CLARISSA.

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF A

YOUNG LADY:

Comprehending

The most Important CONCERNS

OF

PRIVATE LIFE.

by

Samuel Richardson

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And particularly showing,
The Distresses that may attend the MISCONDUCT
Both of PARENTS and CHILDREN,
In Relation to MARRIAGE.

VOL. II.
The THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for S. Richardson:
And Sold by JOHN QUINN, in Pater-noster Row;
By ANDREW MILLAR, over-against Catherine-fret in the Strand;
By J. and J. RIBBINGTON, in St. Paul's Church-yard;
And by J. LEA, at Bath.
M.DCC.LI.
NGRY!—What should I be angry for?
—I am mightily pleased with your freedom, as you call it. I only wonder at your patience with me; that's all. I am sorry I gave you the trouble of so long a Letter upon the occasion (a); notwithstanding the pleasure I received in reading it.

I believe you did not intend reserves to me: For two reasons I believe you did not: First, because you say you did not: Next, because you have not as yet been able to convince yourself how it is to be with you; and persecuted as you are, how to separate

(a) See Vol. I. Letter xxxviii. for the occasion: And Letters xxxviii. xl. of the same volume, for the freedom Clarissa expresses for.
fevere; if that strange perister against an antipathy so strongly avowed, will fill perfut; say, What can I do?—What course pursue?—Shall I fly to London, and endeavour to hide myself from Lovelace, as well as from all my own relations, till my Cousin Morden arrives? Or shall I embark for Leghorn in my way to my Cousin? Yet, my Sex, my Youth, considered, how full of danger is this last measure!—And may not my Cousin be set out for England, while I am getting thither?—What can I do?—Tell me, tell me, my dearest Miss Howe [for I dare not trust myself] Tell me what I can do.

Eleven o’Clock at Night.

I have been forced to try to compose my angry passions at my Harpsichord; having noticed close my doors and windows, that I might not be heard below. As I was closing the shutters of the windows, the distant whooping of the Bird of Minerva, as from the often-visited Woodhouse, gave the subject in that charming Ode to Wisdom, which does honour to our Sex, as it was written by one of it. I made an essay, a week ago, to set the three last Stanza’s of it, as not unsuitable to my unhappy situation; and after I had re-perused the Ode, those were my Lecon: And, I am sure, in the solemn address they contain to the All-wise and All-powerful Deity, my heart went with my fingers.

I incline the Ode, and my effort with it. The subject is solemn: My circumstances are affecting; and I flatter myself, that I have not been quite unhappy in the performance. If it obtain your approbation, I shall be out of doubt: And should be still more assured, could I hear it tried by your voice and finger.

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O D E

T H E solitary Bird of Night
Thro’ the thick Shades now wings his Flight,
And quits his Time-hon’r Tow’r;
Where shelter’d from the Blaze of Day,
In philosophic Gloom he lay,
Beneath his Ivy Bow’r.

I.

With Joy I hear the solemn Sound,
Which midnight Echoes waft around,
And surging Gales repeat.
Fav’rite of Pallas! I attend,
And, faithful to thy Summons, bend
At Wisdom’s awful Seat.

II.

She loves the cool, the silent Eve,
Where no false Shews of Life deceive,
Beneath the Lunar Ray,
Here Folly drops each vain Disguise;
Nor sport her gaily-colour’d Dyes,
As in the Beam of Day.
IV.
O Pallas! Queen of ev'ry Art,
That glads the Sense, and mends the Heart,
Blest Source of purer Joys!
In ev'ry Form of Beauty bright,
That captivates the mental Sight
With Pleasure and Surprize;

V.
To thy unpoll'd Shrine I bow:
Attend thy modest Suppliant's Vow,
That breathes no wild Desires;
But, taught by thy unerring Rules,
To flum the fruitless Wishes of Fools,
To nobler Views aspire.

VI.
Not Fortune's Gem, Ambition's Pledge,
Nor Cytherea's fading Bloom,
Be Objects of my Pray'r:
Let Avarice, Vanity, and Pride,
Those envy'd glittering Toys divide,
The dull Rewards of Care.

VII.
To me thy better Gifts impart,
Each moral Beauty of the Heart,
By studious Thought refin'd;

For

Let. 9. Clarissa Harlowe.

For Wealth, the Smiles of glad Content;
For Pow'r, its amplest, best Extent,
An Empire o'er my Mind.

VIII.
When Fortune drops her gay Parade,
When Pleasure's transient Roses fade,
And wither in the Tomb,
Unchang'd is thy immortal Prize;
Thy ever-verdant Laurels rise
In undecaying Bloom.

IX.
By Thee protect'd, I defy
The Coxcomb's Steer, the stupid Lye
Of Ignorance and Spite:
Alike contemn the leaden Fool,
And all the pointed Ridicule
Of undiscerning Wit.

X.
From Envy, Hurry, Noise, and Strife,
The dull Impertinence of Life,
In thy Retreat I rest:
Purse thee to the peaceful Groves,
Where Plato's sacred Spirit roves,
In all thy Beauties dreft.

For
XI.
He bad Ilius' tuneful Stream
Convey thy Philofophic Theme
Of Perfect, Fair, and Good:
Attentive Athens caught the Sound,
And all her lift'ning Sons around
In awful Silence Fstood:

XII.
Reclaim'd her wild licentious Youth,
Confess'd the potent Voice of TRUTH,
And felt its just Controul.
The Paffions ceas'd their loud Alarms,
And Virtue's soft persuasive Charms
O'er all their Senses role.

XIII.
Thy Breath inspires the Poet's Song,
The Patriot's free, unbyas'd Tongue,
The Hero's gen'rous Strife;
Theirs are Retirement's silent Joys,
And all the sweet engaging Ties
Of still, domestic Life.

XIV.

LETTER X.
Andante

XIV.

No more to fabled times confind; To Thee, Supreme all perfect Mind, My thoughts direct their flight. My

Thoughts direct their flight. Wondrous thy gift, and all thine is from Thee derived, Ev-

ternal source of Intellectual light! Of Intellectual light!

XV

XVI

Beneath, her clear discerning eye,
The visionary, shadow, fly Of folly's painted show.

She sees thro' every fair disguise,
That, all but VIRTUE'S solace joys,

Is vanity and Woe?
LETTER X.
Mift Clarissa Harlowe, To Mift Howe.

Friday Midnight.

I have now a calmer moment. Envy, Ambition, high and selfish Retentment, and all the violent Passions, are now, most probably, asleep all around me; and shall not my own angry ones give way to the silent hour, and subside likewise?—They have given way to it; and I have made use of the gentler space to re-perusfe your last Letters. I will touch upon some passages in them. And that I may the less endanger the but just-recovered calm, I will begin with what you write about Mr. Hickman.

Give me leave to say, That I am sorry you cannot yet persuade yourself to think better, that is to say, more justly, of that gentleman, than your whimsical picture of him shews you do; or, at least, than the humoursomefs of your natural vein would make one think you do.

I do not imagine, that you yourself will say, he fat for the picture you have drawn. And yet, upon the whole, it is not greatly to his disadvantage. Were I at ease in my mind, I would venture to draw a much more amiable and just likeness.

If Mr. Hickman has not that affurance which some men have, he has that humanity and gentleness which many want: And which, with the infinite value he has for you, will make him one of the finest Husbands in the world for a person of your vivacity and spirit.

Altho' you say I would not like him myself, I do assure you, if Mr. Solmes were such a man as Mr. Hickman, in person, mind, and behaviour, my friends and I had never disagreed about him, if they would not have permitted me to live single; Mr. Lovelace (having