duel chalked up against him at the beginning of the story. Unfortunately, although this duel was not fatal, it earned Lovelace the enmity of the Harlowe family. Without this duel doubtless there would have been no villain. Lovelace would have courted and married Clarissa, and literature would have lost one

2. Boas, F. S., Richardson's Novels and Their Influence.
3. B's duel is related on pages 48 and 49.
of its most colorful rakes. It seems that James Harlowe, Jr., Clarissa's older brother, and Lovelace had some disagreement which led to a fight. James lost.\(^1\) The whole story of the rape of Clarissa is based upon the fact that James and Lovelace were enemies; therefore, Clarissa must suffer. In writing to his friend, Mr. Belford, Lovelace, at a time when he was particularly angry with Clarissa, said, "But I hate her, hate her heartily! She is old, ugly, and deformed.—But o the blasphemy! Yet she is an Harlowe; and I do and can hate her for that."\(^2\)

When James was away, Lovelace called upon the Harlowe family, ostensibly to court Arabella, Clarissa's sharp-tongued older sister. "His birth, his fortune in possession, a clear £2,000 a year, as Lord M. had assured my uncle; presumptive heir to that nobleman's large estate; his great expectations from Lady Sarah Sadlier, and Lady Betty Lawrence, who, with his uncle, interested themselves very warmly (he being the last of his line) to see him married all made him welcome."\(^3\) However, it was not long before it could be seen that Lovelace had no intention of pressing his suit with Arabella. He very adroitly made her angry with him. Then he asked her to marry him, which she refused to do before she could recover herself. Lamenting to everyone his unfortunate success, Lovelace left town.

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1. Richardson, Samuel, *Clarissa or the History of a Young Lady*, p. 1.
When James heard of the affair, he wrote to his father not to have anything to do with Lovelace, who was supposed to be extravagant and in debt.\(^1\) Clarissa, who had not seen very much of Lovelace, said that her opinion of him was that he seemed to have too good an opinion of himself to ever make any woman happy.

The affair between Lovelace and Clarissa began when her Uncle Hervey requested that Lovelace give a description of the courts and countries which he had visited. A young gentleman who had been entrusted to Uncle Hervey was planning to take the grand tour. Lovelace, who by this time had taken a fancy to Clarissa, agreed to give the information if she would correspond with him. She said:

> My sister herself allowed that the man had a tolerable knack of writing and describing; and my father, who had been abroad in his youth, said that his remarks were curious, and showed him to be a person of reading, judgment, and taste.\(^2\)

However, about this time brother James returned from Scotland and angrily commanded that all communication with Lovelace be severed. These two had hated each other since knowing each other at college. Arabella agreed sourly, saying:

> I never liked him at all;—his estate was certainly much encumbered; it was impossible it should be otherwise; so entirely devoted as he was to his pleasures. He kept no house, had no equipage: nobody pretended that he wanted pride: the reason, therefore, was easy to be guessed at.\(^3\)

1. Ibid., 6.
2. Ibid., 7.
3. Ibid., 8.
Clarissa's father echoed, as always, his son's views, and her mother merely murmured that "her only dislike of his alliance with either daughter was on account of his reputed faulty morals." But getting rid of Lovelace was easier said than done. Clarissa says:

But Mr. Lovelace is a man not easily brought to give up his purpose, especially in a point wherein he pretends his heart is so much engaged: and no absolute prohibition having been given, things went on for a little while as before: for I saw plainly, that to have denied myself to his visits (which however I declined receiving as often as I could) was to bring forward some desperate issue between the two (Lovelace and James); since the offence so readily given on one side was brooked by the other only out of consideration to me.¹

This is the man who set his dastardly plan to ruin a girl famous for her virtue. What chance did Clarissa have to elude him? Even his uncle, Lord M., who certainly had enough reason to dislike him, had to admit that Lovelace was good company when he wished to be.² Clever, well-educated, handsome, and rich, he seemed to have good qualities enough to win the heart of any maiden. However, since a boy he had practiced deceit. He says, "Thus when a boy, have I joined with the crowd coming out of church, and have been thought to have been there myself."³ Quick tempered and resentful, he was used to having his own way in everything. Furthermore, he was immoral. The details of two

1. Ibid.; 9.
2. Ibid.; 487.
3. Ibid.; 389.
previous love affairs are not given as is the affair of B—. With pride he said, "But I never lied to man, and hardly ever said truth to woman. The first is what all free-livers cannot say: the second what every one can." Thus is he spoiled, educated to be a libertine, pleasant when he so desires, crafty and cunning, and above all, arrogant and willful. Can such a man succeed in his plans?

Very carefully Lovelace spread his net for Clarissa. When her family began to annoy her with their pleas and finally commands to accept the repulsive Mr. Solmes, Lovelace was quick to seize on this opportunity to make Clarissa dependent upon him. By threatening to fight a duel with James, Lovelace forced Clarissa to write to him. Clarissa wrote to her friend, Miss Anna Howe, about how Lovelace took it for granted that Clarissa should rely on him. She wrote:

Really, my dear, were you to see his letter, you would think I had given him great encouragement, and that I am in direct treaty with him; or that he is sure that my friends will drive me into a foreign protection; for he has the boldness to offer, in my lord's name, an asylum to me should I be tyrannically treated in Solmes' behalf.²

So cleverly had he worked that Clarissa did not at this time fully comprehend Lovelace's plans. Again she wrote to Miss Howe:

Indeed I would not be in love with him, as it is called, for the world: first, because I

1. Ibid., 493.
2. Ibid., 35.
have no opinion of his morals, and think it a fault in which our whole family (my brother excepted) has had a share, that he was permitted to visit us with a hope; which, however being distant, did not, as I have observed heretofore, entitled any of us to call him to account for such of his immoralities as came to our ears. Next, because I think him to be a vain man, capable of triumphing (secretly at least) over a person whose heart he thinks he has engaged. And, thirdly, because the assiduities and veneration which you impute to him, seem to carry a haughtiness in them, as if he thought his address had a merit in it, that would be more than an equivalent to a woman's love.

Indeed, my dear, THIS man is not THE MAN. I have great objections to him. My heart throbs not after him. I glow not, but with indignation against myself for having giving room for such an imputation—but you must not, my dearest friend, construe common gratitude into love. I cannot bear that you should. But if ever I should have the misfortune to think it love, I promise you upon my word, which is the same as upon my honour, that I will acquaint you with it.

Because she did not love him, Clarissa could really see no great danger in continuing her correspondence with Lovelace. In a series of letters written to Belford in the Roman style, i.e., using thee and thou because they had agreed to take in good part whatever freedoms they treated each other with, if the passages were written thus, Lovelace explained his motives and plans for making Clarissa his mistress. At first he lamented that it is Clarissa's virtue which kept him from succeeding. He said:

'Tis not scorn: --'tis not pride; --'tis not the insolence of an adored beauty: --but 'tis to

1. Ibid., 13.
virtue; it seems that my difficulties are owing; and I pay for not being a sly sinner, an hypocrite; for being regardless of my reputation; for permitting slander to open its mouth against me.

In other words, he was not sorry for what he had done in life, but he was sorry that other people knew. A deep-seated jealousy and hate against Clarissa's family made him plan the downfall of Clarissa. Again he wrote to Belford:

And what my motive, dost thou ask? No less than this, that my beloved shall find no protection out of my family: for, if I know hers, fly she must or have the man she hates. Thus, therefore, if I take my measures right, and my familiar fail me not, will secure her mine in spite of them all; in spite of her own inflexible heart; mine, without condition; without reformation promises; without the necessity of a siege of years, perhaps; and to be even then, after wearing the guise of merit—doubting hypocrisy at an uncertainty upon a probation unapproved of—Then shall I have all the rascals and rascalesses of the family come creeping to me: In prescribing to me; and bringing that sordidly imperious brother to kneel at the footstool of my throne.

Thou are curious to know, if I have not started a new game? If it be possible for so universal a lover to be confined so long to one object? Thou knowest nothing of this charming creature, that thou canst put such questions to me; or thinkest thou knowest me better than thou dost. All that is excellent in her sex is this lady!—Until by matrimonial or equal intimacies, I have found her less than angel, it is impossible to think of any other. Then there are so many stimulatives to such a spirit as mine in this affair, besides love; such a field of stratagem and contrivance, which thou knowest to be the delight of my heart. Then the rewarding end of all!—To carry off such a girl as this, in spite of all her watchful and implacable friends; and in spite of a prudence and reserve that I never met with in any of the sex! And then such a revenge

I. Ibid., 41.
to gratify; which is only at present politically reinèd in, eventually to break forth with greater fury. --Is it possible, thinkest thou, that there can be room for a thought that is not of her and devoted to her?

These letters reveal Lovelace for the snake that he was. In order to get even with James he would stoop to anything. The fact that Clarissa was young and inexperienced only led him on. He is thoroughly disgusting. His plan was to throw himself into Clarissa's presence and beg her to leave her home with him. He says, "I have already twice attempted it in vain. I shall then see what I may depend upon from her favour. If I had no prospect of that, I should be tempted to carry her off.--That would be a rape worthy of a Jupiter." B-- attempted to seduce Pamela, a poor servant girl; Lovelace attempted to seduce Clarissa, a wealthy heiress of an influential family. Lovelace had to be much more crafty than B-- in order to carry out his plans. Until he had Clarissa completely in his hands, he could not try to bribe her. Therefore, he had to make Clarissa leave her family. In order to know all of the plans made by her family for her marriage with Solmes, Lovelace made one of her servants his spy. This was something that B-- was never able to accomplish. Though B-- forced his servants to act against Pamela, he could never make one of them spy upon her.

1. Ibid.; 43, 44.
2. Ibid.; 49.
Lovelace continued to send Clarissa threatening letters, containing protestations of inviolable faith and honor, vows of reformation, and pressing arguments to escape from her disgraceful confinement, for her family had locked her in her room until she would marry Solmes. He begged her to meet him, telling her that he had completely reformed. Finally she decided that there could be no harm in doing so. When she wrote and told him so, Clarissa said of his answer:

I found in the afternoon a reply to my answer to Mr. Lovelace's letter. It is full of promises, full of vows of gratitude, of eternal gratitude is his word, among others still more hyperbolic. Yet Mr. Lovelace, the least of any man whose letters I have seen, runs into those elevated absurdities. I should be apt to despise him for it if he did. Such language looks always to me, as if the flatterer thought to find a woman a fool, or hoped to make her one.

Lovelace knew that if Clarissa even suspected his true purpose in trying to help her escape, she would never budge an inch. B— very early in the game acquainted Pamela with his object. In the summer house scene he frankly told her that she should become his mistress, but Lovelace had to keep his designs secret until Clarissa was completely in his power. In other words, Lovelace had a much harder task to accomplish than B—, for he had to make Clarissa leave her family and then make her give in to him; whereas Pamela, by the death of her mistress, was automatically in

1. Ibid., 70.
2. A discussion of this scene is found on page 55.
B--'s power. Therefore, Lovelace's first problem was to get control of his victim, something that B-- did not even have to think about.

Since two women of nobility, Lady Sarah Sadler and Lady Betty Lawrence, were his aunts, Lovelace assured Clarissa that either of them would be delighted to act as her protectress. Pressed by her family to marry Solmes, Clarissa decided to accept the offer, but with the following stipulations:

That in the meantime he should acquaint me, whether I might hope for either of those ladies' protection; and that I might, I absolutely insisted that he should leave me with either and go to London himself, or remain at Lord M--'s: nor offer to visit me till I were satisfied that nothing could be done with my friends in an amicable way; and that I could not obtain possession of my own estate, and leave to live upon it: and particularly, that he should not hint marriage to me till I consented to hear him upon that subject.

Of course, Lovelace agreed readily to all of these points. They agreed on the following plan. Each afternoon Clarissa was allowed by her family to take a short walk in the walled garden at the back of their home. Usually she was attended by a servant, but she was always clever enough to slip a note or letter into a chink in the wall and to see if there was a letter from Lovelace. This was how they carried on their correspondence. On the afternoon agreed upon Clarissa was to obtain a key to a small gate in the wall and slip away with Lovelace. Afraid that Clarissa

1. Richardson, Clarissa, p. 82.
might back out at the last minute, Lovelace secretly had his spy, Joseph Leman, instructed to hide behind the gate, and if Clarissa did refuse to go with him, on a given signal he was to impersonate her family. Then after they had parted, he should leave the key on the inside so that her family would think that she left of her own accord, especially as the door should be left open.1

Just as Lovelace planned, Clarissa eluded her watchful servant, let herself out of the garden, locked the gate behind her, and then refused to go with him. She wrote the following account of what happened.

And then stooping to take up the key to let myself into the garden, he started, and looked as if he had heard somebody near the door, on the inside; clapping his hand on his sword.

This frightened me somewhat that I thought I should have sunk down at his feet. But he instantly reassured me, he thought, he said he had heard a rustling against the door; but had it been so, the noise would have been stronger. It was only the effect of his apprehension for me.

And then taking up the key, he presented it to me. "If you will, go, madam. Yet I cannot, cannot let you! I must enter the garden with you. Forgive me, but I must enter the garden with you."

"And will you, will you thus ungenerously, Mr. Lovelace, take advantage of my fears?"

"I have no patience, sir, to be thus constrained. Must I never be at liberty to follow my own judgment? Be the consequence what it may, I will not be thus constrained."

And then, I again offered the key to the door.

1. Ibid., 96.
Down the ready kneeler dropt between me and that: "And can you, madam, once more on my knees let me ask you, look with an indifferent eye upon the evils that may follow? Provoked as I have been, and triumphed over as I shall be, if your brother succeeds, my own heart shudders, at times, at the thoughts of what must happen; and can yours be unconcerned? Let me beseech you, dearest creature, to consider all these things; and lose not this only opportunity. My intelligence."

"Never, Mr. Lovelace," interrupted I, "give so much credit to the words of a traitor. Your base intelligence is but a servant. He may pretend to know more than he has grounds for, in order to earn the wages of corruption. You know not what contrivances I can find out."

I was once more offering the key to the lock, when, starting from his knees, with a voice of affrightment, loudly whispering, and as if out of breath, "They are at the door, my beloved creature!" And taking the key from me, he fluttered with it, as if he would double-lock it. And instantly a voice from within cried out, bursting against the door, as if to break it open, the person repeating his violent pushes, "Are you there? --Come up this moment! --This moment! --Here they are--Here they are both together! --Your pistol this moment! Your gun!"--Then another push, and another. He at the same moment drew his sword, and clapping it naked under his arm, took both my trembling hands in his: and drawing me swiftly after him, "Fly, fly, my charmer; this moment is all you have for it," said he. "Your brother! Your uncles! Or this Solmes! They will instantly burst the door--fly, my dearest life, if you would not be more cruelly used than ever--if you would not see two or three murders committed at your feet, fly, fly, I beseech you. O Lord! --help, help!" cried the fool, all in amaze and confusion, frighted beyond the power of controlling.

Now behind me, now before me, now on this side, now on that, turned I my affrighted face, and in the same moment; expecting a furious brother here, armed servants there, an enraged sister screaming, and a father armed with terror in his countenance more dreadful than even the drawn sword which I saw, or those I apprehended.
I ran as fast as he; yet knew not that I ran: my fears adding wings to my feet, at the same time that they took all power of thinking from me--my fears, which probably would not have suffered me to know what course to take, had I not had him to urge and draw me after him: especially as I beheld a man, who must have come out of the door, keeping us in his eye; running now towards us; then back to the garden, beckoning and calling to others, whom I supposed he saw, although the turning of the wall hindered me from seeing them; and whom, I imagined to be my brother, my father, and their servants.

Thus terrified, I was got out of sight of the door in a very few minutes; and then, although quite breathless between running and apprehension, he put my arm under his, his drawn sword in the other hand, and hurried me on still faster; my voice, however, contradicting my action, crying, "No, no, no," all the while; straining my neck to look back, as long as the walls of the garden and park were within sight, and till he brought me to the chariot: where, attending, were two armed servants of his own, and two of Lord M.'s on horseback.

Lovelace thus accomplished his first objective. Of course, the invitation which he had given Clarissa in behalf of his aunts was just a ruse. They did not even know that she existed. Clarissa was now in his power. Without friends (he had been careful to arrange an estrangement between the mother of her best friend, Miss Howe, and Clarissa, so that Clarissa could not go there), separated from her family, without money or baggage of any sort, Clarissa was helpless. At first she did not realize this. She asked Lovelace to find her a private apartment and not to come near her until she could ascertain whether there was the slightest chance for a reconciliation with

I. Ibid. 94.
her family. He suggested that they go to London. Lovelace
arranged for a dwelling for them in a town near Clarissa's
home while she waited for an answer to her letter to her
family. Day after day passed, and when not a word was
received from her family, Lovelace suggested a speedy
marriage, but in such a way that Clarissa became indignant
and told him that she would never marry him. Of course,
he never intended to wed Clarissa, for he wrote to Mr.
Belford:

Is there not something wrong, has there not
been something wrong, in this divine creature?
And will not the reflections upon that wrong (what
though it may be construed in my favour) make me
unhappy, when novelty has lost its charms, and
when, mind and person, she is all my own? Libertines
are nicer, if at all nice, than other men. They seldom meet with the stand of virtue in the
women whom they attempt. And by the frailty of
those they have triumphed over, they judge of
all the rest. "Importunity and opportunity no
woman is proof against, especially from the per-
severing lover, who knows how to suit temptations
to inclinations;" this, thou knowest is a prime
article of the rake's creed.

And what? (Methinks thou asketh with sur-
prise) Dost thou question this most admirable of
women? The virtue of a CLARISSA dost thou ques-
tion?

I do not, I dare not question it. My rever-
ence for her will not let me directly question it.
But let me, in my turn, ask thee, "Is not, may
not her virtue be founded rather in pride than in
principle?" What may not both men and women be
brought to do, in a mortified state? What mind
is superior to calamity? Pride is perhaps the
principal bulwark of female virtue. Humble a
woman, and may she not be effectually humbled?

1. Ibid., 102.
Then who says, "Miss Clarissa Harlowe is
the paragon of virtue? —Is virtue itself?"

"All who know her, and have heard of her,
will be answered.

Common bruit! —Is virtue to be established
by common bruit only? —Has her virtue ever been
proved? Who has dared to try her virtue?

Let me begin then, as opportunity presents
—I will: and watch her every step to find one
sliding one; her every moment to find the moment
critical. And the rather, as she spares not me,
but takes every advantage that offers to puzzle
and plague me; nor expect nor think me to be a
good man.

If she be a woman, and love me, I shall surely
catch her once tripping: for love was ever a
traitor to its harbourer: and love within, and
I without, she will be more than woman, as the
poet says, or I less man, if I succeed not.

Now Belford, all is out. The lady is mine;
shall be more mine. Marriage, I see, is in my
power, not she is so; else perhaps it had not.
If I can have her without marriage, who can blame
me for trying? If not, great will be her glory,
and my future confidence. And well will she merit
the sacrifice I shall make her of my liberty;
and from all her sex honours next to divine, for
giving a proof, "that there was once a woman
whose virtue no trials, no stratagems, no temptations,
even from the man she hated not, could
overpower." I

Could anything be more revealing than the above con-

fession? He delighted in the prospect of pursuing Clarissa
until, alone and exhausted, she succumbed to his net. If
by some superhuman power she would manage to elude him,
he was conceited enough to believe that no greater reward
could be given her than to make her his wife. B— at least

1. Ibid., 105-106.
had the excuse that Pamela was not his social equal; Clarissa was Lovelace's equal. In order to make her feel kindly towards him, Lovelace offered to lend or even to give any sum of money to Clarissa. Of course, she refused. Then he set out on a campaign to make Clarissa have more confidence in him. Apologizing for his life, he said to her:

I am but a young man, madam; but I have run a long course; let not your purity of mind incline you to despise me for the acknowledgment. It is high time to be weary of it, and to reform; since, like Solomon, I can say, there is nothing new under the sun; but that it is my belief, that a life of virtue can afford such pleasures, on reflection, as will be for ever blooming for ever new!

But Clarissa seemed to have an instinct to distrust him.

At one time he was almost caught in his own net. In desperation he dallied with the idea of marrying his captive.

He wrote to Belford, saying:

Here have I been at work, dig, dig, dig, like a cunning miner, at one time, and spreading my snares like an artful fowler, at another, and exulting in my contrivances to get this inimitable creature absolutely into my power. Every thing made for me. Her brother and uncles were but my pioneers; her father stormed as I directed him to storm. Mrs. Howe (in refusing Clarissa sanction) was acted by springs I set at work; her daughter was moving for me, and yet imagined herself plump against me, and the dear creature herself had already run her stubborn neck into my gin, and knew not that she was caught, for I had not drawn my springs close about her; and just as all this was completed wouldst thou believe, that I should be my own enemy, and her friend—that I should be so totally diverted from all my favourite purposes, as to propose to marry her

1. Ibid., 109.
before I went to town, in order to put it out of my own power to resume them.  

He did propose to Clarissa again, but he knew that she would refuse. She had just received a letter from her sister renouncing her; therefore, she believed that Lovelace's proposal was prompted by pity. The villain rejoiced that her family had formally rejected any attempts at a reconciliation. He said, "The greater her disappointment from them, the greater must be her dependence on me." There was nothing further to fear from her family.

To bring about the achievement of his plans, Lovelace arranged for some rooms in London which were owned by a widow and her two daughters who were actually in his pay. He told the landlady that Clarissa and he were privately married at Hertford; but that before their marriage he had promised religiously to be contented with separate apartments until a certain reconciliation should take place, which was of high consequence to both. Thus triumphed Lovelace on his having carried his two great points, of making Clarissa pass for his wife to the people of the house, and to his taking up his lodging under the same roof with her even though for one night. He bragged that he was soon to accomplish every thing, if not by persuasion, by surprise.

1. Ibid., 128.
2. Ibid., 130.
3. Ibid., 118.
4. Ibid., 132.
Yet he pretended to have some remorse, and to censure himself as acting the part of the grand tempter. But having succeeded thus far, he could not, he said, forbear trying, according to the resolution he had before made, whether he could not go further. When Belford pleaded with him to marry Clarissa, he replied:

When I have already taken pains to acquaint thee in full with regard to my views, designs, and resolutions with regard to this admirable woman, it is very extraordinary, that thou shouldst vapour as thou dost in her behalf, when I have made no trial, no attempt and yet givest it as thy opinion in a former letter that advantage may be taken of the situation she is in and that she may be overcome.

Were I to take thy stupid advice, and marry; what a figure should I make in rakish annals! The lady in my power; yet not having intended to put herself in my power; declaring against love, and a rebel to it; so much open-eyed caution; no confidence in my honour; her family expecting the worst hath passed; herself seeming to expect, that the worst will be attempted; What wouldst thou not have me act in character?

No doubt of it, as thou sayest, the devils would rejoice in the fall of such a woman. But this is my confidence, that I shall have it in my power to marry when I will. And if I do her this justice, shall I not have a claim to her gratitude? And will she not think herself the obliged, rather than the obliger? Then let me tell thee, Belford, it is impossible so far to hurt the morals of this lady, as thou and thy brother varlets have hurt others of the sex, who are now casting about the town firebrands and double death. Take ye that thistle to mumble upon.

From some twisted moral reasoning, Lovelace seemed to actually believe that it would be cowardly to let

1. Ibid., 137.
2. Ibid., 145.
Clarissa escape his clutches. He swore to Clarissa that she would become his "although my damnation were to be the purchase!"\(^1\) A proclamation similar to the one B— issued to Pamela was given to Clarissa by Lovelace. It read:

To spare a delicacy so extreme, and to obey you, I write; and the rather, that you may communicate this paper to Miss Howe, who may consult any of her friends you shall think proper to have intrusted on this occasion. I say, intrusted; because, as you know, I have given it out to several persons, that we are actually married.

In the first place, madam, I offer to settle upon you, by way of jointure, your whole estate; and moreover to vest in trustees such a part of mine in Lancashire, as shall produce a clear four hundred pounds a year, to be paid to your sole and separate use quarterly.

My own estate is a clear, not nominal, 2000 per annum. Lord M. proposes to give me possession either of that which has in Lancashire, or that we call The Lawn, in Hertfordshire upon my nuptials with a lady whom he so greatly admires; and to make that I shall choose a clear 1000 per annum.

If, as your own estate is at present in your father’s hands, you rather choose that I should make a jointure out of mine, tantamount to yours, be it what it will, it shall be done. I will engage Lord M. to write to you what he proposes to do on the happy occasion; not as your desire or expectation, but to demonstrate that no advantage is intended to be taken of the situation you are in with your own family.

To shew the beloved daughter the consideration I have for her I will consent that she shall prescribe the terms of agreement in relation to the large sums which must be in her father’s hands arising from her grandfather’s estate. I have no doubt but he will be put upon making large demands upon you. All those it shall be in your power to

\(^1\) Ibid., 155.
comply with, for the sake of your own peace. And the remainder shall be paid into your hands, and be entirely at your disposal, as a fund to support those charitable donations which I have heard you so famed for out of your family and for which you have been so greatly reflected upon in it.

As to clothes, jewels, and the like, against the time you shall choose to make your appearance, it will be my pride, that you shall not be beholden for such of these as shall be answerable to the rank of both of these who have had the stupid folly to renounce a daughter they deserved not. You must excuse me, madam: you would mistrust my sincerity in the rest, could I speak of these people with less asperity, though so nearly related to you.

These, madam, are my proposals.

I will only add, that if I have omitted anything that could have given you further satisfaction; or if the above terms be short of what you would wish; you will be pleased to supply them as you think fit. And when I know your pleasure, I will instantly order articles to be drawn up conformably, that nothing in my power may be wanting to make you happy.

You will now, dearest madam, judge how far all the rest depends upon yourself.

These articles were given to Clarissa with the idea that if she would become Lovelace's mistress, he would marry her later, after he was sure by her submission that she loved and trusted him. Even her friend, Miss Howe, wrote and begged her to marry Lovelace. She said:

Yet once more, I say I can have no notion that he can or dare to mean you dishonour. But then the man is a fool, my dear,—that's all.

However, since you are thrown upon a fool, marry the fool, at the first opportunity; and

Ibid., 157-58.
though I doubt that this man will be the most ungovernable of the fools, as all witty and vain fools are, take him as a punishment, since you cannot as a reward, in short, as one given to convince you that there is nothing but imperfection in this life.

But Clarissa would not even consider permitting Lovelace any intimacies. Nor would she allow thoughts of marriage to enter her head. The only advancement which Lovelace secured was a promise to accompany him to the theatre, which put him in ecstasies, for he said, "Whenever I have been able to prevail upon a girl to permit me to attend her to a play, I have thought myself sure of her." However, his usual luck was not with him this time. As soon as Clarissa returned from the play, she locked herself in her room. Frustrated and filled with rage, Lovelace swore that he would conquer her. He saw the necessity of speeding up his plans. He obtained a marriage license. Then he took some medicine to make him appear terribly ill so that Clarissa would rush to his aid. But an incident occurred, though not planned by Lovelace, which worked beautifully into his scheme. At about 2:00 a.m. he was awakened by cries of fire. The cook-maid, having sat up to read when she should have been in bed, had set fire to an old pair of calico window-curtains. She had had the presence of mind, in her fright, to tear down the half-burned valences (sic) as well as cur-

1. Ibid., 162.
2. Ibid., 164.
tains, and had got them, though blazing, into the fire-place by the time Lovelace arrived. He continued the narrative:

When I had flown down to her (Clarissa's) chamber door, there I beheld the most charming creature in the world, supporting herself on the arm of the gasping Dorcas, sighing, trembling, and ready to faint, with nothing on but an under-petticoat, her lovely bosom half open, and her feet just slipped into her shoes. As soon as she saw me, she panted, and struggled to speak; but could only say, "Oh, Mr. Lovelace!" and down was ready to sink.

I clasped her in my arms with an ardour she never felt before: "My dearest life! fear nothing: I have been up—the danger is over—the fire is got under—and how foolish devil (to Dorcas) could you thus, by your hideous yell, alarm and frighten my angel?"

Lest the half-lifeless charmer should catch cold in this undress, I lifted her to her bed, and sat down by her upon the side of it, endeavouring with the utmost tenderness, as well of action as expression, to dissipate her terrors.

But, far from being affected, as I wished, by an address so fervent, (although from a man for whom she had so lately owned a regard, and with whom, but an hour or two before, she had parted with so much satisfaction) I never saw a bitterer, or more moving grief, when she came fully to herself.

She appealed to heaven against my treachery as she called it; while I, by the most solemn vows, pleaded my own equal fright, and the reality of the danger that had alarmed us both.

She conjured me, in the most solemn and affecting manner, by turns threatening and soothing, to quit her apartment, and permit her to hide herself from the light, and from every human eye.1

1. Ibid., 188-89.
Trying to kill herself with some scissors, and struggling to free herself from his embrace, Clarissa pleaded:

	See, Mr. Lovelace! —Good God! that I should live to see this hour, and to bear this treatment! See at your feet a poor creature, imploring your pity; who, for your sake, is abandoned of all the world! Let not my father's curse thus dreadfully operate! Be not you the inflicter, who have been the cause of it: but spare me! I beseech you, spare me! —For how have I deserved this treatment from you? For your own sake, if not for my sake; and as you would God Almighty, in your last hour, should have mercy upon you, spare me. \(^1\)

Even Lovelace could not remain deaf to such pleadings. He left her room, feeling like a fool. Thus closed a scene comparable to the one in which B— concealed himself in Pamela's room. \(^2\) Both of the villains failed in their first serious attempts at seduction.

Lovelace continued to try to convince Clarissa that he had honorable intentions towards her, but she remained locked in her room, awaiting an occasion to escape. One day when vigilance had been slackened, she did escape. Lovelace was almost beside himself with anger, for he was afraid that some other man would take advantage of her distress. He immediately organized a hunt to find where she had gone. Naive, innocent, alone, and penniless, she naturally was not able to elude him for long. Lovelace gloated as follows when he found where she went:

1. Ibid., 190.
2. An account of this scene is given on page 57.
Lo! to triumph! Lo Clarissa, sing! --Once more what a happy man thy friend! --A silly dear novice, to be heard to tell the coachman whither to carry her! --And to go to Hampstead, of all the villages about London! --The place where we had been to­gether more than once!

Me thinks I am sorry she managed no better! --I shall find the recovery of her too easy a task, I fear! Had she but known how much diffi­culty enhances the value of any thing with me, and had she had the least notion of obliging me by it, she would never have stopt short at Hampstead, surely.1

Like a hawk swooping down on a helpless fieldmouse, Lovelace set out to retrieve Clarissa. Dressed as an old man, (he happened to be afflicted at this time with a severe attack of the gout), he hobbled to the door of the house where Clarissa had rented a room. He told the landlady that he was looking for a room for his sick wife and him­self. Naturally he found out in which room Clarissa was hiding, and since she had only promised to take the room for a short while, he persuaded the landlady to let him see the room while Clarissa would remain in a small closet in the back of the room. On hearing his voice, Clarissa rushed out, recognized him, and fainted. Managing a few convinc­ing tears, Lovelace told the landlady and the neighbors that he was Clarissa's husband, and that her mind was deranged. He intercepted a letter of Clarissa's to Miss Howe telling her his base actions which so infuriated him that he vowed he would make Miss Howe his mistress also.2 After arranging

2. Ibid., 222.
two women of low character to impersonate his relatives, Lady Barbara and Miss Montague, Lovelace persuaded Clarissa to return to her former apartment in London. It was not very long before she discovered the impersonation. She accused Lovelace of deceiving her. In relating this scene, Lovelace said:

"Just as she had repeated the last words, "If you mean me honourably, let me go out of this hated house," in came Mrs. Sinclair (the housekeeper) in a great ferment. "And what, pray, madam, has this house done to you? --Mr. Lovelace, you have known me some time; and if I have not the niceness of this lady, I hope I do not deserve to be treated thus?"

The old dragon straddled up to her, with her arms kimboed again—her eyebrows erect, like the bristles upon a hog's back, and, scowling over her shortened nose, more than half-hid her ferret eyes. Her mouth was distorted. She pouted out her blubber-lips, as if to bellow up wind and sputter into her horse-nostrils; and her chin was curdled, and more than usually prominent with passion.

Lovelace had followed the same technique as B-- in frightening his victim by instructing an over-bearing housekeeper to intimidate her. Thus the stage was set for the final scene in the rape of Clarissa. Lovelace's background was partly responsible for this terrible deed. From earliest childhood he had been taught to have a "mean opinion" of women. Having never been taught not to do certain immoral acts, he had never had much opposition when he had set out to make a woman his mistress. Handsome, pleasant,

1. Ibid., 233.
2. Ibid., 509.
when he wished to be, clever, well educated, well travelled, Lovelace was created to be a successful seducer. Unfortunately he was extravagant, conceited, proud, haughty, and jealous. Once that he acquired the reputation for being a libertine, he wished to keep up this idea at all costs. He had a much more difficult task than B— had in order to bring about the seduction. In the first place, he had to lure Clarissa away from her family. Then he had to quiet her friends who might have come to her aid. B— had only to force Pamela herself to give in to him. Lovelace persuaded Clarissa that he was her friend and only wished to help her out of an embarrassing situation. However, he anticipated that she would hesitate to leave home readily; so he arranged to have her frightened so that she would leave with him. As soon as Clarissa was in his power, Lovelace tried to bribe her to become his mistress, as B— had tried to bribe Pamela. Neither plan worked. Then he tried to frighten her into consenting to his plan. Over her he placed Mrs. Sinclair, who greatly resembled Mrs. Jewkes, the housekeeper B— put in charge of Pamela. On every occasion possible Lovelace filled Clarissa's mind with thoughts of sex, and of his intention to make her his mistress. When all these traps failed, there was just one thing left—force.

Although one is prepared by Lovelace's character and past actions, it is nevertheless a shock when he writes to
Belford this note, "And now, Belford, I can go no further. The affair is over. Clarissa lives. And I am, Your humble servant. R. Lovelace." Later Clarissa wrote the following details of the rape to Miss Howe:

I was made to drink two dishes, with milk, complaisantly urged by the pretended ladies helping me each to one. I was stupid to their hands; and when I took the tea, almost choked with vapours; and could hardly swallow.

I thought, transiently thought, that the tea, the last dish particularly, had an odd taste. They, on my palating it, observed that the milk was London milk; far short in goodness of what they were accustomed to from their own dairies.

I have no doubt that my two dishes, and perhaps my hartshorn were prepared for me; in which case it was more proper for their purpose, that they should help me, than that I should help myself. Ill before, I found myself still more and more disordered in my head: a heavy torpid pain increasing fast upon me. But I imputed it to my terror.

Nevertheless, at the pretended ladies' motion, I went up stairs, attended by Dorcas: who affected to weep for joy, that she once more saw my blessed face; that was the vile creature's word, and immediately I set about taking out of some of my clothes, ordering what should be put up, and what sent after me.

While I was thus employed, up came the pretended Lady Betty, in a hurrying way—"My dear, you won't be long before you are ready. My nephew is very busy in writing answers to his letters; so I'll just whip away and change my dress, and call upon you in an instant."

"O madam! —I am ready! I am now ready! —You must not leave me here." And down I sunk, affrighted, into a chair.

I. Ibid., 234.
"This instant, this instant I will return—before you can be ready—before you can have packed up your things—we would not be late—the robbers we have heard of may be out—don't let us be late."

And away she hurried before I could say another word. Her pretended niece went with her, without taking notice to me of her going.

I had no suspicion yet, that these women were not indeed the ladies they personated; and I blamed myself for my weak fears. —It cannot be, thought I, that such ladies will abet treachery against a poor creature they are so fond of. They must undoubtedly be the persons they appear to be—what folly to doubt it! The air, the dress, the dignity of women of quality. How unworthy of them, and of my charity, concluded I, is this ungenerous shadow of suspicion!

So recovering my stupefied spirits, as well as they could be recovered, (for I was heavier and heavier; and wondered to Dorcas, what ailed me; rubbing my eyes and taking some of her snuff, pinch after pinch, to very little purpose) I pursued my employment; but when that was over, all packed up that I designed to be packed up; and I had nothing to do but think; and found them tarrying so long; I thought I should have gone distracted. I shut myself into the chamber that had been mine; I kneeled, I prayed; yet knew not what I prayed for: then ran out again: it was almost dark night, I said; where, where was Mr. Lovelace?

He came to me, taking no notice at first of my consternation and wildness (what they had given me made me incoherent and wild:) "All goes well;" said he, "my dear!"

All indeed did go well for the villainous project of the most cruel and most villainous of men!

I demanded his aunt! —I demanded his cousin! —The evening, I said, was closing! —My head was very, very bad, I remember I said—and it grew worse and worse.

Terror, however, as yet kept up my spirits; and I insisted upon his going himself to hasten them.
He called his servant. He raved at the sex for their delay 'twas well that business of consequence seldom depended upon such parading, unpunctual triflers!

His servant came.

He offered him to fly to his cousin Leeson's, and to let Lady Betty and his cousin know how uneasy we both were at their delay: adding of his own accord, "Desire them, if they don't come instantly, to send their coach, and we will go without them. Tell them I wonder they'll serve me so!"

I thought this was considerately and fairly put. But now, indifferent as my head was, I had a little time to consider the man and his behavior. He terrified me with his looks, and with his violent emotions, as he gazed upon me. Evident joy-suppressed emotions, as I have since recollected. His sentences short, and pronounced as if his breath were touched. Never saw I his abominable eyes look, as then they looked--triumph in them!--Fierce and wild: and more disagreeable than the women's at the vile house appeared to me when I first saw them: and at times, such a leering mischief-boding cast!--I would have given the world to have been an hundred miles from him.

I complained once or twice of thirst. My mouth seemed parched. At the time, I supposed that it was my terror (gasping often as I did for breath) that parched up the roof of my mouth. I called for water: some table-beer was brought me: beer, I suppose, was a better vehicle (if I were not dosed enough before) for their potions. I told the maid, that she knew I seldom tasted malt-liquor: yet, suspecting nothing of this nature, being extremely thirsty, I drank it, as what came next: and instantly, as it were, I found myself much worse than before; as if inebriated, I should fancy: I know not how.

His servant was gone twice as long as he needed: and just before his return, came one of the pretended Lady Betty's with a letter for Mr. Lovelace.

He sent it up to me. I read it: and then it was that I thought myself a lost creature:
it being to put off her going to Hampstead that night, on account of violent fits which Miss Montague was pretended to be seized with; for then immediately came into my head his vile attempt upon me in this house; the revenge that my flight might too probably inspire him with on that occasion, and because of the difficulty I made to forgive him, and to be reconciled to him; his very looks wild and dreadful to me; and the women of the house such as I had more reason than ever, even from the pretended Lady Betty's hint, to be afraid of: all these crowding together in my apprehensive mind, I fell into a kind of frenzy.

I have not remembrance how I was, for the time it lasted: but I know, that in my first agitations I pulled off my head-dress and, tore my ruffles in twenty tatters, and ran to find him out.

When a little recovered I insisted upon the hint he had given of their coach. But the messenger, he said, had told him, that it was sent to fetch a physician, lest his chariot should be put up, or not ready.

I then insisted upon going directly to Lady Betty's lodgings.

Mrs. Leeson's was not a crowded house, he said, and as my earnestness could be owing to nothing but groundless apprehension, (and 0 what vows, what protestations of his honour, did he then make!) he hoped I would not add to their present concern. Charlotte, indeed, was used to fits, he said; upon any great surprises, whether of joy or grief: and they would hold her for a week together, if not got off in a few hours.

All impatient with grief and apprehension I still declared myself resolved not to stay in that house till morning. All I had in the world, my rings, my watch, my little money, for a coach; or if one were not to be got, I would go on foot to Hampstead that night, though I walked it by myself.

A coach was hereupon sent for, or pretended to be sent for. Any price, he said, he would give to oblige me, late as it was; and he would attend me with all his soul. But no coach was to be got.
Let me out short the rest. I grew worse and worse in my head; now stupid, now raving, now senseless. The vilest of vile women was brought to frighten me. Never was there so horrible a creature, as she appeared to me at the time.

I remember, I pleaded for mercy. I remember that I said I would be his--indeed I would be his--to obtain his mercy. But no mercy found me! My strength, my intellects failed me--and then such scenes followed--O my dear, such dreadful scenes!--Fits upon fits (faintly indeed and imperfectly remembered) procuring me no compassion--but death was withheld from me. That would have been too great a mercy!

No comments are needed to show the villainy of Lovelace in the above scene. He had surpassed his predecessor, Mr. B--. By this rape, Lovelace has made himself an irredeemable libertine. Now that he had achieved his goal, what further is there in life for him? With Byron he might say:

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone.

For he was fooled in his maxim, "once subdued, always subdued". He found that it was harder to conquer Clarissa's mind than it had been her body. He wrote to Belford:

Well, but, after all, I must own, that there is something very singular in this lady's case: and, at times, I cannot help regretting, that I ever attempted her; since not one power either of body or soul could be moved in my favour: and since, to use the expression of the philosopher, on a much graver occasion, there is no difference to be found between the skull of King Phillip, and that of another man.

But people's extravagant notions of things alter not facts, Belford: and, when all's done,

1. Ibid., 289-92.
2. Lord Byron, On This Day I Complete My Thirty-Sixth Year.
Miss Clarissa Harlowe has run the fate of a thousand others of her sex--only that they did not set such a romantic value upon what they call their honour: that's all.

...... Thou seest, Jack, that I make no resolutions however, against doing her, one time or another, the wished-for justice, even were I to succeed in my principal view, co-habitation. And of this I do assure thee, that if I ever marry, it must, it shall be Miss Clarissa Harlowe. Nor is her honour at all impaired with me, by what she has so far suffered: but the contrary. She must only take care, that, if she be at last brought to forgive me, she shew me, that her Lovelace is the only man on earth whom she could have forgiven on the like occasion.1

He had the colossal nerve to say that if she would forgive him that he would deign to marry her. However, for days after the attack Clarissa would have wailing fits which made Lovelace fear that her intellect was forever damaged. She pleaded with him to let her part from his life, saying that she would sell her clothes to pay her expenses until her death which she felt was very near. When she refused to see him, he exclaimed, "What can she do, but rave and exclaim? --I am used to raving and exclaiming—"2 However, she decided to relent and saw him with such majesty that it completely disarmed him. In her tragic tones she said, "Tell me, if yet there are more evils reserved for me....Answer me! Say if thou hast courage to speak out to her whom thou hast ruined, tell

1. Richardson, Clarissa, p. 235.
2. Ibid., 244.
me what further I am to suffer from thy barbarity?"

Again he proposed to marry her as quickly as possible, but she steadfastly refused. With a great deal of bitterness he wrote to Belford:

"There is certainly a good deal in the observation: That it costs a man ten times more pains to be wicked than it would cost him to be good. What a confounded number of contrivances have I had recourse to, in order to carry my point with this charming creature; and, after all, how have I puzzled myself by it; and yet am near tumbling into the pit which it was the end of all my plots to shun! What a happy man had I been with such an excellence, could I have brought my mind to marry when I first prevailed upon her to quit her father's house: but then, as I have often reflected, how had I known, that a but blossoming beauty, who could carry on a private correspondence and run such risks with a notorious wild fellow, was not prompted by inclination, which one day might give such a free-liver as myself, as much pain to reflect upon, as, at the time, it gave me pleasure?"

Clarissa begged Lovelace to kill her outright. He thought she was just fooling, but in one of her fits she bumped her nose, and it started to bleed. Terrified, he believed that she had actually stabbed herself, but when he saw that it was only a bloody nose, he said:

"But I see by this scene, that the sweet creature is but a pretty coward at bottom; and that I can terrify her out of her virulence against me, whenever I put on sternness and anger. But then, as a qualifier to the advantage this gives me over her, I find myself to be a coward too, which I had not before suspected, since I was capable of being so easily terrified by the apprehensions of her offering violence to herself."

1. Ibid., 245.
2. Ibid., 249.
3. Ibid., 250.
He was caught in his own net. Now it was he who wished marriage. Telling him that she would do anything to get away from a man capable of a baseness so premeditatedly vile and inhuman, Clarissa said that she didn't want revenge, but to just slip into some corner and die. She threatened him with the law for involuntary imprisonment. Laughingly he asked her if she thought he was afraid of law. She retorted, "I don't think you fear the law, sir. You are too brave to have any regard either to moral or divine sanctions." This answer hurt more than he was willing to recognize.

Finally Clarissa escaped again and went to the home of a glove maker named Smith. Perhaps it would be well to give a few passages which show Lovelace's state of mind. At first he tried to excuse himself. Then he tried to put the blame on some one else. He said:

But my fair accuser says, that, "I have added to the list of those I have ruined a name that would not have disparaged my own." It is true, I have been gay and enterprising. It is in my constitution; but I was never accustomed to check or control; that you all know. When a man finds himself hurried by passion into a slight offence which, however slight, will not be forgiven, he may be made desperate: as a thief, who only intends a robbery, is often by resistance, and for self-preservation, drawn in to commit murder.\(^2\)

\(^1\) Ibid., 259.
\(^2\) Ibid., 303.
encouraged myself that I abused no confidence; for none has she in my honour.

Curse upon thy heart, thou (Belford) vile caitiff! How hast thou tortured me, by thy designed abruption! 'Tis impossible that Miss Harlowe should have ever suffered as thou hast made me suffer, and as I now suffer!

That sex is made to bear pain. It is a curse, that the first of it entailed upon all her daughters, when she brought the curse upon us all. And they love those best, whether man or child, who give them most—but to stretch upon thy d—d tenter-hooks such a spirit as mine --no rack, no torture, can equal my torture!

And must I still wait the return of another messenger? Confound thee for a malicious devil; I wish thou were a post-horse, and I upon the back of thee! How would I whip and spur, and harrow up thy clumsy sides, till I made thee a ready-roasted, ready-flayed, mess of dog's meat; all the hounds in the country howling after thee, as I drove thee, to wait my dismounting, in order to devour thee piecemeal; life still throbbing in each churned mouthful!

As to selling her clothes, and her laces, and so forth, it has, I own a shocking sound with it. What an implacable as well as unjust set of wretches are those of her unkindredly kin who have money of hers in their hands, as well as large arrears of her own estate; yet withhold both, avoudly to distress her! But may she not have money of that proud and saucy friend of hers, Miss Howe, more than she wants. And should not I be overjoyed, thinkest thou, to serve her? --What then is there in the parting with her apparel, but female perverseness? --And I am not sure, whether I ought not to be glad, if she does this out of spite to me. Some disappointed fair ones would have hanged, some drowned themselves. My beloved only revenges herself upon her clothes. Different ways of working has passion in different bosoms, as humours or complexion induce. --Besiides, dost think I shall grudge to replace, to

1. Ibid., 305.
2. Ibid., 327.
three times the value, what she disposes of? So, Jack, there is no great matter in this.\footnote{Ibid., 340.}

Lovelace didn't seem to know just what he did want. His family were against him for something that was his misfortune and not his fault, he thought. They all wanted him to marry Clarissa and settle down. He even began to wish the same thing. His pride seemed to drive him on, and also the fact that his health was not as good as it had been. Protesting that he had no sordid views to Clarissa's fortune, Lovelace said, "And I swear it over to thee again—'Were her death to follow in a week if the knot is tied, by the Lord of heaven it shall be tied, and she shall die a Lovelace!'\footnote{Ibid., 274.} And again he said, "My heart is bent upon having her. And have her I will, though I marry her in the agonies of death.'\footnote{Ibid., 533.} It began to sink into his mind that Clarissa was actually seriously ill, but still Lovelace did not wish to be too bothered. To Belford he wrote, "If the lady be really so ill as you write she is, it will become you in a case so very affecting, to be a little less pointed and sarcastic in your reflections. For upon my soul, the matter begins to grate me most confoundedly.'\footnote{Ibid., 418.}

In the days just prior to Clarissa's sad death, Lovelace made all sorts of wild promises. For instance he wrote to Belford:

0 Jack! how my conscience, that gives edge.
even to thy blunt reflections, tears me! Even this moment would I give the world to push the cruel reproacher from me by one ray of my usual gaiety. Sick of myself! Sick of the remembrance of my vile plots; and of my light, my momentary ecstasy, (villainous burglar, felon, thief, that I was!), which has brought upon me such durable and such heavy remorse! What would I give that I had not been guilty of such barbarous and ungrateful perfidy to the most excellent of God’s creatures!

But say not, Jack, that she must leave us yet. If she recover, and if I can but re-obtain her favour, then, indeed, will life be life to me. The world never saw such a husband as I will make. I will have no will but hers. She shall conduct me in all my steps. She shall open and direct my prospects, and turn every motion of my heart as she pleases.

Thou to pretend to be as much interested in my Clarissa’s fate as myself! 'Tis well for one of us, that this was not said to me, instead of written—living or dying, she is mine—and only mine. Have I not earned her dearly?—Is not devotion likely to be the purchase to me, though a happy eternity will be hers?

Declaring, "God would not let me depend for comfort upon any but himself," the divine Clarissa died. In spite of the fact that Lovelace had been warned, when he heard the news he became "raving unmanageableness." He ordered mourning for himself and all his family. Distracted, he wrote to Belford:

Everything that can be done to preserve the charmer from decay, shall also be done. And when she will descend to her original dust, or cannot be kept longer, I will then have her laid in my family vault, between my own father and mother. Myself, as I am in my soul, so in person, chief

1. Ibid., 422.
2. Ibid., 436.
3. Ibid., 455.
4. Ibid., 459.
mourner. But her heart, to which I have such unquestionable pretensions, in which I had once so large a share, and which I will prize above my own, I will have. I will keep it in spirits. It shall never be out of my sight. And all the charges of sepulture too shall be mine.

Surely nobody will dispute my right to her. Whose was she living? whose is she dead, but mine? Her cursed parents, whose barbarity to her, no doubt, was the true cause of her death, have long since renounced her. She left them for me. She chose me, therefore: and I was her husband. What though I treated her like a villain? Do I not pay for it now? Would she not have been mine had I not? Nobody will dispute but she would. And has she not forgiven me? I am then in statu quo prius with her, am I not? —as mine?...for she is my wife; and shall be to all eternity. I will never have another.

My temper is entirely altered. I know not what it is to laugh, or smile, or be pleasant. I am growing choleric and impatient, and will not be controlled.¹

Then Lovelace tried to shake off his conscience by gay social life. Belford said that he turned gay and lively. Though wine never made him forget, he drank huge quantities of it and stayed at parties until 4:00 a.m.² Lovelace declared that he would never marry. That he would not take a few liberties and start some of his former game, he would not promise, for habits are not easily shaken off; however, they should be by way of weaning so that return and reform should go together.³

The duel with Clarissa's cousin Morden is the last scene in Lovelace's eventful life. Sick in mind and body,

¹. Ibid., 469.
². Ibid., 498.
³. Ibid., 502.
thoroughly disgusted with himself and everyone else, Lovelace was challenged by Morden. Typically and impatiently he responded, "In short, I am as much convinced that I have done wrong, as he can be; and regret it as much. But I will not bear to be threatened by any man in the world, however conscious I may be of having deserved blame." He would not go one single step out of his way to avoid the duel. In speaking of it, he said, "What is infinitely nearer to my heart is my ingratitude to the most excellent of women—my premeditated ingratitude! Yet all the while enabled to distinguish and adore her excellencies in spite of the mean opinion of the sex which I had imbibed from early manhood." Even on a trip to the Continent Lovelace did not find surcease to his sufferings. He wrote to Belford:

If I find myself thus miserable abroad, I will soon return to England, and follow your example, I think—turn hermit, or, some plaguy thing or other, and see what a constant course of penitence and mortification will do for me. There is no living at this rate, d—m me if there be! ...By all that's good, I am bewitched by her memory. Her very name with mine joined to it, ravishes my soul, and is more delightful to me than the sweetest music.

In Trent the two men met. Swords were the weapons. While he fought desperately, Lovelace kept repeating the words, "Oh my beloved Clarissa—Now art thou—" Colonel Morden finally wounded him mortally, and dying, he whispered,

1. Ibid., 506.
2. Ibid., 509.
3. Ibid., 510.
"LET THIS EXPIATE!"  

And so died one of the greatest villains in all literature. Perhaps, if he had married Clarissa as B-- did Pamela, he would have made her as happy as Pamela was. However, not dwelling on "might have beens", Lovelace and B-- possessed many of the same qualities and characteristics. Both belonged to wealthy families; both were spoiled. Educated in the best school, they took the grand tour and learned all the modern languages. Since they were handsome and pleasant when they wished, they were both favorites with women. Mistresses were too easy for them to obtain. Neither had ever had a serious experience until he met Pamela and Clarissa; neither had ever had to pay for a misdeed. Women to each were creatures to be hunted, seduced, and abandoned. The technique for each was about the same. First, they tried to persuade their victim into agreement to their plans. When that failed, they tried to bribe their way to their goal. Next, they tried to frighten the young ladies into submission. When all else failed, they used force. At the last minute B-- backed out and married Pamela; Lovelace did not. Unable to force Clarissa to become his mistress, even though he had brutally raped her, Lovelace's conscience began to work upon him until death came as a release instead of a punishment. Cleverer and more subtle than B--, Lovelace is the greater villain.

1. Ibid., 513.
His plots are more difficult to concoct and more difficult to carry out. He took a savage joy in seeing Clarissa suffer, which B-- didn't with Pamela.

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, the major villain in Richardson's novel, *The History of Sir Charles Grandison*, is the least interesting of Richardson's major villains. Since he is nothing more than a side issue in the main story of the courtship of Sir Charles Grandison and Harriet Byron, very little time and space is given to him. But from what is seen, he greatly resembled Mr. B-- and Robert Lovelace, his predecessors. Unfortunately, Sir Hargrave's mind was not revealed. It is impossible to know what he was planning and thinking; therefore, the psychological side of his character is incomplete. The purpose of this section is to make a comparison of Sir Hargrave with Mr. B-- and Lovelace.

In the first place, Richardson gives a complete personal description of Sir Hargrave, as he never did of Mr. B-- or Lovelace. The lack of a personal description aided immensely the characterization of the latter two villains. It was like as an artist whose painted tree did not resemble any particular tree but all trees in general, so Richardson's portrayal of B-- and Lovelace did not seem to be a history of a particular villain but of all villains. Each reader
conjured up for himself the personal features of B— and Lovelace. But as soon as Sir Hargrave was introduced, Miss Byron gave the following description:

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen is handsome and genteel; pretty tall, about twenty-eight or thirty. His complexion is a little of the fairest for a man, and a little of the palest. He has remarkably bold eyes, rather approaching to what we would call goggling; and he gives himself airs with them....He is very voluble in speech; but seems to owe his volubility more to his want of doubt than to the extraordinary merit of what he says. Yet he is thought to have sense; and if he would prevail upon himself to hear more, and speak less, he would better deserve the good opinion he thinks himself sure of. But as he can say anything without hesitation, and excites a laugh by laughing himself at all he is going to say, as well as at what he has just said, he is thought infinitely agreeable by the gay, and by those who wish to drown thought in merriment.

Sir Hargrave, it seems, has travelled; but he must have carried abroad with him a great number of follies, and a great deal of affectation, if he has left any of them behind him.

The taste of the present age seems to be dress; no wonder, therefore, that such a man as Sir Hargrave aims to excoll in it. What can be misbestowed by a man on his person, who values it more than his mind? But he would, in my opinion, better become his dress if the pains he undoubtedly takes before he ventures to come into public were less apparent. This I judge from his solicitude to preserve all in exact order when in company; for he forgets not to pay his respects to himself at every glass. Such a man is Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.1

And such a description practically kills any interest that one might have had in Sir Hargrave. He does not in-

spire any love or sympathy as both B— and Lovelace did.

His conversation was more silly than witty. For instance, in a dinner table conversation on the merits of education, the following incident occurred between Mr. Walden, a college man, and Sir Hargrave:

Which university had the honour of finishing your studies, Sir Hargrave? I presume you were brought up at one of them.

Not I. A man, surely, may read Tibullus, and Virgil too, without being indebted to either university for his learning.

No man, Sir Hargrave, in my humble opinion, can be well grounded in any branch of learning who has not been at one of our famous universities.

I never yet proposed, Mr. Walden, to qualify myself for a degree. My chaplain is a very pretty fellow. He understands Tibullus, I believe, (immoderately laughing, and by his eyes cast in turn upon each person at table, bespeaking a general smile), and of Oxford, as you are.

Again he laughed: but his laugh was then such a one as rather showed ridicule than mirth. Miss Byron wrote to Miss Selby, her cousin, giving her the following delineation of Sir Hargrave's character:

Sir John gave us such an account of Sir Hargrave, as helped me not only in the character I have given of him, but let me know that he is very dangerous and enterprising man. He says, that laughing and light as he is in company, he is malicious, ill-natured, and designing; and sticks at nothing to carry a point on which he has once set his heart. He has ruined, Sir John says,

1. Ibid., 15.
three young creatures already, under vows of marriage.

But I had no need of these stories to determine me against receiving his addresses. What I saw of him was sufficient; though Sir John made no manner of doubt that he was quite in earnest; and, making me a compliment, added, that he knew Sir Hargrave was inclined to marry; and the more, as one half of his estate, on failure of issue-male, would go at his death to a distant relation whom he hated; but for no other reason that for admonishing him, when a school-boy, on his low and mischievous pranks.1

Had not Sir Hargrave intended me an honour, and had he not a very high opinion of the efficacy of eight thousand pounds a year in an address of this kind, I dare say, he would have supposed a little more prefacing necessary; but after he had told me in few words how much he was attracted by my character before he saw me, he thought fit directly to refer himself to the declaration he had made at Lady Betty Williams's, both to Mr. Reeves and myself, and then talked of large settlements, boasted of his violent passion, and besought my favour with the utmost earnestness.2

When Miss Byron refused Sir Hargrave, he persistently asked her the reason. She frankly admitted that she didn't know why, but she just didn't like him. Sir Hargrave then quoted the only verse found in all of Richardson's novels. He said:

By my soul, madam, this is very comical,—

I do not like thee, Dr. Fell;  
The reason why, I cannot tell—  
But I don't like thee, Dr. Fell.  

Such, madam, seem to me to be your reasons.3

1. Ibid., 23.  
2. Ibid., 30.  
3. Ibid., 32.
Furiously Sir Hargrave swore an oath which could have been
made by Mr. B-- or Lovelace. He said, "And let me tell you,
Miss Byron, that though you may not have a dying lover,
you shall have a resolute one, for I will not cease pur-
suing you till you are mine, or till you are the wife of
some other man."1

Sir Hargrave's intention was marriage; B--'s and
Lovelace's were not. But in many other ways Sir Hargrave
greatly resembles the other two villains. He was rich,
spoiled, pleasant in company when he wished, fairly handsome,
a glib conversationalist, and also malicious, ill-natured,
cunning, and haughty. When his mind was set on anything,
he was determined to have it. Mr. Greville, another suitor
for Miss Byron, said Sir Hargrave was "A milk-faced and
tiger-hearted fop."2

Forced into giving some excuse for treating Sir Har-
grave so coldly, Miss Byron told him that she disapproved
of his morals. This made him so angry that he became more
determined than ever to make her his wife. As B-- and
Lovelace had done, he decided to kidnap the young lady.
Carefully he laid his plans so that one night at a mas-
quarade Miss Byron's servants were inveigled away to drink
somewhere and did not return. Wilson, Miss Byron's head
servant but actually in the pay of Sir Hargrave, supplied
the chair with men also in Sir Hargrave's employ, who

1. Ibid., 32.
2. Ibid., 38.
carried Miss Byron to the home of Wilson's fiancée. There it was announced to her that she was to immediately marry Sir Hargrave. Her pleadings and tears were in vain, and a clergyman was supplied who started to read the ceremony. However, Miss Byron's fainting stopped the service. Sir Hargrave decided to carry her to one of his country estates, and there frighten or force her into marriage. In speaking of this journey, Miss Byron later said, "I screamed. 'Scream on, my dear,' upbraidingly, said he; and barbarously mocked me, imitating, low wretch! the bleating of a sheep."

One cannot help wondering what would have happened if this abduction had succeeded. However, fate, in the form of Sir Charles Grandison, decreed otherwise. Sir Charles gave the following account:

About two miles on this side of Hounslow I saw a chariot and six driving at a great rate. I also had ordered Jerry to drive pretty fast. The coachman seemed inclined to dispute the way with mine. This occasioned a few moments stop to both. I ordered my coachman to break the way. My horses were fresh: I had not come far. The curtain of the chariot we met was pulled down. I saw not who was in it; but, on turning out of the way, I knew, by the arms, it was Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's. There was in it, a gentleman, who immediately pulled up the canvas. I saw, however, before he drew it up, another person wrapped up in a man's scarlet cloak.

"For God's sake! help, help!" cried out the person: "for God's sake, help!"

I ordered my coachman to stop.

1. Ibid., 82.
2. Ibid., 66.
"Drive on!" said the gentleman, cursing his coachman: "drive on, when I bid you!

"Help!" again cried she; but with a voice as if her mouth was half stopped.

I called to my servants on horseback to stop the postilion of the other chariot; and I bid Sir Hargrave's coachman to proceed at his peril.

Sir Hargrave called out, on the contrary side of the chariot (his canvas being still up on that next to me), with vehement execrations, to drive on.

I alighted and went around to the other side of the chariot.

Again the lady endeavoured to cry out. I saw Sir Hargrave struggle to pull over her mouth a handkerchief, which was tied round her head. He swore outrageously.

The moment she beheld me, she spread out both her hands—"For God's sake!"

"Sir Hargrave Pollexfen?" said I.

"I am Sir Hargrave Pollexfen; and, am carrying a fugitive wife—"

"Your own wife, Sir Hargrave!"

"Yes, by G—" said he; "and she was going to elope from me at a damned masquerade—See!" drawing aside the cloak, "detected in the very dress!"

"Oh no! no! no!" said the lady.

"Proceed, coachman!" said he; and cursed and swore.

"Are you, madam, Lady Pollexfen?" said I.

"Oh no! no! no!" was all she could say.

Two of my servants came about me; and a third held the head of the horse on which the postilion sat. Three of Sir Hargrave's approached on their horses, but seemed as if afraid to come too near, and parleyed together.
"Have an eye to those fellows," said I.
"Some base work is on foot. You'll presently be aided by passengers,"—Sirrah," said I to the coachman (for he lashed the horses on), "proceed at your peril."

Sir Hargrave then, with violent curses and threatenings, ordered him to drive over every one that opposed him.

"Gentleman, proceed at your peril!" said I.
"Madam, will you—"

"O sir, sir, sir, relieve! help me for God's sake! I am in a villain's hands'. Tricked, vilely trick'd, into a villain's hands. Help! help! for God's sake!"

"Do you," said I to Frederick, "cut the traces, if you cannot otherwise stop this chariot. Bid Jerry cut the reins, and then seize as many of those fellows as you can. Leave Sir Hargrave to me."

The lady continued screaming and crying out for help. Sir Hargrave drew his sword, which he had held between his knees in the scabbard; and then called upon his servants to fire at all that opposed his progress.

"My servants, Sir Hargrave, have fire-arms as well as yours. They will not dispute my orders. Don't provoke me to give the word." Then addressing the lady—"Will you, madam, put yourself into my protection?"

"O yes, yes, yes, with my whole heart—Dear, good sir, protect me!"

I opened the chariot door. Sir Hargrave made a pass at me—"Take that, and be damned to you, for your insolence, scoundrel," said he.

I was aware of this thrust, and put it by; but his sword a little raked my shoulder. My sword was in my hand, but undrawn. The chariot door remaining open (I was not so ceremonious as to let down the footstep to take the gentleman out), I seized him by the collar before he could recover himself from the pass he had made at me;
and with a jerk, and a kind of twist, laid him under the hind wheel of his chariot. I wrenched his sword from him, and snapped it, and flung the two pieces over my head. His coachman cried out for his master. Mine threatened him if he stirred. The postilion was a boy. My servant had made him dismount, before he joined the other two, whom I had ordered aloud to endeavour to seize the wretches, who, knowing the badness of their cause, were before terrified.

Sir Hargrave's mouth and face were very bloody. I believe I might have hurt him with the pommel of my sword. One of his legs had got between the spokes of his chariot-wheel. I thought that was a fortunate circumstance for preventing further mischief; and charged his coachman not to stir with the chariot, for his master's sake. He cried out, cursed and swore. I believe he was bruised with the fall. The jerk was violent. So little able to support an offence, Sir Hargrave, upon his own principles, should not have been so ready to give it. I had not drawn my sword: I hope I never shall be provoked to do it in a private quarrel. I should not, however, have scrupled to draw it on such an occasion as this, had there been an absolute necessity for it. The lady, though greatly terrified, had disengaged herself from the man's cloak. I offered my hand. I thought not now of the footstep any more than I did before: she not of anything, as it seemed, but her deliverance. --"O save me! save me!" She was ready to faint.

After his servants deserted him, there was nothing Sir Hargrave could do but let Sir Charles carry off Miss Byron. Thus ended miserably all of his plans. He did have the courage to challenge Sir Charles, but when his second, Mr. Bagenhall, went to make the arrangements, Sir Charles talked him out of it. Sir Charles said that if Sir Hargrave would "lay at the door of mad and violent passion the illegal attempt he made on the best of women: that he

1. Ibid., 63-85.
express his sorrow for it; and beg her pardon; and confess her clemency to be greater than he deserves, if she give it. all would be forgiven him. Since there wasn't much else he could do because at the time he was pretty well banged up, Sir Hargrave agreed. He made one more feeble attempt to bribe Miss Byron with one half of his fortune, but when she staunchly refused to listen, he decided to go abroad for a year. 2

Several months later Sir Charles was returning to Paris from Italy. He was about two miles from the city when a servant man rode up in a post-chaise and told him that his master, Sir Hargrave, and a Mr. Merceda were being beaten to death a short distance away by seven armed horsemen. Reckless as usual, Sir Charles rushed to save Sir Hargrave. He succeeded in stopping the whipping, and was told that it was caused by the two victims' vile attempt on a lady's honour at Abbeville. Finding themselves discovered, they tried to escape but were captured by the husband of the lady and six of his friends. Although the husband did not wish to kill them, he wanted to teach them a lesson which they would never forget. After receiving the promise that they would never return to Abbeville, the irate gentlemen left the two Englishmen to Sir Charles' care, and he took them to Paris for medical treatment. 3

1. Ibid., 92.
2. Ibid., 115.
3. Ibid., 290-93.
As soon as Sir Hargrave was able to travel, he returned to England. He never recovered from the beating; one complication after another set in. He and Sir Charles became good friends, so much so that Sir Charles agreed to be the executor of his will. When he was finally released from his many sufferings, it was discovered that he had left most of his fortune to Sir Charles and his wife, the once Miss Byron. Perhaps if his career had not been cut short, he would have made as great a villain as Lovelace. He had the characteristics of a great libertine, but not the occasion to fully develop them.

The three major villains in Samuel Richardson's novels--Mr. B--, Lovelace, and Sir Hargrave--have been compared. It has been found that they possessed many of the same personal qualities. All three were wealthy, spoiled, well educated, and fairly attractive to women. They were all educated to be rakes. A man, in their estimation, could have anything to which he put his mind. All three were cunning and willful. When they made up their mind that they wanted a certain young lady, they all three used very much the same plot in order to secure her. At first they tried to persuade, then to bribe, and finally to frighten the young lady into agreement with their plan. One, Mr. B--, stopped just short of actually raping his victim; another, Lovelace, did rape his victim; and the last, 

1. Ibid., 417.
Sir Hargrave, did not have a chance to do much to his victim before she was rescued. All three kidnapped their victims. All three were villains.

Certainly there is no doubt that Lovelace is Richardson's master villain. The drawing of this character reveals a strangely penetrating insight on the part of the author into motives and moods, together with an almost naive exaggeration. Lovelace is a study in the subtle degradation wrought by desire. He has been created with such depth and vividness that his arresting personality is unforgettable. Perhaps it is the many capacities for goodness which Lovelace has and never develops which make him such a tragic character. Knowing life and women the way he did, he could certainly have made Clarissa and himself happy. But there was always a dark power pulling him down and murdering his conscience until he no longer had control over himself. Like Dr. Jekyll, Lovelace tampers with evil until he becomes completely evil himself. His whole viewpoint becomes so mixed and confused that he can no longer distinguish good from evil. Mr. B--- and Sir Hargrave were merely awkward performers who played at being naughty. They were always very conscious of the difference between good and evil, so that their conversion, in due time, seems to be merely a matter of course.

Written to correct the idea in Pamela that reformed men make the best husbands and that all men can be reformed,
Clarissa was to show the perfidy of men. But Richardson created a character in Lovelace that almost got out of hand. On one side was Richardson's preaching instinct. He wanted Lovelace to illustrate a sermon entitled, "Crime Does Not Pay." On the other side was this dominating rake, Lovelace, who would not conform to the preconceived plan. He became too sympathetic. Lady Montagu, who was "such a fool as to weep over Clarissa Harlowe like any milkmaid of sixteen over the ballad of the Lady's Fall," could not help feeling sorry for Lovelace and trying a bit to justify him. She declared, "Even that model of affection, Clarissa, is so faulty in her behaviour as to deserve little compassion. Any girl that runs away with a young fellow, without intending to marry him, should be carried to Bridewell or to Bedlam the next day." Richardson's attempt to show poetic justice is too forced. Lovelace must go on to his doom because of his nature, not because a distant relative of Clarissa desires to avenge her.

What are some of the characteristics which make Lovelace a more interesting villain than Mr. B—— or Sir Hargrave? In the first place, his insufferable pride drives him on. Not only must he outrage the daughter of a very genteel family, but the whole world must know it. "What a figure should I make in rakish annals!" he writes haughtily to Belford when Belford begs him to marry Clarissa.

He sees himself as a great character in history because he has followed his pride. His sins are caused more by pride than by debauchery. The perspective which Lovelace has of himself and his acts makes one feel that Lovelace is a great character. He seems to have the ability to lift himself up out of his age and to calmly judge himself and others. Unfortunately, he is blinded by his own pride.

The sadism which Lovelace develops is horrible to watch. When Clarissa has been raped, is he happy? Not at all. The need for torturing her enters him. He despises and insults and yet loves her. "What has happened to her has happened to many women," he says in an attempt to pass the whole thing off lightly. He wishes her for his mistress, but he also wishes her completely lost in the eyes of the world. With a distorted love he vows that Clarissa shall be his even though it will cause her death.

It is not the mere outward characteristics which make Lovelace a superior rake to Mr. B— and Sir Hargrave, but it is his psychological makeup. Within Lovelace are raging two forces, good and evil. When he is finally bound by his diabolical nature, pity on the part of the reader takes the place of loathing. Mr. B— and Sir Hargrave never impress one as being really great characters capable of deep emotions.

It is possible that Richardson did not realize the greatness of the character of Lovelace when he created him.
to illustrate what not to do. However, Lovelace remains an admirable creation because in this living portrait of a rake Richardson has put a lot of truth. No wonder the name of Lovelace spread throughout the world as that of the greatest rake of literature.
CONCLUSION

It has been shown that Richardson was influenced by many authors in his creation of the villains in his novels. His rakes were not new characters in literature, but were somewhat similar to a long line of libertines. Their most ancient ancestor was probably Euphues, who could never make up his mind whether to follow his passions or not. Sir Philip Sidney contributed part of the method of procedure which the rakes, created by Richardson, followed. Bunyan, Defoe, and Addison contributed something to the makeup of Mr. B--, Lovelace, and Sir Hargrave. A few of the non-literary possible sources were given. Richardson said that he heard the story of Mr. B-- and Pamela, while critics said that perhaps an article which appeared in The Spectator, written by Hughes, suggested the plot. But perhaps the most important contributors to Richardson's libertines were the rakes in the Restoration and Post-Restoration dramas. Wycherly and Vanbrugh wrote plays which contained villains very much like Richardson's. The most striking resemblance between Lothario in Rowe's drama, The Fair Penitent, and Lovelace cannot fail to be seen.

The influence of Richardson's villains spread throughout English and European literature. Within a short time
after the publication of Richardson's novels numerous imitations of his characters appeared in England and on the Continent. Fanny Burney echoed his libertines in her mild rake, Sir Clement Willoughby. In his novel, The Vicar of Wakefield, Oliver Goldsmith undoubtedly was influenced by Richardson's libertines when he created the character of the Squire. Even Byron used Lovelace for a model for Manfred. In France such great writers as Voltaire and Diderot were not hesitant to draw on Richardson for some of their rakes. Richardson's greatest pupil in France, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, borrowed much from his master in his presentation of Saint Preux. German literature immediately adopted Richardson's rakes. Gellert, Klopstock, and Laroche praised and imitated Richardson's villains. Goethe was influenced by Richardson's libertines when he created Werther. Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Italy did not escape the influences of Mr. B—-, Lovelace, and Sir Hargrave.

In the comparison of Richardson's rakes it was shown that they possessed many of the same personal qualities. All three were wealthy, spoiled, well educated, and attractive to women. Educated to be rakes, they ruthlessly pursued their women, even to the extent of abducting them. The superiority of Lovelace as a libertine was pointed out.

The greatest thing that the writing of this thesis has brought about is an appreciation for the genius of
Richardson in creating his libertines. Surely no other rakes in all literature can be compared to them. Lovelace has such a dominant personality that he has become symbolical of the rake. To say that a man is a Lovelace describes that man as well as if a thousand words had been used. Richardson may not have been aware of the superb characterization of Lovelace, but he has presented a figure comparable to a Hamlet or a Macbeth. The study of the rakes which influenced and were influenced by Richardson's villains shows the greatness of Lovelace over all other libertines in literature.
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