

there the likeness ends. If Defoe gives little evidence of constructive intention, Richardson, on the contrary (at his best), works steadily to a foregone conclusion; if Defoe cares nothing for the affections, Richardson, on his side, is intensely preoccupied with them; if Defoe eschews sentiment and tearful emotion, Richardson revels in both, and cries as he writes. The one discovered an uninhabited island, the other the very-much-inhabited female heart; and, as far as the modern novel is concerned, the latter is the more notable achievement. With his wonderfully sympathetic insight into feminine character, Richardson's success might have been more signal if the accidents of his early habits had not led him to conduct his tale by correspondence. His biographer, Mrs. Baubault, holding an honest brief for her author, contends that this is the 'most natural' way, which is arguable; but she is also constrained to admit that it is the 'least probable,' which can scarcely be denied, above all in our day, when letter-writing no longer flourishes. That, notwithstanding his insupportable vehicle—for *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison*, his remaining novels, are on the same plan as *Pamela*—Richardson was able to enchain his public, must be attributed partly to the fact that its appetites were more unjaded and less impatient than ours, and partly to the extraordinary manner in which the writer's prolix but cumulative minuteness insensibly and irresistibly compels and subjugates the student who fairly adventures upon the text. But it may safely be affirmed that if no better model of fiction had been found than what Fielding calls the 'epistolary Style,' the early Novel, in spite of its psychology, must have perished speedily of its own perverted method.

With Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, however, the new form quitted the confined (and slightly stuffy) atmosphere of Richardson's cedar-parlour for the open air and the cheery bustle of the Georgian high road. The range of Richardson's characters is not great, and in his last two novels he scarcely travels beyond the personages of genteel comedy. But Fielding makes his draft upon Human Nature at large, and crowds his stage with men and women of all sorts and conditions, inclining by choice to the middle and lower classes rather than to 'the highest life,' which he considers to present 'very little Humour or Entertainment.' With the precise connection of *Pamela* and *Joseph Andrews* it is not necessary to deal here, as it is sufficiently

discussed hereafter. But, apart from mental analysis, the difference between Richardson and Fielding is practically the difference between Richardson and the modern Novel. Few now write novels in Richardson's fashion. But even to-day many books bear manifest traces of the form that Fielding gave to *Tom Jones* and *Amelia*. In the first place, he tells his story directly, in his own person, instead of letting his hero tell it, or allowing his characters to unravel themselves in letters. He pays minute attention to the construction and evolution of his plot, carefully excluding characters and episodes which do not advance the fable or contribute to the end to be attained. Rejecting Sensibility, which he regards as more or less unmanly, he substitutes for it Humour and Irony, in the latter of which attributes he is as great a master as Swift. In his character-drawing he puts forth his full strength. Without much parade of psychology, he manages to make his *dramatis personae* extraordinarily real and vivid, placing them before us in their habit as they lived, and with their fitting accessories. Finally, while painting Humanity as he finds it, by no means composed of 'Models of Perfection,' but rather of very frail and fallible personalities, he is careful—no doubt with perfect sincerity—to proclaim a moral purpose. The main objects of his satire, he declares, are Vanity and Hypocrisy. It is his intention to exhibit Vice as detestable, and never successful. It is his 'sincere endeavour,' he affirms in the Dedication of *Tom Jones*, 'to recommend Goodness and Innocence,' and to promote the cause of religion and virtue. Perhaps, in these more decorous days, it is sometimes difficult to see that he has rigorously adhered to his principles; but, in any case, when fair allowance is made for altered times and manners, his programme differs but little, in plan and purpose, from the plan and purpose of the modern novel. There are, indeed, but two characteristics in which he has not always been imitated by later practitioners of the art. In the first place, he writes, in general, most excellent, unlaboured English—simple and clear and strong—the English of a gentleman and a scholar. Secondly, it is his peculiarity to introduce each fresh division of his book by an initial chapter (probably suggested by the Chorus of Greek drama), in which, in his own person, he gossips pleasantly about his method and his characters. To his admirers these pro-