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THE
REVEREND RICHARD HOOPER, M.A.,
*Vicar of Upton and Aston Upthorpe, Berks,
and one of Dr. Bray's Associates.*
FOR HIMSELF AND FRIENDS.

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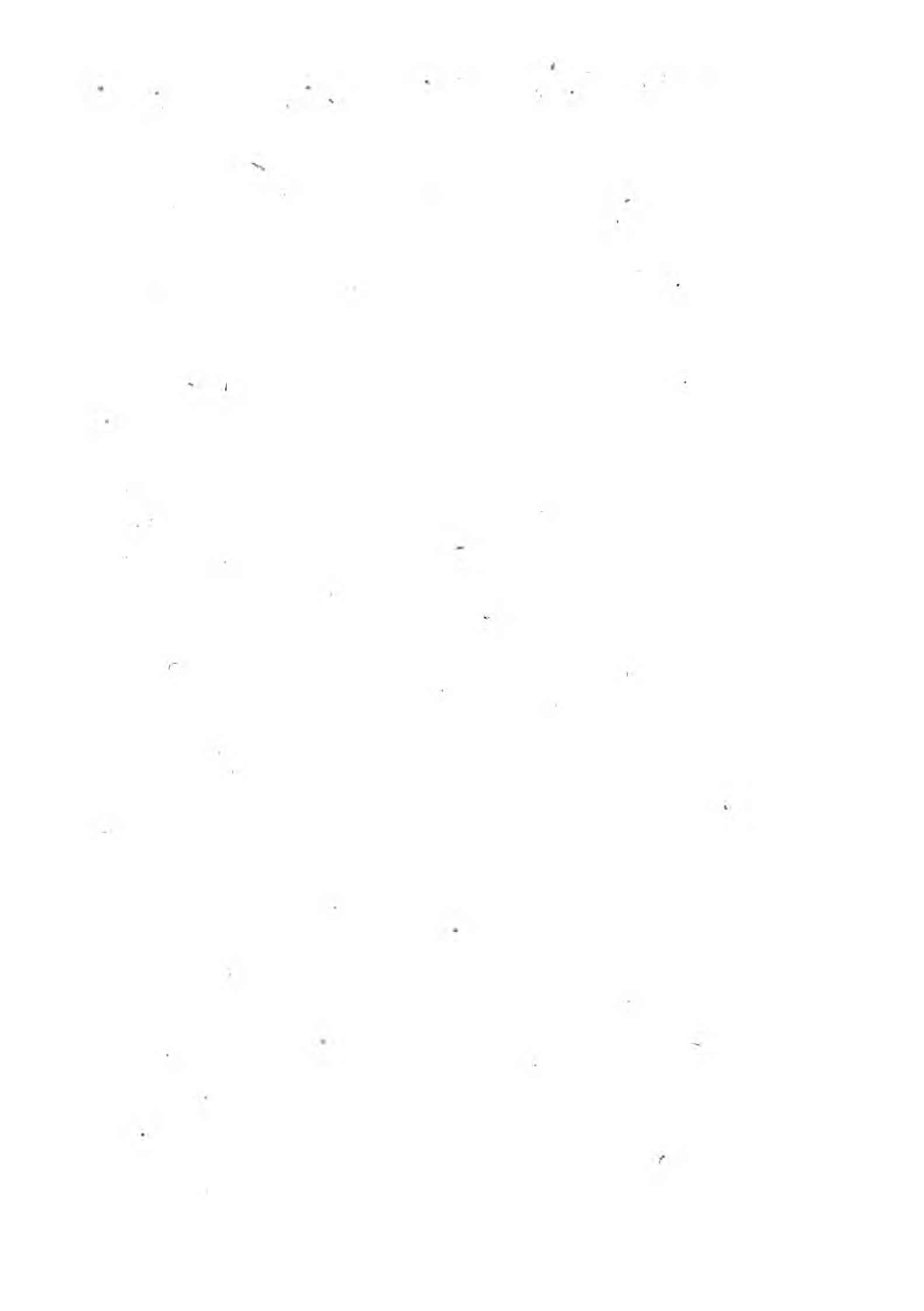
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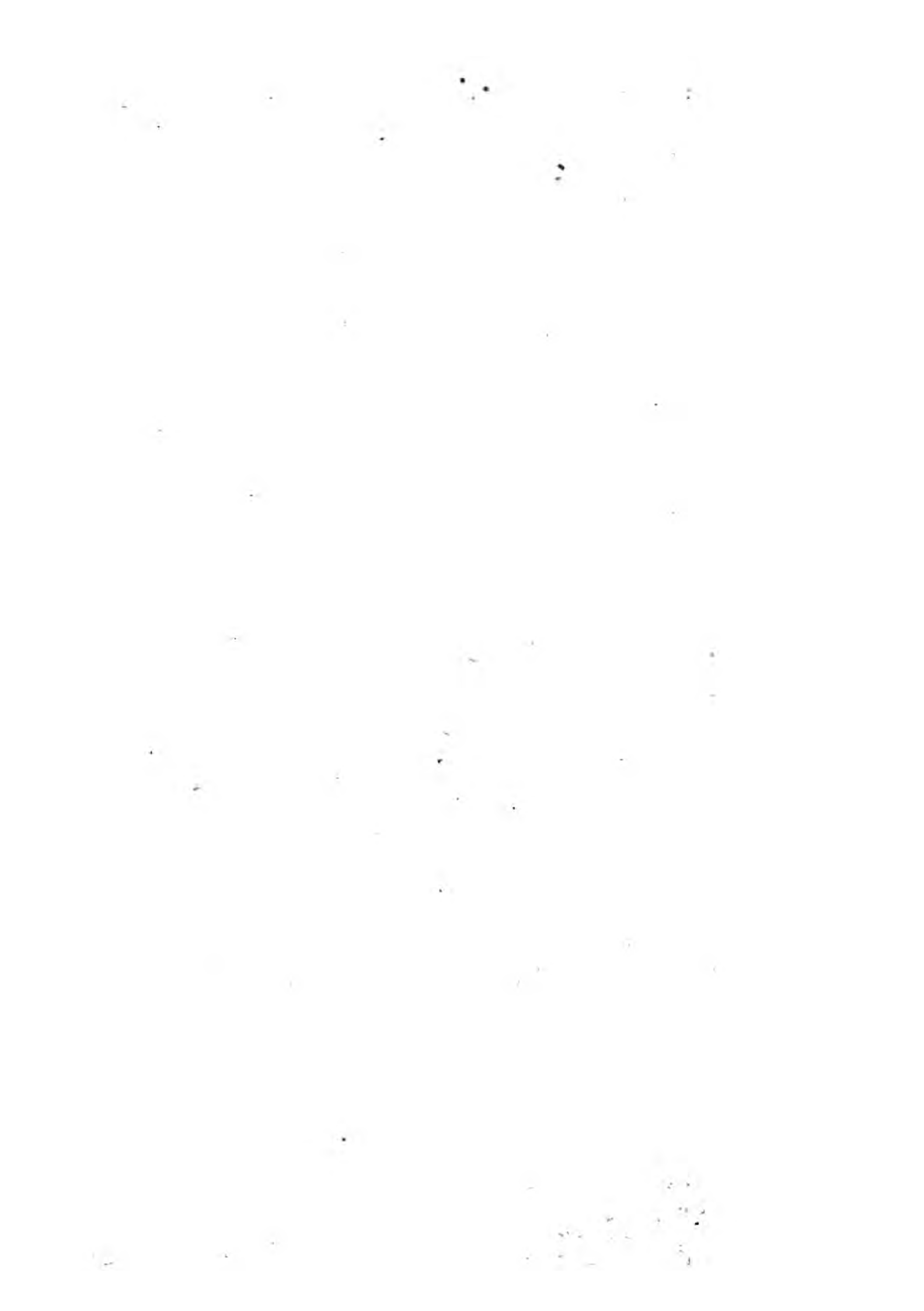
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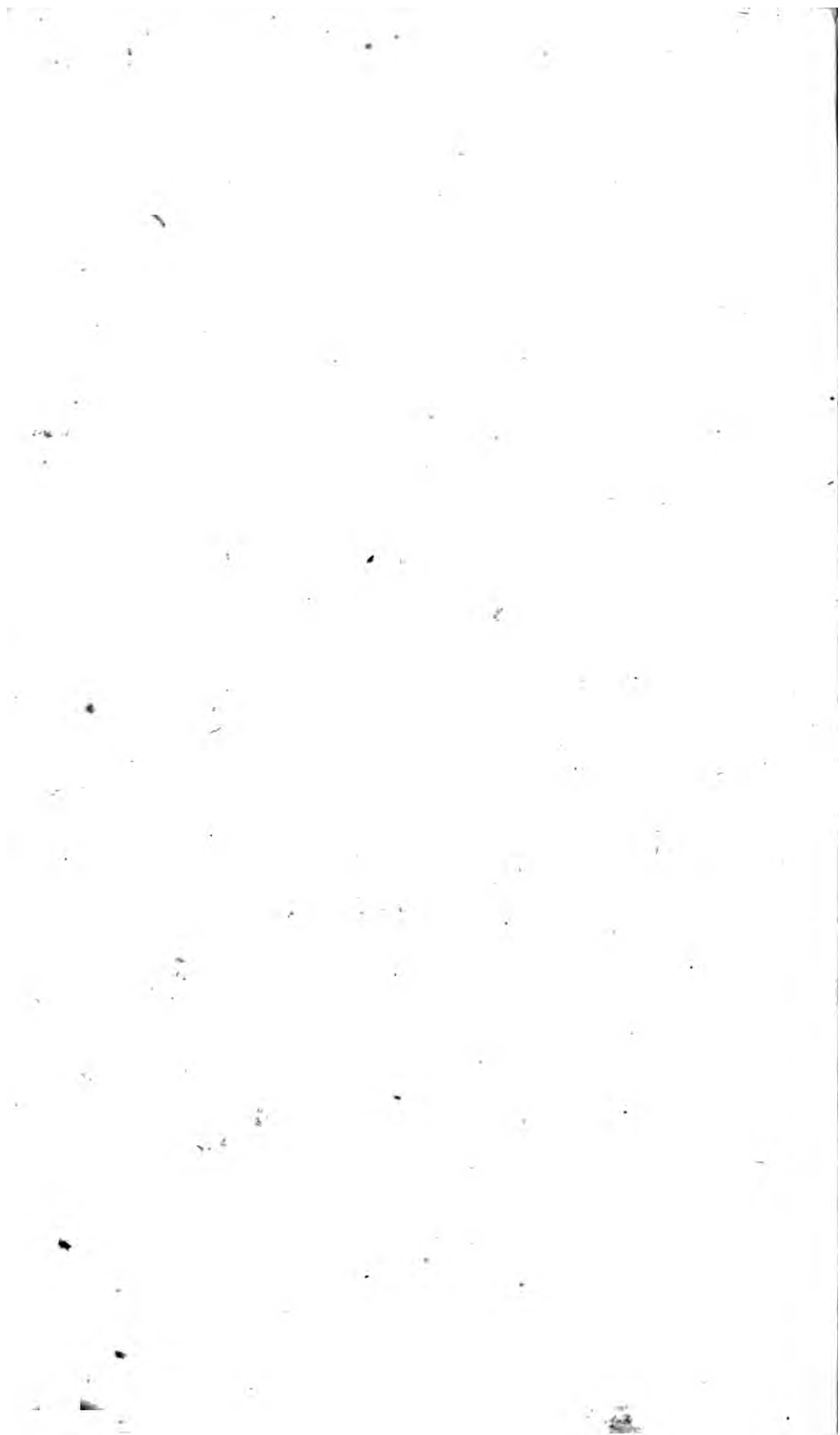


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T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.
I N A
S E R I E S O F L E T T E R S.
B Y M R S A M U E L R I C H A R D S O N,
A U T H O R O F P A M E L A A N D C L A R I S S A.
I N E I G H T V O L U M E S.

V O L U M E I I I.

T H E S E V E N T H E D I T I O N.

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M,DCC,LXXVI.



T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
Sir Charles Grandison, Bart.

L E T T E R I.

Miss BYRON, *To Miss* LUCY SELBY.

Thursday, March 16.

SIR Charles has already left us. He went to town this morning on the affairs of his executorship. He breakfasted with us first.

Dr Bartlett, with whom I have already made myself very intimate, and who, I find, knows his whole heart, tells me he is always fully employed. *That* we knew before.—No wonder then, that he is not in love. He has not had leisure, I suppose, to attend to the calls of such an idle passion.

You will do me the justice to own, that in the round of employments I was engaged in at Selby-house, I never knew any-thing of the matter : But indeed there was no Sir Charles Grandison ; first to engage my gratitude, and then my heart. So it is ; I must not, it seems, *deny* it. If I did, “ a child in love-matters would detect me.”

O my Lucy! I have been hard set by these sisters. They have found me out; or rather, let me know, that they long ago found me out. I will tell you all as it passed.

I had been so busy with my pen, that tho' accustomed to be first dressed, wherever I was, I was now the last. They entered my dressing-room arm in arm; and I have since recollected, that they looked as if they had mischief in their hearts; Miss Grandison especially. She had said, She would play me a trick.

I was in some little hurry, to be so much behind-hand, when I saw them dressed.

Miss Grandison would do me the honour of assisting me, and dismissed Jenny, who had but just come in to offer her service.

She called me charming creature twice, as she was obligingly busy about me; and the second time said, Well may my brother, Lady L. say what he did of this girl!

With too great eagerness, What, what, said I—I was going to add—*did he say?*—But, catching myself up, in a tone of less surprise—designing to turn it off—*WHAT honour you do me, madam, in this your kind assistance!*

Miss Grandison leered archly at me; then turning to Lady L. This Harriet of ours, said she, is more than half a rogue.

Punish her then, Charlotte, said Lady L. You have, tho' with much ado, been brought to speak out yourself; and so have acquired a kind of right to punish those who affect disguises to their best friends.

Lord bless me, ladies! and down I sat—What, what—I was going to say, *do you mean?* But stopt, and I felt my face glow.

What, what! repeated Miss Grandison—My sweet girl can say nothing but *What, what!*—One
of

of my fellows, Sir Walter Watkyns, is in her head, I suppose—Did you ever see *Wat*—Watkyns, Harriet?

My handkerchief was in my hand, as I was going to put it on. I was unable to throw it round my neck. O how the fool throbb'd, and trembled!

Miss Gr. Confirmation! Lady L. confirmation!

Lady L. I think so, truly—But it wanted none to me.

Har. I am surpris'd! Pray, ladies, what can you mean by this sudden attack?

Miss Gr. And what, Harriet, can you mean by these *What, what's*, and these sudden emotions?—Give me your handkerchief!—What doings are here!

She snatch'd it out of my trembling hand, and put it round my neck.—Why this *sudden* palpitation?—Ah! Harriet! Why won't you make confidantes of your sisters? Do you think we have not found you out before this?

Har. Found me out! How found me out!—Dear Miss Grandison, you are the most alarming lady that ever lived!—

I stood up trembling.

Miss Gr. Am I so? But to cut the matter short—[Sit down, Harriet. You can hardly stand]. Is it such a disgraceful thing for a fine girl to be in love?

Har. Who I, I in love!

Miss Gr. (laughing). So, Lady L. you see that Harriet has found herself out to be a *fine* girl!—Disqualify now; can't you, my dear? Tell fibs. Be affected. Say you are *not* a fine girl, and-so-forth.

Har. Dear Miss Grandison—It was *your* turn yesterday. How can you forget—

Miss Gr. Spiteful too! My life to a farthing you pay for *this*, Harriet!—But, child, I was not in

love—Ah! Harriet! That gentleman in Northamptonshire—Did you think we should not find you out?

This heartened me a little.

Har. O madam, do you think to come at anything by such methods as this? I ought to have been aware of Miss Grandison's alarming ways.

Miss Gr. You pay for *this*, also, Harriet. Did you not say that I should take the reins, Lady L.? I will have no mercy on our younger sister for this abominable affectation and reserve.

Har. And so, ladies, I suppose you think, that Mr Orme—

Lady L. Take the reins, Charlotte (making a motion, with a sweet pretty air, with her handkerchief, as if she tossed her something); I myself, Harriet, am against you now. I wanted a trial of that frankness of heart, for which I have heard you so much commended: And, surely, you might have shewed it, if to any persons living, to your two sisters.

Miss Gr. No more, no more, Lady L. Have you not left her to me? I will punish her. *You* will have too much lenity.—And now tell me, Harriet—Don't you love Mr Orme better than any man you ever saw?

Har. Indeed I do not.

Miss Gr. Whom do you love better, Harriet?

Har. Pray, Miss Grandison!

Miss Gr. And pray, Miss Byron!

Har. Resume the reins, Lady L.—Pray do!—Miss Grandison has no mercy! Yet met with a great deal yester—

Miss Gr. Yesterday!—Very well!—But then I was ingenuous—

Har. And am not I?—Pray, Lady L.

Lady L. I think, not—

And she seemed a little too cruelly to enjoy the flutter I was in.

Miss

Miss Gr. And you say that there is not one gentleman in Northamptonshire—

Har. What is the meaning of this, ladies? But I do assure you, there is not—

Miss Gr. See Lady L. there are some questions that the girl can answer readily enough.

I believe I looked serious. I was silent. Indeed my very soul was vexed.

Miss Gr. Ay, Harriet, be sullen: Don't answer any questions at all. That's your only way now—And then we go no further, you know. But tell me—Don't you repent, that you have given a denial to Lady D.?

Har. I won't be sullen, ladies. Yet I am not pleased to be thus—

Miss Gr. Then own yourself a woman, Harriet; and that, in some certain instances, you have both affectation and reserve. There are some cases, my dear, in which it is impossible but a woman must be guilty of affectation.

Har. Well, then, suppose I *am*. I never pretended to be clear of the foibles which you impute to the sex. I am a weak, a very weak creature: you see I am—

And I put my hand in my pocket for my handkerchief.

Miss Gr. Ay, weep, love. My sister has heard me say, that I never in my life saw a girl so lovely in tears.

Har. What have I done to deserve—

Miss Gr. Such a compliment!—Hey?—But you shan't weep neither.—Why, why, is this subject so affecting, Harriet!

Har. You surprize me!—Parted with you but an hour or two ago—And nothing of these reproaches. And now, all at once, *both* ladies—

Miss Gr. Reproaches, Harriet!

Har. I believe so. I don't know what else to call them.

Miss

Miss Gr. What! is it a reproach to be taxed with love—

Har. But the manner, madam—

Miss Gr. The *manner* you are taxed with it is the thing then—Well, putting on a grave look, and assuming a softer accent—You *are* in love, however: But with whom? is the question—Are, we, your sisters, intitled to know with whom?

Surely ladies, thought I, you have something to say, that will make me amends for all this intolerable teasing: And yet my proud heart, whatever it were to be, swelled a little, that *they* should think *that* would be such high amends, which, however, I by myself, communing only with my own heart, would have thought so.

Lady L. (coming to me, and taking my hand). Let me tell you, our dearest Harriet, that you are the most insensible girl in the world, if you are *not* in love—And *now* what say you?

Har. Perhaps I do know, ladies, enough of the passion, to wish to be less alarmingly treated.

They then sitting down, one on either side of me; each took a hand of the trembling fool.

I think I will resume the reins, Charlotte, said the Countess. We are both cruel. But tell us my lovely sister, in one word tell your Caroline, tell your Charlotte, if you have any confidence in our love (and indeed we love you, or we would not have teased you as we have done), if there be not one man in the world whom you love above all men in it?

I was silent. I looked down. I had, in the same moment, an ague, in its cold and in its hot fit. They vouchsafed, each, to press with her lips the passive hand each held.

Be not afraid to speak out, my dear, said Miss Grandison. Assure yourself of my love; my true *sisterly* love. I once intended to lead the way to the opening of your heart by the discovery of my own, before.

before my brother, as I hoped, could have found me out—But nothing can be hid—

Madam! ladies! said I, and stood up in a hurry, and, in as great a discomposure, sat down again—Your brother has not, could not—I would die before—

Miss Gr. Amiable delicacy!—He has not—But say you, Harriet, he *could* not?—If you would not be teased, don't aim at reserves—But think you, that we could not see, on a hundred occasions, your heart at your eyes?—That we could not affix a proper meaning to those sudden throbs just here, patting my neck; those half-suppressed, but always involuntary sighs—[I sighed]—Ay, just such as that [I was confounded]—But to be serious, we do assure you, Harriet, that had we not thought ourselves under some little obligation to Lady Anne S. we should have talked to you before on this subject. The friends of that lady have been very solicitous with us—And Lady Anne is not averse—

Har. Dear ladies! withdrawing the hand that Miss Grandison held, and taking out my handkerchief; you say you love me!—Won't you despise whom you love?—I do own—

There I stopt; and dried my eyes.

Lady L. What does my Harriet own!—

Har. O madam, had I a greater opinion of my own merit than I have reason to have (and I never had so little a one as since I have known you two), I could open to you, without reserve, my whole heart—But one request I have to make you—You must grant it.

They both in a breath asked what that was.

Har. It is, That you will permit your chariot to carry me to town this very afternoon—And long shall not that town hold your Harriet—Indeed, indeed, ladies, I cannot now ever look your brother in the face—And you will also both despise me! I know you will!

Sweet

Sweet, and as *seasonable* as sweet (for I was very much affected), were the assurances they gave me of their continued love.

Miss Gr. We have talked with our brother this morning—

Har. About me! I hope he has not a notion, that—There I stopt.

Lady L. You were mentioned: But we intend not to alarm you further. We will tell you what passed. Lady Anne was our subject.

I was all attention.

Miss Gr. We asked him if he had any thoughts of marriage? The question came in properly enough, from the subject that preceded it. He was silent: But sighed, and looked grave. [Why did Sir Charles Grandison sigh, Lucy?] We repeated the question. You told us, brother, said I, that you do not intend to resume the treaty begun by my father for Lady Frances N. What think you of Lady Anne S.? We need not mention to you how considerable her fortune is; what an enlargement it would give to your power of doing good; nor what her disposition and qualities are: Her person is far from being disagreeable: And she has a great esteem for you.

I think Lady Anne a very agreeable woman, replied he: But if she honours me with a preferable esteem, she gives me a regret; because it is not in my power to return it.

Not in your *power*, brother!

It is not in my power to return it.

O Lucy! how my heart fluttered! The ague-fit came on again; and I was hot and cold as before almost in the same moment.

They told me, they would not teaze me further. But these are subjects that cannot be touched upon without raising emotion in the bosom of a person who hopes, and is uncertain. O the cruelty of suspense!

spense ! How every new instance of it tears in pieces my before almost bursting heart !

Miss Gr. My brother went on—You have often hinted to me at distance this subject. I will not, as I might, answer your question, now so *directly* put, by saying, that it is my wish to see you, Charlotte, happily married, before I engage myself. But, perhaps, I shall be better enabled some time hence than I am at present, to return such an answer as you may expect from a brother.

Now, my Harriet, we are afraid, by the words, *Not in his power* ; and by the hint, that he cannot at present answer our question as he may be enabled to do some time hence, we are afraid, that some foreign lady—

They had raised my hopes ; and now, exciting my fears by so well-grounded an apprehension, they were obliged for their pains to hold Lady L.'s faults to my nose. I could not help exposing myself ; my heart having been weakened too by their teazings before. My head dropt on the shoulder of Miss Grandison. Tears relieved me.

I desired their pity. They assured me of their love ; and called upon me, as I valued their friendship, to open my whole heart to them.

I paused. I hesitated. Words did not immediately offer themselves. But at last, I said, Could I have thought myself intitled to your excuse, ladies, your Harriet, honored as she was, from the first, with the appellation of *sister*, would have had no reserve to *her* sisters : But a just consciousness of my own unworthiness overcame a temper, that, I will say, is naturally frank and unreserved. Now, however—

There I stopt, and held down my head.

Lady L. Speak out, my dear—What *Now*—

Miss Gr. What *Now*, however—

Har. Thus called upon, thus encouraged—
And I lifted up my head as boldly as I could (but
it

it was not, I believe, very boldly), I will own, that the man, who by so signal an instance of his bravery and goodness engaged my gratitude, has possession of my whole heart.

And then, almost unknowing what I did, I threw one of my arms, as I sat between them, round Lady L's neck, the other round Miss Grandison's; my glowing face seeking to hide itself in Lady L.'s bosom.

They both embraced me, and assured me of their united interest. They said, They knew I had also Dr Bartlett's high regard: But that they had in vain sought to procure new lights from him; he constantly, in every-thing that related to their brother, referring himself to him: And they assured me, that I had likewise the best wishes and interest of Lord L. to the fullest extent.

This, Lucy, is some—consolation—must I say?—some ease to my pride, as to what the *family* think of me: But yet, how is that pride mortified, to be thus obliged to rejoice at the strengthening of hope to obtain an interest in the heart of a man, of whose engagements none of us know any thing! But if, at last, it shall prove, that that worthiest of hearts is disengaged; and if I can obtain an interest in it; be pride out of the question! The man, as my aunt wrote, is Sir Charles Grandison.

I was very earnest to know, since my eyes had been such tell-tales, if their brother had any suspicion of my regard for him.

They could not, they said, either from his words or behaviour, gather that he had. He had not been so much with me, as they had been. Nor would they wish to suspect me. The best of men, they said, ~~TOP ABOVE~~ have difficulties to conquer. Their brother, generous as he was, was a *man*.

Yet, Lucy, I thought at the time of what he said at Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's, as recited by the short-hand writer—That he would not marry the

greatest princefs on earth, if he were not affured that she loved him above all the men in it.

I fancy, my dear, that we women, when we love, and are doubtful, fuffer a great deal in the apprehenfion, at one time, of difgusting the object of our paffion by too forward a love; and, at another, of difobliging him by too great a referve. Don't you think fo?

The ladies faid, they were extremely folicitous to fee their brother married. They wifhed it were to me, rather than to any other woman; and kindly added, that I had their hearts, even at the time when Lady Anne, by a kind of previous engagement, had their voices.

And then they told me what their brother faid of me, with the hint of which they began this alarming converfation.

When my brother had let us know, faid Mifs Grandifon, that it was not in his power to return a preferable esteem for a like esteem, if Lady Anne honoured him with it; I faid—If Lady Anne had as many advantages to boast of as Mifs Byron has, could you then, brother, like Lady Anne?

Mifs Byron, replied he, is a charming woman.

Lady L. (flily enough, continued Mifs Grandifon) faid, Mifs Byron is one of the prettiest women I ever beheld. I never faw in any face, youth and dignity, and sweetness of afpect, fo happily blended.

On this occafion, Lucy, my vanity may, I hope, revive, fo long as I *repeat* only, and repeat juftly.

“ Forgive me, Lady L. replied my brother—
 “ But as Alexander would be drawn only by Appelles, fo would I fay to all thofe who leave
 “ *mind* out of the defcription of Mifs Byron, that
 “ they are not to describe her. This young lady”
 (You may look proud, Harriet!) “ has united in
 “ her face *feature, complexion, grace, and expreffion*.
 “ which very few women, even of thofe who are
 Vol. III. B moft

“ most celebrated for beauty, have *singly* in equal
 “ degree: But, what is infinitely more valuable,
 “ she has a heart that is equally pure and open.
 “ She has a fine mind: And it is legible in her
 “ face. Have you not observed, Charlotte, add-
 “ ed he, what intelligence her very silence promi-
 “ ses? And yet, when she speaks, she never dis-
 “ appoints the most raised expectation.”

I was speechless, Lucy.

Well, brother, continued Miss Grandison—If there is not every thing you say in Miss Byron’s face and mind, there seems to me little less than the warmth of love in the description—You are another Apelles, Sir, if his colours were the most glowing of those of all painters.

My eyes had the assurance to ask Miss Grandison, what answer he returned to this? She saw they had.

Ah! Harriet! smiling—That’s a meaning look, with all its bashfulness. This was my brother’s answer—“ Every body must love Miss Byron—
 “ You know, Charlotte, that I presented her to
 “ you, and you to *her*, as a third sister: And what
 “ man better loves his sisters than your brother!”

We both looked down, Harriet; but not quite so silly and so disappointed as you *now* look—

Dear Miss Grandison!—

Well, then, another time don’t let your eyes ask questions, instead of your lips.

Third sister! my Lucy? Indeed I believe I looked silly enough. To say the truth, I *was* disappointed.

Har. And this was all that passed? You hear by my question, ladies, that my lips *will* keep my eyes in countenance.

Miss Gr. It was; for he retired as soon as he had said this.

Har. How, retired madam?—Any *discompo*— You laugh at my folly; at my presumption perhaps.—

They

They both smiled. No, I can't say that there seemed to be, either in his words or manner, any *distinguishing* emotion, any great *discompo*—He was about to retire before.

Well, ladies, I will only say, that the best thing I can do is, to borrow a chariot and six, and drive away to Northamptonshire.

But why so, Harriet?

Because it is impossible but I must suffer in your brother's opinion, every time he sees me, and that whether I am silent or speaking.

They made me fine compliments: But they would *indeed* have been fine ones, could they have made them from their brother.

Well, but, Lucy, don't you think, that had Sir Charles Grandison meant any thing, he would have expressed himself to his sisters in such high terms, before he had said *one* very distinguishing thing to me? Let me judge by myself—Men and women, I believe, are so much alike, that, put custom, tyrant-custom! out of the question, the meaning of the one may be generally guessed at by that of the other, in cases where the heart is concerned. What civil, what polite things, could I allow myself to say to and of Mr Orme, and Mr Fowler! How could I praise the honesty and goodness of their hearts, and declare my pity for them! And why? Because I meant nothing more by it all, than a warmer kind of civility; that I was not *afraid* to let go, as their merits *pulled*—And now, methinks, I can better guess, than I could *till* now, at what Mr Greville meant, when he wished me to declare that I *hated* him—Sly wretch!—since the woman who uses a man insolently in courtship, certainly makes that man of more importance to her, than she would wish him to think himself.—

But why am I studious to torment myself? What *will* be must. “Who knows what Providence has “designed for Sir Charles Grandison?”—May *he*

be happy!—But indeed, my Lucy, your Harriet is much otherwise at this time.

L E T T E R II.

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation.*

I WILL not let you lose the substance of a very agreeable conversation, which we had on Tuesday night after supper. You may be sure, Lucy, I thought it the more agreeable, as Sir Charles was drawn in to bear a considerable part in it. It would be impossible to give you more than passages, because the subjects were various, and the transitions so quick, by one person asking this question, another that, that I could not, were I to try, connect them as I endeavour generally to do.

Of one subject, Lucy, I particularly *owe* you some account.

Miss Grandison, in her lively way (and lively she was, notwithstanding her trial so lately over), led me into talking of the detested masquerade. She put me upon recollecting the giddy scene, which those dreadfully interesting ones that followed it, had made me wish to blot out of my memory.

I spared you at the time, Harriet, said she. I asked you no questions about the masquerade, when you flew to us first, poor frightened bird! with all your gay plumage about you.

I coloured a deep crimson, I believe. What were Sir Charles's first thoughts of me, Lucy, in that fantastic, that hated dress? The simile of the bird too, was *his*, you know; and Charlotte looked very archly.

My dear Miss Grandison, spare me still. Let
me

me forget that ever I presumptuously ventured into such a scene of folly.

Do not call it by harsh names, Miss Byron, said Sir Charles. We are too much obliged to it.

Can I, Sir Charles, call it by *too* harsh a name, when I think how fatal, in numberless ways, the event might have proved! But I do not speak only with reference to that. Don't think, my dear Miss Grandison, that my dislike to myself, and to this foolish diversion, springs altogether from what befel *me*. I had on the spot the same contempt, the same disdain of myself, the same dislike of all those who seemed capable of joy on the light, the foolish occasion.

My good Charlotte, said Sir Charles, smiling, is less timorous than her younger sister. *She* might be persuaded, I fancy, to venture—

Under your conduct, Sir Charles, smiling, as Lady L. and I, who have not yet had an opportunity of this sort, were trying to engage you against the next subscription-ball.

Indeed, said Lady L. our Harriet's distress has led me into reflections I never made before on this kind of diversion; and I fancy her account of it will perfectly satisfy *my* curiosity.

Sir Ch. Proceed, good Miss Byron. I am as curious as your sisters to hear what you say of it. The scene was quite new to you. You probably expected entertainment from it. Forget for a while the accidental consequences, and tell us how you were at the time amused.

Amused, Sir Charles!—Indeed I had no opinion of the diversion, even before I went. I knew I should despise it. I knew I should often wish myself at home before the evening were over. And so indeed I did; I whispered my cousin Reeves more than once, O madam! this is sad, this is intolerable stuff! This place is one great Bedlam! Good heaven! Could there be in this one town so

many creatures devoid of reason as are here got together? I hope we are *all* here.

Yet you see, said Miss Grandison, however Lady L. is, or seems to be, instantaneously reformed, there were *two*, who would gladly have been there: The more, you may be sure, for its having been a diversion prohibited to us, at our first coming to town. Sir Charles lived long in the land of Masquerades—O my dear! we used to please ourselves with hopes, that when he was permitted to come over to England, we should see golden days under his auspices.

Sir Ch. (smiling). Will you accompany us to the next subscription-hall, Miss Byron?

I, Sir Charles, should be inexcusable, if I thought—

Miss Gr. (interrupting, and looking archly) Not under *our brother's* conduct, Harriet?

Indeed, my dear Miss Grandison, had the diversion not been *prohibited*, had you once seen the wild, the senseless confusion, you would think just as I do: And you will have one stronger reason against countenancing it by your presence; for who, at this rate, shall make the stand of virtue and decorum, if such ladies as Miss Grandison and Lady E. do not?—But I speak of the common masquerades, which I believe are more disorderly. I was disgusted at the freedoms taken with me, though but common freedoms of the place, by persons who singled me from the throng, hurried me round the rooms, and engaged me in fifty idle conversations; and to whom, by the privilege of the place, I was obliged to be bold, pert, saucy, and to aim at repartee and smartness; the current wit of that witless place. They once got me into a country dance. No prude could come, or if she came, could be a prude there.

Sir Ch. Were you not pleased, Miss Byron, with the first coup d'œil of that gay apartment?

A momentary pleasure: But when I came to reflect the bright light, striking on my tinsel dress, made me seem to myself the more conspicuous fool. Let me be kept in countenance as I might, by scores of still more ridiculous figures, what, thought I, are other people's follies to me? Am I to make an appearance that shall want the countenance of the vainest, if not the silliest, part of the creation? What would my good grandfather have thought, could he have seen his Harriet, the girl (excuse me; they were my thoughts at the time) whose mind he took pains to form and enlarge, mingling in a habit so preposterously rich and gaudy, with a croud of Satyrs, Harlequins, Scaramouches, Fauns, and Dryads; nay, of witches and devils; the graver habits striving which should most disgrace the characters they assumed, and every one endeavouring to be thought the direct contrary of what he or she appeared to be?

Miss Gr. Well then, the devils, at least, must have been charming creatures!

Lady L. But, Sir Charles, might not a masquerade, if decorum were observed, and every one would support with wit and spirit the assumed character—

Mr Gr. Devils and all, Lady L.?

Lady L. It is contrary to decorum for such shocking characters to be assumed at all: But might it not, Sir Charles, so regulated, be a rational, and an almost instructive entertainment?

Sir Ch. You would scarcely be able, my dear sister, to collect eight or nine hundred people, all wits, and all observant of decorum. And if you could, does not the example reach down to those who are capable of taking only the bad and dangerous part of a diversion: which you may see by every common news-paper is become dreadfully general?

Mr

Mr Gr. Well, Sir Charles, and why should not the poor devils in *low life* divert themselves as well as their betters? For my part, I rejoice when I see advertised an eighteen penny masquerade, for all the pretty 'prentice souls, who will that evening be Arcadian shepherdeses, goddeses and queens.

Miss Gr. What low profligate scenes couldst thou expatiate upon, good man! if thou wert in proper company: I warrant those goddeses, have not wanted an adorer in our cousin Everard.

Mr Gr. Dear Miss Charlotte, take care! I protest, you begin to talk with the spite of an old maid.

Miss Gr. There, brother! Do you hear the wretch? Will not you, knight-errant like, defend the cause of a whole class of distressed damsels, with our good Yorkshire aunt at the head of them?

Sir Ch. Those general prejudices and aspersions, Charlotte, are indeed unjust and cruel. Yet I am for having every-body marry. Bachelors, cousin Everard, and maids, when long single, are looked upon as houses long empty, which nobody cares to take. As the house in time, by long disuse, will be thought by the vulgar haunted by evil spirits, so will the others, by the *many*, be thought possessed by no good ones.

The transition was some-how made from hence to the equitableness that ought to be in our judgments of one another. We must in these cases, said Sir Charles, throw merit in one scale, demerit in the other; and if the former weigh down the latter, we must in charity pronounce to the person's advantage. So it is humbly hoped we shall finally be judged ourselves: For who is faultless?

Yet, said he, for my own part,, that I may not be wanting to prudence, I have sometimes, where the merit is not very striking, allowed persons, at first acquaintance, a short lease only in my good opinion; some for three, some for six, some for nine, others for twelve months, renewable or not, as they

answer

answer expectation. And by this means I leave it to every one to make his own character with me; I preserve my charity, and my complacency; and enter directly, with frankness, into conversation with him; and generally continue that freedom to the end of the respective person's lease.

Miss Gr. I wonder how many of your leases, brother, have been granted to ladies?

Sir Ch. Many, Charlotte, of the friendly sort: But the kind you archly mean are out of the question at present. We were talking of esteem.

This insensibly led the conversation to love and courtship; and he said [What do you think he said, Lucy?] That he should not, perhaps, were he in love, be over-forward to declare his passion by words; but rather shew it by his assiduities and veneration, unless he saw, that the suspense was painful to the object: And in this case it would be equally mean and insolent not to break silence, and put himself in the power of her, whose honour and delicacy ought to be dearer to him than his own.

What say you to this, Lucy?

Some think, proceeded he, that the days of courtship are the happiest days of life. But the man, who as a lover thinks so, is not to be forgiven. Yet it must be confessed, that *hope* gives an ardour which subsides in certainty.

Being called upon by Lord L. to be more explicit;

I am endeavouring, said he, to set up my particular humour for a general rule. For my own sake, I would not, by a too early declaration, drive a lady into reserves; since that would be to rob myself of those innocent freedoms, and of that complacency, to which an honourable lover might think himself intitled; and which might help him [Don't be affrighted, ladies!] to develop the plaits and folds of the female heart.

This developement stuck with us women a little.

W.

We talked of it afterwards : And Miss Grandison then said, It was well her cousin Everard said not that. And he answered, Sir Charles may with more safety *steal a horse*, than I *look over the hedge*.

Miss Gr. Ay, cousin Grandison, that is because you are a rake. A name, believe me, of at least as much reproach as that of an old maid.

Mr Gr. Aspersing a whole class at once, Miss Charlotte ! 'Tis contrary to your own maxim : And a class too (this of the rakes) that many a generous-spirited girl chuses out of, when she would dispose of herself, and her fortune.

Miss Gr. How malapert this Everard !

What Sir Charles *next* said, made him own the character more decently by his blushes.

The woman who chuses a rake, said he, does not consider, that all the sprightly airs for which she preferred him to a better man, either vanish in matrimony, or are shewn to others, to her mortal disquiet. The agreeable will be carried abroad : The disagreeable will be brought home. If he reform (and yet bad habits are very difficult to shake off) he will probably, from the reflections on his past guilty life, be an unsociable companion, should deep and true contrition have laid hold on him : If not, what has she chosen ? He married not from honest principles : A rake despises matrimony : If still a rake, what hold will she have of him ? A rake in *passion* is not a man in *love*. Such a one can seldom be in love : From a *laudable* passion he cannot. He has no delicacy. His love deserves a vile name : And if so, it will be strange, if in his eyes a common woman excel not his modest wife.

What he said was openly approved by the gentlemen ; tacitly by the ladies.

The subject changing to marriages of persons of unequal years ; I knew, said Lord L. a woman of character, and not reckoned to want sense, who
married

married at twenty a man of more than fifty, in hopes of burying him ; but who lived with her upwards of twenty years ; and then dying, she is now in treaty with a young rake of twenty-two. She is rich ; and, poor woman ! hopes to be happy. Pity, Sir Charles, she could not see the picture you have been drawing.

Retribution, replied Sir Charles, will frequently take its course. The lady, keeping in view one steady purpose ; which was that she would marry a young man, whenever death removed the old one ; forgot, when she lost her husband, that she had been growing older for the last twenty years ; and will now very probably be the despised mate to the young husband, that her late husband was to her. Thirty years hence, the now young man will perhaps fall into the error of his predecessor, if he outlive the wife he is going to take, and be punished in the same way. These are what may be called punishments in kind. The violators of the social duties are frequently punished by the success of their own wishes. Don't you think, my Lord, that it is suitable to the divine benignity, as well as justice, to lend its sanctions and punishments in aid of those duties which bind man to man ?

Lord L. said some very good things. Your Harriet was not a mute : But you know, that my point is, to let you into the character and sentiments of Sir Charles Grandison : And whenever I can do them tolerable justice, I shall keep to that point. You will promise for me, you say, Lucy—I know you will.

But one might have expected that Dr Bartlett would have said more than he did, on some of the subjects : Yet Mr Grandison, and he, and Miss Emily, were almost equally, and attentively, silent, till the last scene : and then the Doctor said, I must shew you a little translation of Miss Emily's from the Italian. She blushed, and looked as if she knew
not

not whether she would stay or go. I should be glad to see any-thing of my Emily's, said Sir Charles. I know she is a mistress of that language, and elegant in her own. Pray, my dear (to her), let us be obliged, if it will not pain you.

She blushed, and bowed.

I must first tell you, said the Doctor, that I was the occasion of her chusing so grave a subject, as you will find that of the sonnet from which hers is taken.

A sonnet! said Miss Grandison. My dear little POETESS, you must set it, and sing it to us.

No, indeed, madam, said Miss Jervois, blushing still more, Dr Bartlett would by no means have me a *poetess*, I am sure: and did you not, dear madam, speak that word, as if you meant to call me a name?

I think she did, my dear, said Sir Charles: Nor would I have my Emily distinguished by any name, but that of a discreet, an ingenious, and an amiable young woman. The titles of *wit* and *poetess* have been disgraced too often by Sappho's and Corinna's, ancient and modern. Was not this in your head, sister? But do not be disturbed, my Emily [The poor girl's eyes glistened]: I mean no check of liveliness and modest ingenuity. The easy productions of a fine fancy, not made the business of life, or its boast, confer no denomination that is disgraceful, but very much the contrary.

I am very glad, for all *that*, said Miss Jervois, that my little translation is in plain prose: Had it not, I should have been very much afraid to have it seen.

Even in *that* case, you need not to have been afraid, my dear Miss Jervois, said the good Dr Bartlett; Sir Charles is an admirer of good poetry: and Miss Grandison would have recollected the Philomela's, and Orinda's, and other names among her own sex, whose fine genius does it honour.

||

Your

Your diffidence and sweet humility, my dear Emily, said Lord L. would, in you, make the most envied accomplishments amiable.

I am sure, said the lovely girl, hanging down her head, tears ready to start, I have reason to be affected with the subject.—The indulgent mother is described with so much sweet tenderness—O what pleasures do mothers lose who want tenderness!

We all, either by eyes or voice, called for the Sonnet, and her translation. Dr Bartlett shewed them to us; and I send copies of both.

SONNET of Vincenzio da Filicaja.

*Qual madre i figli con pietoso affetto
Mira, e d'amor si strugge a lor davante;
E un bacia in fronte, ed un si stringe al petto,
Uno tien sù i ginocchi, un sulle piante,
E mentre agli atti, a i gemiti, all' aspetto
Lor voglie intende sì diverse, e tante,
A questi un guardo, a quei dispensa un detto,
E se ride, o s'adira, è sempre amante:
Tal per noi Provvidenza alta infinita
Veglia, a questi conforta, e quei provvede,
E tutti ascolta, e porge a tutti aita.
E se niega talor grazia o mercede,
O niega sol, perchè a pregar ne invita;
O negar finge, e nel negar concede.*

“ See a fond mother encircled by her children:
“ With pious tenderness she looks around, and her
“ soul even melts with maternal love. One she
“ kisses on the forehead; and clasps another to her
“ bosom. One she sets upon her knee; and finds
“ a feat upon her foot for another. And while, by
“ their actions, their lisping words, and asking eyes,
“ she understands their various numberless little
“ wishes, to these she dispenses a look; a word to
VOL. III. C “ those;

“ those ; and whether she smiles or frowns, 'tis all
 “ in tender love.

“ Such to us, tho' infinitely high and awful, is
 “ PROVIDENCE : So it watches over us ; comfort-
 “ ing these ; providing for those ; listening to all ;
 “ assisting every one : And if sometimes it denies
 “ the favour we implore, it denies but to invite
 “ our more earnest prayers ; or, seeming to deny
 “ a blessing, grants one in that refusal.”

When the translation was read aloud, the tears, that before were starting, trickled down the sweet girl's cheeks. But the commendations every one joined in, and especially the praises given her by her guardian, drove away every cloud from her face.

LETTER III.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Miss GRANDISON.*

My dear Charlotte,

Friday, March 17.

I HAVE already seen Captain Anderson. Richard Saunders, whom I sent with your letter as soon as I came to town, found him at his lodgings near Whitehall. He expressed himself, on reading it before the servant, with *indiscreet* warmth. I would not make minute enquiries after his words, because I intended an amicable meeting with him.

We met at four yesterday afternoon, at the Cocoa-tree in Pallmall: Lieut. Col. Mackenzie, and Major Dillon, two of his friends, with whom I had no acquaintance, were with him. The Captain and I withdrew to a private room. The two gentlemen entered with us.

You

YOU will on this occasion, I know, expect me to be particular: you must allow, that I had no good cause to manage; since those points that had most weight (and which were the ground of your objections to him when you saw him in a near light) could not be pleaded without affronting him; and if they had, would hardly have met with his allowance; and could therefore have no force in the argument.

On the two gentlemen entering the room with us, without apology or objection, I asked the Captain, If they were acquainted with the affair we met upon? He said, They were his dear and inseparable friends, and knew every secret of his heart. Perhaps in this case, Captain Anderson, returned I, it were as well they did not.

We are men of honour, Sir Charles Grandison, said the Major briskly.

I don't doubt it, Sir. But where the delicacy of a lady is concerned, the hearts of the principals should be the whole world to each other. But what is done, is done. I am ready to enter upon the affair before these gentlemen, if you chuse it, Captain.

You will find us to be gentlemen, Sir Charles, said the Colonel.

The Captain then began, with warmth, his own story. Indeed he told it very well. I was pleased, for my *sister's* *Jake* (pardon me, Charlotte), that he did. He is not contemptible, either in person or understanding. He may be said, perhaps, to be an illiterate, but he is not an ignorant man; tho' not the person whom the friends of Charlotte Grandison would think worthy of the first place in her heart.

After he had told his story (which I need not repeat to you), he insisted upon your promise: And his two friends declared in his favour, with airs, each man a little too peremptory. I told them so;

and that they must do me the justice to consider me as a man of some spirit, as well as themselves. I came hither with a friendly intention, gentlemen, said I. I do not love to follow the lead of hasty spirits: But if you expect to carry any point with me, it must not be either by raised voices, or heightened complexions.

Their features were all at once changed: And they said, they meant not to be warm.

I told the Captain, That I would not enter into a minute defence of the lady, tho' my sister. I owned that there had appeared a precipitation in her conduct. Her treatment at home, as she apprehended, was not answerable to her merits. She was young, and knew nothing of the world. Young ladies were often struck by appearances. You, Captain Anderson, said I, have advantages in person and manner, that might obtain for you a young lady's attention; And as she might believe herself circumstanced in her family, I wonder not that she lent an ear to the address of a gallant man; whose command in that neighbourhood, and, I doubt not, whose behaviour in that command, added to his consequence. But I take it for granted, Sir, that you met with difficulties from her, when she came to reflect upon the disreputation of a young woman's carrying on clandestinely a correspondence with a man, of whose address her father, then living, was not likely to approve. There was none of that violent passion on either side, that precludes reason, discretion, duty. It is no wonder then, that a woman of Charlotte Grandison's known good sense should reflect, should consider: And perhaps the less, that you should therefore seek to engage her by promise. But what *was* the promise? It was not the promise that, it seems, you sought to engage her to make; to be absolutely yours, and no other man's: But it was, That she would not marry any other man without your consent, while you remained

remained single : An unreasonable promise, however, I will presume to say, either to be proposed, or submitted to !

· *Sir !* said the Captain, and looked the soldier.

I repeated what I last said.

· *Sir !* again said the Captain ; and looked upon his friends, who pointed each his head at the other, and at him, by turns—as if they had said, Very free language.

For, *Sir*, proceeded I, did it not give room to think, that you had either some doubts of your own merit with the lady, or of her affection and steadiness ? And in either case, ought it to have been proposed ? ought it to have been made ? For my part, I should disdain to think of any woman for a wife, who gave me reason to imagine, that she was likely to balance a moment, as to her choice of me, or any other man.

Something in that ! said the Colonel.

· As you explain yourself, *Sir Charles*, said the Major—

· The Captain, however, sat swelling. He was not so easily satisfied.

Your motive, we are not to question, *Captain*, was love. *Miss Grandison* is a young woman whom any man may love. By the way, where a man is assured of a return of love, there is no occasion for a promise. But a promise *was* made. My sister is a woman of honour. She thinks herself bound by it ; and she is content to lead a single life to the end of it, if you will not acquit her of this promise. Yet she leaves, and at the *time* did leave *you* free. You will have the justice, *Sir*, to allow, that there is a generosity in her conduct to you, which remains for you to shew to her, since a promise should not be made but on equal terms. Would you hold her to it, and be not held yourself ? She desires not to hold you. Let me tell you, *Captain*, that if I had been in your situation, and had been able to prevail upon

myself to endeavour to bring a lady to make me such a promise, I should have doubted her love of me, had she not sought to bind me to her by an equal tie. What! should I have said to myself, is this lady dearer to *me* than all the women upon earth? Do I seek to bind her to me by a solemn promise, which shall give me a power over *her*? And has she so little regard for me, as not to value whether I marry any other woman?

The gentlemen looked upon one another, but were silent. I proceeded.

Let us set this matter in its true light. Here is a young woman, who had suffered herself to be embarrassed in a treaty that her whole heart, she assures me, was never in. *This was her fault.* But know we not how inextricable are the entanglements of *love*, as it is called, when young women are brought to enter into correspondence with men? Our sex have opportunities of knowing the world, which the other have not. Experience, gentlemen, engaging with inexperience, and perhaps the difference of twice the number of years [Sir! said the Captain!] the combat must be too unequal. How artfully do men endeavour to draw in the woman whom they think it worth their while to pursue!—But would any man here wish to marry a woman, who declares that she was insensibly drawn in beyond her purpose? Who shewed, when she refused to promise that she would be his, in preference to all other men, that she did not love him above all other men? Who, when she was prevailed on to fetter herself, made him not of consequence enough to herself to bind *him*? And, in a word, who has long ago declared to him, and steadily persists in the declaration, That she *never* will be his?—You seem, gentlemen, to be men of spirit. Would you wish to marry the first woman on earth on these terms, if you *could* obtain her?—which, however, is not the case; since Miss Grandison's

Grandison's promise extends not so far as to oblige her to marry Captain Anderson.

The Captain did not, he told me, like some part of what I had said; and still less some of the words I had used:—And seemed to be disposing his features to take a fiercer turn than became the occasion. I interrupted him therefore: I met you not, Captain, said I, either to hear, or to obviate, cavils upon words. When I have told you that I came with an amicable intention, I expect to be believed. I intend not offence. But let us be *men*. I am perhaps a younger man by ten years than any one present: But I have seen the world as much as any man of my age; and know what is due to the character of a gentleman, whether it be Captain Anderson's or my own; and expect not wilful misconstructions.

All I mean is, Sir, said the Captain, that I will not be treated contemptuously; no, not even by the brother of Miss Grandison.

The brother of Miss Grandison, Sir, is not accustomed to treat any man contemptuously. Don't treat yourself so, and you are safe from unworthy treatment from me. Let me add, Sir, that I permit every man to fix his character with me as he pleases. I will venture to say, I have a large charity; but I extend it not to credulity: But yet will always allow a third person to decide upon the justice of my intentions and actions.

The Captain said, that he ascribed a great deal of my sister's *positiveness in her denial of him* (those were his words) to the time of my arrival in England; and he doubted not, that I had encouraged the proposals, either of Sir Walter Watkyns, or of Lord G. because of their quality and fortunes: And hence his difficulties were increased.

And then up he rose, flapt one hand upon the table, put the other on his sword, and was going to say some very fierce things, prefacing them with
d—ning

d—ning his blood; when I stood up: Hold, Captain; be calm, if possible—Hear from me the naked truth: I will make you a fair representation; and when I have done, do you resume, if you think it necessary, that angry air you got up with, and see what you'll make of it.

His friends interposed. He sat down, half out of breath with anger. His swelled features went down by degrees.

The truth of the matter is strictly and briefly this.

All my sister's difficulties (which, perhaps, were greater in apprehension than in fact) ended with my father's life. I made it my business, on my arrival, as soon as possible, to ascertain my sister's fortunes. Lord L. married the elder. The two gentlemen you have mentioned made their addresses to the younger. I knew nothing of you, Captain Anderson. My sister had wholly kept the affair between you and her in her own breast. She had not revealed it even to her sister. The reason she gives, and to which you, Sir, could be no stranger, was, that she was determined never to be yours. The subject requires explicitness, Captain Anderson: And I am not accustomed to palliate, whenever it does. She hoped to prevail upon you to leave her as generously free as she had left you. I do assure you, upon my honour, that she favours not either of the gentlemen. I know not the man she *does* favour. It is I, her brother, not herself, that am solicitous for her marrying. And, upon the indifference she expressed to change her condition, on terms to which no objection could be made, I supposed she must have a secret preference to some other man. I was afterwards informed, that letters had passed between her and you, by a lady, who had it from a gentleman of your acquaintance. You have shewn me, Sir, by the presence of these gentlemen, that you were not
so

so careful of the secret as my sister had been.— They looked one upon another.

I charged my sister, upon this discovery, with reserve to me: But offered her my service in her own way; assuring her, that if her heart were engaged, the want of quality, title, and fortune, should not be of weight with me, and that whomsoever she accepted for her husband, him would I receive for my brother.

The colonel and the major extravagantly applauded a behaviour on this occasion, which deserved no more than a common approbation.

She solemnly assured me, proceeded I, that although she held herself bound by the promise which youth, inexperience, and sollicitation, had drawn her in to make, she resolved to perform it by a perpetual single life, if it were insisted upon. And thus, Sir, you see, that it depends upon you to keep Charlotte Grandison a single woman, till you marry some other lady (a power, let me tell you, that no man ought to seek to obtain over a young woman), or generously acquit her of it, and leave her as free as she has left you.—And now, gentlemen (to the major and colonel), if you came hither not so much parties as judges, I leave this matter upon your consideration; and will withdraw for a few moments.

I left every mouth ready to burst into words; and walked into the public room. There I met with Colonel Martin, whom I had seen abroad; and who had just asked after Major Dillon. He, to my great surprize, took notice to me of the business that brought me hither.

You see, my sister, the consequence you were of to Captain Anderson. He had not been able to forbear boasting of the honour which a daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison had done him, and of his enlarged prospects, by her interest. Dear Charlotte!—How unhappy was the man, that your pride
should

should make you think yourself concerned to keep secret an affair that he thought a glory to him to make known to many! For we see (shall I not say, to the advantage of this gentleman's character?) that he has many *dear* and *inseparable* friends, from whom he *concealed not any secret of his heart*.

Colonel Mackenzie came out soon after, and we withdrew to the corner of the room. He talked a great deal of the strength of the captain's passion; of the hopes he had conceived of making his fortune, through the interest of a family to which he imputed consideration: He made me many compliments: He talked of the great detriment this long-suspended affair had been to his friends; and told me, with a grave countenance, that the Captain was grown as many years older as it had been in hand; and was ready to rate very highly so much time lost in the prime of life. In short, he ascribed to the Captain the views and the disappointments of a military fortune-hunter too plainly for his honour, in my eye, had I been disposed to take *proper* notice of the meaning of what he said.

After having heard him out, I desired the Colonel to let me know what all this meant, and what were the Captain's expectations.

He paraded on again a long time, and asked me at last, if there were no hopes that the lady—

None at all, interrupted I. She has steadily declared as much. Charlotte Grandison is a woman of fine sense. She has great qualities. She has insuperable objections to the Captain, which are founded on a more perfect knowledge of the man, and of her own heart, than she could have at first. It is not my intention to depreciate him with his friend; I shall not, therefore, enter into particulars. Let me know, Colonel, what the gentleman pretends to. He is passionate, I see: I am not a tame man: But God forbid, that Captain Ander-
son,

son, who hoped to be benefited by an alliance with the daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison, should receive hurt, or hard treatment from her brother!

Here Colonel Martin, who had heard something of what was said, desired to speak with Colonel Mackenzie. They were not so distant but my ear unavoidably caught part of their subject. Colonel Martin expatiated, in a very high manner, on my character, when I was abroad. He imputed bravery to me (a great article among military men, and with you ladies), and I know not how many good qualities—And Colonel Mackenzie took him in with him to the other two gentlemen: Where, I suppose, every thing that had passed was repeated.

After a while, I was desired by Colonel Martin, in the name of the gentlemen, to walk in; he himself sitting down in the public room.

They received me with respect. I was obliged to hear and say a great many things that I had said and heard before: But at last two proposals were made me; either of which, they said, if complied with, would be taken as laying the Captain under a very high obligation.

Poor man! I had compassion on him, and closed with one of them; declining the other for a reason which I did not give to them. To say truth, Charlotte, I did not chuse to promise my *interest* in behalf of a man, of whose merit I was not assured, had I been able to challenge any, as perhaps I might by Lord W.'s means; who stands well with proper persons. A man ought to think himself, in some measure, accountable for *warm* recommendations; especially where the public is concerned: And could I give my promise, and be cool as to the performance? And I should think myself also answerable to a worthy man, and to every one connected with him, if I were a means of lifting one less worthy over his head. I chose therefore

to

to do that service to him, for which I am responsible only to *myself*. After I have said this, my sister must ask me no questions.

I gave a rough draught, at the captain's request, of the manner in which I would have releases drawn. Colonel Martin was desired to walk in. And all the gentlemen promised to bury in silence all that had ever come to their knowledge, of what had passed between Charlotte Grandison and Captain Anderson.

Let not the mentioning to you these measures hurt you, my sister. Many young ladies of sense and family have been drawn into still greater inconveniencies than you have suffered. Persons of eminent abilities (I have a very high opinion of my Charlotte's) seldom err in *small* points. Most young women, who begin a correspondence with our designing sex, think they can stop when they will. But it is not so. We and the dark spirit that sets us at work, which we sometimes mis-call Love, will not permit you to do so. Men and women are devils to one another. They need no other tempter. All will be compleated to-morrow; and your written promise of consequence given up. I congratulate my sister on the happy conclusion of this affair. You are now your own mistress, and free to chuse for yourself. I should never forgive myself, were I, who have been the means of freeing you from one controul, to endeavour to lay you under another. Think not either of Sir Walter, or of Lord G. if your heart declare not in favour of either. You have sometimes thought me *earnest* in behalf of Lord G. But I have never spoken in his favour, but when you have put me upon answering objections to him, which I have thought insufficient: And indeed, Charlotte, some of your objections have been so slight, that I was ready to believe you put them for the pleasure of having them answered.

||

My

My Charlotte need not doubt of admirers, wherever she sets her foot. And I repeat, that whoever be the man she inclines to favour, she may depend upon the approbation and good offices of

Her ever-affectionate Brother,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

L E T T E R IV.

Miss HARRIET BYRON, *To Miss* SELBY.

Friday, March 17.

I SEND you inclosed (to be returned by the first opportunity) Sir Charles's letter to his sister, acquainting her with the happy conclusion of the affair between Captain Anderson and her. Her brother, as you will see, acquits her not of precipitation. If he did, it would have been an impeachment of his justice. O the dear Charlotte! how her pride is piqued at the meanness of the man!—But no more of this subject, as the letter is before you.

And now, my dear and honoured friends, let me return you a thousand thanks for the great packet of my letters, just sent me, with a most indulgent one from my aunt, and another from my uncle.

I have already put into the two ladies hands, and my lord's, without reserve, all the letters that reach to the masquerade affair, from the time of my setting out for London; and when they have read those, I have promised them more. This confidence has greatly obliged them; and they are employed, with no small earnestness, in perusing them.

This gives me an opportunity of pursuing my own devices—And what, besides scribbling, do you think one of them is?—A kind of persecution of Dr Bartlett; by which, however, I suspect, that I myself am the greatest sufferer. He is an excellent

man; and I make no difficulty of going to him in his closet; encouraged by his assurances of welcome.

Let me stop to say, my Lucy, that when I approach this good man in his retirement, surrounded by his books, his table generally covered with those on pious subjects, I, in my heart, congratulate the saint, and inheritor of future glory; and, in that great view, am the more desirous to cultivate his friendship.

And what do you think is our subject? Sir Charles, I suppose, you guess—And so it is, either in the middle or latter end of the few conversations we have yet had time to hold: But, I do assure you, we begin with the sublimest; though I must say, to my shame, that it has not so much of my heart at present as it once had, and I hope again will one day have—The great and glorious truths of Christianity are this subject; which *yet*, from this good Dr Bartlett, warms my heart as often as he enters into it. But this very subject, sublime as it is, brings on the other, as of consequence: For Sir Charles Grandison, without making an ostentatious pretension to religion, is the very Christian in practice that these doctrines teach a man to be. Must not then the doctrines introduce the mention of a man who endeavours humbly to imitate the divine example? It was upon good grounds he once said, that he must one day die, it was matter of no moment to *him*, whether it were to-morrow, or forty years hence.

The ladies had referred me to the doctor himself for a more satisfactory account than they had given me, how Sir Charles and he first came acquainted, I told him so, and asked his indulgence to me in this enquiry.

He took it kindly. He had, he said, the history of it written down. His nephew, whom he often employs as his amanuensis, should make me out,
from

from that little history, an account of it, which I might show, he was pleased to say, to such of my select friends, as I entrusted with the knowledge of my own heart.

I shall impatiently expect the abstract of this little history; and the more, as the Doctor tells me, there will be included some particulars of Sir Charles's behaviour abroad in his younger life, and of Mr Beauchamp, whom the Doctor speaks of with love, as his patron's dearest friend, and whom he calls a second Sir Charles Grandison.

SEE, my Lucy, the reward of frankness of heart! My communicativeness has been already encouraged with the perusal of two letters from the same excellent man to Doctor Bartlett; to whom, from early days (as I shall be soon more particularly informed), he has given an account of all his conduct and movements.

The Doctor drew himself in, however, by reading to Lord L. and the ladies, and me, a paragraph or two out of one of them: And he has even allowed me to give my grandmamma and aunt a sight of them. Return them, Lucy, with the other letter, by the very next post. He says, he can deny me nothing. I wish I may not be too bold with him—As for Miss Grandison, she vows, that she will not let the good man rest till she get him to communicate what he shall not absolutely declare to be a secret, to *us* three sisters, and my Lord I. If the first man, she says, could not resist *one* woman, how will the Doctor deal with *three*, not one of them behind-hand with the *first* in curiosity? And all loving him, and whom he professes to esteem? You see, Lucy, that Miss Grandison has pretty well got up her spirits again.

Just now Miss Grandison has related to me a conversation that passed between my Lord and La-

dy L. herself, and Doctor Bartlett; in which the subject was their brother and I. The ladies and my Lord are entirely in my interests, and regardless of my punctilio. They roundly told the Doctor, That, being extremely earnest to have their brother marry, they knew not the person living whom they wished to call his wife preferably to Miss Byron; could they be sure that I were absolutely disengaged. Now, Doctor, said Miss Grandison, tell us frankly, What is your opinion of our choice for a more than nominal sister?

I will make no apologies, Lucy, for repeating all that was repeated to me of this conversation.

Lord L. Ay, my good Doctor Bartlett, let us have your free opinion.

Dr B. Miss Byron (I pronounce upon knowledge, for she has more than once, since I have been down, done me the honour of entering into very free and serious conversations with me) is one of the most excellent of women.

And then he went on, praising me for ingenueness, seriousness, cheerfulness, and for other good qualities, which his partiality found out in me: And added, Would to heaven that she were neither more nor less than Lady Grandison!

God bless him! thought I—Don't you join, my Lucy, to say, at this place, you who love me so dearly, God bless you, Doctor Bartlett?

Lady L. Well, but, Doctor, you say that Miss Byron talks freely with you; cannot you gather from her, whether she is inclined to marriage? Whether she is absolutely disengaged? *Lady D.* made a proposal to her for Lord D.; and insisted on an answer to this very question: That matter is gone off. As our *guest*, we would not have Miss Byron think us impertinent. She is very delicate. And as she is so amiably frank-hearted, those things she chuses not to mention of her own accord, one would not, you know, officiously put to her.

This

This was a little too much affected. Don't you think so, Lucy? The Doctor, it is evident by his answer, did.

Dr B. It is not likely that such a subject can arise between Miss Byron and me: And it is strange, methinks, that ladies calling each other sisters, should not be absolutely mistress of this question.

Lord L. Very right, Doctor Bartlett. But ladies will, in these points, take a compass before they explain themselves. A man of Doctor Bartlett's penetration and uprightness, ladies, should not be treated with distance. We are of opinion, Doctor, that Miss Byron, supposing that she is absolutely disengaged, could make no difficulty to prefer my brother to all the men in the world. What think you?

Dr B. I have no doubt of it: She thinks herself under obligation to him. She is goodness itself. She must love goodness. Sir Charles's person, his vivacity, his address, his understanding—What woman would not prefer him to all the men she ever saw? He has met with admirers among the sex in every nation in which he has set his foot. [Ah! Lucy!] You, ladies, must have seen, forgive me (bowing to each), that Miss Byron has a more than grateful respect for your brother.

Miss Gr. We think so, Doctor; and wanted to know if you did; and so, as my Lord says, fetched a little compass about; which we should not have done to you. But you say, That my brother has had numbers of admirers—Pray, Doctor, is there any one lady (We imagine there is) that he has preferred to another, in the different nations he has travelled through?

Lord L. Ay, Doctor, we want to know this; and if you thought there were *not*, we should make no scruple to explain ourselves, as well to Miss Byron as to my brother.

Don't you long to know what answer the Doctor returned to this, Lucy? I was out of breath with

impatience, when Miss Grandison repeated it to me.

The Doctor hesitated—And at last said, I wish with all my heart Miss Byron could be Lady Grandison.

Miss Gr. COULD be!—*Could* be, said each!
 And COULD be! said the fool to Miss Grandison, when she repeated it, her heart quite sunk.

Dr B. (smiling). You hinted, ladies, that you are not *sure* that Miss Byron is absolutely disengaged. But, to be open, and above board, I have reason to believe, that your brother would be concerned, if he knew it, that you should think of putting such a question as this to any-body but himself. Why don't you? He once complained to me, that he was afraid his sisters looked upon him as a reserved man; and condescended to call upon me to put him right, if I thought his appearance such as would give you grounds for the surmise. There are two or three affairs of intricacy that he is engaged in, and particularly one that hangs in suspense; and he would not be fond, I believe of mentioning it, till he can do it with certainty: But else, ladies, there is not a more frank-hearted man in the world than your brother.

See, Lucy, how cautious we ought to be in passing judgment on the actions of others, especially on those of good men, when we want to fasten blame upon them; perhaps with a low view (envying their superior worth) to bring them down to our own level!—For are we not all apt to measure the merits of others by our own standard, and to give praise or dispraise to actions or sentiments, as they square with our own?

Lord L. Perhaps, Doctor Bartlett, you don't think yourself at liberty to answer, whether these particular affairs are of such a nature, as will interfere with the *hopes* we have of bringing to effect a marriage between my brother and Miss Byron?

Dr B.

Dr B. I had rather refer to Sir Charles himself on this subject. If any man in the world deserves from prudence and integrity of heart to be happy in this life, that man is Sir Charles Grandison. But he is not *quite* happy.

Ah, Lucy!—The Doctor proceeded. Your brother, ladies, has often said to me, That there was hardly a man living who had a more sincere value for the sex than he had; who had been more distinguished by the favour of worthy women; yet, who had paid dearer for that distinction than he had done.

Lady L. Paid dearer! Good heaven!

Miss Gr. How could that be?

Lord L. I always abroad heard the ladies reckon upon Sir Charles as their own man. His vivacity, his personal accomplishments, his politeness, his generosity, his bravery!—Every woman who spoke of him put him down for a man of gallantry. And is he not a *truly* gallant man?—I never mentioned it before—But a Lady Olivia, of Florence, was much talked of, when I was in that city, as being in love with the handsome Englishman, as our brother was commonly called there—

Lady Olivia! Lady Olivia! repeated each sister; and why did not your Lordship?—

Why! because, tho' she was in love with him, he had no thoughts of her: And, as the Doctor says, she is but *one* of those who, where-ever he set his foot, admired him.

Bless me, thought I, what a black swan is a good man!—Why, as I have often thought (to the credit of our sex), will not all the men be good?

Lady L. My Lord, you must tell us more of this Lady Olivia.

Lord L. I know very little more of her. She was reputed to be a woman of high quality and fortune, and great spirit. I once saw her. She is a fine figure

figure of a woman. Dr Bartlett can, no doubt, give you an account of her.

Miss Gr. Ah, Doctor! What a history could you give us of our brother, if you pleased!—But as there is no likelihood that this lady will be any thing to my brother, let us return to our first subject.

Lady L. By all means. Pray, Dr Bartlett, do you know what my brother's opinion is of Miss Byron?

Dr B. The highest that man can have of woman.

Lady L. As we are so very desirous to see my brother happily married, and think he never could have a woman so likely to make him happy, would you advise us to propose the alliance to him? We would not to *her*, unless we thought there were room to hope for his approbation, and that in a very high degree.

Dr B. I am under some concern, my dear ladies, to be thought to know more of your brother's heart than sisters do, whom he loves so dearly, and who equally love him. I beseech you, give me not so much more consequence with him than you imagine you have yourselves. I shall be afraid, if you do, that the favour I wish to stand in with you, is owing more to your brother's distinction of me than to your own hearts.

Lord L. I see not why we may not talk to my brother directly on this head. Whence is it that we are all three insensibly drawn in, by each other's example, to this distance between him and us?—It is not *his* fault. Did we ever ask him a question that he did not directly answer, and that without shewing the least affectation or reserve?

Miss Gr. He came over to us all at once so perfect, after an eight or nine years absence, with so much power, and such a will to do us good, that we were awed into a kind of reverence for him.

Lady L. Too great obligations from one side will indeed create distance on the other. Grateful hearts.

hearts will always retain a sense of favours heaped upon them.

Dr B. You would give pain to his noble heart, did he think that you put such a value upon what he has done. I do assure you, that he thinks he has hardly performed his duty by his sisters: And, as occasions may still offer, you will find he thinks so. But let me beg of you to treat him without reserve or diffidence; and that you would put to him all those questions which you would wish to be answered. You will find him, I dare say, very candid, and very explicit.

Miss Gr. That shall be my task, when I next see him. But, dear Doctor Bartlett, if you love us, communicate to us all that is proper for us to see, of the correspondence that passes between him and you.

The Doctor, it seems, bowed; but answered not.

So you see, Lucy, upon the whole, that I have no great *reason* to build so much, as my uncle, in his last letter, imagines I do, on the interest of these ladies, and my Lord L. with their brother. *Two or three intricate affairs on his hands: One of them still in suspense; of which, for that reason, he makes a secret: He is not quite happy: Greatly distinguished by the favour of worthy women: Who would wonder at that?—But has paid dear for the distinction!—What can one say? What can one think? He once said himself, that his life was a various life; and that some unhappy things had befallen him. If the prudence of such a man could not shield him from misfortune, who can be exempted from it?—And from worthy women too!—That's the wonder!—But is Olivia one of the worthy women?—I fancy he must despise us all. I fancy he will never think of incumbering himself with one of a sex, that has made him pay so dear for the general distinction he has met with from it. As to his politeness*

politeness to us, a man may *afford* to shew politeness to those he has resolved to keep at a distance from his heart.

But ah, Lucy!—There must be one happy woman, whom he wishes *not* to keep at distance. This is the affair that *hangs in suspense*; and of which, therefore, he chuses to say nothing.

I HAVE had the pleasure of a visit from my godfather Deane. He dined with us this day in his way to town. The ladies, Dr Bartlett, and my Lord L. are charmed with him. Yet I had pain mingled with my pleasure. He took me aside, and charged me *so* home—He was *too* inquisitive. I never knew him to be so *very* urgent to know my heart. But I was frank: Very frank: I should hardly have been excuseable, if I had not, to so good a man, and so dear a friend. Yet he scarce knew how to be satisfied with my frankness.

He will have it, that I look thinner and paler than I used to do. That may very well be. My very *soul*, at times—I know not how I am—Sir Charles is in suspense too, from somebody abroad. From my heart I pity him. Had he but some faults, some great blemishes, I fancy I should be easier about him. But to hear nothing of him but what is so greatly praise-worthy, and my heart so delighted with acts of beneficence—And now, my godfather Deane, at this visit running on in his praises, and commending, instead of blaming me for my presumptuous thoughts; nay, exalting me, and telling me that I deserve him—that I deserve Sir Charles Grandison!—Why did he not chide me? Why did he not dissuade me?—Neither fortune nor merit answerable?—A man who knows so well what to do with fortune!—The Indies, my dear, ought to be his! What a king would he make! Power could not corrupt such a mind as his. Cæsar, said Dr Bartlett, speaking of him before Mr Deane

Deane and all of us, was not quicker to destroy than Sir Charles Grandison is to relieve. Emily's eyes, at the time, ran over with joy at the expression; and, drying them, she looked proudly round on us all, as if she had said, This is my guardian!

But what do you think, Lucy? My godfather will have it, that he sees a young passion in Miss Jervois for her guardian!—God forbid!—A young love may be conquered, I believe; but *who* shall caution the innocent girl? She must have a sweet pleasure in it, creeping, stealing upon her. How can so unexperienced a heart, the object so meritorious, resist or reject the indulgence? But, O my Emily! sweet girl! do not let your love get the better of your gratitude, lest it make you unhappy! and, what would be still more affecting to a worthy heart, make the generous object of a passion that cannot be gratified unhappy; and for *that* very reason, because he cannot reward it! See you not already, that, with all his goodness, he is not quite happy? He is a sufferer from *worthy* women!—O my Emily, do not *you* add to the infelicity of a man, who can make but *one* woman happy; yet wishes to befriend all the world—But hush! selfish adviser! Should not Harriet Byron have thought of this in time?—Yet she knew not that he had any previous engagements: And may death lay his cold hand upon her heart, before she become an additional disturbance to his! He knows not, I hope, he guesses not, though Dr Bartlett has found me out as well as the sisters, that I am captivated, heart and soul, by his merits. May he never know it, if the knowledge of it would give him the shadow of uneasiness!

I owned to Mr Deane, that my Lord L. and the ladies were warmly interested in my favour. Thank God for that! he said. All must happen to his wish. Nay, he would have it, that Sir Charles's goodness would be *rewarded* in having such a wife:
But

But what wife can do more than her duty to any husband who is not absolutely a savage? How then can all I could do *reward* such a man as this?

But, Lucy, don't you blush for me, on reading this last passage of my writing? You *may*, since I blush myself on re-perusing it. For shame, Harriet Byron, put a period to this letter!—I will; nor subscribe to it so much as the initials of my name.

L E T T E R V.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr BARTLETT.*

[*Inclosed in the preceding.*]

Friday, Mar. 17.

LAST night I saw interred the remains of my worthy friend Mr Danby. I had caused his two nephews and his niece to be invited: But they did not attend.

As the will was not to be opened till the funeral was over, about which the good man had given me verbal directions; apprehending, I believe, expostulations from me, had I known the contents: I sent to them this morning to be present at the opening.

Their attorney, Mr Sylvester, a man of character and good behaviour, brought me a letter, signed by all three, excusing themselves on very slight pretences, and desired that *he* might be present for them. I took notice to him, that the behaviour of his principals, over-night and now, was neither respectful to the memory of their uncle, nor civil with regard to me. He honestly owned, that Mr Danby having acquainted his two nephews, a little before he died, that he had made his will, and that

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they

they had very little to expect from him, they, who had been educated by his direction, and made merchants at his expence, with hopes given them, that he would, at his death, do very handsomely for them, and had never disobliged him, could not be present at the opening of a will, the contents of which they expected to be so mortifying to them.

I opened it in presence of this gentleman. The preamble was an angry one; giving reasons for his resentment against the father of these young persons, who (though his brother) had once, as I hinted to you at Colnebrook, made a very shocking attempt upon his life. I was hurt, however, to find a resentment carried so far against the innocent children of the offender, and into the last will of so good a man; that will so lately made, as within three weeks of his death; and he given over for three months before.

Will the tenderness due to the memory of a friend permit me to ask, where would that resentment have stopt, had the private man been a monarch, which he could carry into his last will?

But see we not, on the other hand, that these children, had they power, would have punished their uncle, for disposing, as he thought fit, of his own fortune; no part of which came to him by inheritance?

They had been educated, as I have said, at his expence, and, in the phrase of business, well put out: Expences their careless father would not have been at: He is, in every light, a bad man. How much better had these children's title been to a more considerable part of their uncle's estate than he has bequeathed to them, had they been thankful for the benefits they had actually received! Benefits which are of such a nature, that they cannot be taken from them.

Mr Danby has bequeathed to each of the three,

one thousand pounds; but on express condition, that they signify to his executor, within two months after his demise, their acceptance of it, in full of all demands upon his estate. If they do not (tender being duly made), the three thousand pounds are to be carried to the uses of the will.

He then appoints his executor, and makes him residuary legatee; giving for reason, that he had been the principal instrument in the hand of providence of saving his life.

He bequeaths some generous remembrances to three of his friends in France; and requests his executor to dispose of three thousand pounds to charitable uses, either in France or England, as he thinks fit, and to what particular objects he pleases.

And, by an inventory annexed to the will, his effects, in money, bills, actions, and jewels, are made to amount to upwards of thirty thousand pounds sterling.

Mr Sylvester complimented me on this great *windfall*, as he called it; and assured me, that it should be his advice to his clients, that each take his and her legacy, and sit down contented with it: And he believed, that they the rather would, as, from what their uncle had hinted, they apprehended, that the sum of a hundred pounds each was all they had to hope for.

I enquired into the inclinations and views of the three; and received a very good general account of them; with a hint, that the girl was engaged in a love-affair.

Their father, after his vile attempt upon his brother's life, was detested by all his friends and relations, and went abroad; and the last news they heard of him was, that he was in a very ill state of health, and in unhappy circumstances in Barbadoes: And very probably by this time is no more.

I desired Mr Sylvester to advise the young people to recollect themselves; and said, that I had a disposition to be kind to them: And as he could give me only general accounts of their views, prospects, and engagements, I wished they would, with marks of confidence in me, give me particular ones: But that, whether they complimented me as I wished or not, I was determined, for the sake of their uncle's memory, to do all reasonable services to them. Tell them, in a word, Mr Sylvester, and do you forgive the seeming vanity, that I am not accustomed to suffer the narrowness of other people's hearts to contract mine.

The man went away very much pleased with what I had said; and, in about two hours, sent me a note, in the names of all his clients, expressing gratitude and obligation; and requesting me to allow him to introduce them all three to me this afternoon.

I have some necessary things to do, and persons to see, in relation to my deceased friend, which will be dispatched over a dish of tea. And therefore I have invited the honest attorney and his three clients to sup with me.

I will not send this to Colnebrook, where I hope you are all happy [all must; for are they not all good? and are not *you* with them?], till I accompany it with the result of this evening's conversation. Yet I am too fond of every occasion that offers to tell you what, however, you cannot doubt, how much I am *yours*, not to sign to that truth the name of

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER VI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. In Continuation.

Friday-Night, March 17.

MR Sylvester, an honest pleasure shining in his countenance, presented to me, first, Miss Danby; then each of her brothers; who all received my welcome with a little consciousness as if they had something to reproach themselves with, and were generously ashamed to be overcome. The sister had the least of it: And I saw by that, that she was the least blameable, not the least modest; since I dare say, she had but followed her brothers lead; while they looked down and bashful, as having all that was done amiss to answer for.

Miss Danby is a very pretty and very genteel young woman. Mr Thomas and Mr Edward Danby are agreeable in their persons and manners, and want not sense.

In the first moment I dissipated all their uneasiness; and we sat down together with confidence in each other. The honest attorney had prepared them to be easy after the first introduction.

I offer not to read to you, said I, the will of your uncle. It is sufficient to repeat what Mr Sylvester has no doubt told you, that you are each of you intitled by it to a thousand pounds.

They all bowed; and the elder brother signified their united consent to accept it upon the terms of the will.

Three thousand pounds more are to be disposed of to charitable uses, at the discretion of the executor: Three other legacies are left to three different gentlemen in France: And the large remainder, which will not be less than four and twenty thousand pounds, falls to the executor, as residuary

residuary legatee, equally unexpected and undesired.

The elder brother said, God bless you with it, Sir. The second said, It could not have fallen to a worthier man. The young lady's lips moved; but words proceeded not from them. Yet her eyes shewed, that her lips made me a compliment.

It is ungenerous, Dr Bartlett, to keep expecting minds in suspense, though with a view of obliging in the end. The surprize intended to be raised on such an occasion, carries in its appearances an air of insult. I have, said I, a great desire to do you service. Now let me know, gentlemen (I will talk to the young lady singly, perhaps), what your expectations were upon your uncle? what will do for each of you, to enable you to enter the world with advantage, in the way you have been brought up; and, as I told your worthy friend Mr Sylvester, I will be ready to do you all reasonable service.—But hold, Sir; for Mr Thomas Danby was going to speak; you shall consider before you answer me. The matter is of importance. Be explicit. I love openness and sincerity. I will withdraw till you have consulted together. Command me in when you have determined.

I withdrew to my study: And, in about a quarter of an hour, they let me know, that they were ready to attend me. I went in to them. They looked upon one another. Come, gentlemen, don't fear to speak: Consider me, for your uncle's sake, as your brother.

The elder brother was going to speak; but hesitating, Come, said I, let me *lead* you into the matter—Pray, Sir, what is your present situation? What are your present circumstances?

My father, Sir, was unhappy—My father—

Well, Sir, no more of your father—He *could* do nothing for you. Your whole dependence, I presume, was upon your uncle.

My uncle, Sir, gave us all our education—My uncle gave each brother a thousand guineas for putting out each to a merchant; five hundred only of which sums were so employed; and the other five hundred guineas are in safe hands.

Your uncle, Sir, all reverence to his memory, was an excellent man.

Indeed, Sir, he was.

And what, Sir, is the business you were brought up to?

My master is a West-India merchant.

And what, Mr Danby, are your prospects in that way?

Exceeding hopeful, Sir, they would have been.—My master intended to propose to my uncle, had he lived to come to town, to take me in a quarter-partner with him directly; and, in a twelvemonth's time, a half-partner.

A very good sign in your favour, Sir. You must have behaved yourself well.—And will he now do it?

Ah! Sir—and was silent.

Upon what terms, Mr Danby, would he have proposed to your uncle to take you in a quarter-partner?

Sir—he talked of—

Of what?

Four thousand pounds, Sir. But my uncle never gave us hopes of more than three thousand guineas each, besides the thousand he had given: And when he had so much reason to resent the unhappy steps of my father, he let us know, that he would not do *any-thing* for us: And, to say truth, the thousand pounds left us in the will is more than we expected.

Very ingenuous. I love you for your sincerity. But, pray, tell me, Will four thousands pounds be well laid out in a quarter-partnership?

To say truth, Sir, my master had a view, at the year's

year's end, if nothing unexpected happened to prevent it, to give me his niece in marriage; and then to admit me into a half of the business, which would be equivalent to a fortune of as much more.

And do you love the young woman?

Indeed I do.

And does she countenance your address?

If her uncle—I don't doubt, if *her* uncle could have prevailed upon *my* uncle—

Well, Sir, I am your uncle's executor. Now Sir, (to Mr Edward Danby), let me know *your* situation, *your* prospects?

Sir, I was put to a French wine-merchant. My master is in years. I am the sole manager of his business; and he would leave off to me, I believe, and to his nephew, who knows not so much of it as I do; nor has the acquaintance, either in France or England, that I have; could I raise money to purchase half the stock.

And what, Sir, is necessary for that purpose?

O Sir! at least six thousand pounds.—But had my uncle left me the three thousand I once hoped for, I could have got the other half at an easy interest; for I am well beloved, and have always borne a good character.

What did you suppose your uncle would do with the bulk of his fortune (you judged it, I suppose, to be large), if you expected no more than three thousand guineas each at the most, besides what he had given you?

We all thought, Sir, said Mr Edward Danby, it would be *yours*, from the time that he owed his life to your courage and conduct. We never entertained hopes of being his heirs general: And he several times told me, when I was in France, that *you* should be his heir.

He never hinted that to me. What I did was as necessary to be done for my own safety as for his. He much over-rated my services. But what are
your

your prospects, Mr Edward Danby, in the French wine-trade?

O Sir, very great!—

And will your master leave off to you and his nephew, think you?

I dare say he would, and be glad of retiring to Enfield, where he has a house he is so fond of, that he would be continually there by his good will.

And have you, Sir, any prospect of adding to your circumstances by marriage?

Women are a drug, Sir. I have no doubt of offers, if once I were my own master.

I started. His sister looked angry. His brother was not pleased: Mr Sylvester, who, it seems, is an old bachelor, laughed—

A *true* merchant this already! thought I.

Well, now, shall I have your consents, gentlemen, to take your sister aside?—Will you trust yourself with me, Miss Danby? Or had you rather answer my questions in company?

Sir, your character, your goodness, is so well known, I scruple not to attend you.

I took her hand, and led her to my study, leaving the door open, to the drawing-room in which they were. I seated her. Then sat down, but still held her hand.

Now, my dear Miss Danby, you are to suppose me, as the executor of your uncle, his representative. If you had that good uncle before you, and he was urging you to tell him what would make you happy, with an assurance that he would do all in his power towards it; and if you would open your mind freely to him, with equal freedom open it to me. There was only this difference between us: He had resentments against your father, which he carried too far when he extended them to his innocent children [But it was an atrocious attempt, that embittered his otherwise benevolent spirit]: I have no resentment: and am armed with his power,

power, and have all the will he ever could have to serve you. And now, let me know, what will effectually do it?

The worthy girl wept. She looked down. She seemed as if she were pulling threads out of her handkerchief. But was unable to return any other answer, than what her eyes, once cast up, as if to heaven, made for her.

Give me, my good Miss Danby (I would not distress you), give me, as your brothers did of *their* situation, some account of *yours*. Do you live with either of your brothers?

No, Sir. I live with an aunt: My mother's sister.

Is she good to you?

Yes, Sir, very good. But she has children; and cannot be so good as she would be to me. Yet she has always been kind; and has made the best of my uncle's allowance for my education: And my fortune, which is unbroken, is the same sum that he gave my brothers: And it is in good hands: And the interest of it, with my aunt's additional goodness and management, enables me to make a genteel figure: And, with my own housewifery, I never have wanted some little matters for my pocket.

Good girl! thought I—Mercantile carle! thy brother Edward, pretty one! How *dared* he to say, that women are drugs?—Who in their œconomy, short as their power is, are generally superior to men!

Your uncle is very good to put you upon a foot with your brothers, in his bounty to them; as now he has also done in his will: And assure yourself, that his representative will be equally kind to you as to your brothers. But shall I ask you, as your uncle would have done—Is there any one man in the world whom you prefer to another?

She was silent; looked down; and again picked her handkerchief.

I called

I called in her elder brother (not the drug-merchant), and asked him what he knew of his sister's affections?

Why, my good Dr Bartlett, are these women ashamed of owning a laudable passion? Surely there is nothing shameful in *discreet* love.

Her brother acquainted me with the story of her love; the good girl blushing, and looking down all the while, with the consciousness of a sweet thief, who had stolen a heart, and being required to restore it, had been guilty of a new cheat, and given her own instead of it.

The son of Mr Galliard, an eminent Turkey-merchant, is the man with whom she has made this exchange. His father, who lives in the neighbourhood of her aunt, had sent him abroad, in the way of his traffick; partly with a view to prevent his marrying Miss Danby, till it should be seen whether her uncle would do any thing considerable for her: And he was but just returned; and, in order to be allowed to stay at home, had promised his father never to marry without his consent: But nevertheless loved his sister, Mr Danby said, above all women; and declared that he never would be the husband of any other.

I asked, whether the father had any objections, but those of fortune, to his son's choice; and was answered, No. He *could* have no other, the young man, like a brother, said: There was not a more virtuous and discreet young woman in the kingdom than his sister, though he said it, that should not say it.

Though you say it, that *should* not say it! Is not our relation intitled to the same justice that we would do to another?

We must not blame indiscriminately, continued I, all fathers who expect a fortune to be brought into their family, in some measure equivalent to the benefit the new-comer hopes to receive from it; especially

cially in mercantile families, if the young man is to be admitted into a share with his father; who, by the way, *may* have other children—

He has—

Something by way of equivalent for the part he gives up, should be done. Love is a selfish deity. He puts two persons upon preferring their own interests, nay, a gratification of their passion often *against* their interests, to those of every-body else; and reason, discretion, duty, are frequently given up in a competition with it. But love, nevertheless, will not do every-thing for the ardent pair. Parents know this: And ought not to pay for the rashness they wish to prevent, but cannot.

They were attentive. I proceeded, addressing myself to both in the mercantile stile.

Is a father, who, by his prudence, has weathered many a storm, and got safe into port, obliged to reimbarck in the voyage of life, with the young folks, who, perhaps, in a little while, will consider him as an incumbrance, and grudge him his cabin? Parents (though a young man, I have always thought in this manner) should be indulgent; but children, when they put themselves into one scale, should allow the parent his due weight in the other. You are angry at this father, are you not, my dear Miss Danby?

I said this, to hear what answer she would return.

Indeed I am not. Mr Galliard knows best his own affairs, and what they require. I have said so twenty and twenty times: And young Mr Galliard is convinced, that his father is not to be blamed, having other children. And, to own the truth (looking on the floor), we both sit down, and wish together, now-and-then: But what signifies wishing?

My sister will now have two thousand pounds: Perhaps when old Mr Galliard sees, that his son's affections— Old

Old Mr Galliard, interrupted I, shall be asked to do nothing inconvenient to himself, or that is not strictly right by his other children; Nor shall the niece of my late worthy friend enter into his family with discredit to herself.

Notice being given, that supper was ready, I took the brother and sister each by the hand; and, entering the drawing-room with them, Enjoy, said I, the little repast that will be set before you. If it be in my power to make you all three happy, happy you shall be.

It must give great pleasure, my dear Dr Bartlett, you will believe, to a man of my lively sensations, to see three very different faces in the same persons, from those they had entered with. I imagined more than once, as the grateful eyes of the sister, and tongues of the brothers, expressed their joy, that I saw my late worthy friend looking down upon us, delighted, and not with disapprobation, upon his choice of an executor, who was determined to supply the defects, which the frailty of human nature, by an over-strong resentment on one hand, and an overflowing gratitude on the other, had occasioned.

I told Mr Thomas Danby, that, besides his legacy, he might reckon upon five thousand pounds, and enter accordingly into treaty for and with his master's niece.

Mr Edward Danby I commissioned, on the strength of the like additional sum, to treat with the gentleman he had served.

And you, my good Miss Danby, said I, shall acquaint your favoured Mr Galliard, That, besides the two thousand pounds already yours, you will have five thousand pounds more at his service. And if these sums answer not your full purposes, I expect you will let me know; since, whether they do or not, my respect to the memory of your worthy uncle shall be shewn to the value of more than these

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three

three sums to his relations. I never will be a richer man than I ought to be: And you must inform me what other relations you have, and of their different situations in life, that I may be enabled to amend a will made in a long and painful sickness, which might show a disposition that was naturally all benevolence.

They wept; looked at one another; dried their eyes, and wept again. I thought my presence painful to them, and withdrew to my study; and shut the door, that I might not add to their pain.

At my return—Do you—Do you, referred each brother to the other: And Mr Thomas Danby getting up to speak, I see, my friends, said I, your grateful hearts in your countenances. Do you think my pleasure is not, at least, equal to yours? I am *more* than rewarded in the consciousness of having endeavoured to make a right use of the power entrusted to me. You will, each of you, I hope (thus set forward), be eminent in his particular business. The merchants of Great Britain are the most useful members of the community. If I have obliged you, let me recommend to you, each in his several way, according to his ability, and as opportunity may offer, to raise those worthy hearts, that inevitable calamities shall make spiritless. Look upon what is done for you, not as the reward of any particular merits in yourselves, but as your debt to that Providence, which makes it a principal part of your religion, To do good to your fellow-creatures. In a word, let me enjoin you, in all your transactions to *remember mercy* as well as *justice*.

The brothers with folded hands, declared, that their hearts were opened by the example set them; and, they hoped, would never be shut. The sister *looked* the same declaration.

Mr Sylvester, raised with this scene of gratitude, tears in his honest eyes, said, That he should be

impatient till he had looked into his affairs, and through his acquaintance, in order to qualify himself to do some little good, after such a *sej-rewarding* example.

If a private man, my dear Dr Bartlett, could be a means of expanding thus the hearts of four persons, none of them unworthy, what good might not princes, and those who have princely fortunes, do?—Yet, you see, I have done nothing but mere justice. I have not given up any-thing that was my own, before this will gave me a power, that perhaps was put into my hands, as a new trial of the integrity of my heart.

But what poor creatures are we, my dear friend, that the very avoiding the occasion of a wrong action should gladden our hearts, as with the conscioufness of something meritorious?

At parting, I told the nephews, that I expected to hear from them the moment any-thing should be brought to effect; and let their masters and them agree or not, I would take the speediest methods that could be fallen upon to transfer to them, and to their sister, such actions and stocks, as would put them in full possession of what they were intitled to, as well by my promise, as by their uncle's will.

I was obliged to enjoin them silence.

Their sister wept; and when I pressed her hand at taking leave of her, gratefully returned the pressure; but in a manner so modest (recollecting herself into some little confusion) that shewed gratitude had possession of her whole heart, and set her above the forms of her sex.

The good attorney, as much raised as if he were one of the persons benefited, joined with the two brothers in invoking blessings upon me.

So much, my dear Dr Bartlett, for this night. The past day is a day that I am not displeased with.

L E T T E R

LETTER VII.

Dr BARTLETT, *To Miss* BYRON.*March 18.*

I Present to you, madam, the account you desired to see, as extracted by my kinsman from my papers. You seemed to wish it to be hastened for you: It is not what it might have been; but mere facts, I presume, will answer your intention. Be pleased, therefore, to accept it with your usual goodness.

“ DR Bartlett went abroad as governor of a young man of quality; Mr Lorimer, I am to call him, to conceal his real name. He was the very reverse of young Mr Grandison. He was not only rude and ungovernable; but proud, ill-natured, malicious, even base.

“ The Doctor was exceedingly averse to take upon him the charge of the wicked youth abroad; having had too many instances of the badness of his nature while in England: But he was prevailed upon by the solicitations of his father (who represented it as an act of the greatest charity to him and his family), as well as by the solemn promises of good behaviour from the young man; for he was known to regard the advice of Dr Bartlett more than that of any other person.

“ The Doctor and Mr Lorimer were at Turin, when young Mr Grandison (who had been some months in France) for the first time arrived in that city; then in the eighteenth year of his age.

“ Dr Bartlett had not a more profligate pupil than Mr Grandison had a governor; though recommended by General W. his uncle by the mother's side. It used to be observed in places where they made but a few days' residence, that the young

gentleman ought to have been the governor, Monsieur Creutzer the governed. Mr Grandison had, in short, the happiness, by his prudence, to escape several snares laid for his virtue, by a wretch, who hoped, if he could betray him into them, to silence the remonstrances of the young man upon his evil conduct; and to hinder him from complaining of him to his father.

“ Mr Grandison became acquainted with Dr Bartlett at Turin: Monsieur Creutzer at the same time commenced an intimacy with Mr Lorimer; and the two former were not more united from good qualities, than the two latter were from bad.

“ Several riotous things were done by Creutzer and Lorimer, who, whatever the Doctor could do to separate them, were hardly ever asunder. One of their enormities fell under the cognizance of the civil magistrate; and was not made easy to Lorimer without great interest and expence: While Creutzer fled to Rome, to avoid condign punishment; and wrote to Mr Grandison to join him there.

“ Then it was, that Mr Grandison wrote (as he had often ineffectually threatened to do) to represent to his father the profligacy of the man; and to request him to appoint him another governor, or to permit him to return to England till he had made choice of one for him; begging of Dr Bartlett, that he would allow him, till he had an answer from his father, to apply to him for advice and instruction.

“ The answer of his father was, That he heard of his prudence from every mouth; that he was at liberty to chuse what *companion* he pleased; but that he gave him no *governor* but his own discretion.

“ Mr Grandison then, more earnestly than before, and with an humility and diffidence suited to his natural generosity of temper, that never grew upon indulgence, besought the Doctor's direction: And when they were obliged to separate, they established

blished a correspondence, which never will end but with the life of one of them.

“ Mr Grandison laid before the Doctor all his plan ; submitting his conduct to him, as well with regard to the prosecution of his studies, as to his travels : But they had not long corresponded in this manner, when the Doctor let him know, that it was needless to consult him *aforehand* ; and the more so, as it often occasioned a suspension of excellent resolutions : But he besought him to continue to him an account of all he undertook, of all he performed, and of every material incident of his life ; not only as his narrations would be matter of the highest entertainment to him ; but as they would furnish him with lessons from example, that might be of greater force upon the unhappy Lorimer, than his own precepts.

“ While Lorimer was passing thro’ but a few of the cities in Lombardy, Mr Grandison made almost the tour of Europe ; and yet gave himself time to make such remarks upon persons, places, and things, as could hardly be believed to be the observations of so young a man. Lorimer, mean time, was engaged in shews, spectacles, and in the diversions of the places in *which he lived*, as it might be said, rather than *through which he passed*.

“ The Doctor, at one time, was the more patient with these delays, as he was willing that the carnival at Venice should be over, before he suffered his pupil to go to that city. But Lorimer, suspecting his intention, slipped thither unknown to his governor, at the very beginning of it ; and the Doctor was forced to follow him : And when there, had the mortification of *hearing* of him (for the young man avoided his governor as much as possible) as one of the most riotous persons there.

“ In vain did the Doctor, when he saw his pupil, set before him the example of Mr Grandison, a much younger man. All the effect which the read-

ing of Mr Grandison's letters had upon him, was to make him hate the more both his governor and that gentleman. By one of these letters only, did he do himself temporary credit. It was written some months before it was shewn him, and described some places of note thro' which Mr Grandison had passed, and thro' which the Doctor and his charge had also more lately passed. The mean creature contrived to steal it, and his father having often urged for a specimen of his son's observations on his travels, he copied it almost verbatim, and transmitted it as his own to his father; only letting the Doctor know, after he had sent it away, that he had written.

“ The Doctor doubted not but Lorimer had exposed himself; but was very much surpris'd, when he received a congratulatory letter from the father on his son's improvements, mingled with some little asperity on the Doctor, for having set out his son to his disadvantage: “ I could not doubt,” said the fond father, “ that a son of mine had genius: “ He wanted nothing but to apply.”—And then he gave orders for doubling the value of his next remittance.

“ The Doctor took the young gentleman to task about it. He owned what he had done, and gloried in his contrivance. But his governor thought it intumbent upon him to undeceive the father, and to save him the extraordinary part of his remittance.

“ The young man was enraged at the Doctor, for *exposing* him, as he called it, to his father, and for the check he was continually giving to his lawless appetites; and falling into acquaintance with a courtesan, who was infamous for ruining many young travellers by her subtle and dangerous contrivances, they joined in a resolution to revenge themselves on the Doctor, whom they considered as their greatest enemy.

“ Several

“ Several projects they fell upon : One in particular was to accuse him, by a third hand, as concerning himself with affairs of state in Venice : A crime, which in that jealous republic, is never overlooked, and generally ends fatally for the accused ; who, if seized, is hardly ever heard of afterwards. From this danger he narrowly escaped, by means of his general good character, and remarkable inoffensiveness, and the profligacy of his accusers : Nor knew he his danger till many months afterwards. The Doctor believes, that he fared the better for being an Englishman, and the governor to the son of a British nobleman, who made so considerable a figure in England ; because the Italians in general reap so much advantage from the travellers of this nation, that they are ready to favour and encourage them above those of any other.

“ The Doctor had been very solicitous to be acquitted of his ungracious charge. In every letter he wrote to England, this was one of his prayers : But still the father, who knew not what to do with his son at home, had besought his patience ; and wrote to his son in the strongest terms, after reproaching him for his ungraciousness, to pay an implicit obedience to the Doctor.

“ The father was a learned man. Great pains had been taken with Lorimer to make him know something of the antient Greek and Roman histories. The father was *very* desirous that his son should see the famous places of old Greece, of which he himself had read so much : And with great difficulty, the Doctor got the young man to leave Venice, where the vile woman, and the diversions of the place, had taken scandalous hold of him.

“ Athens was the city at which the father had desired they would make some stay ; and from thence visit other parts of the Morea : And there
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the young man found his woman got before him, according to private agreement between them.

“ It was some time before the Doctor found out, that the very woman who had acted so abandoned a part with Lorimer at Venice, was his mistress at Athens: and when he did, he applied, on some fresh enormities committed by Lorimer, to the tribunal which the Christians have there, consisting of eight quarters of the city, to determine causes among Christians; and they taking cognizance of the facts, the wicked woman suborned wretches to accuse the Doctor to the Cadi, who is the Turkish judge of the place, as a dangerous and disaffected person; and the Cadi being, as it was supposed, corrupted by presents, got the Vayvode or governor to interfere; and the Doctor was seized, and thrown into prison: His Christian friends in the place were forbidden to interpose in his favour; and pen and ink, and all access to him were prohibited.

“ The vile woman having concerted measures with the persons she had suborned for continuing the Doctor in his severe confinement, set out with her paramour for Venice; and there they rioted as before.

“ Mr Beauchamp, a young man of learning and fine parts, happened to make an acquaintance with Mr Grandison in the island of Candia, where they met as countrymen, which, from a sympathy of mind, grew immediately into an intimacy that will hardly ever end. This young gentleman, in the course of his travels, visiting Athens about this time, was informed of the Doctor's misfortune, by one of the eight Christians who constituted the tribunal above mentioned, and who was an affectionate friend of the Doctor, though forbidden to busy himself in his cause: And Mr Beauchamp (who had heard Mr Grandison speak of the Doctor with an uncommon affection) knowing that Mr
Grandison

Grandison was then at Constantinople, dispatched a man on purpose to acquaint him with the affair, and with all the particulars he could get of the case, authenticated as much as the nature of the thing would admit.

“ Mr Grandison was equally grieved and astonished at the information. He instantly applied to the English ambassador at the Porte, as also to the French minister there, with whom he had made an acquaintance: They to the grand vizir: And an order was issued for setting the Doctor at liberty. Mr Grandison, in order to urge the dispatch of the Chiaux, who carried it, accompanied him, and arrived at Athens, just as the Vayvode had determined to get rid of the whole affair in a private manner (the Doctor’s finances being exhausted), by the bow-string. The danger endeared the Doctor to Mr Grandison; a relief so seasonable endeared Mr Grandison to the Doctor; to them *both* Mr Beauchamp, who would not stir from Athens till he had seen him delivered; having busied himself in the interim, in the best manner he could (though he was obliged to use caution and secrecy), to do him service, and to suspend the fatal blow.

“ Here was a cement to a friendship (that had been begun between the young gentlemen from likeness of manners) between them and the Doctor, whom they have had the goodness ever since to regard as their father: And to this day it is one of the Doctor’s delights to write to his worthy son Beauchamp all that he can come at, relating to the life and actions of a man whom the one regards as an example, the other as an honour to the human race.

“ It was some time before the Doctor knew for certain, that the ungracious Lorimer had been consenting to the shocking treatment he had met with; for the wretches whom the vile woman had subor-
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ned had made their escape from Athens before the arrival of Mr Grandison and the Chiaux; the flagitious youth had written to his father, in terms of the deepest sorrow, an account of what had befallen his governor; and his father had taken the best measures that could be fallen upon at so great a distance, for the Doctor's succour and liberty: But, in all probability, he would have been lost before those measures could have taken effect.

“ Lorimer's father, little thinking that his son had connived at the plot formed against his governor, besought him, when he had obtained his liberty, not to leave his son to his own devices. The Doctor, as little thinking then that Lorimer had been capable of a baseness so very villainous, in compassion both to father and son, went to Venice, and got him out of the hands of the vile woman, and then to Rome: But there, the unhappy wretch continuing his profligate courses, became at last a sacrifice to his dissoluteness; and his death was a deliverance to his family, to the Doctor, and to the earth.

On his death-bed he confessed the plot, which the infamous courtesan had meditated against the Doctor at Venice, as well as his connivance at that which she had carried into execution at Athens. He died in horror not to be described; begging for longer life, and promising reformation on that condition. The manner of his death, and the crimes he confessed himself guilty of, by the instigation of the most abandoned of women, besides those committed against his governor, so shocked and grieved the Doctor, that he fell ill, and his recovery was long doubted of.

“ Mean time Mr Grandison visited some parts of Asia and Africa, Egypt particularly; corresponding all the time with Dr Bartlett, and allowing the correspondence to pass into the hands of Mr
Beauchamp,

Beauchamp, as he did that which he held with Mr Beauchamp, to be communicated to the Doctor.

“ When Mr Grandison returned to Italy, finding there his two friends, he engaged the Doctor to accompany Mr Beauchamp in that part of his tour into some of the eastern regions, which he himself had been particularly pleased with, and, as he said, wanted to be more particularly informed of: And *therefore* insisted, that it should be taken at his own expence. He knew that Mr Beauchamp had a step-mother, who had prevailed on his father to take off two-thirds of the allowance he made him on his travels.

“ Mr Beauchamp very reluctantly complied with the condition so generously imposed on him by his beloved friend; another of whose arguments was, that such a tour would be the most likely means to establish the health of a man equally dear to both.

“ Mr Grandison never was at a loss for arguments to keep in countenance the persons whom he benefited; and to make the acceptance of his favours appear not only to be their duty, but an obligation laid on himself.

“ Mr Grandison himself, when the two gentlemen set out on their tour, was engaged in some affairs at Bologna and Florence, which gave him great embarrassment.

“ Dr Bartlett and Mr Beauchamp visited the principal islands of the Archipelago: After which, the Doctor left the young gentleman pursuing his course to Constantinople, with intent to visit some parts of Asia, and took the opportunity of a vessel that was bound for Leghorn to return thither.

“ His health was happily established: and, knowing that Mr Grandison expected the long desired call from his father to return to England, and that it was *likely* that he could be of use to his ward Miss

Jervois,

Jervois, and her affairs, in her guardian's absence, he was the more desirous to return to Italy.

“ Mr Grandison rejoiced at his arrival: And soon after set out for Paris, in order to attend there the expected call; leaving Emily, in the interim, to his care.

“ Lorimer's father did not long survive his son. He expressed himself in his last hours highly sensible of the Doctor's care of his unhappy boy; and earnestly desired his lady to see him handsomely rewarded for his trouble. But not making a will, and the lady having, by her early over-indulgence, ruined the morals of her child (never suffering him to be either corrected or chidden, were his enormities ever so flagrant), she bore a secret grudge to the Doctor for his honest representations to her lord of the young man's immoralities: And not even the interposition of a Sir Charles Grandison has hitherto been able to procure the least acknowledgment to the Doctor, though the loss as well of his reputation as life, might have been the consequence of the faithful services he had endeavoured to render to the profligate youth, and in him to the whole family.”

L E T T E R VIII.

Dr BARTLETT. *In Continuation.*

[*Inclosing the preceding.*]

T HUS far, dear Miss Byron (delight of every one who is so happy as to know you!) reach my kinsman's extracts from my papers. I will add some particulars in answer to your enquiries about Mr Beauchamp, if writing of a man I so greatly love, I can write but a few.

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Mr

Mr Beauchamp is a fine young man in his person: When I call him a second Sir Charles Grandison, you and the ladies, and my Lord L. will conceive a very high idea of his understanding, politeness, and other amiable qualities. He is of an antient family. His father, Sir Harry Beauchamp, tenderly loves him, and keeps him abroad equally against both their wills; especially against Mr Beauchamp's, now his beloved friend is in England. This is done to humour an imperious, vindictive woman, who, when a widow, had cast her eye upon the young gentleman for a husband; imagining, that her great wealth (her person not disagreeable) would have been a temptation to him. This, however, was unknown to the father; who made his addresses to her much about the time that Mr Beauchamp had given an absolute denial (perhaps with too little ceremony) to an overture made to him by a friend of hers. This enraged her. She was resolved to be revenged on him, and knowing him to be absolutely in his father's power as to fortune, gave way to Sir Harry's addresses; and on her obtaining such terms as in a great measure put both father and son in her power, she married Sir Harry.

She soon gained an absolute ascendant over her husband. The son, when his father first made his addresses to her, was allowed to set out on his travels with an appointment of 600 *l.* a-year. She never rested till she had got 400 *l.* a-year to be struck off; and the remaining 200 *l.* were so ill remitted, that the young gentleman would have been put to the greatest difficulties, had it not been for the truly friendly assistance of Mr Grandison.

Yet it is said, that this lady is not destitute of some good qualities, and in cases where the *son* is not the subject, behaves very commendably to Sir Harry: But being a managing woman, and Sir Harry loving his ease, she has made herself his re-

ceiver and treasurer; and by that means has put it out of his power to act as paternally by his son as he is inclined to do, without her knowing it.

The lady and Sir Harry both, however, profess to admire the character of Sir Charles Grandison, from the letters Mr Beauchamp has written from time to time to his father; and from the general report in his favour: And on this, as well as Mr Beauchamp found our hope, that if Sir Charles, by some unsuspected way, can make himself personally acquainted with the lady, he will be able to induce her to consent to her son-in-law's recal; and to be reconciled to him; the rather, as there is no issue by this marriage; whose interest might strengthen the lady's animosity.

Mr Beauchamp, in this hope, writes to Sir Charles, that he can, and will pay all due respect to his father's wife, and, as such, treat her as his mother, if she will consent to his return to his native country; but declares, that he would stay abroad all his life, rather than his father should be made unhappy, by allowing of his coming over against the consent of so high-spirited a woman. In the mean time he proposes to set out from Vienna, where he now is, for Paris, to be near, if Sir Charles, who he thinks can manage any point he undertakes (and who in this will be seconded by his father's love), can prevail with his mother-in-law.

I long, ladies, to have you all acquainted with this other excellent young man. You, Miss Byron, I am sure, in particular, will admire Sir Charles Grandison's, and my Beauchamp: Of spirit so manly, yet of manners so delicate; I end as I began; he is a second Sir Charles Grandison.

I shall think myself, ladies, very happy, if I can find it in my power to oblige you, by any communications you would wish to be made you. But let me once more recommend it to you, Lady L.

Lord

Lord L. and Miss Grandison, to throw off all reserves to the most affectionate of brothers. He will have none to you, in cases which he knows will give you pleasure: And if he forbears of his own accord to acquaint you with some certain affairs, it is because the issue of them is yet hidden from himself.

As to lady Olivia, mentioned to you by good Lord L. she never can be more to my patron than she now is.

Allow me to be, my good Miss Byron, with a true paternal affection,

Your admirer and humble servant,

AMBROSE BARTLETT.

Subjoined in a separate paper, by Miss BYRON to her LUCY.

HOW is this, Lucy? Let me collect some of the contents of these letters. "If Sir Charles forbear, of his own accord, to acquaint his sisters with some certain affairs"—"Issue hidden from himself." "Engaged in some affair at Bologna and Florence, that embarrasses him"—[*Is, or was so engaged, means the Doctor?*] "Sir Charles not reserved; yet reserved."—How is all this, Lucy?

But does the Doctor say, "That I shall particularly admire Mr Beauchamp?"—What *means* the Doctor by that?—But he cannot affront me so much as to mean any thing but to show his own love to the worthy young man. The Doctor longs for us to see him: If I do see him, he must come quickly: For shall I not soon return to my last, my best refuge, the arms of my indulgent grand-mamma and aunt?—I shall.

But, dear Lucy, have you any spite in you? Are you capable of malice—*deadly* malice?—If you are, sit down, and with the person you hate to be in love with a man (I must, it seems, speak out) whom she thinks, and every body knows, to be superior to herself, in every quality, in every endowment, both of mind and fortune; and be doubtful (far, far worse is *doubtful* than *sure*!) among some faint glimmerings of hope, whether his affections are engaged; and if they are not, whether he can return—Ah, Lucy! you know what I mean—Don't let me speak out.

But one word more—Don't you think the Doctor's compliment at the beginning of this letter a little particular?—"Delight of EVERY ONE who is so happy as to know you." Charming words!—But are they, or are they not officiously inserted?—Am I the delight of Sir Charles Grandison's heart? Does *he* not know *me*?—Weak, silly, vain, humble, low, yet proud Harriet Byron!—Be gone, paper—mean confession of my conjecturing folly—Ah, Lucy, I tore the paper half through, as you'll see, in anger at myself; but I will stitch it to the Doctor's letter, to be taken off by you, and to be seen by nobody else.

L E T T E R IX.

Miss HARRIET BYRON, *To Miss* LUCY SELBY.

Saturday, March 18.

SELF, my dear Lucy, is a very wicked thing; a sanctifier, if one would give way to its partialities of actions, which in others we should have no doubt to condemn. DELICACY, too, is often a misleader; an idol, at whose shrine we sometimes offer up our sincerity; but, in that case, it should be called *Indelicacy*.

Nothing

Nothing, surely, can be delicate that is not true, or that gives birth to equivocation: Yet how was I pleased with Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison, for endeavouring to pass me off to good Dr Bartlett in the light I had no title to appear in!—As if my mind, in a certain point, remained to be known; and would so remain, till the gentleman had discovered his.

And are there some situations in which a woman must conceal her true sentiments? In which it would be thought immodesty to speak out?—Why was I born with a heart so open and sincere? But why, indeed, as Sir Charles has said in his letter relating to the Danbys, should women be blamed for owning modestly a passion for a worthy and suitable object? Is it, that they will not speak out, least, if their wishes should not be crowned with success by *one* man, they should deprive themselves of the chance to succeed with *another*? Do they not propose to make the man they love happy?—And is it a crime to acknowledge that they are so well disposed to a *worthy* object? A *worthy* object, I repeat; for that is what will warrant the open heart. What a littleness is there in the custom that compels us to be insincere? And suppose we do not succeed with a first object, shall we cheat a future lover with the notion that *he* was the first?

Hitherto I had acted with some self-approbation: I told Mr Greville, Mr Fenwick, Mr Orme, Mr Fowler, that I had not seen the man to whom I could wish to give my hand at the altar: But when I found my heart engaged, I was desirous Lady D. should know that it was. But yet, misled by this same notion of delicacy, I could think myself obliged to the two sisters, and my lord, that they endeavoured to throw a blind over the eyes of good Dr Bartlett: When the right measure, I now think, would have been, not to have endeavoured to obtain lights from him, that we all thought he

was not commissioned to give; or, if he had, to have related to him the whole truth, and not to have put on disguises to him; but to have left him wholly a judge of the fit and of the unfit.

And this is LOVE, is it? that puts an honest girl upon approving of such tricks?—Begone, Love! I banish thee, if thou wouldst corrupt the simplicity of that heart which was taught to glory in truth.

And yet I had like to have been drawn into a greater fault: For what do you think?—Miss Grandison had (by some means or other, she would not tell me how), in Dr Bartlett's absence on a visit to one of the canons of Windsor, got at a letter brought early this morning from her brother to that good man, and which he had left opened on his desk.

Here, Harriet, said she, is the letter so lately brought, not perhaps quite honestly come at, from my brother to Dr Bartlett (holding it out to me). You are warmly mentioned in it. Shall I put it where I had it? Or will you so far partake of my fault as to read it first?

O Miss Grandison! said I: And *am* I warmly mentioned in it? Pray oblige me with the perusal of it. And held out my more than half guilty hand, and took it: But (immediately recollecting myself) did you not hint that you came at it by means not honest?—Take it again; I will not partake of your fault—But, cruel Charlotte! how could you tempt me so? And I laid it on a chair.

Read the ~~first~~ paragraph, Harriet. She took it up, unfolded it, and pointed to the first paragraph.

Tempter, said I, how can you wish me to imitate our first pattern! And down I sat, and put both my hands before my eyes. Take it away, take it away, while yet I am innocent!—Dear Miss Grandison, don't give me cause for self-reproach. I will not partake of your *acknowledged* fault.

She

She read a line or two, and then said, Shall I read farther, Harriet? The very next word is your name.

I will—

No, no, no, said I, putting my fingers to my ears.—Yet, had you come honestly by it, I should have longed to read it—By what means—

Why, if people will leave their closet-doors open, let them take the consequence.

If people will do so—But was it so? And yet, if it was, would you be willing to have your letters locked into?

Well then, I will carry it back—Shall I? (holding it out to me) Shall I, Harriet?—I will put it where I had it—Shall I? And twice or thrice went from me, and came back to me, with a provoking archness in her looks.

Only tell me, Miss Grandison, is there any thing in it that you think your brother would not have us see?—But I am sure there is, or the obliging Dr Bartlett, who has shewn us others, would have favoured us with communicating the contents of this.

I would not but have seen this letter for half I am worth! O Harriet! there are *such* things in it—Bologna! Paris! Grandison-hall!

Begone, Syren! Letters are sacred things. Replace it?—Don't you own that you came not honestly by it—And yet—

Ah! Lucy, I was ready to yield to the curiosity she had raised: But, recollecting myself, Begone, said I; carry back the letter: I am afraid of myself.

Why, Harriet, here is one passage, the contents of which you must be acquainted with in a very little while—

I will not be tempted, Miss Grandison. I will stay till it is communicated to me, be it what it will.

But

But you may be surpris'd, Harriet, at the time, and know not what answer to give it—You had as good read it—Here, take it—Was there ever such a scrupulous creature?—It is about you and Emily—

About me and Emily! O Miss Grandison! What *can* there be about me and Emily?

And where's the difference, Harriet, between asking me about the contents, and reading them?—But I tell you—

No, you shall not; I will not hear the contents. I never will ask you. Can nobody act greatly but your brother? Let you and me, Charlotte, be the better for his example. You shall neither read them, nor tell me of them. I would not be so us'd myself.

Such praises did I never hear of woman!—Oh, Harriet!—Such praises—

Praises, Charlotte!—From your brother?—O this curiosity! the first fault of our first parent! But I will not be tempted. If you provoke me to ask questions, laugh at me, and welcome: But I beseech you, answer me not. Dear creature, if you love me, replace the letter, and do not seek to make me mean in my own eyes.

How you reflect upon me, Harriet!—But let me ask you, Are you willing, as a third sister, to take Emily into your guardianship, and carry her down with you into Northamptonshire?—Answer me that.

Ah! Miss Grandison! And is there such a proposal as that mentioned?—But answer me not, I beseech you. Whatever proposal is intended to be made me, let it be made: It will be too soon whenever that is, if it be a disagreeable one.

But let me say, madam (and tears were in my eyes), that I will not be treated with indignity by the best man on earth. And while I can refuse to yield to a thing that I think unworthy of myself
(you

{you are a sister, madam, and have nothing either to hope or fear), I have a title to act with spirit, when occasion calls for it.

My dear, you are serious—Twice *madam* in one breath! I will not forgive you. You ought now to *hear* that passage read which relates to you and Emily, if you will not read it yourself.

And she was looking for it; I suppose intending to read it to me.

No, Miss Grandison, said I, laying my spread hand upon the letter; I will neither read it, nor hear it read. I begin to apprehend, that there will be occasion for me to exert all my fortitude; and while it is yet in my power to do a right or a wrong thing, I will not deprive myself of the consciousness of having *merited* well, whatever may be my lot—Excuse me, madam.

I went to the door and was opening it—when she ran to me—Dear creature! you are angry with me: But how that pride becomes you! There is a dignity in it that awes me. O Harriet! how infinitely does it become the only woman in the world, that is worthy of the best man in it! Only say, you are not angry with me. Say that you can and do forgive me.

Forgive you, my Charlotte!—I do. But can you say, that you came not honestly by that letter, and yet forgive yourself? But, my dear Miss Grandison, instantly replace it; and do you watch over me, like a true friend, if, in a future hour of weakness, you should find me desirous to know any of the contents of a paper so naughtily come at. I own that I had like to have been overcome: And if I had all the information it would have given me, could never have recompensed me for what I should have suffered in my own opinion, when I reflected on the means by which I had obtained it.

Superior creature! how you shame me! I will replace the letter. And I promise you, that if I cannot

cannot forget the contents of it myself (and yet they are glorious to my brother), I will never mention any of them to you; unless the letter be fairly communicated to you, and to us all.

I threw my arms about her neck. She fervently returned the sisterly embrace. We separated; she retiring at one door, in order to go up to replace the letter; I at the other, to re-consider all that had passed on the occasion. And I hope I shall love her the better for taking so kindly a behaviour so contrary to what her own had been.

Well, but don't you congratulate me, my dear, on my escape from my curiosity? I am sure my grand-mamma, and my aunt, will be pleased with their girl. Yet it was a hard struggle, I own: In the suspense I am in; a very hard struggle. But though wishes will play about my heart, that I knew such of the contents as it might concern me to know; yet I am infinitely better pleased that I yielded not to the temptation, than I should have been if I had. And then, methinks, my pride is gratified in the superiority this lady ascribes to me over herself, whom so lately I thought greatly my superior.

Yet what merit have I in this? Since, if I had considered only rules of policy, I should have been utterly wrong had I yielded to the temptation: For what use could I have made of any knowledge I might have obtained by this means? If any proposal is to be made me, of what nature soever, it must, in that case, have appeared to be quite new to me: And what an affectation must that have occasioned, what dissimulation in your Harriet!—And how would a creature, educated as I have been, have behaved under such trials as might have arisen from a knowledge so faultily obtained?

And had I been discovered, had I given cause of suspicion either to Dr Bartlett or Sir Charles, I should have appeared as the principal in the fact;

It

It would have been mean to accuse Miss Grandison, as the tempter, in a temptation yielded to with my eyes open. And should I not have cast a slur upon that curiosity which Dr Bartlett before had not refused to gratify, as well as shut myself out from all future communications and confidence?

It is very possible, besides, that, unused as I have been to artifice and disguise, I should have betrayed myself, especially had I found any of the contents of the letter very affecting.

Thus you see, Lucy, that policy, as well as rectitude of manners, justifies me: And in this particular I am a happy girl.

Miss Grandison has just now told her sister what passed between us. Lady L. says, she would not have been Miss Grandison, in taking the letter, by what means soever come at; for how, said she, did I know what secrets there might be in it before I read it? But I think verily, when it had been got at, and offered me, I could not have been Miss Byron.

And she threw her arms about me: Dear creature, said she, you *must* be Lady Grandison—

Must! said Miss Grandison: She *shall*.

Miss Grandison talked to Lady L. of its being likely that her brother would go to Bologna: Of a visit he is soon to make to Grandison-hall; and she to go with him on a tour to Paris, in order to settle some matters relating to the will of his late friend Mr Danby—

Well, Lucy, my time in town is hastening to its period. Why am I not reminded, that my three allotted months are near expired? Will you receive the poor girl, who perhaps will not be able to carry down with her the heart she brought up? And yet, to go down to such dear friends without it; what an ungrateful sound has that!

Miss

Miss Grandison began to talk of other subjects relating to her brother, and that greatly to his praise. I could have heard all she had to say with infinite pleasure. I *do* love to hear him praised. But, as I doubted not but these subjects arose from the letter so surreptitiously obtained, I restrained myself, and withdrew.

OR what a happy temper is Miss Grandison! She was much affected with the scene that passed between us; but all is over with her already. One lesson upon her harpsichord sets every thing right with her. She has been rallying Lord L. with as much life and spirit as if she had done nothing to be vexed at. Had I been induced by her to read the letter which she got at dishonestly, as she owned, what a poor figure should I have made in my own eyes for a month to come!

But did she not as soon overcome the mortification given her by her brother, on the detection of Captain Anderson's affair? How unmercifully did she rally me within a few hours after!—Yet, she has fine qualities. One cannot help loving her. I *do* love her. But is it not a weakness to look without abatement of affection on those faults in one person which we should hold utterly inexcusable in another? In Miss Grandison's case, however, don't say it is, Lucy. O what a partiality! Yet she has within these few minutes owned, that she thought the step she had taken a faulty one, before she came to me with the letter; and hoped to induce me to countenance her in what she had done.

I called her a little Satan on this occasion. But, after all, what if the dear Charlotte's curiosity was more for my sake than her own? No motive of friendship, you will say, can justify a wrong action—Why no, Lucy; that is very true; but if you knew Miss Grandison, you would love her dearly.

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LETTER

L E T T E R X.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr BARTLETT.

[The letter which Miss Byron refused to read, or bear read.]

Friday Night, March 17.

I HOPE my Lord L. and my sisters will be able to make Colnebrook so agreeable to Miss Byron, that I may have the pleasure of finding her there in the beginning of the week.

My Lord W. is in town. He has invited me to dine with him to-morrow; *and must not be denied*, was a part of his message, brought me by Halden his steward, who says, that his lordship has something of consequence to consult me upon.

When, my dear friend, shall I find time for myself? Pray make my compliments to my Lord L. and to my *three* sisters; and tell them from me, that when I have the happiness of being in *their* company, then it is that I think I give time to myself.

I have a letter from Bologna: From the faithful Camilla. The contents of it give me great concern. She urges me to make one more visit there. She tells me, that the bishop said in her hearing, it would be *kind* if I would. Were such a visit to be requested *generally*, and it were likely to be of service, you may believe that I would cheerfully make it.

I should go for a fortnight at least to Grandison-hall. Burges has let me know, that the workmen have gone almost as far as they can go without my farther orders. And the churchwardens have signified to me, that the church is completely beautified, according to my directions; so that it will be ready to be opened on the Sunday after

next at farthest; and intreat my presence, both as patron and benefactor. I would now hasten my designed alterations at the hall.

I had rather not be present at the opening. Yet the propriety of my being there will probably prevail upon me to comply with the intreaties of the churchwardens; who in their letter signify the expectations of Sir Samuel Clarke, Sir William Turner, and Mr Barnham, of seeing me, and my sister Charlotte. You will be pleased to mention this to her.

I wish, without putting a slight upon good Mr Dobson, that *you*, my dear friend, could oblige us with the first sermon. All then would be decent, and worthy of the occasion; and the praise would be given *properly*, and not to the *agent*. But as it would be a little mortifying to Mr Dobson (of whose praise only I am apprehensive) so much as to hint such a wish, I will write to him, that he will oblige me if he say not one word that shall carry the eyes of the audience to my seat.

The execution of the orders I gave, that five other pews should be equally distinguished and ornamented with mine, carries not with it the appearance of affectation, does it, my good Dr Bartlett? especially as so many considerable families have seats there? I would not seem guilty of a false modesty, which, breaking out into singularity, would give the suspicion of a wrong direction, in cases where it may be of use to support a right one.

What can I do in relation to my Emily? she is of the stature of a woman. She ought, according to the present taste, to be introduced into public life. I am not fond of that life: And what knowledge she will gain by the introduction, she had better be without. Yet I think we should conform something to the taste of the times in which we live. Women's minds have generally a lighter turn than those

those of men. They should be innocently indulged. And on this principle it was that last winter I attended her and my sisters very often to the places of public entertainment, that she, having seen every thing that was the general subject of polite conversation, might judge of such entertainments as they deserve; and not add expectation (which runs very high in young minds, and is seldom answered) to the ideal scenes. This indulgence answered as I wish. Emily can now hear talk of the emulation of actors and managers, and of the other public diversions with tranquility, and be satisfied, as she reads, with representing over again to herself the parts in which the particular actors excelled. And thus a boundary is set to her imagination; and that by her own choice; for she thinks lightly of them, when she can be obliged by the company of my two sisters and Lord L.

But new scenes will arise in an age so studious as this, to gratify the eye and the ear. From these a young woman of fortune must not be totally excluded. I am a young man; and as Emily is so well grown for her years, I think I cannot so properly be her introducer to them, as I might, were I fifteen or twenty years older.

I live to my own heart; and I know (I think I do) that it is not a bad one: But as I cannot intend any thing with regard to my Emily, I must, for her sake, be more observing of the world's opinion than I hope I need to be for my own. You have taught me, that it is not good manners to despise the world's opinion, though we should regard it only in the second place.

Emily has too large a fortune. I have a high opinion of her discretion. But she is but a girl. Women's eyes are wanderers; and too often bring home guests that are very troublesome to them, and whom, once introduced, they cannot get out of the house.

I wish she had only ten thousand pounds. She would then stand a better chance for happiness, than she can do, I doubt, with five times ten; and would have five persons to one that she has now to chuse out of: For how few are there who can make proposals to the father or guardian of a girl who has 50,000 l.?

Indeed there are not wanting in our sex forward spirits, who will think that sum not too much for their merits, though they may not deserve 5,000 l. nor even one. And hence arises the danger of a woman of great fortune from those who will not dare to make proposals to a guardian. After an introduction (and how easy is that now made at public places!), a woman of the greatest fortune is *but* a woman, and is to be attacked and prevailed upon by the same methods which succeed with a person of the slenderest, and perhaps is won with equal, if not with greater ease, since, if the lady has a little romance in her head, and her lover a great deal of art and flattery, she will call that romantic turn generosity, and, thinking she can lay the man who has obtained her attention under obligation, she will meet him her full half way.

Emily is desirous to be constantly with us. My sister is very obliging. I know she will comply with whatever I shall request of her in relation to Emily. But where the reputation of a lady is concerned, a man should not depend too much upon his own character, especially a young man, be it ever so unexceptionable. Her mother has already given out foolish hints. She demands her daughter. The unhappy woman has no regard to truth. Her own character lost, and so deservedly, will she have any tenderness for that of Emily? Who will scruple to believe what a mother, tho' ever so wicked, will report of her daughter under twenty, and her guardian under thirty, if they live constantly together? Her guardian at the same
time

time carrying his heart in his countenance, and loving the girl, though with as much innocence as if she were his sister. Once I had thoughts of craving the assistance of the court of chancery for the protection of her person and fortune: But a hint of this nature distressed her for many days unknown to me. Had I been acquainted that she took it so heavily, I would not have made her unhappy for one day.

I have looked 'out among the quality for a future husband for her: But where can I find one with whom I think she will be happy? There are many who would be glad of her fortune. As I said, her fortune is too large. It is enough to render every man's address to her suspected; and to make a guardian apprehensive that her person, agreeable as it is, and every day improving, and her mind opening to advantage every hour of her life, would be *but* the second, *if* the second, view of a man professing to love her. And were she to marry, what a damp would the slights of a husband give to the genius of a young woman, whose native modesty would always make her want encouragement!

I have also cast an eye over the gentry within my knowledge: But have not met with one whom I could wish to be the husband of my Emily. So tender, so gentle, so ductile, as she is, a fierce, a rash, an indelicate, even a careless or indifferent man, would either harden her heart, or shorten her life: And as the latter would be much more easy to be effected than the former, what must she suffer before she could return indifference for disrespect; and reach the quiet end of it!

See what a man Sir Walter Watkyns is? My sister only could deal with such an one. A superiority in her so visible, he must fear her: Yet a generosity so great, and a dignity so conspicuous, in her whole behaviour, as well as countenance,

he must love her: Every body's respect to her, would oblige love and reverence from him. But my weak-hearted, diffident Emily, what would *she* do with such a man?

What would she do with a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen? What with such a man as Mr Greville, as Sir Hargrave describes him? I mention these men, for are there not many such?

I am not apt to run into grave declamations against the times: And yet, by what I have seen abroad, and now lately since my arrival at home, and have heard from men of greater observation, and who have lived longer in the world than I have, I cannot but think that Englishmen are not what they were. A wretched effeminacy seems to prevail among them. Marriage itself is every day more and more out of fashion; and even virtuous women give not the institution so much of their countenance, as to discourage by their contempt the free-livers. A good woman, as *such*, has therefore but few chances for happiness in marriage. Yet shall I not endeavour, the *more* endeavour to save and serve my Emily?

I have one encouragement, since my happy acquaintance with Miss Byron, to think that the age is not entirely lost to a sense of virtue and goodness. See we not how every body reveres *her*? Even a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, a Greville, a Fenwick; men of free lives adore her. And at the same time she meets with the love of all good men, and the respect of women, whether gay or serious. But I am afraid, that the first attraction with men is her beauty. I am afraid, that few see in that admirable young lady what I see in her: A mind great and noble: A sincerity beyond that of women: A goodness unaffected, and which shews itself in action, and not merely in words, and outward appearance: A wit lively and inoffensive: And an understanding solid and useful: All which render her

her a fit companion, either in the social or contemplative hour : And yet she thinks herself not above the knowledge of those duties, the performance of which makes an essential of the female character.

But I am not giving a character of Miss Byron to you, my good Dr Bartlett, who admire her as much as I do.

Do you think it impossible for me to procure for my Emily such a guardian and companion as Miss Byron, on her return to Northamptonshire, would make her?—Such worthy relations as she would introduce her to would be a further happiness to my ward.

I am far from undervaluing my sister's good qualities : But if Emily lives with her, she must live also with me. Indeed the affairs in which I am engaged for other people (if I may call those who have a claim upon me for every instance of my friendship, *other* people), which will occasion me to be often absent. But still, while Grandison-hall and St James's-square are the visible places of residence equally of the guardian and ward, Emily's mother will tell the world that we live together.

Miss Jervois does not chuse to return to Mrs Lane ; and indeed I don't think she would be safe there in a family of women, though very worthy ones, from the attempts of one of the sex, who, having brought her into the world, calls herself her mother ; and especially now that the unhappy woman has begun to be troublesome there. I beg of you, therefore, my dear Dr Bartlett, who know more of my heart and situation than any one living (my dear Beauchamp excepted), to consider what I have written, and give me your opinion of that part of it which relates to Miss Byron and Emily.

I was insensibly drawing myself in to enumerate the engagements which at present press most upon me. Let me add to the subject—I must soon go to
Paris,

Paris, in order finally to settle such of the affairs of my late worthy friend as cannot be so well done by any other hand. The three thousand pounds which he has directed to be disposed of to charitable uses in France as well as in England, at the discretion of his executor, is one of them.

Perhaps equity will allow me to add to this limited sum from what will remain in my hands after the establishment of the nephews and niece. As they are young, and brought up with the hope that they will make a figure in the world by their diligence, I would not, by any means, make them independent on that. The whole estate divided among them, would not be sufficient to answer that purpose happily, though it might be enough to abate the edge of their industry.

The charity that I am most intent upon promoting in France and in England too, is that of giving little fortunes to young maidens in marriage with honest men of their own degree, who might, from such an outsetting, begin the world, as it is called, with some hope of success.

By this time, my dear Dr Bartlett, you will guess that I have a design upon you. It is that you will assist me in executing the will of my late friend. Make enquiries after, and recommend to me, objects worthy of relief. You were very desirous, some time ago, to retire to the hall: But I knew not how to spare you; and I hoped to attend you thither. You shall now set out for that place as soon as you please. And that neither may be (or as little as possible) losers by the separation, every thing that we would say to each other, were we together, *that*, as we used to do, we will say by pen and ink. We will be joint executors, in the first place, for this sum of 3,000 *l*.

Make enquiries then, as soon as you get down, for worthy objects—The industrious poor, of all persuasions, reduced either by age, infirmity or accident;

dent; those who labour under incurable maladies; youth, of either sex, capable of beginning the world to advantage, but destitute of the means; these, in particular, are the objects we both think worthy of assistance. You shall take 500 l. down with you, for a beginning.

It is my pride, it is my glory, that I can say, Dr Bartlett and Charles Grandison, on all benevolent occasions, are actuated by one soul. My dear friend, adieu.

L E T T E R XI.

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.

Sat. Night, March 18.

I HAVE furnished the ladies, and my lord, with more letters. And so they have all my heart before them!—I don't care, the man is Sir Charles Grandison; and they rally me not so much as before, while they thought I affected reserves to them. Indeed it would be cruel, if they did; and I should have run away from them.

I am glad you all think that the two sisters used me severely. They really did. But I have this gratification of my pride in reflecting upon their treatment of me—I would not have done so by them, had situations been exchanged: And I think myself nearer an equality with them, than I had thought myself before. But they are good women, and my sincere friends and well-wishers; and I forgive them; and so must my grandmamma.

I am sorry, methinks, that her delicacy has been offended on the occasion. And *did* she weep at the hearing read my account of that attack made upon her girl by the over-lively Charlotte!—O the dear, the indulgent parent!—How tender was it of my
aunt

aunt too, to be concerned for the poor Harriet's delicacy, so hard put to it as she was! It did indeed (as she distinguishes in her usual charming manner) look, as if they put a great price upon their intended friendship to me, with regard to my interest in their brother's heart: as if the favour done to the humbled girl, if they could jointly procure for her their brother's countenance, might well allow of their *railery*.—Don't, pray don't, my dear grandmamma, call it by a severer name. They did not, I am *sure* they did not, mean to hurt me so much as I really was hurt. So let it pass. Humour and railery are very difficult things to rein in. They are ever curveting like a prancing horse; and they will often throw the rider who depends more upon his skill in managing them, than he has reason to do.

My uncle was charmed with this scene; and thinks the two ladies did just as *he* would have done. He means it a compliment to their *delicacy*, I presume: But I am of my aunt Selby's opinion, that their *generous* brother would not have given them thanks for their railery to the poor frightened Harriet. I am very happy, however, that my behaviour and frankness on the occasion are not disapproved at Selby-house, and Shirley-manor, and by you, my Lucy. And here let that matter rest.

Should I not begin to think of going back to you all, my Lucy? I believe I blush ten times a day, when alone, to find myself waiting and waiting as if for the gracious motion; yet apprehending that it never *will*, never *can*, be made; and all you, my friends, indulging an absence, that your goodness makes painful to you, in the same hope. It looks—Don't it, Lucy?—so like a design upon—I don't know how it looks!—But at times I can't endure myself. And yet while the love of virtue (perhaps a little too personal) is the foundation of these designs,

signs, these waitings, these emotions, I think I am not wholly inexcusable.

I am sure I should not esteem him, were he not the good man he is.—Pray let me ask you—Do you think he can always go on thus triumphantly?—So young a man—So admired, so applauded—Will he never be led into doing something unworthy of his character?—If he could, do you think I should then be partial to him? O no! I am sure I should not!—I should disdain him—I might grieve, I might pity—But what a multitude of foolish notions comes into the head of a silly girl, who, little as she knows, knows more of any thing, or of anybody, than she knows of herself.

I wish my godfather had not put it in my head, that Emily is cherishing (perhaps unknown to herself) a flame that will devour her peace. For to be sure this young creature can have no hope that—Yet 50,000 *l.* is a vast fortune.—But it can never buy her guardian. Do you think such a man as Sir Charles Grandison has a price?—I am sure he has not.

I watch the countenance, the words, the air of the girl, when he is spoken of: And with pity I see, that he cannot be named but her eyes sparkle. Her eye is taken off her work or book, as she happens to be engaged in either, and she seems as if she would look the person through who is praising her guardian. For the life of her she cannot *work* and *bear*. And then she sighs—Upon my word, Lucy, there is no such thing as proceeding with his praises before her—the girl so sighs—So young a creature!—Yet how can one caution the poor thing?

But what makes me a little more observant of her than I should otherwise perhaps have been (additional to my godfather's observation), is a hint given me by Lady L. which perhaps she has from Miss Grandison, and *she* not unlikely from the stolen letter:

ter: For Miss Grandison hinted at it, but I thought it was only to excite my curiosity [when one is not in good humour, how one's very stile is encumbered!]: The hint is this, that it is more than probable it will actually be proposed to me, to take down with me to Northamptonshire this young lady—I, who want a governess myself, to be—But let it be proposed.

In a conversation that passed just now between us women, on the subject of love (a favourite topic with all girls), *this* poor thing gave her opinion unasked; and for a young girl was quite alert, I thought. She used to be more attentive than talkative.

I whispered Miss Grandison once, don't you think Miss Jervois talks more than she used to do, madam?

I think she does, *madam*, re-whispered the arch lady.

I beg pardon,—*Charlotte*, then.

You have it, *Harriet*, then.—But let her prate. She is not often in the humour.

Nay, with all my heart; I love Miss Jervois: But I can't but watch when habits begin to change: And I am always afraid of young creatures exposing themselves when they are between girls and women.

I don't love whispering, said Miss Jervois, more pertly than ever: But my guardian loves me; and you, ladies, love me, and so my heart is easy.

Her heart easy!—Who thought of her heart? Her guardian *loves* her!—Emily shan't go down with me, Lucy.

Sunday Morning, March 19.

O BUT, Lucy, we are alarmed here on Miss Jervois's account, by a letter which Dr Bartlett received a little late last night from Sir Charles; so shewed it us not till this morning as we were at breakfast. The unhappy woman, her mother, has

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made

made him a visit. Poor Emily! Dear child! what a mother she has!

I have so much obliged the doctor by delivering into his hands the papers that our other friends have just perused (and, let me say, with high approbation), that he made no scruple of allowing me to send this letter to you. I asked the favour, as I know you will all now be very attentive to whatever relates to Emily. Return every thing the doctor shall entrust me with by the first opportunity.

By the latter part of this letter you will find, that the doctor has acquainted Sir Charles with his sister's wishes of a correspondence with him by letter. He consents to it, you will all see; but upon terms that are not likely to be complied with by any of his *three* sisters; for he puts me in. *Three sisters!* His *third* sister!—The repetition has such an officiousness in it. He is a good man; but he can be severe upon our sex—*It is not in woman to be unreserved*—You'll find *that* one of the reflections upon us: He adds; and, to be *impartial, perhaps they should not*. Why so?—But is not this a piece of advice given to myself, to make me more reserved than I am? But he gives not himself opportunity to see whether I am or am not reserved. I won't be mean, Lucy, I repeat for the twentieth time. I won't *deserve* to be despised by him.—No! though he were the sovereign of the greatest empire on earth. In this believe

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr BARTLETT.

[*Inclosed in the preceding.*]

March 18.

I HAVE had a visit, my dear and reverend friend, from Emily's mother. She will very probably make one also at Colnebrook, before I can be so happy as to get thither. I dispatch this, therefore, to apprise you and Lord L. of such a probability; which is the greater, as she knows Emily to be there, through the inadvertence of Saunders, and finds *me* to be in town. I will give you the particulars of what passed between us, for your better information, if she goes to Colnebrook.

I was preparing to attend Lord W. as by appointment, when she sent in her name to me.

I received her civilly. She had the assurance to make up to me with a full expectation that I would salute her; but I took, or rather *received*, her ready hand, and led her to a chair by the fire-side. You have never seen her. She thinks herself still handsome; and, did not her vices render her odious, and her *whole aspect* shew her heart, she would not be much mistaken.

How does Emily, Sir? galanting her fan: Is the girl here? Bid her come to me. I *will* see her.

She is not here, madam.

Where is she then? She has not been at Mrs Lane's for some time.

She is in the best protection: She is with my two sisters.

And pray, Sir Charles Grandison, what do you intend to do with her? The girl begins to be womanly.

She

She laughed; and her heart spoke out at her eyes.

Tell me what you propose to do with her? You know, added she, affecting a serious air, that she is my child.

If, madam, you deserve to be thought her mother, you will be satisfied with the hands she is in.

Pish!—I never loved you good men: Where a fine girl comes in their way, I know what I know—

She looked wantonly, and laughed again.

I am not to talk seriously with you, Mrs Jervois! But what have you to *say* to my ward?

Say! Why, you know, Sir, I am her mother: And I have a mind to have the care of her person myself. You must (so her father directed) have the care of her fortune: But I have a mind, for her reputation-sake, to take the girl out of the hands of so young a guardian. I hope you would not oppose me?

If this be all your business, madam, I must be excused. I am preparing, as you see, to dress.

Where is Emily? I *will* see the girl.

If your motive be motherly love, little, madam, as you have acted the mother by her, you shall see her when she is in town. But her *person* and *reputation*, as well as *fortune*, must be my care.

I am married, Sir: And my husband is a man of honour.

Your marriage, madam, gives a new reason why Emily must not be in your care.

Let me tell you, Sir, that my husband is a man of honour, and as brave a man as yourself; and he will see me righted.

Be he who he will, he can have no business with Emily. Did you come to tell me you are married, madam!

I did, Sir. Don't you wish me joy?—

Joy, madam! I wish you to deserve joy, and you will then perhaps have it. You'll excuse me—I shall make my friends wait.

I could not restrain my indignation. This woman marries, as she calls it, twice or thrice a-year. Well, Sir, then, you will find time, perhaps, to talk with Major O'Hara. He is of one of the best families in Ireland. And he will not let me be robbed of my daughter.

Major O'Hara, madam, has nothing to do with the daughter of my late unhappy friend. Nor have I any-thing to say to *him*. Emily is in my protection; and I am sorry to say, that she never had been so, were not the woman who calls herself her mother the person least fit to be entrusted with her daughter. Permit me the favour of leading you to your chair.

She then broke out into the language in which she always concludes these visits. She threatened me with the resentments of Major O'Hara; and told me, he had been a conqueror in half a dozen duels.

I offered my hand. She refused it not. I led her to her chair.

I will call again to-morrow afternoon, said she (threatening with her head); perhaps with the Major, Sir. And I expect you will produce the little harlotry.

I left her in silent contempt.—Vile woman!

But let nothing of this escape you to my Emily. I think she should not see her but in my presence. The poor girl will be terrified into fits, as she was the last time she saw her, if she comes, and I am not there. But possibly I may hear no more of this wicked woman for a month or two. Having a power to make her annuity either one or two hundred pounds, according to her behaviour, at my own discretion, the man she has married, who could have no inducement but the annuity, if he

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has married her, will not suffer her to incur such a reduction of it; for you know I have always hitherto paid her two hundred pounds a-year. Her threatening to see me to-morrow may be to amuse me while she goes. The woman is a foolish woman; but being accustomed to intrigue, she aims at cunning and contrivance.

I am now hastening to Lord W. I hope his woman will not be admitted to his table, as she generally is, let who will be present; yet, it seems, knows not how to be silent, whatever be the subject. I have never chosen either to dine or sup with my lord, that I might not be under a necessity of objecting to her company: And were I *not* to object to it, as I am a near kinsman to my lord, and know the situation she is in with him, my complaisance might be imputed to motives altogether unworthy of a man of spirit.

Yours of this morning was brought me, just as I was concluding. I am greatly interested in one paragraph in it.

You hint to me, that my sisters, though my absences are short, would be glad to receive now-and-then a letter from me. You, my dear friend, have engaged me into a kind of habit, which makes me write to you with ease and pleasure.—To you, and to our Beauchamp, methinks, I can write any-thing. Use, it is true, would make it equally agreeable to me to write to my sisters. I would not have them think that there is a brother in the world, that better loves his sisters than I do mine: And now, you know, I have *three*. But why have they not signified as much to me? Could I give pleasure to any whom I love, without giving great pain to myself, it would be unpardonable not to do it.

I could easily carry on a correspondence with my sisters, were they to be very earnest about it: But then it must be a *correspondence*: The writing must not be all of one side. Do they think I should not

be equally pleased to hear what *they* are about, from time to time; and what, occasionally, their sentiments are upon persons and things? If it fall in your way, and you think it not a mere temporary wish (for young ladies often wish, and think no more of the matter); then propose the condition.—But caution them, that the moment I discover that they are less frank, and more reserved, than I am, there will be an end of the correspondence. My *three* sisters are most amiably frank, for women—But, thus challenged, dare they enter the lists, upon honour, with a man, a *brother*, upon equal terms?—O no! They dare not. It is not in a woman to be unreserved in some points; and (to be impartial) perhaps they should not: Yet, surely, there is now and then a man, a *brother*, to be met with, who would be the more grateful for the confidence reposed in him.

Were this proposal to be accepted, I could write to them many of the things that I communicate to you. I have but few secrets. I only wish to keep from relations so dear to me things that could not possibly yield them pleasure. I am sure I could trust to your judgment the passages that might be read to them from my letters to you.

Sometimes, indeed, I love to divert myself with Charlotte's humorous curiosity; for she seems, as I told her lately, to love to suppose secrets where there are none, for a compliment to her own sagacity, when she thinks she has found them out; and I love at such times to see her puzzled, and at a fault, as a punishment for her declining to speak out.

You have told me heretofore, in excuse for the distance which my *two elder sisters* observe to their brother, when I have complained of it to you, that it proceeded from awe, from reverence for him. But why should there be that awe, that reverence? Surely, my dear friend, if this is spontaneous and invincible in them, there must be some fault in my
behaviour,

behaviour, some seeming want of freedom in my manner, with which you will not acquaint me: It is otherwise impossible, that between brothers and sisters, where the love is not doubted on either side, such a distance should subsist. You must consult them upon it, and get them to explain themselves on this subject to you; and when they have done so, tell me of my fault, and I will endeavour to render myself more agreeable (more familiar, shall I say?) to them. But I will not by any means excuse them, if they give me cause to think, that the distance is owing to the will and the power I have been blessed with to do my *duty* by them. What would this be, but indirectly to declare, that once they expected not justice from their brother? But no more of this subject at present. I am impatient to be with you all at Colnebrook; you cannot think *how* impatient. Self-denial is a very hard doctrine to be learned, my good Dr Bartlett. So, in some cases, is it found to be by

Your CHARLES GRANDISON.

L E T T E R XIII.

Miss BYRON, *To Miss* SELBY.

Colnebrook, Sunday Evening.

POOR Emily! her heart is almost broken. This ignoble passion, what a mean-spirited creature had it like to have made me?—Be quiet, be quiet, Lucy!—I *will* call it *ignoble*. Did you ever know me before so little!—And had it not like to have put me upon being hard-hearted, envious, and I can't tell what, to a poor fatherless girl, just starting into woman, and therefore into more danger than she ever was in before, wanting to be protected—from whom? From a *Mother*.
—Dreadful

—Dreadful circumstance!—Yet I am ready to grudge the poor girl her guardian, and her innocent prattle!—But let me be despised by the man I love, if I do not conquer this new-discovered envy, jealousy, littleness, at least with regard to this unhappy girl, whose calamity endears her to me.

Dear child! sweet Emily! You *shall* go down with me, if it be proposed. My grandmamma, and uncle and aunt, will permit me to carry you with me. They are generous; they have no little passion to mislead their beneficence: They are what I hope to be, now I have found myself out—And what if her gratitude shall make her heart overflow into love, has she not excuse for it, if Harriet has any?

Well, but to the occasion of the poor Emily's distress.—About twelve this day, soon after Lord L. and the two sisters and I came from church (for Emily happened not to go), a coach and four stopped at the gate, and a servant in a sorry livery, alighting from behind it, enquired for Lord L. Two gentlemen, who by their dress and appearance were military men, and one lady were in it.

My lord ordered them to be invited to alight, and received them with his usual politeness.

Don't let me call this unhappy woman Emily's mother; O'Hara is the name she owns.

She addressed herself to my lord: I am the mother of Emily Jervois, my lord: This gentleman, Major O'Hara, is my husband.

The major bowed, strutted, and acknowledged her for his wife: And this gentleman, my lord, said he, is Captain Salmonet; a very brave man: He is in foreign service. His lady is my own sister.

My lord took notice of each.

I understand, my lord, that my daughter is here: I desire to see her.

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One of my lord's servants, at that time passing by the door, which was open, Pray, Sir, said she to him, let Miss Jervois know, that her mamma is come to see her. Desire her to come to me.

Major. I long to see my new daughter: I hear she is a charming young lady. She may depend upon the kindness of a father from me.

Capt. De man of honour and good nature be my broder's general cha-ract-er, I do assure your lordship.

He spoke English as a Frenchman, my lord says; but pronounced the word *character* as an Irishman.

Major (bowing). No need of this, my dear friend. My lord has the cha-ract-er of a fine gentleman himself, and knows how to receive a gentleman who waits upon him with due respect.

Lord L. I hope I do. But, madam, you know whoie protection the lady is in.

Mrs O'Hara. I do, my lord. Sir Charles Grandison is a very fine gentleman.

Capt. De vineft cha-ract-er in de world. By my salvation every body fay so.

Mrs O'Hara. But Sir Charles, my lord, is a very young gentleman to be a guardian to so young a creature; especially now that she is growing into woman. I have had some few faults I own. Who lives that has not? But I have been basely scandalized. My first husband had *his*, and much greater than I had. He was set against me by some of his own relations: Vile creatures!—He left me, and went abroad; but he has answered for all by this time; and for the scanty allowance he made me, his great fortune considered: But as long as my child will be the better for it, that I can forgive.—Emily, my dear!

She stepped to the door on hearing the rustling of silks, supposing her at hand; but it was Miss Grandison, followed by a servant with chocolate, to afford her a pretence to see the visitors; and at
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the same time having a mind to hint to them, that they were not to expect to be asked to stay to dinner.

It is to Miss Grandison that I owe the description of each, the account of what passed, and the broken dialect.

Mrs O'Hara has been a handsome woman; but well might Sir Charles be disgusted with her aspect. She has a leering, sly, yet confident eye; and a very bold countenance. She is not ungentle; yet her very dress denotes her turn of mind. Her complexion fallowish, streaked with red, makes her face (which is not so plump as it once has been) look like a withering John-apple that never ripened kindly.

Miss Grandison has a way of saying ill-natured things in such a good-natured manner, that one cannot forbear smiling, though one should not altogether approve of them; and yet sometimes one would be ready to wonder how she came by her images.

The Major is pert, bold, vain, and seemed particularly fond of his new scarlet coat and laced waistcoat. He is certainly, Miss Grandison says, a low man, though a soldier. Anderson, added she, is worth fifty of him. His face, fiery and highly pimpled, is set off to advantage by an enormous solitaire. His bad and straggling teeth are shewn continually by an affected laugh, and his empty discourse is interlarded with oaths, which, with my uncle's leave, I shall omit.

Captain Salmonet, she says, appeared to her in a middle way between a French beau and a Dutch boor; aiming at gentility, with a person and shape uncommonly clumsy.

They both assumed military airs, which not fitting naturally, gave them what Miss Grandison called, The swagger of soldierly importance.

Emily

Emily was in her own apartment, almost fainting with terror: For the servant to whom Mrs O'Hara had spoken, to bid her daughter come to her, had officiously carried up the message.

To what Mrs O'Hara had said in defence of her own character, my lord answered, Mr Jervois had a right, madam, to do what he pleased with a fortune acquired by his own industry. A disagreement in marriage is very unhappy; but in this case, as in a duel, the survivor is hardly ever in fault. I have nothing to do in this matter. Miss Jervois is very happy in Sir Charles Grandison's protection. *She* thinks so; and so does every body that knows her. It is your misfortune if *you* do not.

Mrs O'Hara. My lord, I make no dispute of Sir Charles's being the guardian of her fortune; but no father can give away the authority a mother has, as well as himself, over her child.

Major. That child a daughter too, my lord.

Lord L. To all this I have nothing to say. You will not be able, I believe, to persuade my brother Grandison to give up his ward's person to you, madam.

Mrs O'Hara. Chancery may, my lord—

Lord L. I have nothing to say to this, madam. No man in England knows better what is to be done in this case than Sir Charles Grandison; and no man will be readier to do what is just and fitting without law: But I enter not into the case; you must not talk to me on this subject.

Miss Gr. Do you think, madam, that your marriage intitles you the *rather* to have the care of Miss Jervois?

Major (*with great quickness*). I hope, madam, that my honour and cha-ract-er—

Miss Gr. Be they ever so unquestionable, will not intitle you, Sir, to the guardianship of Miss Jervois's person.

Major.

Major. I do not pretend to it, madam. But I hope that no father's will, no guardian's power, is to set aside the natural authority which a mother has over her child.

Lord L. This is not my affair. I am not inclined to enter into a dispute with you, madam, on this subject.

Mrs O'Hara. Let Emily be called down to her mother. I hope I may see my child. She is in this house, my lord. I hope I may see my child.

Major. Your lordship and you, madam, will allow, that it would be the greatest hardship in the world to deny to a mother the sight of her child.

Capt. De very greatest hardship of all hardships. Your lordship will not refuse to let de daughter come to her moder.

Lord L. Her guardian perhaps will not deny it. You must apply to him. He is in town. Miss Jervois is here but as a guest. She will be soon in town. I must not have her alarmed. She has very weak spirits.

Mrs O'Hara. Weak *spirits*, my lord!—A child to have spirits too weak to see her mother!—And she felt for her handkerchief.

Miss Gr. It sounds a little harshly, I own, to deny to a mother the sight of her daughter: But unless my brother were present, I think, my lord, it cannot be allowed.

Major. Not allowed, madam!

Capt. A moder to be denied to see her daughter! Jesu! And he crossed himself.

Mrs O'Hara. (putting her handkerchief to hide her eyes, for it seems she wept not). I am a very unhappy mother indeed—

Major (*embracing her*). My dearest life! My best love! I must not bear these tears—Would to God Sir Charles was here, and thought fit—But I came not here to threaten—You, my lord, are a man of the greatest honour; so is Sir Charles.—But what-

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ever

ever were the misunderstandings between husband and wife, they should not be kept up and propagated between mother and child. My wife at present desires only to see her child: That's all, my lord. Were your brother present, madam, he would not deny her this. Then again embracing his wife, My dear soul, be comforted. You will be allowed to see your daughter, no doubt of it. I am able to protect and right you. My dear soul, be comforted.

She sobbed, Miss Grandison says; and the good-natured Lord L. was moved—Let Miss Jervois be asked, said he, if she chuses to come down.

I will go to her myself, said Miss Grandison.

She came down presently again—

Miss Byron and Miss Jervois, said she, are gone out together in the chariot.

Major. Nay, madam—

Capt. Upon my salvation this must not pass—
And he swaggered about the room.

Mrs O'Hara looked with an air of incredulity.

It was true, however: For the poor girl being ready to faint, I was called in to her. Lady L. had been making a visit in the chariot; and it had just brought her back. O save me, save me, dear madam, said Miss Emily to me, wringing her hands. I cannot, I cannot see my mother out of my guardian's presence: And she will make me own her new husband. I beseech you, save me; hide me!

I saw the chariot from the window, and, without asking any questions, I hurried Miss Emily down stairs, and conducted the trembling dear into it; and whipping in after her, ordered the coachman to drive any-where, except towards London: And then the poor girl threw her arms about my neck, smothering me with her kisses, and calling me by all the tender names that terror and mingled gratitude could suggest to her.

Miss Grandison told the circumstances pretty near as above; adding, I think, my lord, that Miss Emily wants not apology for her terror on this occasion. That lady, in her own heart, knows that the poor girl has reason for it.

Madam, said the Major, my wife is cruelly used. Your brother—But I shall talk to *him* upon the subject. He is said to be a man of conscience and honour: I hope I shall find him so. I know how to protect and right my wife.

And I will stand by my broder and his lady, said the Captain, to de very last drop of my blood.—He looked fierce, and put his hand on his sword.

Lord L. You don't by these airs mean to insult me, gentlemen—If you do—

Major. No, no, my lord. But we must seek our remedy elsewhere. Surprising! that a mother is denied the sight of her daughter! *Very* surprising!

Capt. Very surprising, indeed! Ver dis to be done in my country—In France—English liberty! Begar very pretty liberty!—A daughter to be supported against her moder—Whew! Ver pretty liberty, by my salvation!—

Mrs O'Hara. And is indeed my vile child run away to avoid seeing her mother?—Strange! Does she always intend to do thus?—She *must* see me—And dearly shall she repent it!

And she looked fierce, and particularly spiteful; and then declared, that she would stay there till Emily came back, were it midnight.

Lord L. You will have my leave for that, madam.

Major. Had we not best go into our coach, and let that drive in quest of her?—She cannot be far off. It will be easy to trace a chariot.

Lord L. Since this matter is carried so far, let me tell you, that, in the absence of her guardian, I will protect her. Since Miss Jervois is thus averse,

verse, she shall be indulged in it. If you see her, madam, it must be by the consent, and in the presence of her guardian.

Major. Well, my dear, since the matter stands thus, since your child is taught to shun you thus, let us see what Sir Charles Grandison will say to it. He is the principal in this affair, and is not *privileged*. If he thinks fit—And there he stopped and blustered; and offered his hand to his bride.—I am able both to protect and right you, madam; and I *will*. But you have a letter for the girl, written on a supposition that she was not here.—Little did you or I think that she was in the house when we came; and that she should be spirited away to avoid paying her duty to her mother.

Very true, Very true. And, Very true, said each; and Mrs O'Hara pulled out the letter, laying it on one of the chairs; and desired it might be given to her daughter. And then they all went away very much dissatisfied; the two men muttering, and threatening, and resolving, as they said, to make a visit to Sir Charles.

I hope we shall see him here very soon. I hope these wretches will not insult him, or endanger a life so precious. Poor Emily! I pity her from my heart. She is as much grieved on this occasion, as I was in dread of the resentment of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

Let me give you some account of what passed between Emily and me: You will be charmed with her beautiful simplicity.

When we were in the chariot, she told me, that the last time she saw her mother, it was at Mrs Lane's: The bad woman made a pretence of private business with her daughter, and withdrew with her into another room, and then insisted that she should go off with her, unknown to any body. And because I desired to be excused, said she, my

mother laid her hands upon me, and said she would trample me under her foot. It is true (unhappy woman!) she was—[Then the dear girl whispered me, though no body was near us—sweet modest creature, loth to reveal this part of her mother's shame, even to me, aloud, and blushed as she spoke--] she was in her cups.—My mamma is as naughty as some *men* in that respect: And I believe she would have been as good as her word; but on my screaming (for I was very much frightened) Mrs Lane, who had an eye upon us, ran in with two servants, and one of her daughters, and rescued me. She *had* torn my cap—Yet it was a sad thing, you know, madam, to see one's mother put out of the house against her will. And then she raised the neighbourhood. Lord bless me! I thought I should have died. I *did* fall into fits. Then was Mrs Lane forced to tell every one what a sad woman my mother was!—It was such a disgrace to me!—It was a month before I could go to church, or look any body in the face. But Mrs Lane's character was of her side; and my guardian's goodness was a help—Shall I say a help against my mother?—Poor woman! we heard afterwards she was dead; but my guardian would not believe it. If it would please God to take me, I should rejoice. Many a tear does my poor mother, and the trouble I give to the best of men, cost me, when nobody sees me; and many a time do I cry myself to sleep, when I think it impossible I should get such a kind relief.

I was moved at the dear girl's melancholy tale. I clasped my arms about her, and wept on her gentle bosom. Her calamity, which was the greatest that could happen to a good child, I told her, had endeared her to me: I would love her as my sister.

And so I will: Dear child, I will for ever love her. And I am ready to hate myself for some passages

pages

fages in my last letter. O how deceitful is the heart! I could not have thought it possible that mine could have been so narrow.

The dear girl rejoiced in my assurances, and promised grateful love to the latest hour of her life.

Indeed, madam, I have a grateful heart, said she, for all I am so unhappy in a certain relation. I have none of those sort of faults that give me a resemblance in any way to my poor mother. But how shall I make out what I say? You will mistrust me I fear: You will be apt to doubt my principles. But will you promise to take my heart in your hand, and guide it as you please?—Indeed it is an honest one. I wish you saw it through and through.—If ever I do a wrong thing, mistrust my head if you please, but not my heart. But in every thing I will be directed by you, and then my head will be as right as my heart.

I told her that good often resulted from evil. It was a happy thing perhaps for both, that her mother's visit had been made. Look upon me, my dear Emily, as your entire friend: We will have but one heart between us.

Let me, add, Lucy, that if you find me capable of drawing this sweet girl into confessions of her infant love, and of taking ungenerous advantage of them, though the event were to be fatal to my peace if I did not; I now call upon all you, my dear friends, to despise and renounce the treacherous friend in Harriet Byron.

She besought me to let her write to me, to let her come to me for advice, as often as she wanted it, whether here, in my dressing-room, or chamber, or at Mrs Reeves's, when I went from Colnebrook.

I consented very cheerfully, and at her request (for indeed, said she, I would not be an intruder for the world) promised, by a nod at her entrance,

to let her know, if she came when I was busy, that she must retire, and come another time.

You are too young a lady, added she, to be called my mamma—Alas! I have never a mamma, you know: But I will love you and obey you, on the holding up of your finger, as I would my mother, were she as good as you.

Does not the beautiful simplicity of this charming girl affect you, Lucy? But her eyes swimming in tears, her earnest looks, her throbbing bosom, her hands now clasped about me, now in one another, added such graces to what she said, that it is impossible to do justice to it: And yet I am affected as I write; but not so much, you may believe, as at the time she told her tender tale.

Indeed, her calamity has given her an absolute possession of my heart. I, who had such good parents, and have had my loss of them so happily alleviated, and even supplied, by a grandmamma and an aunt so truly maternal, as well as by the love of every one to whom I have the happiness to be related; how unworthy of such blessings should I be, if I did not know how to pity a poor girl who must reckon a living mother as her heaviest misfortune!

Sir Charles, from the time of the disturbance which this unhappy woman made in Mrs Lane's neighbourhood, and of her violence to his Emily, not only threatened to take from her that moiety of the annuity which he is at liberty to withdraw, but gave orders that she should never again be allowed to see his ward but in his presence: And she has been quiet till of late, only threatening and demanding. But now she seems, on this her marriage with Major O'Hara, to have meditated new schemes, or is aiming, perhaps, at new methods to bring to bear an old one; of which Sir Charles had private intimation given him by one of the persons to whom, in her cups, she once boasted of
it:

it : Which was, that as soon as Miss Emily was marriageable, she would endeavour, either by fair means or foul, to get her into her hands : and if she did, but for *one* week, she should the *next* come out the wife of a man she had in view, who would think half the fortune more than sufficient for himself, and make over the other half to her ; and then she should come into her right, which she deems to be half of the fortune which her husband had possessed of.

This that follows is a copy of the letter left for Emily by this mother ; which, though not well spelled, might have been written by a better woman, who had hardships to complain of which might have intitled her to pity :

My dear Emily,

IF you have any love, any duty left for an unhappy mother, whose faults have been barbarously aggravated, to justify the usage of a husband who was not faultless ; I conjure you to insist upon making me a visit, either at my new lodgings in Dean-street, Soho ; or that you will send me word where I can see you, supposing I am not permitted to see you as this day, or that you should not be at Colnebrook, where, it seems, you have been some days. I cannot believe that your guardian, for his own reputation-sake, as well as for justice-sake, as he is supposed to be a good man, will deny you, if you insist upon it ; as you ought to do, if you have half the love for me that I have for you.

Can I doubt that you *will* insist upon it ? I cannot. I long to see you : I long to lay you in my bosom. And I have given hopes to Major O'Hara, a man of one of the best families in Ireland, and a very worthy man, and a brave man too, who knows how to right an injured wife, if he is put to it, but who wishes to proceed amicably, that
you

you will not scruple, as my husband, to call him father.

I hear a very good account of your improvements, Emily; and I am told that you are grown very tall and pretty. O my Emily!—What a grievous thing is it to say, that I am *told* these things, and not to have been allowed to see you, and to behold your growth, and those improvements which must rejoice my heart, and do, tho' I am so basely belied as I have been! Do not you, Emily, despise her that bore you. It is a dreadful thing, with such fortunes as your father left, that I must be made poor and dependent; and then be despised for being so.

But if you, my child, are taught to be, and will be one of those, what, though I have such happy prospects in my present marriage, will be my fate, but a bitter death, which your want of duty will hasten? For what mother can bear the contempts of her child? And in that case your great fortune will not set you above God's judgments. But better things are hoped of, my Emily, by her

Indulgent, tho' heretofore

Saturday, March 18.

unhappy mother,

HELEN O'HARA.

My Lord thought fit to open this letter: He is sorry that he did; because the poor girl is so low-spirited, that he does not chuse to let her see it; but will leave it to her guardian to give it to her, or not, as he pleases.

Miss Grandison lifted up her hands and eyes as she read. Such a wretch as this, she said, to remind Emily of God's judgments; and that line written as even as the rest! How was it possible, if her wicked heart could suggest such words, that her fingers could steadily write them? But indeed she verifies the words of the wise man; *There is no wickedness like the wickedness of a woman.*

We

We all long to see Sir Charles. Poor Emily, in particular, will be unhappy till he comes.

While we expect a favoured person, tho' rich in the company of the friends we are with, what a diminution does it give to enjoyments that would be complete were it not for that expectation? The mind is uneasy, not content with itself, and always looking out for the person wanted.

Emily was told that her mother left a letter for her; but is advised not to be solicitous to see it till her guardian comes. My Lord owned to her that he had opened it; and pleaded tendernefs, as he justly might, in excuse of having taken that liberty. She thanked his Lordship, and said, it was for such girls as she to be directed by such good and kind friends.

She has just now left me. I was writing, and wanted to close. I gave her a nod, with a smile, as agreed upon a little before. Thank you, thank you, dear madam, said she, for this freedom. She stopped at the door, and with it in her hand, in a whispering accent, bending forwards, Only tell me, that you love me as well as you did in the chariot.

Indeed, my dear, I do; and better, I think, if possible: Because I have been putting part of our conversation upon paper, and so have fastened your merits on my memory.

God bless you, madam; I am gone: And away she tript.

But I will make her amends before I go to rest; and confirm all that I said to her in the chariot; for most cordially I can.

I am, dear Lucy, and will be,

Ever yours,

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

Mr DEANE, To Mrs SELBY.

London, Friday Night, Mar. 17.

YOU wished me, my dear Mrs Selby, as I was obliged to go to London on my own affairs, to call at Colnebrook, and to give you my observations on the state of matters there; and whether there were any likelihood of the event we are all so desirous should be brought about; and particularly, if an opportunity offered, that I would at distance sound Sir Charles himself on the subject. I told you, that you need not be afraid of my regard to our dear child's delicacy; and that she herself should not have reason to mistrust me on this nice subject.

It seems his great engagements in town, and some he has had in Kent, have hindered him from giving Lord L. and his sisters much of his company, tho' your Harriet is there; which they all extremely regret.

I dined at Colnebrook. Lord L. is a very worthy and agreeable man. Lady L. and Miss Grandison are charming women. Miss Jervis is a pretty young lady.—But more of her by-and-by.—The cousin Grandison you spoke of is gone down to Grandison-hall; whither Sir Charles himself thinks shortly of going.—But this and other distant matters I refer to our Harriet's own account.

My visit to Sir Charles is most in my head, and I will mention that, and give place to other observations afterwards.

After dinner I pursued my journey to London. As my own business was likely to engage me for the whole time I had to stay in town, I alighted at his house in St James's Square; and was immediately, on sending my name, introduced to him.

Let me stop to say, He is indeed a very fine gentleman.

tleman. Majesty and sweetness are mingled in every feature of his face ; and the latter, rather than the former, predominates in his whole behaviour. Well may Harriet love him.

I told him, that I hoped, on my coming to town on particular affairs, he would excuse the intrusion of a man who was personally a stranger to him ; but who had long wished for an opportunity to thank him for the relief he had given to a young lady, in whom I claimed an interest that was truly paternal. At the same time I congratulated him on the noble manner in which he had extricated himself, to the confusion of men, whom he had taught to find out, and to be ashamed, that they were savages.

He received my compliments as a man might be supposed to do, to whom praise is not a new thing ; and made me very handsome ones, declaring himself acquainted with my character, with my connections with your family, and with one of the most excellent of young ladies. This naturally introduced the praises of our Harriet ; in which he joined in so high and so just a strain, that I saw his heart was touched. I am sure it is : So set yours at rest. It must do. Every-thing is moving, and that not slowly, to the event so desirable. I led to the graces of her person ; he to those of her mind : He allowed her to be, for both, one of the most perfect beauties he had ever seen. In short, Mrs Selby, I am convinced, that the important affair will ripen of itself. His sisters, Lord L. Dr Bartlett, all avowedly in our lovely girl's favour, and her merit so extraordinary ; it must do. Don't you remember what the old song says ?

*When Phœbus does his beams display,
To tell men gravely, that 'tis day,
Is to suppose them blind.*

ALL

All I want, methinks, is to have them oftener together. Idleness, I believe, is a great friend to love. I wish his affairs would let him be a little idle. They must be dispatched soon, be they what they will; for Lord L. said, that when he is master of a subject, his execution is as swift as thought. Sir Charles hinted, that he shall soon be obliged to go to France. Seas are nothing to him. Dr Bartlett said, that he considers all nations as joined on the same continent; and doubted not but if he had a call, he would undertake a journey to Constantinople or Peking, with as little difficulty as some others would (he might have named me for one) to the Land's-end. Indeed he appears to be just that kind of man. Yet he seems not to have any of that fort of fire in his constitution, that goes off with a bounce, and leaves nothing but vapour and smoke behind it.

You are in doubt about our girl's fortune. It is not a despicable one. He may, no question, have a woman with a much greater; and so may she a man.—What say you to Lady D's proposal, rejected for his sake; at *hap-hazard* too, as the saying is? But let it once come to that question, and leave it to me to answer it.

You bid me remark how Harriet looks. She is as lovely as ever: But I think not quite so lively, and somewhat paler: but it is a clear and healthy, not a sickly paleness: And there is a languor in her fine eyes, that I never saw in them before. She never was a pert girl; but she has more meekness and humility in her countenance, than, methinks, I would wish her to have; because it gives to Miss Grandison, who has fine spirits, some advantages in conversation over Harriet, that, if she had, methinks she would not take. But they perfectly understand one another.

But now for a word or two about Miss Jervois. I could not but take notice to our Miss Byron of

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the

the greediness with which she eats and drinks the praises given her guardian ; of the glow that overspreads her cheeks, and of a sigh that now and then seems to escape even her own observation, when he is spoken of [so like a niece of mine, who drew herself in, and was afterwards unhappy] ; and by these symptoms I conclude, that this young creature is certainly giving way to love. She has a very great fortune, is a pretty girl, and an improving beauty. She is tall and womanly. I thought her sixteen or seventeen ; but it seems she is hardly fourteen. There is as much difference in girls as in fruits, as to their *maturing*, as I may say. My mother, I remember, once said of an early bloom in a niece of hers, that such were born to woe. I hope it won't be so with this, for she certainly is a good young creature, but has not had great opportunities of knowing either the world or herself. Brought up in a confined manner in her father's house at Leghorn till twelve or thirteen, what opportunities could she have ? No mother's wings to be sheltered under ; her mother's wickedness giving occasion the more to streighten her education, and at a time of life so young, and in so restraining a country as Italy, for girls and young maidens ; and since brought over, put to board with a retired country gentlewoman—What can she know, poor thing ? She has been but a little while with Miss Grandison, and that but as a guest : So that the world before her is all new to her : And, indeed, there seems to be in her pretty wonder, and honest declarations of her whole heart, a simplicity that sometimes borders upon childishness, though at other times a kind of womanly prudence. I am not afraid of her on our *Harriet's* account ; and yet Harriet (lover-like, perhaps !) was alarmed at my hinting it to her : But I am on *her own*. I wish, as I said before, Sir Charles was more among them : He would soon discover whose

love is fit to be discountenanced, and whose to be encouraged; and, by that means, give ease to twenty hearts. For I cannot believe that such a man as this would be *guilty* (I will call it) of reserve to such a young lady as ours, were he but to have the shadow of a thought that he has an interest in her heart.

My affairs are more untoward than I expected: But on my return to Peterborough I will call at Shirley-house and Selby-manor—and then (as I hope to see Sir Charles again, either in London or at Colnebrook) I will talk to you of all these matters. Mean time believe me to be

Your affectionate and faithful humble servant,

THOMAS DEANE.

L E T T E R XV.

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.

Monday, March 20.

AFTER we had taken leave of one another for the night, I tapt at Emily's chamber-door; which being immediately opened by her maid, Is it you, my dear Miss Byron? said she, running to me. How good this is!

I am come, my dear, late as it is, to pass an agreeable half hour with you, if it will not be unseasonable.

That it can never be.

You must then let your Anne go to bed, said I; else, as her time is not her own, I shall shorten my visit. I will assist you in any little services myself. I have dismissed Jenny.

God bless you, madam, said she; you consider every body. Anne tells me, that the servants throughout the house adore you: And I am sure
their

their principals do.—Anne, you may go to your rest.

Jenny, who attends me here, has more than once hinted to me, that Miss Jervois loves to sit up late either reading, or being read to by Anne; who, tho' she reads well, is not fond of the task.

Servants, said I, are as sensible as their masters and mistresses. They speak to their feelings. I question not but they love Miss Jervois as well as they do me. I should as soon chuse to take my measures of the goodness of principals by their servants love of them, as by any other rule. Don't you see, by the silent veneration and assiduities of the servants of Sir Charles Grandison, how much they adore their master?

I am very fond of being esteemed by servants, said she, from that *very* observation of my guardian's goodness, and his servants' worthiness, as well as from what my maid tells me all of them say of you. But you and my guardian are so much alike in every thing, that you seem to be born for one another.

And then she sighed involuntarily, yet seemed not to endeavour to restrain or recal her sigh.

Why sighs my dear young friend? Why sighs my Emily?

That's good of you to call me *your* Emily. My guardian calls me *his* Emily. I am always proud when he calls me so—I don't know why I sigh: But I have lately got a trick of sighing I think. Will it do me harm? Anne tells me it will; and says, I must break myself of it. She says, it is not pretty in a young lady to sigh; but where is the un-prettiness of it?

Sighing is said to be a sign of being in love; and young ladies—

Ah! madam! And yet *you* sigh very often—
I felt myself blush.

I often catch myself sighing, my dear, said I. It is a *trick*, as you call it, which I would not have you learn.

But I have *reason* for sighing, madam; which you have not—Such a mother! a mother that I wanted to be good, not so much to me as to herself: A mother so unhappy, that one must be glad to run away from her. My poor papa! so good as he was to every body, and even to her, yet had his heart broken—O madam!—(flinging her arms about me, and hiding her face in my bosom) Have I not cause to sigh?

I wept on her neck; I could not help it: So *dutifully* sensible of her calamity! and for *such* a calamity, who could forbear?

Such a disgrace too! said she, raising her head. Poor woman!—Yet she has the worst of it. Do you think that *that* is not enough to make one sigh?

Amiable goodness? (kissing her cheek)—I shall love you too well.

You are too good to me: You must not be so good to me: That, even *that* will make me sigh. My *guardian's* goodness to me gives me pain; and I think verily I sigh more since last I left Mrs Lane, and have seen more of his goodness, and how every body admires and owns obligation to him, than I did before.—To have a stranger, as one may say, and so *very* fine a gentleman, to be so good to one, and to have such an unhappy mother—who gives *him* so much trouble—how can one help sighing for both reasons?

Dear girl! said I, my heart overflowing with compassion for her, you and I are bound equally by the tie of gratitude to esteem him.

Ah, madam, you will one day be the happiest of all women—And so you *deserve* to be.

What means my Emily?

Don't

Don't I see, don't I hear what is designed to be brought about by Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison? And don't I hear from my Anne, what every body expects and wishes for?

And *does* every body expect and wish, my Emily—

I stopped. She went on—And don't I see that my guardian himself loves you?

Do you think so, Emily?

O how he dwells upon your words when you speak!

You fancy so, my dear.

You have not observed his eyes so much as I have done, when he is in your company. I have watched *your* eyes too; but have not seen that you mind him quite so much as he does you.—Indeed he loves you dearly.—And then she sighed again.

But why *that* sigh, my Emily? Were I so happy as you think, in the esteem of this good man, would you envy me, dear?

Envy you!—I, such a simple girl as I envy you! No, indeed. Why should I envy you? But tell me now, dear madam, tell me, don't you love my guardian?

Every body does. You, my Emily, love him.

And so I do: But you love him, madam, with a hope that no one else will have reason to entertain—Dear now, place a little confidence in your Emily: My guardian shall never know it from me, by the *least* hint. I beg you will own it. You can't think how you will oblige me. Your confidence in me will give me importance with myself.

Will you, Emily, be as frank-hearted with me, as you would have me be with you?

Indeed I will.

I do, my dear, greatly esteem your guardian.

Esteem! Is that the word? Is that the ladies' word for love? And is not the word *love* a pretty

word for women? I mean no harm by it, I am sure.

And I am sure you *cannot* mean harm: I will be sincere with my Emily. But you must not let any one living know what I say to you of this nature. I would prefer your guardian, my dear, to a king in all his glory.

And so, madam, would I if I were you. I should be glad to be thought like you in every thing.

Amiable innocence! But tell me, Miss Jervois, would you not *have* me esteem your guardian? You know he was *my* guardian too, and that at an exigence when I most wanted one.

Indeed I would. Would you have me wish such a good young lady as Miss Byron to be ungrateful? No, indeed.—And again she sighed.

Why *then* sighed my Emily? You said you would be frank-hearted.

So I will, madam. But I really can't tell why I sighed then. I wish my guardian to be the happiest man in the world: I wish you, madam, to be the happiest woman: And how can either be so, but in one another?—But I am grieved, I believe, that there seems to be something in the way of your mutual happiness—I don't know whether that is all neither—I don't know what it is.—If I did, I would tell you—But I have such throbs sometimes at my heart as make me fetch my breath hard—I don't know what it is—Such a weight here as *makes* me sigh; and I have a pleasure, I think, because I have an ease in sighing—What can it be?

Go on, my dear: You are a pretty describer

Why now, if any body, as Anne did last time my guardian came hither, were to run up stairs in an hurry, and to say, Miss, miss, miss, your guardian is come! I should be in *such* a flutter! my heart would seem to be too big for my bosom! I should fit down as much out of breath as if I had

run

run down a high hill.—And, for half an hour, may be, so tremble, that I should not be able to see the dear guardian that perhaps I had wanted to see. And to hear him with a voice of gentleness, as if he pitied me for having so unhappy a mother, call me *his* Emily.—Don't you think he has a sweet voice?—And *your* voice, too, madam, is also so sweet—Every body says, that even in your common speech your voice is melody.—Now Anne says—

O my agreeable little flatterer!

I don't flatter, madam. Don't call me a flatterer. I am a very sincere girl: Indeed I am.

I dare say you are; but you raise my vanity, my dear. It is not *your* fault to tell me what people say of me; but it is *mine* to be proud of their commendations—But you were going to tell me what Anne says on your being so much affected, when she tells you in a hurry that your guardian is come.

Why Anne says, that all those are signs of love. Foolish creature!—And yet so they may: But not of such love as she means.—Such a love as she as good as owns she had in her days of *flutteration*, as she whimsically calls them; which, as she explains it, were when she was two or three years older than I am. In the first place, I am very young you know, madam, a mere girl: And such a *simple* thing!—I never had a mother, nor sister neither, nor a companion of my own sex.—Mrs. Lane's daughters, what were they?—They looked upon me as a child as I was. In the next place, I *do* love my guardian, that's true; but with as much reverence as if he were my father. I never had a thought that had not that deep, that profound reverence for him, as I remember I had for my father.

But you had not, my dear, any of those flutters, those throbs that you spoke of, on any returns of your father after little absences?

Why,

Why, no ; I can't say I had. Nor, though I always rejoiced when my guardian came to see me at Mrs Lane's, had I, as I remember, any such violent emotions as I have had of late. I don't know how it is—Can you tell me ?

Do you not, Lucy, both love and pity this sweet girl ?

My dear Emily !—These *are* symptoms, I doubt—

Symptoms of what, madam ?—Pray tell me sincerely. I will not hide a thought of my heart from you.

If encouraged, my dear—

What then, madam ?—

It *would be* love, I doubt—That sort of love that would make you uneasy—

No ; that cannot be, surely. Why, madam, at that rate, I should never dare to stand in your presence. Upon my word, I wish no one in the world but you to be Lady Grandison. I have but one fear—

And what's that ?

That my guardian won't love me so well when he marries as he does now.

Are you afraid that the woman he marries will endeavour to narrow so large a heart as his ?

No ; not if that woman were you—But, forgive my folly ! (and she looked down) he would not take my hand so kindly as now he does : He would not look in my face with pleasure, and with pity on my mother's account as he does now : He would not call me *his* Emily : He would not bespeak every one's regard for his ward.

My dear, you are now almost a woman. He will, if he remain a single man, soon draw back into his heart that kindness and love for you, which, while you are a girl, he suffers to dwell upon his lips. You must expect this change of behaviour soon from his prudence. You yourself, my love, will

will set him the example: You will grow more reserved in your outward behaviour than hitherto there was reason to be.

O, madam! never tell me that! I should break my heart were I twenty, and he did not treat me with the tenderness that he has always treated me with. If, indeed, he find me an incroacher, if he find me forward, and indiscreet, and troublesome, then let him call me *any* body's Emily, rather than *his*.

You will have different notions, my dear, before that time—

Then, I think, I shan't desire to live to see the time. Why, madam, all the comfort I have to set against my unhappiness from my mother is, that so good, so virtuous, and so prudent a man as Sir Charles Grandison, calls me *his* Emily, and loves me as his child. Would you, madam, were you Lady Grandison (now, tell me, would you), grudge me these instances of his favour and affection?

Indeed, my dear, I would not: If I know my own heart, I would not.

And would you permit me to live with you?—Now it is out—Will you permit me to live with my guardian and you?—This is a question I wanted to put to you; but was both ashamed and afraid, till you thus kindly emboldened me.

Indeed I would, if your guardian had no objection.

That don't satisfy me, madam. Would you be my earnest, my sincere advocate, and plead for me? He would not deny you any-thing. And would you (come, madam, I will put you to it—Would you) say, “Look you here, Sir Charles Grandison: ‘This girl, this Emily is a good sort of girl: She has a great fortune. Snares may be laid for her: She has no papa but you: She has, poor thing!’” [I hope you would call me by names of pity to move him] “no mamma; or is more unhappy than if she
‘ had

‘ had none. Where can you dispose of her so properly as to let her be with us? I will be her protectress, her friend, her mamma’—[Yes, do, madam, let me chuse a mamma! Don’t let the poor girl be without a mamma, if *you* can give her one. I am sure I will study to give you pleasure, and not pain]—“ I *insist* upon it, Sir Charles. It will make the poor girl’s heart easy. She is told of the arts and tricks of men, where girls have great fortunes; and she is always in dread about them, and about her unhappy mother. Who will form plots against her, if she is with us?”—Dear, dear madam! you are *moved* in my favour—[Who, Lucy, could have forborne being affected by her tender prattle?] She threw her arms about me; I see you are moved in my favour!—And I will be your attendant: I will be your waiting maid: I will help to adorn you, and to make you more and more lovely in the eyes of my guardian.

I could not bear this—No more, no more, my lovely girl, my innocent, my generous, my irresistible girl!—Were it to come that [It became me to be unreserved, for more reasons than one, to this sweet child]—Not one request should my Emily make, that heart and mind I would not comply with: Not one wish that I would not endeavour to promote and accomplish for her.

I folded her to my heart, as she hung about my neck.

I grieve you—I would not, for the world, grieve my young mamma, said she—Henceforth let me call you my mamma—*Mamma*, as I have heard the word explained, is a more tender name even than *Mother*—the unhappy Mrs Jervois shall be Mrs O’ Hara, if she pleases; and only *Mother*: A child must not renounce her *Mother*, though the mother should renounce, or worse than renounce, her child.

I must leave you, Emily.

Say then *my* Emily.

I must

I must leave you, *my*, and *more* than *my* Emily—
You have cured me of sleepiness this night!

O then I am sorry—

No; don't be sorry. You have given me pain, 'tis true; but I think it is the sweetest pain that ever entered into a human heart. Such goodness! such innocence! such generosity!—I thank God, my love, that there is in my knowledge so worthy a young heart as yours.

Now, how good this is! (and again she wrapped her arms about me) And will you go?

I must, I must, my dear!—I can stay no longer.—But take this assurance, that my Emily shall have a first place in my heart for ever. I will study to promote your happiness; and your wishes shall be the leaders of mine.

Then I am sure I shall live with my guardian and you for ever, as I may say: And God grant, and down on her knees she dropped, with her arms wrapped about mine, that you may be the happiest of women, and that soon, for my sake, as well as your own, in marriage with the best of men, my guardian! (exulting, said she): And say, Amen.—Do, God bless you, madam, say Amen to my prayer.

I struggled from her.—O my sweet girl! I cannot bear you!—I hastened out at the door to go to my chamber.

You are not angry, madam? following me, and taking my hand, and kissing it with eagerness. Say you are not displeas'd with me. I will not leave you till you do.

Angry! my love! Who can be angry? How you have distress'd me by your sweet goodness of heart!

Thank God, I have not offended you. And now say, once more, *my* Emily—Say, Good rest to you, *my* Emily—my love—and all those tender names—and say, God bless you, my child, as if you were
my

my mamma ; and I will leave you, and I shall in fancy go to sleep with angels.

Angels only are fit company for *my* Emily— God bless *my* Emily ! Good night ! Be your slumbers happy !

I kissed her once, twice, thrice, with fervour ; and away she tript ; but stopt at the door, courtesying low, as I, delighted, yet *painfully* delighted, looked after her.

Ruminating, in my retirement, on all the dear girl had said, and on what might be my fate ; so many different thoughts came into my head, that I could not close my eyes : I therefore arose before day ; and while my thoughts were agitated with the affecting subject, had recourse to my pen.

Do, my Lucy, and do you, my grandmamma, my aunt, my uncle, *more* than give me leave, *bid* me, *command* me, if it shall be proposed, to bring down with me my Emily ; And yet she shall not come, if you don't all promise to love her as well as you do

Your for ever obliged

HARRIET BYRON.

L E T T E R XVI.

Miss BYRON, *To Miss* SELBY.

Monday, March 20.

TH E active, the restless goodness of this Sir Charles Grandison absolutely dazzles me, Lucy !

The good Dr Bartlett has obliged us all with the sight of two letters, which give an account of what he has done for Lord W. his uncle. He has been more than a father to his *Uncle* : Does not that sound strange ? But he is to be the obliger of everybody.

||

The

The Doctor said, that since Miss Grandison had claimed the benefit of her brother's permission for him to use his own discretion in communicating to us such of the letters as he was favoured with by Sir Charles, he believed he could not more unexceptionably oblige Lord L. and the sisters, than by reading to them those two letters, as they were a kind of family subject.

After the Doctor had done reading, he withdrew to his closet. I stole up after him, and obtained his leave to transmit them to you.

Lucy, be chary of them, and return them when perused.

There is no such thing as pointing out particular passages of generosity, justice, prudence, disinterestedness, beneficence, that strike one in those letters, without transcribing every paragraph in them. And, ah, Lucy! there are other observations to be made; mortifying ones I fear.

Only let me say, that I think, if Sir Charles Grandison could and would tender himself to my acceptance, I ought to decline his hand. Do you think if I were his, I should not live in continual dread of a separation from him, even by that inevitable stroke which, alone, could be the means of completing his existence?

L E T T E R XVII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr BARTLETT.

Sat. Night, Mar. 18.

AS soon as I had seen Mrs Jervois to her chair, I went to attend Lord W.

He received me with great expressions of esteem and affection.

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He commanded his attendants to withdraw, and told me, taking my hand, that my character rose upon him from every mouth. He was in love with me, he said. I was my *mother's* son.

He commended me for my œconomy, and complimented into *generosity* the *justice* I had done to some of my *friends*.

I frankly own, said he, that at your first arrival, and even till *now* (that I am determined to be the man you, cousin, would wish me to be), I had thought it but prudent to *hold back*: For I imagined, that your father had lived at such a rate, that you would have applied to me to extricate you from difficulties; and particularly, for money to marry your eldest sister at least. I took notice, young man, proceeded he, and I heard others observe, that you had not eyes to see any of your father's faults, either when he was living or departed, and this gave me reason to apprehend, that you had your father's extravagant turn: And I was resolved, if I were applied to, to *wrap myself close about in a general denial*: Else, all I had been gathering together for so many years past might soon have been dissipated; and I should only have taken a thorn out of the foot of another, and put it into my own.

And then he threw out some disagreeable reflections on my father's spirit.

To those I answered, that every man had a right to judge for himself in those articles for which he himself is only accountable. My father and your lordship, continued I, had very different ways of thinking. Magnificence was his taste: Prudence (so your lordship must account it) is yours. There are people in the world who would give different names to both tastes: But would not your lordship think it very presumptuous in any man to arraign you at the bar of his judgment, as mistaken in the measures of your prudence?

Look

Look you, nephew, I don't well know what to make of your speech; but I judge that you *mean not* to affront me.

I do not, my lord. While you were apprehensive, that you might be a sufferer by me, you acted with your usual prudence to discourage an application. My father had, in your lordship's judgment, but one fault; and he was the principal sufferer by it himself: Had he looked into his affairs, he would have avoided the necessity of doing several things that were disagreeable to him, and must ever be to a man of spirit. His very timber, that *required*, as I may say, the ax, would have furnished him with all he wanted: And he paid interest for a less sum of money than actually was in the hands of his stewards, unaccounted for.

But what a glory to *you*, cousin—

No compliment to me, my lord, I pray you, to the discredit of my father's memory. He had a right to do what he did. Your lordship does what you think fit. I too, now I am my own master, do as I please. My taste is different from both. I pursue mine as he did his. If I should happen to be more right than my father in some things, he might have the advantage of me in others; and in those I happen to do, that are generally thought laudable, what merit have I? Since all this time (directed by a natural bias) I am pursuing my own predominant passion; and that, perhaps, with as much ardour, and as little power to resist it as my father had to restrain his.

Bravo! bravo! said my lord—Let me ask you, nephew—May *all* young men, if they will, improve by travelling as you have done?—If they may, by my troth, nine parts in ten of those who go abroad ought to be hanged up at their father's doors on their return.

Very severe, my lord. But thinking minds will

be thoughtful, whether abroad or at home: Unthinking ones call for our pity.

Well, Sir, I do assure you, that I am proud of my nephew, whatever you are of your uncle: And there are two or three things that I want to talk to you about; and one or two that I would consult you upon.

He rang, and asked what time dinner would be ready:

In half an hour was the answer.

Mrs Giffard came in. Her face glowed with passion. My lord seemed affected at her entrance. It was easy to see that they were upon ill terms with each other; and that my lord was more afraid of her than she was of him.

She endeavoured to assume a complaisant air to me; but it was so visibly struggled for, that it sat very awkwardly on her countenance; and her lips trembled when she broke silence, to ask officiously, as she did, after the health of my sister Charlotte.

I would be alone with my nephew, said my lord, in a passionate tone.

You *shall* be alone, my lord, impertinently replied she, with an air that looked as if they had quarrelled more than once before, and that she had made it up on her own terms. She pulled the door after her with a rudeness that he only could take and deserve, who was conscious of having degraded himself.

Foolish woman! Why came she in when I was there, except to shew her supposed consequence at the expence of his honour? She knew my opinion of her. She would, by a third hand, once have made overtures to me of her interest with my lord; but I should have thought meanly of myself, had I not, with disdain, rejected the tender of her services.

A damn'd woman! said my lord; but looked first as if he would be sure she was out of hearing.

This

This woman, nephew, and her behaviour, is one of the subjects I wanted to consult you upon.

Defer this subject, my lord, till you have recovered your temper. You did not design to begin with it. You are discomposed.

And so I am: And he puffed and panted, as if out of breath.

I asked him some indifferent questions: To have followed him upon the subject at that time, whatever resolutions he had taken, they would probably have gone off, when the passion to which they would have owed their vigour had subsided.

When he had answered them, his colour and his wrath went down together.

He then ran out into my praises again, and particularly for my behaviour to Mrs Oldham; who, he said, lived now very happily, and very exemplarily, and never opened her lips, when she was led to mention me, but with blessings heaped upon me.

That woman, my lord, said I, was *once* good. A recovery, where a person is not totally abandoned, is more to be hoped for than the reformation of one who never was well-principled. All that is wished for in the latter is, that she may be made unhurtful. Her highest good was never more than harmlessness. She that was once good cannot be easy when she is in a state of true penitence, till she is restored to that from which she was induced to depart.

You understand these matters, cousin: I don't. But if you will favour me with more of your company, I shall, I believe, be the better for your notions. But I must talk about this woman, nephew. I am calm now. I must talk of this woman now—I am resolved to part with her; I can bear her no longer. Did you not mind how she pulled the door after her, though you were present?

I did, my lord. But it was plain, that something disagreeable had passed before, or she could

not so totally have forgotten herself. But, my lord, we will postpone this subject if you please; if you yourself lead to it after dinner, I will attend to it with all my heart.

Well then, be it so. But now tell me, have you, nephew, any thoughts of marriage?

I have great honour for the state, and hope to be one day happy in it.

Well said—And are you at liberty, kinsman, to receive a proposal of that nature?

And then, without waiting for any answer, he proposed Lady Frances N. and said, he had been spoken to on that subject.

Lady Frances, answered I, is a very deserving young lady. My father set on foot a treaty with her family. But it has been long broken off: It cannot be resumed.

Well, what think you of Lady Anne S.? I am told that *she* is likely to be the lady. She has a noble fortune. Your sisters, I hear, are friends to Lady Anne.

My sisters with me happily married. I have such an opinion of both those ladies, that it would give me some little pain to imagine each would not, in her turn, refuse me, were I offered to her, as I cannot myself *make* the offer. I cannot bear, my lord, to think of returning slight for respect to my *own* sex: But as to ladies, how can we expect that delicacy and dignity from them, which are the bulwarks of their virtue, if we do not treat them with dignity?

Charming notions! If you had them not abroad, you had them from your mother: She was all that was excellent in woman.

Indeed she was. Excellent woman! She is always before my eyes.

And excellent kinsman too! Now I know your reverence for your mother, I will allow of all you say of your father, because I see it is all from principle.

ciple. I have known some men who have spoken with reverence of their mothers to give themselves dignity; that is to say, for bringing creatures so important as themselves into the world; and who have exacted respect to the good old women, who were *merely* good old women, as we call them, in order to take the incense offered the parent into their own nostrils. This was duty in parade.

The observation, my good Dr. Bartlett, I thought above my Lord W. I think I have heard one like it made by my father, who saw very far into men; but was sometimes led, by his wit, into saying a severe thing: And yet, whenever I hear a man praised highly for the performance of common duties, as for being a good husband, a good son, or a kind father, though each is *comparatively* praise worthy, I conclude that there is nothing extraordinary to be said of him. To call a man a good FRIEND, is indeed comprising all the duties in one word: For friendship is the balm as well as seasoning of life: And a man cannot be defective in *any* of the social duties, who is capable of it, when the term is rightly understood.

Well, cousin, since you cannot think of either of those ladies, how should you like the rich and beautiful Countess of R.? You know what an excellent character she bears.

I do. But, my Lord, I should not chuse to marry a widow: And yet, generally, I do not disrespect widows, nor imagine those men to blame who marry them. But as my circumstances are not unhappy, and as riches will never be my principal inducement in the choice of a wife, I may be allowed to indulge my peculiarities; especially as I shall hope (and I should not deserve a good wife if I did not) that, when once married, I shall be married for my whole life.

The Countess once declared, said my Lord, before half a score in company, two of them her particular

particular admirers, that she never would marry any man in the world, except he were just such another, in mind and manners, as Sir Charles Grandison.

Ladies, my Lord, who in absence speak favourably of a man who forms not pretensions upon them, nor is likely to be troublesome to them, would soon convince that man of his mistake, were his presumption to rise upon their declared good opinion of him.

I wonder, proceeded my lord, that every young man is not good. I have heard you, cousin, praised in all the circles where you have been mentioned. It was certainly an advantage to you to come back to us a stranger, as I may say. Many youthful follies may perhaps be over-passed, that we shall never know any-thing of: But, be that as it will, I can tell you, Sir, that I have heard such praises of you as have made my eyes glisten, because of my relation to you. I was told, within this month past, that no fewer than five ladies, out of one circle, declared, that they would stand out by consent, and let you pick and chuse a wife from among them.

What your lordship has heard of this nature, let me say, without affecting to disclaim a compliment apparently too high for my merits, is much more to the honour of the one sex than of the other. I should be glad, that policy, if not principle (principle might take root, and grow from it), would mend us men.

So should I, nephew: But I [poor man! he hung down his head] have not been a better man than I ought to be. Do you not despise me in your heart, cousin?—You must have heard—That cursed woman—But I begin to repent! And the truly good, I believe, cannot be either censorious or uncharitable. Tell me, however, do you not despise me?

Despise

Despise my mother's brother! No, my lord. Yet were a sovereign to warrant my freedom, and there were a likelihood that he would be the better for it, I would with decency tell him my whole mind. I am sorry to say it; but your lordship, if you have not had virtue to make you worthy of being imitated, have too many examples among the great, as well as among the middling, to cause you to be censured for *singularity*. But your lordship adds, to a confession that is not an ungenerous one, that you begin to repent.

Indeed I do. And your character, cousin, has made me half ashamed of myself.

I am not accustomed, my lord, to harangue on these subjects to men who know their duty: But let me say, that your lordship's good resolutions, to be efficacious, must be built upon a better foundation than occasional disgust or disobligation. But here, again, we are verging to a subject that we are both agreed to defer till after dinner.

I am charmed with your treatment of me, cousin. I shall, for my own sake, adore my sister's son. Had I consulted my chaplain, who is a good man too, he would have too roughly treated me.

Divines, my lord, must do their duty.

He then introduced the affair between Sir Hargrave Pollexfen and me, of which, I found, he was more particularly informed than I could have imagined: And after he had launched out upon that, and upon my refusal of a duel, he, by a transition that was very natural, mentioned the *rescued lady*, as he called her. I have heard, cousin, said he, that she is the most beautiful woman in England.

I think her so, my lord, replied I: And she has one excellence that I never before met with in a beauty: She is not proud of it.

I then gave my opinion of Miss Byron in such terms, as made my lord challenge me, as my sisters

once did, on the warmth of my description and praises of her.

And does your lordship think, that I cannot do justice to the merits of such a lady as Miss Byron, but with an interested view? I do assure you, that what I have said is short of what I think of her. But I can praise a lady without meaning a compliment to myself. I look upon it, however, as one of the most fortunate accidents of my life, that I have been able to serve her, and save her from a forced marriage with a man whom she disliked, and who could not deserve her. There is hardly any-thing gives me more pain, than when I see a worthy woman very unequally yoked, if her own choice has not been at first consulted; and who yet, though deeply sensible of her misfortune, irreproachably supports her part of the yoke.

You are a great friend to the sex, kinsman.

I am. I think the man who is not must have fallen into bad company; and deserves not to have been favoured with better. Yet, to unwomanly faults, to want of morals, and even to want of delicacy, no man is more quick-sighted.

I don't know how it is; but I have not, at this rate, fallen into the best company; but perhaps it is for want of that delicacy, in my own mind, which you are speaking of.

Were we men, my lord, to value women (and to let it be known that we do) for those qualities which are principally valuable in the sex; the less estimable, if they would not be reformed, would shrink out of our company, into company more suitable to their taste; and we should never want objects worthy of our knowledge, and even of our admiration, to associate with. There is a kind of magnetism in goodness. Bad people will indeed find out bad people to accompany with, in order to keep one another in countenance; but they are bound together by a rope of sand; while trust, confidence,
love,

love, sympathy, twist a cord, by a reciprocation of beneficent offices, which ties good men to good men, and cannot easily be broken.

I have never had these notions, cousin; and yet they are good ones. I took people as I found them; and, to own the truth, meaning to serve myself, rather than any-body else, I never took pains to look out for worthy attachments. The people I had to do with had the same views upon *me* as I had upon *them*; and thus I went on in a state of hostility with all men; mistrusting and guarding, as well as I could, and not doubting that every man I had to do with would impose upon me, if I placed confidence in him.—But as to this Miss Byron, nephew, I shall never rest till I see her—Pray, what is her fortune? They tell me, it is not above 15000/.—What is that, to the offers you have had made you?

Just then we were told, dinner was on table.

I am wishing for an inclination to rest; but it flies me. The last letter from Beauchamp, dated from Bologna, as well as those from the bishop, afflict me. Why have I such a feeling heart? Were the unhappy situation of affairs there owing to my own enterprising spirit, I should deserve the pain it gives me. But I should be too happy, had I not these *without door* perplexities, as I may call them, to torment me. Thank God that they arise not from *within*, though they make themselves too easy a passage to my heart!

My paper is written out. If I am likely to find a drowsy moment, I shall welcome its approach: If not, I will rise, and continue my subject.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr BARTLETT.

Sunday, March 19.

I HAVE had two happy hours of forgetfulness; I could not, though I tried for it, prevail for more: And I will continue my subject.

After dinner, every attendant being dismissed, my lord, making me first see that nobody was listening in the passages, began as follows:

I am determin'd, nephew, to part with this Giffard. She is the plague of my life. I would have done it half a year ago, on an occasion that I will not mention to you, because you would despise me, if I did, for my weakness: And now she wants to bring in upon me a sister of hers, and her husband, and to part with two other worthy folks, that I know love me; but of whom, for that reason, she is jealous; and then they would divide me among them: For this man and his wife have six children; all of whom, of late, make an appearance that cannot be honestly supported.

And have you any difficulty, my lord, in parting with her, but what arises from your own want of resolution?

The most insolent devil that ever was about a man at one time, and the most whining at another. Don't despise me, nephew; you know I have taken her as—You know what I mean—

I understand you, my lord.

But say, you don't you despise me, Sir Charles Grandison. As I hope to live, I am half afraid of you.

My pity, my lord, where I see compunction, is stronger than my censure.

That is well said.—Now I agreed with this woman, in a weak moment, and she has held me to it,

to give her an annuity of 150*l.* for life; which was to be made up 250*l.* if I parted with her without her consent; and here we have been, for several months, plaguing one another, whether I shall turn *her* out of the house, or she will leave *me*: For she has told me, that she will not stay, unless I take in her sister and brother; yet will not go, because she will then have no more than the 150*l.* a-year: And that is too much for her deserts for these two years past.

Your lordship sees the inconveniencies of this way of life; and I need not mention to you, how much happier that state is, which binds a man and woman together by interest, as well as by affection, if discretion be not forgotten in their choice. But let me express my surprize, that your lordship who has so ample an estate, and no child, should seem to value your peace of mind at so low a rate as 100*l.* a-year.

I will not let her go away with such a triumph. She has not deserved from me—

Pray, my lord, was she of reputation when you took her?

She was a widow—

But was her character tolerable in the eye of the world? She might be a greater object of pity for being a widow.

My gouty disorders made me want a woman about me. I hated men fellows—

Well, my lord, this regards your *motive*. But have you any previous or later incontinence to charge her with?

I can't say I have. Her cursed temper would frighten, rather than invite, lovers. I *heard* it was no good one; but it broke not out to *me* till within these two years.

Your lordship, surely, must not dispute the matter with her. If you are determined to part with her, give her the 250*l.* a-year, and let her go.

To reward a curfed woman for mifbehaviour!—I cannot do it.

Give me leave to fay, that your lordfhip has deferved fome punifhment: Give her the annuity, not as a reward to her, but as a punifhment to yourfelf.

You hurt my fore place, nephew.

Confider, my lord, that 250 *l.* a-year for life, or even for ever, is a poor price for the reputation of a woman with whom a man of your quality and fortune condefcended to enter into treaty. Every quarterly payment muft ftrike her to the heart, if ſhe lives to have compunition feize her, when ſhe thinks that ſhe is receiving, for fubfiftence, the wages of her ſhame. Be *that* her punifhment. You intimate, that ſhe has fo behaved herfelf, that ſhe has but few friends: Part with her, without giving her caufe of complaint; that may engage pity for her, if not friends, at your expence. A woman who has loſt *her* reputation will not be regardful of *yours*. Suppose ſhe ſue you for non-performance of covenants, would your lordfhip appear to ſuch a profecution? You cannot be *capable* of pleading your privilege on a profecution that would otherwife go againſt you. You cannot be in earneſt to part with this woman; ſhe cannot have offended you beyond forgivenefs, if you ſcruple 100 *l.* a-year to get rid of her.

He fervently fwore, that he was in earneſt; and added, I am reſolved, nephew, to marry, and live honeſt.

He looked at me, as if he expected I ſhould be ſurprifed.

I believe I could not change countenance on ſuch a hint as this. You have come to a good reſolution, my lord; and if you marry a prudent woman, your lordfhip will find the difference in your own reflections, as well as in your reputation and intereſt. And ſhall the difference of 100 *l.* a-year—
Don't let me fay, that I am aſhamed for my Lord W.

I knew

I knew that you would despise me, Sir Charles.
 I know that I should despise myself, were I not to deal freely with your lordship in this respect. Indeed, my lord, you have not had so good reason (forgive me!) to think hardly of my father's spirit, as you had to correct your own.

I cannot bear this, nephew. He looked displeas'd.

You must not be angry, my lord. I will not bear anger from any man breathing, and keep him company, who, consulting me, shall be displeas'd with me for speaking my mind with freedom and sincerity.

What a man am I talking to!—Well, rid me of this torment (You have spirit, nephew; and nobody can reproach you with acting contrary to your own principles), and I will for ever love you. But *talk* to her: I hardly dare. She whimpers and sobs, and threatens, by turns, and I cannot bear it.—Once she was going to tie herself up—Would to God I had not prevented her!—And then (O my folly!) we went on again.

My good Dr Bartlett, I was ashamed of my uncle. But you see what an artful as well as insolent woman this is. What *folly* is there in wickedness! Folly encounters with folly, or how could it succeed so often as it does!—Yet my mother's brother to wish he had suff'ered a creature, with whom he had been familiar, to destroy herself!—I could hardly bear him. Only that I thought it would be serving both wretches, and giving both a chance for repentance, or I should not have kept my seat.—But we see in my mother, and in her brother, how habitual wickedness debases, and how habitual goodness exalts the human mind. In their youth they were supposed nearer an equality in their understandings and attainments, than in their maturity, when occasion called out into action their respective

talents. But perhaps the brother was not the better man for the uninterrupted prosperity that attended him, and for having never met with check or controul; whereas the most happily married woman in the world must have a will to which she must sometimes resign her own. What a glory to a good woman must it be, who can not only resign her will, but make so happy an use of her resignation as my mother did!

My lord repeated his request, that I would talk with the woman; and that directly.

I withdrew, and sent for her accordingly.

She came to me, out of breath with passion; and, as I thought, partly with apprehension for what her own behaviour might be before me.

I see, Mrs Giffard, said I, that you are in great emotion. I am desired to talk with you; a task I am not very fond of: But you will find nothing but civility, such as is due to you, for your sex's sake, from me. Calm, therefore, your mind: I will see you again in a few moments.

I took a turn, and soon came back. Her face looked not quite so bloated; and she burst into tears. She began to make a merit of her services, her care, her honesty, and then inveighed against my lord for the narrowness of his spirit. She paid some compliments to me; and talked of being ashamed to appear before me as a guilty creature; introductory to what she was prepared to say of her sacrifices, the loss of her good name, and the like; on which, with respect to my lord, and his ingratitude to her, as she called it, she laid great stress.

I am never displeas'd, my dear friend, with the testimony which the most profligate women bear to the honour of virtue, when they come to set a value upon their departure from it.

You have it not to say, Mrs Giffard, that my
lord

lord betrayed, seduced, or deceived you. I say not this so much for reproach as for justice-sake; and not to suffer you to deceive yourself; and to load him with greater faults that he has been guilty of. You were your own mistress: You had no father, mother, husband, to question you, or to be offended with you. You knew your duty. You were treated with as a sole and independent person. One hundred and fifty pounds a-year, Mrs Giffard, though a small price for the virtue of a good woman, which is indeed above all price, is, nevertheless, greatly above the price of common service. I never seek to palliate faults of a flagrant nature; though it is not my meaning to affront, a woman especially, and one who supposes herself in distress. You *must know*, madam, the frail tenure by which you were likely to hold: You stipulated, therefore, for a provision accordingly. The woman, who never hoped to be a wife, can have no hardship to take the stipulation, and once more give herself the opportunity to recover her lost fame. This independence my lord is desirous to give you—

What independence, Sir?

One hundred and fifty—

Two hundred and fifty, Sir, if you please—if my lord thinks fit to dismiss me.

My lord has told me, that *that* was indeed the stipulation; but he pleads misbehaviour.

I was willing to make a little difficulty of the 100*l.* a-year, though I thought my *lord* ought not—And as to misbehaviour, Dr Bartlett, I hardly know how to punish a woman for that, to her keeper. Does she not first misbehave to herself, and to the laws of God and man? And ought a man, that brings her to violate her first duties, to expect from her a regard to a mere discretionary obligation? I would have all these *moralists*, as they effect to call themselves, suffer by such liber-

tine principles, as cannot be pursued, but in violation of the very first laws of morality.

Misbehaviour! Sir. He makes this plea to cover his own baseness of heart. I never misbehaved, as he calls it, till I saw—

Well, madam, this may lead to a debate that can answer no end. I presume you are as willing to leave my lord as he is to part with you. It must be a wretchedness beyond what I can well imagine, to live a life of guilt (I must not palliate in this case), and yet of hatred and animosity, with the person who is a partaker in that guilt.

I am put upon a very unequal task, Sir, to talk with *you* on this subject. My lord will not refuse to see me, I hope. I know what to say to *him*.

He has requested me to talk with you, madam. As I told you, I am not fond of the task. We have all our faults. God knows what he will pardon, and what he will punish. His pardon, however, in a great measure, depends upon yourself. You have health and time, to all appearance, before you: Your future life may be a life of penitence. I am no divine, madam; I would not be thought to preach to you: But you have now a prospect opened of future happiness, through your mutual misunderstandings, that you never otherwise *might* have had. And let me make an observation to you; that where hatred or dislike have once taken place of liking, the first separation, in such a case as this, is always the best. Affection or esteem between man and woman, once forfeited, hardly ever is recovered. Tell me truth—Don't you as heartily dislike my lord as he does you?

I do, Sir—He is—

I will not hear *what* he is from the mouth of declared prejudice. He has his faults. One great fault is, *that* in which you have been joint partakers—But if you might, would you chuse to live together to be torments to each other?

I can

I can torment him more than he can me—

Diabolical temper!—Woman! (and I stood up, and looked sternly) Can you forget *to* whom you say this—and *of* whom?—Is not Lord W. my uncle?

This (as I intended it should) startled her. She asked my pardon.

What a fine hand, proceeded I, has a peer of the realm made of it! to have this said *of* him, and perhaps, had you been in his presence, *to* him, by a woman whose courage is founded in his weakness!—Let me tell you, madam—

She held up her clasped hands—For God's sake, forgive me, Sir! and stand my friend.

A hundred and fifty pounds a-year, madam, is rich payment for *any* consideration that a woman could give, who has more spirit than virtue. Had you kept *that*, madam, you would, though the daughter of cottagers, have been superior to the greatest man on earth, who wanted to corrupt you.—But thus far, and as a punishment to my lord for his wilful weakness, I *will* be your friend.—Retire from my lord: You shall have 250*l.* a-year: And as you were not brought up to the expectation of one half of the fortune, bestow the hundred a-year that was in debate, upon young creatures of your sex, as an encouragement to them to preserve that chastity, which you, with your eyes open, gave up; and with the rest live a life suitable to that disposition; and then, as my fellow-creature, I will wish you happy.

She begged leave to withdraw: She could not, she said, stand in my presence.

I had, indeed, spoken with warmth. She withdrew trembling, courtesying, mortified; and I returned to my lord.

He was very earnest to hear my report. I again put it to him, whether he adhered to his resolution of parting with his woman? He de-
clared.

clared in the affirmative, with greater earnestness than before; and begged to know, if I could manage it that she should go, and that without seeing him? I cannot bear to see her, said he.

Bravoes of the law, cowards and cullies to their paramours, are these keepers, generally. I have ever suspected the courage (to magnanimity they must be strangers) of men who can defy the laws of society. I pitied him: And believing that it would not be difficult to manage this heroine, who had made her weak lord afraid of her; I said, have you a mind, my lord, that she shall quit the house this night, and before I leave it? If you have, I think I can undertake that she shall.

And *can* you do this for me? If you can, you shall be my great Apollo. That will, indeed, make me happy: For the moment you are gone she will force herself into my presence, and will throw the gout, perhaps, into my stomach. She reproaches me, as if she had been an innocent woman, and I the most ungrateful of men. For God's sake, nephew, release me from her, and I shall be happy. I would have left her behind me in the country, proceeded he; but she would come with me. She was afraid that I would appeal to you: She stands in awe of nobody else. You will be my guardian angel, if you will rid me of this plague.

Well, then, my lord, you will leave it to me to do the best I can with her: But it cannot be the best on your side, for your honour's sake, if we do her not that justice that the law would, or ought to do her. In a word, my lord, you must forgive me for saying, that you shall not resume that dignity to distress this woman, which you laid aside when you entered into treaty with her.

Well, well, I refer myself to your management: Only this 100%. a-year—Once again, I say, it would hurt me to reward a woman for plaguing
me:

me: And 150*l.* a-year is two-thirds more than ever she, or any of her family were intitled to.

The worst and meanest are intitled to justice, my lord; and I hope your lordship will not refuse to perform engagements that you entered into with your eyes open: You must *not*, if I take any concern in this affair.

Just then the woman sent in to beg the favour of an audience, as she called it, of me.

She addressed me in terms above her education. There is something, said she, in your countenance, Sir, so terrible, and yet so sweet, that one must fear your anger, and yet hope for your forgiveness, when one has offended. I was too free in speaking of my lord to his nephew—And then she made a compliment to my character, and told me, She would be determined by my pleasure, be it what it would.

How seldom are violent spirits true spirits! When over-awed, how tame are they, generally, in their submission! Yet this woman was not without art in hers. She saw, that displeas'd as she apprehended I was with her, I had given her hopes of the payment of the hundred pounds a-year penalty; and this made her so acquiescent.

I was indeed displeas'd with you, Mrs Giffard; and could not, from what you said, but conclude in your disfavour, in justification of my lord's complaints against you.

Will you give me leave, Sir, to lay before you the true state of every thing between my lord and me?—Indeed, Sir, you don't know—

When two persons, who have lived in familiarity, differ, the fault is seldom wholly on one side: But thus far I judge between you, and desire not to hear particulars; the man who dispenses with a known duty, in such a case as this before us, must render himself despicable in the eyes of the very person

person whom he raises into consequence by sinking his own. Chastity is the crown and glory of a woman. The most profligate of the men love modesty in the sex, at the very time they are forming plots to destroy it in a particular object. When a woman has submitted to put a price upon her honour, she must appear, at times, despicable in the eyes even of her seducer; and when these two break out into animosity, ought either to wish to live with the other?

Indeed, indeed, Sir, I am struck with remorse; I see my error. And she put her handkerchief to her eyes, and seemed to weep.

I proceeded: You, Mrs Giffard, doubted the continuance of my lord's passion: You made your terms therefore, and proposed a penalty besides. My lord submitted to the terms, and by that means secured his right of dismissing you, at his pleasure; the only convenience that a man dishonouring himself by despising marriage, can think he has. Between him and you, what remains to be said (though you are both answerable at a tribunal higher than your own) but that you should have separated long ago? Yet you would not consent to it: You would not leave him at liberty to assert the right he had reserved to himself. Strange weakness in him, that he would suffer that to depend upon you!—But one weakness is the parent of another.

She then visibly wept.

You found it out, that you could *torment your lord in a higher degree than he could torment you*; and how, acting upon such principles, you have lived together for some time past, you have let every one see.

She, on her knees, besought my pardon for the freedom of that expression:—Not from motives of contrition, as I apprehend, but from those of policy.

She

She was strong enough to raise herself without my assistance. She did unbidden, on seeing me step backward a pace or two, to give her an opportunity to do so; and looked very silly; and the more, for having missed my assisting hand: By which I supposed, that she had usually better success with my lord, whenever she had prevailed on herself to kneel to him.

It is easy, my good Dr Bartlet, from small crevices, to discover day in an artful woman's heart. Nothing can be weaker, in the eye of an observer, who himself disdains artifice, than a woman who makes artifice her study. In a departure from honest nature, there will be such curvings, as that the eyes, the countenance, will generally betray the heart: And if she either breaks out into uncalled for apologies, or affects undue reserve, she gives room to confirm the suspicion, that all is not right in her mind.

I excuse you, Mrs Giffard, said I; my lord has deservedly brought much of what has distressed him upon himself: But now it is best for you to part. My lord chuses not to see you. I would advise you to remove this very afternoon.

What, Sir, and not have my 250*l.* a-year!

Will you leave the house this night, if I give you my word—

For the whole sum, Sir—Two hundred and fifty pounds a-year, Sir?

Yes, for the whole sum.

I will, Sir, with all my heart and soul. Most of my things are in the country. My lord came up in a passion to talk with you, Sir. Two or three band-boxes are all I have here. Mr Halden (he is my lord's favourite) shall go down, and see I take nothing but my own—I will trust to your word of honour, Sir—and leave, for ever, the most ungrateful—

Hush,

Hush, Mrs Giffard, these tears are tears of passion. There is not a female feature, at this instant, in your face—[What a command of countenance! it cleared up in a moment. I *expected* it from her] A penitent spirit is an humble, a broken spirit: You shew, at present, no sign of it.

She dropt me a courtesy, with such an air (tho' not designed, I believe) as shewed that the benefit she was to reap from the advice would not be sudden, if ever; and immediately repeated her question, if she had my honour for the payment of the entire sum—And you don't insist, Sir (I have poor relations), that I shall pay out the hundred a-year as you mentioned!

You are to do with the whole annuity as you please. If your relations are worthy, you cannot do better than to relieve their necessities. But remember Mrs Giffard, that every quarter brings you the wages of iniquity, and endeavour at some atonement.

The woman could too well bear this severity. Had a finger been sufficient to have made her feel, I would not have laid upon her the weight of my whole hand.

She assured me, that she would leave the house in two hours time. I returned to my lord, and told him so.

He arose from his seat, embraced me, and called me his good angel. I advised him to give his orders to Halden, or to whom he thought fit, to do her and himself justice, as to what belonged to her in the country.

But the terms! the terms! cried my lord. If you have brought me off for 150*l.* I will adore you.

These are the terms (you promised to leave them to me): You pay no more than 150*l.* a-year for her life, till you assure me, upon your honour, that you cheerfully, and on mature consideration, make it up 250*l.*

||

How

How is that! How is that, nephew?—Then I never shall pay more, depend upon it.

Nor will I ever ask you.

He rubbed his hands, forgetting the gout; but was remembered by the pain, and cried Oh!—

But how did you manage it, kinsman?—I never should have brought her to any thing—How did you manage it?

Your lordship does not repent her going?

He swore that it was the happiest event that could have befallen him. I hope, said he, she will go without wishing to see me—Whether she would whine, or curse, it would be impossible for me to see her, and be myself.

I believe she will go without desiring to see you; perhaps while I am here.

Thank God! a fair riddance! Thank God!—But is it possible, kinsman, that you could bring me off for 150 *l.* a-year? Tell me truly.

It is: And I tell your lordship, that it shall cost you no more till you shall know how to value the comfort and happiness of your future life at more than 100 *l.* a-year: Till then the respect I pay to my mother's brother, and the regard I have for his honour, will make me chearfully pay the 100 *l.* a-year in dispute out of my own pocket.

He looked around him, his head turning as if on a pivot; and at last bursting out into tears and speech together—And is it *thus*, is it *thus* you subdue me? Is it *thus* you convince me of my shameful littleness? I cannot bear it: All that this woman has done to me is nothing to this. I can neither leave you, nor stay in your presence. Leave me, leave me for six minutes only—Jesus! how shall I bear my own littleness?

I arose. One word only, my lord: When I re-enter, say not a syllable more on this subject: Let it pass as I put it. I would part with a greater sum than a hundred a-year, for the satisfaction of

giving to my uncle the tranquillity he has so long wanted in his own house, rather than that a person who has had a dependence upon him, should think herself intitled to complain of injustice from him.

He caught my hand, and would have met it with his lips. I withdrew it hastily and retired, leaving him to recollect himself.

When I returned, he thrust into my hand a paper, and held it there, and swore that I should take it. If the wretch live ten years, nephew, said he, *that* will reimburse you; if she dies sooner, the difference is yours: And, for God's sake, for the sake of your mother's memory, don't despise me; that is all the favour I ask of you: No man on earth was ever so nobly overcome. By all that's good you shall chalk me out my path. Blessed be my sister's memory for giving me such a kinsman! The name of Grandison, that I ever disliked till now, is the first of names: And may it be perpetuated to the end of time!

He held the paper in my hand till he had done speaking: I then opened it, and found it to be a bank-note of 1000*l*. I was earnest to return it; but he swore so vehemently that he would have it so, that I at last acquiesced; but declared that I would pay the *whole* annuity, as far as the sum went; and this, as well in justice to him, as to save him the pain of attending to an affair that must be grievous to him. And I insisted upon giving him an acknowledgment under my hand for that sum, and to be accountable to him for it, as his banker would in the like case.

And thus ended this affair. The woman went away before me. She begged the favour, at the door, of one word with me. My lord started up at her voice: His complexion varied: He whipt as nimbly behind the door as if he had no gout in his foot. I will not see her, said he.

I stepped out. She complimented, thanked me, and wept; yet, in the height of her concern, would have uttered bitter things against my lord: But I stopped her mouth, by telling her, that I was to be her paymaster quarterly of the 250*l.* a-year; and she turned her execrations against her lord into blessings on me: But, after all, departed with reluctance.

Pride, and not tenderness, was visibly the occasion. Could she have secured her whole annuity, I have no doubt but she would have gratified that pride, by leaving her lord in triumph while she thought her departure would have given him regret: But to be *dismissed* was a disgrace that affected her, and gave bitterness to her insolent spirit.

L E T T E R XIX.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr BARTLETT.

In Continuation.

MY lord, though he had acquitted himself on the occasion in such a manner as darted into my mind a little ray of my beloved mother's spirit, could not forbear giving way to his habitual littleness, when he was assured Giffard was out of the house. He called Halden to him, who entered with joy in his countenance, arising (as it came out) from the same occasion; and ordered him to make all his domestics happy on his *deliverance*, as he meanly called it: Asking, if there were any body in the house who loved her? Not a single soul, said Halden; and I am sure, that I may venture to congratulate your lordship, in the names of

all your servants : For she was proud, imperious, and indeed a tyranness to all beneath her.

I then, for the first time, pitied the woman ; and should have pitied her still more (true as this might in some measure be), had she not gone away so amply rewarded ; for, in this little family, I looked forward to the family of the state, the sovereign and his ministers. How often has a minister, who has made a tyrannical use of power (and even some who have not), experienced, on his dismissal, the like treatment from those who, had they had his power, would perhaps have made as bad an use of it ; who, in its plenitude, were fawning, creeping slaves, as those servants might be to this mistress of their lord ! We read but of one grateful Cromwell in all the superb train of Wolsey, when he had fallen into disgrace ; and yet he had in it hundreds, some not ignobly born, and all of them less meanly descended than their magnificent master.

Halden addressed himself to me, as having been the means of making his lord and his whole household happy. Let the joy be moderate, Halden, said I : The poor woman might possibly have numbered among her well-wishers (she could not have disoblige*d every* body) some of those, who now will be most forward to load her with obloquy. You must not make her too considerable : It is best for my lord, as well as for those that loved her not, to forget there ever was such a woman, except to avoid her faults, and to imitate her in what was commendable. She boasts of her honesty and management ; My lord charges her not with infidelity of any kind.

Halden bowed, and withdrew.

My lord swore by his soul, that I had not my good name for nothing. Blessed, said he, be the name of the Grandsons ! This last plaudit gratified my pride [I need not tell my Dr Bartlett, that

[I have pride]; the more gratified it, as Lord W.'s animosity to my father made him not pleased with his name.

I did not think when my lord began his story to me, that I should so soon have brought about a separation of guilt from guilt: But their mutual disgusts had prepared the way; resentment and pride, mingled with avarice on one side, and self-interestedness, founded (reasonably) on a stipulation made and not complied with, on the other, were all that hindered it from taking place as from themselves. A mediator had nothing then to do but to advise an act of justice, and so to gild it by a precedent of disinterestedness in himself, as should excite an emulation in a proud spirit, which, if not then, must, when passion had subsided, have arisen, to make all end as it ought.

When I found my lord's joy a little moderated, I drew my chair near him. Well, my lord, and now as to your hints of marriage—

Blessed God!—Why, nephew, you *overturn* me with your generosity. Are you not my next of kin? And can you give your consent, were I to ask it, that I should marry?

I give you not only my *consent*, as you condescendingly phrase it, but my *advice* to marry.

Good God! *I* could not, in the like case, do thus. But, nephew, I am not a *young* man.

The more need of a prudent, a discreet, a tender-assistant. Your lordship hinted, that you liked not men servants about your person in your illness. You are often indisposed with the gout: Servants will not always *be* servants when they find themselves of use. Infirmity requires indulgence: In the very nature of the word and thing, indulgence cannot exist with servility; between man and wife it may: The same interest unites them. Mutual confidence! who can enough value the joy, the tranquillity at least, that results from mutual con-

fidence? A man gives his own consequence to the woman he marries? and he sees himself respected in the respect paid her: She extends his dignity, and confirms it. There is such a tenderness, such an helpfulness, such a sympathy in suffering in a good woman, that I am always for excusing men in years, who marry prudently; while I censure, for the same reason, women in years. Male nurses are unnatural creatures! [There is not such a character that can be respectable]. Women's sphere is the house, and their shining place the sick chamber, in which they can exert all their amiable, and shall I say, lenient qualities? Marry, my lord, by all means. You are not much more than fifty; but were you seventy, and so often indisposed, so wealthy, no children to repine at a mother-in-law, and to render your life or her's uncomfortable by their little jealousies: I would advise you to marry. The man or woman deserves not to be benefited in the disposition of your affairs, that would wish you to continue in the hands of mean people, and to rob you of the joys of confidence, and the comfort of tender help, from an equal, or from one who deserves to be made your equal in degree. Only, my lord, marry so as not to defeat your own end: Marry not a gay creature, who will be fluttering about in public, while you are groaning in your chamber, and wishing for her presence.

Blessings on your heart, my nephew! Best of men! I can hold no longer. There was no bearing *before* your generosity: What can I say now? — But you *must* be in earnest.

Have you, my lord, asked I, any lady in your eye?

No, said he; indeed I have not.

I was the better pleased with him that he had not; because I was afraid that, like our VIIth Henry, he had some other woman in view, which might have made him more uneasy than he would otherwise

otherwise have been with Giffard : For though it were better that he should marry than live in scandal, and a woman of untainted character, rather than one who had let the world see that she could take a price for her honour ; yet I thought him better justified in his complaints of that woman's misbehaviour than in the other case he would have been : And that it was a happiness to both (if a right use were made of the event) that they had been unable to live on as they had set out.

He told me, that he should think himself the happiest of men, if I could find out, and recommend to him a woman that I thought worthy of his addresses, and even would court her for him.

Your lordship ought not to expect fortune.

I do not.

She should be a gentlewoman by birth and education ; a woman of a serious turn : Such a one is not likely in affluence to run into those scenes of life, from which, perhaps, only want of fortune has restrained the gayer creature. I would not have your lordship fix an age, though I think you should not marry a girl. Some women at thirty are more discreet than others at forty : And if your lordship should be blessed with a child or two to inherit your great estate, that happy event would domesticate the lady, and make your latter years more happy than your former.

My lord held up his hands and eyes, and tears seemed to make themselves furrows on his cheeks.

He made me look at him, by what he said on this occasion, and with anger, till he explained himself.

By my soul, said he, and clapped his two lifted-up hands together, I hate your father : I never heartily loved him ; but now I hate him more than ever I did in my life.

My lord !

Don't

Don't be surpris'd. I hate him for keeping so long abroad a son, who would have converted us both. Lessons of morality, given in so noble a manner by regular *practice*, rather than by preaching *theory* (these were his words), not only where there is no interest propos'd to be serv'd, but *against* interest, must have subdu'd us both; and that by our own consents. O my sister! and he clasped his hands, and lifted up his eyes, as if he had the dear object of his brotherly address before him, how have you bless'd me in your son!

This apostrophe to my mother affected me. What a mixture is there in the character of Lord W.! What a good man might he have made, had he been later his own master!—His father died before he was of age.

He declared, that I had describ'd the very wife he wish'd to have. Find out such a one for me; my dear kinsman, said he; and I give you *carte blanche*: But let her not be younger than between forty and fifty. Make the settlements for me: I am very rich: I will sign them blindfold. If the lady be such a one as *you* say I *ought* to love, I *will* love her: Only let her say, she can be grateful for my love, and for the provision you shall direct me to make for her; and my first interview with her shall be at the altar.

I think, my friend, I have in my eye such a woman as my lord ought to do very handsome things for, if she condescend to have him. I will not tell you, not even *you*, whom I mean, till I know she will encourage such a proposal; and, for her own fortune's sake, I think she should: But I had her not in my thoughts when I propos'd to my lord the character of the woman he should wish for.

Adieu, my dear friend.

LETTER

L E T T E R XX.

*Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.**Tuesday, Mar. 21.*

DR Bartlet went to town yesterday. He returned early enough to breakfast with us. He found at dinner with his patron, the whole Danby family and Mr Sylvester; as also the two masters of the young gentlemen, with Mr Galliard, whose son is in love with Miss Danby, and she with him. There all the parties had confirmed to them the generous goodness of Sir Charles, of which he had assured Mr Sylvester and the two brothers and sister before.

I am sorry, methinks, the Doctor went to town: We should otherwise, perhaps, have had the particulars of all, from the pen of the benevolent man. Such joy, such admiration, such gratitude, the Doctor says, were expressed from every mouth, that his own eyes as well as Mr Sylvester's, and most of those present, more than once were ready to overflow.

Every thing was there settled, and even a match proposed by Sir Charles, and the proposal received with approbation on both sides, between the elder Miss Galliard, and that audacious young man the *drug merchant*; who recovered, by his behaviour in this meeting, his reputation with Sir Charles, and every body.

The Doctor says, that Mr Hervey and Mr Pouffin, the two masters of the young gentlemen, are very worthy men; so is Mr Galliard: And they behaved so handsomely on the occasion, that Sir Charles expressed himself highly pleased with them all. For Mr Hervey and Mr Galliard offered to accept of less money than Sir Charles made the young people worth; the one for a portion with

with Miss Danby, the other for admitting the elder Danby into a partnership with him, on his marriage with his niece. But Sir Charles had no notion, he said, of putting young men, of good characters and abilities, to difficulties at their entrance into the world: The greatest expences, he observed, were then incurred. In slight or scanty beginnings, scanty plans must be laid, and pursued. Mr Galliard then declared, that the younger Danby should have the handsomer fortune with his daughter, if she approved of him, for the very handsome one Miss Danby would carry to his son.

Sir Charles's example, in short, fired every one with emulation; and three marriages, with the happiest prospects, are likely very soon to follow these noble instances of generosity. Mr Sylvester proposed the celebration in one day: In that case, the gentlemen joined to hope Sir Charles would honour them with his presence. He assentingly bowed. How many families are here at once made happy!

Dr Bartlett, after he had given us this relation, said, on our joining in one general blessing of his patron, you know not, ladies, you know not, my lord, what a general *philanthropist* your brother is: His whole delight is in doing good. It has always been so: And to mend the hearts, as well as fortunes of men, is his glory.

We could not but congratulate the Doctor on his having so considerable a hand (as Sir Charles always, Lord L. said, delighted to own) in cultivating his innate good principles, at so critical a time of life, as that was in which they become acquainted.

The Doctor very modestly received the compliment, and to wave our praises, gave us another instance of the great manner in which Sir Charles conferred benefits, as follows:

He

He once, said the Doctor, when his fortune was not what it now is, lent a very honest man, a merchant of Leghorn, when he resided there (as he did sometimes for a month or two together, for the conveniency of the English chapel), a considerable sum; and took his bond for it: After a while, things not answering to the poor man's expectation, Mr Grandison took notice to me, said the Doctor, that he appeared greatly depressed and dejected, and occasionally came into his company with such a sense of obligation in his countenance and behaviour, that he could not bear it: And why, said he, should I keep it in my power to distress a man, whose modesty and diffidence shew, that he deserves to be made easy?—I may die suddenly: My executors may think it but justice to exact payment: And that expectation may involve him in as great difficulties as those were, from which the loan delivered him.—I will make his heart light. Instead of suffering him to sigh over his uncertain prospects at his board, or on his bed, I will make both his board and his bed easy to him. His wife and his five children shall rejoice with him; they shall see the good man's countenance, as it used to do, shine upon them; and occasionally meet mine with grateful comfort.

He then cancelled the bond: And at the same time, fearing the man's distress might be deeper than he owned, offered him the loan of a further sum. But, by his behaviour upon it, I found, said Mr Grandison, that the sum he owed, and the doubt he had of being able to pay it in time, were the whole of the honest man's grievance. He declined with gratitude the additional offer, and walked, ever after, erect.

He is now living, and happy, proceeded the Doctor; and, just before Mr Grandison left Italy, would have made him some part of payment, from the happier turn in his affairs; which, probably,
was

was owing to his revived spirits: But Mr Grandison asked, what he thought he meant, when he cancelled the obligation?—Yet he told him, that it was not wrong in him to make the tender: For free minds, he said, loved not to be ungenerously dealt with.

What a man is this, Lucy!

No wonder, thus gloriously employed, with my Lord W. and the Danbys, said Lord L. and perhaps in other acts of goodness that we know nothing of, besides the duties of his executorship, that we are deprived of his company! But *some* of these, as he has so good a friend as Dr Bartlett, he might transfer to him—and oblige us more with his presence; and the rather, as he declares it would be obliging himself.

Ah, my lord! said the Doctor, and looked round him, his eyes dwelling longest on me—You don't know—He stopped. We all were silent. He proceeded—Sir Charles Grandison does nothing without reason: A good man must have difficulties to encounter with, that a mere man of the world would not be embarrassed by.—But how I engage your attention, ladies!

The Doctor arose; for breakfast was over—Dear Doctor, said Miss Grandison, don't leave us—As to that Bologna, that Camilla, that Bishop—Tell us more of them, dear Doctor.

Excuse me, ladies; excuse me, my lord. He bowed, and withdrew.

How we looked at one another! How the fool, in particular, blushed! How her heart throbbed!—At what?—

But, Lucy, give me your opinion—Dr Bartlett guesses, that I am far from being indifferent to Sir Charles Grandison: He must be assured, that my own heart must be absolutely void of *benevolence*, if I did not more and more esteem Sir Charles for *his*: And would Dr Bartlett be so cruel as to con-

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tribute

tribute to a flame that, perhaps, is with difficulty kept from blazing out, as one hears new instances of his generous goodness, if he *knew* that Sir Charles Grandison was so engaged, as to render it impossible—What shall I say?—O this cruel, cruel suspense!—What hopes, what fears, what contradictory conjectures!—But all will too soon perhaps—Here he is come—Sir Charles Grandison is come—

O no!—A false alarm! He is not come: It is only my Lord L. returning from an airing.

I could beat this girl! this Emily—It was owing to her!—A chit!—How we have fluttered each other!—But send for me down to Northamptonshire, my dear friends, before I am quite a fool.

PRAY—Do you know, Lucy, what is the business that calls Mr Deane to town at this season of the year? He has made a visit to Sir Charles Grandison: For Dr Bartlett told me, as a grateful compliment, that Sir Charles was much pleased with him; yet Mr Deane did not tell *me* that he designed it. I beseech you, my dear friends—Do not—But you would not; you *could* not—I would be torn in pieces: I would not accept of—I don't know what I would say. Only add not disgrace to distress.—But I am safe, if nothing be done but at the motion of my grandmamma and aunt Selby. They would not permit Mr Deane, or any body, to make *improper* visits.—But don't you think, that it must look particular to Sir Charles, to have a visit paid him by a man expressing for me so much undeserved tenderness and affection, so long after the affair was over which afforded him a motive for it?—I dread, as much for Mr Deane's sake as my own, every thing that may be construed into officiousness or particularity by so nice a discernor. Does he not say, that no man is

more quick-sighted than himself, to those faults in women which are owing to want of delicacy?

I have been very earnest with Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison, that they do not suffer their friendship for me to lay me under any difficulties with their brother. They all took my meaning, and promised to consult my punctilio as well as my inclination. Miss Grandison was more kindly in earnest, in her assurances of this nature, than I was afraid she would be: And my lord said, it was fit that I should find even niceness gratified in this particular.

[I absolutely confide in you, Lucy, to place hooks where I forget to put them; and where, in your delicate mind, you think I *ought* to put them; that they may direct your eye (when you come to read out before my uncle) to omit those passages which very few men have delicacy or seriousness enough to be trusted with. Yet, a mighty piece of sagacity, to find out a girl of little more than twenty in love, as it is called! and to make a jest of her for it!—[But I am peevish, as well as faucy.—This also goes between hooks.]

Adieu, my Dear.

LETTER XXI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr BARTLETT.

Monday Night, Mar. 20.

I AM very much dissatisfied with myself, my dear Dr Bartlett. What pains have I taken to conquer those sudden gusts of passion, to which, from my early youth, I have been subject, as you have often heard me confess! yet to find, at times, that I am unequal—to myself, shall I say?—To *myself* I *will* say; since I have been so much amended

mended by your precepts and example. But I will give you the occasion.

My guests and you had but just left me, when the wretched Jervois, and her O'Hara, and another bullying man, desired to speak with me.

I had the servant shew the woman into the drawing-room next my study, and the men into the adjoining parlour; but they both followed her into the drawing-room. I went to her, and after a little stiff civility (I could not help it) asked, if these gentlemen had business with me?

The gentleman is Major O'Hara, Sir: He is my husband. That gentleman is Captain Salmonet: He is the major's brother-in-law. He is an officer of equal worth and bravery.

They gave themselves airs of importance and familiarity; and the major motioned as if he would have taken my hand.

I encouraged not the motion. Will you, gentlemen, walk this way?

I led the way to my study. The woman arose, and would have come with them.

If you please to stay where you are, madam, I will attend you presently.

They entered, and, as if they would have me think them connoisseurs, began to admire the globes, the orrery, the pictures, and busts.

I took off that sort of attention—Pray, gentlemen, what are your commands with me?

I am called Major O'Hara, Sir: I am the husband of the lady in the next room, as she told you.

And what, pray, Sir, have I to do either with you or your marriage? I pay that lady, as the widow of Mr Jervois, 200 l. a-year; I am not obliged to pay her more than one. She has no demands upon me, much less has her husband.

The men had so much the air of bullies, and the woman is so very wicked, that my departed

friend, and the name by which she so lately called the poor Emily, were in my head, and I had too little command of my temper.

Look ye, Sir Charles Grandison, I would have you to know—

And he put his left hand upon his sword-handle, pressing it down, which tilted up the point with an air extremely insolent.

What am I to understand by that motion, Sir?

Nothing at all, Sir Charles—D—n me, if I mean any thing by it.—

You are called *Major*, you say, Sir. Do you bear the king's commission, Sir?

I *have* borne it, Sir, if I do not now.

That, and the house you are in, give you a title to civility. But, Sir, I cannot allow, that your marriage with the lady in the next room gives you pretence to business with me. If you have, on any other account, pray let me know what it is?

The man seemed at a loss what to say; but not from bashfulness. He looked about him, as if for his woman; set his teeth; bit his lip, and took snuff, with an air so like defiance, that, for fear I should not be able to forbear taking notice of it, I turned to the other: Pray, Captain Salmonet, said I, what are *your* commands with me?

He spoke in broken English; and said, he had the honour to be Major O'Hara's brother: He had married the major's sister.

And why, Sir, might you not have favoured me with the company of all your relations?—Have you any business with me, Sir, on your own account?

I come, I come, said he, to see my brother righted, Sir—

Who has wronged him?—Take care, gentlemen, how—But, Mr O'Hara, what are your pretensions?

Why

Why look ye, Sir Charles Grandison (throwing open his coat, and sticking one hand in his side, the other thrown out with a flourish), Look ye, Sir, repeated he—

I found my choler rising. I was afraid of myself.

When I treat *you* familiarly, Sir, then treat *me* so: Till when, please to withdraw—

I rang: Frederick came in.

Shew these gentlemen into the little parlour— You will excuse me, Sirs; I attend the lady.

They muttered, and gave themselves brisk and angry airs; nodding their heads at each other; but followed the servant into that parlour.

I went to Mrs O'Hara, as she calls herself.

Well, madam, what is your business with me *now*?

Where are the gentlemen, Sir? Where is my husband?

They are both in the next room, and within hearing of all that shall pass between you and me.

And do you hold them unworthy of your presence, Sir?

Not, madam, while *you* are before me, and if they had any business with me, or I with them.

Has not a husband business where his wife is?

Neither wife nor husband has business with me.

Yes, Sir, I am come to demand my daughter. I come to demand a mother's right.

I answer not to such a demand: You know you have no right to make it.

I have been at Colnebrook: She was kept from me: My child was carried out of the house, that I might not see her.

And have you then terrified the poor girl?

I have left a letter for her; and I expect to see her upon it.—Her new father, as worthy and as brave a man as yourself, Sir, longs to see her—

Her *new* father, madam!—You *expect to see her!* madam.—What was your behaviour to her, unnatural woman! the last time you saw her? But if you *do* see her, it must be in my presence, and without your man, if he form pretensions on your account, that may give either her or me disturbance.

You are only, Sir, to take care of her fortune; so I am advised: I, as her mother, have the natural right over her person. The Chancery will give it to me.

Then seek your remedy in Chancery: Let me never hear of you again, but by the officers of that court.

I opened the door leading into the room where the two men were.

They are not officers, I dare say: Common men of the town, I doubt not, new-dressed for the occasion. O'Hara, as she calls him, is probably one of her temporary husbands only.

Pray, walk in, gentlemen, said I. This lady intimates to me, that she will apply to Chancery against me. The Chancery, if she has any grievance, will be a proper *recourse*. She can have no business with me after such a declaration—much less can either of you.

And opening the drawing-room door that led to the hall, Frederick, said I, attend the lady and the gentlemen to their coach.

I turned from them, to go into my study.

The major, as he was called, asked me, with a fierce air, his hand on his sword, if this were treatment due to gentlemen?

This house, in which, however, you are an intruder, Sir; is your protection; or that motion, and that air, if you mean any thing by either, would cost you dear.

I am, Sir, the protector of my wife: You have insulted her, Sir—

Have

Have I insulted your wife, Sir—And I stepped up to him; but just in time recovered myself, remembering where I was—Take care, Sir—But you are safe here—Frederick, wait upon the gentlemen to the door—

Frederick was not in hearing: The well-meaning man, apprehending consequences, went, it seems, into the offices, to get together some of his fellow-servants.

Salmonet, putting himself in a violent motion, swore, that he would stand by his friend, his brother, to the last drop of his blood; and, in a posture of offence, drew his sword half-way.

I wish, friend, said I (but could hardly contain myself), that I were in *your* house, instead of your being in *mine*.—But if you would have your sword broken over your head, draw it quite.

He did, with a vapour. D—n him, he said, if he bore that! My *own* house, on such an insult as this, should not be my protection; and, retreating, he put himself into a posture of defence.

Now, major! Now, major! said the wicked woman.

Her major also drew, making wretched grimaces.

I was dressed. I knew not but the men were assassins. I drew, put by Salmonet's sword, closed with him, disarmed him, and, by the same effort, laid him on the floor.

O'Hara, skipping about, as if he watched for an opportunity to make a push with safety to himself, lost his sword, by the usual trick whereby a man, any thing skilled in his weapon, knows sometimes how to disarm a *less* skilled adversary.

The woman screamed, and ran into the hall.

I turned the two men, first one, then the other, out of the room, with a contempt that they deserved; and Frederick, Richard, and Jerry, who, by that

that time were got together in the hall, a little too roughly perhaps, turned them into the square.

They limped into the coach they came in: The woman, in terror, was already in it. They cursed, swore, and threatened.

The pretended captain, putting his body half-way out of the coach, bid the servants tell me, That I was—That I was—And, avoiding a worse name, as it seemed—*No gentleman!* and that he would find an opportunity to make me repent the treatment I had given to men of honour, and to a lady.

The major, in eagerness to say something, by way of resentment and menace likewise—(beginning with damning his blood)—had his intended threatening cut short, by meeting the captain's head with his, as the other, in a rage, withdrew it, after his speech to the servant: And each cursing the other, one rubbing his forehead, the other putting his hand to his head, away drove the coach.

They forgot to ask for their swords; and one of them left his hat behind him.

You cannot imagine, my dear Dr Barlett, how much this idle affair has disturbed me: I cannot forgive myself—To suffer myself to be provoked by two such men, to violate the sanction of my own house. Yet they came, no doubt, to bully and provoke me; or to lay a foundation for a demand, that they knew, if personally made, must do it.

My only excuse to myself is, that there were two of them; and that, though I drew, yet I had the command of myself so far as only to defend myself, when I might have done any thing with them. I have generally found, that those that are the readiest to give offence, are unfittest, when brought to the test, to support their own insolence.

But my Emily! my poor Emily! How must she be terrified!—I will be with you very soon. Let

not

not her know any thing of this idle affair; nor any body but Lord L.

Tuesday Morning.

I HAVE just parted with one Blagrove, an attorney, who already had been ordered to proceed against me: But, out of regard to my character, and having, as he owned, no great opinion of his clients, he thought fit to come to me in person, to acquaint me of it, and to inform himself, from me, of the whole affair.

The gentleman's civility intitled him to expect an account of it: I gave it him.

He told me, that if I pleased to restore the swords, and the hat, by him, and would promise not to stop the future quarterly payments of the 200*l.* a-year, about which they were very apprehensive, he dared to say, that, after such an exertion of spirit, as he called a choleric excess, I should not hear any more of them for one while; since he believed they had only been trying an experiment; which had been carried farther, he dared to say, than they had designed it should.

He hinted his opinion, that the men were common men of the town; and that they had never been honoured with commissions in any service.

The woman (I know not by what name to call her, since it is very probable that she has not a real title to that of O'Hara) was taken out of the coach in violent hysterics, as O'Hara told him; who, in consulting Mr Blagrove, may be supposed to aggravate matters, in order to lay a foundation for an action of damages.

She accused the men of cowardice before Mr Blagrove; and that in very opprobrious terms.

They excused themselves, as being loth to hurt me; which, they said, they easily could have done, especially before I drew.

They

They both pretended to Mr Blgrave personal damages; but I hope their hurts are magnified.

I am (however that be) *most* hurt; for I am not at all pleased with myself. They, possibly, though they have no cause to be satisfied with their parts in the fray, have been more accustomed to such scuffles than I; and are above, or rather beneath, all punctilio.

Mr Blgrave took the swords and the hat with him in the coach that waited for him.

If I thought it would not have looked like a compromise, and encouraged their insolence, I could freely have sent them *more* than what belonged to them. I am really greatly hurt by the part I acted to such men.

As to the annuity, I bid Mr Blgrave tell the woman, that the payment of that depended upon her future good behaviour; and yet, that I was not sure that she was intitled to it, but as the *widow* of my friend.

However, I told this gentleman, that no provocation should hinder me from doing strict justice, though I were sure that they would go to law with the money I should cause to be paid to them quarterly. You will therefore know, Sir, added I, that the fund which they have to depend upon, to support a law-suit, should they commence one, and think fit to employ in it so honest a man as you seem to be, is 100 *l.* a-year. It would be madness, if not injustice, to pay the other 100 *l.* for such a purpose, when it was left to my discretion to pay it or not, with a view to discourage that litigious spirit, which is one of an hundred of this poor woman's bad qualities.

And thus, for the present, stands this affair. I look upon my trouble from this woman as over, till some new scheme arises, either among these people, or from others whom she may consult or employ. You and I, when I have the happiness

to attend you and my other friends, will not renew the subject.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XXII.

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.

Colnebrook, Wed. Mar. 22.

SIR Charles arrived this morning, just as we had assembled to breakfast; for Lady L. is not an early riser. The moment he entered, sunshine broke out in the countenance of every one.

He apologized to all but me for his long absence, especially when they had *such* a guest, were his words, bowing to me; and I thought he sighed, and looked with tender regard upon me; but I dared not ask Miss Grandison whether she saw any thing particular in his devoirs to me.

It was owing to his politeness, I presume, that he did not include me in his apologies; because that would have been to suppose that I had *expected* him. Indeed I was not displeased in the main, that he did not compliment me as a *third* sister. See, Lucy, what little circumstances a doubtful mind will sometimes dwell upon.

I was not pleased that he had been so long absent, and had my thoughts to myself upon it; inclining once to have gone back to London; and perhaps *should*, could I have fancied myself of importance enough to make him uneasy by it [The sex! the sex! Lucy, will my uncle say; but I pretend not to be above its little foibles]: But the moment I saw him, all my disgusts were over. After the Anderson, the Danby, the Lord W. affairs, he appeared to me in a much more shining light than an hero would have done, returning in
a tri-

a triumphal car covered with laurels, and dragging captive princes at his wheels. How much more glorious a character is that of *The Friend of Mankind*, than that of *The Conqueror of Nations*!

He told me, that he paid his compliments yesterday to Mr and Mrs Reeves. He mentioned Mr Deane's visit to him; and said very kind, but just things in his praise. I read not any thing in his eyes, or manner, that gave me uneasiness on the visit that other good man made him.

My dear Emily sat generously uneasy, I saw, for the trouble she had been the cause of giving to her best friend, though she knew not of a visit, that her mother, and O'Hara, and Salmonet, made her guardian on Monday, as the Doctor had hinted to us, without giving us particulars.

Sir Charles thanked me for my goodness, as he called it, in getting the good girl so happily out of her mother's way, as *his* Emily would have been too much terrified to see her: And he thanked Lord L. for his tenderness to his ward on that occasion.

My lord gave him the letter which Mrs Jervois had left for her daughter. Sir Charles presented it to the young lady, without looking into it: She instantly returned it to him in a very graceful manner. We will read it together by-and-by, my Emily, said he. Dr Bartlett tells me there is tenderness in it.

The Doctor made apologies to him for having communicated to us some of his letters—Whatever Dr Bartlett does, said Sir Charles, must be right. But what say my sisters to my proposal of correspondence with them?

We should be glad, replied Lady L. to see all you write to Dr Bartlett; but could not undertake to write you letter for letter.

Why so?

Miss Byron, said Miss Grandison, has put us
quite

quite out of heart as to the talent of narrative letter-writing.

I should be greatly honoured with a sight of such letters of Miss Byron as you, my lord, have seen. Will Miss Byron, applying to me, favour *one* brother, and exclude *another*?

Brother! Lucy; I thought he was not, at that time, quite so handsome a man as when he first entered the room.

I was silent, and blushed. I knew not what answer to make; yet thought I should say something.

May we, Sir Charles, said Miss Grandison, hope for a perusal of your letters to Dr Bartlett for the same number of weeks past, letter for letter, if we could prevail on Miss Byron to consent to the proposal?

Would Miss Byron consent upon that condition?

What say you, Miss Byron? said my lord.

I answered, that I could not presume to think, that the little chit-chat, which I wrote to please my partial friends in the country, could appear tolerable in the eye of Sir Charles Grandison.

They all answered with high encomiums on my pen; and Sir Charles, in the most respectful manner, insisting upon not being denied to see what Lord L. had perused; and Miss Grandison having said that I had, to oblige them, been favoured with the return of my letters from the country, I thought it would look like a too meaning particularity, if I refused to oblige him, in the light (tho' not a very agreeable one, I own to you, Lucy) of *another* brother: I told him, that I would shew him very willingly, and without condition, all the letters I had written of the narrative kind, from my first coming to London, to the dreadful masquerade affair, and even Sir Hargrave's barbarous

treatment of me, down to the deliverance he had so generously given me.

How did he extol me for what he called my noble frankness of heart! In that grace, he said, I excelled all the women he had conversed with. He assured me, that he would not wish to see a line that I was not willing he should see; and that if he came to a word or passage that he could suppose would be of that nature, it should have no place in his memory.

Miss Grandison called out—But the *condition*, Sir Charles—

Is only this, replied I (I am sure of your *candour*, Sir); that you will correct me, where I am wrong, in any of my notions or sentiments. I have been very pert and forward in some of my letters; particularly in a dispute that was carried on in relation to learning and languages. If I could not, for *improvement*-sake, more heartily bespeak your correction than your approbation, I should be afraid of your eye there.

Excellent Miss Byron! Beauty shall not bribe me on your side, if I think you wrong in any point that you submit to my judgment: And if I am beauty-proof, I am sure nothing on earth can bias me.

Miss Grandison said, she would number the letters according to their dates, and then would give them to me, that I might make such conditions with her brother on the loan, as every one might be the better for.

BREAKFAST being over, Miss Grandison renewed the talk of the visit made here by Mrs O'Hara on Sunday last. Miss Jervois very prettily expressed her grief for the trouble given her guardian by her unhappy mother. He drew her to him, as he sat, with looks of tenderness, and called her his dear Emily, and told her, she was the *child of his compassion*.

compassion. You are called upon, my dear, said he, young as you are, to a glorious trial, and hitherto you have shone in it: I wish the poor woman would be but half as much the mother as you would be the child! But let us read her letter.

His goodness overwhelmed her. He took her mother's letter out of his pocket: She stood before him, drying her eyes, and endeavouring to suppress her emotion: And when he had unfolded the letter, he put his arm round her waist. Surely, Lucy, he is the tenderest, as well as bravest of men! What would I give for a picture drawn but with half the life and love which shone out in his looks, as he cast his eyes now on the letter, and now up to his Emily!—Poor woman! said he, two or three times, as he read: And, when he had done, you *must* read it, my dear, said he; there is the *mother* in it: We will acknowledge the mother where-ever we can find her.

Why did not the dear girl throw her arms about his neck just then!—She was ready to do so. O my best of guardians! said she; and, it was plain, was but just restrained, by virgin modesty, from doing so; her hands caught back, as it were, and resting for a moment on his shoulder: And she looked as much abashed, as if she had *not* checked herself.

I took more notice of this her grateful motion than any body else. I was affected with the beautiful check, and admired her for it.

And *must* I, Sir, would you *have me* read it? I will retire to my chamber with it.

He rose, took her hand, and coming with her to me, put it into mine: Be so good, madam, to fortify this worthy child's heart, by your prudence and judgment, while she reads the mother, in the only instance that I have ever known it visible in this unhappy woman.

Emily and I withdrew into the next room, and there

there the good girl read the letter ; but it was long in reading ; her tears often interrupting her : And more than once, as wanting a refuge, she threw her arms about my neck in silent grief.

I called her twenty tender names, but I could not say much : What could I ? The letter in some places affected *me*. It was the letter of a mother who seemed extremely sensible of hardships. Her guardian had promised observations upon it : I knew not then all the unhappy woman's wickedness : I knew not but the husband might be in some fault. —What could I say ? I could not think of giving comfort to a daughter at the expence of even a *bad* mother.

Miss Grandison came to us : She kissed the sobbing girl, and with tenderness, calling us her two loves, led us into the next room.

Sir Charles, it seems, had owned, in our absence, that Mr and Mrs O'Hara, and Captain Salmonet, had made him a visit in town, on their return from Colnebrook, and expressed himself to be vexed at his own behaviour to them.

Miss Jervois gave the letter to her guardian, and went behind his chair, on the back of which she leaned, while he looked into the letter, and made observations upon what he read, as nearly in the following words as I can remember.

*An unhappy mother, whose faults have been barbarously aggravated—*My Emily's father was an indulgent husband ! He forgave this unhappy woman crimes, which very few men would have forgiven : She was the wife of his choice ; He doated on her : His first forgiveness of an atrocious crime hardened her.

When he could not live with her, he removed from place to place to avoid her : At last, afraid of her private machinations, which were of the blackest nature, he went abroad, in order to pursue that traffic in person, which he managed to
great

great advantage by his agents and factors ; having first, however, made a handsome provision for his wife.

Thither, after some time passed in riot and extravagance, she followed him.

I became acquainted with him at Florence. I found him to be a sensible and honest man ; and every one whom he could serve or assist experienced his benevolence. Not a single soul who knew him but loved him, this wife excepted.

She at *that* time insisted upon his giving up to her management his beloved Emily, and solemnly promised reformation on his compliance. She knew that the child would be a great fortune.

I was with Mr Jervois, on her first visit to him at Leghorn ; and though I had heard her character to be very bad, was inclined to befriend her. She was specious. I hoped that a mother, whatever *wife* she made, could not but be a *mother* ; and poor Mr Jervois had not been forward to say the worst of her. But she did not long save appearances. The whole English factory at Leghorn were witnesses of her flagrant enormities. She was addicted to an excess that left her no guard, and made her a stranger to that grace which is the glory of a woman.

I am told that she is less frequently intoxicated than heretofore. I should be glad of the least shadow of reformation in her. That odious vice led her into every other, and hardened her to a sense of shame. Other vices, perhaps, at first, wanted *that* to introduce them ; but the most flagitious have been long habitual to her.

Nothing but the justice due to the character of my departed friend, could have induced me to say what I have said of this unhappy woman. Forgive me my Emily : But shall I not defend your father ?—I have not said the *worst* I could say of his wife.

Yet she writes, *that her faults have been barbarously aggravated, in order to justify the ill usage of a husband, who, she says, was not faultless.* Ill usage of a husband! Wretched woman! She knew I must see this letter: How *could* she write thus? She knows that I have authentic proofs in my custody of his unexceptionable goodness to her; and confessions, under her own hand, of her guilt and ingratitude to him.

But, my Emily—and he arose, and took her hand, her face overwhelmed with tears, you may rejoice in your father's character: He was a good man in every sense of the word. With regard to her, he had but one fault, and that was his indulgence.—Shall I say, that after repeated elopements, after other men had cast her off, he took her back! When she had forfeited his love, his *pity* operated in her favour, and she was hardened enough to despise the man who could much more easily forgive than punish her. I am grieved to be obliged to say this; but repeat, that the memory of my friend must not be unjustly loaded. Would to heaven that I could suggest the shadow of a plea that would extenuate any part of her vileness, either respecting him or herself: let whose-soever character suffer by it, I would suggest it. How often has this worthy husband wept to me, for those faults of his wife, for which *she* could not be sorry.

I discourage not these tears, my Emily, on what you have heard me say; but let me now dry them up.

He took her own handkerchief, and tenderly wiped her cheeks: It is unnecessary, proceeded he, to say any thing further at this time in defence of your father's character: we come now to other parts of the letter, that will not, I hope, be so affecting to the heart of a good child.

She insists upon your making her a visit, or receiving one from her: She longs, she says, to see
you,

you, to lay you in her bosom. She congratulates you on your improvements: She very *pathetically* calls upon you not to despise her—

My dear girl! you *shall* receive her visit: She shall name her place for it, provided I am present. I shall think it a sign of her amendment, if she is really capable of rejoicing in your improvements. I have always told you, that you must distinguish between the *crime* and the *mother*: The one is intitled to your pity, the other calls for your abhorrence—Do you *chuse*, my dear, to see your mother?—I hope you do. Let not even the faulty have cause to complain of unkindness from us. There are faults that must be left to heaven to punish, and against the consequences of which it behoves us only to *guard*, for our own sakes. I hope you are in a safe protection, and have nothing to fear from her: you are *guarded therefore*. Can my Emily forget the terrors of the last interview, and calmly, in my presence, kneel to her mother?

Whatever you command me to do, I will do.

I would have you answer this letter. Invite her to the house of your guardian—I think you should not go to her lodgings: Yet, if you incline to see her there, and she insists upon it I will attend you.

But, Sir, must I own her husband for my father?

Leave that to me, my dear: Little things, punctilios, are not to be stood upon: Pride shall have no concern with us. But I must first be satisfied that the man and she are actually married. Who knows, if they are, but his dependence on her annuity, and the protection she may hope for from him, may make it convenient to both to live in a more creditable manner than hitherto she has aimed to do? If she save but appearances for the future, it will be a point gained.

I will in every thing, Sir, do as you would have me.

One

One thing, my dear, I think, I will advise: if they are really married, if there be any prospect of their living tolerably together, you shall, if you please (your fortune is very large), make them a handsome present, and give hope that it will be an annual one, if the man behave with civility to your mother. She complains that she is made poor, and dependent. Poor if she be, it is her own fault: She brought not 200 *l.* to your father. Ungrateful woman! he married her, as I hinted, for love. With 200 *l.* a-year well paid, she ought not to be poor, but dependent she must be. Your father would have given her a larger annuity, had he not known by experience, that it was but strengthening her hands to do mischief, and to enable her to be more riotous. I found a declaration of this kind among his papers after his death. This his *intention*, if there could have been any hope of a good use to be made of it, justifies my advice to you to *enlarge* her stipend: I will put it in such a way, that you, my dear, shall have the credit of it; and I will take upon myself the advice of restraining it to good behaviour, for their own sakes, and for yours.

O Sir! how good you are! You may give me courage to wish to see my poor mother, in hopes that it will be in my power to do her good: Continue to your Emily the blessing of your direction, and I shall be a happy girl indeed. O that my mother *may* be married! that she may be intitled to the best you shall advise me to do for her.

I doubt her man is a man of the town, added he; but he *may* have lived long enough to see his follies. She may be tired of the life she has led. I have made several efforts to do her service, but have no hope to reclaim her; I wish she may now be a wife in earnest. But this I think shall be my
last

last effort—Write, my dear, but nothing of your intention. If she is not married, things must remain as they are.

She hastened up stairs, and very soon returned with the following lines :

Madam,

I beseech you to believe, that I am not wanting in duty to my mother. You rejoice my heart, when you tell me that you love me. My guardian was so good, before I could have time to ask him, as to bid me write to you, and to let you know that he will himself present me to you, whenever you please to favour me with an opportunity to pay my duty to you at his house in St James's Square.

Let me hope, my dear mamma, that you will not be so angry with your poor girl, as you was last time I saw you at Mrs Lane's, and then I will see you with all the duty that a child owes to her mother. For I am, and will ever be,

Your dutiful daughter,

EMILIA JERVOIS.

Sir Charles generously scrupled the last paragraph. We will not, I think, Emily, said he, remind a mother, who has written such a letter as that before us, of a behaviour that she should be glad to forget.

Miss Grandison desired it might stand. Who knows, said she, but it may make her ashamed of her outrageous behaviour at that time?

She deserves not generous usage, said Lady L.; she cannot feel it.

Perhaps *not*, replied Sir Charles; but we should do proper things, *for our own sakes*, whether the persons are capable of feeling them as they ought or not. What say *you*, Miss Byron, to this last paragraph?

I was

I was entirely in his way of thinking, and for the reason he gave; but the two ladies having given their opinion in a pretty earnest manner, and my lord saying he thought it might pass, I was afraid it would look like bespeaking his favour at their expence, if I adopted his sentiments: I therefore declined giving my opinion. But being willing to keep Emily in countenance, who sat suspended in her judgment, as one who feared she had done a wrong thing, I said, it was a very natural paragraph, I thought, from Miss Jervois's pen; as it was written, I dared to say, rather in apprehension of hard treatment, from what she remembered of the last, than in a spirit of recrimination or resentment.

The good girl declared it was. Both ladies, and my lord, said, I had distinguished well: But Sir Charles, though he said no more upon the subject, looked upon each sister with meaning; which I wondered they did not observe. Dr Bartlett was withdrawn, or I believe he would have had the honesty to speak out, which I had not: But the point was a point of delicacy and generosity; and I thought I should not seem to imagine, that I understood it better than they: Nor did I think that Sir Charles would have acquiesced with their opinion.

Miss Jervois retired to transcribe her letter. We all separated to dress; and I, having soon made an alteration in mine, dropt in upon Dr Bartlett in his closet.

I am stealing from this good man a little improvement in my geography; I am delighted with my tutor, and he professes to be pleased with his scholar; but sometimes more interesting articles slide in: But now he had just begun to talk of Miss Jervois, as if he would have led, I thought, to the proposal hinted at by Miss Grandison, from the letter she had so clandestinely seen, of my taking
her

her under my care, when Sir Charles entered the doctor's apartment. He would have withdrawn when he saw me; but the doctor, rising from his chair, besought him to oblige us with his company.

I was silly: I did not expect to be caught there. But why was I silly on being found with Dr Bartlett?—But let me tell you, that I thought Sir Charles himself, at first addressing me, seemed a little unprepared. You invited me in, doctor: Here I am. But if you were upon a subject that you do not pursue, I shall look upon myself as an intruder, and will withdraw.

We had concluded one subject, Sir, and were beginning another—I had just mentioned Miss Jervois.

Is not Emily a good child, Miss Byron? said Sir Charles.

Indeed, Sir, she is.

We then had some general talk of the unhappy situation she is in from such a mother; and I thought some hints would have been given of his desire that she should accompany me down to Northamptonshire; and my heart throbbed, to think how it would be brought in, and how I should behave upon it: And the more, as I was not to be supposed to have so much as *heard* of such a designed proposal. What would it have done, had I been prevailed upon to read the letter? But not one word passed leading to that subject.

I now begin to *fear* that he has changed his mind, if that was his mind. Methinks I am more fond of having the good girl with us, than I imagined it was possible I ever could have been. What a different appearance have things to us, when they are out of our power, to what they had when we believed they were in it?

But I see not, that there is the least likelihood
that

that any thing, on which you had all set your hearts, can happen—I can't help it.

Emily, flattering girl! told me, she saw great signs of attachment to me in his eyes and behaviour; but I see no grounds for such a surmise: His affections are certainly engaged. God bless him, whatever his engagements are!—When he was absent, encouraged by his sisters and Lord L. I thought pretty well of myself; but, now he is present, I see so many excellencies shining out in his mind, in his air and address, that my humility gets the better of my ambition.

Ambition! did I say? Yes, ambition, Lucy. Is it not the nature of the passion we are so foolishly apt to call *noble*, to exalt the object, and to lower, if not to debase, one's self?—You see how Lord W. depreciates me on the score of fortune. [I was loth to take notice of that before, because I knew, that were slenderness of fortune the only difficulty, the partiality of all my friends for their Harriet would put them upon making efforts that I would sooner die than suffer to be made. This, Lucy, observe, is between hooks.]

I forget the manner in which Lord W.'s objection was permitted to go off—But I remember, Sir Charles made no attempt to answer it; and yet he tells my Lord, that fortune is not a principal article with him; and that he has an ample estate of his own. No question but a man's duties will rise with his opportunities. A man, therefore, may be as good with a less estate as with a larger: And is not goodness the essential part of happiness? Be our station what it will, have we any concern but humbly to acquiesce in it, and fulfil the duties belonging to that station?

But who, for selfish considerations, can wish to *circumscribe* the power of this good man! The greater opportunities he has of doing good, the
higher

higher must be his enjoyment.—No, Lucy, do not let us flatter ourselves.

Sir Charles rejoices on Sir Hargrave's having just now, by letter, suspended the appointment till next week, of his dining with him at his house on the forest.

L E T T E R XXIII.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

I LEFT Sir Charles with Dr Bartlett. They would both have engaged me to stay longer; but I thought the ladies would miss me, and think it particular to find me with him in the doctor's closet.

My lord and the two sisters were together in the drawing-room adjoining to the library: On my entrance, Well, Harriet, said Miss Grandison, we will now endeavour to find out my brother: You must be present to yourself, and put in a word now and then. We shall see if Dr Bartlett is right, when he says that my brother is the most unreserved of men.

Just then came in Dr Bartlett—I think, doctor, said Lady L. we will take your advice, and ask my brother all the questions in relation to his engagements abroad, that come into our heads.

She had not done speaking, when Sir Charles entered, and drew his chair next me; and just then I thought myself he looked upon me with equal benignity and respect.

Miss Grandison began with taking notice of the letter from which Dr Bartlett, she said, had read some passages, of the happiness he had procured to Lord W. in ridding him of his woman. She wished, she told him, that she knew who was the

lady he had in his thoughts to commend to my lord for a wife.

I will have a little talk with her before I name her, even to you, my lord, and my sisters. I am sure my sisters will approve of their aunt, if she accept of my lord for a husband: I shall pay my compliments to her in my return from Grandison-hall.—Do you, Charlotte, chuse to accompany me thither? I must, I think, be present at the opening of the church. I don't ask you, my lord, nor you Lady L. so short as my stay will be there. I purpose to go down on Friday next, and return on the Tuesday following.

Miss Gr. I think, brother, I should wish to be excused. If, indeed, you would stay there a week or a fortnight, I could like to attend you; and so, I dare say, would Lord and Lady L.

Sir Ch. I must be in town on Wednesday next week; but you may stay the time you mention: You cannot pass it disagreeably in the neighbourhood of the hall; and there you will find your cousin Grandison: He will gallant you from one neighbour to another: And, if I judge by your freedoms with him, you have a greater regard for him than perhaps you know you have.

Miss Gr. Your servant, Sir, bowing—But I will take my revenge—Pray, Sir Charles, may I ask (we are all brothers and sisters)—

Sir Ch. Stop, Charlotte (*pleasantly*): If you are going to ask any questions by way of *revenge*, I answer them not.

Miss Gr. Revenge!—Not revenge, neither—But when my Lord W. as by the *passages* Dr Bartlett was so good as to read to us, proposed to you this lady for a wife, and that lady; your answers, gave us apprehension that you are not inclined to marry—

Lady L. You are very unceremonious, Charlotte—

Indeed,

Indeed, Lucy, she made me tremble. Sure he can have no notion that I have seen the *whole* letter—seen myself named in it.

Miss Gr. What signifies ceremony among relations?

Sir Ch. Let Charlotte have her way.

Miss Gr. Why then, Sir, I would ask—Don't you intend one day to marry?

Sir Ch. I do, Charlotte. I shall not think myself happy till I can obtain the hand of a worthy woman.

I was, I am afraid, Lucy, visibly affected: I knew not how to stay; yet it would have looked worse to go.

Miss Gr. Very well, Sir—And pray, have you not, either abroad or at home, seen the woman you could wish to call yours?—Don't think me impertinent, brother.

Sir Ch. You cannot be impertinent, Charlotte. If you want to know any thing of me, it pleases me best when you come directly to the point.

Miss Gr. Well, then, if I cannot be impertinent; if you are best pleased when you are most freely treated; and if you are inclined to marry; pray why did you decline the proposals mentioned by Lord W. in behalf of Lady Frances N. of Lady Anne S. and I cannot tell how many more?

Sir Ch. The friends of the first named lady proceeded not generously with my father in that affair. The whole family builds too much on the interest and quality of her father. I wanted not to depend upon any public man: I chose, as much as possible, to fix my happiness within my own little circle. I have strong passions: I am not without ambition. Had I loosened the reins to the latter, young man as I am, my tranquility would have been pinned to the feather in another man's

cap. Does this satisfy you, Charlotte, as to Lady Frances?

Miss Gr. Why yes; and the easier, because there is a lady whom I could have preferred to Lady Frances.

I should not, thought I, have been present at this conversation. Lord L. looked at me. Lord L. should *not* have looked at me: The ladies did not.

Sir Ch. Who is she?

Miss Gr. Lady Anne S. you know, Sir.— Pray may I ask, why that *could not be*?

Sir Ch. Lady Anne is, I believe, a deserving woman; but her fortune must have been my principal inducement, had I made my addresses to her. I never yet went so low as that alone, for an inducement to see a lady three times.

Miss Gr. Then, Sir, you *have* made your addresses to ladies—abroad, I suppose?

Sir Ch. I thought, Charlotte, your curiosity extended only to the ladies in England.

Miss Gr. Yes, Sir, it extends to ladies in England and out of England, if any there be that have kept my brother a single man, when such offers have been made him as we think would have been unexceptionable. But you hint, then, Sir, that there *are* ladies abroad—

Sir Ch. Take care, Charlotte, that you make as free a respondent, when it comes to your turn, as you are a questioner.

Miss Gr. By your answers to my questions, Sir, teach me how I am to answer yours, if you have any to ask.

Sir Ch. Very well, Charlotte. Have I not answered satisfactorily your questions about the ladies you named?

Miss Gr. Pretty well. But, Sir, have you not seen ladies abroad whom you like better than
either

either of those I have named?—Answer me to that.

Sir Ch. I have, Charlotte, and at home too.

Miss Gr. I don't know what to say to you— But pray, Sir, have you not seen ladies abroad whom you have liked better than any you ever saw at home?

Sir Ch. No. But tell me, Charlotte, to what does all this tend?

Miss Gr. Only, brother, that we long to have you happily married; and we are afraid, that your declining this proposal and that is owing to some previous attachment—And now *all* is out.

Lord L. And now, my dear brother, all is out.—

Lady L. If our brother will gratify our curiosity—

Had I ever before, Lucy, so great a call upon me as now for presence of mind?

Sir Charles sighed: He paused: And at last said—You are very generous, very kind, in your wishes to see me married. I have seen the lady with whom, of all women in the world, I think I could be happy.

A fine blush overspread his face, and he looked down. Why, Sir Charles, did you blush? Why did you look down? The happy, thrice happy woman was not present, was she?—Ah, No! no! no!—

Sir Ch. And now, Charlotte, what other questions have you to ask, before it comes to your turn to answer some that I have to put to you?

Miss Gr. Only one—Is the lady a foreign lady?

How every body but I looked at him, expecting his answer!—He really hesitated. At last, I think, Charlotte, you will excuse me, if I say that this question gives me some pain—Because it leads to another, that, if made, I cannot at present myself

answer [But why so, Sir? thought I]: And if *not* made, it cannot be of any signification to speak to this.

Lord L. We would not give you pain, Sir Charles: And yet—

Sir Ch. What *yet*, my dear Lord L.?

Lord L. When I was at Florence, there was much talk—

Sir Ch. Of a lady of that city—Olivia, my Lord!—There was.—She has fine qualities, but unhappily blended with others less approveable.—But I have nothing to wish for from Olivia. She has done me too much honour. I should not so readily have named her now, had she herself been more solicitous to conceal the distinction she honoured me with. But your lordship, I dare hope, never heard even *ill will* open its mouth to her disreputation, only that she descended too much in her regard for one object.

Lord L. Your character, Sir Charles, was as much to the reputation of her favour, as—

Sir Ch. (interrupting). O my lord, how *brotherly* partial! But, this lady out of the question, my peace has been broken in pieces by a tender fault in my constitution—And yet I would not be without it.

The sweet Emily arose, and, in tears, went to the window. A sob, endeavoured to be suppressed, called our attention to her.

Sir Charles went and took her hand; why weeps my Emily?

Because you, who so well deserve to be happy, seem not to be so.

Tender examples, Lucy, are catching: I had much ado to restrain *my* tears.

He kindly consoled her. My unhappiness, my dear, said he, arises chiefly from that of other people. I should but for *that* be happy in myself, because I endeavour to accommodate my mind to bear

bear inevitable evils, and to make, if possible, a virtue of necessity: But, Charlotte, see how grave you have made us all! and yet I must enter with *you* upon a subject that possibly may be thought as serious by you, as that which at present I wish to quit.

“Wish to quit!” “The question gave him some pain, because it led to another, which he cannot himself, at present, answer!—” What, Lucy, let me ask you, before I follow him to his next subject, can you gather from what passed in *that* already recited? If he is himself at an uncertainty, he may deserve to be pitied, and not blamed: But don’t you think he might have answered, whether the lady is a foreigner, or not?—How could he *know* what the next question would have been?

I had the assurance to ask Miss Grandison afterwards, aside, whether any thing could be made out, or guessed at, by his eyes, when he spoke of having *seen* the woman he could prefer to all others? For he sat next to me; she over-against him.

I know not what to make of him, said she: But be the lady native or foreigner, it is my humble opinion that my brother is in love. He has all the symptoms of it that I can guess by.

I am of Charlotte’s opinion, Lucy. Such tender sentiments, such sweetness of manners, such gentleness of voice!—Love has certainly done all this for him: And the lady, to be sure, is a foreigner. It would be strange if such a man should not have engaged his heart in the seven or eight years past; and those from eighteen to twenty-six, or seven the most susceptible of a man’s life.

But what means he by saying, “His peace has been broken in pieces by a tender fault in his constitution?”—Compassion, I suppose, for some unhappy object.—I will soon return to town, and there

there prepare to throw myself into the arms of my dearest relations in Northamptonshire: I shall otherwise, perhaps, add to the number of those who have broken his peace. But it is strange, methinks, that he could not have answered, whether the lady is a foreigner or not.

Dr Bartlett, you are mistaken: Sir Charles Grandison is not so very *un-reserved* a man as you said he was.

But Oh! my dear little flattering Emily, how could you tell me, that you watched his eyes, and saw them always kindly bent on me?—Yes, perhaps, when you thought so, he was drawing comparisons to the advantage of his fair foreigner, from my less agreeable features!—

But this Olivia! Lucy. I want to know something more of *her*. “Nothing,” he says, “to wish for from Olivia.”—Poor lady! Methinks I am very much inclined to pity her.

Well, but I will proceed now to his next subject. I wish I could find some faults in him. It is a *cruel* thing to be under a kind of necessity to be angry with a man whom we cannot blame: And yet in the next conversation you will see *him* angry. Don't you long, Lucy, to see how Sir Charles Grandison will behave when he is angry?

L E T T E R XXIV.

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation.*

NOW, Charlotte, said he (as if he had fully answered the questions put to him—O these men!), let me ask *you* a question or two—I had a visit made me yesterday by Lord G. What, my dear, do you intend to do with regard to him?—
But,

But, perhaps, you would chuse to withdraw with me on this question.

Miss Gr. I wish I had made to you the same overture of withdrawing, Sir Charles, on the questions I put to you: If I had, I should have received more satisfaction, I fancy, than I can now boast of.

Sir Ch. I will withdraw with you, if you please, and hear any other questions you have to put to me.

Miss Gr. You can put no questions to me, Sir, that I shall have any objections to answer before this company.

Sir Ch. You know my question, Charlotte.

Miss Gr. What would you advise me to do in that affair, brother?

Sir Ch. I have only one piece of advice to give you:—It is, that you will either encourage or discourage his address—if you know your own mind.

Miss Gr. I believe, brother, you want to get rid of me.

Sir Ch. Then you intend to encourage Lord G.?

Miss Gr. Does that follow, Sir?

Sir Ch. Or you could not have supposed that I wanted to part with you. But, come, Charlotte, let us retire. It is difficult to get a direct answer to such questions as these from ladies before company, though the company be ever so nearly related to them.

Miss Gr. I can answer, before this company, any questions that relate to Lord G.

Sir Ch. Then you *don't* intend to encourage him?

Miss Gr. I don't see how that follows, neither, from what I said.

Sir Ch. It does, very clearly. I am not an absolute

solute stranger to the language of women, Charlotte.

Miss Gr. I thought my brother too polite to reflect upon the sex.

Sir Ch. Is it to reflect upon the sex, to say that I am not an absolute stranger to their language?

Miss Gr. I protest I think so in the way you spoke it.

Sir Ch. Well then, try if you cannot find a language to speak in, that may *not* be capable of such an interpretation.

Miss Gr. I am afraid you are displeased with me, brother. I will answer more directly.

Sir Ch. Do, my Charlotte: I have promised Lord G. to procure him an answer.

Miss Gr. Is the question he puts, Sir, a brief one—*On* or *off*?

Sir Ch. Trust *me*, Charlotte: You *may*, even with your punctilio.

Miss Gr. Will you not advise me, Sir?

Sir Ch. I will—To pursue your inclination.

Miss Gr. Suppose, if I knew *yours*, that *that* would turn the scale?

Sir Ch. Is the balance even?

Miss Gr. I can't say that neither.

Sir Ch. Then *dismiss* my Lord G.

Miss Gr. Indeed, brother, you are angry with me.

Sir Ch. (*addressing himself to me*). I am sure, Miss Byron, that I shall find, in such points as this, a very different *sister* in you, when I come to be favoured with the perusal of your letters. Your cousin Reeves once said, that when you knew your own mind, you never kept any one in suspense.

Miss Gr. But I, brother, can't say that I *know* my mind absolutely.

Sir Ch. That is another thing; I am silent. Only when you do, I shall take it for a favour, if you will communicate it to me for your service.

Miss

Miss Gr. I am among my best friends—Lord L. what is your advice? Sir Charles does not incline to give me *his*.

Sir Ch. It is owing to my regard to your own inclinations, and not to displeasure or petulance, that I do not.

Lord L. I have a very good opinion of Lord G. What is yours, my dear? [to Lady L.]

Lady L. I really think very well of my Lord G. What is yours, Miss Byron?

Harriet. I believe Miss Grandison must be the sole determiner on this occasion. If *she* has no objection, I presume to think that no one else can have any.

Miss Gr. Explain, explain, Harriet—

Sir Ch. Miss Byron answers as she always does: Penetration and prudence with her never quit company. If I have the honour to explain her sentiments in giving mine, take both as follow: My Lord G. is a good-natured, mild man: He will make a woman happy who has some share of prudence, though she has a still greater share of will. Charlotte is very lively: She loves her jest *almost* as well as she loves her friend—

Miss Gr. How, brother!

Sir Ch. And Lord G. will not stand in competition with her in that respect: There should not be a rivalry in particular qualities in marriage. I have known a poet commence a hatred to his wife, on her being complimented with making better verses than he. Let Charlotte agree upon those qualities in which she will allow her husband to excel; and he allow in her those she has a desire to monopolize, and all may do well.

Miss Gr. Then Lord G. must not be disputed with, I presume, were I to be his wife, on the subject of moths and butterflies.

Sir Ch. Yet Lord G. may give them up, when he has a more considerable trifle to amuse himself with.

with. Pardon me, Charlotte—Are you not, as far as we have gone in this conversation, a pretty trifler?

Miss Gr. (bowing). Thank you, brother. The epithets *pretty*, and *young*, and *little*, are great qualities of harsh words.

Sir Ch. But do you like Sir Walter Watkyns better than Lord G.?

Miss Gr. I think not. He is not, I believe, so *good-natured* a man as the other.

Sir Ch. I am glad you make that distinction, Charlotte.

Miss Gr. You think it a necessary one in my case, I suppose, Sir?

Sir Ch. I have a letter of his to answer. He is very urgent with me for my interest with you. I am to answer it. Will you tell me, my sister (giving her the letter), what I shall say?

Miss Gr. (after perusing it). Why, ay, poor man! he is very much in love: But I should have some trouble to teach him to spell: And yet, they say, he has both French and Italian at his fingers' ends.

She then began to pull in pieces the letter.

Sir Ch. I will not permit that, Charlotte. Pray return me the letter. No woman is intitled to ridicule a lover whom she does not intend to encourage. If she has a good opinion of herself, she will pity him. Whether she has or not, if she wounds, she should heal. Sir Walter may address himself to a hundred women, who, for the sake of his gay appearance and good estate, will forgive him his indifferent spelling.

Miss Gr. The fluttering season is approaching. One wants now and then a *dangling* fellow or two after one in public: Perhaps I have not seen enough of *either* of these to determine which to *chuse*. Will you not allow one, since neither of them have *very* striking merits, to behold them in

||

different

different lights, in order to enable one's self to judge which is the most *tolerable* of the two? Or, whether a still *more* tolerable wretch may not offer?

She spoke this in her very archest manner, serious as the subject was, and seriously as her brother wished to know her inclinations.

Sir Charles turned to Lord L. and gravely said, I wonder how our cousin Everard is amusing himself at this instant at the hall.

She was sensible of the intended rebuke, and asked him to forgive her.

Wit, my lord, continued he, inattentive to the pardon she asked, is a dangerous weapon: But that species of it which cannot shine without a foil is not a wit to be proud of. The lady before me (what is her name?) and I, have been both under a mistake: I took her for my sister Charlotte: She took me for our cousin Everard.

Every one felt the severity. It seemed to pierce me, as if directed to me. So unusually severe from Sir Charles Grandison; and delivered with such serious unconcern in the manner: I would not, at that moment, have been Miss Grandison for the world.

She did not know which way to look. Lady L. (amiable woman!) felt it for her sister: Tears were in the eyes of both.

At last Miss Grandison arose. I will take away the impostor, Sir; and when I can rectify my mistake, and bring you back your *sister*, I hope you will receive her with your usual goodness.

My Charlotte! my sister! (taking her hand) you must not be *very* angry with me. I love to feel the *finer* edge of your wit: But when I was bespeaking your attention upon a very serious subject, a subject that concerned the happiness of your future life, and, if *yours*, mine; and you could be able to say something that became only the mouth

of an unprincipled woman to say; how could I forbear to wish that some *other* woman, and not my sister, had said it? *Times* and *occasions*, my dear Charlotte!

No more, I beseech you, Sir; I am sensible of my folly. Let me retire.

I, Charlotte, will retire; don't *you*; but take the comfort your friends are disposed to give you. Emily, one word with you, my dear. She flew to him, and they went out together.

There, said Miss Grandison, has he taken the girl with him, to warn her against falling into my folly.

Dr Bartlett retired in silence.

Lady L. expressed her concern for her sister; but said, Indeed, Charlotte, I was afraid you would carry the matter too far.

Lord L. blamed her. Indeed, sister, he bore with you a great while; and the affair was a serious one. He had engaged very seriously, and even from principle, in it. O Miss Byron! he will be delighted with you, when he comes to read your papers, and sees your treatment of the humble servants you resolved not to encourage.

Yes, yes, Harriet will shine at my expence; but *may* she!—since I have lost my brother's favour, I pray to heaven that she may gain it. But he shall never again have reason to say I take him for my cousin Everard. But was I *very* wicked, Harriet?—Deal fairly with me: Was I *very* wicked?

I thought you wrong all the way: I was afraid for you. But for what you last said, about encouraging men to dangle after you, and seeming to aim at making new conquests, I could have chidden you, had you *not* had your brother to hear it. Will you forgive me (whispering her)? They were the words of a very coquet; and the air was so arch!—Indeed, my Charlotte, you were very much out of the way.

So!

So!—Every body against me!—I must have been wrong indeed—

The *time*, the *occasion* was wrong, sister Charlotte, said Lord L. Had the subject been of less weight, your brother would have passed it off as pleasantly as he has always before done your vivacities.

Very happy, replied she, to have such a character, that every body must be in fault who differs from him or offends him.

In the midst of his displeasure, Charlotte, said Lady L. he forgot not the brother. The subject, he told you, concerned the happiness of your future life; and, if *yours*, his.

One remark, resumed Lord L. I must make to Sir Charles's honour (take it not amiss, sister Charlotte): Not the least hint did he give of your error relating to a certain affair; and yet he must think of it, so lately as he has extricated you from it. His aim evidently is to amend, not to wound.

I think, my lord, retorted Miss Grandison, with a glow in her cheeks, you might have spared your remark. If the one brother did not *recriminate*, the other needed not to *remind*. My lord, you have not my thanks for your remark.

This affected good Lady L. Pray, sister, blame not my lord: You will lose *my* pity if you do. Are not we *four* united in one cause? Surely, Charlotte, we are to speak our whole hearts to each other!

So!—I have brought man and wife upon me now. Please the Lord I will be married, in hopes to have *somebody* on my side. But, Harriet, say, am I wrong *again*?

I hope, my dear Miss Grandison, replied I, that what you said to my lord was in pleasantry: And if so, the fault was, that you spoke it with too grave an air.

Well, well, let me take hold of your hand, my dear, to help me out of this *new* difficulty. I am dreadfully out of luck to-day; I am sorry I spoke not my pleasantry with a pleasant air—Yet were not you likewise guilty of the same fault, Lady L.? Did not you correct me with too grave an air?

I am very willing, returned Lady L. it should pass so: But, my dear, you must not, by your petulance, rob yourself of the sincerity of one of the best hearts in the world; looking with complacency at her lord.

He bowed to her with an affectionate air.—Happy couple!

As I hope to live, said Miss Grandison, I thought you all pitied me, when Sir Charles laid so heavy a hand upon me: And so *he* seemed to think, by what he said at going out. How did you deceive me, all of you, by your eyes!

I do assure you, said my lord, I did pity you: But had I not thought my sister in fault, I should *not*.

Your servant, my lord. You are a nice distinguisher.

And a *just* one, Charlotte, rejoined Lady L.

No doubt of it, Lady L. and that was *your* motive too. I beseech you, let me not be *deprived of your pity*. I have *yours* also, Harriet, upon the same kind consideration.

Why now *this* archness becomes you, Charlotte, said I [I was willing it should pass so, Lucy]: This is *pretty* pleasantry.

It is a *pretty* specimen of Charlotte's penitence, said Lady L.

I was glad Lady L. spoke this with an air of good humour; but Miss Grandison withdrew upon it not well pleased.

We heard her at her harpsichord, and we all joined her. Emily also was drawn to us by the music.

music. Tell me, my dear, said Miss Grandison to her (stopping), have you not had all my faults laid before you for your caution?

Indeed, madam, my guardian said but one word about you, and this was it: I love my sister: She has amiable qualities: We are none of us right at all times. You see, Emily, that I, in chiding her, spoke with a little too much petulance.

God for ever bless my brother! said Miss Grandison, in a kind of rapture: But now his goodness makes my flippancy odious to myself—Sit down, my child, and play your Italian air.

This brought in Sir Charles. He entered with a look of serenity, as if nothing had passed to disturb him.

When Emily had done playing and singing, Miss Grandison began to make apologies: But he said, let us forget each other's failings, Charlotte.

Notice being given of dinner, Sir Charles complaisantly led his sister Charlotte to her seat at the table.

A most *intolerable* superiority!—I wish he would do something wrong, something cruel: If he would but bear malice, would but stiffen his air by resentment, it would be something. As a MAN, cannot he be lordly and assuming, and where he is so much regarded, I may say *feared*, nod his imperial significance to his vassals about him?—Cannot he be imperious to servants, to shew his displeasure with principals? No! it is *natural* to him to be good and just. His whole aim, as my lord observed, is, “to convince and amend, and not to wound or hurt.”

After dinner, Miss Grandison put into my hands the parcel of my letters which I had consented Sir Charles should see. Miss Byron, Sir, said she, will oblige you with the perusal of some of her letters. You will in them see another sort of woman than your Charlotte. May I amend, and be

but half as good!—When you have read them, you will say, Amen; and, if your prayer take place, will be satisfied with your sister.

He received them from me, standing up, bowing, and kissed the papers with an air of gallantry that I thought greatly became him [O the vanity of this girl! methinks my uncle says at this place]. He put them in his pocket.

Without conditions, Harriet? said Miss Grandison. Except those of candour, yet correction, answered I. Again he bowed to me.

I don't know what to say to it, Lucy; but I think Sir Charles looks highly pleased to hear me praised; and the ladies and my lord miss no opportunity to say kind things of me: But could he not have answered Miss Grandison's question, Whether his favourite was a *foreigner* or not?—Had any other question arisen afterwards that he had not cared to answer, he could but have declined answering it as he did that.

What a great deal of writing does the reciting of half an hour or an hour's conversation make, when there are three or four speakers in company, and one attempts to write what each says in the *first* person! I am amazed at the quantity on looking back. But it *will* be so in narrative letter-writing. Did not you, Lucy, write as long letters, when you went with your brother to Paris?—I forget. Only this I remember, that I always was sorry when I came to the end of them. I am afraid it is quite otherwise with mine.

By the way, I am concerned that Lady D. is angry with me: Yet, methinks, she shews, by her anger, that she had a value for me. As to what you told me of Lord D.'s setting his heart on the proposed alliance, I am not so much concerned at that, because he never saw me: And had the affair been in his own power, 'tis likely he would not have been very solicitous about his success.

Many

Many a one, Lucy, I believe, has found an ardour when repulsed, which they would never have known had they succeeded.

Lady Betty and Miss Clements were so good as to make me a visit this afternoon, in their way to Windfor, where they are to pass two or three days. They lamented my long absence from town; and Lady Betty kindly regretted for me the many fine entertainments I had lost, both public and private, by my country excursion at this unpropitious season of the year, as she called it, shrugging her shoulders as if in compassion to my rustic taste.

Good lady! she knew not that I am in company that want not entertainments out of themselves. They have no time to kill or to delude: on the contrary, our constant complaint is, that time flies too fast: And I am sure, for my part, I am forced to be a manager of it; since, between conversation and writing, I have not a moment to spare: And I never in my life devoted so few hours to rest.

Sir Charles spoke very handsomely of Miss Clements, on occasion of Miss Grandison's saying, she was a plain, but good young woman. She is not a beauty, said he, but she has qualities that are more to be admired than mere beauty.

Would she not, asked Lady L. make a good wife for Lord W.? There is, said Sir Charles, too great a disparity in years. She has, and must have too many hopes. My Lord W.'s wife will probably be confined six months out of twelve to a gouty man's chamber. She must therefore be one who has outlived half her hopes: She must have been acquainted with affliction and known disappointment. She must consider her marriage with him, though as an act of condescension, yet partly as a preferment. Her tenderness will, by this means, be engaged, yet her dignity supported: And if she is not too much in years to bring my
lord

lord an heir, he will then be the most grateful of men to her.

My dear brother, said Miss Grandison, forgive me all my faults: Your actions, your sentiments, shall be the rule of mine!—But who can come up to you? The Danbys—Lord W.—

Any body may, Charlotte, interrupted Sir Charles, who will be guided by the well-known rule of *doing to others as you would they should do unto you*. Were you in the situation of the Danbys, of Lord W. would you not wish to be done by as I have done, and intend to do by them? What must be those who, with hungry eyes, wait and wish for the death of a relation? May they not be compared to savages on the sea-shore, who look out impatiently for a wreck, in order to plunder and prey upon the spoils of the miserable? Lord W. has been long an unhappy man from want of principles: I shall rejoice, if I can be a means of convincing him, by his own experience, that he was in a wrong course, and of making his latter days happy. Would I not, in *my* decline, wish for a nephew that had the same notions? And can I expect such a one if I set not the example?

Pretty soon after supper Sir Charles left us; and Miss Grandison, seeing me in a reverie, said, I will lay my life, Harriet, you fancy my brother is gone up to read your letters—Nay, you are in the right; for he whispered as much to me before he withdrew. But do not be apprehensive, Harriet (for she saw me concerned); you have nothing to fear, I am sure.

Lady L. said, that her brother's notions and mine were exactly alike on every subject: but yet, Lucy, when one knows one's cause to be under actual examinations, one cannot but have some heart-akes.—Yet why?—if his favourite woman is a *foreigner*, what signifies his opinion of my letters?
—And

—And yet it does: One would be willing to be well thought of by the worthy.

L E T T E R XXV.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

Thursday, March 23.

WE sat down early this morning to breakfast: Miss Grandison dismissed the attendants as soon as Sir Charles entered the room.

He addressed himself to me the moment he saw me: Admirable Miss Byron, said he, what an entertainment have your letters given me, down to a certain period!—How, at and after that, have they distressed me for your sufferings from a savage!—It is well for him, and perhaps for me, that I saw not sooner this latter part of your affecting story: I have read through the whole parcel.

He took it from his bosom, and, with a respectful air, presented it to me—Ten thousand thanks for the favour—I dare not hope for further indulgence—Yet not to say, how desirous I am—But forgive me—Think me not too great an in-croacher—

I took them.

Surely, brother, said Miss Grandison, you cannot already have read the whole.

I have—I could not leave them—I sat up late—

And so, thought I, did your *sister* Harriet, Sir.

Well, brother, said Miss Grandison, and what are the *faults*?

Faults! Charlotte.—Such a noble heart! such an amiable frankness! No prudery! No coquetry!

Yet

Yet so much, and so justly, admired by as many as have had the happiness to approach her!—Then, turning to me, I adore, madam, the goodness, the *greatness* of your heart.

How I blushed! How I trembled! How, tho' so greatly flattered, was I delighted!

Is Miss Byron, in those letters, all perfect, all faultless, all excellence, Sir Charles? asked Miss Grandison: Is there no—But I am sensible (tho' you have raised my envy, I assure you) that Miss Byron's is another sort of heart than your poor Charlotte's.

But I hope, Sir, said I, that you will correct—

You called upon me yesterday, interrupted he, to attend to the debate between you and Mr Walden: I think I have something to observe upon that subject. I told you, that beauty should not bribe me. I have very few observations to make upon it.

Lady L. Will you give us, brother, your opinion, in writing, of what you have read?

Sir Ch. That would fill a volume: And it would be almost all panegyric.

How flattering!—But *this* foreign lady, Lucy!

Lady L. began another subject.—

Pray, brother, said she, let me revive one of the topics of yesterday—Concerning Lord G. and Sir Walter Watkyns—And I hope you, Charlotte, will excuse me.

Miss Gr. If it *can* be revived without reviving the memory of my flippant folly—Not else will I excuse you, *Lady L.* And casting her eye bashfully round her, Dr Bartlett withdrew: But as if he had business to do.

Lady L. Then let me manage this article for my sister. You said, brother, that you have engaged to give Lord G. either hope or otherwise—

Sir

Sir Ch. Lord G. was very earnest with me for my interest with my sister. I, supposing that she is now absolutely disengaged, did undertake to let him know what room he had for hope, or if any; but told him, That I would not, by any means, endeavour to influence her.

Lady L. Charlotte is afraid, that you would not, of yourself, from displeasure, have revived the subject—Not that she values—

There she stopt.

Sir Ch. I might, at the time, be a little petulant; but I *should* have revived the subject, because I had engaged to procure an answer for an absent person, to a question that was of the highest importance to him: But, perhaps, I should have entered into the subject with Charlotte when we were alone.

Lady L. She can have no objection, I believe, to let all of us, who are present, know her mind on this occasion.

Miss Gr. To be sure I have not.

Lady L. What signifies mincing the matter? I undertook, at *her* desire, to recal the subject, because you had seemed to interest yourself in it.

Sir Ch. I think I know as much of Charlotte's mind already, from what you have hinted, Lady L. as I ought to be inquisitive about.

Lady L. How so, brother? What have I said?

Sir Ch. What meant the words you stopt at—*Not that she values?*—Now, though I will not endeavour to lead her choice in behalf of a *prince*, yet would I be *earnest* to oppose her marriage with a man for whom she declaredly has no value.

Lady L. You are a little fudden upon me, Sir Charles.

Sir Ch. You must not think the words you stopt at Lady L. slight words: *Principle*, and Charlotte's future happiness, and that of a worthy man,
are

are concerned here. But perhaps you mean no more than to give a little specimen of lady-like pride in those words. It is a very hard matter for women, on such occasions as these, to be absolutely right.—Dear Miss Byron, bowing to me, excuse me.—There is one lady in the world that ought not, from what I have had the honour to see, on her *own* account, to take amiss my freedom with her sex, though she perhaps will on *that* of those she loves. But have I not some reason for what I say, when even Lady L. speaking for her sister on this concerning subject, cannot help throwing in a salvo for the pride of her sex.

Harriet. I doubt not, Sir, but Lady L. and Miss Grandison will explain themselves to your satisfaction.

Lady L. then called upon her sister.

Miss Gr. Why, as to value—and all that—To be sure—Lord G.—is not a man that—(And she looked round her on each person)—that a woman—Hem!—that a woman—But, brother I think you are a little too ready—to—to—A word and a blow, as the saying is, are two things—Not that—And there she stopt.

Sir Ch. (smiling). O my dear Lord L. ! What shall we say to these *Not thats*? Were I my cousin Everard, I am not sure but I should suppose, when ladies were suspending unnecessarily, or with affectation, the happiness of the man they resolve to marry, that they were reflecting on themselves by an indirect acknowledgment of *self-denial*—

Miss Gr. Good God! Brother.

I was angry at him, in my mind. How came this *good* man, thought I, by such thoughts as these of our sex? What, Lucy, could a woman do with such a man, were he to apply to her in courtship, whether she denied or accepted of him?

||

Sir

Sir Ch. You will consider, Lady L. that you and Charlotte have brought this upon yourselves. *That* I call female pride, which distinguishes not either time, company, or occasion. You will remember, that Lord G. is not *here*; we are *all* brothers and sisters; and why, Charlotte, do you approve of entering upon the subject in this company; yet come with your exceptions, as if Lord G. had his father present, or pleading for him? These *Not that she values*, and so forth, are so like the dealings between petty chapmen and common buyers and sellers, that I love *properly* (observe that I say *properly*) to discourage them among persons of sense and honour. But come, Charlotte, enter into your own cause: You are an excellent pleader, on occasion. You know, or at least you *ought* to know, your own mind. I never am for encouraging *agency* (Lady L. excuse me—Will you give up yours?) where principals can be present.

Lady L. With all my heart. I stumbled at the very threshold. E'en Charlotte, be your own advocate. The cause is on.

Miss Gr. Why, I don't know what to say.—My brother will be *so* peremptory, perhaps—

Sir Ch. A good sign for somebody—Don't you think so, madam? to me.—But the snail will draw in its horns, if the finger hastily touch it—Come, *no* good sign, perhaps, Charlotte.—I will *not* be peremptory. You shall be indulged, if you have not already been indulged enough, in all the pretty *circumambages* customary on these occasions.

Miss Gr. This is charming;—But pray, Sir, what is your advice on this subject?

Sir Ch. In our former conversation upon it, I told you what I thought of my lord's good humour; what of your vivacity—Can you, Charlotte, were you the wife of Lord G. content yourself now and then to make him start, by the lancet-like delicacy of your wit, without going deeper than the

skin? Without exposing him (and yourself for doing so) to the ridicule of others? Can you bear with *his* foibles, if he can bear with *yours*? And if the forbearance is greater on *his* side than on *yours*, can you value him for it, and for his good humour?

Miss Gr. Finely run off, upon my word!

Sir Ch. I am afraid only, that you will be able, Charlotte, to do what you will with him. I am sorry to have cause to say that I have seen very good women who have not known how to bear indulgence!—Waller was not absolutely wrong as to *such* when he said, “that women were born to be controuled.” If controul is *likely* to be necessary, it will be with women of such charming spirits as you know whose, Charlotte, who will not confine to time and place their *otherwise* agreeable vicinities.

Miss Gr. Well, but, Sir, if it should chance to be so, and I were Lord G.’s upper servant; for *controul* implies *dominion*; what a fine advantage would he have in a brother, who could direct him so well (though he might still, perhaps, be a bachelor) how to manage a wife so flippant!

Sir Ch. Bachelors, Charlotte, are close observers. It is not every married couple, if they were solicitous to have a bachelor marry, that should admit him into a very close intimacy with themselves.

Miss Gr. (archly). Pray, Lord L. did we not once hear our *cousin Everard* make an observation of this nature?

Sir Ch. Fairly retorted, Charlotte!—But how come your cousin Everard to make this observation? I once heard you say, that he was but a *common* observer. Every married pair is not Lord and Lady L.

Miss Gr. Well, well, I believe married people must do as well as they can. But may I ask you, brother,

brother, is it owing to such observations as those you have been making that you are now a single man?

Sir Ch. A fair question from you, Charlotte. I answer, it is not.

Miss Gr. I should be glad, with all my heart, to know what is.

Sir Ch. When the subject comes fairly on the carpet, your curiosity may perhaps be gratified. But tell me, do you intend that the subject you had engaged Lady L. to introduce, in relation to Lord G. and Sir Walter Watkyns, should be dismissed at present? I mean not to be *peremptory*, Charlotte: Be not *afraid* to answer.

Miss Gr. Why that's kind. No, I can't say that I do: And yet I frankly confess, that I had much rather *ask* than *answer* questions. You *know*, Sir, that I have a wicked curiosity.

Sir Ch. Well, Charlotte, you will find me, wicked as you call it, very ready, at a proper time, to gratify it. To some things that you may want to know, in relation to my situation, you needed not now to have been a stranger, had I had the pleasure of being more with you, and had you yourself been as explicit as I would have wished you to be. But the crisis is at hand. When I am certain myself, you shall not be in doubt. I would not suppose that my happiness is a matter of indifference to my sisters; and if it be not, I should be ungrateful, not to let them know every thing I know that is likely to affect it.

See! Lucy. What can be gathered from all this? But yet this speech has a noble sound with it: Don't you think it has? It is, I think, worthy of Sir Charles Grandison. But by what clouds does this sun seem to be obscured? He says, however, that the *crisis is at hand*—Solemn words, as they strike *me*. Ah, Lucy!—But this is my pray-

er—May the crisis produce happiness to him, let who will be unhappy!

Miss Gr. You are always good, noble, uniform—*Curiosity*, get thee behind me, and lie still!—And yet, brother, like a favoured squirrel repulsed, I am afraid it would be soon upon my shoulder, if the crisis be suspended.

“Crisis is at hand,” Lucy!—I cannot get over these words; and yet they make my heart ache.

Sir Ch. But now, Charlotte, as to your two admirers—

Miss Gr. Why, Sir, methinks I would not be a *petty-chapwoman*, if I could help it: And yet, what can I say?—I don’t think highly of either of the men: But, pray now, *what*, Lady L. (affecting an audible whisper) will you ask a question for me?—

Lady L. What is it, Charlotte?

Miss Gr. (*whispering*), (but still loud enough for every one to hear.) What sort of a man is Beauchamp?

Lady L. Mad girl!—You heard the question, brother.

Miss Gr. No!—You did not hear it, Sir, if it will displease you. The whispers in conversation are no more to be heard than the *asides* in a play.

Sir Ch. Both the one and the other are wrong, Charlotte. Whisperings in conversation are censurable, to a proverb: The *asides*, as you call them, and the soliloquies, in a play, however frequent, are very poor (because unnatural) shifts of bungling authors to make their performances intelligible to the audience. But *am* I to have heard your whisper, Charlotte, or not?

Miss Gr. I think the man my brother so much esteems must be worth a hundred of such as those we have just now heard named.

Sir

Sir Ch. Well, then, I am supposed to be answered, I presume, as to the two gentlemen. I will shew you the letter, when written, that I shall send to Sir Walter Watkyns. I shall see Lord G. I suppose, the moment he knows I am in town—

Miss Gr. The Lord bless me, brother!—Did you not say you would not be *peremptory*?

Lord L. Very right. Pray, Sir Charles, don't let my sister part with the *two*, without being sure of a *third*.

Miss Gr. Pray, Lord L. do you be quiet: Your sister is in no hurry, I do assure you.

Sir Ch. The female drawback again, Lady L.—*Not that she values.*

Harriet. Well but, Sir Charles, may I, without offence, repeat Miss Grandison's question in relation of Mr Beauchamp?

Miss Gr. That's my dear creature!

Sir Ch. It is impossible that Miss Byron can give offence.—Mr. Beauchamp is an excellent young man; about five-and-twenty, not more: He is brave, learned, sincere, chearful; gentle in his manners, agreeable in his person. Has my good Miss Byron any further questions to ask? Your frankness of heart, madam, intitle you to equal frankness. Not a question you can ask, but the answer shall be ready upon my lips.

Is the lady, Sir, whom you could prefer to all others, a foreign or an English lady?—Ah, Lucy! And do you think I asked him this question?—O no! but I had a mind to startle you. I *could* have asked it, I can tell you: And if it had been proper, it would have been the first of questions with me: Yet had not the answer been such as I had liked, perhaps I should not have been able to stay in company.

I only bowed, and I believe blushed with complacency, at the kind manner in which he spoke to

me: Every one, by their eyes, took notice of it with pleasure.

Lady L. Well, brother, and what think you of the purport of Charlotte's question? Charlotte says, that she does not think highly of either of the other men.

Sir Ch. That, at present, is all that concerns me to know. I will write to Sir Walter; I will let Lord G. know, that there is a man in the clouds that Charlotte waits for: That ladies must not be easily won. Milton justifies you, in his account of the behaviour of your common grandmother, on the first interview between her and the man *for whom she was created*. Charming copiers! You, Miss Byron, are an exception. You know nothing of affectation. You—

Miss Gr. (*unseasonably interrupting him*). Pray, Sir, be pleased, since we are such fine copiers of the old lady you mentioned, to repeat the lines: I have no remembrance of them.

Sir Ch. *She heard me thus; and, tho' divinely brought,*

*Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That wou'd be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turn'd.
I follow'd her. She what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approv'd
My pleaded reason—*

I have looked for the passage since, Lucy. He missed several lines.

Now, Charlotte, said Sir Charles, though these lines are a palpable accommodation to the future practice of the daughters of the *old lady*, as you call her, and perhaps intended for an instruction to *them*, since it could not be a natural behaviour in Eve who was *divinely brought* to be the wife of Adam, and it being in the state of innocence, could

could not be conscious of *dishonour* in receiving his address; yet, if you know what is meant by *obsequious majesty*, you had as good try for it: And as you are *followed*, and should not *follow*, approve of the *pleaded reason* of one or other of your admirers.

Miss Gr. After hearing the *pleaded reason* of both, should you not say? I have the choice of two: that had not Eve. But hold! I had like to have been drawn in to be flippant again; and then you would have enquired after my cousin Everard, and *so forth*, and been angry.

Sir Ch. Not *now*, Charlotte: We are now at play together. I see there is constitution in your fault. The subjects we are upon, *courtship* and *marriage*, cannot, I find, be talked seriously of by a lady before company. Shall I retire with you to solitude? Make a lover's *camera obscura* for you? Or, could I place you upon the mossy bank of a purling stream, gliding through an enamelled mead; in such a scene, a now despised Lord G. or a Sir Walter might find his account, sighing at your feet. No witnesses but the grazing herd, lowing love around you; the feathered songsters, from an adjacent grove, contributing to harmonize and fan the lambent flame—

Miss Gr. (*interrupting.*) Upon my word, brother, I know you had travelled through Greece, but dreamt not that you had dwelt long in the fields of *Ar-cady*!—But one question let me ask you concerning your friend Beauchamp—We women don't love to be slighted!—Whether do you think him *too good*, or not good *enough* for your sister?

Sir Ch. The friendship, Charlotte, that has for some years subsisted, and I hope will for ever subsist, between Mr Beauchamp and me, wants not the tie of relation to strengthen it.

Lord L. Happy Beauchamp!

Sir

Sir Ch. Lord L. himself is not dearer to me, brother as I have the honour to call him, than my Beauchamp. It is one of my pleasures, my lord, that I am assured you will love him, and he you.

Lord L. bowed, delighted; and, if *he* did, his good lady, you may be sure, partook of her lord's delight. They are a happy pair! They want not sense; they have both fine understandings! But, O my Lucy, they are not the striking, dazzling qualities in men and women that make us happy. Good sense, and solid judgment, a natural complacency of temper, a desire of obliging, and an easiness to be obliged, procure the silent, the serene happiness, to which the fluttering, tumultuous, impetuous fervors of passion can never contribute. Nothing violent can be lasting.

Miss Gr. Not that I value—There, brother—You see, I am a borrower of Lady L.—

Lady L. Upon my honour, Charlotte, I believe you led me into those words; so don't say you borrowed them.

Sir Ch. Far be it from me to endeavour to cure women of affectation on such subjects as that which *lately* was before us—I don't know what is become of it (looking humorously round, as if he had lost something which he wanted to recover); but that, permit me, ladies, to say, may be an affectation in one company, that is but a necessary reserve in another—Charlotte has genius enough, I am sure, to vary her humour to the occasion; and, if she would give herself time for reflection, to know when to be grave, when to be airy.

Miss Gr. I don't know *that*, brother: But let me say for Charlotte, that I believe you sometimes think better for her (as in the present case), sometimes worse, than she deserves. Charlotte has not much reflection; she is apt to speak as the humour comes upon her, without considering much about the fit or the unfit. It is *constitution*, you know, brother;
and

and she cannot easily cure it: But she will try.— Only, Sir, be so good as to let me have an answer to my last question, whether you think your friend too good, or not good enough? Because the answer will let me know what my brother thinks of me; and that, let me tell you, is of very high importance with me.

Sir Ch. You have no reason, Charlotte, to endeavour to come at this your end by indirect or comparative means. Your brother loves you.—

Miss Gr. With all my faults, Sir?

Sir Ch. With all your faults, my dear; and I had almost said for some of them. I love you for the pretty playfulness on serious subjects, with which you puzzle yourself, and bewilder me: You see I follow your lead. As to the other part of your question (for I would always answer directly, when I can); my friend Beauchamp deserves the best of women. You are excellent in my eyes; but I have known two very worthy persons, who, taken separately, have been admired by every one who knew them, and who admired each other before marriage, yet not happy in it.

Miss Gr. Is it possible? To what could their unhappiness be owing?—Both, I suppose, continuing good.

Sir Ch. To a hundred almost nameless reasons—Too little consideration on one side; too much on the other: Diversions different: Too much abroad the man—Too much at home will sometimes have the same effect: Acquaintance approved by the one—Disapproved by the other: One liking the town, the other the country: Or either preferring town or country in different humours, or at different times of the year. Human nature, Charlotte—

Miss Gr. No more, no more, I beseech you, brother—Why this human nature, I believe, is a very

very vile thing! I think, Lady L. I won't marry at all.

Sir Ch. Some such trifles as these I have enumerated will be likely to make you, Charlotte, with all your excellencies, not so happy as I wish you to be. If you cannot have a man of whose understanding you have a higher opinion than you have of your own, you should think of one who is likely to allow to yours a superiority. If—

Miss Grandison interrupted him again: I wished she would not so often interrupt him: I wanted to find out his notions of our sex. I am afraid, with all his politeness, he thinks us poor creatures. But why should not the character of a good, a prudent woman, be as great as that of a good, a prudent man?

Miss Gr. Well, but, Sir, I suppose the gentleman abroad has more understanding than I have.

Sir Ch. A good deal will depend upon what you'll think of that: Not what I or the world will judge.

Miss Gr. But the judgment of us women generally goes with the world.

Sir Ch. Not generally in matrimonial instances. A wife in general may allow of a husband's superior judgment; but, in particular cases, and as they fall out one by one, the man may find it difficult to have it allowed in any one instance.

Miss Gr. I think you said, Sir, that bachelors were close observers.

Sir Ch. We may in the sister sometimes see the wife. I admire you myself for your vivacity; but I am not sure that a husband would not think himself hurt by it, especially if it be true, as you say, "that Charlotte has not much reflection, and is apt to speak as the humour comes upon her, without troubling herself about the fit or the unfit."

Miss

Miss Gr. O, Sir, what a memory you have! I hope that the man who is to call me *his* (that's the dialect, i'n't it?) will not have half your memory!

Sir Ch. For his sake, or your own, do you hope this, Charlotte?

Miss Gr. Let me see—Why for *both* our sakes, I believe.

Sir Ch. You'll tell them an, in courtship, I hope, that all this liveliness is “constitution;” and “that you know not how to cure it.”

Miss Gr. No, by no means, Sir: Let him in the *mistress*, as somebody else in the *sister*, guess at the *wife*, and take warning.

Sir Ch. Very well answered, Charlotte, in the play we are at; but I am willing to think highly of my sister's prudence, and that she will be happy, and make the man so to whom she may think fit to give her hand at the altar. And now the question recurs, what shall I say to Lord G.? What to Sir Walter?

Miss Gr. Why I think you must make my compliments to Sir Walter, if you will be so good; and, after the example of my sister Harriet to the men she sends a-grazing, very civilly tell him, he may break his heart as soon as he pleases; for that I cannot be his.

Sir Ch. Strange girl! But I wish not to lower this lively spirit—You will put your determination into English.

Miss Gr. In plain English, then, I can by no means think of encouraging the address of Sir Walter Watkyns.

Sir Ch. Well, and what shall I say to Lord G.?

Miss Gr. Why that's the thing—I was afraid it would come to this—Why, Sir, you must tell him, I think—I profess I can't tell what—But, Sir, will you let me know what you would have me tell him?

Sir

Sir Ch. I will follow your lead as far as I can.—Can you, do you think, love Lord G.?

Miss Gr. Love him! love Lord G.! what a question is that!—Why no! I verily believe that I can't say that.

Sir Ch. Can you esteem him?

Miss Gr. Esteem!—Why that's a quaint word, though a *female* one. I believe, if I were to marry the honest man, I could be civil to him, if he would be very complaisant, very observant, and all that—Pray, brother, don't, however, be angry with me.

Sir Ch. I will not, Charlotte, smiling. It is *constitution*, you say.—But if *you* cannot be *more* than civil, and if *he* is to be very observant, you'll make it your agreement with him before you meet him at the altar, that he shall subscribe to the woman's part of the vow, and that you shall answer to the man's.

Miss Gr. A good thought, I believe! I'll consider of it. If I find in courtship the man will bear it, I may make the proposal.—Yet I don't know but it will be as well to *suppose* the vow changed, without *conditioning* for it, as other good women do, and act accordingly. One would not begin with a singularity, for fear of putting the parson out. I heard an excellent lady once advise a good wife, who, however, very little wanted it, to give the man a hearing, and never do any thing that he would wish to be done, except she chose to do it. If the man loves quiet, he'll be glad to compound.

Harriet. Nay now, Miss Grandison, you are much more severe upon your sex, and upon matrimony, than Sir Charles.

Sir Ch. Have I been severe upon either, my dear Miss Byron?

Harriet. Indeed I think so.

||

Sir

Sir Ch. I am sorry for it; I only intended to be *just*. See, Charlotte, what a censure from goodness itself you draw upon me!—But I am to give encouragement (*am I?*) to Lord G.?

Miss Gr. Do as you please, Sir.

Sir Ch. That is saying nothing. Is there a man in the world you prefer to Lord G.?

Miss Gr. In the world, Sir!—A very wide place, I profess.

Sir Ch. You know what I mean by it.

Miss Gr. Why No—Yes—No—What can I say to such a question?

Sir Ch. Help me, Lady L. You know better than I Charlotte's language: Help me to understand it.

Lady L. I believe, brother, you may let Lord G. know, that he will not be denied an audience if he come—

Sir Ch. “Will not be denied an audience if he come!” And this to Charlotte's brother! Women! Women! Women!—*You*, Miss Byron, I repeat it with pleasure, are an exception—In your letters and behaviour we see what a woman is, and what she ought to be—Yet I know you have too much greatness of mind to accept (as you once told Sir Rowland Meredith) of a compliment made you at the expence of your sex—But my *heart* does you justice.

Lord L. See, however, brother Grandison, this excellence in the two sisters! You say, indeed, but just things in praise of Miss Byron, but they are more than women: For they *enjoy* that praise, and the acknowledged superiority of the only woman in Britain to whom they can be inferior.

Do you think I did not thank them both for compliments so high? I did.

You DID, Harriet?

Ah, Lucy! I had a mind to surprize you again. I *did* thank them; but it was in downcast silence,

and by a glow in my cheeks, that was even painful to me to feel.

The sisters have since observed to me (flattering ladies!) that their brother's eyes—But is it not strange, Lucy, that they did not ask him, in this long conversation, whether his favourite of our sex is a *foreigner* or not? If she be, what signifies the eye of pleasure cast upon your Harriet?

But what do you think was Miss Grandison's address to me on this agreeable occasion? You, my grandmamma, will love her again, I am sure, tho' she so lately incurred your displeasure.

Sweet and ever amiable Harriet! said she; sister! friend! enjoy the just praises of two of the best of men!—You *can* enjoy them with equal modesty and dignity; and we can (What say *you*, Lady L.?) find our praise in the honour you do our sex, and in being allowed to be seconds to you.

And what do you think was the answer of Lady L. (generous woman!) to this call of her sister?

I can cheerfully, said she, subscribe to the visible superiority of my Harriet, as shewn in all her letters, as well as in her whole conduct: But then you, my lord, and you, my brother, who in my eye are the first of men, must not let me have cause to dread, that your Caroline is sunk in yours.

I had hardly power to sit, yet had less to retire, as I had for a moment a thought to do. I am glad I did not attempt it: My return to company must have been awkward, and made me look particular. But, Lucy, what is in my letters to deserve all these fine speeches?—But my lord and his sisters are my true friends, and zealous well-wishers. No fear that I shall be too proud on this occasion: It is humbling enough to reflect, that the worthy three thought it all no more than necessary to establish me with somebody; and yet, after all, if there be a *foreign* lady, what signify all these fine things?

But

But how (you will ask) did the brother acknowledge these generous speeches of his sisters and Lord L. ?—How? Why as he ought to do. He gave them for their generous goodness to their Harriet, in preference to themselves, such due praises, as more than restored them, in my eye, to the superiority they had so nobly given up.

Sir Charles afterwards addressed himself to me jointly with his sisters: I see, with great pleasure, said he, the happy understanding that there is between you three ladies: It is a demonstration to me of surpassing goodness in you all. To express myself in the words of an ingenious man, to whose works your sex, and if *yours, ours*, are more obliged than to those of any single man in the British world,

*Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn*.*

The two sisters and your Harriet bowed as they sat.

Encouraged by this happy understanding among you, let me hope, proceeded he, that *you*, Miss Byron, will be so good as to inform *your-self*, and let *me* know, what I may certainly depend upon to be *our* Charlotte's inclinations, with respect to the two gentlemen who court her favour; and whether there is any man that she *can* or *does* prefer to the most favoured of either of them. From *you* I shall not meet with the "Not that she values"—The depreciating indifferences, the affected flights, the *female circumambages*, if I may be allowed the words; the coldly-expressed consent to visits not deserving to be discouraged, and perhaps not *intended* to be so, that I have had to encounter with in the past conversation. I have been exceedingly diverted with my sister's vivacity: But as the af-

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* ADDISON'S Campaign.

fair is of a very ferious nature; as I would be extremely tender in my interposition, having really no choice but hers, and wanting only to know on whom that choice will fall, or whether on *any* man at present; on *your* noble frankness I can rely; and Charlotte will open her mind to you: If not, she has very little profited by the example you have set her in the letters you have permitted her to read.

He arose, bowed, and withdrew; Miss Grandison called after him, Brother, Brother, Brother—One word—Don't leave us—But he only kissed his hand to us at the door; and bowing, with a smiling air, left us looking at each other in a silence that held a few moments.

L E T T E R XXVI.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

LORD L. broke the silence. You are a delightful girl, Charlotte; but your brother has had a great deal of patience with you.

O my Lord, said she, if we women play our cards right, we shall be able to manage the best and wisest of you all as we please. It is but *persevering*, and you men, if not *out-argued*, may be *out-teazed*.—But, Harriet—upon my word—The game seems to be all in your own hands.

We want but my brother to be among us, said Lady L. Beauty would soon find its power: And *such* a mind—And then they complimented me, that their brother and I were born for each other.

Miss Grandison told us all three her thoughts, in relation to the alliance with Lord G. She said, she was glad that her brother had proposed to know her mind from *me*. Something, Harriet, said she,
may

may rise in the *tete-a-tete* conversation, that may let us into a little of his own.

But shall I trust myself with him alone, Lucy? Indeed I am afraid of him, of *my-self* rather. My own concerns so much in my head, I wish I don't confound them with Miss Grandison's. A fine piece of work shall I make of it if I do. If I get it so happily over, as not to be dissatisfied with myself, for my part in it, I shall think I have had a deliverance.

But, Lucy, if all these distinctions paid me in this conversation, and all this confidence placed in me produce nothing.—If—Why, what *if*?—In one word, should this *if* be more than *if*?—Why then it will go the harder, that's all, with your Harriet, than if she had not been so much distinguished.

At afternoon-tea, the Danbys being mentioned, Lord L. asked Sir Charles what was the danger from which he relieved their uncle? And we all joining in requesting particulars, he gave the following, which I will endeavour to repeat, as near as possible, in his own words. My heart interested itself in the relation.

“ Mr Danby, said he, was a merchant of equal eminence and integrity: He was settled at Cambray: He had great dealings in the manufactures of cambrics and lace. His brother John, a very profligate man, had demanded of him, and took it ill that he denied him, a thousand guineas; for no better reason, but because he had generously given that sum to each of the wicked man's children. Surely, he pleaded, he was as nearly related to his brother as were those of his children. No plea is too weak for folly and self-interest to insist upon. Yet my Mr Danby had often given this brother large sums, which he squandered away almost as soon as he received them.

“ My father used to make remittances to Mr Danby for my use ; for his dealings in other branches of commerce extended to the south of France and Italy : This brought me acquainted with him.

“ He took a great liking to me. I saw him first at Lyons ; and he engaged me to visit him at Cambray, whenever I should go to Paris or Flanders.

“ Accompanying a friend, soon after, to Paris, I performed my promise.

“ He had a villa in the Cambresis, at a small distance from the city, which he sometimes called his *cottage*, at others his *dormitory*. It was a little lone house : He valued it for its elegance. Thither, after I had passed two days with him at his house in the city, he carried me.

“ His brother, enraged at being refused the sum he had so unreasonably demanded, formed a plot to get possession of his whole fortune. My Mr Danby was a bachelor, and, it was known, had, to that time, an aversion to the thought of making his will.

“ The wretch, in short, hired three ruffians to murder him. The attempt was to be made in this little house, that the fact might have the appearance of being committed by robbers ; and the cabinets in the bed-chamber, if there were time for it, after the horrid fact was perpetrated, were to be broke open and rifled, in order to give credit to that appearance. The villains were each to be rewarded with a thousand crowns, payable on the wicked man's getting possession of his brother's fortune ; and they had fifty crowns a-piece paid them in hand.

“ Their unnatural employer waited the event at Calais, though he told them he should be at Dunkirk.

“ I had one servant with me, who lay with a man-servant of Mr Danby in a little room over the
stable,

stable, about an hundred yards from the house. There were only conveniencies in the house for Mr Danby and a friend, besides two women-servants in the upper part of it.

“ About midnight I was alarmed by a noise, as of violence used at the window of Mr Danby’s room. Mine communicated with his. The fastening of the door was a spring-lock, the key of which was on my side.

“ I slipt on my cloaths in an instant, and, drawing my sword, rushed into the next room, just as one villain, with a large knife in his hand, had seized the throat of Mr Danby, who, till then, was in a sound sleep. The skin of his neck, and one hand lifted up to defend himself, were slightly wounded before I ran the ruffian into the shoulder, as I did with my sword, and in the same moment disarmed him, and threw him with violence from the bed against the door. He roared out that he was a dead man.

“ A second fellow had got up to the window, and was half in: He called out to a third below, to hasten up after him on a ladder, which was generally left in an outhouse near the little garden.

“ I hastened to this second fellow, who then fired a pistol, but happily missed me; and who, feeling my sword’s point in his arm, threw himself, with a little of my help, out of the window, upon the third fellow, who was mounting the ladder, and knocked him off: And then both made their escape by the way they came.

“ The fellow within had fainted, and lay weltering in his blood.

“ By this time the two women-servants had let in our men, who had been alarmed by the report of the pistol, and by the screams of the women from their window; for they ventured not out of their chamber, till they were called upon for entrance, by their fellow-servant from below.

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“ The two footmen, by my direction, bound up the ruffian’s shoulder : They dragged him down into the hall : He soon came to himself, and offered to make an ample confession.

“ Poor Mr Danby had creep into my room, and in a corner of it had fainted away. We recovered him with difficulty.

“ The fellow confessed, before a magistrate, the whole villainy, and who set him at work : The other two, being disabled by their bruises from flying far, were apprehended next day. The vile brother was sent after to Dunkirk, according to the intelligence given of him by the fellows ; but he having informed himself of what had happened, got over from Calais to Dover.

“ The wounded man, having lost much blood, recovered not. They were all three ordered to be executed ; but, being interceded for, the surviving villains were sent to the galleys.

“ It seems they knew nothing of Mr Danby’s having a guest with him : If they had, they owned they would have made their attempts another night.”

We were about to deliver our sentiments on this extraordinary event, when Sir Charles turning to Lord L. Let me ask you, said he (the servant being withdrawn), has Charlotte found out her own mind ?

Yes, yes, Sir ; I believe she has opened all her heart to Miss Byron.

Then I shall know more of it in ten minutes, than Charlotte would let me know in as many hours.

Stand by, every body, said the humorous lady— Let me get up, and make my brother one of my best courtesies.

Sir Charles was just then called out to a messenger, who brought him letters from town. He returned

turned to us, his complexion heightened, and a little discomposed.

I intended, madam, said he to me, to have craved the honour of your company for half an hour in my lord's library on the subject we were talking of: But these letters require my immediate attention. The messenger must return with my answers to two of them early in the morning. You will have the goodness, looking round him, to dispense with my attendance on you at supper. But perhaps, madam, to me, you will be so good, as, in one word, to say no, or yes, for Charlotte.

Miss Gr. What, Sir, to be given up without a preface!—I beg your pardon. *Less than ten words* shall not do, I assure you, though from my sister Harriet.

Sir Ch. Who given up, Charlotte? *yourself?* If so, I have my answer.

Miss Gr. O Lord G.—I have not said which. Would you have my poor lord rejected by a slighting monosyllable only?

Lady L. Mad girl!

Miss Gr. Why, Lady L. don't you see that Sir Charles wants to take me by *implication*? But my Lord G. is neither so soon lost, nor Charlotte so easily won. Harriet, if *you* would give up yourself at a first question, then I will excuse you if you give up *me* as easily; but not else.

Harriet. If Sir Charles thinks a conference upon the subject unnecessary—Pray don't let us give him the trouble of holding one. His time, you see, is very precious.

Can you guess, Lucy, at the humour I was in when I said this?—If you think it was a very good one, you are mistaken; yet I was sorry for it afterwards. Foolish self-betrayer! Why should I seem to wish for a conference with him? But that was not all—To be petulant with such a one,
when

when his heart was distressed; for so it proved: But he was too polite, too great, (shall I say?) to take notice of my petulance. How little does it make me in my own eyes!

Had I, said he, ever so easily obtained a knowledge of my sister's mind, I should not have known how to depend upon it, were it not strengthened, madam, from your lips. The conference, therefore, which you gave me hopes you would favour me with, would have been absolutely necessary. I hope Miss Byron will allow me to invite her to it to-morrow morning. The intended subject of it is a very serious one with me. My sister's happiness, and that of a man not unworthy, are concerned in it, lightly as Charlotte has hitherto treated it. He bowed, and was going.

Miss Gr. Nay, pray, brother—You must not leave me in anger.

Sir Ch. I do not, Charlotte. I had rather bear with you than you should with me. I see you cannot help it. A lively heart is a great blessing. Indulge it. Now is your time.

Dear doctor, said Miss Grandison, when Sir Charles was gone out, what can be the meaning of my brother's gravity? It alarms me.

Dr B. If goodness, madam, would make a heart lively, Sir Charles's would be as lively as your own; but you might have perceived by his air, when he entered, that the letters brought him affected him too much to permit him to laugh off a light answer to a serious question.

Miss Gr. Dear doctor!—But I do now recollect that he entered with some little discomposure on his countenance. How could I be so inattentive?

Harriet. And I too, I doubt, was a little captious.

Dr B. A very little. Pardon me, madam. Just then came in the excellent man.

Dr

Dr Bartlet, I would wish to ask you one question, said he.

Miss Gr. You are angry with me, brother.

Sir Ch. No, my dear!—But I am afraid I withdrew with too grave an air. I have been a thousand times pleased with you, Charlotte, to one time displeas'd; and when I have been the latter, you have always known it: I had something in my hand that ruffled me a little. But how could patience be patience if it were not tried? I wanted to say a few words to my good Dr Bartlett: And, to say truth, being conscious that I had departed a little abruptly, I could not be easy till I apologized in person for it; therefore came to *ask* the favour of the doctor's advice, rather than *request* it by message.

The doctor and he withdrew together.

In these small instances, said my lord, are the characters of the heart displayed, far more than in greater. What excellence shines out in full lustre, on this unaffected and seemingly little occasion! Fear of offending; of giving uneasiness; solicitude to remove doubts; patience recommended, in one short sentence, more forcibly than some would have done it in a long discourse, as well as by example; censuring himself, not from a consciousness of being wrong, but of being *taken* wrong. Ah! my dear sister Charlotte, we should all edify by such an example—But I say no more.

Miss Gr. And have *you* nothing to say, Harriet?

Harriet. Very little, since I have been much to blame myself: Yet let me remind my Charlotte, that her brother was displeas'd with her yesterday, for treating too highly a subject he had engag'd in seriously; and that he has been forced to refer to her friend, rather than to herself, to help him to the knowledge of her mind. O Charlotte!

regrete

regrete you not the occasion given for the expedient? And do you not [Yes, I see you do] blush for giving it? Yet to see him come voluntarily back, when he had left us in a grave humour, for fear the babies should think him angry with them; O how great he is! and how little are we!

Miss Gr. Your servant, sister Harriet!—You have made a *dainty* speech, I think: But, great and good as my brother is, we know how it comes to pass, that your pretty imagination is always at work to aggrandize the man, and to lower the babies!

Harriet. I will not say another word on the subject. You are not generous, Charlotte.

She took my hand: Forgive me, my dear—I touched too tender a string. Then turning to Miss Jervois, and with the other hand taking hers, why twinkles thus my girl?—I charge you, Emily, tell me all you think.

I am thinking, said she, that my guardian is not happy. To see him bear with every body; to have him keep all his troubles to himself, because he would not afflict any body, and yet study to lighten and remove the troubles of every body else—Did he not say, that he should be happy, but for the unhappiness of other people?

Excellent young creature! said Miss Grandison: I love you every day better and better. For the future, my dear, do not retire, whatever subjects we talk of; I see that we may confide in your discretion. But, well as you love your guardian, say nothing to him of what women talk to women. My Lord L. is an exception in *this* case: He is one of us.

Harriet. O Miss Grandison! what a mixed character is yours! How good you can be, when you please! and how naughty!

Miss Gr. Well, and you like me, just now?—That's the beauty of it; to offend and make up
 † at

at pleasure. Old Terence was a shrewd man: The falling out of lovers, says he (as Lord L. once quoted him), is the renewal of love. Are we not now better friends than if we had never differed? And do you think that I will not, if I marry, exercise my husband's patience now and then for this very purpose?—Let *me* alone, Harriet: Now a quarrel; now a reconciliation; I warrant I shall be happier than any of the yawning fee-faws in the kingdom. Everlasting *summers* would be a grievance.

Harriet. You may be right, if you are exceeding *discreet* in your perversenesses, Charlotte; and yet if you *are*, you will not lay out for a quarrel, I fancy. The world, or you will have better luck than your brother seems to have had, will find you opportunities enow for exercising the tempers of both, without your needing to study for occasions.

Miss Gr. Study for them, Harriet! I shall not study for them neither: They will come of course.

Harriet. I was about to ask a question—But 'tis better let alone.

Miss Gr. I *will* have it. What was your question? Don't you see what a good-natur'd fool I am! You may say any thing to me: I won't be angry.

Harriet. I was going to ask you, if you were ever concerned, two hours together, for any fault you ever committed in your life?

Miss Gr. Yes, yes, yes; and for two and twenty hours: For sometimes the inconveniencies that followed my errors were not presently over, as in a certain case, which I'll be hang'd if you have not in your head, with that sly leer that shews the rogue in your heart: But when I got rid of consequences, no bird in spring was ever more blyth. I carolled away every care at my

harpfichord.—But Emily will think me mad—Remember, child, that Miss Byron is the woman by whose mind you are to form yours: Never regard *me* when she is in company.—But now (and she whimsically arose, and opened the door, and saying *begone*, shut it, and coming to her place), I have turned my folly out of door.

Friday Morning, seven o'clock.

I HAVE written for these two days past at every opportunity; and, for the two nights (hardly knowing what sleepiness was) two hours each night have contented me. I wonder whether I shall be summoned by and by to the proposed conference: but I am equally sorry and apprehensive, on occasion of the letters which have given Sir Charles Grandison so much anxiety: Foreign letters, I doubt not!—I wish this ugly word *foreign* were blotted out of my vocabulary; out of my memory rather. I never, till of late, was so narrow-hearted—But that I have said before twenty times.

I have written—how many sheets of paper—A monstrous letter—pacquet rather. I will begin a new one with what shall offer this day. Adieu, till by and by, my Lucy.

L E T T E R XXVII.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

Friday, March 24.

THE conference, the impatiently expected conference, my Lucy, is over: And what is the result!—Take the account of it, as it was brought on, proceeded with, and concluded.

Miss

Miss Grandison and her lovers were not our only subjects. I will soon be with you, my dear.—But I'll try to be as minute as I used to be, notwithstanding.

Notwithstanding what?—

You shall hear, Lucy.

Sir Charles gave us his company at breakfast. He entered with a kind of benign solemnity in his countenance; but the benignity increased, and the solemnity went off, after a little while.

My lord said, he was very sorry that he had met with any thing to disturb him, in the letters that were brought him yesterday. Emily joined by her eyes, though not in speech, her concern with his lordship's: Miss Grandison was sedately serious: Lady L. had expectation in her fine face: and Dr Bartlett sat like a man that was determined to be silent. I had apprehension and hope, I suppose, struggling in mine, as I knew not whether to wish for the expected conference, or not.

Let us think of nothing, my lord, in this company, said he, but what is agreeable.

He inquired kindly of my health, and last night's rest, because of a slight cold that had affected my voice: Of Emily, why she was so sad? Of Lady L. and my lord, when they went to town? Of Miss Grandison, why she looked so *meditatingly*? that was his word—Don't you see, Miss Byron, said he, that Charlotte looks as if she had not quite settled the humour she intends to be in for the next half-hour!

Charlotte looks, I believe, Sir, replied she, as if she were determined to take her humour for the next half-hour from yours, whether grave or airy.

Then, returned he, I will not be grave, because I will not have you so.—May I hope, madam, by
and

and by, addressing himself to me, for the honour of your hand to my lord's library?

Sir, I will—I will—attend you—hesitated the simpleton; but she can't tell how she looked.

Thus, Lucy, was the matter brought on:

He conducted me to my lord's library.—How did I struggle with myself for presence of mind! What a mixture was there of tenderness and respect in his countenance and air!

He seated me; then took his place over-against me. I believe I looked down, and conscious, and silly; but there was such a respectful modesty in his looks, that one could not be uneasy at being now and then, with an air of languor, as I thought, contemplated by him: Especially as, whenever I reared my eye-lids to cast a momentary look at him as he spoke, I was always sure to see his eye withdrawn: This gave more freedom to mine than it possibly otherwise could have had. What a bold creature, Lucy, ought *she* to be who prefers a bold man! If she be *not* bold, how silly must she look under his staring confident eye! How must *her* want of courage add to his self-consequence!

Thus he began the subject we were to talk of.

I will make no apology for requesting the favour of this conference with one of the most frank and open-hearted young ladies in the world: I shall have the honour, perhaps, of detaining your ear on *more* than one subject [How my heart throbbed!]: But that which I shall begin with relates to my Lord G. and *our* sister Charlotte. I observe, from hints thrown out by herself, as well as from what Lady L. said, that she intends to encourage his addresses; but it is easy to see that she thinks but slightly of him. I am indeed apprehensive that she is rather induced to favour my lord, from an opinion that he has my interest and good wishes, than from her own inclination. I
have

have told her, more than once, that hers are, and shall be, mine: But such is her vivacity, that it is very difficult for me to know her real mind. I take it for granted that she prefers my lord to Sir Walter.

I believe, Sir—But why should I say *believe*, when Miss Grandison has *commissioned* me to own, that Lord G. is a man whom she greatly prefers to Sir Walter Watkyns?

Does she, *can* she, do you think, madam, prefer Lord G. not only to Sir Walter, but to all the men whom she at present knows? In other words, is there *any* man that you think she would prefer to Lord G.? I am extremely solicitous for my sister's happiness; and the more, because of her vivacity, which, I am afraid, will be thought less to become the wife than the single woman.

I dare say, Sir, that if Miss Grandison thought of any other man in preference to Lord G. she would not encourage his addresses upon any account.

I don't expect, madam, that a woman of Charlotte's spirit and vivacity, who has been disappointed by a failure of supposed merit in her first love (if we may so call it), should be deeply in love with a man that has not *very* striking qualities. She can play with a flame now, and not burn her fingers. Lord G. is a worthy, though not a very brilliant man. Ladies have eyes; and the eye expects to be gratified. Hence men of appearance succeed often, where men of intrinsic merit fail. Were Charlotte to consult her happiness, possibly she would have no objection to Lord G. She cannot, in the same man, have every thing. But if Lord G. consulted *his*, I don't know whether he would wish for Charlotte. Excuse me, madam, you have heard, as well as she, my opinion of both men. Sir Walter, you say, has no part in the question; Lord G. wants not understanding: He

is a man of probity; he is a virtuous man, a quality not to be despised in a young nobleman: He is also a mild man: He will bear a great deal. But contempt, or such a behaviour as should look like contempt, in a wife, what husband can bear? I should much more dread, for her sake, the exasperated spirit of a meek man, than the sudden gusts of anger of a passionate one.

Miss Grandison, Sir, has authorized me to say, that if you approve of Lord G.'s addresses, and will be so good as to take upon yourself the direction of every thing relating to settlements, she will be entirely governed by you. Miss Grandison, Sir, has known Lord G. some time: His good character is well known: And I dare answer, that she will acquit herself with honour and prudence in every engagement, but more especially in that which is the highest of all worldly ones.

Pray, madam, may I ask, if you know what she could mean by the questions she put in relation to Mr Beauchamp? I think she has never seen him. Does she suppose, from his character, that she could prefer him to Lord G.?

I believe, Sir, what she said in relation to that gentleman was purely the effect of her vivacity, and which she never thought of before, and, probably, never will again. Had she meant any thing by it, I dare say, she would not have put the questions about him in the manner she did.

I believe so. I love my sister, and I love my friend. Mr Beauchamp has delicacy. I could not bear, for *her* sake, that were she to behold him in the light hinted at, he should imagine he had reason to think slightly of my sister, for the correspondence she carried on, in so private a manner, with a man absolutely unworthy of her. But I hope she meant nothing but to give way to that vein of raillery, which, when opened, she knows not always how to stop.

My

My spirits were not high: I was forced to take out my handkerchief—O my dear Miss Grandison! said I, I was *afraid* she had forfeited, partly at least, what she holds most dear, the good opinion of her brother!

Forgive me, madam, 'tis a generous pain that I have made you suffer: I adore you for it. But I think I can reveal all the secrets of my heart to you. Your noble frankness calls for equal frankness: You would inspire it where it is not. My sister, as I told her more than once in your hearing, has not lost any of my love. I love her, with all her faults, but must not be blind to them. Shall not praise and dispraise be justly given? I have faults, great faults, myself: What should I think of the man who called them virtuous? How dangerous would it be to me, in that case, were my opinion of his judgment, joined to self-partiality, to lead me to believe him, and acquit myself!

This, Sir, is a manner of thinking worthy of Sir Charles Grandison.

It is worthy of every man, my good Miss Byron.

But, Sir, it would be very hard, that an indiscretion (I *must* own it to be such) should fasten reproach upon a woman who recovered herself so soon, and whose virtue was never sullied, or in danger.

Indeed it would; and therefore it was in tenderness to her that I intimated, that I never could think of promoting an alliance with a man of Mr Beauchamp's nice notions, were *both* to incline to it.

I hope, Sir, that my dear Miss Grandison will run no risque of being slighted by any *other* man, from a step which has cost her so dear in her peace of mind—I hesitated, and looked down.

I know,

I know, madam, what you mean. Although I love my friend Beauchamp above all men, yet would I do Lord G. or any other man, as much justice as I would do him. I was so apprehensive of my sister's indifference to Lord G. and of the difference in their tempers, though both good, that I did my utmost to dissuade him from thinking of her: And when I found that his love was fixed beyond the power of dissuasion, I told him of the affair between her and Captain Anderson; and how lately I had put an end to it. He flattered himself, that the indifference, with which she had hitherto received his addresses, was principally owing to the difficulty of her situation; which being now so happily removed, he had hopes of meeting with encouragement; and doubted not, if he did, of making a merit with her by his affection and gratitude. And now, madam, give me your opinion—Do you think Charlotte can be won (I hope she can) by indulgence, by love? Let me caution her by you, madam, that it is fit she should still be more careful to restrain her vivacity if she marry a man to whom she thinks she has superior talents, than she need to be if the difference were in his favour.

Permit me to add, that if she should shew herself capable of returning slight for tenderness; of taking *such* liberties with a man who loves her, after she had given him her vows, as should depreciate him, and, of consequence, *herself*, in the eye of the world; I should be apt to forget that I had more than one sister: For, in cases of right and wrong, we ought not to know either relation or friend.

Does not this man, Lucy, shew us, that goodness and greatness are synonymous words?

I think, Sir, replied I, that if Lord G. prove the good-natured man he seems to be; if he dislike not that brilliancy of temper in his *lady*, which

which he seems not to value *himself* upon, though he may have qualities at least *equally* valuable, I have no doubt but Miss Grandison will make him very happy: For has she not great and good qualities? Is she not generous, and perfectly good-natured? You know, Sir, that she is; and can it be supposed, that her charming vivacity will ever carry her so far beyond the bounds of prudence and discretion, as to make her forget what the nature of the obligation she will have entered into requires of her?

Well, madam, then I may rejoice the heart of Lord G. by telling him, that he is at liberty to visit my sister at her coming to town; or, if she come not soon (for he will be impatient to wait on her), at Colnebrook?

I dare say you may, Sir.

As to articles and settlements, I will undertake for all those things; but be pleased to tell her, that she is absolutely at her own liberty for me. If she shall think, when she sees further of Lord G.'s temper and behaviour, that she cannot esteem him as a wife ought to esteem her husband, I shall not be concerned if she dismiss him; provided that she keeps him not in suspense, after she knows her own mind; but behaves to him according to the example set her by the best of women.

I could not but know to whom he designed this compliment; and had liked to have bowed; but was glad I did not.

Well, madam, and now I think this subject is concluded. I have already written a letter to Sir Walter, as at the request of my sister, to put an end, in the civilest terms, to his hopes. My Lord G. will be impatient for my return in town. I shall go with the more pleasure, because of the joy I shall be able to give him.

You

You must be very happy, Sir; since, besides the pleasure you take in doing good for its own sake, you are intitled to partake, in a very high manner, of the pleasures of every one you know.

He was so nobly modest, Lucy, that I could talk to him with more confidence than I believed, at my entrance into my lord's study, would fall to my share: And I had, besides, been led into a presence of mind, by being made a person of some consequence in the love-case of another. But I was soon to have my whole attention engaged in a subject still nearer to my heart; as you shall hear.

Indeed, madam, said he, I am not *very* happy in myself. Is it not right, then, to endeavour, by promoting the happiness of others, to intitle myself to a share of theirs?

If *you* are not happy, Sir—and I stopt: I believe I sigh'd; I look'd down: I took out my handkerchief, for fear I should want it.

There seems, said he, to be a mixture of generous concern and kind curiosity in one of the loveliest and most intelligent faces in the world. My sisters have, in your presence, expressed a great deal of the latter. Had I not been myself in a manner uncertain as to the event that must, in some measure, govern my future destiny, I would have gratified it; especially as my Lord L. has of late joined in it. The crisis, I told them, however, as perhaps you remember, was at hand.

I do remember you said so, Sir. And indeed, Lucy, it was *more* than *perhaps*. I had not thought of any words half so often, since he spoke them.

The crisis, madam, *is* at hand: And I had not intended to open my lips upon the subject till it was over, except Dr Bartlett, who knows the whole affair, and indeed every affair of my life:
But,

But, as I hinted before, my heart is opened by the frankness of yours. If you will be so good as to indulge me, I will briefly lay before you a few of the difficulties of my situation; and leave it to you to communicate or not, at your pleasure, what I shall relate, to my two sisters and Lord L. You four seem to be animated by one soul.

I am extremely concerned, Sir—I am very much concerned—repeated the trembling simpleton [one cheek feeling to myself very cold, the other glowingly warm, by turns; and now pale, now crimson, perhaps to the eye] that any thing should make you unhappy. But, Sir, I shall think myself favoured by your confidence.

I am interrupted in my recital of his affecting narration. Don't be impatient, Lucy, I almost wish I had not heard it myself.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

I DO not intend, madam, to trouble you with a history of all that part of my life which I was obliged to pass abroad from about the seventeenth to near the twenty-fifth year of my age; though perhaps it has been as busy a period as could well be, in the life of a man so young, and who never sought to tread in oblique or crooked paths. After this entrance into it, Dr Bartlett shall be at liberty to satisfy your curiosity in a more *particular* manner; for he and I corresponded for years, with an intimacy that has few examples between a youth and a man advanced in life. And here let me own the advantages I have received from his condescension; for I found the following questions often occur to me, and to be
of

of the highest service in the conduct of my life—
 “What account shall I give of this to Dr Bart-
 ‘lett?”—“How, were I to give way to this temp-
 ‘tation, shall I report it to Dr Bartlett?”—Or,
 “Shall I be a hypocrite, and only inform him of the
 ‘best, and meanly conceal from him the worst?”

Thus, madam, was Dr Bartlett in the place of a second conscience to me. And many a good thing did I do, many a bad one did I avoid, for having set up such a monitor over my conduct. And it was the more necessary that I should, as I am naturally passionate, proud, ambitious; and as I had the honour of being early distinguished (Pardon, madam, the seeming vanity) by a sex, of which no man was ever a greater admirer; and, possibly the *more* distinguishing, as, for my safety’s sake, I was as studious to decline intimacy with the gay ones of it, however dignified by rank, or celebrated for beauty, as most young men are to cultivate their favour.

Nor is it so much to be wondered at, that I had advantages which every one who travels has not. Residing for some time at the principal courts, and often visiting the same places in the length of time I was abroad, I was considered in a manner as a native, at the same time that I was treated with the respect that is generally paid to travellers of figure, as well in France as Italy. I was very genteelly supported: I stood in high credit with my countrymen, to whom I had many ways of being serviceable. They made known to every body my father’s affection for me; his magnificent spirit; the antient families, on both sides, from which I was descended. I kept the best company; avoided intrigues; made not myself obnoxious to serious or pious people, though I scrupled not to avow, when called upon, my own principles.—From all these advantages, I was respected beyond my degree.

||

I should

I should not, madam, have been thus lavish in my own praise, but to account to you for the favour I stood in with several families of the first rank; and to suggest an excuse for more than one of them, which thought it no disgrace to wish me to be allied with them.

Lord L. mentioned to you, madam, and my sisters, a Florentine lady, by the name of OLIVIA. She is, indeed, a woman of high qualities, nobly born, generous, amiable in her features, genteel in her person, and mistress of a great fortune in possession, which is entirely at her own disposal, having not father, mother, brother, or other near relations. The first time I saw her was at the opera. An opportunity offered in her sight, where a lady, insulted by a lover made desperate by her just refusal of him, claimed and received my protection. What I did on the occasion was generally applauded: Olivia, in particular, spoke highly of it. Twice, afterwards, I saw her in company where I was a visiter: I had not the presumption to look up to her with hope; but my countryman Mr Jervois gave me to understand, that I might be master of my own fortune with Lady Olivia. I pleaded difference of religion: He believed, he said, that matter might be made easy—But could I be pleased with the change, would she have made it, when passion, not conviction, was likely to be the motive?—There could be no objection to her person: Nobody questioned her virtue; but she was violent and imperious in her temper. I had never left MIND out of my notions of love: I could not have been happy with her, had she been queen of the globe. I had the mortification of being obliged to declare myself to the lady's face: It was a mortification to me, as much for her sake as my own. I was obliged to leave Florence upon it for some time; having been apprised that the

spirit of revenge had taken place of a gentler passion, and that I was in danger from it.

How often did I lament the want of that refuge in a father's arms, and in my native country, which subjected me to evils that were more than a match for my tender years, and to all the inconveniencies that can attend a banished man! Indeed I often considered myself in this light; and, as the inconveniencies happened, was ready to repine; and the more ready, as I could not afflict myself with the thought of having forfeited my father's love; on the contrary, as the constant instances which I received of his paternal goodness, made me still more earnest to acknowledge it at his feet.

Ought I to have forbore, Lucy, shewing a sensibility at my eyes on this affecting instance of filial gratitude? If I ought, I wish I had had more command of myself: But consider, my dear, the affecting subject we were upon. I was going to apologize for the trickling tear, and to have said, as I *truly* might, Your filial goodness, Sir, affects me: But, with the consciousness that must have accompanied the words, would not that, to so nice a discernor, have been to own, that I thought the tender emotion wanted an apology? These little tricks of ours, Lucy, may satisfy our own punctilio, and serve to keep us in countenance with ourselves (and that, indeed, is doing something); but, to a penetrating eye, they tend only to shew, that we imagined a cover, a veil wanting; and what is that veil but a veil of gauze?

What makes me so much afraid of this man's discernment? Am I not an honest girl, Lucy?

He proceeded.

From this violent lady I had great trouble; and to this day—But this part of my story I leave to Dr Bartlett to acquaint you with. I mention it as a matter that yet gives me concern, for her sake,
and

and as what I find has given some amusement to my sister Charlotte's curiosity.

But I hasten to the affair which, of all others, has most embarrassed me; and which, engaging my compassion, though my honour is free, gives torture to my very soul.

I found myself not well—I thought I should have fainted.—The apprehensions of his taking it as I wished him not to take it (for indeed, Lucy, I don't think it was *that*) made me worse. Had I been by *myself*, this faintishness might have come over my heart. I am sure it was not *that*: But it seized me at a very unlucky moment, you'll say.

With a countenance full of tender concern he caught my hand, and rang. In ran his Emily. My dear Miss Jervois, said I, leaning upon her—Excuse me, Sir—And I withdrew to the door: And, when there, finding my faintishness going off, I turned to him, who attended me thither: I am better, Sir, already: I will return instantly. I must beg of you to proceed with your interesting story.

I was well the moment I was out of the study. It was kept too warm, I believe; and I sat too near the fire: That was it, to be sure; and I said so on my return, which was the moment I had drank a glass of cold water.

How tender was his regard for me! He did not abash me by *causelessly* laying my disorder on his story, and by offering to discontinue or postpone it. Indeed, Lucy, it was not owing to *that*; I should easily have distinguished it if it had: on the contrary, as I am not generally so much affected at the moment when any-thing unhappy befalls me, as I am upon reflection, when I extend, compare, and weigh consequences, I was quite brave in my heart. Any thing, thought I, is better than suspense. Now will my fortitude have a call to exert itself; and I warrant I bear, as well as he,

an evil that is inevitable. At this instant, this trying instant, however, I found myself thus brave: so, my dear, it was nothing but the too great warmth of the room which overcame me.

I endeavoured to assume all my courage; and desired him to proceed, but held by the arm of my chair to steady me, lest my little tremblings should increase. The faintness *had* left some little tremblings upon me, Lucy; and one would not care, you know, to be thought affected by any thing in his story. He proceeded.

AT Bologna, and in the neighbourhood of Urbino, are seated two branches of a noble family, Marquisses and Counts of Porretta, which boasts its pedigree from Roman princes, and has given to the church two cardinals; one in the latter age, the other in the beginning of this.

The Marchese della Porretta, who resides in Bologna, is a nobleman of great merit: His lady is illustrious by descent, and still more so for her goodness of heart, sweetness of temper and prudence. They have three sons and a daughter.—

[Ah, that daughter! thought I.]

The eldest of the sons is a general officer in the service of the king of the two Sicilies; a man of equal honour and bravery, but passionate and haughty, valuing himself on his descent. The second is devoted to the church, and is already a bishop. The interest of his family, and his own merits, it is not doubted, will one day, if he lives, give him a place in the sacred college. The third, Signor Jeronymo (or, as he is sometimes called, the Barone) della Porretta, has a regiment in the service of the king of Sardinia. The sister is the favourite of them all. She is lovely in her person, gentle in her manners, and has high, but just notions of the nobility of her descent, of the honour of her sex, and of what is due to her own character.

rafter. She is pious, charitable, beneficent. Her three brothers preferred her interests to their own. Her father used to call her, *The pride of his life*; her mother, *Her other self! her own Clementina*.

[CLEMENTINA!—Ah! Lucy, what a pretty name is Clementina!]

I became intimate with Signor Jeronymo at Rome near two years before I had the honour to be known to the rest of his family, except by his report, which he made run very high in my favour. He was master of many fine qualities; but had contracted friendship with a set of dissolute young men of rank, with whom he was very earnest to make me acquainted. I allowed myself to be often in their company; but as they were totally abandoned in their morals, it was in hopes, by degrees, to draw him from them: But a love of pleasure had got fast hold of him; and his other companions prevailed over his good nature. He had courage, but not enough to resist their libertine attacks upon his morals.

Such a friendship could not hold, while each stood his ground; and neither would advance to meet the other. In short, we parted, nor held a correspondence in absence: But afterwards meeting, by accident, at Padua, and Jeronymo having, in the interim, been led into inconveniencies, he avowed a change of principles, and the friendship was renewed.

It however held not many months: A lady, less celebrated for virtue than beauty, obtained an influence over him, against warning, against promise.

On being expostulated with, and his promise claimed, he resented the friendly freedom. He was passionate; and, on this occasion, less polite than it was natural for him to be: He even defied his friend. My dear Jeronymo! how generously has he acknowledged since the part his friend at

that time acted! But the result was, they parted, resolving never more to see each other.

Jeronymo pursued the adventure which had occasioned the difference; and one of the ladies admirers, envying him his supposed success, hired Brescian bravoës to assassinate him.

The attempt was made in the Cremonese. They had got him into their toils in a little thicket at some distance from the road. I, attended by two servants, happened to be passing, when a frightened horse ran cross the way, his bridle broken, and his saddle bloody. This making me apprehend some mischief to the rider, I drove down the opening he came from, and soon beheld a man struggling on the ground with two ruffians; one of whom was just stopping his mouth, the other stabbing him. I leapt out of the post-chaise, and drew my sword, running towards them as fast as I could; and calling to my servants to follow me, indeed calling as if I had a number with me, in order to alarm them. On this they fled; and I heard them say, Let us make off; we have done his business. Incensed at the villainy, I pursued, and came up with one of them, who turned upon me. I beat down his *trombone*, a kind of blunderbuss, just as he presented it at me, and had wounded and thrown him on the ground; but seeing the other ruffian turning back to help his fellow, and on a sudden two others appearing with their horses, I thought it best to retreat, though I would fain have secured one of them. My servants, then seeing my danger, hastened shouting towards me. The bravoës (perhaps apprehending there were more than two) seemed as glad to get off with their rescued companion as I was to retire. I hastened then to the unhappy man: But how much was I surpris'd, when I found him to be the Barone della Porretta, who, in disguise, had been actually pursuing his amour!

He

He gave signs of life. I instantly dispatched one of my servants to Cremona for a surgeon: I bound up, mean time, as well as I could, two of his wounds, one in his shoulder, the other in his breast. He had one in his hip joint, which disabled him from helping himself, and which I found beyond my skill to do any thing with, only endeavouring with my handkerchief to stop its bleeding. I helped him into my chaise, stepped in with him, and held him up in it, till one of my men told me they had, in another part of the thicket, found his servant bound and wounded, his horse lying dead by his side. I then alighted, and put the poor fellow into the chaise, he being stiff with his hurts, and unable to stand.

I walked by the side of it; and in this manner moved towards Cremona, in order to shorten the way of the expected surgeon.

My servant soon returned with one. Jeronymo had fainted away. The surgeon dressed him, and proceeded with him to Cremona. Then it was, that, opening his eyes, he beheld and knew me; and being told by the surgeon that he owed his preservation to me, O Grandison! said he, that I had followed your advice! that I had kept my promise with you!—How did I insult you!—Can my deliverer forgive me? You shall be the director of my future life, if it please God to restore me.

His wounds proved not mortal; but he never will be the man he was: Partly from his having been unskilfully treated by this his first surgeon, and partly from his own impatience, and the difficulty of curing the wound in his hip joint. Excuse this particularity, madam. The subject requires it; and Signor Jeronymo now deserves it, and all your pity.

I attended him at Cremona till he was fit to remove. He was visited there by his whole family from Bologna. There never was a family more affectionate

affectionate to one another. The suffering of one is the suffering of every one. The Barone was exceedingly beloved by his father, mother, sister, for the sweetness of his manners, his affectionate heart, and a wit so delightfully gay and lively, that his company was sought by every body.

You will easily believe, madam, from what I have said, how acceptable to the whole family the service was which I had been so happy as to render their Jeronymo. They all joined to bless me; and the more, when they came to know that I was the person whom their Jeronymo, in the days of our intimacy, had highly extolled in his letters to his sister, and to both brothers, and who now related to them, by word of mouth, the occasion of the coolness that had passed between us, with circumstances as honourable for me as the contrary for himself: Such were his penitential confessions, in the desperate condition to which he found himself reduced.

He now, as I attended by his bed or his couch-side, frequently called for a repetition of those arguments which he had till *now* derided. He besought me to forgive him for treating them before with levity, and me with disrespect, next, as he said, to insult: And he begged his family to consider me not only as the preserver of his life, but as the restorer of his *morals*. This gave the whole family the highest opinion of *mine*; and still more to strengthen it, the generous youth produced to them, though, as I may say, at his own expence (for his reformation was sincere), a letter which I wrote to lie by him, in hopes to enforce his temporary convictions; for he had a noble nature, and a lively sense of what was due to his character, and to the love and piety of his parents, the bishop, and his sister; though he was loth to think he could be wrong in those pursuits in which he was willing to indulge himself.

Never

Never was there a more grateful family. The noble *father* was uneasy, because he knew not how to acknowledge, according to the largeness of his heart, to a man in genteel circumstances, the obligation laid upon them all. The *mother*, with a freedom more amiably great than the Italian ladies are accustomed to express, bid her Clementina regard, as her fourth brother, the preserver of the third. The Barone declared, that he should never rest nor *recover*, till he had got me rewarded in such manner as all the world should think I had honour done me in it.

When the Barone was removed to Bologna, the whole family were studious to make occasions to get me among them. The general made me promise, when *my relations*, as he was pleased to express himself, at Bologna, could part with me, to give him my company at Naples. The bishop, who passed all the time he had to spare from his diocese, at Bologna, and who is a learned man, in compliment to his *fourth* brother, would have me initiate him into the knowledge of the English tongue.

Our Milton has deservedly a name among them. The friendship that there was between him and a learned nobleman of their country, endeared his memory to them. Milton, therefore, was a principal author with us. Our lectures were usually held in the chamber of the wounded brother, in order to divert him: *He* also became my scholar. The father and mother were often present; and at such times their Clementina was seldom absent. *She* also called me her tutor; and though she was not half so often present at the lectures as her brothers were, made a greater proficiency than either of them.

[Do you doubt it, Lucy?]

The father, as well as the bishop, is learned; the mother well read. She had had the benefit of
a French

a French education, being brought up by her uncle, who resided many years at Paris in a public character: And her daughter had, under her own eye, advantages in her education which are hardly ever allowed or sought after by the Italian ladies. In such company, you may believe, madam, that I, who was kept abroad against my wishes, passed my time very agreeably. I was particularly honoured with the confidence of the Marchioness, who opened her heart to me, and consulted me on every material occurrence. Her lord, who is one of the politest of men, was never better pleased than when he found us together; and not seldom, though we were not engaged in lectures, the fair Clementina claimed a right to be where her mother was.

About this time the young Count of Belvedere returned to Parma, in order to settle in his native country. His father was a favourite in the court of the Princess of Parma, and attended that lady to Madrid, on her marriage with the late King of Spain, where he held a very considerable post, and lately died there immensely rich. On a visit to this noble family, the young lord saw, and loved Clementina.

The Count of Belvedere is a handsome, a gallant, a sensible man; his fortune is very great: Such an alliance was not to be slighted. The Marquis gave his countenance to it: The Marchioness favoured me with several conversations upon the subject. She was of opinion, perhaps, that it was necessary to know my thoughts on this occasion; for the younger brother, unknown to me, declared, that he thought there was no way of rewarding my merits to the family, but by giving me a relation to it. Dr Bartlett, madam, can shew you, from my letters to him, some conversations, which will convince you, that in Italy, as well as in other countries, there are persons of honour, of
goodness,

goodness, of generosity; and who are above reserve, vindictiveness, jealousy, and those other bad passions by which some mark indiscriminately a whole nation.

For my own part, it was impossible (distinguished as I was by every individual of this noble family, and lovely as is this daughter of it, mistress of a thousand good qualities, and myself absolutely disengaged in my affections) that my vanity should not sometimes be awakened, and a wish arise, that their might be a possibility of obtaining such a prize: But I checked the vanity the moment I could find it begin to play about and warm my heart. To have attempted to recommend myself to the young lady's favour, though but by looks, by assiduities, I should have thought an infamous breach of the trust and confidence they all reposed in me.

The pride of a family so illustrious in its descent; their fortunes unusually high for the country which, by the goodness of their hearts, they adorned; the relation they bore to the church; my foreign extraction and interest; the lady's exalted merits, which made her of consequence to the hearts of several illustrious youths, before the Count of Belvedere made known his passion for her; none of which the fond family thought worthy of their Clementina, nor any of whom could engage her heart; but, above all, the difference in religion; the young lady so remarkably steadfast in hers, that it was with the utmost difficulty they could restrain her from assuming the veil; and who once declared, in anger, on hearing me, when called upon, avow my principles, that she grudged to a heretic the glory of having saved the Barone della Porretta; all these considerations outweighed any hopes that might otherwise have arisen in a bosom so sensible of the favours they were continually heaping upon me.

About

About the same time the troubles, now so happily appeased, broke out in Scotland: Hardly anything else was talked of, in Italy, but the progress, and supposed certainty of success of the young invader. I was often obliged to stand the triumphs and exultations of persons of rank and figure; being known to be warm in the interest of my country. I had a good deal of this kind of spirit to contend with, even in this more moderate Italian family; and this frequently brought on debates which I would gladly have avoided holding; but it was impossible. Every new advice from England revived the disagreeable subject; for the success of the rebels, it was not doubted, would be attended with the restoration of what they called the Catholic religion: And Clementina particularly pleased herself, that then her *heretic tutor* would take refuge in the bosom of his holy mother, the church: And she delighted to say things of this nature in the language I was teaching her, and which, by this time, she spoke very intelligibly.

I took a resolution, hereupon, to leave Italy for a while, and to retire to Vienna, or to some one of the German courts that was less interested than they were in Italy in the success of the Chevalier's undertaking; and I was the more desirous to do so, as the displeasure of Olivia against me began to grow serious, and to be talked of even by herself, with less discretion than was consistent with her high spirit, her noble birth, and ample fortune.

I communicated my intention to the Marchioness first: The noble lady expressed her concern at the thoughts of my quitting Italy, and engaged me to put off my departure for some weeks; but, at the same time, hinted to me, with an explicitness that is peculiar to her, her apprehensions, and her lord's, that I was in love with her Clementina. I convinced her of my honour in this particular; and she so well satisfied the Marquis in this respect, that,

||

on

on their daughter's absolute refusal of the Count of Belvedere, they confided in me to talk to her in favour of that nobleman. The young lady and I had a conference upon the subject; Dr Bartlet can give you the particulars. The father and mother, unknown to us both, had placed themselves in a closet adjoining to the room we were in, and which communicated to another, as well as to that: They had no reason to be dissatisfied with what they heard me say to their daughter.

The time of my departure from Italy drawing near, and the young lady repeatedly refusing the Count of Belvedere, the younger brother (still unknown to me, for he doubted not but I should rejoice at the honour he hoped to prevail upon them to do me) declared in my favour. They objected the more obvious difficulties in relation to religion, and my country: He desired to be commissioned to talk to me on those subjects, and to his sister on her motives for refusing the Count of Belvedere; but they would not hear of his speaking to me on this subject; the Marchioness giving generous reasons, on my behalf, for her joining in the refusal; and undertaking herself to talk to her daughter, and to demand of her her reasons for rejecting every proposal that had been made her.

She accordingly closeted her Clementina. She could get nothing from her but tears: A silence, without the least appearance of fullness, had for some days before shewn, that a deep melancholy had begun to lay hold of her heart: She was, however, offended when love was attributed to her; yet her mother told me, that she could not but suspect, that she was under the dominion of that passion without knowing it; and the rather, as she was never cheerful but when she was taking lessons for learning a tongue, which never, as the Marchioness said, was likely to be of use to her.

[“As the *Marchioness* said”—Ah, my Lucy!]

The melancholy increased. Her tutor, as he was
VOL. III. Z called,

called, was desired to talk to her. He did. It was a task put upon him that had its difficulties. It was observed, that she generally assumed a cheerful air while she was with *him*, but said little; yet seemed pleased with every thing he said to her; and the little she did answer, though he spoke in Italian or French, was in her newly acquired language: But the moment he was gone, her countenance fell, and she was studious to find opportunities to get from company.

[What think you of my fortitude, Lucy? Was I not a good girl! But my curiosity kept up my spirits. When I come to reflect, thought I, I shall have it all upon my pillow.]

Her parents were in the deepest affliction. They consulted physicians, who all pronounced her malady to be love. She was taxed with it; and all the indulgence promised her that her heart could wish, as to the object; but still she could not, with patience, bear the imputation. Once she asked her woman, who told her that she was certainly in love, would you have me hate myself?—Her mother talked to her of the passion in favourable terms, and as laudable: She heard her with attention, but made no answer.

The evening before the day I was to set out for Germany, the family made a sumptuous entertainment, in honour of a guest on whom they had conferred so many favours. They had brought themselves to approve of his departure the more readily, as they were willing to see, whether his absence would affect their Clementina; and, if it did, in what manner.

They left it to her choice, whether she would appear at table, or not. She chose to be there. They all rejoiced at her recovered spirits. She was exceedingly cheerful: She supported her part of the conversation, during the whole evening, with her usual vivacity and good sense, insomuch that I wished to myself I had departed sooner.

Yet

Yet it is surprizing, thought I, that this young lady, who seemed always to be pleased, and even since these reveries have had power over her, to be most chearful in my company, should rejoice in my departure; should seem to owe her recovery to it; a departure which every one else kindly regrets: And yet there was nothing in her behaviour or looks that appeared in the least affected. When acknowledgments were made to me of the pleasure I had given to the whole family, she joined in them: When my health and happiness were wished, she added *her* wishes by chearful bows, as she sat: When they wished to see me again before I went to England, she did the same. So that my heart was dilated: I was overjoyed to see such a happy alteration. When I took leave of them, she stood forward to receive my compliments with a polite French freedom. I offered to press her hand with my lips: My brother's deliverer, said she, must not affect this distance, and, in a manner, offered her cheek; adding, God preserve my tutor wherever he sets his foot (and in English, God convert you too, Chevalier!) May you never want such an agreeable friend as you have been to us!

Signor Jeronimo was not able to be with us. I went up to take leave of him: O my Grandison! said he, and flung his arms about my neck; and will you go?—Blessings attend you!—But what will become of a brother and sister, when they have lost you?

You will rejoice me, replied I, if you will favour me with a few lines, by a servant whom I shall leave behind me for three or four days, and who will find me at Inspruck, to let me know how you all do; and whether your sister's health continues.

She must, she shall be yours, said he, if I can manage it. Why, why, will you leave us?

I was surpris'd to hear him say this: He had never before been so particular.

That cannot, cannot be, said I. There are a thousand obstacles—

All of which, rejoined he, that depend upon us, I doubt not to overcome. Your heart is not with Olivia?

They all knew, from that lady's indiscretion, of the proposals that had been made me relating to her; and of my declining them. I assured him that my heart was free.

We agreed upon a correspondence, and I took leave of one of the most grateful of men.

But how much was I afflicted when I received at Inspruck the expected letter, which acquainted me, that this sunshine lasted no longer than the next day! The young lady's malady returned with redoubled force. Shall I, madam, briefly relate to you the manner in which, as her brother wrote, it operated upon her?

She shut herself up in her chamber, not seeming to regard or know that her woman was in it; nor did she answer to two or three questions that her woman asked her; but, setting her chair with its back towards her, over-against a closet in the room, after a profound silence, she bent forwards, and, in a low voice, seemed to be communing with a person in the closet.—“And you say he is actually gone? Gone for ever? No, not for ever!”

Who gone, madam? said her woman. To whom do you direct your discourse?

“We were all obliged to him, no doubt. So bravely to rescue my brother, and to pursue the bravoes; and as my brother says, to put him in his own chaise, and walk on foot by the side of it—Why, as you say, assassins might have murdered him: The horses might have trampled him under their feet.” Still looking as if she were speaking to some body in the closet.

Her

Her woman stept to the closet, and opened the door, and left it open, to take off her attention to the place, and to turn the course of her ideas; but still she bent forwards towards it, and talked calmly as if to somebody in it: Then breaking into a faint laugh, "In love!—that is such a silly notion: And yet I love every body better than I love myself."

Her mother came into the room just then. The young lady arose in haste, and shut the closet-door, as if she had somebody hid there, and, throwing herself at her mother's feet, my dear, my ever honoured mamma, said she, forgive me for all the trouble I have caused you—But I will, I must, you can't deny me; I will be God's child, as well as yours. I will go into a nunnery.

It came out afterwards, that her confessor, taking advantage of confessions, extorted from her of regard for her tutor, though only such as a sister might bear to a brother, but which he had suspected might come to be of consequence, had filled her tender mind with terrors, that had thus affected her head. She is, as I have told you, madam, a young lady of exemplary piety.

I will not dwell on a scene so melancholy. How I afflict your tender heart, my good Miss Byron!

[Do you think, Lucy, I did not weep? Indeed I did—Poor young lady!—But my mind was *fitted* for the indulging of scenes so melancholy. Pray, Sir, proceed, said I: What a heart must that be, which bleeds not for such a distress! Pray, Sir, proceed.]

Be it Dr Bartlett's task to give you further particulars. I will be briefer—I will not indulge my own grief.

All that medicine could do was tried: But her confessor, who, however, is an honest, a worthy man, kept up her fears and terrors. He saw the

favour her tutor was in with the whole family: He knew that the younger brother had declared for rewarding him in a very high manner: He had more than once put this favoured man upon an avowal of his principles; and, betwixt her piety and her gratitude, had raised such a conflict in her mind, as her tender nature could not bear.

At Florence lives a family of high rank and honour, the ladies of which have with them a friend noted for the excellency of her heart, and her genius; and who, having been robbed of her fortune early in life by an uncle to whose care she was committed by her dying father, was received both as a companion and a blessing, by the ladies of the family she has now for many years lived with. She is an Englishwoman, and a Protestant; but so very discreet, that her being so, though at first they hoped to profelyte her, gives them not a less value for her; and yet they are all zealous Roman Catholics. These two ladies, and this their companion, were visiting one day at the Marchese della Porretta's; and there the distressed mother told them the mournful tale: The ladies, who think nothing that is within the compass of human prudence impossible to their Mrs Beaumont, wished that the young lady might be entrusted for a week to her care at their own house at Florence.

It was consented to as soon as proposed; and Signora Clementina was as willing to go; there having always been an intimacy between the families; and she (as every body else) having a high opinion of Mrs Beaumont. They took her with them on the day they set out for Florence.

Here, again, for shortening my story, I will refer to Dr Bartlett. Mrs Beaumont went to the bottom of the malady: She gave her advice to the family upon it. They were resolved (Signor

nor Jeronymo supported her advice) to be governed by it. The young lady was told, that she should be indulged in all her wishes. She then acknowledged what those were, and was the easier for the acknowledgment, and for the advice of such a prudent friend; and returned to Bologna much more composed than when she left it. The tutor was sent for by common consent, for there had been a convention of the whole family; the Urbino branch, as well as the general, being present. In that, the terms to be proposed to the supposed happy man were settled; but they were not to be mentioned to him till after he had seen the lady: A wrong policy, surely.

He was then at Vienna. Signor Jeronymo, in his letter, congratulated him in high terms, as a man, whom he had it now, at last, in his power to reward: And he hinted, in general, that the conditions would be such, as it was impossible but he must find his very great advantage in them; as to fortune, to be sure, he meant.

The friend so highly valued could not but be affected with the news: Yet, knowing the lady and the family, he was afraid that the articles of residence and religion would not be easily compromised between them. He therefore summoned up all his prudence to keep his fears alive, and his hope in suspense.

He arrived at Bologna. He was permitted to pay his compliments to Lady Clementina in her mother's presence. How agreeable, how nobly frank, was the reception both from mother and daughter! How high ran the congratulations of Jeronymo! He called the supposed happy man *Brother*. The marquis was ready to recognize the *fourth* son in him. A great fortune additional to an estate bequeathed her by her two grandfathers, was proposed. My father was to be invited over to grace the nuptials by his presence.

But

But let me cut short the rest. The terms could not be complied with. For I was to make a formal renunciation of my religion, and to settle in Italy; only once in two or three years was allowed, if I pleased, for two or three months, to go to England; and as a visit of curiosity, once in her life, if their daughter desired it, to carry her thither, for a time to be limited by them.

What must be my grief to be obliged to disappoint such expectations as were raised by persons who had so sincere a value for me! You cannot, madam, imagine my distress: So little as could be expected to be allowed by them to the principles of a man whom they supposed to be in an error that would inevitably cast him into perdition! But when the friendly brother implored my compliance; when the excellent mother, in effect, besought me to have pity on *her* heart, and on her *child's* head; and when the tender, the amiable Clementina, putting *herself* out of the question, urged me, for my soul's sake, to embrace the doctrines of her holy mother, the church—What, madam—But how I grieve you!

[He stopt—His handkerchief was of use to him, as mine was to me—What a distress was here!]

And what, and what, Sir, sobbing, was the result? Could you, *could* you resist?

Satisfied in my own faith: Entirely satisfied! Having insuperable objections to that I was wished to embrace!—A lover of my native country too—Were not my God and my country to be the sacrifice, if I complied! But I *laboured*, I *studied* for a compromise. I must have been unjust to Clementina's merit, and to my own character, had she not been dear to me. And indeed I beheld graces in her *then* that I had before resolved to shut my eyes against; her rank next to princely, her fortune high as her rank, religion, country, all so many obstacles that had appeared to me insuperable,

superable, removed by themselves, and no apprehension left of a breach of the laws of hospitality, which had, till now, made me struggle to behold one of the most amiable and noble-minded of women with indifference.—I offered to live one year in Italy, one in England by turns, if their dear Clementina would live with me there: if not, I would content myself with passing only three months in every year in my native country. I proposed to leave her entirely at her liberty in the article of religion; and, in case of children by the marriage, the daughters to be educated by *her*, the sons by *me*; a condition to which his Holiness himself, it was presumed, would not refuse his sanction, as there were precedents for it. This, madam, was a great sacrifice to compassion, to love.—What *could* I more?

And would not, Sir, would not Clementina consent to this compromise?

Ah the unhappy lady! It is this reflection that strengthens my grief. She *would* have consented: She was earnest to procure the consent of her friends upon these terms. This her earnestness in my favour, devoted as she was to her religion, *excites* my compassion, and *calls for* my gratitude.

What scenes, what distressful scenes followed! —The noble father forgot his promised indulgence; the mother indeed seemed, in a manner, neutral; the youngest brother was still, however, firm in my cause; but the marquis, the general, the bishop, and the whole Urbino branch of the family were not to be moved; and the less, because they considered the alliance as derogatory to their own honour, in the same proportion as they thought it honourable to me; a *private*, an *obscure* man, as now they began to call me. In short, I was allowed, I was *desired* to depart from Bologna; and not suffered to take leave of the unhappy Clementina, though on her knees she begged to be allowed

ed a parting interview—And what was the consequence?—Dr Bartlett must tell the rest—Unhappy Clementina!—Now they wish me to make them one more visit at Bologna!—Unhappy Clementina!—To what purpose?

I saw his noble heart was too much affected to answer questions, had I had voice to ask any.

But, O my friends! you see how it is! Can I be so unhappy as he is? As his Clementina is? Well might Dr Bartlett say, that this excellent man is not happy. Well might he himself say, that he has suffered greatly, even from good women. Well might he complain of sleepless nights. Unhappy Clementina! let me repeat after him; and not happy Sir Charles Grandison!—And who, my dear, is happy? Not, I am sure,

Your HARRIET BYRON.

L E T T E R XXIX.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

I WAS *forced* to lay down my pen. I begin a new letter. I did not think of concluding my former where I did.

Sir Charles saw me in grief, and forgot his own, to applaud my *humanity*, as he called it, and soothe me. I have often, said he, referred you, in my narrative to Dr Bartlett. I will beg of him to let you see any thing you shall wish to see, in the free and unreserved correspondence we have held.

You that love to entertain your friends with your narrations, will find something, perhaps, in a story like this, to engage their curiosity. On their honour and candour, I am sure, I may depend. Are they not *your* friends? Would to heaven it were

were in my *power* to contribute to *their* pleasure and *yours*!

I only bowed. I *could* only bow.

I told you, madam, that my compassion was engaged; but that my honour was free; I *think* it is so. But when you have seen all that Dr Bartlett will shew you, you will be the better able to judge of me, and *for* me. I had rather be thought favourably of by Miss Byron, than by any woman in the world.

Who, Sir, said I, knowing only so far as I know of the unhappy Clementina, but must wish her to be—

Ah Lucy! there I stopt—I had like to have been a false girl!—And yet ought I not, from my heart, to have been able to say what I was going to say?—I do aver, Lucy, upon repeated experience, that love is a narrower of the heart. Did I not use to be thought generous and benevolent, and to be above all selfishness? But am I so now?

And now, madam, said he [and he was going to take my hand, but with an air, as if he thought the freedom would be too great—A tenderness *so* speaking in his eyes; a respectfulness *so* solemn in his countenance; he just touched it, and withdrew his hand], What shall I say?—I cannot tell what I *should* say—But you, I see, can pity me—You can pity the noble Clementina—Honour forbids me!—Yet honour bids me—Yet I cannot be unjust, ungenerous—selfish!—

He arose from his seat—Allow me, madam, to thank you for the favour of your ear—Pardon me for the trouble I see I have given to a heart that is capable of a sympathy so tender—

And, bowing low, he withdrew with precipitation, as if he would not let me see his emotion. He left me looking here, looking there, as if for my heart; and then, as giving it up for irrecoverable,

able, I became for a few moments motionless, and a statue.

A violent burst of tears recovered me to sense and motion; and just then Miss Grandison (who, having heard her brother withdraw, forbore for a few minutes to enter, supposing he would return), hearing me sob, rushed in.—O my Harriet! said she, clasping her arms about me, What is done?—Do I, or do I not embrace my sister, my *real* sister, my sister Grandison?

Ah my Charlotte! No flattering hope is now left me—No sister! It must not, it cannot be! The lady is—But lead me, lead me out of this room!—I don't love it! spreading one hand before my eyes, my tears trickling between my fingers.—Tears that flowed not only for myself, but for Sir Charles Grandison and the unhappy Clementina: For, gather you not, from what he said, that something disastrous has befallen the poor lady? And then, supporting myself with her arm, I hurried out of Lord L.'s study, and up stairs into my own chamber; she following me—Leave me, leave me here, dear creature, said I, for six minutes: I will attend you then in your dressing-room.

She kindly retired; I threw myself into a chair, indulged my tears for a few moments, and was the fitter to receive the two sisters, who, hand in hand, came into my room to comfort me.

But I could not relate what had passed immediately with any connexion: I told them only, that all was over; that their brother was to be pitied, not blamed; and that if they would allow me to recollect some things that were most affecting, I would attend them; and they should have my narrative the more exactly for the indulgence.

They staid no longer with me than to see me a little composed.

Sir Charles and Dr Bartlett went out together in his chariot: He enquired more than once of my health;

health ; saying to his sister Charlotte, that he was afraid he had affected me too much, by the melancholy tale he had been telling me.

He excused himself from dining with us. Poor man ! What must be his distress !—Not able to see us, to sit with us !

I would have excused myself also, being not very fit to appear, but was not permitted.

I sat, however, but a very little while at table after dinner ; yet how tedious did the dinner-time appear ! The servants eyes were irksome to me ; so were Emily's (dear child !) glistening as they did, though she knew not for what, but sympathetically, as I may say, she supposing that all was not as she would have it.

She came up soon after to me—One word, my dearest madam (the door in her hand, and her head only within it) : Tell me only that there is no misunderstanding between my guardian and you !—Tell me only *that*—

None, my dear !—None, none at all, my Emily !

Thank God ! clasping her hands together ; thank God ! If there were, I should not have known whose part to take !—But I won't disturb you—And was going.

Stay, stay, my precious young friend ! Stay, my Emily ! I arose ; took her hand : My sweet girl ! say, will you live with me ?

God for ever bless you, dearest madam !—*Will I ?* It is the wish next my heart.

Will you go down with me to Northamptonshire, my love ?

To the world's end I will attend you, madam : I will be your handmaid ; and I will love you better than I love my guardian, if possible.

Ah my dear ! but how will you live without seeing your guardian now-and-then ?

Why, he will live with us, won't he ?

No, no, my dear!—And you would chuse then to live with him, not with me; would you?—

Indeed but I won't—Indeed I will live and die with you, if you will let me; and I warrant his kind heart will often lead him to us. But tell me, why these tears, madam? why this grief?—Why do you speak so quick and short? And why do you seem to be in such a hurry?

Do I speak quick and short? *Do* I seem to be in a hurry?—Thank you, my love, for your observation. And now leave me: I will profit by it.

The amiable girl withdrew on tiptoe, and I set about composing myself.

I was obliged to her for her observation: It was really of use to me. But you must think, Lucy, that I must be fluttered.—His manner of *leaving* me—Was it not particular?—To break from me so *abruptly*, as I may say—And what he said with looks so earnest! Looks that seemed to carry more meaning than his words: And withdrawing without conducting me out, as he had led me in—and as if—I don't know how as if—But you will give me your opinion of all these things. I can't say but I think my suspense is over, and yet in a way not very desirable—Yet—But why should I puzzle myself? What must be, must.

At afternoon-tea, the gentlemen not being returned, and Emily undertaking the waiter's office, I gave my lord and the two ladies, though she was present, some account of what had passed, but briefly; and I had just finished, and was quitting the room, as the two gentlemen entered the door.

Sir Charles instantly addressed me with apologies for the concern he had given me. His emotion was visible as he spoke to me. He hesitated: He trembled. *Why* did he hesitate? *Why* did he tremble?

I told him, I was not ashamed to own, that I was very much affected by the melancholy story.

The

The poor lady, said I, is greatly to be pitied—
But remember, Sir, what you promised Dr Bartlett should do for me.

I have been requesting the doctor to fulfil my engagements.

And I am ready to obey, said the good man. My agreeable task shall soon be performed.

As I *was* at the door, going up stairs to my closet, I courtesied, and pursued my intention.

He bowed, said nothing, and looked, I thought, as if he were disappointed that I did not return to company.—No, indeed!

Yet I pity him at my heart: How odd is it then to be angry with him?—So much goodness, so much sensibility, so much compassion (whence all his woes, I believe), never met together in a heart so manly.

Tell me, tell me, my dear Lucy—Yet tell me nothing till I am favoured with, and you have read, the account that will be given me by Dr Bartlett: Then, I hope, we shall have every thing before us.

Saturday, March 25.

HE [Yet why that disrespectful word?—Fie upon me for my narrowness of heart!] *Sir Charles* is setting out for town. He cannot be happy himself: He is therefore giving himself the pleasure of endeavouring to make his friend so. He can *enjoy* the happiness of his *friends*! O the blessing of a benevolent heart! Let the world frown as it will upon such a one, it cannot possibly bereave it of all delight.—Fortune, do thy worst! If Sir Charles Grandison cannot be happy with his *Clementina*, he will make himself a partaker of Lord G.'s happiness; and as that will secure, if not her own fault, the happiness of his sister, he will not be destitute of felicity. And let me, after his example—Ah, Lucy! that I could!—But in time, I

hope, I shall *deserve*, as well as be esteemed, to be the girl of my grandmamma and aunt; and then, of course, be worthy to be called, my dear Lucy,

Your HARRIET BYRON.

Saturday Noon.

SIR Charles is gone, and I have talked over the matter again with the ladies and Lord L.

What do you think?—They all will have it—and it is a faithful account, to the very best of my recollection—*They all will have it*, that Sir Charles's great struggle, his great grief, is owing—His great struggle (I don't know what I write, I think—But let it go) is between his *compassion* for the unhappy Clementina, and his *love*—for—somebody else.

But who, my dear, large as his heart is, can be contented with half a heart? *Compassion*, Lucy!—The compassion of such a heart—It must be *love*—And ought it not to be to *such* a woman?—Tell me—Don't you, Lucy, with all *yours*, pity the unhappy Clementina, who loves against the principles of her religion; and, in that respect, against her *inclination*, a man who cannot be hers, but by a violation of his honour and conscience!—What a fatality in a love so circumstanced!—To *love* against *inclination*! What a sound has that! But what an absurdity is this passion called Love? Or rather, of what absurd things does it make its votaries guilty? Let mine be evermore circumscribed by the laws of reason, of duty; and then my recollections, my reflections, will never give me a lasting disturbance!

DR Bartlett has desired me to let him know what the particular passages are, of which I more immediately wish to be informed, for our better understanding the unhappy Clementina's story, and has

has promised to transcribe them. I have given him a list in writing. I have been half guilty of affectation. I have asked for some particulars that Sir Charles referred to, which are not so immediately interesting: The history of Olivia, of Mrs Beaumont; the debates Sir Charles mentioned between himself and Signor Jeronymo: But, Lucy, the particulars I am most impatient for are these:

His first conference with Lady Clementina on the subject of the Count of Belvedere, which her father and mother overheard.

The conference he was desired to hold with her, on her being first seized with melancholy.

Whether her particularly chearful behaviour, on his departure from Bologna, is anywhere accounted for.

By what means Mrs Beaumont prevailed on her to acknowledge a passion so studiously concealed from the tenderest of parents.

Sir Charles's reception on his return from Vienna.

What regard his proposals of compromise, as to religion and residence, met with, as well from the family as from Clementina.

The most important of all, Lucy—The last distressful parting: What made it necessary; what happened at Bologna afterwards, and what the poor Clementina's situation now is.

If the doctor is explicit with regard to this article, we shall be able to account for their desiring him to revisit them at Bologna, after so long an absence, and for his seeming to think it will be to no purpose to oblige them. O Lucy! what a great deal depends upon the answer to this article, as it may happen!—But no more suspense, I beseech you, Sir Charles Grandison! No more suspense, I pray you, Dr Bartlett! My heart sickens at the thought of further suspense. I cannot bear it!

A. a. 3.

Adieu,

Adieu, Lucy! Lengthening my letter would be only dwelling longer (for I know not how to change my subject) on weakneses and follies that have already given you *too much* pain for

Your HARRIET BYRON.

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