



Henry Fielding du théâtre au roman : l'apport de *Shamela* (1741)

(N. Bernard, LERMA)

SÉMINAIRE DU PROGRAMME C LERMA, « MISE EN TEXTE - AN 2 » (22 MAI 2023)



'Thursday Night, Twelve o' Clock

Mrs. Jervis and I are just in Bed, and the Door
unlocked; if my Master should come——
Odsbobs! I hear him just coming in at the Door.'

(An Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews,
1741)

P A M E L A:
OR,
V I R T U E Rewarded.

In a SERIES of
F A M I L I A R L E T T E R S
FROM A
Beautiful Young D A M S E L,
To her P A R E N T S.

Now first Published

In order to cultivate the Principles of V I R T U E
and R E L I G I O N in the Minds of the Y O U T H
of B O T H S E X E S.

A Narrative which has its Foundation in T R U T H and
N A T U R E ; and at the same time that it agreeably entertains,
by a Variety of *curious and affecting* I N C I D E N T S, is intirely divested
of all those Images, which, in too many Pieces calculated for
Amusement only, tend to *inflame* the Minds they should *instruct*.

In T W O V O L U M E S.

The S E C O N D E D I T I O N.

To which are prefixed, E X T R A C T S from several curious
L E T T E R S written to the *Editor* on the Subject.

V O L. I.

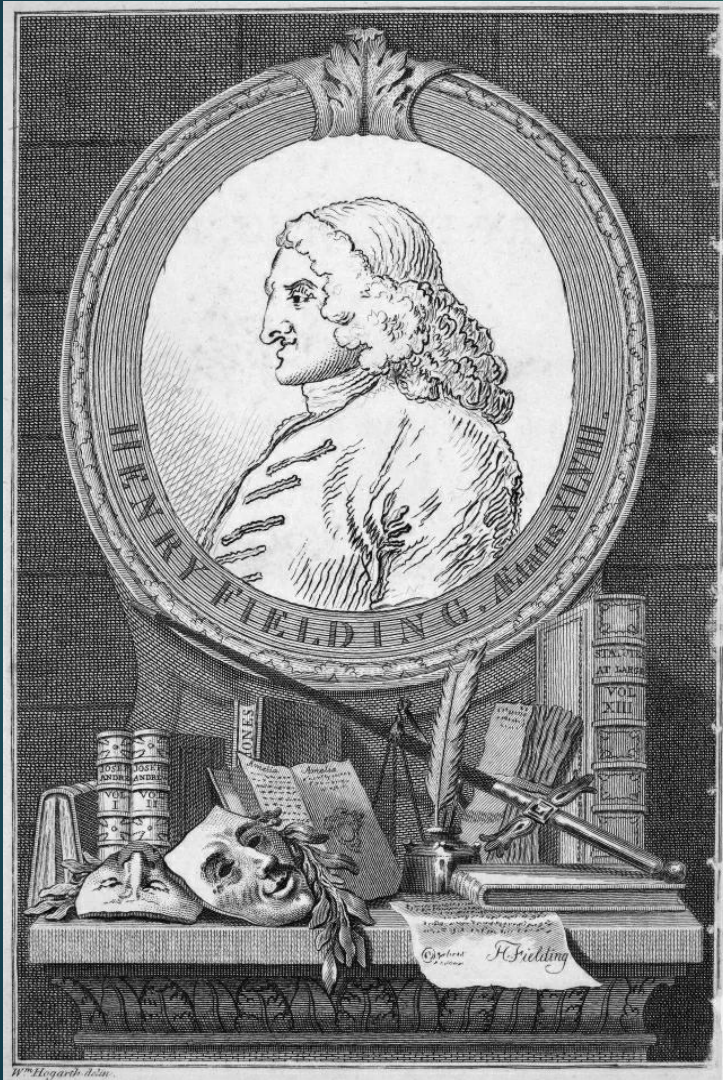
L O N D O N:

Printed for C. R I V I N G T O N, in *St. Paul's Church-
Yard*; and J. O S B O R N, in *Pater-noster Row*.

M D C C X L I.

Henry Fielding (1707-1755)

(William Hogarth line engraving, after 1762,
National Portrait Gallery, London)



Samuel Richardson (1689-1761)

(Joseph Highmore, oil on canvas, 1750,
National Gallery Portrait, London)



A N
A P O L O G Y
F O R T H E
L I F E
O F

Mrs. SHAMELA ANDREWS.

In which, the many notorious FALSHOODS and
MISREPRESENTATIONS of a Book called

P A M E L A,

Are exposed and refuted; and all the matchless
ARTS of that young Politician, set in a true and
just Light.

Together with

A full Account of all that passed between her
and Parson *Arthur Williams*; whose Character is
represented in a manner something different from
that which he bears in *PAMELA*. The
whole being exact Copies of authentick Papers
delivered to the Editor.

Necessary to be had in all FAMILIES.

By Mr. *CONNY KEYBER*.

L O N D O N:

Printed for A. DODD, at the *Peacock*, without *Temple-bar*.
M. DCC. XLI.

CONNY KEYBER :

- Colley Cibber
- Conyers Middleton

► DEDICATION

To Miss *Fanny*, &c.

- MADAM,
- It will be naturally expected, that when I write the Life of *Shamela*, I should dedicate it to some young Lady, whose Wit and Beauty might be the proper Subject of a Comparison with the Heroine of my Piece. This, those, who see I have done it in prefixing your Name to my Work, will much more confirmedly expect me to do; and indeed, your Character would enable me to run some Length into a Parallel, tho' you, nor any one else, are at all like the matchless *Shamela*.
- You see, Madam, I have some Value for your Good-nature, when in a Dedication, which is properly a Panegyrick, I speak against, not for you; but I remember it is a Life which I am presenting you, and why should I expose my Veracity to any Hazard in the Front of the Work, considering what I have done in the Body. Indeed, I wish it was possible to write a Dedication, and get any thing by it, without one Word of Flattery; but since it is not, come on, and I hope to shew my Delicacy at least in the Compliments I intend to pay to you.
- *First*, then, Madam, I must tell the World, that you have tickled up and brightned many Strokes in this Work by your Pencil.
- *Secondly*, You have intimately conversed with me, one of the greatest Wits and Scholars of my Age.
- *Thirdly*, You keep very good Hours, and frequently spend an useful Day before others begin to enjoy it.

Shamela, Lettre IX :

- ▶ “Well, on *Sunday* Parson *Williams* came, according to his Promise, and an excellent Sermon he preached; his Text was, *Be not Righteous over-much*; and, indeed, he handled it in a very fine way; he shewed us that the Bible doth not require too much Goodness of us, and that People very often call things Goodness that are not so. That to go to Church, and to pray, and to sing Psalms, and to honor the Clergy, and to repent, is true Religion; and ‘tis not doing good to one another, for that is one of the greatest Sins we can commit, when we don’t do it for the sake of Religion. [...] That ‘tis not what we do, but what we believe, that must save us, and a great many other good Things; I wish I could remember them all.”

▶ LETTER VI

▶ SHAMELA ANDREWS to HENRIETTA MARIA HONORA ANDREWS

▶ [...] Mrs *Jervis* and I are just in Bed, and the Door unlocked; if my Master should come—— Odsbobs! I hear him just coming in at the Door. You see I write in the present Tense, as Parson *Williams* says. Well, he is in Bed between us, we both shamming a Sleep, he steals his Hand into my Bosom, which I, as if in my Sleep, press close to me with mine, and then pretend to awake. —— I no sooner see him, but I scream out to Mrs *Jervis*, she feigns likewise but just to come to herself; we both begin, she to becall, and I to bescratch very liberally. After having made a pretty free Use of my Fingers, without any great Regard to the Parts I attack'd, I counterfeit a Swoon. Mrs *Jervis* then cries out, O, Sir, what have you done, you have murdered poor *Pamela*: she is gone, she is gone. ——

▶ *O what a Difficulty it is to keep one's Countenance, when a violent Laugh desires to burst forth.*

▶ The poor Booby frightened out of his Wits, jumped out of Bed, and, in his Shirt, sat down by my Bed-Side, pale and trembling, for the Moon shone, and I kept my Eyes wide open, and pretended to fix them in my Head. Mrs *Jervis* apply'd Lavender Water, and Hartshorn, and this, for a full half Hour; when thinking I had carried it on long enough, and being likewise unable to continue the Sport any longer, I began by Degrees to come to my self.

LETTER VI

SHAMELA ANDREWS *to* HENRIETTA MARIA HONORA ANDREWS

O Madam, I have strange Things to tell you! As I was reading in that charming Book about the Dealings, in comes my Master —— to be sure he is a precious One. *Pamela*, says he, what Book is that, I warrant you *Rochester's* Poems. —— No, forsooth, says I, as pertly as I could; why how now Saucy Chops, Boldface, says he —— Mighty pretty words, says I, pert again. —— Yes (says he) you are a d——d, impudent, stinking, cursed, confounded Jade, and I have a great Mind to kick your A——. You, kiss —— says I. A-gad, says he, and so I will, with that he caught me in his Arms, and kissed me till he made my Face all over Fire.

Catherine (Kitty) Clive, née Raftor (1711-1785)

(William Verelst, oil on canvas, 1740 -
Courtesy of the Garrick Club)

1732-1735:

- Chloe, *The Lottery* (1732),
- Isabel, *The Old Debauchees* (1732),
- Dorcas, *The Mock Doctor* (1732, adaptation du *Médecin malgré lui* de Molière),
- Lappet, *The Miser* (1733, adaptation de *L'avare* de Molière),
- Lettice, *The Intriguing Chambermaid* (1734, adapté de Régnard, *Le retour imprévu*),
- Lucy Goodwill, *The Virgin Unmask'd* (1735).



H. Fielding, *Joseph Andrews*, livre I, chapitre XVIII

Betty, who was the Occasion of all this Hurry, had some good Qualities. She had Good-nature, Generosity and Compassion, but unfortunately her Constitution was composed of those warm Ingredients, which, though the Purity of Courts or Nunneries might have easily controuled them, were by no means able to endure the ticklish Situation of a Chamber-maid at an Inn, who is daily liable to the Sollicitations of Lovers of all Complexions; to the dangerous Addresses of fine Gentlemen of the Army, who sometimes are obliged to reside with them a whole Year together; and above all are exposed to the Caresses of Footmen, Stage-Coachmen, and Drawers; all of whom employ the whole Artillery of kissing, flattering, bribing, and every other Weapon which is to be found in the whole Armoury of Love, against them.

Thomas Lockwood (*Henry Fielding (1707-1754), Novelist, Playwright, Journalist, Magistrate, A Double Anniversary Tribute*. Edited by Claude Rawson, Newark: University of Delaware Press, 2008, p. 36) :

“What Catherine Clive did in giving such life and credit to the undercreditable stage characters she played, Fielding found an analogous way of accomplishing with his book characters. [...] Fielding makes his words and Laetitia’s or Betty’s meaning seem compatible, indeed inseparable: one thing more than two, and unimaginable otherwise, once imagined so vividly as one. And in this, [...] the peculiar collaborative intimacy he creates between himself and his character seems to me capable of being understood as a transferred form of the collaboration between actor and acted personage.”

