The Expedition of Humphry Clinker

T. (Tobias) Smollett

MUNDO DE LIBROS

Vista previa gratuita · Mundo de Libros · tiendamundodelibros.com

The Expedition of Humphry Clinker

T. (Tobias) Smollett

Edición digital de dominio público.
Texto original: Project Gutenberg.
Mundo de Libros

THE EXPEDITION OF HUMPHRY CLINKER

by TOBIAS SMOLLETT

To Mr HENRY DAVIS, Bookseller, in London.

ABERGAVENNY, Aug. 4.

RESPECTED SIR,

I have received your esteemed favour of the 13th ultimo, whereby it appeareth, that you have perused those same Letters, the which were delivered unto you by my friend, the reverend Mr Hugo Behn; and I am pleased to find you think they may be printed with a good prospect of success; in as much as the objections you mention, I humbly conceive, are such as may be redargued, if not entirely removed--And, first, in the first place, as touching what prosecutions may arise from printing the private correspondence of persons still living, give me leave, with all due submission, to observe, that the Letters in question were not written and sent under the seal of secrecy; that they have no tendency to the mala fama, or prejudice of any person whatsoever; but rather to the information and edification of mankind: so that it becometh a sort of duty to promulgate them in usum publicum. Besides, I have consulted Mr Davy Higgins, an eminent attorney of this place, who, after due inspection and consideration, declareth, That he doth not think the said Letters contain any matter which will be held actionable in the eye of the

law. Finally, if you and I should come to a right understanding, I do declare in verbo sacerdotis, that, in case of any such prosecution, I will take the whole upon my own shoulders, even quoad fine and imprisonment, though, I must confess, I should not care to undergo flagellation: Tam ad turpitudinem, quam ad amaritudinem poenoe spectans--Secondly, concerning the personal resentment of Mr Justice Lismahago, I may say, non flocci facio--I would not willingly vilipend any Christian, if, peradventure, he deserveth that epithet: albeit, I am much surprised that more care is not taken to exclude from the commission all such vagrant foreigners as may be justly suspected of disaffection to our happy constitution, in church and state--God forbid that I should be so uncharitable, as to affirm, positively, that the said Lismahago is no better than a Jesuit in disguise; but this I will assert and maintain, totis viribus, that, from the day he qualified, he has never been once seen intra templi parietes, that is to say, within the parish church.

Thirdly, with respect to what passed at Mr Kendal’s table, when the said Lismahago was so brutal in his reprehensions, I must inform you, my good Sir, that I was obliged to retire, not by fear arising from his minatory reproaches, which, as I said above, I value not of a rush; but from the sudden effect produced, by a barbel’s row, which I had eaten at dinner, not knowing, that the said row is at certain seasons violently cathartic, as Galen observeth in his chapter Peri ichtos.

Fourthly, and lastly, with reference to the manner in which I got possession of these Letters, it is a circumstance that concerns my own conscience only; sufficeth it to say, I have fully satisfied the parties in whose custody they were; and, by this time, I hope I have also satisfied you in such ways, that the last hand may be put to our

agreement, and the work proceed with all convenient expedition; in which I hope I rest,

Respected Sir, Your very humble servant,

JONATHAN DUSTWICH.

P.S. I propose, Deo volente, to have the pleasure of seeing you in the great city, towards All-hallowtide, when I shall be glad to treat with you concerning a parcel of MS. sermons, of a certain clergyman deceased; a cake of the right leaven, for the present taste of the public. Verbum sapienti, &c.

J.D.

To the Revd. Mr JONATHAN DUSTWICH, at--

SIR,

I received yours in course of post, and shall be glad to treat with you for the M.S. which I have delivered to your friend Mr Behn; but can by no means comply with the terms proposed. Those things are so uncertain--Writing is all a lottery--I have been a loser by the works of the greatest men of the age--I could mention particulars, and name names; but don't choose it--The taste of the town is so changeable. Then there have been so many letters upon travels lately published--What between Smollett's, Sharp's, Derrick's, Thicknesse's, Baltimore's, and Baretti's, together with Shandy's Sentimental Travels, the public seems to be cloyed with that kind of entertainment--Nevertheless, I will, if you please, run the risque of printing and publishing, and you shall have half the profits of the impression--You need not take the trouble to bring up your sermons

on my account--No body reads sermons but Methodists and Dissenters--Besides, for my own part, I am quite a stranger to that sort of reading; and the two persons, whose judgment I depended upon in those matters, are out of the way; one is gone abroad, carpenter of a man of war; and the other, has been silly enough to abscond, in order to avoid a prosecution for blasphemy--I'm a great loser by his going off--He has left a manual of devotion half finished on my hands, after having received money for the whole copy--He was the soundest divine, and had the most orthodox pen of all my people; and I never knew his judgment fail, but in flying from his bread and butter on this occasion.

By owning you was not put in bodily fear by Lismahago, you preclude yourself from the benefit of a good plea, over and above the advantage of binding him over. In the late war, I inserted in my evening paper, a paragraph that came by the post, reflecting upon the behaviour of a certain regiment in battle. An officer of said regiment came to my shop, and, in the presence of my wife and journeyman, threatened to cut off my ears--As I exhibited marks of bodily fear more ways than one, to the conviction of the byestanders, I bound him over; my action lay, and I recovered. As for flagellation, you have nothing to fear, and nothing to hope, on that head--There has been but one printer flogged at the cart's tail these thirty years; that was Charles Watson; and he assured me it was no more than a flea-bite. C-- S-- has been threatened several times by the House of L--; but it came to nothing. If an information should be moved for, and granted against you, as the editor of those Letters, I hope you will have honesty and wit enough to appear and take your trial--If you should be sentenced to the pillory, your fortune is made--As times go,

that’s a sure step to honour and preferment. I shall think myself happy if I can lend you a lift; and am, very sincerely,

Yours,

HENRY DAVIS. LONDON, Aug. 10th.

Please my kind service to your neighbour, my cousin Madoc--I have sent an Almanack and Court-kalendar, directed for him at Mr Sutton’s, bookseller, in Gloucester, carriage paid, which he will please to accept as a small token of my regard. My wife, who is very fond of toasted cheese, presents her compliments to him, and begs to know if there’s any of that kind, which he was so good as to send us last Christmas, to be sold in London.

H. D.

THE EXPEDITION OF HUMPHRY CLINKER

To Dr LEWIS.

DOCTOR,

The pills are good for nothing--I might as well swallow snowballs to cool my reins--I have told you over and over how hard I am to move; and at this time of day, I ought to know something of my own constitution. Why will you be so positive? Prithee send me another prescription--I am as lame and as much tortured in all my limbs as if I was broke upon the wheel: indeed, I am equally distressed in mind

and body--As if I had not plagues enough of my own, those children of my sister are left me for a perpetual source of vexation--what business have people to get children to plague their neighbours? A ridiculous incident that happened yesterday to my niece Liddy, has disordered me in such a manner, that I expect to be laid up with another fit of the gout--perhaps, I may explain myself in my next. I shall set out tomorrow morning for the Hot Well at Bristol, where I am afraid I shall stay longer than I could wish. On the receipt of this send Williams thither with my saddle-horse and the demi pique. Tell Barns to thresh out the two old ricks, and send the corn to market, and sell it off to the poor at a shilling a bushel under market price.--I have received a snivelling letter from Griffin, offering to make a public submission and pay costs. I want none of his submissions, neither will I pocket any of his money. The fellow is a bad neighbour, and I desire, to have nothing to do with him: but as he is purse-proud, he shall pay for his insolence: let him give five pounds to the poor of the parish, and I will withdraw my action; and in the mean time you may tell Prig to stop proceedings.--Let Morgan’s widow have the Alderney cow, and forty shillings to clothe her children: but don’t say a syllable of the matter to any living soul--I’ll make her pay when she is able. I desire you will lock up all my drawers, and keep the keys till meeting; and be sure you take the iron chest with my papers into your own custody--Forgive all, this trouble from,

Dear Lewis, Your affectionate M. BRAMBLE GLOUCESTER, April 2.

To Mrs GWYLLIM, house-keeper at Brambleton-hall.

MRS GWILLIM,

When this cums to hand, be sure to pack up in the trunk male that stands in my closet; to be sent me in the Bristol waggon without loss of time, the following articles, viz. my rose collard neglejay with green robins, my yellow damask, and my black velvets with the short hoop; my bloo quilted petticot, my green mantel, my laced apron, my French commode, Macklin head and lappets and the litel box with my jowls. Williams may bring over my bum-daffee, and the viol with the easings of Dr Hill's dockwater and Chowder's lacksitif. The poor creature has been terribly stuprated ever since we left huom. Pray take particular care of the house while the family is absent. Let there be a fire constantly kept in my brother's chamber and mine. The maids, having nothing to do, may be sat a spinning. I desire you'll clap a pad-luck on the wind-seller, and let none of the men have excess to the strong bear--don't forget to have the gate shit every evening be dark--The gardnir and the hind may lie below in the landry, to partake the house, with the blunderbuss and the great dog; and hope you'll have a watchful eye over the maids. I know that hussy Mary Jones, loves to be rumping with the men. Let me know Alderney's calf be sould yet, and what he fought--if the ould goose be sitting; and if the cobler has cut Dicky, and how pore anemil bore the operation. No more at present, but rests,

Yours, TABITHA BRAMBLE GLOSTAR, April 2.

TO Mrs MARY JONES, at Brambleton-hall.

DEAR MOLLY,

Heaving this importunity, I send, my love to you and Saul, being in good health, and hoping to hear the same from you; and that you and Saul will take my poor kitten to bed with you this cold weather. We have been all in, a sad taking here at Glostar--Miss Liddy had like to have run away with a player-man, and young master and he would adone themselves a mischief; but the squire applied to the mare, and they were, bound over.--Mistress bid me not speak a word of the matter to any Christian soul--no more I shall; for, we servints should see all and say nothing-- But what was worse than all this, Chowder has had the misfortune to be worried by a butcher's dog, and came home in a terrible pickle--Mistress was taken with the asterisks, but they soon went off. The doctor was sent for to Chowder, and he subscribed a repository which did him great service--thank God he's now in a fair way to do well--pray take care of my box and the pillyber and put them under your own bed; for, I do suppose madam, Gwyllim will be a prying into my secrets, now my back is turned. John Thomas is in good health, but sulky. The squire gave away an ould coat to a poor man; and John says as, how 'tis robbing him of his perquisites.--I told him, by his agreement he was to receive no vails; but he says as how there's a difference betwixt vails and perquisites; and so there is for sartain. We are all going to the Hot Well, where I shall drink your health in a glass of water, being,

Dear Molly, Your humble servant to command, W. JENKINS GLOSTAR, April 2nd.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. of Jesus college, Oxon.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

Hasta aqui llega la vista previa gratuita.

Sigue leyendo este libro completo en tu biblioteca:

compralo por $20 MXN o leelo con la Membresia ($149 / 30 dias).

tiendamundodelibros.com