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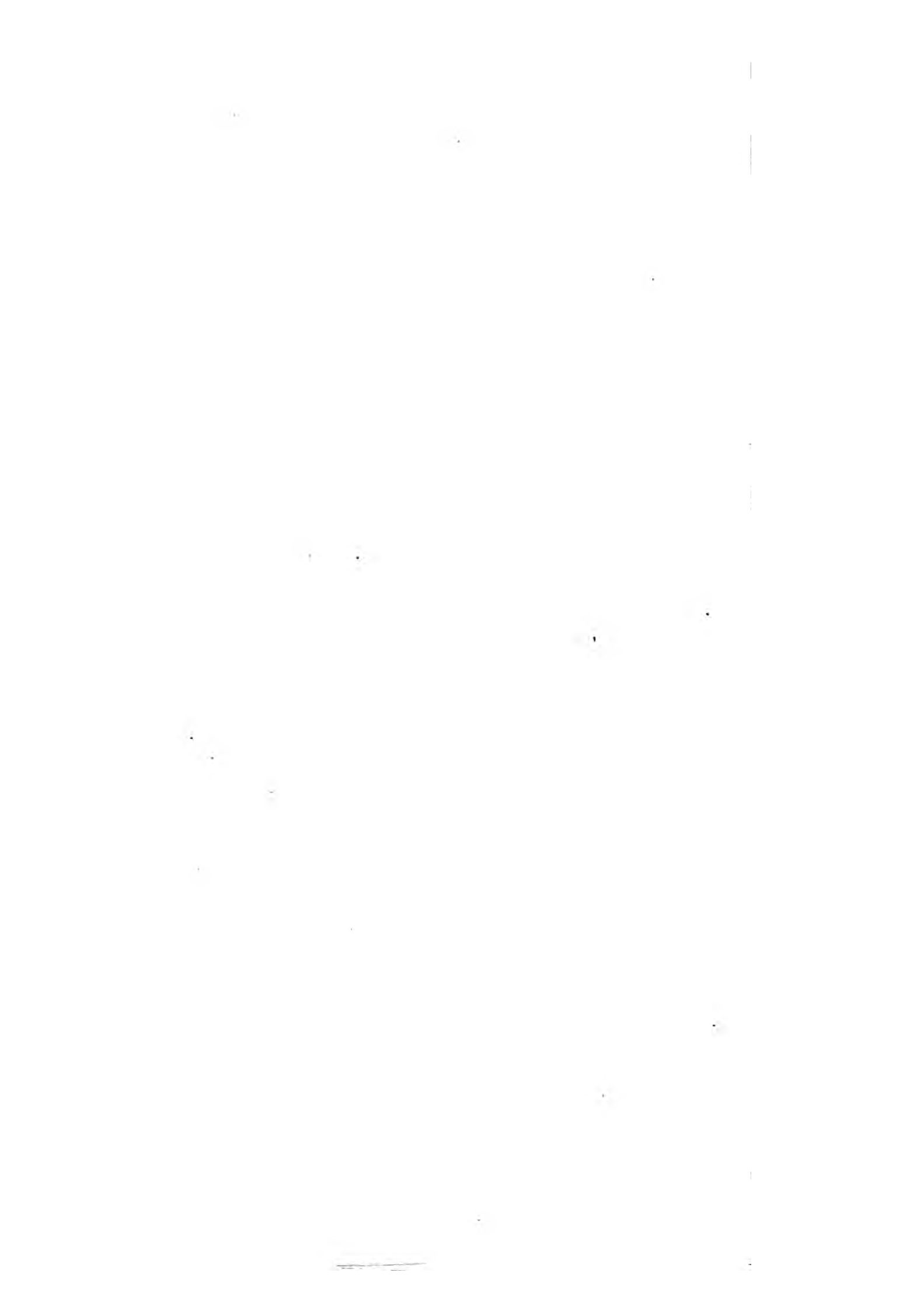
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A Gurney  
Batham







THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

IN A  
SERIES of LETTERS

Published from the ORIGINALS,  
By the Editor of PAMELA and CLARISSA.

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IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

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VOL. III.

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LONDON:

Printed for S. Richardson;

And Sold by C. HITCH and L. HAWES, in *Pater-noster Row*;

By J. and J. RIVINGTON, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*;

By ANDREW MILLAR, in the *Strand*;

By R. and J. DODSLEY, in *Pall-Mall*;

And by J. LEAKE, at *Bath*;

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M.DCC.LIV.



1112

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

RESEARCH REPORT

NO. 1112

BY

J. J. THOMAS, JR.

AND

W. A. BENTLEY

1952



THE  
H I S T O R Y  
O F

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, Bart.

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LETTER I.

*Miss* HARRIET BYRON, *To Miss* LUCY SELBY.

*Saturday, March 18.*



ELF, 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, 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 an heart so open and sincere? But why, indeed, as Sir Charles has said in his Letter relating to the Danby's, should women be blamed, for owning modestly a passion for a worthy and suitable object? Is it, that they will not speak out, lest, if their wishes should not be crowned with success by *one* man, they should deprive themselves of a 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 we had, to have related to him the whole truth, and not have put on disguises to him; but to have left him wholly a judge of the fit, and the unfit.

And this is LOVE, is it? that puts an honest girl upon approving of such tricks?—Begone, Love! I banish.

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 I 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 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 in 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 looked 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!

Be gone, Siren: 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, Be gone, 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 you may be surpris'd, Harriet, at the time, and know not what answer to give to 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'll tell you—

No,

Let. I. Sir Charles Grandison. 5

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 used 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 mentioned as that?—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 are a sister, madam, and have nothing either to hope or fear) I have a title to act with spirit, when occasions call 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.

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 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,

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 an hard struggle, I own; in the suspense I am; in a very hard struggle. But tho' 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 knowlege 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 knowlege 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 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 recti-



tude of manners, justify me : And in this particular I am an 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.

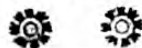
And she threw her arms about me, and hugged me to her. Dear creature, said she, you *must* be Lady Grandison — *Must!* said Miss Grandison : She *shall*.

Who, Lucy, whether that may ever come to pass, or not, would not, on reflexion (thus approved by both sisters) rejoice that she conquered her curiosity, and acted as I did ?

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 : Of his going 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 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.



OF what an happy temper is Miss Grandison ! She was much affected with the scene that passed between  
us,

us, but all is over with her already. One lesson upon her harpsichord sets every-thing right with her. She has been raillyng 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 railly 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.

## L E T T E R II.

*Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr. BARTLETT.*

[*The Letter which Miss Byron refused to read, or hear read.*]

*Friday Night, Mar. 17.*

I HOPE my Lord L. and my sisters will be able to make Colnebrooke 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. Where 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's 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 will 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

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 suppose a right one.

What can I do in relation to my Emily? She is of the stature of 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 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 tranquillity; 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;

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 anything with regard to my Emily, I must, for her sake, be more observant 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, tho' we should regard it only in the second place.

Emily has too large a fortune. I have an 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 choose 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, tho' they may not deserve 5000*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

thods 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, 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 an 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

vantage 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 an husband give to the genius of a young lady, whose native modesty would always make her want encouragement!

I have also cast an eye over the gentry within my knowlege: 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 not there 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

tempt 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 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) will occasion me to be often absent.

But



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 choose to return to Mrs. Lane; and indeed I don't think, she would be safe there in a family of women, tho' 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, 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, tho' 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,

Let. 3. *Sir Charles Grandison.* 17

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 was 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 3000*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; 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.

### LETTER III.

*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 railly me not so much as before,  
while

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 ladies, and my sincere friends and well-wishers ; and I forgive them : And so must my dear 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 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 *raillery*.—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 raillery 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 the 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 *gene-*

*rous*

rous brother would not have given them thanks for their raillery 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 (a little too lively indeed, and perhaps a little too personal) is the foundation of these designs, 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 could not be put upon saying something affronting to me; upon doing something unworthy of *his* character?—O then I am sure I should hate him: All the other instances of his goodness would then be as nothing. I will be captious, I think, and study to be affronted, whether he intends to affront me, or not.—But what a multitude of foolish notions come into the head of a silly girl, who, little as she knows, knows more of any-thing, or of any-body, 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.

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 *hear*. 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 an hint given me by Lady L. which perhaps she has from Miss Grandison, and *she* not unlikely from the stolen letter: 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 be actually 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 your pardon—*Charlotte*, then.

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

Nay,

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 sha'n'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 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 intrust 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

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! tho' he were the sovereign of the greatest empire on earth. In this believe

Your HARRIET BYRON.

## L E T T E R IV.

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 Colnebrooke, 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, thro' 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 Colnebrooke.

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 make 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

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 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's sake, to take the girl out of the hands of so young a guardian. I hope you will 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



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 intrusted 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 withdrew 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 *has* married her, will not suffer her to  
incur

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. There is one paragraph in it, that greatly interests me.

You hint to me, that my sisters, tho' 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 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, some seeming want of freedom in my manner,

Let. 5. Sir Charles Grandison. 27

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 Colnebrooke ; 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.

## LETTER V.

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.

Colnebrooke, Sunday Evening.

**P**OOOR 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 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.

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.*

*Capt.* De man of honour and good nature be my broder's general cha-*ra*ct-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-*ra*ct-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 whose protection the Lady is in.

*Mrs. O-Hara.* I do, my Lord. Sir Charles Grandison is a very fine gentleman.

*Capt.* De vineft cha-*ra*ct-er in de world. By my falvation, every-body say 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 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 an 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, tho' 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, tho' 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 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

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 my *cha-raèr*—

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

*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 whatever 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

She sobbed, Miss Grandison says; and the good-natured Lord L. was moved—Let Miss Jervois be asked, If she chooses 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 ver 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, 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

she was not here.—Little did you think, 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, tho' 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 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 thro' and thro'.—If ever I do a wrong thing,

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 an 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 making ungenerous advantage of them, tho' 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 Mr. Reeves's, when I went from Colnebrooke.

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 pos-  
session

jection 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: 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 of which her husband died possessed.

This that follows is a copy of the letter left for Emily by this mother; which, tho' 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,*

**I**F you have any love, any duty, left, for an unhappy mother whose faults have been barbarously aggravated, to justify the ill 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 Colnebrooke, 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 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, tho' I have such happy prospects in my present marriage, will be my fate, but a  
bit



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*  
*unhappy Mother,*  
HELEN O-HARA.

Saturday, March 18.

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 choose 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 it. Such a wretch as this, said she, 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 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 tenderness, 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.

Let.6. *Sir Charles Grandison.* 41

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, my dear Lucy, and will be,

*Ever yours,*

HARRIET BYRON.

## L E T T E R VI.

*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 Colnebrooke, 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'  
our

our Harriet is there; which they all extremely regret.

I dined at Colnebrooke. 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 a 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 in my name, introduced to him.

Let me stop to say, He is indeed a very fine gentleman. 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 connexions with your family, and with one of the most excellent of  
young

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. Everything 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 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 should 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 sort 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

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 should not take. But they perfectly understand one another.

But now for a word or two about Miss Jervis. I could not but take notice to our Miss Byron, of 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, that drew herself in, and was afterwards unhappy; and by these symptoms 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 her's, 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 straighten her education, and at a time of life so young, and in so restraining a country as Italy, for girls and  
young

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, tho' 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 Colnebrooke) 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 VII.

*Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.*

*Monday, March 20.*

**A**FTER 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

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 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 choose 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

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-prettness 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 pappa! 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



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 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, my 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

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, was 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 sit down as much out of breath, as if I had ran down an 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 an 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

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, no; I can't say I had. Nor, tho' 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 now 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 is 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 an 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 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 sha'n'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;

‘mamma; or is more unhappy than if she 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 choose 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 could have forbore being affected by her tender prattle? and 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 come to 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*, tho’ the mother should renounce, or worse than renounce, her child.

I must leave you, Emily.

Say then *my* Emily.

I must leave you *my*, and *more* than *my* Emily.—You have cured me of sleepiness for 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 an human heart.\* Such goodness! such innocence! such generosity!—I thank God, my love, that there is in my knowlege 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! (exultingly, 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  
mamma;

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 !

And I kissed her once, twice, thrice; with fervor; 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.

## LETTER VIII.

*Miss* BYRON, To *Miss* SELBY.

*Monday, Mar. 20.*

**T**HE active, the restless goodness, of this Sir Charles Grandison, absolutely dazles 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 every-body.

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?

This is the man, ye modest, ye tender-hearted fair ones, whom ye should seek to intitle to your vows: Not the lewd, the obscene libertine, foul Harpy, son of Riot, and of Erebus; glorying in his wickedness, triumphing in your weakness, and seeking by storm to win an heart that ought to shrink at his approach. Shall not *Like cleave to Like*?—Henceforth may it be so, wishes  
Your HARRIET BYRON.

## L E T T E R IX.

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

He received me with great expressions of esteem and affection.

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 oeconomy, 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 elder 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 reflexions 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 only is 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 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 was 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 ardor, 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 fathers 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,

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 what my opinion was 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 damned woman! said my lord; but looked, first, as if he would be sure she was out of hearing.

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 true state of 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, tho' you were present?

I did, my Lord. But it was plain, that something disagreeable had passed before; or she could not so intirely have forgot herself. But, my Lord, we will postpone this subject, if you please. If you yourself  
lead

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 my answer, he proposed Lady Frances N. and said, he had been spoken to on that subject.

I answered, that the Lady was very deserving; but that I should think myself under too great obligations to a wife, for my own ease, if there were a woman in the world whom I could prefer to her.

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 wish 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. I have known some men who have spoken with reverence of their mothers, to give themselves dignity:

That

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 ; tho' 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 comprizing 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 choose 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 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,

Ladies, my Lord, who in absence speak favourably of a man that 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 opinions.

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 choose 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 my mother's brother! No, my Lord. Yet were a sovereign to warrant my freedom, and there was 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,  
has



has 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

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, tho' 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 quicksighted.

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 knowlege, and even of our admiration, to associate with. There is a kind of magnetism in goodness. Bad people will indeed find out bad people, and confederate with them, in order to keep one another in countenance; but they are bound together by a rope of sand; while trust, confidence, love, sympathy, and a reciprocation of beneficent actions, twist a cord which ties good men to good men, and cannot be easily 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 a 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*l.*—What is that, to the offers you have had made you?

Just then we were told, dinner was on the 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*, tho' 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 X.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr. BARTLETT.

Sunday, Mar. 19.

I HAVE had two happy hours of forgetfulness. I could not, tho' 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

I am determined, 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 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

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 the 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 cursed woman for misbehaviour!—I cannot do it.

Give me leave to say, that your Lordship has deserved some punishment: Give her the annuity, not as a reward to her, but as a punishment to yourself.

You hurt my fore place, nephew.

Consider, 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 condescended to enter into treaty. Every quarterly payment must strike her to the heart, if she live to have compunction seize her, when she thinks that she

is

is receiving, for subsistence, the wages of her shame. Be that her punishment. You intimate, that she has so behaved herself, that she has but few friends: Part with her, without giving her cause 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 Lordship appear to such a prosecution? You cannot be *capable* of pleading your privilege on such a prosecution as would otherwise go against you. You cannot be in earnest to part with this woman, she cannot have offended you beyond forgiveness, if you scruple 100*l.* a year to get rid of her.

He fervently swore, that he was in earnest; and added, I am resolved, nephew, to marry, and live honest.

He looked at me, as if he expected that I should be surprised.

I believe I could not change countenance, on such an hint as this. You have come to a good resolution, my Lord; and if you marry a prudent woman, your Lordship will find the difference in your own reflexions, as well as in your reputation and interest. And shall the difference of 100*l.* a year—Don't let me say, that I am ashamed for my Lord W.

I knew that you would despise me, Sir Charles.

I know, my Lord, that I should despise myself, were I not to deal freely with you 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

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 fobs, 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 suffered 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,

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 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 than 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, tho' 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; tho' 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,



therefore, for a provision, accordingly. The woman who never hoped to be a wife, can have no hardships 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, tho' 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 affect to call themselves, suffer by such libertine 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

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, thro' your mutual misunderstandings, that you never otherwise *might* have had. And let me make an observation to you; That where hate 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 which you have been joint partakers in—But if you might, would you choose to live together to be torments to each other?

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.

An 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, tho' the daughter of cottagers,

tagers, 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 declared 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

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 *l.* a year—Once again, I say, it would hurt me to reward a woman for plaguing 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 whom he raises into consequence by sinking his own. Chastity is the crown and glory of a woman. The most profligate of 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 seem'd to weep.

I proceeded; You, Mrs. Giffard, doubted the continuance of my Lord's passion: You made your terms, therefore, and propos'd a penalty besides. My Lord submitted to the terms, and by that means secur'd his right of dismissing you, at his pleasure; the only conveniency that a man dishonouring himself by despising marriage, can think he has. Between him and you, what remains to be said (tho' you are both  
answer-

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 an 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 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. Bartlett, 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 such a departure from honest nature, there will be such curvings, that the eyes, the countenance, must ever betray the heart; while the lips, either breaking out into apologies, or aiming at reserve, confirm the suspicion, that all is not right in the 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 chooses 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, 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; and I returned to my Lord, and told him so.

He

He got up, and 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 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 cheerfully 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 an 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 die 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 acknowledgement 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; but, 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. 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, 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.

## LETTER XI.

*Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr. BARTLETT.*

*In Continuation.*

MY Lord, tho' 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 occa-

sion, and ordered him to make all his domestics happy for (what he meanly called) his *deliverance*: 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 his 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 these 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 disoblinded *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 who 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

My Lord swore, by his soul, that I had not my good name for nothing. Blessed, said he, be the name of the Grandisons! 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 out of love 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 inspire an emulation in a proud spirit, that, 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. Infirmary requires indulgence: In the very nature of the word and thing, indulgence cannot exist with *fer-*  
*tility*; between man and wife it may: The same in-

terest unites them. Mutual confidence! who can enough value the joy, the tranquillity at least, that results from mutual confidence? 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] Womens 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 hardly 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 hers 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 VIIIth Henry, he  
had

had some other woman in view, which might have made him more uneasy than he would otherwise have been with Giffard: For tho' it was 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 an 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 an 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, tho' 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* (those were his words) not only where there is no interest propos'd to be served, 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 blessed 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 an one for me, my dear kinsman, said he; and I give you *carte blanche*: But let her not be younger than Fifty. Make the settlements for me: I am very rich: I will sign them blindfold. If the Lady be such an 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.

## L E T T E R XII.

*Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.**Tuesday, Mar. 21.*

DR. Bartlett 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 everybody.

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 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 on 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 became 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 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 some-  
times

times 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 exaction 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 in 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 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

What a man is this, Lucy!

No wonder, thus gloriously employed, with my Lord W. and the Danby's, 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 contribute 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!

jectures!—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. returned 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

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 saucy.—This also goes between hooks.]

*Adieu, my Dear.*

### LETTER XIII.

*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 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 bid 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?

That

That 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

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 and 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 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

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 an 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 Colnebrooke: 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



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 have 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.

And 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 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 into 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

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, anything skilled in his weapons, knows how sometimes to disarm a *less* skilful 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 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. When they were also in it, they cursed, swore, and threatened.

The pretended Captain, putting his body half-way out of the coach, bid my 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 he  
 in a rage, withdrew it, after his speech to the  
 VII. F servant:

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. Bartlett, 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, tho' 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 who are the readiest to give offence, are the 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 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 your being

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 both pretended, to Mr. Blagrove, 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, tho' 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. Blagrove 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. Blagrove 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 provo-

cation should hinder me from doing strict justice, tho' 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.*

CHARLES GRANDISON.

## L E T T E R X I V .

*Miss* BYRON, *To Miss* SELBY.

*Colnebrooke, Wedn. Mar. 22.*

**S**IR 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

would have been to suppose, that I had *expected* him. Indeed I was not displeas'd, 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 pleas'd 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 appear'd to me in a much more shining light than an hero would have done, returning in a triumphal car covered with laurels, and dragging captive princes at its 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 mention'd 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, tho' 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 thank'd me for my goodness, as he call'd 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 thank'd Lord L. for his tenderness to his ward on that occasion.

My Lord gave him the Letter which Mrs. Jervoís had left for her daughter. Sir Charles present'd 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 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

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, down 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 ever 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 *candor*, 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*. 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

And *must* I, Sir, would you *have me*, read it? I will retire to my chamber with it.

He arose, 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.

He bowed, and gave me the Letter. I was proud of his compliment, and Emily and I withdrew into the next room; and 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 Colnebrooke, 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*

*barously 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 doted 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 traffick in person, which he managed to great advantage by his agents and factors; having first, however, made an 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, tho' 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 to 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

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 an husband, who, she says, was not faultless.* Ill usage of an 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 villainy, 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 farther, 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; 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 *choose*, 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, punctios, 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  
pro-

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 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 an 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 *inlarge* 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 now 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 an happy girl indeed. O that my mother *may* be married! that so 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

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 had no hope to reclaim her; I wish she *may* now be a wife in earnest. But this, I think, shall be my 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, says 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

are capable of feeling them as they ought, or not. What say *you*, Miss Byron, to this last paragraph?

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, tho' 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



destinely seen, of my taking 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 just concluded one subject, 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 any-thing, on which you had all set your hearts, can happen.—I can't help it.

Emily,

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.

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 our duties?

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 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.

## LETTER XV.

*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, choose to accompany me thither? I must, I think, be present at the opening of the church. I don't

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 the Tuesday following.

*Miss Gr.* I think, brother, I should wish to be excused. If, indeed, you would stay there a week or 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, 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

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 title 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 tranquillity 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

yet went so low as to 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 make.

*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 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

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 the 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 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 her reputation, as —

*Sir Ch.* (*interrupting*) O my Lord, how *brotherly* partial!

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 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 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



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 to pieces by a tender fault in his constitution?"—Compassion, I suppose, for some unhappy object.—I will soon return to town, and 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 *crue* 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

L E T T E R X V I.

*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, perhaps, you would choose 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; I should have had more satisfaction given me, I fancy, than I can now boast of, if I had.

*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 objection 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 very difficult to get a direct answer to such questions as these, from Ladies, before company, tho' 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 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 displeas'd with me, brother. I will answer more directly.

*Sir Ch.* Do, my Charlotte: I have promis'd 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 favour'd 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 can't say that I *know* my mind, absolutely.

*Sir*

*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 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, tho' 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 an 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,

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. 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 qualifiers 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 an 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 *choose*. Will you

you not allow one, since neither of them have *very* striking merits, to behold them in 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 some-  
thing

thing 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! Every body against me!—I must have been wrong, indeed—

The

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 an 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. 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.

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, Lord L. took my hand, and Sir Charles complaisantly led his sister Charlotte to her seat at the table; Lady L. being gone into the dining parlour before.

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

thought greatly became him. [O the vanity of the girl! methinks my uncle says, at this place.] He put them in his pocket.

Without conditions, Harriet? said Miss Grandison. Except those of candor, 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 tell 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 a one, Lucy, I believe, has found an ardor, 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 Windsor,

Windsor, 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 for 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.

I have often wished for Miss Clements to be with us; and so I told her: Sir Charles spoke very handsomely of her, 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, tho' 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 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 Danby's—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 Danby's, 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 an 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 examination, one cannot but have some heart-akes.—Yet why?—If his favourite woman is a *foreigner*, what signifies his opinion of my Letters?—And yet it does: One would be willing to be well thought of by the worthy.

## LETTER XVII.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.**Thursday, Mar. 23.*

WE sat down early to breakfast this morning: 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 thro' 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 farther indulgence—Yet not to say, how desirous I am—But, forgive me—Think me not too great an incroacher—

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 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. Woman is the glory of all created existence:—But you, madam, are *more* than woman!

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? (a)

*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 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—

(a) This subject is spoken to hereafter by Sir Charles.

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 myself 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, tho' 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 sudden 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 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, tho' 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



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 that's*? 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 acknowledgement 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 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,

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,

Charlotte, who will not confine to time and place their *otherwise* agreeable vivacities.

*Miss Gr.* Well, but, Sir, if it should chance to be so, and I were Lord G.'s upper servant; for *control* implies *dominion*; what a fine advantage would he have in a brother, who could direct him so well (tho' 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 *came* 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, 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*

*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 prayer—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 will 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*

*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 an hundred of such as those we have just now heard named.

*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 to 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 farther questions to ask? Your frankness of heart,  
madam,

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madam, intitles 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

I have looked for the passage, since, Lucy. He missed several lines.

Now, Charlotte, said Sir Charles, tho' these lines are a palpable accommodation to the future practice of 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 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 thro' 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 knew you had travelled thro' Greece, but dreamt not that you had dwelt long in the fields of *Ar-ca-dy*!— But, one question let me ask you, concerning your friend Beauchamp—We women don't love to be  
 slighted

flighted—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 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 an 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 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 reflexion, 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 of her (as in the present case), sometimes worse, than she deserves. Charlotte has not much reflexion; 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 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 an 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

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 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 an higher opinion than 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 reflexion, and is apt to

“ speak as the humour comes upon her, without  
“ troubling herself about the fit or the unfit.”

*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 fake, or your own, do you hope this, Charlotte?

*Miss Gr.* Let me see—Why for *both* our fakes, I believe.

*Sir Ch.* You'll tell the man, 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

you let me know what you would have me tell him?

*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, tho' 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 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 with pleasure, are an exception—In *your* Letters and behaviour we see what a woman is, and what she ought to be—But I know, as you once told Sir Rowland Meredith, that you have too much greatness of mind, to accept 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 surprise 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 be this as it may, you see, Lucy, that the communicating of my Letters to Lord L. and the two Ladies, and of some of them to their brother, has rivetted the three first in my favour, and done me honour with Sir Charles Grandison.

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 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 slights, 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 within the past conversation. I have been exceedingly diverted with my sister's vivacity: But as the affair is of a very serious nature; as I would  
be

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 XVIII.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

**L**ord 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 arise in the tête-à-tête 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 Danby's 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 cam-  
 ‘ bricks 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 rea-  
 ‘ son, 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 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 re-  
 ‘ ceived 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;

‘ 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 perpetrated by robbers; and the cabinets in the bed-chamber, if there were time for it, after the horrid fact was perpetrated, were to be broken 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 apiece paid them in hand. Their unnatural employer waited the event at Calais, tho’ he told them he should be at Dunkirk.

‘ I had one servant with me, who lay with a manservant of Mr. Danby in a little room over the stable, about an hundred yards from the house. There were only conveniences 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 flipt 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 gene-  
‘ rally 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 weltring  
‘ 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.

‘ 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 crept into my room, and in  
‘ a corner

‘ 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 intel-  
‘ ligence 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, re-  
‘ covered 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 attempt another night.’

We were about to deliver our sentiments on this  
extraordinary event, when Sir Charles, turning to  
Lady 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 to  
us, his complexion heightened, and a little discom-  
posed.

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 answer 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, tho' from my sister Harriet.

*Sir Ch.* Who given up, Charlotte? *yourself*? If so, I have my answer.

*Miss Gr.* Or 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 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

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 an 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. Bartlett, 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 displeased; 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,

tience, 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; sollicitude 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 lightly a subject he had engaged in seriously; and that he has been forced to refer to her friend, rather than to herself, to help him to the knowlege of her mind. O Charlotte! regret 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 is he! 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,*

*Harriet.* I will not say another word on the subject. You are not generous, Charlotte.

She took my hand; Forgive me, my dear—I touch'd 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 mix'd 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 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 see-saws 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



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 sha'n't 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-natured 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 harpsichord.—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 morn. seven o'clock.*

I HAVE written for these two days passed 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

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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.

## LETTER XIX.

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 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, tho' 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; my cheeks, as I felt, in a glow.

Let

Let us think of nothing, my Lord, in this company, said he, but what is agreeable.

He enquired 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-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*! and, of course, to his self-consequence!

Thus

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 throbb'd!] 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 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

with a flame now, and not burn her fingers. Lord G. is a worthy, tho' 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

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 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 virtues? 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

ness to her that I intimated, that I never could think of promoting an alliance with a man of his 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, madam, what you mean. Altho' 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, tho' 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 *more* restrain herself, if she marry a man to whom she thinks she has superior talents, than she need to do 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

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 he seems not to value *himself* upon, tho' 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 Colnebrooke ?

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 farther 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 on 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 like 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 civillest terms, to his hopes. My Lord G. will be  
impatient



impatient for my return to town. I shall go with the more pleasure, because of the joy I shall be able to give *him*.

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 sighed; I looked 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 to Dr. Bartlett, who knows the whole  
affair,

affair, and indeed every affair of my life: 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 myself heard it.

## L E T T E R XX.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

I DO not intend, madam, to trouble you with an 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; tho' 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 have corresponded for years with an intimacy that has few examples between a youth and a man in advanced 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 the highest service in the conduct of my life—'What

‘ account shall I give of this to Dr. Bartlett?’ ‘ How, were I to give way to *this* temptation, shall I report it to Dr. Bartlett?’—Or, ‘ Shall I be an 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 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* distinguished, as, for my safety-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, tho’ I scrupled not to avow, when called upon, my own principles. From all these advantages, I was respected beyond my degree.

I should not, madam, have been thus lavish in my own praise, but to account to you for the favour I  
stood

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 apprized, 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 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,

passion, tho' my honour is free, gives torture to my very soul.

I found myself not well—I thought I should have fainted—The apprehension 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 *causlessly* 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 reflexion, 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.

**A**T Bologna, and in the neighbourhood of Urbino, are seated two branches of a noble family, marquises 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. 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 be-

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 repented 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 Lady's 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, tho' I would fain have secured one of them. My servants then seeing my danger, hastened, shouting, towards me. The bravoes (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 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, that disabled him from helping himself, and which I found beyond my skill to do anything with; only endeavouring, with my handkerchief, to stop its bleeding. I helped him into my chaise, stept in with him, and held him up in it, till one of my men told me, they had, in another part of  
the

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 Grandifon! 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 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 coldness 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, tho', 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; tho' he was loth to think he could be wrong in those pursuits in which he was willing to indulge himself.

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

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 knowlege 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, tho' she was not half so often present at the lectures as they were, made a greater proficiency than either of her brothers.

[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 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, tho' 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, of generosity; and who are above reserve, vindictiveness, jealousy, and those other bad passions by which some persons 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 there 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, tho'  
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but by looks, by affiduities, 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 an 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 the same time, the troubles, now so happily appeased, broke out in Scotland: Hardly any thing 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

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 their daughter's absolute refusal of the Count of Belvedere, they confided in me to talk to her in favour of that gentleman. The young Lady and I had a conference upon the subject ; Dr. Bartlett 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 Belvidere, 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, that 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 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, tho’ 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 exceeding chearful: 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 it is surprising, 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 acknowledgements 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:

dilated: I was overjoyed to see such an 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 where-ever 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 Jeronymo 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 a few 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!

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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 braves; 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 was speaking to somebody in the closet.

Her woman stepped 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, tho' 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 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 English woman, and a Protestant; but so very discreet, that her being so, tho' at first they hoped to profelyte her, gives them

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 dear 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 Lady Clementina was as willing to go; there having always been an intimacy between the families; and she (as every-body else) having an 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 Jeronymo supporting 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 acknowledgement, and for the advice of such a prudent friend; and returned to Bologna (Mrs. Beaumont accompanying her) 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. There 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

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 from both 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 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 !

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[He stoop—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, 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 reflexion 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 !—

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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, as they considered the alliance as highly honourable to me (a private, an obscure man, as now they began to call me) *as* derogatory to their own honour. In short, I was allowed, I was *desired*, to depart from Bologna; and not suffered to take my leave of the unhappy Clementina, tho' on her knees she begged to be allowed 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 XXI.

*Miss* BYRON. *In Continuation.*

I WAS *forced* to lay down my pen. I will 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 sooth me.  
I have



I have often, said he, referred you, in my narrative, to Dr. Bartlett. I will beg of him to let you see anything 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 candor, I am sure, I may depend. — Are they not *your* friends? Would to heaven it 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  
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the trouble I see I have given to an 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, 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 own 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 exact, for the indulgence.

They stayed 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; 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, 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; and how tedious did the dinner-time appear! The servants eyes were irksome to me; so were Emily's (dear girl!) glistening as they did, tho' 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

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 choose, then, to live with him, not with me, would you not?—

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 sat 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 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, tho' 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 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 happy. 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 happiness.—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

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 an heart? *Compassion*, Lucy!—The compassion of such an heart—It must be *Love*—And ought it not to be so 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 reflexions, will never give me lasting disturbance!

DR. Bartlett has desired me to let him know what the particular passages are, of which I more immediately

diately wish to be informed, for our better understanding the unhappy Clementina's story, and 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 Jeronimo: 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 over-heard.

The conference he was desired to hold with her, on her being first seized with melancholy.

Whether her particularly cheerful behaviour, on his departure from Bologna, is any-where 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 reception 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 farther suspense. I cannot bear it!

Adieu,

Let. 22. Sir Charles Grandison. 199

Adieu, Lucy! Lengthening my Letter would be only dwelling longer (for I know not how to change my subject) on weaknesses and follies that have already given you *too much* pain for

Your HARRIET BYRON.

## LETTER XXII.

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation.*

*Colnebrooke, Monday, Mar. 27.*

DR. Bartlett, seeing our impatience, asked leave to take the assistance of his nephew in transcribing from Sir Charles's Letters the passages that will enable him to perform the task he has so kindly undertaken. By this means, he has already presented us with the following transcripts. We have eagerly perused them. When *you* have done so, be pleased to hasten them up, that my cousin Reeves's may have the same opportunity. *They* are so good as to give cheerfully the preference to the venerable circle, as my cousin, who dined with us yesterday, bid me tell you. O my Lucy! what a glorious young man is Sir Charles Grandison! But he had the happiness of a Dr. Bartlett, as he is fond of owning, to improve upon a foundation that was so nobly laid, by the best and wisest of mothers.

*Dr. Bartlett's first Letter.*

MY task, my good Miss Byron, will be easy, by the assistance you have allowed me: For what is it, but to transcribe parts of Sir Charles's Letters, adding a few lines here and there, by way of connexion? And I am delighted with it, as it will make known the heart of my beloved patron in all the lights which the most interesting circumstances can throw upon it, to so many worthy persons as are permitted a share in this confidence.

The first of your commands runs thus—



*I should imagine, say you, that the debates Sir Charles mentions, between himself and Signor Jeronymo, and his companions, at their first acquaintance, must be not only curious, but edifying.*

They are, my good Miss Byron: But as I presume that you Ladies are more intent upon being obeyed in the *other* articles [See, Lucy, I had better not have dissembled!] I will only at present transcribe for you, with some short connexions, two Letters; by which you will see how generously Mr. Grandison sought to recover his friend to the paths of virtue and honour, when he had formed schemes, in conjunction with, and by the instigation of, other gay young men of rank, to draw him in to be a partaker in their guilt, and an abettor of their enterprizes.

You will judge from these Letters, madam (without shocking you by the recital) what were the common-place pleas of those libertines, despisers of marriage, of the laws of society, and of WOMEN; but as they were subservient to their pleasures.

*To the Barone della Porretta.*

**W**ILL my Jeronymo allow his friend, his Grandison, the liberty he is going to take with him? If the friendship he professes for him be such a one, as a great mind can, on reflexion, glory in, he *will*. And what is this liberty, but such as constitutes the essence of true friendship? Allow me, on this occasion, to say, that your Grandison has seen more of the world than most men, who have lived no longer in it, have had an opportunity to see. I was sent abroad for improvement, under the care of a man who proved to be the most intriguing and profligate of those to whom a youth was ever entrusted. I saw in *him*, the inconvenience, the odiousness, of libertinism; and, by the assistance of an excellent monitor, with whom  
I hap-

I happily became acquainted, and (would it not be false shame, and cowardice, if I did not say) by the Divine assistance, I escaped snares that were laid to corrupt my morals: Hence my dearest friend will the more readily allow me to impart to him some of the lessons that were of so much use to myself.

I am the rather encouraged to take this liberty, as I have often flattered myself, that I have seen my *Jeronymo* affected by the arguments urged in the course of the conversations that have been held in our select meetings at Padua, and at Rome; in which the cause of virtue and true honour has been discussed and pleaded.

I have now no hopes of influencing any one of the noble youths, whom, at your request, I have of late so often met: But of *you* I still have hopes, because you continue to declare, that you prefer my friendship to theirs. You think that I was disgusted at the ridicule with which they generally treated the arguments they could not answer: But, as far as I innocently could, I followed them in their levity. I returned raillery for ridicule, and not always, as you know, unsuccessfully; but still they renewed the charge, and we had the same arguments one day to refute, that the preceding were given up. They could not convince me, nor I them.

I quit therefore (yet not without regret) the society I cannot meet with pleasure: But let not my *Jeronymo* renounce me. In *his* opinion I had the honour to stand high, before I was prevailed upon to be introduced to them; we cultivated, with mutual pleasure, each other's acquaintance, independent of this association. Let us be to each other, what we were for the first month of our intimacy. You have noble qualities; but are diffident, and too often suffer yourself to be influenced by men of talents inferior to your own.

The ridicule they have aimed at, has weakened, perhaps, the force of the arguments that I wished to

have a more than temporary effect on your heart. Permit me to remind you on paper, of some of them, and urge to you others: The end I have in view is your good, in hopes to confirm, by the efficacy they may have on you, my own principles: Nor think me too serious. The occasion, the call that true friendship makes upon you, is weighty.

You have shewed me Letters from your noble father, from your mother, from the pious prelate your brother, and others from your uncle, and still, if possible, more admirable ones, from your sister—All filled with concern for your present and future welfare! How dearly is my Jeronymo beloved by his whole family! and by *such* a family! And how tenderly does he love them all—What ought to be the result? Jeronymo cannot be ungrateful. He knows so well what belongs to the character of a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, that I will not attempt to enforce *their* arguments upon him.

By the endeavours of my friend to find excuses for some of the liberties in which he allows himself, I infer, that if he thought them criminal, he has too much honour to be guilty of them. He cannot say, with the mad Medea,

—*Vide meliora proboque,  
Deteriora sequor.*—

No! His judgment must be misled, before he can *allow* himself in a deviation. But let him beware; for has not every faulty inclination something to plead in its own behalf?—Excuses, my dear friend, are more than tacit confessions: And the health of the mind, as of the body, is impaired by almost imperceptible degrees.

My Jeronymo has pleaded, and justly may he boast of, a disposition to benevolence, charity, generosity—What pity, that he cannot be still more perfect!—that he resolves not against meditated injuries to others of his fellow-creatures! But remember, my

Lord, that true goodness is an uniform thing, and will alike influence every part of a man's conduct; and that true generosity will not be confined to obligations, either written or verbal.

Besides, who, tho' in the least guilty instance, and where some false virtue may offer colours to palliate an excess, can promise himself to stop, when once he has thrown the reins on the neck of lawless appetite? And may I not add, that my Jeronymo is not in his own power? He suffers himself to be a led man!—O that he would choose his company anew, and be a leader! Every virtue, then, that warms his heart, would have a sister-virtue to encourage the noble flame, instead of a vice to damp it.

Justly do you boast of the nobility of your descent; of the excellence of every branch of your family. Bear with my question, my Lord; Are you determined to sit down satisfied with the honour of your ancestors? Your progenitors, and every one of your family, have given you reason to applaud their worthiness: Will you not give them cause to boast of yours?

In answer to the earnest entreaties of all your friends, that you will marry, you have said, that, were women angels, you would with joy enter into the state—But what ought the *men* to be, who form upon women such expectations?

Can you, my dear Lord, despise matrimony, yet hold it to be a sacrament? Can you, defying the maxims of your family, and wishing to have the Sister I have heard you mention with such high delight and admiration, strengthen your family-interest in the female line, determine against adding to its strength in the male?

You have suffered yourself to speak with contempt of the generality of the Italian women, for their illiterateness: Let not their misfortune be imputed to them, my noble friend, as their fault. They have the

same natural genius's that used to distinguish the men and women of your happy climate. Let not the want of cultivation induce you, a learned man, to hold them cheap. The cause of virtue, and of the sex, can hardly be separated.

But, O my friend, my Jeronymo, have I not too much reason to fear, that guilty attachments have been the cause of your slighting a legal one?—That you are studying for pretences to justify the way of life into which you have fallen?

Let us consider the objects of your pursuit—Alas! there have been more than one! Are they women seduced from the path of virtue by himself?—Who otherwise perhaps would have married, and made useful members of society?—Consider, my friend, what a capital crime is a seduction of this kind!—Can you glory in the virtue of a sister of your own, and allow yourself in attempts upon the daughter, the sister, of another? And, let me ask, How can that crime be thought pardonable in a man, which renders a woman infamous?

A good heart, a delicate mind, cannot associate with a corrupt one. What tie can bind a woman, who has parted with her honour? What, in such a guilty attachment, must be a man's alternative, but either to be the tyrant of a wretch who has given him reason to despise her, or the dupe of one who despises him?

It is the important lesson of life (allow me to be serious on a subject *so* serious) in this union of soul and body, to restrain the unruly appetites of the latter, and to improve the faculties of the former—Can this end be attained by licentious indulgences, and profligate associations?

Men, in the pride of their hearts, are apt to suppose, that nature has designed them to be superior to women. The highest proof that can be given, of such superiority, is, in the protection afforded by the stronger

stronger to the weaker. What can that man say for himself, or for his proud pretension, who employs all his arts to seduce, betray, and ruin the creature whom he should guide and protect—Sedulous to save her, perhaps, from every foe, but the devil and himself!

It is unworthy of a man of spirit to be solicitous to keep himself within the boundaries of human laws, on *no other* motive than to avoid the temporal inconveniencies attending the breach of them. The laws were not made so much for the direction of good men, as to circumscribe the bad. Would a man of honour wish to be considered as one of the latter, rather than as one of those who would have distinguished the fit from the unfit, had they *not* been discriminated by human sanctions? Men are to approve themselves at an higher tribunal than at that of men.

Shall not public spirit, virtue, and a sense of duty, have as much influence on a manly heart, as a new face? How contemptibly low is that commerce in which *mind* has no share!

Virtuous love, my dear Jeronimo, looks beyond this temporary scene; while guilty attachments usually find a much earlier period than that of human life. Inconstancy, on one side or the other, seldom fails to put a disgraceful end to them. But were they to endure for *life*, what can the reflexions upon them do towards softening the agonies of the inevitable hour?

Remember, my Jeronimo, that you are a MAN, a rational and immortal agent; and act up to the dignity of your nature. Can sensual pleasure be the great end of an immortal spirit in this life?

That pleasure cannot be lasting, and it must be followed by remorse, which is obtained either by doing injustice to, or degrading, a fellow-creature. And does not a woman, when she forfeits her honour, degrade herself, not only in the sight of the world, but in the secret thoughts of even a profligate lover, destroying her own consequence with him?

Build not, my noble friend, upon penances and absolutions: I enter not into those subjects on which we differ as Catholics and Protestants: But if we would be thought men of true greatness of mind, let us endeavour so to act, as not, in essential articles, and with our eyes open, either to want absolution, or incur penances. Surely, my Lord, it is nobler not to offend, than to be obliged to atone.

Are there not, let me ask, innocent delights enow to fill with joy every vacant hour? Believe me, Jeronymo, there are. Let you and me seek for such, and make them the cement of our friendship.

Religion out of the question, consider, what morals and good policy will oblige you to do, as a man born to act a part in public life. What, were the examples set by you and your acquaintance, to be generally followed, would become of public order and decorum? What of national honours? How will a regular succession in families be kept up? You, my Lord, boast of your descent, both by father's and mother's side; Why will you deprive *your* children of a distinction in which *you* glory?

Good children, what a blessing to their parents! But what comfort can the parent have in children born into the world heirs of disgrace, and who, owing their very being to profligate principles, have no family honour to support, no fair example to imitate, but must be warned by their father, when bitter experience has convinced him of his errors, to avoid the paths in which *he* has trod?

How delightful the domestic connexion! To bring to the paternal and fraternal dwellings, a sister, a daughter, that shall be received there with tender love; to strengthen your own interest in the world by alliance with some noble and worthy family, who shall rejoice to trust to the Barone della Porretta the darling of their hopes—This would, to a generous heart, like yours, be the source of infinite delights.

But

But could you now think of introducing to the friends you revere, the unhappy objects of a vagrant affection? Must not my Jeronimo even estrange himself from his home, to conceal from his father, from his mother, from his sister, persons shut out by all the laws of honour from their society? The persons, so shut out, must hate the family to whose *interests* theirs are so contrary. What sincere union then, what sameness of affection, between Jeronimo and the objects of his passion?

But the present hour dances delightfully away, and my friend will not look beyond it. His gay companions applaud and compliment him on his triumphs. In general, perhaps, he allows, 'that the welfare and order of society ought to be maintained by submission to Divine and human laws; but *his* single exception for himself can be of no importance.' Of what, then, is *general* practice made up? If every one excepts himself, and offends in the instance that best suits his inclination, what a scene of horror will this world become! Affluence and a gay disposition tempt to licentious pleasures; penury and a gloomy one to robbery, revenge, and murder. Not one enormity will be without its plea, if once the boundaries of duty are thrown down. But, even in this universal depravity, would not *his* crime be much worse, who robbed me of my child from *riot* and *licentiousness*, and under a guise of love and trust, than *his* who despoiled me of my substance, and had *necessity* to plead in extenuation of his guilt?

I cannot doubt, my dear friend, but you will take, at *least*, kindly, these expostulations, tho' some of them are upon subjects on which our conversations have been hitherto ineffectual. I submit them to your consideration. I can have no interest in making them, nor motive, but what proceeds from that true friendship with which I desire to be thought

Most affectionately Yours.

Your



You have heard, my good Miss Byron, that the friendship between Mr. Grandison and Signor Jeronimo was twice broken off: Once it was, by the unkindly-taken freedom of the expostulatory Letter. Jeronimo, at that time of his life, ill brooked opposition in any pursuit his heart was engaged in. When pushed, he was vehement; and Mr. Grandison could not be over-solicitous to keep up a friendship with a young man who was under the dominion of his dissolute companions; and who would not allow of remonstrances, in cases that concerned his morals.

Jeronimo, having afterwards been drawn into great inconveniencies by his libertine friends, broke with them; and Mr. Grandison and he meeting by accident at Padua, their friendship, at the pressing instances of Jeronimo, was again renewed.

Jeronimo thought himself reformed; Mr. Grandison hoped he was: But, soon after, a temptation fell in his way, which he could not resist. It was from a Lady who was more noted for her birth, beauty, and fortune, than for her virtue. She had spread her snares for Mr. Grandison before Jeronimo became acquainted with her; and revenge for her slighted advances taking possession of her heart, she hoped an opportunity would be afforded her of wreaking it upon him.

The occasion was given by the following Letter, which Mr. Grandison thought himself obliged, in honour, to write to his friend, on his attachment; the one being then at Padua, the other at Cremona:

**I** AM extremely concerned, my dear Jeronimo, at your new engagement with a Lady, who, tho' of family and fortune, has shewn but little regard to her character. How frail are the resolutions of men! How much in the power of women! But I will not recriminate—Yet I cannot but regret, that I must lose your company in our projected visits to the German courts:

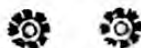
courts: This, however, more for your sake than my own; since to the principal of them I am no stranger. You have excused yourself to me; I wish you had a better motive: But I write rather to warn, than to upbraid you. This Lady is mistress of all the arts of woman. She may glory in *her* conquest; you ought not to be proud of *yours*. You *will not*, when you know her better. I have had a singular opportunity of being acquainted with her character. I never judged of characters, of womens especially, by *report*. Had the Barone della Porretta been the first for whom this Lady spread her blandishments, a man so amiable as he is, might the more assuredly have depended on the love she professes for him. She has two admirers, men of violence, who, unknown to each other, have equal reason to look upon her as their own. You propose not to marry her. I am silent on this subject. Would to heaven you *were* married to a woman of virtue! Why will you not oblige all your friends? Thus liable as you are—But neither do I expostulate. Well do I know the vehemence with which you are wont to pursue a new adventure. Yet I *had* hoped—But again I restrain myself. Only let me add, that the man who shall boast of his success with this Lady, may have more to apprehend from the competition in which he will find himself engaged, than he can be aware of. Be prudent, my Jeronymo, in this pursuit, for your own sake. The heart that dictates this advice is wholly yours: But, alas! it boasts no further interest in that of its Jeronymo. With infinite regret I subscribe to the latter part of the sentence the once better-regarded name of

GRANDISON.

And what was the consequence? The unhappy youth, by the instigation of the revengeful woman, defied his friend, in her behalf. Mr. Grandison, with a noble disdain, appealed to Jeronymo's cooler deliberation;

beration; and told him, that he never would meet, as a foe, the man he had ever been desirous to consider as his friend. You know, my Lord, said he, that I am under a disadvantage in having once been obliged to assert myself, in a country where I have no natural connexions; and where you, Jeronymo, have many. If we meet again, I do assure you, it must be by accident; and if that happens, we shall *then* find it time enough to discuss the occasion of our present misunderstanding.

Their next meeting was indeed by accident. It was in the Cremonese; when Mr. Grandison saved his life.



AND now, madam, let me give you, in obedience to your second command,

*The particulars of the conference which Sir Charles was put upon holding with Clementina, in favour of the Count of Belvedere; and which her father and mother, unknown to either of them, over-heard.*

You must suppose them seated; a Milton's Paradise Lost before them: And that, at this time, Mr. Grandison did not presume that the young Lady had any particular regard for him.

*Clementina.* You have taught the prelate, and you have taught the soldier, to be in love with your Milton, Sir: But I shall never admire him, I doubt. Don't you reckon the language hard and crabbed?

*Grandison.* I did not propose him to you, madam: Your brother chose him. We should not have made the proficiency we have, had I not begun with you by easier authors. But you have heard me often call him a sublime poet, and your ambition (it is a laudable one) leads you to make him your own too soon. Has not your tutor taken the liberty to chide you for your impatience; for your desire of being every-thing at once?

*Clem.*

*Clem.* You have; and I own my fault.—But to have done, for the present, with Milton; What shall I do to acquit myself of the addresses of this Count of Belvedere?

*Gr.* Why would you acquit yourself of the Count's addresses?

*Clem.* He is not the man I can like: I have told my papa as much, and he is angry with me.

*Gr.* I think, madam, your papa may be a little displeas'd with you; tho' he loves you too tenderly to be angry with you. You reject the Count, without assigning a reason.

*Clem.* Is it not reason enough, that I don't like him?

*Gr.* Give me leave to say, that the Count is an handsome man. He is young; gallant; sensible; of a family antient and noble; a grace to it. He is learned, good-natured: He adores you—

*Clem.* And so let him, if he will: I never can like him.

*Gr.* Dear Lady! You must not be capricious. You will give the most indulgent parents in the world apprehension that you have cast your thoughts on some other object. Young Ladies, except in a case of prepossession, do not often reject a person who has so many great and good qualities as shine in this gentleman; and where equality of degree, and a father's and mother's high approbation, add to his merit.

*Clem.* I suppose you have been spoken to, to talk with me on this subject—It is a subject I don't like.

*Gr.* You began it, Madam.

*Clem.* I did so; because it is uppermost with me. I am griev'd at my heart, that I cannot see the Count with my father's eyes: My father deserves from me every instance of duty, and love, and veneration; but I cannot think of the Count of Belvedere for an husband.

*Gr.* One reason, madam? One objection?

*Clem.* He is a man, that is not to my mind: A  
fawning,

fawning, cringing man, I think.—And a spirit that can fawn and cringe, and kneel, will be a tyrant in power.

*Gr.* Dear madam, To whom is he this obsequious man, but to you?—Is there a man in the world that behaves with a more proper dignity to every one else? Nay, to *you*, the Lover shines out in him, but the Man is not forgot. Is the tenderness of well-placed Love, the veneration paid to a deservedly beloved object, any derogation to the manly character? Far from it; and shall you think the less of your Lover, for being the most ardent, and, I have no knowledge in man, if he is not the most sincere, of men?

*Clem.* An excellent advocate!—I am sure you have been spoken to—Have you not? Tell me truly? Perhaps by the Count of Belvedere?

*Gr.* I should not think, and, of consequence, not speak, so highly as I do, of the Count, if he were capable of asking any man, your father and brothers excepted, to plead his cause with you.

*Clem.* I can't bear to be chidden, Chevalier. Now *you* are going to be angry with me too. But has not my mamma spoken to you? Tell me?

*Gr.* Dear Lady, consider, if she *had*, what you owe to a mamma, who deserving, for her tenderness to her child, the utmost observance and duty, would condescend to put her authority into a mediation. And yet, let me declare, that no person breathing should make me say what I do not think, whether in favour or disfavour of any man.

*Clem.* That is no answer. I owe implicit, yes, I will say implicit, duty to my mamma, for her indulgence to me: But what you have said is no direct answer.

*Gr.* For the honour of that indulgence, madam, I own to you, that your mamma, and my Lord too, have wished that their Clementina could or would give one substantial reason why she cannot like the  
Count

Count of Belvedere; that they might prepare themselves to acquiesce with it, and the Count be induced to submit to his evil destiny.

*Clem.* And they have wished this to *you*, Sir? And you have taken upon you to answer their wishes—I protest, you are a man of prodigious consequence, with us all; and by your readiness to take up the cause of a man you have so *lately* known, you seem to know it, too well.

*Gr.* I am sorry I have incurred your displeasure, madam.

*Clem.* You have. I *never* was more angry with you, than I now am.

*Gr.* I hope you never was angry with me *before*. I never gave you reason. And if I have now, I beg your pardon.

I arose to go.

*Clem.* Very humble, Sir!—And are for going before you have it. Now call me *capricious*, again!

*Gr.* I did not know that you could be so easily displeas'd, madam.

She wept.

*Clem.* I am a very weak creature: I believe I am wrong: But I never knew what it was to give offence to any-body till within these few months. I love my father, I love my mother, beyond my own life; and to think that now, when I wish most for the continuance of their goodness to me, I am in danger of forfeiting it!—I can't bear it!—Do *you* forgive me, however. I believe I have been too petulant to you. Your behaviour is noble, frank, disinterested. It has been a happiness that we have known you. You are every-body's friend. But yet I think it is a little officious in you to plead so *very* warmly for a man of whom you know so little; and when I told you, more than once, I could not like him.

*Gr.* Honoured as I am, by your whole family, with the appellation of a fourth son, a fourth brother;  
dear

dear madam, was I to blame to act up to the character? I know my own heart; and if I have consequence given me, I will act so, as to deserve it; at least, my own heart shall give it to me.

*Clem.* Well, Sir, you may be right: I am sure you *mean* to be right. But as it would be a diminution of the *Count's* dignity, to apply to you for a supposed interest in you, which *he* cannot have, it would be much *more* so, to have you interfere where a father, mother, and other brothers [You see, Sir, I allow your claim of fourth brotherhood] are supposed to have less weight: So no more of the Count of Belvedere, I beseech you, from your mouth.

*Gr.* One word more, only—Don't let the goodness of your father and mother be construed to the disadvantage of the parental character in them. They have not been positive: They have given their wishes, rather than their commands. Their tenderness for you, in a point so *very* tender, has made them unable to tell their own wishes to you, for fear they should not meet with yours; yet would be, perhaps, glad to hear one solid objection to their proposal—And why? That they might admit of it—Impute, therefore, to my officiousness, what you please; and yet I would not wish to disoblige or offend you; but let their indulgence, they never will use their authority, have its full merit with you.

*Clem.* Your servant, Sir. I never yet had a slight notion of their indulgence; and I hope I never shall. If you *will* go, go: But, Sir, next time I am favoured with your lectures, it shall be upon Languages, if you please; and not upon Lovers.

I withdrew, profoundly bowing. But surely, thought I, the lovely Clementina is capricious.

Thus far my patron.

Let me add, That the Marchioness having acquainted Mr. Grandison, that her Lord and she had heard every word that had passed, expressed her displeasure

at her daughter's petulance ; and, thanking him in her Lord's name, as well as for herself, for the generous part he had taken, told him, that Clementina should ask his pardon.

He begged that, for the sake of their own weight with her on the same subject, she might not know that they had heard what had passed.

I believe that's best, Chevalier, answered the Marchioness ; and I am apt to think, that the poor girl will be more ready than perhaps one would wish, to make up with you, were she to find you offended with her in earnest ; as you have reason to be, as a *disinterested* man.

You see, Chevalier, I know to whom I am speaking ; but both my Lord, and self, hope to see her of another mind ; and that she will soon be Countess of Belvedere. My Lord's heart is in this alliance ; so is that of my son Giacomo.

I come now, madam, to your third command ; which is, To give you,

*The conference which Sir Charles was put upon holding with the unhappy Clementina, on her being seized with melancholy.*

[Mr. Grandison still not presuming on any particular favour from Clementina.]

The young Lady was walking in one alley of the garden ; Mr. Grandison, and the Marquis and Marchioness, in another. She was attended by her women, who walked behind her ; and with whom she was displeas'd for endeavouring to divert her ; but who, however, seem'd to be talking on, tho' without being answer'd.

The dear creature ! said the Marquis, tears in his eyes,—See her there, now walking slow, now with quicker steps, as if she would shake off her Camilla. She hates the poor woman for her love to her : But who is it that she sees with pleasure ? Did I think that I should ever behold the pride of my heart, with the



pain that I now feel for her? Yet she is lovely in my eye, in all she does, in all she says—But, O my dear Grandison, we cannot now make her speak, more than Yes, or No. We cannot engage her in a conversation, no not on the subject of her newly-acquired language. See if you can, on *any* subject.

Ay, Chevalier, said the Marchioness, do you try to engage her. We have told her, that we will not talk of marriage to her at all, till she is herself inclined to receive proposals. Her weeping eyes thank us for our indulgence: She prays for us with lifted-up hands: She courtesies her thanks, if she stands before us: She bows, in acknowledged gratitude for our goodness to her, if she sits; but she cares not to speak. She is not easy while we are talking to her. See! she is stepping into the Greek temple; her poor woman, unanswered, talking to her. She has not seen us. By that winding walk we can, unseen, place ourselves in the myrtle-grove, and hear what passes.

The Marchioness, as we walked, hinted, that in their last visit to the General at Naples, there was a Count Marulli, a young nobleman of merit, but a soldier of fortune, who would have clandestinely obtained the attention of their Clementina. They knew nothing of it till last night, she said; when herself and Camilla, puzzling to what to attribute the sudden melancholy turn of her daughter, and Camilla mentioning what was *unlikely*, as well as likely; told her, that the Count would have bribed her to deliver a Letter to the young Lady; but that she repulsed him with indignation: He besought her then to take no notice of his offer, to the General, on whom all his fortunes depended. She did not, for that reason, to any-body; but, a few days since, she heard her young Lady (talking of the gentlemen she had seen at Naples) mention the young Count favourably—Now it is impossible there can be any-thing in it, said the Marchioness: But do you, however, Chevalier, lead to the subject of  
Love,

Love, but at distance; nor name Marulli, because she will think you have been talking with Camilla: The dear girl has pride: She would not endure you, if she thought you imagined her to be in Love, especially with a man of inferior degree, or dependent fortunes. But on your prudence we wholly rely; mention it, or not, as matters fall in.

There can be no room for this surmise, my dear, said the Marquis; and yet Marulli was lately in Bologna: But Clementina's spirit will not permit her to encourage a clandestine address.

By this time we had got to the myrtle-grove, behind the temple, and over-heard them talk, as follows:

*Camilla.* And why, why must I leave you, madam?—From infancy you know how I have loved you. You used to love to hold converse with your Camilla. How have I offended you? I will not enter this temple till you give me leave; but indeed, indeed, I must not, I cannot leave you.

*Clem.* Officious Love!—Can there be a greater torment than an officious prating Love!—If you loved me, you would wish to oblige me.

*Cam.* I will oblige you, my dear young Lady, in every-thing I can—

*Clem.* Then leave me, Camilla. I am *best* when I am alone: I am *chearfullest* when I am alone. You haunt me, Camilla; like a ghost you haunt me, Camilla. Indeed you are but the ghost of my once obliging Camilla.

*Cam.* My dearest young Lady, let me beseech you—

*Clem.* Ay, now you come with your *beseeches* again: But if you love me, Camilla, leave me. Am I not to be trussed with myself? Were I a vile young creature, that was suspected to be running away with some base-born man, you could not be more watchful of my steps.

Camilla would have entered into farther talk with her; but she absolutely forbid her.

Talk till dooms-day, I will not say one word more to you, Camilla. I will be silent. I will stop my ears.

They were both silent. Camilla seemed to weep.

Now, my dear Chevalier, whispered the Marquis, put yourself in her sight; engage her into talk about England, or any-thing: You will have an hour good before dinner. I hope she will be chearful at table: She *must* be present; our guests will enquire after her. Reports have gone out, as if her head is hurt.

I am afraid, my Lord, that this is an unseasonable moment. She seems to be out of humour; and, pardon me if I say, that Camilla, good woman as she is, and well-meaning, had better give way to her young Lady's humour, at such times.

Then, said the Marchioness, will her malady get head; then will it become habit. But my Lord and I will remain where we are, for a few minutes, and do you try to engage her in conversation. I would have her be chearful before the Patriarch; however; he will expect to see her. She is as much his delight, as she is ours.

I took a little turn; and entering the walk, which led to the temple, appeared in her sight; but bowed, on seeing her sitting in it. Her woman stood silent, with her handkerchief at her eyes, at the entrance. I quickened my steps, as if I would not break into her retirement, and passed by; but, by means of the winding walk, could hear what she said.

She arose; and stepping forward, looking after me, He is gone, said she. Learn, Camilla, of the Chevalier Grandison—

Shall I call him back, madam?

No. Yes. No. Let him go. I will walk. You may now leave me, Camilla: There is somebody in the garden who will watch me: Or you may stay,

Camilla;

Camilla; I don't care which: Only don't talk to me when I wish you to be silent.

She went into an alley that crossed the alley in which I was, but took the walk that led from me. When we came to the centre of both, and were very near each other, I bowed; she courtesied; but not seeming to encourage my nearer approach, I made a motion, as if I would take another walk. She stopt. Learn of the Chevalier Grandison, Camilla, repeated she.

May I presume, madam? Do I not invade—

Camilla is a little officious to-day: Camilla has teased me. Are the poets of your country as severe upon womens tongues, as the poets of ours?

Poets, madam, of all countries, boast the same inspiration: Poets write, as other men speak, to their *feeling*.

So, Sir!—You make a pretty compliment to us poor women.

Poets have finer imaginations, madam, than other men; they therefore feel quicker: But as they are not often intitled to boast of judgment (for imagination and judgment seldom go together) they may, perhaps, *give* the cause, and then break out into satire upon the effects.

Don't I see before me, in the Orange-grove, my father and mother? I do. I have not kneeled to them to-day. Don't go, Chevalier.

She hastened towards them. They stopt. She bent her knee to each, and received their tender blessings. They led her towards me. You seemed engaged in talk with the Chevalier, my dear, said the Marquis. Your mamma and I were walking in. We leave you.—They did.

The best of parents! said she. O that I were a more worthy child!—Have you not seen them, Sir, *before* to-day?

I have, madam. They think you the worthiest of daughters; but they lament your thoughtful turn.

They are very good. I am grieved to give them trouble. Have they expressed their concern to you, Sir?—I will not be so petulant as I was once before, provided you keep clear of the same subject. You are the confident of us all; and your noble and disinterested behaviour deservedly endears you to everybody.

They have been, this very morning, lamenting the melancholy turn you seem to have taken. With *tears* they have been lamenting it.

Camilla, you may draw near: You will hear your own cause supported. The rather draw near, and hear all the Chevalier seems to be going to say; because it may save you and me too a great deal of trouble.

Madam, I have done, said I.

But you must *not* have done. If you are commissioned, Sir, by my father and mother, I am, I *ought* to be, prepared to hear all you have to say.

Camilla came up.

My dearest young Lady, said I, What can I say? My wishes for your happiness may make me appear importunate: But what hope have I of obtaining your confidence, when your mother fails?

What, Sir, is aimed at? What is sought to be obtained? I am not very well: I used to be a very sprightly creature: I used to talk, to sing, to dance, to play; to visit, to receive visits: And I don't like to do any of these things now. I love to be alone: I am contented with my own company. Other company is, at times, irksome to me; and I can't help it.

But whence this sudden turn, madam, in a *Lady* so young, so blooming? Your father, mother, brothers, cannot account for it; and this disturbs them.

I see it does, and am sorry for it.

No other favourite diversion takes place in your  
mind.

mind. You are a young Lady of exemplary piety : You cannot pay a greater observance than you always paid, to the duties of religion.

You, Sir, an Englishman, an heretic, give me leave to call you ; for are you *not* so ? — Do you talk of piety, of religion ?

We will not enter into this subject, madam : What I meant—

Yes, Sir, I know what you meant—And I will own, that I am, at times, a very melancholy strange creature. I know not whence the alteration ; but so it is ; and I am a greater trouble to myself than I can be to any-body else.

But, madam, there must be some cause—And for you to answer the best and most indulgent of mothers with sighs and tears only ; yet no obstinacy, no fullness, no petulance, appearing : All the same sweetness, gentleness, observance, that she ever rejoiced to find in her Clementina, still shining out in her mind. She cannot urge her *silent* daughter ; her tenderness will not permit her to urge her : And how can you, my Sister (Allow of my claim, madam) How can you still silently withdraw from such a mother ? How can you, at other times, suffer *her* to withdraw, her heart full, her eyes running over, unable to stay, yet hardly knowing how to go, because of the *ineffectual* report she must make to your sorrowing father ; yet the cause of this very great alteration (which they dread is growing into habit, at a time of life when you were to crown all their hopes) a Secret fast locked up in your own heart ?

She wept, and turned from me, and leaned upon the arm of her Camilla ; and then quitting her arm, and joining me, How you paint my obstinacy, and my mamma's goodness ! I only wish—With all my soul, I wish—that I was added to the dust of my ancestors. I who was their comfort, I see, now, must be their torment.

Fie, fie, my sister!

Blame me not: I am by no means satisfied with *myself*. What a miserable being must she be, who is at variance with herself?

I do not hope, madam, that you should place so much confidence in your fourth brother as to open your mind to him: All I beg is, that you will relieve the anxious, the apprehensive heart of the best of mothers; and, by so doing, enable her to relieve the equally-anxious heart of the best of fathers.

She paused, stood still, turned away her face, and wept; as if half overcome.

Let your faithful Camilla, madam, be commissioned to acquaint your mamma—

But hold, Sir! (seeming to recollect herself) not so fast—*Open my mind*—What! whether I have anything to reveal, or not?—Insinuating man! You had almost persuaded me to think I had a Secret that lay heavy at my heart: And when I began to look for it, to oblige you, I could not find it. Pray, Sir—She stopt.

And pray, *madam* (taking her hand) Do not think of receding thus—

You are too free, Sir. Yet she withdrew not her hand.

For a brother, madam? Too free for a brother? And I quitted it.

Well, and what farther would my *brother*?

Only to implore, to beseech you, to reveal to your mamma, to your excellent, your indulgent—

Stop, Sir, I beseech you—What! Whether I have any-thing to reveal, or not?—Pray, Sir, *tell* me, *invent* for me, a Secret that is fit for me to own; and then, perhaps, if it will save the trouble of enquiries, I may make, at least, my *four* brothers easy.

I am pleased, however, madam, with your agreeable raillery. Continue but in this temper, and the Secret is revealed: Enquiry will be at an end.

Camilla,

Camilla, here, is continually teasing me with her *persuasions* to be in *Love*, as she calls it: That is the silly thing, in our sex, which gives importance to yours. A young creature cannot be grave, cannot indulge a contemplative humour, but she must be in Love. I should hate myself, were I to put it in the power of any man breathing to give me uneasiness. I hope, Sir, I hope, that you, my *brother*, have not so poor, so low, so mean a thought of me.

It is neither *poor*, nor *low*; it is not *mean*, to be in Love, madam.

What! not with an improper object?

Madam!

What have I said? You want to—But what I have now said, was to introduce what I am going to tell you; that I saw your insinuation, and what it tended to, when you read to me those lines of your Shakespeare; which in your heart, I suppose, you had the *goodness*, or what shall I call it? to apply to me. Let me see if I can repeat them to you in their original English.

With the accent of her country, she very prettily repeated those lines:

— *She never told her love;*  
*But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,*  
*Feed on her damask cheek: She pin'd in thought;*  
*And, with a green and yellow melancholy,*  
*She sat, like Patience on a monument,*  
*Smiling at grief.*—

Now, Chevalier, if you had any design in your pointing to these very pretty lines, I will only say, you are mistaken; and so are all those who affront and afflict me, with attributing my malady to so great a weakness.

I meant not at the *time*, madam—

Nor *now*, I hope, Sir—

Any such application of the lines. How could I?



Your refusal of many Lovers; your declining the proposals of a man of the Count of Belvedere's consequence and merit; tho' approved of by every one of your friends; are convictions—

See, Camilla! interrupting me with quickness, the Chevalier is convinced!—Pray let me have no more of *your* affronting questions and conjectures on this subject. I tell you, Camilla, I would not be in Love for the world, and all its glory.

But, madam, if you will be pleased to assign one cause, to your mamma, for the melancholy turn your lively temper has taken, you will free yourself from a suspicion that gives you pain, as well as displeasure. Perhaps you are grieved, that you cannot comply with your father's views—Perhaps—

*Assign one cause*, again interrupted she—*Assign one cause!*—Why, Sir—I am not well—I am not pleased with myself—as I told you.

If it were any-thing that lay upon your mind, your conscience, madam, your confessor—

Would not make me easy. He is a good, but (*turning aside, and speaking low*) a severe man. Camilla hears not what I say [*Camilla dropt behind*]. He is more afraid of me, in some cases, than he need to be. And why? Because you have almost persuaded me to think charitably of people of different persuasions, by your noble charity for all mankind: Which I think, heretic as you are, forgive me, Sir, carries an appearance of true Christian goodness in it: Tho' Protestants, it seems, will persecute one another; but you would not be one of those, except you are one man in Italy, another in England.

Your mother, madam, will ask, If you have honoured me with any part of your confidence? Her communicative goodness makes her think every-body should be as unreserved as herself. Your father is so good as to *allow* you to explain yourself to me, when he wishes that I could prevail upon you to open your  
mind

mind to me in the character of a fourth brother. My Lord the Bishop—

Yes, yes, Sir, interrupted she, all our family worships you almost. I have myself a very great regard for you, as the fourth brother who has been the deliverer and preserver of my third. But, Sir, who can prevail upon you, in any thing you are determined upon?—Had I any thing upon my heart, I would not tell it to one, who, brought up in error, shuts his eyes against conviction, in an article in which his everlasting good is concerned. Let me call you a Catholic, Sir, and I will not keep a thought of my heart from you. You shall *indeed* be my brother; and I shall free one of the holiest of men from his apprehensions on my conversing with so determined an heretic as he thinks you. Then shall you, *as my brother*, command those Secrets, if any I have, from that heart in which you think them locked up.

*Why* then, madam, will you not declare them to your mamma, to your confessor, to my Lord Bishop?

Did I not say, *If any I have*?

And is your reverend confessor uneasy at the favour of the family to me?—How causeless!—Have I ever, madam, talked with you on the subject of religion?

Well but, Sir, are you so obstinately determined in your errors, that there is no hope of convincing you? I really look upon you, as my papa and mamma first bid me do, as my *fourth* brother: I should be glad that *all* my brothers were of one religion. Will you allow Father Marescotti and Father Geraldino to enter into a conference with you on this subject? And if they answer all your objections, will you act according to your convictions?

I will not, by any means, madam, enter upon this subject.

I have long intended, Sir, to propose this matter to you.

You have often intimated as much, madam, tho'

not so directly as now; but the religion of my country is the religion of my choice. I have a great deal to say for it. It will not be heard with patience by such strict professors as either of those you have named. Were I to be questioned on this subject before the Pope, and the whole Sacred College, I would not prevaricate: But good manners will make me shew respect to the religion of the country I happen to be in, were it the Mahometan, or even the Pagan; and to venerate the good men of it: But I never will enter into debate upon the subject as a traveller, a sojourner; that is a rule with me.

Well, Sir, you are an obstinate man, that's all I will say. I pity you; with all my soul I pity you: You have great and good qualities. As I have sat at table with you, and heard you converse on subjects that every one has in silence admired you for, I have often thought to myself, Surely this man was not designed for perdition!—But begone, Chevalier; leave me. You are an obstinate man. Yours is the *worst* of obstinacy; for you will not give yourself a *chance* for conviction.

We have so far departed from the subject we began upon, that it is proper to obey you, madam. I only beg that my Sister—

Not so far departed from it, perhaps, as you imagine, interrupted she; and turned a blushing cheek from me—But *what* do you beg of your Sister?

That she will rejoice the most indulgent of parents, and the most affectionate of brothers, with a chearful aspect at table, especially before the Patriarch. Do not, madam, in silence—

You find, Sir, I have been talkative enough with you.—Shall we go thro' your Shakespeare's Hamlet to-night?—Farewel, Chevalier. I will try to be chearful at table: But let not your eye, if I am not, reproach me.—She took another walk.

I was loth, my dear Dr. Bartlett, to impute to myself

self the consequence with this amiable Lady, that might but naturally be inferred from the turn which the conversation took ; but I thought it no more than justice to the whole family, to hasten my departure : And when I hinted to Clementina, that I should soon take leave of them, I was rejoiced to find her unconcerned.

This, my good Miss Byron, is what I find in my patron's Letters relating to this conference. He takes notice, that the young Lady behaved herself at table as she was wished to do.

Mr. Grandison was prevailed upon, by the intreaties of the whole family, to suspend his departure for a few days.

The young Lady's melancholy, to the inexpressible affliction of her friends, increased ; yet she behaved with so much greatness of mind, that neither her mother nor her Camilla could persuade themselves that Love was the cause. They sometimes imagined, that the earnestness with which they solicited the interest of the Count of Belvedere with her, had hurried and affected her delicate spirits ; and therefore they were resolved to say little more on that subject till they should see her disposed to lend a more favourable ear to it : And the Count retired to his own palace in Parma, expecting and hoping for such a turn in his favour : For he declared, That it was impossible for him to think of any other woman for a wife.

But Signor Jeronymo doubted not, all this time, of the cause ; and, without letting any-body into his opinion, not even Mr. Grandison, for fear a disappointment would affect him, resolved to make use of every opportunity that should offer, in favour of the man he loved, from a principle of gratitude, that reigned with exemplary force in the breast of every one of this noble family ; a principle which took the former root in their hearts, as the prudence, generosity,

magnanimity, and other great and equally-amiable qualities of Mr. Grandison, appeared every day more and more conspicuous to them all.

I will soon, madam, present you with farther extracts from the Letters in my possession, in pursuance of the articles you have given me in writing. I am not a little proud of my task.

*Continuation of Miss Byron's Letter.*

*Begun p. 199.*

CAN you not, Lucy, gather from the setting-out of this story, and the short account of it given by Sir Charles in the Library-conference, that I shall soon pay my duty to you all in Northamptonshire? I shall, indeed.

Is it not strange, my dear, that a father and mother, and brothers, so jealous as Italians, in general, are said to be, of their women; and so proud as this Bologna family is represented to be of their rank; should all agree to give so fine a man, as this is, in mind, person, and address, such free access to their daughter, a young Lady of Eighteen?

Teach her English!—Very discreet in the father and mother, surely! And to commission him to talk with the poor girl in favour of a man whom they wished her to marry!—Indeed you will say, perhaps, that by the *honourable* expedient they fell upon, unknown to either tutor or pupil, of listening to all that was to pass in the conference, they found a method to prove his integrity; and that, finding it proof, they were justified to prudence in their future confidence.

With all my heart, Lucy: If you will excuse these parents, you may. But I say, that *any* body, tho' *not* of Italy, might have thought such a tutor as this was dangerous to a young Lady; and the more, for being a man of honour and family. In every case, the teacher is the obliger. He is called *master*, you know: And where there is a *master*, a *servant* is implied.

plied. Who is it that seeks not out for a married man, among the common tribe of tutors, whether professing music, dancing, languages, science of any kind? But a tutor such a one as *this*—

Well, but I will leave them to pay the price of their indiscretion.



I AM this moment come from the doctor. I insinuated to him, as artfully as I could, some of the above observations. He reminded me, that the Marchioness herself had her education at Paris; and says, that the manners of the Italians are very much altered of late years; and that the French freedom begins to take place among the people of condition, in a very visible manner, of the Italian reserve. The women of the family of Porretta, particularly, he says, because of their learning, freedom, and conversableness, have been called, by their enemies, Frenchwomen.

But you will see, that honour, and the laws of hospitality, were Mr. Grandison's guard: And I believe a young flame may be easily kept under. But it is a grateful thing, Lucy, to all women, to have a man in Love, whether with ourselves, or not; and the more grateful, perhaps, the less prudent. Yet, *ought* it to be so? Sir Charles Grandison is used to do only what he *ought*. Dr. Bartlett once said, that the life of a good man was a continual warfare with his passions.

You will see, in the second conference between Mr. Grandison and the Lady, upon the melancholy way she was in, how artfully, yet, I must own, honourably, he reminds her of the *brotherly* character which he passes under to her! How officiously he *sisters* her!

Ah, Lucy! your Harriet is his *sister* too, you know! He has been *used* to this dialect, and to check the passions of us forward girls; and yet I have gone on confessing mine to the whole venerable circle, and have almost gloried in it to them. Have not also his  
sisters

sisters detected me? While the noble Clementina, as in that admirable passage cited by her,

—Never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek.—

How do I admire her for her silence! But yet, had she been circumstanced as your Harriet was, would Clementina have been so *very* reserved?

Shall I run a parallel between our two cases?

Clementina's relations were all solicitous for her marrying the Count of Belvedere, a man of unexceptionable character, of family, of fortune; and who is said to be a galant and an handsome man, and who adores her, and is of her own faith and country.

What difficulties had Clementina to contend with! It was *great* in her to endeavour to conquer a Love, that she could not, either in duty, or with her judgment and conscience, acknowledge.

No wonder, then, that so excellent a young Lady suffered *Concealment*,  
like

Harriet's relations were all solicitous, from the first, for an alliance with their child's deliverer. They never had encouraged any man's address; nor had she: And all his nearest and dearest friends were partial to her, and soon grew ardent in her favour.

Harriet, not knowing of any engagement he had, could have no difficulties to contend with; except inferiority of fortune were one. She had therefore no reason to *endeavour* to conquer a passion not ignobly founded; and of which duty, judgment, and conscience, approved.

*Suspense* therefore, only, and not *concealment* (since every one called upon

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*like a worm in the bud,  
to feed on her damask  
cheek.*

upon Harriet to ac-  
knowlege her Love)  
could feed on *her* cheek.

And is not suspense enough to make it pale, tho' it has not yet given it a *green and yellow* cast? O what tortures has suspense given me! But certainty is now taking place.

What a right method, Lucy, did Clementina, so much in earnest in her own persuasion, take, in this second conference, could she have succeeded, in her solicitude for his change of religion!—Could that have been effected, I dare say she would have been less reserved, as to the *cause* of her melancholy; especially as her friends were all as indulgent to her as mine are to me.

But my pity for the noble Clementina begins to take great hold of my heart. I long to have the whole before me.

Adieu, Lucy: If I write *more*, it will be all a recapitulation of the doctor's Letter. I can think of nothing else.

L E T T E R XXIII.

*Miss* BYRON. *In Continuation.*

*Tuesday, Mar. 28.*

**L**ET me now give you a brief account of what we are doing here. Sir Charles so much rejoiced the heart of Lord G. who waited on him the moment he knew he was in town, that he could not defer his attendance on Miss Grandison, till she left Colnebrooke; and got hither by our breakfast-time, this morning.

He met with a very kind reception from Lord and Lady L. and a civil one from Miss Grandison; but she is already beginning to play her tricks with him.

O LUC



O Lucy, where is the sense of parading it with a worthy man, of whose affection we have no reason to doubt, and whose visits we allow?

Silly men in Love, or pretending to be in Love, generally say hyperbolical things, all, in short, that could be said to a creature of superior order (to an angel), because they know not how to say polite, proper, or sensible things. In like manner, from the same defects in understanding, some of us women act as if we thought coyness and modesty the same thing; and others, as if they were sensible, that if they were not insolent, they must drop into the arms of a Lover upon his first question.

But Miss Grandison, in her behaviour to Lord G. is governed by motives of archness, and, I may say, downright roguery of temper. Courtship is play to her. She has a talent for raillery, and in no instance is so successful, yet so improper, as on that subject. She could not spare her brother upon it, tho' she suffered by it.

Yet had she a respect for Lord G. she could not treat him ludicrously. Cannot a witty woman find her own consequence, but by putting a fool's coat on the back of a friend?—Sterling wit, I imagine, requires not a foil to set it off.

She is indeed good-natured; and this is all Lord G. has to depend upon—Saving a little reliance that he may make upon the influence her brother has over her. I told her, just now, that were I Lord G. I would not wish to have her mine, on any consideration. She called me silly creature, and asked me, If it were not one of the truest signs of Love, when men were most fond of the women who were least fit for them, and used them worst? These men, my dear, said she, are very sorry creatures, and know no medium. They will either, spaniel-like, fawn at your feet, or be ready to leap into your lap.

She has charming spirits: I wish I could borrow  
some

some of them. But I tell her, that I would not have a single drachm of those over-lively ones which I see she will *play off* upon Lord G. Yet he will be pleased, at present, with any treatment from her; tho' he wants not feeling, as I can see already—Don't, Charlotte, said I to her, within this half-hour, let him find his own weight in your levity. He admires your wit; but don't let it wound him.

But perhaps she is the sprightlier, in order to give me, and Lord and Lady L. spirits. They are very good to me, and greatly apprehensive of the story, which takes up, in a manner, my whole attention: So is Miss Grandison: And my sweet Emily, as often as she may, comes up to me when I am alone, and hangs upon my arm, my shoulder, and watches, with looks of Love, every turn of my eyes.

I have opened my whole heart to her, for the better guarding of hers; and this history of Clementina affords an excellent lesson for the good girl. She blesses me for the lectures I read her on this subject, and says, that she sees Love is a very subtle thing, and, like water, will work its way into the banks that are set up to confine it, if it be not watched, and dammed out in time.

She pities Clementina; and prettily asked my leave to do so. I think, said she, my *heart* loves her; but not so well as it does you. I long to know what my guardian will do about her. How *good* is it in her father and mother to love her so dearly! Her two elder brothers one cannot dislike; but Jeronymo is my favourite. He is a man worth saving; i'n't he, madam? But I pity her father and mother, as well as Clementina.

Charming young creature! What an excellent heart she has!

Sir Charles is to dine with Sir Hargrave and his friends to-morrow, on the forest, in his way to Grandison-hall. The doctor says, he expects to hear from  
him.

him, when there. What! will he go by this house, and not call in?—With all my heart—We are *only* sisters! Miss Grandison says, she'll be *hanged* (that is her word) if he is not *afraid of me*. Afraid of me! A sign, if he is, he knows not what a poor forward creature I am. But as he seems to be pre-engaged—Well, but I shall soon know every-thing, as to that. But sure he might call in, as he went by.

The doctor says, he longs to know how he approves of the decorations of his church, and of the alterations that are made and making, by his direction, at the Hall. It is a wonder, methinks, that he takes not Dr. Bartlett with him: Upon my word, I think he is a little unaccountable, such sisters as he has. Should *you* like it, Lucy, were he *your* brother? I really think his sisters are too acquiescent.

He has a great taste, the doctor tells us, yet not an expensive one; for he studies situation and convenience; and pretends not to level hills, or to force and distort nature; but to help it, as he finds it, without letting art be seen in his works, where he can possibly avoid it. For he says, He would rather let a stranger be pleased with what he sees, as if it were *always* so; than to obtain comparative praise by informing him what it was in its former situation.

As he is to be a suitor for Lord W. before he returns, he will not, perhaps, be with us, while I am here. He *may* court for others: He has had very little trouble of that sort for himself, I find.

A very disturbing thought is just come into my head: Sir Charles being himself in suspense, as to the catastrophe of this knotty affair, did not intend to let us know it till all was over—As sure as you are alive, Lucy, he had seen my regard for him thro' the thin veil that covered it; and began to be apprehensive (*generously* apprehensive) for the heart of the poor fool; and so has suffered Dr. Bartlett to transcribe the particulars of the story, that they may serve for a check to the over-forward passion of your Harriet.

*This* thought excites my pride; and *that* my contempt of myself: Near borderers, Lucy! What a little creature does it make me, in my own eyes!—O Dr. Bartlett, your kindly-intended transcripts shall cure me: Indeed they shall.

But now this subject is got uppermost again. What, Lucy, can I do with it?

Miss Grandison says, that I shall be with her every day when I go to town: I can have no exception, she says, when her brother is *absent*—Nor when he is *present*, I begin now to think.

Lord help me, my dear; I must be so very careful of my punctilio!—No, thought I, in the true spirit of prudery, I will not go to Sir Charles's house for the world: And why? Because he is a single man; and because I think of something—that he perhaps has no notion of. But now I may go and visit his sister without scruple, may I not? For he perhaps thinks only of his Clementina—And is not this a charming difficulty got over, Lucy?—But, as I said, I will *soon* be with you.

I told Miss Grandison that I *would*, just now—Lovers, said she, are the weakest people in the world; and people of punctilio the most *un-punctilious*—You have not talked till *now* of going in such a hurry. Would you have it thought that you stayed in town for a *particular* reason? and, when that ceased, valued nobody else? She held up her finger—Consider! said she!

There is something in this, Lucy. Yet what *can* I do?

But Dr. Bartlett says, he shall soon give me another Letter.

*Farewel, my Dear.*

## LETTER XXIV.

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation.*

*Wednesday, Mar. 29.*

SIR Charles came hither this morning, time enough to breakfast with us.

Lady L. is not an early riser. I am sure this brother of hers is: So is Miss Grandison. If I say I *am*, my Lucy, I will not allow you to call it boasting, because you will, by so calling it, acknowledge Early rising to be a virtue; and if you thought it such, I am sure you would distinguish it by your practice. Forgive me, my dear: This is the only point in which you and I have differed—And why have I in the main so patiently suffered this difference, and not tried to tease you out of it? Because my Lucy always *so well* employs her time when she is *alive*. But would not one the more wish that well-employed life to be made as long as possible?

I endeavoured to be very chearful at breakfast; but I believe my behaviour was aukward, and affected. After Sir Charles was gone, on my putting the question to the two sisters, Whether it was not so? they acquitted me—Yet my heart, when in his company, laboured with a sense of constraint.

My pride made me want to find out pity for me in his looks and behaviour, on purpose to quarrel with him in my mind; for I could not get out of my head that degrading surmise, that he had permitted Dr. Bartlett to hasten to me the history of Clementina, in order *generously* to check any hopes that I might entertain, before they had too strongly taken hold of my foolish heart.

But nothing of this was discoverable. Respect, tender respect, appeared, as the Ladies afterwards took notice,

notice, in every word, when he address'd himself to me; in every look that he cast upon me.

He studiously avoided speaking of the Bologna family. We were not indeed any of us fond of leading to the subject.

I am sure, I pitied *him*.

Pity, my dear, is a softer passion, I dare say, in the bosom of a woman, than in that of a man. There *is*, there *must be*, I should fancy, more generosity, more tenderness, in the pity of the one, than in that of the other. In a man's pity (I write in the first case from my own sensibilities, in the other from my apprehensions) there is, too probably, a mixture of insult or contempt. Unhappy, indeed, must the woman be, who has drawn upon her the *helpless* pity of the man she loves!

The Ladies and Lord L. will have it, that Sir Charles's *Love*, however, is not so much engaged for Clementina as his *Compassion*. They are my sincere friends: They see that I am pretty delicate in my notions of a first Love; and they generously endeavour to inculcate this distinction upon me: But to what purpose, when we evidently see, from what we already know of this story, that his engagements, be the motive what it will, are of such a nature, that they cannot be dispensed with while this Lady's destiny is undetermined?

Poor Lady Clementina! From my heart I pity her: And tenderness, I am sure, is the sole motive of my compassion for this fair Unfortunate.

Sir Charles set out, immediately after breakfast, for Sir Hargrave's. He will dine with him, and intends to pass the evening with Lord W. We shall all go to town to-morrow.



WITH this I send the doctor's second packet. O my dear! What a noble young Lady is Clementina! What a purity is there in her passion! A Letter of  
Mrs.

Mrs. Beaumont (Mrs. Beaumont herself an excellent woman) will shew you, that Clementina deserves every good wish. Such a noble struggle did I never hear of, between Religion and Love. O Lucy! you will be delighted with Clementina: You will even, for a while, forget your Harriet; or, if you are just, will think of her but next after Clementina! Never did a young Lady do more honour to her sex, than is done it by Clementina! A flame, the most vehement, suppressed from motives of piety, till, poor Lady! it has devoured her intellects!

Read the Letter, and be lost, as I was, for half an hour after I had read it, in silent admiration of her fortitude! O my dear! she *must* be rewarded with a Sir Charles Grandison! My reason, my justice, compels from me my vote in her favour.

My Lord L. and the two Ladies admire her as much as I do. They look at me with eyes of tender concern. They say little. What *can* they say?—But they kindly applaud me for my unfeigned admiration of this extraordinary young Lady. But where is *my* merit? Who can forbear admiring her?

*Dr. Bartlett's second Letter.*

**Y**OUR fourth enquiry, madam, is,

*Whether the particularly chearful behaviour of the young Lady, on the departure of Mr. Grandison from Bologna, after a course of melancholy, is anywhere accounted for?*

And your fifth is, *What were the particulars of Mrs. Beaumont's management of the Lady, at Florence, by which she brought her to own her Love, after she had so long kept it a secret from her mother, and all her family?*

What I shall transcribe, in order to satisfy you, madam, with regard to the fifth article, will include all that you can wish to be informed of, respecting the fourth. But

But let me premise, That Mrs. Beaumont, at the request of the Marchioness, undertook to give an account of the health of the young Lady, and what effect the change of air, of place, and her advice, had upon her mind, after she had been at Florence for two or three days. She, on the fourth day of their being together, wrote to that Lady the desired particulars. The following is a translation of her Letter :

**Y**OUR Ladyship will excuse me for not writing till now, when you are acquainted that it was not before last night that I could give you any tolerable satisfaction on the subject upon which I had engaged to do myself that honour.

I have made myself mistress of the dear young Lady's Secret. Your Ladyship guessed it, perhaps, too well. Love, but a pure and laudable Love, is the malady that has robbed her of her tranquillity for so long a space, and your splendid family of all comfort : But such a magnanimity, shewn or endeavoured at, that she deserves to be equally pitied and admired. What is it that the dear young Lady has not suffered in a conflict between her Duty, her Religion, and her Love?

The discovery, I am afraid, will not give pleasure to your family ; yet certainty, in what must be, is better than suspense. You will think me a managing person, perhaps, from the relation I have to give you : But it was the task prescribed me ; and you commanded me to be very minute in the account of all my dealings with her, that you might know how to conduct yourselves to her for the cure of the unhappy malady. I obey.

The first and second days, after our return to Florence, were passed in endeavouring to divert her, as our guest, in all the ways we could think of : But finding, that company was irksome to her, and that she only bore with it for politeness sake ; I told the Ladies,



dies, that I would take her entirely into my own care, and devote my whole time to her service. They acquiesced. And when I told Lady Clementina of my intention, she rejoiced at it, and did me the honour to assure me, that my conversation would be balm to her heart, if she could enjoy it without mixt company.

Your Ladyship will see, however, from what I have mentioned of her regard for me, that I had made use of my time in the two past days to ingratiate myself into the favour of your Clementina. She will have me call her nothing but Clementina: Excuse therefore, madam, the freedom of my stile.

She engaged me last night to give her a lesson, as she called it, in an English author. I was surpris'd at her proficiency in my native tongue. Ah my dear! said I, what an admirable manner of teaching must your tutor have had, if I am to judge by the great progress you have made in so short a time, in the acquiring of a tongue that has not the sweetness of your own, tho' it has a force and expressiveness that is more than equal, I think, to any of the modern languages!

She blush'd—Do you think so? said she—And I saw, by the turn of her eye, and her consciousness, that I had no need to hint to her Count Marulli, nor any other man.

I took upon me, without pushing her, just then, upon the supposed light dropt in from this little incident, to mention the Count of Belvedere with distinction, as the Marquis had desired I would.

She said, She could not by any means think of him.

I told her, that as all her family approved highly of the Count, I thought they were intitled to know her objections; and to judge of the reasonableness or unreasonableness of them. Indeed, my dear, said I, you do not, in this point, treat your father and mother with the dutifulness that their indulgence deserves.

She

She started. That is severely said, is it not, madam?

Consider of it, my dear, and if you pronounce it so, after an hour's reflexion, I will call it so, and ask your pardon.

I am afraid, said she, I am in fault. I have the best and most indulgent of parents. There are some things, some secrets, that one cannot be forward to divulge. One should perhaps be commanded out of them with a high hand.

Your acknowledgement, my dear, said I, is more generous than the occasion given for it: But if you will not think me impertinent—

Don't, don't, ask me too close questions, madam, interrupted she; I am afraid I can deny you nothing.

I am persuaded, my dear Clementina, that the mutual unbosoming of secrets is the cement of faithful Friendship, and true Love. Whenever any new turn in one's affairs happens, whenever any new lights open, the friendly heart rests not, till it has communicated to its fellow-heart the new lights, the interesting events; and this communicativeness knits the true Lover's knot still closer. But what a solitariness, what a gloom, what a darkness, must possess that mind that can trust no friend with its inmost thoughts! The big secret, when it is of an interesting nature, will swell the heart till it is ready to burst, Deep melancholy must follow—I would not for the world have it so much as thought, that I had not a soul large enough for friendship. And is not the essence of friendship communication, mingling of hearts, and emptying our very soul into that of a true friend?

Why that's true. But, madam, a young creature may be so circumstanced, as not to have a true friend; or, if she has near her a person to whom she *might* communicate her whole mind without doubt of her *fidelity*; yet there may be a forbiddingness in the

person; a difference in years, in degree; as in my Camilla, who is, however, a very good woman—We people of condition, madam, have more courtiers about us than friends: But Camilla's fault is teasing, and always harping upon one string, and that by my friends commands: It would be therefore more laudable to open my mind to my mother, than to her; as it would be the same thing.

Very true, my dear: And as you have a mother, who is less of the mother than she would be of the sister, the friend; it is amazing to me, that you have kept such a mother in the dark so long.

What can I say?—Ah, madam!—There she stopt. At last said, But my mother is in the interest of the man I cannot love.

The question recurs—Are not your parents intitled to know your objections to the man whose interest they so warmly espouse?

I have no particular objections. The Count of Belvedere deserves a better wife than I can make him. I should respect him very much, had I a sister, and he made his addresses to her.

Well then, my dear Clementina, if I *guess* the reason why you cannot approve of the Count of Belvedere, will you tell me, with that candor, with that friendship, of the requisites of which we have been speaking, whether I am right or not?

She hesitated. I was silent in expectation.

She then spoke, I am *afraid* of you, madam.

You have reason to be so, if you think me unworthy of your friendship.

What is your guess?

That you are prejudiced in favour of some other man; or you could not, if you had a sister, wish her an husband that you thought unworthy of yourself.

I don't think the Count of Belvedere unworthy neither, madam.

Then my conjecture has received additional strength.

O Mrs.

O Mrs. Beaumont! How you press upon me!  
If impertinently, say so; and I have done.

No, no, not impertinently, neither; yet you distress me.

That could not be, if I were not right; and if the person were not too unworthy of you, to be acknowledged.

O Mrs. Beaumont! how closely you urge me! What can I say?

If you have any confidence in me—If you think me capable of advising you—

I have confidence: Your known prudence—And then she made me compliments, that I could not deserve.

Come, my dear Clementina, I will *guess* again—Shall I?

What would you guess?

That there is a man of low degree—Of low fortunes—Of inferior sense—

Hold, hold, hold—And do you think that the Clementina before you is sunk *so* low?—If you do, Why don't you cast the abject creature from you?

Well, then, I will *guess* again—That there is a man of a royal house; of superior understanding; of whom you can have no hope.

O Mrs. Beaumont! And cannot you guess that this prince is a Mahometan, when your hand is in?

Then, madam, and from the hints your Ladyship had given, I had little doubt that Clementina was in Love; and that religion was the apprehended difficulty. Zealous Catholics think not better of Protestants, than of Mahometans: Nor, indeed, are zealous Protestants without their prejudices. Zeal will be zeal, in persons of whatever denomination.

I would not however, madam, like a sudden frost, nip the opening bud.

There is, said I, a young soldier of fortune, who has breathed forth passionate wishes for Clementina.

A soldier of fortune, madam! with an air of disdain. There cannot be such a man living, that can have his wishes answered.

Well, then, to say nothing of *him*; there is a Roman nobleman—a younger brother—of the Borghese house—Permit me to suppose *him* the man.

With all my heart, madam.

She was easy, while I was at a distance.

But if the Chevalier Grandison [She coloured at his name] has done him ill offices—

The Chevalier Grandison, madam, is incapable of doing *any* man ill offices.

Are you sure, madam, that the Chevalier has not art?—He has great abilities. Men of great abilities are not always to be trusted. They don't strike till they are sure.

He has *no* art, madam. He is *above* art. He *wants* it not. He is beloved where-ever he goes. He is equally noted for his prudence and freedom of heart. He is *above* art, repeated she, with warmth.

I own, that he deserves every-thing from your family. I don't wonder that he is caressed by you all: But it is amazing to me, that, in contradiction to all the prudent maxims and cautions of your country, such a young gentleman should have been admitted—I stopt.

Why, now, you don't imagine, that I—that I—She stopt, and hesitated.

A prudent woman would not put it in any man's power to give her a prejudice to persons of unexceptionable honour; and to manage—

Nay, madam, now has somebody prejudiced you against your countryman—He is the most disinterested of men.

I have heard young Ladies, when he was here, speak of him as an handsome man. An

An handsome man! And is not Mr. Grandison an handsome man? Where will you see a man so handsome?

And do you think he is so *very* extraordinary a man, as to *sense*, as I have heard him reported to be? I was twice in his company—I thought, indeed, he looked upon *himself* as a man of consequence.

Nay, madam, don't say he is not a *modest* man. It is true, he knows when to speak, and when to be silent: But he is not a confident man; nor is he, in the least, conceited.

Was there so much bravery in his relieving your brother, as some people attribute to him in that happy event? Two servants and himself, well armed; the chance of passengers on the same road: The assassins that appeared but two; their own guilt to encounter with—

Dear, dear Mrs. Beaumont, with what prejudiced people have you conversed? The Scripture says, *A prophet has no honour in his own country*; but Mr. Grandison has not much from his own country-woman.

Well, but did Mr. Grandison ever speak to you of any one man as a man worthy of your favour?

Did he!—Yes, of the Count of Belvedere. He was *more* earnest in his favour—

Really?

Yes, really—than I thought he ought to be.

Why so?

Why so!—Why because—because—Why what was it to him—you know?

I suppose he was put upon it—

I believe so.

Or he would not—

I believe, if the truth were known, you, Mrs. Beaumont, hate Mr. Grandison. You are the only person that I ever in my life heard speak of him, even with indifference.

Tell me, my dear Clementina, What are your sincere thoughts of Mr. Grandison, person and mind?

You may gather them from what I have said.

That he is an handsome man; a generous, a prudent, a brave, a polite man.

Indeed I think him to be all you have said: And I am not singular.

But he is a *Mahometan*—

A *Mahometan*! madam.—Ah, Mrs. Beaumont!

And ah, my dear Clementina!—And do you think I have not found you out?—Had you never known Mr. Grandison, you would not have scrupled to have been Countess of Belvedere.

And can you think, madam—

Yes, yes, my dear young Lady, I can.

My good Mrs. Beaumont, you don't know what I was going to say.

Be sincere, my dear young Lady. Cannot a Lover, talking to a second person, be sincere?

What! madam, a man of another religion! A man obstinate in his errors! A man who has never professed Love to me! A man of inferior degree! A man who owns himself absolutely dependent upon his father's bounty! His father living to the height of his estate!—Forbid it pride, dignity of birth, duty, religion—

Well then, I may safely take up the praises of Mr. Grandison: You have imputed to me, slight, injustice, prejudice against him: Let me now shew you, that the *Prophet* HAS honour with his countrywoman. Let me collect his character from the mouth of every man who has spoken of him in my hearing or knowledge—His country has not in this age sent abroad a private man who has done it more credit. He is a man of honour in every sense of the word. If moral rectitude, if practical religion (your brother the Barone testifies this on his own experience) were lost in the rest of the world, it would, without glare  
or

or ostentation, be found in him. He is courted by the best, the wisest, the most eminent men, wherever he goes; and he does good without distinction of religion, sects, or nation: His own countrymen boast of him, and apply to him for credentials to the best and most considerable men, in their travels thro' more countries than one: In France, particularly, he is as much respected as in Italy. He is descended from the best families in England, both by father and mother; and can be a Senator of it, whenever he pleases. He is heir to a very considerable estate, and is, as I am informed, courted to ally with some of the greatest families in it. Were he not born to a fortune, he would make one. You own him to be generous, brave, handsome—

O my dear, dear Mrs. Beaumont! All this is too much, too much!—Yet all this I think him to be! I can no longer resist you. I own, I own, that I have no heart but for Mr. Grandison. And now, as I don't doubt but my friends set you to find out the love-sick girl, how shall I, who cannot disown a secret you have so fairly, and without condition, come at, ever look them in the face? Yet let them know, (I will enable you to tell them) how all this came about, and how much I have struggled against a passion so evidently improper to be encouraged by a daughter of their house.

He was, in the first place, as well you know, the preserver of a beloved brother's life; and that brother afterwards owned, that had he followed his friendly advice, he never would have fallen into the danger from which he rescued him.

My father and mother presented him to me, and bid me regard him as a fourth brother; and it was not immediately that I found out that I *could* have but three brothers.

My brother's deliverer proved to be the most amiable and humane, and yet bravest of men.



All my friends caressed him. Neither family forms, nor national forms, were stood upon. He had free access to us all, as one of us.

My younger brother was continually hinting to me his wishes that I were his. Mr. Grandison was above all other reward; and my brother considered me in a kind light, as *able* to reward him.

My confessor, by his fears and invectives, rather confirmed than lessened my esteem for a man whom I thought injured by them.

His own respectful and disinterested behaviour to me contributed to my attachment. He always addressed me as his *sister*, when he put on the familiar friend, in the guise of a tutor: I could not therefore arm against a man I had no reason to suspect.

But still I knew not the strength of my passion for him, till the Count of Belvedere was proposed to me with an earnestness that alarmed me: Then I considered the Count as the interrupter of my hopes; and yet I could not give the reason *why* I rejected him. How *could* I, when I had none to give but my prepossession in favour of another man? A prepossession entirely hidden in my own heart.

But still I thought I would sooner die, than be the wife of a man of a religion contrary to my own. I am a zealous Catholic myself: All my relations are zealous Catholics. How angry have I been at this obstinate Heretic, as I have often called him; the first heretic, my dear Mrs. Beaumont (for once I did not love *you*) that my soul detested not! For he is as tenacious a Protestant as ever came out of England. What had he to do in Italy? Why did he not stay at home? Or why, if he must come abroad, did he stay so long among us; yet hold his obstinacy, as if in defiance of the people he was so well received by?

These were the reproaches that my heart in silence often cast upon him.

I was at first concerned only for his *soul's* sake:  
But

But afterwards, finding him essential to my earthly happiness, and yet resolving never to think of him if he became not a Catholic, I was earnest for his conversion for my *own* sake; hoping that my friends indulgence to me would make my wishes practicable; for on his part, I doubted not, if that point were got over, he would think an alliance with our family an honour to him.

But when I found him invincible on this article, I was resolved either to conquer my passion, or die. What did I not undergo in my endeavours to gain this victory over myself! My confessor hurt me, by terrors; my woman teased me; my parents, and two elder brothers, and all my more distant relations, urged me to determine in favour of the Count of Belvedere. The Count was importunate: The Chevalier was importunate in the Count's behalf—Good heaven! What could I do?—I was hurried, as I may say: I had not time given me to weigh, ponder, recollect. How could I make my mother, how could I make *any-body* my confidant? My judgment was at war with my passion; and I hoped it would overcome. I struggled; yet every day the object appearing more worthy, the struggle was too hard for me. O that I had had a Mrs. Beaumont to consult—Well might melancholy seize me—Silent melancholy!

At last the Chevalier was resolved to leave us. What pain, yet what pleasure, did this his resolution give me! Most sincerely I hoped, that his absence would restore my tranquillity.

What a secret triumph did I give myself, on my behaviour to him, before all my friends, on the parting evening!—My whole deportment was uniform. I was cheerful, serene, happy in myself, and I made all my friends so. I wished him happy where-ever he set his foot, and whatsoever he engaged in. I thanked him, with the rest of my friends, for the benefits we had received from him, and the pleasure he had given

us, in the time he had bestowed upon us; and I wished that he might never want a friend so agreeable and entertaining as he had been to us all.

I was the more pleased with myself, as I was not under a necessity of putting on stiffness or reserve to hide a heart too much affected. I thought myself secure, and stood out forwarder than he seemed to hope for, and with *more* than my offered hand, at the moment of his departure. I thought I read in his eyes a concern, for the first time, that called for a pity which I imagined I myself wanted not. Yet I had a pang at parting—When the door shut out the agreeable man, never again, thought I, to be opened to give him entrance! I sighed at the reflexion: But who perceived it?—I never could be insensible in a parting scene, with *less* agreeable friends: It was the easier for me to attribute to the gentleness of my heart, the instant sensibility. My father clasped me to his bosom: My mother embraced me, without mortifying me by saying for what. My brother, the bishop, called me twenty fond names; all my friends complimented me, but only on my cheerfulness, and said, I was once more their own Clementina. I went to rest, pleased that I had so happily acquitted myself, and that possibly I contributed to the repose of dear friends, whose repose I had been the cause of disturbing.

But, alas! this conduct was too great for the poor Clementina to maintain: My soul was too high set.—You know the rest; and I am lost to the joys of this life: For I never, never, will be the wife of a man, if I *might*, who by his religion is an enemy to the faith I never wavered in; nor would ever change, were an earthly crown on the head of the man I love to be the reward; and a painful death, in the prime of my life, the contrary.

A flood of tears prevented farther speech. She hid her face in my bosom. She sighed—Dear Lady! How she sighed!

This,

This, madam, is the account I have to give of what has passed between your beloved Clementina and me. Never was there a more noble struggle between duty and affection; tho' her heart was too tender, and, in short, the man's merits too dazzling, to allow it to be effectual. She is unwilling that I should send you the particulars: She shall be ashamed, she says, to look her father, her mother, in the face; and she dreads still more, if possible, her confessor's being made acquainted with the state of her heart, and the cause of her disorder. But I tell her, it is absolutely necessary for her mother to know everything that I know, in order to attempt a cure.

This cure, madam, I am afraid will never be effected, but by giving her in marriage to the happy man. I must think *him* so, who will be intitled, by general consent, to so great a blessing.

You, madam, will act in this affair as you judge proper: But if you can at Bologna, at Urbino, and Naples, get over your family objections, you will perhaps find yourselves obliged, such are the young Lady's *own* scruples, on the score of religion, to take *pains* to persuade her to pursue her inclination, and accept Mr. Grandison for an husband.

Be this as it may, I would humbly recommend a gentle and soothing treatment of her. She never knew yet what the contrary was; and were she to experience *that* contrary now upon an occasion so very delicate, and in which her Judgment and her Love are, as she hints, at variance; I verily think, she would not be able to bear it.—That God direct you for the best, whom you and yours have always served with signal devotion!

I will only add, That since the secret which had so long preyed upon her fine spirits, is revealed, she appears to be much more easy than before; but yet she dreads the reception she shall meet with on her return to Bologna. She begs of me, when that return

shall be ordered, to accompany her, in order to enable her, as she says, to support her spirits. She is very desirous to enter into a nunnery. She says, She never can be the wife of any other man; and she thinks she ought not to be his, on whom her heart is fixed.

A word of comfort on paper, from your honoured hand, I know, madam, would do a great deal towards healing her wounded heart.

I am, madam, with the greatest veneration and respect,

*Your Ladyship's  
Most faithful humble servant,*

HORTENSIA BEAUMONT.

LET me add, my good Miss Byron, that the Marchioness sent an answer to this Letter expressing the highest obligation and gratitude to Mrs. Beaumont; and inclosed a Letter to her daughter, filled with tender and truly-motherly consolation; inviting her back to Bologna out of hand, and her amiable friend with her: Promising, in the name of her father and brothers, a most indulgent welcome; and assuring her, that every-thing should be done that *could* be done, to make her happy in her own way.

## L E T T E R XXV.

*Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.*

*Wedn. Night, Mar. 29.*

I Inclose, my Lucy, the doctor's *third* packet. From its contents you will pity Sir Charles, as well as Clementina; and if you enter impartially into the situation of the family, and allow as much to their zeal for a religion they are satisfied with, as you will do for Sir Charles's steadiness in his; you will also pity *them*. They are all good; they are all considerate. A great deal is to be said for them; tho' much more  
for

for Sir Charles, who insisted not upon that change of religion in the Lady, which they demanded from him.

How great does he appear in my eyes! A confessor, tho' not a martyr, one may call him, for his religion and country.—How deep was his distress! A mind so delicate as his, and wishing for the sake of the Sex, and the Lady and Family, as he did, rather to be repulsed by them, than to be obliged himself to decline their intended favour.

You will admire the Lady in her sweetly-modest behaviour, on his first visit before her mother; but more, for the noble spirit she endeavoured to resume in her conversation with him in the garden.

But how great will he appear in your eyes, in the eyes of my grandmother, and aunt Selby, for that noble apostrophe!—‘But, O my Religion and my Country! I cannot, cannot, renounce you! What can this short life promise, what can it give, to warrant such a sacrifice!’

Yet *her* conduct, you will find, is not inferior to *his*; firmly persuaded, as she is, of the truth of her religion; and loving him with an ardor that he had from the first restrained in himself from hopelessness?

But to admire her as she deserves, I should transcribe all she says, and his account of her whole behaviour.

O my dear! Who could have acted as Clementina acted!—Not, I fear,

Your HARRIET BYRON.

*Dr. Bartlett's third Letter.*

YOUR sixth command, madam, is,

*To give you the particulars of Mr. Grandison's reception from the Marchioness and her Clementina, on his return to Bologna from Vienna, at the invitation of Signor Jeronymo.*

Mr. Grandison was received at his arrival with  
great

great tokens of esteem and friendship, by the Marquis himself, and by the Bishop.

Signor Jeronymo, who still kept his chamber, the introducer being withdrawn, embraced him: And now, said he, is the affair, that I have had so long in view, determined upon. O Chevalier! you will be a happy man. Clementina will be yours: You will be Clementina's: And now indeed do I embrace my brother— But I detain you not: Go to the happy girl: She is with her mother, and both are ready to receive and welcome you. Allow for the gentle spirit: She will not be able to say half she thinks.

Camilla then appeared, to conduct me, says Mr. Grandison, to her Ladies, in the Marchioness's drawing-room. She whispered me in the passage: Welcome, thrice welcome, best of men! Now will you be rewarded for all your goodness!

I found the Marchioness sitting at her toilette, richly dressed, as in ceremony; but without attendants; even Camilla retired, as soon as she had opened the door for me.

The lovely Clementina stood at the back of her mother's chair. She was elegantly dressed: But her natural modesty, heightened by a glowing consciousness, that seemed to arise from the occasion, gave her advantages that her richest jewels could not have given her.

The Marchioness stood up. I kissed her hand— You are welcome, Chevalier, said she. The only man on earth that I could *thus* welcome, or is fit to be *so* welcomed!—Clementina, my dear!—turning round, and taking her hand.

The young Lady had shrunk back, her complexion varying; now glowing, now pale—Excuse her *voice*, said the condescending mother; her *heart* bids you welcome.

Judge for me, my dear Dr. Bartlett, how I must be affected at this gracious reception: I, who knew  
not

not the terms that were to be prescribed to me. 'Spare me, dear Lady, thought I, spare me my Conscience, and take all the world's wealth and glory to yourselves: I shall be rich enough with Clementina.'

The Marchioness seated her in her own chair. I approached her: But how *could* I with that grateful ardor, that, but for my doubts, would have sprung to my lips? Modest Love, however, was attributed to me; and I had the praise wholly for that which was but partly due to it.

I drew a chair for the Marchioness, and, at her command, another for myself. The mother took one hand of her bashful daughter: I presumed to take the other: The amiable Lady held down her blushing face, and reprov'd me not, as she did once before, on the like freedom, for being *too* free. Her mother asked me questions of an indifferent nature; as of my journey; of the courts I had visited since I left them; when I heard from England; after my father; my sisters: The latter questions in a kind way, as if she were asking after relations that were to be her own.

What a mixture of pain had I with the favour shewn me, and *for* the favour shewn me! For I questioned not but a change of religion would be proposed, and insisted on; and I had no doubt in my mind about my own.

After a short conversation the amiable daughter arose, courtesied low to her mother, with dignity to me; and withdrew.

Ah, Chevalier! said the Marchioness, as soon as she was gone, little did I think, when you left us, that we should so soon see you again; and on the account we see you: But you know how to receive your good fortune with gratitude. Your modesty keeps in countenance our forwardness.

I bowed—What could I say?

I shall leave, so will my Lord, particular subjects to be talked of, between the Bishop and you. You will,



will, if it be not your own fault, have a treasure in Clementina; and a treasure with her. We shall do the same things for her, as if she had married the man we wished her to have when we thought her affections disengaged. You may believe we love our daughter—  
Else—

I applauded their indulgent goodness.

I can have no doubt, Mr. Grandison, that you love Clementina above all women.

[I had never seen the woman, Dr. Bartlett, that I *could* have loved so well; had I not restrained myself, at first, from the high notion I knew they had of their quality and rank; from considerations of the difference in religion; of the trust and confidence the family placed in me; and by the resolution I had made, as a guard to myself from the time of my entering upon my travels, of never aiming to marry a foreigner.]

I assured the Marchioness, that I was absolutely disengaged in my affections: That not having presumed to encourage hopes of the good fortune that seemed to await me, I could hardly *yet* flatter myself that so great an happiness was reserved for me.

She answered, That I deserved it all: That I knew the value they had for me: That Clementina's regard was founded in virtue: That my character was my happiness: That, however, what the *world* would say, had been no small point with them; but that was as good as got over; and she doubted not but all that depended upon me, would, as well from generosity as gratitude, be complied with.

[Here, thought I, is couched the expectation: And if so, would to heaven I had never seen Italy!]

The Marquis joined his Lady and me soon after. His features had a melancholy cast. This dear girl, said he, has fastened upon me part of her malady. Parents, Chevalier, who are blessed with even *hopeful* children, are not always happy. This girl—But no  
more:

more: She is a good child. In the general oeconomy of Providence, none of the sons of men are unhappy, but some others are the happier for it. Our son the Bishop will talk to you upon terms.

I have hinted to the Chevalier, my Lord, said the Marchioness, the happiness that awaits him.

How *does* the poor girl?—Bashful enough, I suppose!

Indeed, my Lord, she cannot look up, answered the Lady.

Poor thing! I supposed it would be so.

Why, why, thought I, was I suffered to see this mother, this daughter, before their conditions were proposed to me!

But what indulgent parents are these, Dr. Bartlett? What an excellent daughter? Yet not to be happy! But how much more unhappily circumstanced did I think myself!—I, who had rather have been rejected with disdain by twenty women in turn, than to be obliged to decline the honour intended me by a family I revered!

Thus far Mr. Grandison. This, madam, will answer your question, as to the Vith article; but I believe a few more particulars will be acceptable.

The Marquis led me, proceeds Mr. Grandison, into the chamber of Signor Jeronymo. Your good fortune, Chevalier, said he, as we entered it, is owing to Jeronymo, who owes his life to you. I bless God, we are a family that know not what ingratitude means.

I made my acknowledgements both to father and son.

The Marquis then went into public affairs; and soon after left us together.

I was considering, whether I had best tell that sincere friend my apprehensions in relation to the articles of religion and residence; for he had with an air of  
humour

humour congratulated me on the philosophical manner in which I bore my good fortune; when Camilla entered, and whispered me, of her own head, as she said, That her young Lady was just gone into the garden.

I dare say, it *was* of her own head: For Camilla has a great deal of good-nature, and is constantly desirous of obliging, where she thinks she shall not offend any-body.

Follow her then, said Jeronymo, who heard what Camilla said: Clementina perhaps expects you.

Camilla waited for me at the entrance into the garden. One word, Sir, if you please. I am afraid of the return of my young Lady's thoughtfulness. She says, she is ashamed of the poor figure she made before her mother: She is sure she must look mean in your eyes. A man to be sent for, Camilla, said she, in compliment to my weakness! Why did not my too indulgent father bid me conquer my folly, or die! O that I had not owned my attachment! 'Naughty Mrs. Beaumont! said she, Had it not been for you, my own bosom had contain'd the secret; till shame, and indignation against myself, had burst my heart!' She is resolv'd, she says, to resume a spirit becoming her birth and quality; and I am afraid of her elevations. Her great apprehensions are, that, with all this condescension of her parents, obstacles will arise on *your* part. If so, she says she shall not be able to bear her own reflexions, nor look her friends in the face.

My dear Dr. Bartlett, how have I, who have hitherto so happily escaped the snares by which the feet of unreflecting youth are often entangled by women of light fame, been embarrassed by perverse accidents that have arisen from my friendships with the *worthy* of the Sex! Was there ever a more excellent family than this?—Every individual of it is excellent. And is not their worthiness, and even their piety, the cause to which our mutual difficulties are owing?

But, O my Religion and my Country! I cannot, cannot renounce you! What can this short life give, what can it promise, to warrant such a sacrifice!

I said nothing to Camilla, you may believe, of what I *could* or could *not* do; yet she saw my distress: She took notice of it. Being firmly persuaded of the excellency of her own religion, she wondered that a man of reflexion and reading could be of a contrary one. Her heart, she said, as well as the heart of her young Lady, boded an unhappy issue to our Loves: Heaven avert it! said the honest woman: But what may we not fear by way of judgment, where a young Lady—Forgive me, Sir—prefers a man she thinks she ought *not* to prefer; and where a gentleman will not be convinced of errors which the Church condemns?

She again begged I would forgive her. I praised her good intention, and sincere dealing; and leaving her, went into the garden.

I found the young Lady in the Orange-grove. You have been in that garden, Dr. Bartlett.

She turned her face towards me, as I drew near her, and seeing who it was, stopt.

Clementina, armed with conscious worthiness, as if she had resumed the same spirit which had animated her on the eve of my departure from Bologna, condescended to advance two or three paces towards me.

Lovely woman, thought I, encourage the true dignity that shines in that noble aspect!—Who knows what may be our destiny?

I bowed. Veneration, esteem, and concern, from the thought of what *that* might be, all joined to make my obeisance profound.

I was going to speak. She prevented me. Her air and manner were great.

You are welcome, Sir, said she. My mamma bid me say welcome. I could not *then* speak: And she

was

was so good to *you*, as to answer for my heart. My *voice* is now found: But tell me—Do I see the same generous, the same noble Grandison, that I have heretofore seen?—Or, do I see a man inclined to slight the creature whom her indulgent parents are determined to oblige, even to the sacrifice of all their views?

You see, madam, the same Grandison, his heart only oppressed with the honour done him; and with the fear that the happiness designed for him may yet be frustrated. If it should, how shall I be able to support myself?

[What a difficult situation, my dear Dr. Bartlett, was mine!—Equally afraid to urge my suit with ardor, or to be imagined capable of being indifferent to her favour!]

What do you fear, Sir?—You have grounds in your own heart, perhaps, for your fear. If you *have*, let me know them. I am not *afraid* to know them. Let me tell you, that I opposed the step taken. I declared, that I would sooner die, than it *should* be taken. It was to You, they said; and you would know how to receive as you ought the distinction paid you. I have a soul, Sir, not unworthy of the spirit of my ancestors: Tell me what you fear?—I only fear one thing; and that is, that I should be thought to be more in your power than in my own.

Noble Lady! And think you, that while my happiness is not yet absolutely resolved upon, I have not *reason* to fear?—You will always, madam, be in your own power: You will be most so when in mine. My gratitude will ever prompt me to acknowledge your goodness to me as a condescension.

But say; tell me, Sir; Did you not, at first receiving the invitation, despise, in absence, the Clementina, that now perhaps, in presence, you have the *goodness* to *pity*?

O that the high-soul'd Clementina would not think  
so

so contemptibly of the man before her, as she *must* think, when she puts a question that would intitle him to infamy, could he presume to think an *answer* to it necessary!

Well, Sir; I shall see how far the advances made on the *wrong* side will be justified, or rather countenanced, by the advances, or, shall I say (I will if you please) *condescensions* to be made on *yours*.

[What a petulance, thought I!—But can the generous, the noble Clementina, *knowing* that terms will be proposed, with which in honour and conscience I cannot comply, put my regard for her on such a test as this?—I will not suppose that she is capable of mingling art with her magnanimity.]

Is this, madam, said I, a generous anticipation? Forgive me: But when your friends are so good as to think me incapable of returning ingratitude for obligation, I hope I shall not be classed, by their beloved daughter, among the lowest of mankind.

Excuse me, Sir; the woman who has been once wrong, has reason to be always afraid of herself. If you do not think meanly of me, I will endeavour to think well of *myself*; and then, Sir, I shall think better of *you*, if better I *can* think: For, after all, did I not more mistrust *myself* than I do *you*, I should not perhaps be so capricious as, I am afraid, I sometimes am.

The Marquis has hinted to me, madam, That your brother the Bishop is to discourse with me on the subject now the nearest to my heart of all others: May I presume to address myself to their beloved daughter upon it, without being thought capable of endeavouring to prepossess her in my favour before my Lord and I meet?

I will answer you frankly, Sir: There are preliminaries to be settled; and, till they are, I that *know* there are, do not think myself at liberty to hear you upon *any* subject that may tend to prepossession.

I acquiesce, madam : I would not for the world thought to wish for the honour of your attention while it is improper for you to favour me with it.

[I did not know, Dr. Bartlett, but upon a supposition of a mutual interest between us, as I had hoped she would allow, Clementina might *wish* that I would lead to some particular discourse. Tho' modesty becomes ours as well as the other sex, yet it would be an indelicacy not to prevent a Lady, in some certain cases. But thus discouraged,] Perhaps, madam, said I, the attendance I do myself the honour to pay you here, may not be agreeable to the Marquis.

Then, Sir, you will choose, perhaps, to withdraw. But don't—Yes, do.

I respectfully withdrew ; but she taking a winding alley, which led into that in which I slowly walked we met again. I am afraid, said she, I have been a little petulant : Indeed, Sir, I am not satisfied with myself. I *wish*—And there she stopt.

What, madam, do you wish? Favour me with your wishes. If it be in my power—

It is *not*, interrupted she. I wish I had not been at Florence. The Lady I was with, is a good woman, but she was too hard for me. Perhaps (and she sighed) had I not been with *her*, I had been at rest, and happy, before now ; but if I had *not*, there is a pleasure, as well as pain, in melancholy. But now I am *so* fretful!—If I hated the bitterest enemy I have, as *much* as at times I hate myself, I should be a very bad creature.

This was spoken with an air so melancholy, as greatly disturbed me. God grant, thought I, that the articles of Religion and Residence may be agreed upon between the Bishop and me !

Here, my good Miss Byron, I close this Letter. Sir Charles has told you, briefly, the event of the conference between the Bishop and him ; and I hasten to obey you in your next article.

L E T-

## LETTER XXVI.

*Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.**Thursday Morn. Mar. 30.*

I Send you now inclosed the doctor's fourth Letter. I believe I must desire my grandmamma and my aunt Selby to send for me down.

We shall all be in London this evening.

Would to Heaven I had never come to it!—What of pleasure have I had in it?—This abominable Sir Hargrave Pollexfen!—But for *him*, I had been easy and happy; since but for *him*, I had never wanted the relief of Sir Charles Grandison; never had known him. Fame might perhaps have brought to my ears, in general conversation, as other persons of distinction are talked of, some of his benevolent actions; and he would have attracted my admiration without costing me one sigh. And yet, had it been so, I should then have known none of those lively sensibilities that have mingled pleasure with my pain, on the pride I have had in being distinguished as a sister to the sisters of so extraordinary a man. O that I had kept my foolish heart free! I should then have had enough to boast of for my whole life, enough to talk of to every one. And when I had been asked by my companions and intimates, What diversions, what entertainments, I had been at? I should have said, 'I have been in company and conversed with SIR CHARLES GRANDISON; and been favoured and distinguished by all his family.' And I should have passed many a happy winter evening, when my companions came to work and read with me at Selby-house, in answering their questions about all these; and Sir Charles would have been known among us principally by the name of *The Fine Gentleman*; and my young friends would have come about me, and asked me to tell them something more of *The Excellent Man*.



But now my ambition has overthrown me. Aiming, wishing to be every-thing, I am nothing. If I am asked about him, or his sisters, I shall seek to evade the subject; and yet, what other subject can I talk of? For what have I seen; what have I known, since I left Northamptonshire, but Him and Them; and what must lead to Him and Them? And what indeed but Him and Them, since I have known this family, have I wished to see, and to know?

On reviewing the above, how have I, as I see, suffered my childish fancies to delude me into a short forgetfulness of *his*, of *every-body's* distresses!—But, O my Lucy, my heart is torn in pieces; and, I verily think, more for the unhappy Clementina's sake, than for my own! How severely do I pay for my curiosity! Yet it was necessary that I should know the worst. So Sir Charles seems to have thought, by the permission he has given to Dr. Bartlett, to oblige me, and through me, his sisters, and all you my own friends.

Your pity will be more raised on reading the Letter I inclose, not only for Clementina and Sir Charles, but for the whole family; none of whom, tho' all unhappy, are to be blamed. You will dearly love the noble Jeronymo, and be pleased with the young Lady's faithful Camilla: But, my dear, there is so much tenderness in Sir Charles's woe—It must be Love—But he *ought* to love Clementina: She is a glorious, tho' unhappy, young creature. I must not have one spark of generosity left in my heart, I must be lost wholly in *Self*, if I did not equally admire and love her.

*Dr. Bartlett's fourth Letter.*

AS I remember, madam, Sir Charles mentions to you, in a very pathetic manner, the distress he was in when the terms and conditions, on which he was to be allowed to call the noble Clementina his,  
were

were proposed to him; as they were by the Bishop. He has briefly told you the terms, and his grief to be obliged to disappoint the expectation of persons so deservedly dear to him. But you will not, I believe, be displeas'd, if I dwell a little more on these particulars, tho' they are not commanded from me.

The Bishop, when he had acquainted Mr. Grandison with the terms, said, You are silent, my dear Grandison: You hesitate. What, Sir! Is a proposal of a daughter of one of the noblest families in Italy; that daughter a *Clementina*; to be slighted by a man of a private family; a foreigner; of dependent fortunes; her dowry not unworthy of a Prince's acceptance? Do you hesitate upon such a proposal as this, Sir?

My Lord, I am griev'd, rather than surpris'd, at the proposal: I was apprehensive it would be made. My joy at receiving the condescending invitation, and at the honours done me, on my arrival, otherwise would have been immoderate.

A debate then followed, upon some articles in which the Church of Rome and the Protestant Churches differ. Mr. Grandison would fain have avoid'd it; but the Bishop, supposing he should have some advantages in the argument, which he met not with, would not permit him. He was very warm with Mr. Grandison more than once, which did not help his cause.

The particulars of this debate I will not at this time give you: They would carry me into great length; and I have much to transcribe, that I believe, from what Sir Charles has let me see of your manner of writing to your friends, you would prefer. To that I will proceed; after a passage or two, which will shew you how that debate, about the difference in Religion, went off.

You will call to mind, Chevalier, said the Bishop,  
 VOL. III. N that

that your church allows of a possibility of salvation out of its pale—Ours does not.

My Lord, our church allows not of its members indulging themselves in capital errors, against conviction: But I hope that no more need to be said on this subject.

I think, replied the Bishop, we will quit it. I did not expect that you were so firmly rooted in error, as I find you: But to the point on which we began: I should think it an extraordinary misfortune, were we to find ourselves reduced to the necessity of reasoning a private man into the acceptance of our sister Clementina. Let me tell you, Sir, that were she to know that you *but hesitate*—He spoke with earnestness, and reddened.

Pardon an interruption, my Lord: You are disposed to be warm. I will not so much as *offer* to defend myself from any imputations that may, in displeasure, be cast upon me, as if I were capable of flighting the honour intended me of a Lady who is worthy of a Prince. I am persuaded that your Lordship cannot think such a defence necessary. I am indeed a private man, but not inconsiderable; if the being able to enumerate a long race of ancestors, whom hitherto I have not disgraced, will give me consideration. But what, my Lord, is ancestry? I live to my own heart. My principles were known before I had the condescending invitation. Your Lordship would not persuade me to change them, when I cannot think them wrong; and since, as you have heard, I have something to offer, when called upon, in support of them.

You will consider this matter, my dear Chevalier. It is you, I think, that are disposed to be warm; but you are a valuable man. We, as well as our sister, wish to have you among us: Our church would wish it. Such a proselyte will justify us to every other consideration, and to all our friends. Consider of it, Grandison; but let it not be known to the principals  
of

of our family, that you think consideration necessary: The dear Clementina, particularly, must not know it. Your *person*, Chevalier, is not so dear to the excellent creature, as your *soul*. Hence it is, that we are all willing to encourage in her a flame so pure, and so bright.

My distress, my Lord, is beyond the power of words to describe. I revere, I honour, and will to my last hour, the Marquis and Marchioness of Porretta, and on better motives than for their grandeur or nobility. Their sons—You know not, my Lord, the pride I have always had to be distinguished even by a nominal relation to *them*: And give me your Clementina, without the hard conditions you prescribe, and I shall be happy beyond my highest wish. I desire not dowry with her. I have a father on whose generosity and affection I can rely. But I must repeat, my Lord, that my principles are so well known, that I hoped a compromise would be accepted—I would not for the world compel your sister. The same liberty that I crave, I would allow.

And will you not take time, Sir, to consider? Are you absolutely determined?

If your Lordship knew the pain it gives me to say that *I am*, you would pity me.

Well, Sir, I am sorry for it. Let us go in to Signor Jeronymo. He has been your advocate ever since he knew you. Jeronymo has gratitude; but you, Chevalier, have no affections.

I thank God, said I, that your Lordship does not do me justice.

He led me into his brother's apartment.

There, what did I not suffer, from the Friendship, from the Love of that brother, and from the urgency of the Bishop! But what was the result?

The Bishop asked me, If he were to conduct me to his father, to his mother, to his sister? Or to allow me to depart without seeing them?—This was the alternative. My compliance or non-compliance was to

be thus indicated. I respectfully bowed. I recommended myself to the favour of the two brothers, and thro' them to that of the three truly respectable persons they had named; and withdrew to my lodgings with a heart sorely distressed.

I was unable to stir out for the remainder of the day. The same chair into which I threw myself, upon my first coming in, held me for hours.

In the evening Camilla, in disguise, made me a visit. On my servant's withdrawing, revealing herself, O Sir, said she, what a distracted family have I left! They know not of my coming hither; but I could not forbear this officiousness: I cannot stay. But let me just tell you how unhappy we are; and your own generosity will suggest to you, what is best to be done.

As soon as you were gone, my Lord Bishop acquainted my Lady Marchioness with what had passed between you. O Sir! you have an affectionate friend in Signor Jeronimo. He endeavoured to soften every-thing. My Lady Marchioness acquainted my Lord with the Bishop's report. I never saw that good nobleman in such a passion. It is not necessary to tell you what he said—

In a passion with *me*, Camilla!

Yes. He thought the whole family dishonoured, Sir.

The Marquis della Porretta is the worthiest of men, Camilla, said I. I honour him.—But proceed.

The Marchioness, in the tenderest manner, broke the matter to my young Lady: I was present. She apprehended, that there might be occasion for my attendance, and commanded me to stay.

Before she could speak all she had to say, my young Lady threw herself on her knees to her mamma, and blessing her for her goodness to her, begged her to spare the rest. I see, said she, that I, a daughter of the Porretta family, *your* daughter, madam, am refused.

Palliate

Palliate not, I beseech you, the indignity. You need not. It is enough, that I am refused. Surely, madam, your Clementina is not so base in spirit, as to need your maternal consolation on such a contempt as this. I feel for my papa, for you, madam, and for my brothers, I feel the indignity. Blessings follow the man where-ever he goes! It would be mean to be angry with him. He is his own master; and now he has made me my own mistress. Never fear, madam, but this affair now will sit as light upon me, as it ought. His humility will allow him to be satisfied with a meaner wife. You, madam, my papa, my brothers, shall not find *me* mean.

The Marchioness embraced, with tears of joy, her beloved daughter. She brought my Lord to her, and reported what her daughter had said: He also tenderly embraced the dear young Lady, and rejoiced in her assurances, that now the cure was effected.

But, unseasonably, as the event shewed, Father Marescotti, being talked with, was earnest to be allowed to visit her: Then, he said, was the proper time, the very crisis, to urge her to accept of the Count of Belvedere.

I was bid to tell her, that his Reverence desired to attend her.

O let me go, said she, to Florence; to my dear Mrs. Beaumont!—To-morrow morning let me go; and not see Father Marescotti, till I can see him as I wish to see him!

But the good Father prevailed: He meant the best.

He was with her half an hour. He left her in a melancholy way. When her mamma went to her, she found her spiritless, her eyes fixed, and as gloomy as ever. She was silent to two or three of her mother's questions; and when she *did* speak, it was with wildness; but declaring, without being solicited in the Count of Belvedere's favour, against marrying him, or any man in the world.

Her mother told her, she should go to Florence, as soon as she pleased: But then the humour was off. Would to Heaven she had gone before she saw his Reverence! So they all now wish.

Camilla, said she to me, when we were alone, Was it necessary to load the Chevalier Grandison? Was it necessary to inveigh against him? It was ungenerous to do so. Was the man obliged to have the creature whose forwardness had rendered her contemptible in his eyes? I could not bear to hear him inveighed against. But never, never, let me hear his name mentioned. But, Camilla, I cannot bear being despised, neither.

She arose from her seat, and from that moment her humour took a different turn. She now talks: She raves: She starts: She neither sits nor stands with quietness—She walks up and down her room, at other times, with passion and hurry; yet weeps not, tho' she makes every-body else weep. She speaks to herself, and answers herself; and, as I guess, repeats part of the talk that passed between Father Marefcotti and her: But still, *To be despised!* are the words she ofteneft repeats.—*Jesu!* once, said she—*To be despised!*—And by an English Protestant! Who can bear that?

In this way, Sir, is Lady Clementina. The sweetest creature!—I see, I see, you have compassion, Sir! You never wanted humanity! Generosity is a part of your nature! I am sure you love her—*I see* you love her—I pain your noble heart!—Indeed, indeed, Sir, Lady Clementina's Love extended beyond the limits of this world: She hoped to be yours to all eternity.

Well might Camilla, the sensible, the faithful, the affectionate Camilla, the attendant from infant years of her beloved Clementina, thus run on, without interruption. I could not speak. And had I been able, to what purpose should I have pleaded to Camilla the superior attachment which occasioned an anguish that words cannot describe?

What

What can I say, but thank you, my good Camilla, for your intention? I hope you have eased your own heart; but you have loaded mine—Nevertheless, I thank you. Would to Heaven that your Lady's own wishes had been complied with; that she had been encouraged to go to the excellent Mrs. Beaumont! The first natural impulses of the distressed heart often point out the best alleviation. Would to Heaven they had been pursued! I have great dependence on the generous friendship of Signor Jeronymo. All that is in my power to do, I will do. I honour, I venerate, every one of the truly-noble family: I never can deserve their favour. On all occasions, Camilla, let them know my devotion to them.

I beg of God, said she, to put it into your heart to restore the tranquillity of a family that was, till lately, the happiest in Bologna. It may not be yet too late. I beg you to excuse my officiousness. Pray take no notice that I have waited on you. I shall be wanted.

She was hastening away. Good Camilla, said I, taking a ring of some value from my finger, and forcing it upon hers (she is above accepting of pecuniary presents, and struggled against this), Accept this as a remembrance, not acknowledgement. I may be forbid the palace of the Marquis della Porretta, and so have no opportunity again to see the equally faithful and obliging Camilla.

What other conditions could have been prescribed, Dr. Bartlett, that I should have refused to comply with? How was I anew distressed, at the account Camilla gave me! But my great consolation in the whole transaction is, that my own heart, on the maturest deliberation, acquits me: And the rather, as it is impossible for me to practise a greater piece of self-denial: For can there be on earth a nobler Lady than Clementina?

The next morning, early, Mr. Grandison received the following Letter from his friend Signor Jeronymo.



I translated it, my good Miss Byron, at the time I received it. I will send you the translation, only.

*My dear Chevalier !*

SHALL I blame you?—I cannot. Shall I blame my father, my mother?—They blame themselves, for the free access you were allowed to have to their Clementina; yet they own, that you acted nobly. But they had forgot that Clementina had eyes. Yet who knew not her discernment? Who knew not her regard for merit, where-ever she found it? Can I therefore blame my sister?—Indeed, no. Has she a *brother* whom I can blame?—No. But ought I not to blame myself? The dear creature owned, it seems, to Mrs. Beaumont, that my declaration in your favour, which was made long before you knew it, was one of her influences. Must I therefore accuse myself?—If I regard my intention, gratitude, for a life preserved by you, and for a sense of my *social* duties (soul as well as body indebted to you, tho' a Protestant yourself) will not suffer it. Is there then nobody whom we can blame for the calamity befallen us?—How strangely is that calamity circumstanced!

But is there so irreconcilable a difference between the two religions?—There is: The Bishop says there is: Clementina thinks there is: My father, my mother, think there is.

But does *your* father think so? Will you put the whole matter on that issue, Chevalier?

O no, you will not. You are as determined as we are: Yet, surely, with less reason.

But I debate not the matter with you. I know you are a master of the question.

But what is to be done? Shall Clementina perish? Will not the gallant youth, who ventured his life so successfully to save a brother, exert himself to preserve a sister?

Come,

Come, and see the way she is in—Yet they will not admit you into her presence while she is in that way.

The sense she has of her dignity debased, and the perpetual expostulations and apprehensions of her zealous confessor—Can the good man think it his duty to wound and tear in pieces a mind tenacious of its honour, and of that of the Sex? At last, you see, I have found somebody to accuse.—But I come to my motive of giving you this trouble.

It is to request you to make me a visit. Breakfast with me, my dear Chevalier, this morning. You will perhaps see nobody else.

Camilla has told me, and *only* me, that she attended you last night: She tells me how greatly you are grieved. I should renounce your friendship, were you *not*. At my soul, I pity you, because I knew, long since, your firm attachment to your religion; and because you love Clementina.

I wish I were able to attend *you*; I would save you the pain of this visit; for I know it must pain you: But come, nevertheless.

You hinted to my brother, that you thought, as your principles were so well known, a compromise would be accepted—Explain yourself to me upon this compromise. If I can smooth the way between you—Yet I despair that any-thing will do but your conversion. They love your soul; *they* think they love it better than you do yourself. Is there not a merit in them, which you cannot boast in return?

The General, I hear, came to town last night: We have not seen him yet. He had business with the Gonfalonere. I think you must not meet. He is warm. He adores Clementina. He knew not, till last night, that the Bishop broke it to him at that magistrate's, our unhappy situation. What a disappointment! One of the principal views he had in coming was, to do you honour, and to give his sister pleasure. Ah,

Sir! he came to be present at two solemn acts: The one your Nuptials, in consequence of the other.— You must not meet. It would go to my heart, to have offence given you by any of my family, especially in our own house.

Come, however; I long to see you, and to comfort you, whether your hard heart (I did not use to think it a hard one) will allow you, or not, to give comfort to

*Your ever-affectionate  
and faithful friend,*  
JERONYMO della PORRETTA.

I accepted of the invitation. My heart was in this family: I longed, before this Letter came, to see and to hear from it. The face of the meanest servant belonging to it would have been *more* than welcome to me. What, however, were my hopes? Yet, do you think, Dr. Bartlett, that I had not pain in going; a pain that took more than its turn, with the desire I had once more to enter doors that used to be opened to me with so much pleasure on both sides?

*Dr. Bartlett's fifth Letter.*

**M**R. Grandison thus proceeds: I was introduced to Signor Jeronymo. He sat expecting me. He bowed more stiffly than usual, in return to my freer compliment.

I see, said I, that I have lost my friend.

Impossible, said he. It cannot be.

Then speaking of his sister, Dear creature! said he. A very bad night. My poor mother has been up with her ever since Three o'clock: Nobody else has any influence with her. These talking fits are worse than her silent ones.

What could I say? My soul was vexed. My friend saw it, and was grieved for me. He talked of indifferent things. I could not follow him in them.

He

He then entered upon the subject that would not long allow of any other. I expect the General, said he. I will not, I think, have you see each other. I have ordered notice to be given me before any one of the family is admitted, while you are with me. If you choose not to see the General, or my father or mother, should they step in to make their morning compliments, you can walk down the back-stairs into the garden, or into the next chamber.

I am not the least sufferer in this distress, replied I. You have invited me. If on your own account you would have me withdraw, I will; but else I cannot conceal myself.

This is like you. It is you yourself. O Grandison! that we could be *real* brothers!—In soul we are so. But what is the compromise you hinted at?

I then told him, That I would reside one year in Italy, another in England, by turns, if the dear Clementina would accompany me; if not, but three months in England, in every year. As to religion, she should keep her own; her confessor only to be a man of known discretion.

He shook his head. I'll propose it as from yourself, if you would have me do so, Chevalier. It would do with me; but will not with any-body else. I have undertaken for more than that already; but it will not be heard of. Would to God, Chevalier, that you, for *my* sake, for *all* our sakes.—But I know you have a great deal to say on this subject, as you told my brother. New converts, added he, may be zealous; but you old Protestants, Protestants by descent, as I may say, 'tis strange you should be so very steadfast. You have not many young gentlemen, I believe, who would be so very tenacious; such offers, such advantages—And surely you must love my sister! All our family, you surely love. I will presume to say, they deserve your love; and they give the strongest proofs that can be given of their regard for you.

Signor Jeronymo expected not an argumentative answer to what he said. My steadfastness was best expressed; and surely it was sufficiently expressed (the circumstances of the case so interesting) by silence.

Just then came in Camilla. The Marchioness, Sir, knows you are here. She desires you will not go till she sees you. She will attend you here, I believe.

She is persuading Lady Clementina to be bled. She has an aversion to that operation. She begs it may not be done. She has been hitherto, on that account, bled by leaches. The Marquis and the Bishop are both gone out. They could not bear her solicitations to them to *save* her, as she called it.

The Marchioness soon after entered—Care, melancholy, yet tenderness, was in her aspect: Grief for her daughter's malady seemed fixed in the lines of her fine face. Keep your seat, Chevalier. She sat down, sighed, wept; but would not have had her tears seen.

Had I not been so deeply concerned in the cause of her grief, I could have endeavoured to comfort her. But what could I say? I turned my head aside. I would also have concealed *my* emotion, but Signor Jeronymo took notice of it.

The poor Chevalier, kindly said he, with an accent of compassion—

I don't doubt it, answered she, as kindly, tho' he spoke not out what he had to say. He may be obdurate; but not ungrateful.

Excellent woman! How was I affected by her generosity! This was taking the direct road to my heart. You know that heart, Dr. Bartlett, and what a task it had.

Jeronymo enquired after his sister's health; *I* was afraid to enquire.

Not worse, I hope; but so talkative! poor thing! She burst into tears.

I presumed to take her hand—O Madam! Will no compromise! Will no—

It ought not, Chevalier. I cannot urge it. We know your power, *too well* we know your power over the dear creature. She will not be long a Catholic, if she be yours; and you know what we then should think of her precious soul!—Better to part with her for ever—Yet, how can a mother—Her tears spoke what her lips could not utter.

Recovering her voice, I have left her, said she, contending with the doctors against being let blood. She was so earnest with me to prevent it, that I could not stay. It is over by this time—She rang.

At that moment, to the astonishment of all three, in ran the dear Clementina herself.—A happy escape! Thank God! said she—Her arm bound up.

She had felt the lancet; but did not bleed more than two or three drops.

O my mamma! And *you* would have run away from me too, would you!—You don't use to be cruel; and to leave me with these doctors—See! see! and she held out her lovely arm a little bloody, regarding nobody but her mother; who, as well as we, was speechless with surprize—They did attempt to wound; but they could not obtain their cruel ends—And I ran for shelter to my mamma's arms (throwing hers about her neck)—Dearest, dearest madam, don't let me be sacrificed. What has your poor child done, to be thus treated?—

O my Clementina!

And O my mamma, too! Have I not suffered enough!—

The door opened. She cast her fearful eye to it, clinging faster to her mother.—They are come to take me! Begone, Camilla (It was she) begone, when I bid you! They sha'n't take me—My mamma will save me from them—Won't you, my mamma? clasping more fervently her arms about her neck, and hiding her face in her bosom. Then lifting up her face, Begone, I tell you, Camilla. They sha'n't have me.—Camilla withdrew.

Brother! my dear brother! you will protect me: won't you?

I arose. I was unable to bear this affecting scene— She saw me.

Good God! said she.—Then in English breaking out into that line of Hamlet, which she had taken great notice of, when we read that play together—

*Angels, and ministers of grace, defend us!*

She left her mother, and stept gently towards me, looking earnestly with her face held out, as if she were doubtful whether it were I, or not.

I snatched her hand, and pressed it with my lips— O madam!—Dearest Lady!—I could say no more.

It is he! It is he, indeed, madam! turning her head to her mother, one hand held up, as in surprize, as I detained the other.

The son's arms supported the almost fainting mother; his tears mingling with hers.

For God's sake! for my sake, dear Grandison! said he, and stopt.

I quitted Clementina's hand; Jeronymo's unhealed wounds had weakened him, and I hastened to support the Marchioness.

O Chevalier! spare your concern for me, said she. My child's *head* is of more consequence to me, than my own *heart*.

What was it of distress that I did not at that moment feel!

The young Lady turning to us—Well, Sir, said she, Here is sad work! Sad work, to be sure! Somebody is wrong: I won't say who.—But you will not let these doctors use me ill—Will you?—See here! shewing her bound-up arm to me—what they would have done!—See! They did get a drop or two; but no more. And I sprung from them, and ran for it.

Her mother then taking her attention, My dearest mamma! How do you!—

O my

O my child! and she clasped her arms about her Clementina.

Camilla came in. She added by *her* grief to the distressful scene. She threw her arms, kneeling, about the Marchioness: O my dearest Lady! said she.—The Marchioness feeling for her *salts*, and taking them out of her pocket, and smelling to them; Unclasp me, Camilla, said she: I am better. Are the doctors gone?

No, madam, whispered Camilla: But they say, It is highly proper; and they talk of blistering!—

Not her head, I hope!—The dear creature, when she used to value herself upon any-thing, took pride, as well she might, in her hair.

Now you are whispering, my mamma—And this impertinent Camilla is come—Camilla, they shall not have me, I tell you!—See, barbarous wretches! what they have done to me already!—again holding up her arm, and then with indignation tearing off the fillet.

Her brother begged of her to submit to the operation. Her mother joined her gentle command—Well, I won't love you, brother, said she: You are in the plot against me—But *here* is one who *will* protect me; laying her hand upon my arm, and looking earnestly in my face, with such a mixture of woe and tenderness in her eye, as pierced my very soul.

Persuade her, Chevalier, said the Marchioness.

My good young Lady, Will you not obey your mamma? You are not well. Will you not be well? See how you distress your noble brother!

She stroked her brother's cheek (It was wet with his tears) with a motion inimitably tender, her voice as inimitably soothing—Poor Jeronymo! My dearest brother! And have you not suffered enough from vile assassins? Poor dear brother!—and again stroked his cheek—How was I affected!

A fresh gush of tears broke from his eyes—Ah, Grandifon! said he!



O why, why, said I, did I accept of your kind invitation? This distress could not have been so deep, had not I been present.

See! see! Chevalier, holding out her spread hand to me, Jeronymo weeps—He weeps for his sister, I believe.—These—Look, my hand is wet with them! are the tears of my dear Jeronymo! My hand—See! is wet with a brother's tears!—And *you*, madam, are affected too! turning to her mother. It is a grievous thing to see men weep! What ail they?—Yet I cannot weep—Have they softer hearts than mine?—Don't weep, Chevalier.—See, Jeronymo has done!—I would stroke your cheek too, if it would stop your tears.—But what is all this for?—It is because of these doctors, I believe.—But, Camilla, bid them be gone: They sha'n't have me.

Dearest madam, said I, submit to your mamma's advice: Your mamma wishes you to suffer them to breathe a vein—It is no more—Your Jeronymo also beseeches you to permit them.

And do *you* wish it too, Chevalier?—Do *you* wish to see me wounded?—To see my heart bleeding at my arm, I warrant. Say, can *you* be so hard-hearted?

Let me join with your mamma, with your brother, to entreat it: For your father's sake! For—

For *your* sake, Chevalier?—Well; will it do you good to see me bleed?

I withdrew to the window. I could not stand this question; put with an air of tenderness for me, and in an accent *equally* tender.

The irresistible Lady (O' what eloquence in her disorder!) followed me; and laying her hand on my arm, looking earnestly after my averted face, as if she would not suffer me to hide it from her—Will it, will it, comfort *you* to see me bleed?—Come then, *be* comforted; I *will* bleed: But you shall not leave me. You shall see that these doctors shall not kill me quite.

O Dr. Bartlett! How did this address to me torture my very soul!

Camilla, proceeded she, I *will* bleed. Madam, to her mother, Will it please *you* to have me bleed? Will it please *you*, my Jeronymo? turning to him— And, Sir, Sir, stepping to me with quickness, Will it please *you*?—Why then, Camilla, bid the doctors come in.—What would I not do to please such kind friends? You grudge not your tears: And as I cannot give you tears for tears, from my eyes, Shall not my arm weep!—But do *you* stand by me, Chevalier, while it is done. You will? Won't you?—seeking again with her eye my averted face.

O that my life, thought I, would be an *effectual* offering for the restoring the peace of mind of this dear Lady, and her family! and that it might be taken by any hand but my own!—But my Conscience!—Prepossessed as I am in favour of my own religion, and in disfavour of that I am wished to embrace; How, thought I, can I make a sacrifice of my Conscience!

The dear Lady was then as earnest for the operation, as before she had been averse to it: But she did and said every-thing in an hurry.

The Marchioness and my friend were comforted, in hopes that some relief would follow it. The doctors were invited in.

Do you stand by me, Sir, said she to me.—Come, make haste. But it sha'n't be the same arm—Camilla, see, I can bare my own arm—It will bleed at this arm, I warrant—I will *bid* it flow.—Come, make haste—Are you always so tedious?—The preparation in all these things, I believe, is worse than the act.—Pray, pray, make haste.

They did; tho' she thought they did not.

Turn your face another way, madam, said the doctor.

Now methinks I am Iphigenia, Chevalier, going to be offered—looking at me, and from the doctors.

And is this all?—The puncture being made, and she bleeding freely.

The doctors were not satisfied with a small quantity. She fainted, however, before they had taken quite so much as they intended; and her women carried her out of her brother's apartment into her own, in the chair she sat in.

Dear Clementina!—My compassion and my best wishes followed her.

You see your power over the dear girl, Grandison, said her brother.

The Marchioness sighed; and looking at me with kind and earnest meaning, withdrew to attend her daughter's recovery.

## L E T T E R XXVII.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

**R**Eceive, my Lucy, the doctor's sixth Letter. The fifth has almost broken the hearts of us all.

*Dr. Bartlett's sixth Letter.*

**A** Scene of another nature took place of this, proceeds Mr. Grandison.

Camilla stepped in, and said, The General was come; and was at that moment lamenting with the Marchioness the disordered state of mind of his beloved sister; who had again fainted away; but was quiet when Camilla came in.

The General will be here presently, said Jeronymo. Do you choose to see him?

As, perhaps, he has been told I am here, it would look too particular to depart instantly. If he comes not in soon, I will take my leave of you.

I had hardly done speaking, when the General entered, drying his eyes.

Your servant, Mr. Grandison, said he. Brother,  
How

How do you? Not the better, I dare say, for the present affliction. Who the devil would have thought the girl had been so deeply affected?—Well, Sir, you have a glorious triumph!—Clementina's heart is not a vulgar one. Her family—

My Lord, I hope I do not deserve this address!—*Triumph*, my Lord!—Not a heart in this family can be more distressed than mine.

And is religion, is conscience, *really* of such force, Chevalier?

Let me ask that question, my Lord, of your own heart: Let me ask it of your brother the Bishop; of the other principals of your noble family: And the answer given will be an answer for me.

He seemed displeas'd. Explain yourself, Chevalier.

If, my Lord, said I, you think there is so great, so essential, a difference in the two religions, that you cannot consent that I should keep my own; What must I be, who think as highly of my own as you can of yours, to give it up, tho' on the highest temporal consideration? Make the case your own, my Lord.

I can. And were I in your situation, such a woman as my sister; such a family as ours; such a splendid fortune as she will have; I believe, I should not make the scruples you do. My brother the Bishop indeed might not have given the same answer: He might be more tenacious.

The Bishop cannot be better satisfied with *his* religion than I am with *mine*. But I hope, my Lord, *from what you have said*, that I may claim the honour of your friendship in this great article. It is propos'd to me, that I renounce my religion: I make no such proposal to your family: On the contrary, I consent that Lady Clementina should keep hers; and I am ready to allow a very handsome provision for a discreet man, her confessor, to attend her, in order to secure her in it. As to residence; I will consent to reside  
one

one year in Italy, one in England; and even, if she choose not to go to England at all, I will acquiesce; and visit England myself but for three months in every year.

As to the children, Mr. Grandison? said Signor Jeronymo; desirous of promoting the compromise.

I will consent that daughters shall be the mother's care; the education of sons must be left to me.

What will the poor daughters have done, Cavalier, sneeringly spoke the General, that *they* should be left to perdition?

Your Lordship, without my entering into the opinion of the professors of both religions on this subject, will consider my proposal as a *compromise*. I would not have begun an address upon these terms with a princess. I do assure you, that mere fortune has no bias with me. Prescribe not to me in the article of religion, and I will, with all my soul, give up every ducat of your sister's fortune.

Then what will you have to support—

My Lord, leave that to your sister and me. I will deal honourably with her. If she renounce me on that article, you will have reason to congratulate yourselves.

Your fortune, Sir, by marriage, will be much more considerable than it can be by patrimony, if Clementina be yours: Why then should you not look forward to your posterity as Italians? And in *that* case—

He stopt there.—It was easy to guess at his inference.

I would no more renounce my Country than my Religion: I would leave posterity free; but would not deprive them of an attachment that I value myself upon: Nor yet my country, of a family that never gave it cause to be ashamed of it.

The General took snuff, and looked on me, and off me, with an air too supercilious. I could not but be sensible of it.

I have no small difficulty, my Lord, said I, to bear  
the

the hardships of my situation, added to the distress which that situation gives me, to be looked upon in this family as a delinquent, without having done anything to reproach myself with, either in thought, word, or deed—My Lord, it is extremely hard.

It is, my Lord, said Signor Jeronymo. The great misfortune in the case before us, is, that the Chevalier Grandison has merit superior to that of most men; and that our sister, who was not to be attached by common merit, could not be insensible to his.

Whatever were my sister's attachments, Signor Jeronymo, we know *yours*; and generous ones they are: But we all know how handsome men may attach young Ladies, without needing to say a single word. The poison once taken in at the eye, it will soon diffuse itself through the whole mass.

My honour, yet, my Lord, was never called in question, either by man or woman.

Your character is well known, Chevalier—Had it not been unexceptionable, we should not have entered into treaty with you on this subject, I do assure you; and it piques us not a little to have a daughter of our house refused. You don't know the consequence, I can tell you, of such an indignity offered in this country.

*Refused!* my Lord!—To endeavour to obviate this charge, would be to put an affront upon your Lordship's justice, as well as an indignity offered to your truly noble house.

He arose in anger, and swore that he would not be treated with contempt.

I stood up too; And if *I* am, my Lord, with indignity, it is not what I have been used to bear.

Signor Jeronymo was disturbed. He said, He was against our seeing each other. He knew his brother's warmth; and I, he said, from the scenes that had before passed, ought perhaps to have shewn more pity than resentment.

It was owing to my regard for the delicacy of your sister, Signor Jeronymo, said I (for whom I have the tenderest sentiments), as well as to do justice to my own conduct towards her, that I could not help shewing myself affected by the word *refused*.

*Affected by the word refused!* Sir, said the General—Yes, you have soft words for hard meanings. But I, who have not your choice of words, make use of those that are explained by actions.

I was in hopes, my Lord, that I might rather have been favoured with your weight in the proposed compromise, than to have met with your displeasure.

Consider, Chevalier, coolly consider this matter: How shall we answer it to our country? (We are public people, Sir); to the church, to which we stand related; to our own character; to marry a daughter of our house to a Protestant? You say you are concerned for her honour: What *must* we, what *can* we say in her behalf, when she is reflected upon as a Love-sick girl, who, tho' stedfast in her religion, could refuse men of the first consideration, all of her own religion and country, and let a foreigner, an Englishman, carry her off?—

Preserving nevertheless by *stipulation*, you will remember, my Lord, her religion.—If you shall have so much to answer for to the world with such a stipulation in the Lady's favour, What shall I be thought of, who, tho' I am not, nor wish to be, a public man, am not of a low or inconsiderable family, if I, against my conscience, renounce my religion and my country, for a consideration, that, tho' the highest in private life, is a partial and selfish consideration?

No more, no more, Sir—If you can despise worldly grandeur; if you can set light by Riches, Honours, Love; my sister has this to be said in her praise, that she is the first woman, that ever I heard of, who fell in love with a philosopher: And she must, I think, take the consequence of such a peculiarity. Her example will not have many followers.

Yes, my Lord, it will, said Jeronymo, if Mr. Grandifon be the philosopher. If women were to be regimented, he would carry an army into the field without beat of drum.

I was vexed to find an affair that had penetrated my heart, go off so lightly; but the levity shewn by the General was followed by Jeronymo, in order to make the past warmth between us forgotten.

I left the brothers together. As I passed through the salon, I had the pleasure of hearing, by a whisper from Camilla, that her young Lady was somewhat more composed for the operation she had yielded to.

In the afternoon, the General made me a visit at my lodgings. He told me, he had taken amiss some things that had fallen from my mouth.

I owned that I was at one time warm; but excused myself by *his* example.

I urged him to promote my interest as to the proposed compromise. He gave me no encouragement; but took down my proposals in writing.

He asked me, If my father were as tenacious in the article of religion as I was?

I told him, That I had forbore to write any-thing of the affair to my father.

That, he said, was surprizing. He had always apprehended, that a man who pretended to be strict in religion, be it what religion it would, should be uniform. He who could dispense with one duty, might with another.

I answered, That having no view to address Lady Clementina, I had only given my father general accounts of the favour I had met with from a family so considerable: That it was but *very lately* that I had entertained any hopes *at all*, as he must know: That those hopes were allayed by my fears that the articles of religion and residence would be an insuperable obstacle: But that it was my resolution, in the same hour that I could have any prospect of succeeding, to  
lay



lay all before him ; and I was sure of his approbation and consent to an alliance so answerable to the magnificence of his own spirit.

The General, at parting, with an haughty air said, I take my leave, Chevalier : I suppose you will not be in haste to *leave* Bologna. I am extremely sensible of the indignity you have cast upon us all. I *am*, and swore—We shall not disgrace our sister and ourselves, by courting your acceptance of her. I understand, that Olivia is in Love with you too. These contentions for you may give you consequence with yourself. But Olivia is not a *Clementina*. You are in a country jealous of family-honour. Ours is a first family in it. You know not what you have done, Sir

What you have said, my Lord, I have not deserved of you. It *can-not* be answered, at least by me. I shall not leave Bologna till I apprize you of it, and till I have the misfortune to be assured, that I cannot have any hope of the honour once designed me. I will only add, That my principles were well known before I was written to at Vienna.

And do you reproach us with that step ? It was a *base* one : It had not *my* concurrence. He went from me in a passion.

I had enough at my heart, Dr. Bartlett, had I been spared this insult from a brother of *Clementina*. It went very hard with me to be threatened. But I thank God, I do not deserve the treatment.

## L E T T E R XXVIII.

*Miss* BYRON. *In Continuation.*

*London, Friday Morning, Mar. 31.*

**H**ERE, my Lucy, once more I am. We arrived yesterday in the afternoon.

Lady Betty Williams and Miss Clements have been already to welcome me on my return. My cousin  
says,

says, they are inseparable. I am glad of it, for Lady Letty's sake.

Dr. Bartlett is extremely obliging. One would think, that he and his kinsman give up all their time in transcribing for us. I send you now his seventh, eighth, and ninth Letters. In reading the two latter, we were struck (for the two sisters and my Lord were with us) with the nobleness of Clementina. Her motive, thro' her whole delirium, is so apparently owing to her concern for the Soul of the man she loved (entirely regardless of any interest of her own) that we all forgot what had been so long our wishes, and joined in giving a preference to her.

*Dr. Bartlett's seventh Letter.*

I Had another visit paid me, proceeds Mr. Grandison, two hours after the General left me, by the kind-hearted Camilla, disguised as before.

I come now, Chevalier, said she, with the Marchioness's connivance, and I may say, by her command; and at the same time, by the command of Signor Jeronymo, who knows of my last attendance upon you, tho' no one else does, not even the Marchioness. He gave me this Letter for you.

But how does the noblest young Lady in Italy, Camilla? How does Lady Clementina?

More composed than we could have hoped for from the height of her delirium. It was high; for she has but a very faint idea of having seen you this morning.

The Marchioness had bid her say, that altho' I had now given her despair instead of hope, yet that she owed it to my merit, and to the sense she had of the benefits they had actually received at my hands, to let me know, that it was but too likely that resentments might be carried to an unhappy length; and that therefore she wished I would leave Bologna for the present. If happier prospects presented, she would be the first to congratulate me upon them.

I opened the Letter of my kind Jeronymo. These were the contents :

I Am infinitely concerned, my dear Grandifon, to find a man equally generous and brave as my brother is, hurried away by passion. You *may* have acted with your usual magnanimity in preferring your Religion to your Love, and to your Glory. I, for my part, think you to be a distressed man. If you are not, you must be very insensible to the merits of an excellent woman, and very ungrateful to the distinction she honours you with. I must write in this stile, and think she does honour by it even to my Grandifon. But should the consequences of this affair be unhappy for either of you ; if, in particular, for my *brother* ; What cause of regret would our family have, that a *younger* brother was saved by the hand which deprived them of a more worthy *elder* ? If for *you*, how deplorable would be the reflexion, that you saved one brother, and perished by the hand of another ! Would to God that his passion, and your spirit, were more moderate ! But let me request this favour of you ; That you retire to Florence, for a few days, at least.

How unhappy am I, that I am disabled from taking part in a more active mediation !—Yet the General admires you. But how can we blame in him a zeal for the honour of his family, in which he would be glad at his soul to include a zeal for yours ?

For God's sake quit Bologna for a few days only. Clementina is more sedate. I have carried it, that her confessor shall not at present visit her ; yet he is an honest and a pious man.

What a fatality ! Every one to mean well, yet every one to be miserable ! And can Religion be the cause of so much unhappiness ? I cannot *act*. I can only *reflect*. My dear friend, let me know by a line, that you will depart from Bologna to-morrow ;

morrow; and you will then a little lighten the heart of your

JERONYMO.

I sent my grateful compliments to the Marchioness by Camilla. I besought her to believe, that my conduct on this occasion should be such as should merit her approbation. I expressed my grief for the apprehended resentments. I was sure that a man so noble, so generous, so brave, as was the man from whom the resentments might be supposed to arise, would better consider of every thing: But it was impossible for me, I bid Camilla say, to be far distant from Bologna; because I still presumed to hope for a happy turn in my favour.

I wrote to Signor Jeronimo to the same effect. I assured him of my high regard for his gallant brother: I deplored the occasion which had subjected me to the General's displeasure; bid him depend upon my moderation. I referred to my known resolution of long standing, to avoid a meditated rencounter with *any* man; urging, that he might, for that reason, the more securely rely upon my care to shun any acts of offence either to or from a son of the Marquis della Porretta; a brother of my dear friend Jeronimo, and of the most excellent and beloved of sisters!

Neither the Marchioness nor Jeronimo were satisfied with the answers I returned: But what could I do? I had promised the General that I would not leave Bologna till I had apprized him of my intention to do so; and I still was willing, as I bid Camilla tell the Marchioness, to indulge my hopes of some happy turn.

The Marquis, the Bishop, and General, went to Urbino; and there, as I learnt from my Jeronimo, it was determined, in full assembly, that Grandison, as well from difference in religion, as from inferiority in degree and fortune, was unworthy of their alliance; And it was

hinted to the General, that he was equally unworthy of his resentment.

While the father and two brothers were at Urbino, Lady Clementina gave hopes of a sedate mind. She desired her mother to allow her to see me: But the Marchioness believing there were no hopes of my complying with their terms, and being afraid of the consequences, and of incurring blame from the rest of her family, now especially, that they were absent, and consulting together on what *was* proper to be done; desired she would not think of it.

This refusal made Clementina the more earnest for an interview. Signor Jeronymo gave his advice in favour of it. The misfortune he had met with, had added to his weight with the family. It is a family of harmony and love. They were hardly more particularly fond of Clementina than they were of one another, throughout the several branches of it: This harmony among them added greatly to the family-consequence, as well in public as private. Till the attempt that was made upon their Jeronymo, they had not known calamity.

But the confessor strengthening the Marchioness's apprehensions of what the consequence of indulging the young Lady might be, all Jeronymo's weight would have failed to carry this point, had it not been for an enterprize of Clementina, which extremely alarmed them, and made them give into her wishes.

Camilla has enabled me to give the following melancholy account of it, to the only man on earth to whom I could communicate particulars, the very recollection of which, tears my heart in pieces.

The young Lady's malady, after some favourable symptoms which went off, returned in another shape; her talkativeness continued; but the hurry with which she spoke and acted, gave place to a sedateness that she seemed very fond of. They did not suffer her to go  
out

out of her chamber; which she took not well: But Camilla being absent about an hour; on her return missed her, and alarmed the whole house upon it. Every part of it, and of the garden, was searched. From an apprehension that they dared not so much as whisper to one another, they *dreaded* to find her whom they so carefully sought after.

At last, Camilla seeing, as she supposed, one of the maid servants coming down-stairs with remarkable tranquillity, as she thought, in her air and manner; Wretch! said she, how composed do you seem to be in a storm that agitates every body else!

Don't be angry with me, Camilla, returned the supposed servant.

O my Lady! my *very* Lady Clementina, in Laura's c'oaths! Whither are you going, madam?—But let the Marchioness know, said she, to one of the women-servants who then appeared in sight, that we have found my young Lady—What, dear madam, is the meaning of this?—Go, Martina, to another woman-servant, go this instant to my Lady!—Dear Lady Clementina, what concern have you given us!

And thus she went on, asking questions of her young Lady, and giving orders, almost in the same breath, till the Marchioness came to them in a joyful hurry, from one of the pavilions in the garden, into which she had thrown herself; tor ured by her fears, and dreading the approach of every servant, with fatal tidings.

The young Lady stood still, but with great composure. *I will go*, Camilla, said she; indeed I will. You disturb me by your frantic ways, Camilla. I wish you would be as sedate and calm as I am: What's the matter with the woman?

Her mother folding her arms about her—O my sweet girl! said she, How could you terrify us thus? What's the meaning of this disguise? Whither were you going?

Why, madam, I was going on God's errand; not on my own.—What is come to Camilla? The poor creature is beside herself!

O my dear! said her mother, taking her hand, and leading her into her own apartment, (Camilla following, weeping with joy for having found her) Tell me, said she, tell me, has Laura furnished you with this dress?

Why no, madam: I'll tell you the whole truth. I went and hid myself in Laura's room, while she changed her cloaths: I saw where she put those she took off; and when she had left her room, I put them on.

And for what? For what, my dear? Tell me what you designed?

I am neither afraid nor ashamed to tell. It was God's errand I was going upon.

What *was* the errand?

Don't weep then, my dear mamma, and I'll tell you. Do, let me kiss away these tears.—And she tenderly embraced her mother.

Why, I have a great mind to talk to the Chevalier Grandison. I had many fine thoughts upon my pillow; and I believed I could say a great deal to the purpose to him; and you told me I must not see him: So I thought I would not. But then I had other notions came into my head; and I believed, if I could talk freely to him, I should convince him of his errors. Now, thought I, I know he will mind what I say to him, more than perhaps he will my brother the Bishop, or Father Marescotti. I am a simple girl, and can have no interest in his conversion; for he has refused me, you know: So there is an end of all matters between him and me. I never was refused before: *Was* I, my mamma? I never will be twice refused. Yet I owe him no ill-will. And if one can save a soul, you know, madam, there is no harm in that. So it is God's errand I go upon, and not my  
own.

own. And shall I not go? Yes, I shall. I know you will give me leave.—She courtesied. Silence is permission! Thank you, madam.—And seemed to be going.

Well might her mother be silent. She could not speak; but rising, went after her to the door, and taking her hand, sobbed over it her denial (as Camilla described it), and brought her back, and motioned to her to sit down—

She whispered Camilla, What ails my mamma? Can you tell?—But see how calm, how composed I am! This world, Camilla! what a vain thing is this world! and she looked up. And so I shall tell the Chevalier. I shall tell him not to refuse heaven, tho' he has refused a simple girl, that was no enemy to him, and might have been a faithful guide to him thither, for what he knew. Now all these things I wanted to say to him, and a vast deal more; and when I have told him my mind, I shall be easy.

*Will* my precious girl be easy, broke out into speech her weeping mother, when you have told the Chevalier your mind? You *shall* tell him your mind, my dear; and God restore my child to peace, and to me!

Well now, my mamma, this is a good sign—For if I have moved you to oblige me, Why may I not move him to oblige himself?—That's all I have in view. He has been my tutor, and I want, methinks, to return the favour, and be his tutress; and so you will let me go—Won't you?

No, my dear, we will send for him.

Well, that may do as well, provided you will let us be alone together: For these proud men may be ashamed, before company, to own themselves convinced by a simple girl.

But, my dearest Love, Whither would you have gone? Do you know where the Chevalier's lodgings are?



She paused.—She does not, surely, Camilla!

Camilla repeated the question, that the young Lady might herself answer it.

She looked as if considering—Then, Why no, truly, said she; I did not think of that: But everybody in Bologna knows where the Chevalier Grandison lives—Don't you think so?—But when shall he come? That will be better; *much* better.

You shall go, Camilla, disguised as before. Probably he has not quitted Bologna yet. And let him know, to a tittle, all that has passed, on this attempt of the dear soul—If he can bring his mind to comply with our terms, it may not yet be too late: Tho' it *will be* so after my Lord and my two sons return from Urbino. But small are my hopes from him. If the interview makes my poor child easy, that will be a blessed event: We shall all rejoice in that. Mean time, come with me, my dear—But first resume your own dress—And then we will tell Jeronymo what we have determined upon. He will be pleased with it, I know.

You tell me, my good Miss Byron, that I cannot be too particular; yet the melancholy tale, I see, affects you too sensibly: As it also does my Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison. No wonder! when the transcribing of them has the same effect upon me, as the reading had at my first being favoured with the Letters that give the moving particulars.

*Dr. Bartlett's eighth Letter.*

**I** Proceed now to give an account of Mr. Grandison's interview with Lady Clementina.

He had no sooner heard the preceding particulars, than he hastened to her, tho' with a tortured heart.

He was introduced to the Marchioness and Signor Jeronymo, in the apartment of the latter.

I suppose, said the Marchioness, after first civilities,  
Camilla

Camilla has told you the way we are now in. The dear creature has a great desire to talk with you. Who knows, but she may be easier after she has been humoured?—She is more composed than she was, since she knows she may expect to see you. Poor thing! she has hopes of converting you.

Would to heaven, said Jeronymo, that compassion for her disordered mind, may have that effect upon my Grandison, which argument has not had!—Poor Grandison! I can pity you at my heart. These are hard trials to your humanity! Your distress is written in your countenance!

It is deeper written in my heart, said I.

Indeed, Dr. Bartlett, it was.

The Marchioness rang. Camilla came in. See, said she, if Clementina is disposed now to admit of the Chevalier's visit; and ask her, if she will have her mamma introduce him to her.

By all means, was the answer returned.

Clementina at our entrance was sitting at the window, a book in her hand. She stood up. A great, but solemn composure appeared in her air and aspect.

The Marchioness went to the window, holding her handkerchief at her eyes. I approached with profound respect her Clementina; but my heart was too full to speak first—*She* could speak. She did, without hesitation—

You are nothing to me now, Chevalier: You have refused me, you know; and I thank you: You are in the right, I believe. I am a very proud creature. And you saw what trouble I gave to the best of parents, and friends. You are certainly in the right. She that can give so much concern to them, must make any man afraid of her. But Religion, it seems, is your pretence. Now I am sorry that you are an obstinate man. You *know* better, Chevalier. I think you *should* know better. But you have been my tutor. Shall I be yours?

I shall attend to every instruction that you will honour me with.

But let me, Sir, comfort my mamma.

She went to her, and kneeled: Why weeps my mamma? taking a hand in each of hers, and kissing first one, then the other. Be comforted, my mamma. You see, I am quite well. You see I am sedate.—  
Bless your Clementina!

God bless my child!

She arose from her knees; and stepping towards me—You are very silent, Sir; and very sad—But I don't want you to be sad.—Silent I will allow you to be; because the tutored should be all ear. So I used to be to you.

She then turned her face from me, putting her hand to her forehead—I had a great deal to say to you; but I have forgot it all—Why do you look so melancholy, Chevalier? You know your own mind; and you did what you thought just and fit—Did you not? Tell me, Sir.

Then turning to her weeping mother—The poor Chevalier cannot speak, madam—Yet had nobody to bid him do this, or bid him do that—He is sorry, to be sure!—Well, but, Sir, turning to me, Don't be sorry.—And yet the man who once refused me—Ah, Chevalier! I thought that was very cruel of you: But I soon got over it. You see how sedate I am now. Cannot you be as sedate as I am?

What could I say? I could not sooth her; she boasted of her sedateness. I could not argue with her. Could I have been hers, could my compromise have been allowed of, I could have been unreserved in my declarations. Was ever man so unhappily circumstanced?—Why did not the family forbid me to come near them? Why did not my Jeronymo renounce friendship with me? Why did this excellent mother bind me to her, by the sweet ties of kindness and esteem; engaging all my reverence and gratitude?

But

But let me ask you, Chevalier, How could you be so *unreasonable* as to expect, that I should change my religion, when you were so very tenacious of yours? Were you not *very* unreasonable to expect this?— Upon my word, I believe, you men think, it is no matter for us women to have any consciences, so as we do but study your wills, and do our duty by you. Men look upon themselves as gods of the earth, and on us women but as their ministring servants!—But I did not expect that *you* would be so unreasonable. You used to speak highly of our Sex. Good women, you used to say, were angels. And many a time have you made me proud that I *was* a woman. How could *you*, Chevalier, be so unreasonable?

May I, madam, to her mother, acquaint her with the proposals I made?—She seems to think, that I insisted upon her change of religion.

It was not designed she should think so: But I remember now, that she would not let me tell all I had to say, when I was making my report to her of what had passed between the Bishop and you. It was enough, she said, that she had been refused; she besought me to spare the rest: And since that, she has not been in such a way that we *could* talk to her on that part of the subject. We took it for granted, that *she* knew it all, because *we* did. Could we have yielded to your proposals, we should have enforced them upon her.—If you acquaint her with what you had proposed, it may make her think she has not been *despised*, as she calls it; the notion of which changed her temper, from over-thoughtful to over-lively.

No need of speaking low to each other, said the young Lady. After your slight, Sir, you may let me hear *any-thing*.—Madam! you see how sedate I am. I have quite overcome myself. Don't be afraid of saying *any-thing* before me.

*Slight*, my dearest Lady Clementina! Heaven is my witness, your honoured mamma is my witness,

that I have not slighted you!—The conditions I had proposed, could they have been complied with, would have made me the happiest of men!

Yes, and me the unhappiest of women. Why you refused me, did you not? And putting both her hands spread before her face; Don't let it be told abroad, that a daughter of that best of mothers was refused by any man less than a Prince!—Fie upon that daughter! To be able to stand before the proud refuser! [She walked from me.] I am ashamed of myself!—O Mrs. Beaumont! But for *you*!—My Secret had been buried here, putting one hand on her bosom, holding still the other before her face.—But Sir, Sir, coming towards me, don't speak! Let me have all my talk out—And then—everlasting silence be my portion!

How her mother wept! How was I affected!

I had a great deal to say to you, I thought: I wanted to convince you of your errors. I wanted *no* favour of you, Sir: Mine was a pure, disinterested esteem. A voice from heaven, I thought, bid me convert you. I was setting out to convert you: I should have been enabled to do it, I doubt not; *Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings*; Do you remember that text, Sir?—Could I have gone, when I would have gone—I had it *all* in my head then—But now I have lost it—O that impertinent Camilla!—*She* must question me—The woman addressed me in a quite frantic way. She was vexed to see me so sedate.

I was going to speak—Hush, hush, when I bid you! and she put her hand before my mouth. With both my hands I held it there for a moment, and kissed it.

Ah, Chevalier! said she, not withdrawing it, I believe you are a flattering man! How *can* you, to a poor *despised* girl—

Let me *now* speak, madam—Use not a word that I cannot repeat after you. Let me beg of you to hear the proposals I made— I

I mentioned them; and added, Heaven only knows the anguish of my soul—Hush, said she, interrupting, and turning to her mother—I know nothing of these men, madam! Do you think, my mamma, I may believe him?—He *looks* as if one might!—Do you think I may believe him?

Her mother was silent, through grief.

Ah, Sir! My mamma, tho' she is not your enemy, cannot vouch for you!—But I will have you bound by your own hand. She flew to her closet in a hurry, and brought out pen, ink, and paper.—Come, Sir, you must not play tricks with me. Give me under your hand, what you have now said—But I will write it, and you shall sign it.

She wrote, in an instant, as follows:

The Chevalier Grandison solemnly declares, That he did, in the most earnest manner, of his own accord, propose, that he would *allow* a certain young creature, if she might be *allowed* to be his wife, the free use of her religion; and to have a discreet man, at her choice, for her confessor: And that he would never oblige her to go to England with him: And that he would live in Italy with her every other year.

Will you sign this, Sir?—Most willingly.—Do then.—I did.

And you *did* propose this?—Did he, madam?

My dear, he did. And I would have told you so; but that you were affected at his supposed refusal.

Why, to be sure, madam, interrupted she, it was a shocking thing to be *refused*.

Would you have wished us, my dear, to comply with these terms? Would you have chosen to marry a Protestant? A daughter of the house of Porretta, and of the house I sprung from, to marry an English Protestant?

Clementina took her mother aside, but spoke loud enough to be heard. To

To be sure, madam, that would have been wrong: But I am glad I was not refused with contempt: That my tutor, and the preserver of my Jeronymo, did not *despise* me. To say truth, I was afraid he liked Olivia; and so made a pretence.

Don't you think, my dear, that you would have run too great a hazard of your own faith, had you complied with the Chevalier's proposals?

Why no, surely, madam!—Might I not have had as great a chance of converting him, as he could have had of perverting me? I glory in my Religion, madam.

So does he, my love, in his.

That is his *fault*, madam. Chevalier, stepping towards me, I think you a very obstinate man. I hope you have not heard our discourse.

Yes, my dear, he has: And I desire not but he should.

Would to God, madam, said I to the Marchioness, that I had yours and my Lord's interest! From what the dear Lady Clementina has hinted, I might presume—

But, Sir, you are *mistaken*, perhaps, said the young Lady. Tho' I answer for answering's sake, and to shew that I have no doubt of my steadfastness in an article in which my soul is concerned; yet that is no proof of my attachment to an obstinate—I know what!—Heretic was, no doubt, in her head.

I took her mother aside: For God's sake, madam, encourage my presumptuous hopes. Do you not observe already, an alteration in the dear Lady's mind? Is she not more unaffectedly sedate than she was before? Is not her mind quieter, now she knows that every thing was yielded up that honour and conscience would permit to be yielded up? See that sweet serenity almost restored to those eyes, that within these few moments had a wilder turn!

Ah, Chevalier! this depends not on me. And if it  
*did,*

*did*, I cannot allow of my daughter's marrying a man so bigotted to his errors. Excuse me, Sir! But if you were more indifferent in your religion, I should have more hopes of you, and less objection.

If, madam, I *could* be indifferent in my religion, the temptation would have been too great to be resisted. Lady Clementina, and an alliance with such a family—

Ah Chevalier! I can give you no hope.

Look at the sweet Lady, madam! Behold her, as now, perhaps, balancing in my favour! Think of what she was, the joy of every heart; and what she may be! Which, whatever becomes of me, Heaven avert!—And shall not the noble Clementina have her mother for her advocate? God is my witness, that your Clementina's happiness is, more than my own, the object of my vows. Once more, for your Clementina's sake (What, alas! is *my* sake to that) on my knee, let me request your interest: That, joined to my Jeronymo's, and if the dear Lady recede not, if she blast not these budding hopes, will, I doubt not, succeed.

The young Lady ran to me, and offering to help me up with both her hands, Rise, Chevalier: Shall I raise the Chevalier, madam?—I don't love to see him kneel. Poor Chevalier!—See his tears!—What is the matter with every-body? Why do you weep?—My mamma weeps too!—What ails every-body?

Rise, Chevalier, said the Marchioness. O this sweet prattler! She will burst my heart asunder!—You cannot, Sir, prevail (I cannot *wish* that you should) but upon our own terms. And will not this sweet soul move you?—Hard-hearted Grandison!

What a fate is mine! rising: With a soul penetrated by the disorder of this most excellent of women, and by the distress given by it to a family, every single person of which I both love and reverence, to be called hard-hearted! What is it I desire,  
but



but that I may not renounce a religion in which my conscience is satisfied, and be obliged to embrace for it one, that tho' I can love and honour every worthy member of it, I have scruples, *more* than scruples, about, that my heart can justify, and my reason defend! You have not, madam, yourself, with a heart all mother and friend, a deeper affliction than mine.

Clementina, all this time, looked with great earnestness, now on me, now on her weeping mother—And at last, breaking silence [Her mother could not speak], and taking her hand, and kissing it, I don't, said she, comprehend the reason of all this. This house is not the house it was: Who, but I, is the same person in it? My father is not the same: My brothers neither: My mamma never has a dry eye, I think: But *I* don't weep. I am to be the comforter of you all! And I *will*.—Don't weep! Why now you weep the more for my comfortings!—O my mamma! What would you say to your girl, if *she* refused comfort? Then kneeling down, and kissing her hand with eagerness, I beseech you, my dear mamma, I *beseech* you, be comforted; or lend me some of your tears—What ails me that I cannot weep for you!—But, turning to me, See, the Chevalier weeps too!—Then rising, and coming to me, her hand pressing my arm—Don't weep, Chevalier, my tutor, my friend, my brother's preserver! What ails you?—Be comforted!—Then taking her handkerchief out of her pocket with one hand, still pressing my arm with the other, and putting it to her eyes, and looking upon it—No!—I thought I *could* have wept for you!—But why is all this!—You see what an example I, a silly girl, can set you—Affecting a still sedater countenance.

O Chevalier! said the weeping mother, and do you say your heart is penetrated?—Sweet creature! wrapping her arms about her; my own Clementina! would to Heaven it were given me to restore  
my

my child!—O Chevalier! if complying with your terms would do it—But *you* are immoveable!

How can that be said, madam, when I have made concessions, that a princely family should not, on a *beginning* address, have brought me to make? May I *repeat*, before Lady Clementina—

What would he repeat to me? interrupted she. Do, madam, let him say all he has a mind to say. If it will make his poor heart easy, why let him say all he would say—Chevalier; speak. Can *I* be any comfort to you? I would make you *all* happy, if I could.

This, madam, said I to her mother, is too much! Excellent young Lady!—Who can bear such transcendent goodness of heart, shining through intellects so disturbed! And think you, madam, that on earth there can be a man more unhappily circumstanced than I am?

O my Clementina! said her mother, dear child of my heart! And could you consent to be the wife of a man of a contrary religion to your own? A man of another country? You see, Chevalier, I will put *your* questions to her. A man that is an enemy to the faith of his own ancestors, as well as to your faith?

Why, no, madam!—I hope he does not expect that I would.

May I presume, madam, to put the question in my own way?—But yet I think it may distress the dear Lady, and not answer the desirable end, if I may not have hope of *your* interest in my favour; and of the acquiescence of the Marquis and your sons with my proposals.

They will never comply.

Let me then be made to appear insolent, unreasonable, and even ungrateful, in the eyes of your Clementina, if her mind can be made the easier by such a representation. If I have no hopes of *your* favour, madam, I must indeed despair.

Had I any hope of carrying your cause, I know not what might be done: But I must not separate myself from my family, in this great article.—My dear! to Clementina, you said you should be easier in your mind, if you were to talk to the Chevalier alone. This is the only time you can have for it. Your father and brothers will be here to-morrow—And then, Chevalier, all will be over.

Why, madam, I did think I had a great deal to say to him. And, as I thought I had no *interest* in what I had to say—

Would you wish, my dear, to be left alone with the Chevalier? Can you recollect any thing that you had intended to say to him, had you made him the visit you had designed to make him?

I don't know.

Then I will withdraw. Shall I, my dear?

Ought I, Sir (You have been my tutor, and many excellent lessons have you taught me—tho' I don't know what is become of them!—Ought I) to wish my mamma to withdraw? Ought I to have any-thing to say to you, that I could not say before her?—I think not.

The Marchioness was retiring. I beg of you, madam, said I, to slip unobserved into that closet. You *must* hear all that passes. The occasion may be critical. Let me have the opportunity of being either approved or censured, as I shall appear to deserve, in the conversation that may pass between the dear Lady and me, if you do withdraw.

O Chevalier! you are equally prudent and generous! Why won't you be one of us? Why won't you be a Catholic?

She went out at the door. Clementina courtesied to her. I led her eye from the door, and the Marchioness re-entered, and slipped into the closet.

I conducted the young Lady to a chair, which I placed with its back to the closet-door, that her mother might

might hear all that passed.—She sat down, and bid me sit by her.

I was willing she should lead the subject, that the Marchioness might observe I intended not to prepossess her.

We were silent for a few moments. She seemed perplexed; looked up, looked down; then on one side, then on the other—At last, O Chevalier! said she, they were happy times when I was your pupil, and you were teaching me English!

They were *indeed* happy times, madam.

Mrs. Beaumont was too hard for me, Chevalier!—Do you know Mrs. Beaumont?

I do. She is one of the best of women.

Why so I think. But she turned and winded me about most strangely. I think I was in a great fault.

How so, madam?—How so! Why to let her get out of me a secret that I had kept from my mother. And yet there never was a more indulgent mother.—Now you look, Chevalier: But I sha'n't tell you what the secret was.

I do not ask you, madam.

If you did, I would not tell you.—Well, but I had a great deal to say to you, I thought. I wish that frantic Camilla had not stopt me when I was going to you. I had a great deal to say to you.

Cannot you recollect, madam, any part of it?

Let me consider—Why, in the first place, I thought you *despised* me, I was not sorry for that, I do assure you: That did me good. At first it vexed me—You can't think how much. I have a great deal of pride, Sir—But, well, I got over that; and I grew sedate—You see how sedate I am. Yet this poor man, thought I, whether he thinks so or not (I will tell you all my thoughts, Sir) But don't be grieved.—You see how sedate I am. Yet I am a silly girl; you are thought to be a wise man: Don't disgrace your wisdom. Fie! a wise man to be weaker than a simple girl!—Don't let it be said—What was I saying?—

*Yet this poor man, whether he thinks so, or not, you said, madam.*

True!—has a Soul to be saved. He has taken great pains with *me*, to teach me the language of England: Shall I not take some with *him*, to teach him the language of Heaven!—No heretic can learn that, Sir!—And I had collected abundance of fine thoughts in my mind, and many pertinent things from the Fathers; and they were all in my head—But that impertinent Camilla—And so they are all gone—But this one thing I have to say—I designed to say something like it, at the conclusion of my discourse with you—So it is premeditated, you will say; and so it is. But let me whisper it—No I won't neither—But turn your face another way—I find my blushes come already—But (and she put her spread hand before her face, as if to hide her blushes) Don't look at me, I tell you—Look at the window [I did]. Why, Chevalier, I did intend to say—But stay—I have wrote it down somewhere [She pulled out her pocket-book] Here it is. Look another way, when I bid you—She read—'Let me beseech you, Sir (I was very earnest, 'you see) to hate, to despise, to detest (Now don't 'look this way) the unhappy Clementina, with all 'my heart; but, for the sake of your immortal Soul, 'let me conjure you to be reconciled to our Holy 'Mother Church!—' Will you, Sir?—following my indeed averted face with her sweet face; for I *could not* look towards her. Say you will. I heard you once called an Angel of a man; And is it not better to be an Angel in Heaven?—Tender-hearted man! I always thought you had sensibility—Say you will—Not for my sake—I told you, that I would content myself to be still despised. It shall not be said, that you did this for a wife!—No, Sir, your conscience shall have all the merit of it!—And I'll tell you what; I will lay me down in peace—She stood up with a dignity that was augmented by her piety;

piety; And I will say, ‘ Now do thou, O beckoning  
 ‘ Angel (for an Angel will be on the other side of the  
 river—The river shall be death, Sir!—Now do thou)  
 ‘ reach out thy Divine hand, O Minister of Peace!  
 ‘ I will wade through these separating waters; and I  
 ‘ will bespeak a place for the man, who, many, many  
 ‘ years hence, may fill it!—And I will sit next you for  
 ‘ ever and ever!’—And this, Sir, shall satisfy the poor  
 Clementina; who will then be richer than the richest!  
 So you see, Sir, as I told my mother, I was setting  
 out on God’s errand; not on my own!

For hours might the dear Lady have talked on,  
 without interruption from me!—My dear Dr. Bart-  
 lett! what did I not suffer?

The Marchioness was too near for herself: She  
 could not bear this speech of her pious, generous,  
 noble daughter. She sobbed; she groaned.

Clementina started—She looked at me. She looked  
 round her. Whence came these groans? Did *you*  
 groan, Sir?—You are not a hard-hearted man, tho’  
 they say you are. But will you be a Catholic, Sir?  
 Say you will. I won’t be denied. And I will tell you  
 what—If I don’t resign to my destiny in a few, a very  
 few weeks, why then I will go into a nunnery; and  
 then I shall be God’s child, you know, even in this  
 life.

What could I say to the dear Lady? Her mind  
 was raised above an earthly Love. Circumstanced  
 as we were, how could I express the tenderness for  
 her which overflowed my heart? Compassion is a  
 motive that a woman of spirit will reject: And how  
 could Love be here pleaded, when the parties believed  
 it to be in my own power to exert it? Could I en-  
 deavour to replace myself in her affection, when I  
 refused to comply with their terms, and they with  
 mine? To have argued against her religion, and in  
 defence of my own, her mind so disturbed, could not  
 be done: And ought I, in generosity, in justice to  
 her

her family, to have attempted to unsettle her in a faith in which she, and all her family, were so well satisfied?

I could only, when I could speak, applaud her piety, and pronounce her an Angel of a woman, an ornament of her sex, and an honour to her religion; and endeavour to wave the subject.

Ah, Chevalier! said she, after a silence of some minutes!—You are an obstinate man! Indeed you are—Yet, I think, you do not despise me.—But what says your paper?

She took it out of her bosom, and read it. She seemed affected by it, as if she had not before considered it: And you *really* proposed these terms, Sir? And would you have allowed me the full exercise of my religion? And should I have had my confessor? And would you have allowed me to convert you, if I could? And would you have treated my confessor kindly? And would you have been dutiful to my papa and mamma? And would you have loved my two other brothers as well as you do Jeronymo?—And would you have let me live at Bologna?—You don't say, Yes.—But do you say, No?

To these terms, madam, most willingly would I have subscribed: And if, my dearest Lady, they could have had the wished-for effect, how happy had I been!

Well!—She then paused; and resuming, What shall we say to all these things?

I thought her mother would take it well, to have an opportunity given her to quit the closet, now her Clementina had changed her subject to one so concerning to the whole family. I favoured her doing so. She slipt out, her face bathed in tears, and soon after came in at the drawing-room door.

Ah, madam! said Clementina, paying obeisance to her, I have been arguing and pleading with the Chevalier.

Then,

Then, speaking low, I believe he may, in time, be convinced: He has a tender heart. But hush, putting her finger to her mouth, and then speaking louder. I have been reading this paper again—

She was going on too favourably for me, as it was evident the Marchioness apprehended (the first time that I had reason to think she was disinclined to the alliance): For she stopt her: My Love, said she, you and I will talk of this matter by ourselves.

She rang. Camilla came in. She made a motion for Camilla to attend her daughter, and withdrew, inviting me out with her.

When we were in another room, Ah, Chevalier! said she, How was it possible that you could withstand such an heavenly pleader? You cannot love her as she deserves to be loved: You cannot but act nobly, generously; but indeed you are an invincible man.

Not love her, madam! Your Ladyship adds distress to my very great distress!—Am I, in your opinion, an ungrateful man!—But must I lose *your* favour, *your* interest? On that, and on my dear Jeronymo's, did I build my hopes, and *all* my hopes.

I know your terms can never be accepted, Chevalier: And I have now no hopes of you. After this last conversation between you and the dear girl, I *can* have no hopes of you. Poor soul! She began to waver. O how she loves you! I see you are *not* to be united: It is impossible. And I did not care to permit a daughter of mine farther to expose herself, as it must have been to no manner of purpose.—You are concerned.—I should pity you, Sir, if you had it not in your *power* to make yourself happy, and us, and ours too.

Little did I expect such a turn, in my disfavour, from the Marchioness!

May I, madam, be permitted to take leave of the dear Lady, to whose piety and admirable heart I am so much indebted? I be-



I believe it may as well be deferred, Chevalier.

*Deferred*, madam!—The Marquis and the General come; and my heart tells me, that I may never be allowed to see her again.

At *this* time it had better be deferred, Sir.

If it must, I submit—God for ever bless you, madam, for all your goodness! God restore to you your Clementina! May you all be happy!—Time may do much for *me*! Time, and my own not disapproving conscience, may—But a more unhappy man never passed your gates!

I took the liberty to kiss her hand, and withdrew, with great emotion.

Camilla hastened after me. Chevalier, says she, my Lady asks, If you will not visit Signor Jeronymo?

Blessings attend my ever-valued friend! I cannot see him. I shall *complain* to him. My heart will burst before him. Commend me to that true friend. Blessings attend every one of this excellent family. Camilla, obliging Camilla, adieu!

O Dr. Bartlett!—But the mother was right. She was to account for her conduct in the absence of her Lord. She knew the determination of the family; and her Clementina was on the point of shewing more favour to me, than, as things were circumstanced, it was proper she should shew me: Yet they had found out that Clementina, in the way she was in, was not easily diverted from any thing she took strongly into her head; and they never had accustomed her to contradiction.

Well, Lucy, now you have read this Letter, do you not own, that this man, and this woman, can only deserve each other?—Your Harriet, my dear, is not worthy to be the handmaid of either. This is not an affectation of humility. You will be all of the same opinion, I am sure: And this Letter will convince

convince you, that *more* than his Compassion, that his *Love* for Clementina, was engaged. And so it *ought*. And what is the inference but this—That your Harriet, were this great difficulty to be vincible, could pretend to hope but for half a heart? There cannot be that fervor, my dear, in a second Love, that was in a first. Do you think there can?

*Dr. Bartlett's ninth Letter.*

THE young Lady, proceeds Mr. Grandison, after I had left her, went to her brother Jeronimo. There I should have found her, had I, as her mother motioned by Camilla, visited my friend: But when I found he was likely to stand alone in his favour to me; when the Marchioness had so unexpectedly declared herself against the compromise; I was afraid of disturbing his worthy heart, by the grief which at the instant overwhelmed mine.

The following particulars Jeronimo sent me, within three hours after I left their palace.

His sister, making Camilla retire, shewed him the paper which she had written, and made me sign, and asked him what he knew of the contents.

He knew not what had passed between his mother and me; nor did Clementina.

He told her, that I had actually made those proposals. He assured her, that I loved her above all women. He acquainted her with my distress.

She pitied me. She thought, she said, that I had not made any overtures, any concessions; that I despised her; and sensibly asked, Why the Chevalier was sent for from Vienna? We all knew his mind, as to religion, said she.

Then, after a pause, He never could have perverted me, proceeded she: He would have allowed me a confessor, would he not?

He would, answered Jeronimo.—And he would have left me among my friends in Italy?—He would,

replied he.—Well, brother, and I should have been glad perhaps to have seen England once; and he would perhaps have brought over his sisters and his father to visit us: And he praises them highly, *you know*. And if I were their sister, I could have gone over with them, *you know*. Do you think, if I had loved *them*, they would not have loved *me*? I am not an ill-natured creature, *you know*; and they *must* be courteous: Are they not *his* sisters? And don't you think his father would love *me*? I should have brought no dishonour into his family, *you know*.—Well, but I'll tell you what, Jeronymo: He is really a tender-hearted man. I talked to him of his Soul; and, upon my honour, I believe I could have prevailed, in time. Father Marefcotti is a severe man, *you know*; and he has been always so much consulted, and don't love the Chevalier, I believe: So that I fancy, if I were to have a venerable sweet-tempered man for my confessor, between *my* Love, and my *confessor's* Prudence, we should gain a Soul.—Don't you think so, Jeronymo?—And that would cover a great many sins. And all his family might be converted too, *you know*!

He encouraged her in this way of thinking. She believed, she said, that I was not yet gone. He is *so* tender-hearted, brother! *that* is my dependence: And you say, he loves me. Are you sure of that?—But I have reason to think he does. He shed tears, as I talked to him, more than once; while my eyes were as dry as they are now. I did not shed one tear. Well, I'll go to him, and talk with him.

She went to the door; but came back on tiptoe; and in a whispering accent—My mamma is coming; Hush, Jeronymo! let Hush be the word!—

The door opened—Here, madam, is your girl!—But it is not my mamma: The impertinent Camilla. She follows me as my shadow!

My Lady desires to see you, Lady Clementina, in her dressing-room.

I obey. But where is the Chevalier?

Gone, madam. Gone some time.

Ah, brother! said she, and her countenance fell.

What, gone! said Jeronymo, without seeing me! Unkind Grandison! He did not use to be so unkind.

This was the substance of the advices sent me by my friend Jeronymo.

I acquainted him in return, by pen and ink, with all that had passed between the Marchioness and me, that he might not, by his friendship for me, involve himself in difficulties.

In the morning I had a visit from Camilla, by her Lady's command; with excuses for refusing to allow me to take leave of Clementina. She hoped I was not displeas'd with her on that account. It was the effect of prudence, and not disrespect. She should ever regard me, even in a tender manner, as if the desired relation could have taken place. Her Lord, and his brother the Conte della Porretta (as he is called) with the General and the Bishop, arriv'd the night before, accompanied by the Count's eldest son, Signor Sebastiano. She had been much blamed for permitting the interview; but regretted it the less, as her beloved daughter was more compos'd than before, and gave sedate answers to all the questions put to her. But, nevertheless, she wish'd that I would retire from Bologna, for Clementina's sake, as well as for my own.

Camilla added from Signor Jeronymo, that he wish'd to hear from me from the Trentine, or Venice: And as from herself, and in confidence, that her young Lady was greatly concern'd, that I did not wait on her again before I went away: That she fell into a silent fit upon it; and that her mamma, on her not answering to her questions, for the first time, chid her: That this gave her great distress, but produced what they had so much wish'd for, a flood of

tears; and that now she frequently wept, and lamented to her, What should she do? Her mamma did not love her; and her mamma talked against the Chevalier. She wished to be allowed to see him. Nobody now would love her but the Chevalier and Jeronymo! It would be better for her to be in England, or any-where, than to be in the sweetest country in the world, and hated.

Camilla told me, that the Marquis, the Count his brother, and the General, had indeed blamed the Marchioness for permitting the interview; but were pleased that I was refused taking leave of the young Lady, when she seemed disposed to dwell on the contents of the note she had made me sign: They seemed now all of a mind, she said; That were I to comply with their terms, the alliance would not, by any means, be a proper one. Their rank, their degree, their alliances, were dwelt upon: I found that their advantages, in all these respects, were heightened; my degree, my consequence, lowered, in order to make the difference greater, and the difficulties insuperable.

Clementina's uncle, and his eldest son, both men of sense and honour, who used to be high in her esteem, had talked to her, but could get nothing from her but No, and Yes. Her father had talked to her alone; but they melted each other, and nothing resulted of comfort to either. Her mother joined him, but she threw herself at her mother's feet, besought her to forgive her, and not to *chide her again*. They had intended to discourage her from thinking of me upon any terms. The General and the Bishop were to talk to her that morning. They had expressed displeasure at Signor Jeronymo, for his continued warmth in my favour. Father Marescotti was now consulted as an oracle: And I found, that, by an indelicacy of thinking, he imagined, that the husband would set all right; and was for encouraging the Count of Belvedere, and getting me at distance.

Camilla obligingly offered to acquaint me, from time to time, with what occurred; but I thought it was not right to accept of a servant's intelligence out of the family she belonged to, unless some one of it authorized her to give it me. Yet, you must believe, I wanted not anxious curiosity on a subject so interesting. I thanked her; but said, that it might, if discovered, lay her under inconveniencies which would grieve me for her sake. She had the good sense to approve of my declining her offer.

In the morning of the same day, I had a visit made me which I little expected: It was from Father Marescotti. It is a common thing to load an enemy, especially if he be in Holy Orders, and comes to us in the guise of friendship, with the charge of hypocrisy: But partiality may be at the bottom of the accusation. Father Marescotti is a zealous Roman Catholic: I could not hope either for his interest, or affection: He could not but wish to frustrate my hopes. As a man in earnest in his own principles, and who knew how steadfast I was in mine, it was his duty to oppose this alliance. He is, perhaps, the honestest man for knowing but little of human nature, and of the tender passions. As to that of Love, he seemed to have drawn his conclusions from general observations: He knew not how to allow for particular constitutions, nor to account for the delicacy of such a heart as Clementina's. He thought that Love was always a poor blind boy, led in a string, either by Folly, or Fancy; and that once the impetus got over, and the Lady settled into the common offices of life, she would domesticate herself, and be as happy with a Count of Belvedere, especially as he is a very worthy man, as if she had married the man once most favoured. On this presumption, it was a condescension, in such a man, to come to me, and to declare himself my friend; and advise me what to do for promoting the peace of a family which I professed to venerate; and you will

hear that his condescension was owing to a real greatness of mind.

I was, from the moment of his entrance, very open, very frank; more so than he expected, as he owned. He told me, that he was afraid I had conceived prejudices against him. The kinder then in him, I said, that he condescended to make me so friendly a visit. I assured him, that I regarded him as a good man. I had indeed sometimes thought him severe; but that convinced me that he was very much in earnest in his religion. I was sensible, I said, that we ought always to look to the intention: To put ourselves in the situation of the persons of whose actions we presumed to judge; and even to think well of austerities, which had their foundation in virtue, in whatever manner they affected us.

He applauded me; and said, That I wanted so little to be a Catholic, that it was a thousand pities I was not one: And he was persuaded, that I should one day be a profelyte.

This Father's business was, to convince me of the unfitness of an alliance between families so very opposite in their religious sentiments. He went into history upon it. You may believe, that the unhappy consequences which followed the marriage between our Charles I. and the Princess Henrietta of France, were not forgotten. He expatiated upon them; but I observed to him, That the Monarch was the sufferer, by the zeal of the Queen for her religion, and not the Queen, any otherwise than as she was involved in the consequences of those sufferings which she had brought upon him. In short, Father, said I, We Protestants, some of us, have zeal; but let us alone, and it is not a persecuting one. Your doctrine of *merits* makes the zeal of your devotees altogether active, and perhaps the more flaming, in proportion as the person is more honest and worthy.

I lamented, that I was sent for from Vienna, upon hopes,

hopes, tho' my principles were well known, that otherwise I had never presumed to entertain.

He owned that that was a wrong step, and valued himself that he had not been consulted upon it: And that when he knew it had been taken, he inveighed against it.

And I am *afraid*, Father, said I—

He interrupted me—Why, I believe so!—You have made such generous distinctions in favour of the duty of a man acting in my function, that, I must own, I have not been an idle observer on this occasion.

He advised me to quit Bologna. He was profuse in his offers of service in any other affair; and, I dare say, was in earnest.

I told him, That I chose not to leave it precipitately, and as if I had done something blame-worthy. I had some hopes of being recalled to my father's arms. I should set out, when I left Bologna, directly for Paris, to be in the way of such a long-wished-for call; and then, said I, Adieu to travelling! Adieu to Italy, for ever! I should have been happy, had I never seen it, but in the way for which I have been accustomed to censure the generality of my countrymen.

His behaviour at parting was such, as will make me for ever revere him; and will *enlarge* a charity for all good men of his religion; which yet, before, was not a narrow one. For, begging my excuse, he kneeled down at the door of my antechamber, and offered up, in a very fervent manner, a prayer for my conversion. He could not have given me, any other way, so high an opinion of him: No, not, had he offered me his interest with Clementina, and her family. I embraced him, as he did me: Tears were in his eyes. I thanked him for the favour of this visit; and, recommending myself to his frequent prayers, told him, That he might be assured of all the respectful services he should put it in my power to



render him. I longed, Dr. Bartlett, to make him a present worthy of his acceptance, had I known what would have been acceptable, and had I not been afraid of affronting him. I accompanied him to the outward door. I never, said he, saw a Protestant that I loved, before. Your mind is still more amiable than your person. Lady Clementina, I see, might have been happy with you: But it was not fit, on *our* side. He snatched my hand, before I was aware, and honoured it with his lips, and hastened from me, leaving me at a loss, and looking after him, and for him, when he was out of sight; my mind labouring as under a high sense of obligation to his goodness.

Religion and Love, Dr. Bartlett, which heighten our relish for the things of both worlds, What pity is it, that they should ever run the human heart either into enthusiasm, or superstition; and thereby debase the minds they are both so well fitted to exalt!

I am equally surprised and affected by the contents of the following Letter, directed to me. It was put within the door; nobody saw by whom. The daughter of the Lady at whose house I lodge, found it, and gave it to one of my servants for me.

**D**ON'T be surprised, Chevalier: don't think amiss of me for my forwardness. I heard some words drop (so did Camilla, but she can't go out to tell you of them) as if somebody's life was in danger. This distracts me. I am not treated as I was accustomed to be treated. They don't love me now—They don't love their poor Clementina! Very true, Chevalier! You, who were always telling me how dearly they all loved me, will hardly believe it, I suppose. Nothing now is said, but *You shall, Clementina*—from those who used to call me Sister, and dear Sister, at every word.

They said, I was well, and quite well, and ought to be treated with a high hand—I know from whom  
they

they have that. From myself. I said so to Mrs. Beaumont; but she need not to have told *them*. I won't go to her again, for that. They say I *shall*. God help me, I don't know where to go for a quiet mind. A *high hand* won't do, Chevalier: I wish I knew what would; I would tell it to them. I once thought it would; else I had not said it to Mrs. Beaumont: But let them go on with their high hands, with all my heart: That heart will not hold always. It had been gone before now, had not Mrs. Beaumont got out of me—Something—I won't tell you what—And then they sent for Somebody—And Somebody came—And what then?—They need not threaten me so—Somebody is not so much to blame as they will have it he is: And that Somebody did make proposals—Did you not, Chevalier?—I had like to have betrayed myself—I stopt just in time.

But, Chevalier, I'll tell you a secret—Don't speak of it to any body—May I depend upon you?—I know I may. Why, Camilla tells me, that the Count of Belvedere is to come again—Are you not sorry for your poor pupil? But I'll tell you another secret—And that is, what I intend to say to him—'Look you, here, my Lord, you are a very good sort of man; and you have great estates: You are very rich: You are, in short, a very good sort of man; but there is, however, a man in the world with whom I had rather live in the poorest hermitage in a wilderness, than with you in the richest palace in the world.' After this, if he be not the creeping mean man you said he was not, he will be answered—Every-thing you said to me in former happy times, I remember. You always said things to me, that were fit to be remembered. Yet I don't tell you who my hermit is, that I had rather live with. Perhaps there is no such man. But this, you know, will be a sufficient answer to the Count of Belvedere. Don't you think so?

Here I have been tormented again!—Would you think it? I have been pleading for somebody, boldly, confidently. I said I could depend upon his honour! Ah, Chevalier! Don't you think I might?—I am to be locked up, and I can't tell what!—They won't let me see Somebody—They won't let me see my poor Jeronymo!—You and I, and Jeronymo, are all put together!—I don't care, as I tell Camilla: I don't care. They will quite harden me.

But just now my mamma, O she is the best of mothers!—My mamma tells me, She will not persuade me, if I will be patient, if I will be good. My dear mamma, as I told her, I will be patient, and good: But don't let them inveigh against the Chevalier, then. What harm has he done?—Was he not—Ah! Sir, now I blush!—Was he not sent for?—And did he not weep over me?—Yet none of your bold men, who look as proudly as if they were sure of your approbation!—Well, but what do you think my mamma said—Ah, Clementina! said she, would to God the Chevalier for *his own sake* (yes, she said for *his own sake*; and that made a great impression upon me; it was so good, you know, of my mamma) that the Chevalier was in England, or a thousand miles off. So, Sir, this is my advice—Pray take it; for I and Camilla heard some words, and Camilla, as well as I, is much troubled about them—Get away to England as soon as you can—Before do!—And some months hence, bring your two sisters over with you; and by that time all our feuds will be over, you know: And you shall take a house, and then I can go and visit your sisters, you know, and your sisters will visit us. You will come sometimes with them; Won't you? Well, and I'll tell you how we will pass part of our time: They shall perfect me in my English: I will perfect them in Italian. They know as much of that, I suppose, at least, as I do of English: And we will visit every court, and every city.

So,

So, God bless you, Sir, and get away, as soon as you can. I put no name; for fear this should miscarry, and I should be found out—Ah, Sir! they are very severe with me! Pity me: But I know you will; for you have a tender heart. *It is all for You!*

These last five words were intended to be scratched out; and are but just legible.

How the contents of this Letter afflict me! Words cannot express what I feel! I see, evidently, that they are taking wrong measures with the tenderest heart in the world; a heart that never once has swerved from its duty; and which is filled with reverence and love for all that boast a relation to it. Harsh treatment, and which is besides *new* to it, is *not* the method to be taken with such a heart. Shall I, thought I, when I had perused it, ask for an audience of a mother so indulgent, and give her my disinterested advice upon it? Once I could have done so; and even, in confidence, have shewn her this very Letter: But now she is one with the angry part of her family, and I dare not do it, for Clementina's sake. Talk of locking her up! Talk of bringing a Lover to her!—*Threatening* her with going to Mrs. Beaumont, when they should *court* her to go thither! Not suffer her to see her beloved Jeronymo!—*He* in disgrace too!—How hard, how wrong, is all this conduct! I could have written to Jeronymo, thought I, and advised gentle measures, were he not out of their consultations—As to the threatened *resentments*, they are as nothing to me. Clementina's sufferings are everything! My soul disdains the thought of fastening myself upon a proud family, that now looks upon me in a mean light. A proud heart undervalued, will swell. It will be put upon *over-valuing* itself. You know, Dr. Bartlett, that I have a *very* proud heart: But when I am trampled upon, or despised, *then* is it most proud. I would call myself a *Man*, to a Prince, who

should unjustly hold me in contempt; and let him know that I looked upon *him* to be no more. My pride is raised: Yet against whom? Not Clementina! She has all my pity! She has seen, and I have found, that her unhappy delirium, tho' not caused by me (I bless God for that!) has made me tender as a chidden infant. And can I think of quitting Bologna, and not see if it be possible for me to gratify myself, and serve them in her restoration? Setting quite out of the question the General's causeless resentments, and the engagement I have laid myself under not to leave it, without apprizing him of my intention.

Upon the whole, I resolved to wait the issue of the new measures they have fallen upon. The dear Lady has declared herself in my favour. Such a frank declaration must soon be followed by important consequences.



THE third day after the arrival of her father and brothers from Urbino, I received the following Billet from the Marquis himself:

*Chevalier Grandison,*

WE are in the utmost distress. We cannot take upon us to forbid your stay at Bologna; but shall be obliged to you, if you will enable us to acquaint our daughter, that you are gone to England, or some far distant part. Wishing you happy, I am,  
Sir,

*Your most obedient humble servant.*

To this I wrote as follows:

*My Lord,*

I Am excessively grieved for your distress. I make no hesitation to obey you. But as I am not conscious of having, in word or deed, offended you, or any one of a family to whom I owe infinite obligations;

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tions; let me hope, that I may be allowed a farewell visit to your Lordship, to your Lady, and to your three sons; that my departure may not appear like that of a criminal, instead of the parting that, from the knowledge I have of my own heart, as well as of your experienced goodness, may be claimed by your Lordship's

*Ever obliged, and  
affectionate humble Servant,*  
GRANDISON.

This request, I understood, occasioned warm debates. It was said to be a very bold one: But my dear Jeronymo insisted, that it was worthy of his Friend, his Deliverer, as he called me; and of an innocent man.

The result was, that I should be invited in form, to visit and take leave of the family: And two days were taken, that some others of the Urbino family might be present, to see a man, for the last time (and some of them for the first), who was thought, by his request, to have shewn a very extraordinary degree of intrepidity; and who, tho' a Protestant, was honoured with so great an interest in the heart of their Clementina.

The day before I was to make this formal visit (for such it was to be) I received the following Letter from my friend Jeronymo:

*My dearest Grandison,*

**T**AKE the particulars of the situation we are in here, that you may know what to expect, and how to act and comport yourself, to-morrow evening.

Your reception will be, I am afraid, cold; but civil.

You will be looked upon by the Urbino family, who have heard more of you than they have seen, as a curiosity; but with more wonder than affection.

Of them will be present, the Count my father's brother, and his sons Sebastiano and Juliano, my aunt Signora Juliana de Sforza, a widow Lady, as you know, and her daughter Signora Laurana, a young woman of my sister's age, between whom and my sister used to be, as you have heard, the strictest friendship and correspondence; and who insisted on being present on this occasion. They are all good-natured people; but love not either your country or religion.

Father Marescotti will be present. He is become your very great admirer.

My father thinks to make you his compliments; but if he withdraws the moment he has made them, you must not be surpris'd.

My mother says, that as it is the last time that she may ever see you, and as she really greatly respects you, she shall not be able to leave you while you stay.

The General, I hope, will behave with politeness.

The Bishop loves you; but will not however, perhaps, be in high good humour with you.

Your Jeronymo will be wheeled into the same room. If he be more silent than usual on the solemn occasion, you will not do him injustice, perhaps, if you attribute it to his prudence; but much more to his grief.

And now let me tell you, as briefly as I can, the situation of the dear creature who must not appear, but who is more interested in the occasion of the congress than any person who will be present at it.

What pass'd between you and her at the last interview, has greatly impress'd her in your favour. The Bishop, the General, and my Father, soon after their return from Urbino, made her a visit in her dressing-room. They talk'd to her of the excellency of her own Religion, and of the errors of the pretended Reformed, which they call'd, and I *suppose* are, *damnable*. They found her steady in her abhorrence of  
the

the one, and adherence to the other. They were delighted with her rational answers, and composed behaviour: They all three retired in raptures, to congratulate each other upon it; and returned with pleasure, to enter into farther talk with her: But when they mentioned you to her, she, led by their affectionate behaviour to her on their return, said, It had given her great pleasure, and ease of mind, to find that she was not *despis'd* by a man whom every one of the family regarded for his merit and great qualities. The General had hardly patience; he walked to the farther end of the room: My Father was in tears: The Bishop soothed her, in order to induce her to speak her whole mind.

He praised you. She seem'd pleas'd. He led her to believe, that the whole family were willing to oblige her, if she would declare herself; and asked her questions, the answers to which must either be an avowal or a denial of her Love; and then she own'd, That she preferred the Chevalier Grandison to all the men in the world; she would not, against the opinion of her friends, wish to be his; but never would be the wife of any other man.

What, said the General, tho' he continue an Heretic?

He might be converted, she said. And he was a sweet-temper'd and compassionate man: And a man of sense, as *he* was, must see his errors.

Would she run the risque of her own salvation?

She was sure she should never give up her faith.

It was tempting God to abandon her to her own perverseness.

Her reliance on his goodness to enable her to be steadfast, was humble, and not presumptuous, and with a pious view to gain a proselyte; and God would not forsake a person so well intending. Was she not to be allowed her confessor? Her confessor should be appointed by themselves. She did not doubt but the Chevalier would consent to that.



The Bishop, you know, can be cool when he pleases. He bore to talk farther with her.

My father was still in tears.

The General had no farther patience. He withdrew, and came to me, and vented on me his displeasure. It is true, Grandison, when it was proposed to send for you from Vienna, I, sanguine in my hopes, had expressed myself as void of all doubt but you would become a Catholic—Your love, your compassion, your honour, as I thought, engaged by such a step taken on our side—I had no notion that on such a surprize, with such motives to urge your compliance, a young man like myself, and with a heart so sensible, could have been so firm: But these thoughts are all over—This, however, exposes me to the more reproaches.

We were high; and my mother and uncle came in to mediate between us.

I would not, I could not, renounce my friend; the friend of my soul, as in our first acquaintance; and the preserver of my life.—Miserable as that has been, the preserver of it, at a time when I was engaged in an *unlawful* pursuit, in which had I perished, what might I have now been, and where?

I ventured to give my opinion in favour of my sister's marriage with you, as the only method that could be taken to restore her; who, I said, loved you because you were a virtuous man; and that her Love was not only founded in virtue, but was Virtue itself.

My brother told me, that I was as much beside myself with my notions of gratitude, as my sister was with a passion less excusable.

I bid him forbear wounding a wounded man.

Thus high ran words between us.

The Bishop, mean time, went on with a true Church subtlety, to get out of the innocent girl her whole mind.

He boasted afterwards of his art. But what was there

there in it to boast of? A mind so pure and so simple as Clementina's ever was, and which only the pride of her Sex, and motives of Religion, had perhaps hindered her from declaring to all the world.

He asked her, If she was willing to leave her father, mother, brothers, and country, to go to a strange Land; to live among a hated people?

No, she said; you would not wish her to go out of Italy. You would live nine months out of twelve in Italy.

He told her, That she must, when married, do as her husband would have her.

She could trust to your honour.

Would she consent that her children should be trained up Heretics?

She was silent to this question. He repeated it.

Well, my Lord, if I must not be allowed to choose for myself; only let me not hear the Chevalier spoken of disrespectfully: He does not deserve it. He has acted by me with as much honour, as he did by my brother. He is an uniformly good man, and as generous as good—And don't let me have *other* proposals made me; and I will be contented. I had never so much distinguished him, if every-body had not as well as I.

He was pleased to find her answers so rational: He pronounced her quite well; and gave it as his opinion, that you should be desired to quit Bologna: And your absence, and a little time, he was sure, would secure her health of mind.

But when her aunt Sforza and her cousin Laurana talked with her next morning, they found her, on putting questions about you, absolutely determined in your favour.

She answered the objections they made against you, with equal warmth and clearness. She seemed sensible of the unhappy way she had been in, and would have it, that the last interview she had with you, had helped

helped to calm and restore her: And she hoped that she should be better every day. She praised your behaviour to her: She expatiated upon, and pitied, your distress of mind.

They let her run on till they too had obtained from her a confirmation of all that the Bishop had reported; and, upon repeating the conversation, would have it, upon experience, that soothing such a passion was not the way to be taken; but that a high hand was to be used, and that she was to be shamed out of a Love so improper, so irreligious, so *scandalous*, to be encouraged in a daughter of their house with an Heretic; and who had shewn himself to be a determined one.

They accordingly entered upon their new measures. They forbid her to think of you: They told her, That she should not upon any terms be yours; not now, even if you would change your religion for her. They depreciated your family, your fortune, and even your understanding; and brought to prove what they said against the latter, your obstinate adherence to your *mushroom* religion, so they called it; a religion that was founded in the wickedness of your VIIIth Henry; in the superstition of a child his successor; and in the arts of a vile woman who had martyred a Sister Queen, a better woman than herself. They insisted upon her encouraging the Count of Beldere's addresses, as a mark of her obedience.

They condemned, in terms wounding to her modesty, her passion for a foreigner, an enemy to her faith; and on her earnest request to see her father, he was prevailed upon to refuse her that favour.

Lady Juliana Sforza and her daughter Laurana, the companion of her better hours, never see her, but they inveigh against you as an artful, an interested man.

Her uncle treats her with authority; Signor Sebastiano with a pity bordering on contempt.

My mother shuns her; and indeed avoids me: But

as she has been blamed for permitting the interview, which they suppose the wrongest step that could have been taken; she declares herself neutral, and resigns to whatever shall be done by her Lord, by his brother, her two sons, and Lady Juliana de Sforza: But I am sure, in her heart, that she approves not of the new measures; and which are also, as I have reminded the Bishop, so contrary to the advice of the worthy Mrs. Beaumont; to whom they begin to think of once more sending my sister, or of prevailing on her to come hither: But Clementina seems not to be desirous of going again to her; we know not why; since she used to speak of her with the highest respect.

The dear soul rushed in to me yesterday. Ah, my Jeronymo! said she, they will drive me into despair. They hate me, Jeronymo: But I have written to Somebody!—Hush! for your life, hush.

She was immediately followed in by her aunt Sforza and her cousin Laurana, and the General; who, however, heard not what she said, but insisted on her returning to her own apartment.

What! said she, Must I not speak to Jeronymo? Ah, Jeronymo!—I had a great deal to say to you!

I raved; but they hurried her out, and have forbid her to visit me: They, however, have had the civility to desire my excuse. They are sure, they say, they are in the right way: And if I will have patience with them for a week, they will change their measures, if they find these new ones ineffectual. But my sister will be lost, irrecoverably lost; I foresee that.

Ah Grandison! And can you still—But now they will not accept of your change of religion. Poor Clementina! Unhappy Jeronymo! Unhappy Grandison! I will say. If you are not so, you cannot deserve the affection of a Clementina!

But are *you* the Somebody to whom she has written? Has she written to you? Perhaps you will find

find some opportunity to-morrow to let me know whether she has, or not. Camilla is forbidden to stir out of the house, or to write.

The General told me, just now, that my gratitude to you, shewed neither more nor less, than the high value I put upon my own life.

I answered; That his observation *convinced* me, that he put a much less upon mine, than I, in the same case, should have put upon his.

He reconciled himself to me by an endearment. He embraced me. Don't say *convinced*, Jeronymo. I love not myself better than I love my Jeronymo.

What can one do with such a man? He *does* love me.

My mother, as I said, is resolved to be neutral: But, it seems, she is always in tears.

✿   ✿

My mother slept in just now—To my question after my sister's health; Ah, Jeronymo! said she, All is wrong! The dear creature has been bad ever since yesterday. They are all wrong!—But patience and silence, child! You and I have nothing to answer for.—Yet my Clementina, said she—Oh!—and left me.

I have no heart to write on. You will see, from the above, the way we are in. O my Grandison! What will you do among us?—I wish you would not come. Yet what hope, if you do not, shall I ever have of seeing again my beloved friend, who has behaved so unexceptionably in a case so critical?

You must not think of the dear creature: Her head is ruined. For your *own* sake, you must not. We are all unworthy of you. Yet, not *all*. All, however, but Clementina, and (if true friendship will justify my claim to another exception)

*Your afflicted*

JERONYMO.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXIX.

*Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.*

O My Lucy ! What think you—But it is easy to guess what you must think. I will, without saying one word more, inclose

*Dr. Bartlett's tenth Letter.*

THE next day (proceeds my patron) I went to make my visit to the family. I had nothing to reproach myself with, and therefore had no other concern upon me but what arose from the unhappiness of the noble Clementina: That indeed was enough. I thought I should have some difficulty to manage my own spirit, if I were to find myself insulted, especially by the General. Soldiers are so apt to value themselves on their knowlege of what, after all, one may call but their trade, that a private gentleman is often thought too slightly of by them. Insolence in a great man, a rich man, or a soldier, is a call upon a man of spirit to exert himself. But I hope, thought I, I shall not have this call from any one of a family I so greatly respect.

I was received by the Bishop; who politely, after I had paid my compliments to the Marquis and his Lady, presented me to those of the Urbino family to whom I was a stranger. Every one of those named by Signor Jeronymo, in his last Letter, was present.

The Marquis, after he had returned my compliment, looked another way, to hide his emotion: The Marchioness put her handkerchief to her eyes, and looked upon me with tenderness; and I read in them her concern for her Clementina.

I paid my respects to the General with an air of freedom, yet of regard; to my Jeronymo, with the tenderness due to our friendship, and congratulated  
him

him on seeing him out of his chamber. His kind eyes glistened with pleasure; yet it was easy to read a mixture of pain in them; which grew stronger as the first emotions at seeing me enter, gave way to reflection.

The Conte della Porretta seemed to measure me with his eye.

I addressed myself to Father Marefcotti, and made my particular acknowledgements to him for the favour of his visit, and what had passed in it. He looked upon me with pleasure; probably with the more, as this was a farewell visit.

The two Ladies whispered, and looked upon me, and seemed to bespeak each other's attention to what passed.

Signor Sebastiano placed himself next to Jeronymo, and often whispered him, and as often cast his eye upon me. He was partial to me, I believe, because my generous friend seemed pleased with what he said.

His brother, Signor Juliano, sat on the other hand of me. They are agreeable and polite young gentlemen.

A profound silence succeeded the general compliments.

I addressed myself to the Marquis: Your Lordship, and you, madam, turning to the Marchioness, I hope will excuse me for having requested of you the honour of being once more admitted to your presence, and to that of three brothers, for whom I shall ever retain the highest veneration and respect. I could not think of leaving a city, where one of the first families in it has done me the highest honour, without taking such a leave as might shew my gratitude.—Accept, my Lords, bowing to each; Accept, madam, more profoundly bowing to the Marchioness, my respectful thanks for all your goodness to me. I shall, to the end of my life, number most of the days that I have passed at Bologna among its happiest, even  
were

were the remainder to be as happy as man ever knew.

The Marquis said, We wish you, Chevalier, very happy; happier than—He sighed, and was silent.

His Lady only bowed. Her face spoke distress. Her voice was lost in sighs, tho' she struggled to suppress them.

Chevalier, said the Bishop, with an air of solemnity, you have given us many happy hours: For them we thank you. Jeronymo, for himself, will say more: He is the most grateful of men. We thank you also for what you have done for him.

I cannot, said Jeronymo, express suitably my gratitude: My prayers, my vows, shall follow you whithersoever you go, best of friends, and best of men!

The General, with an air and a smile that might have been dispensed with, oddly said, High pleasure and high pain are very near neighbours: They are often guilty of excesses, and then are apt to mistake each other's house. I am one of those who think our whole house obliged to the Chevalier for the seasonable assistance he gave to our Jeronymo. But—

Dear General, said Lady Juliana, bear with an interruption: The intent of this meeting is amicable. The Chevalier is a man of honour. Things may have fallen out unhappily; yet nobody to blame.

As to blame, or otherwise, said the Conte della Porretta, that is not now to be talked of; else, I know where it lies: In short, among ourselves. The Chevalier acted greatly by Signor Jeronymo: We were all obliged to him: But to let such a man as *this* have free admission to our daughter—She ought to have had no eyes.

Pray, my Lord, Pray, brother, said the Marquis, Are we not enough sufferers?

The Chevalier, said the General, cannot but be gratified by so high a compliment; and smiled indignantly.

My



My Lord, replied I to the General, you know very little of the man before you, if you don't believe him to be the most afflicted man present.

Impossible! said the Marquis, with a sigh.

The Marchioness arose from her seat, motioning to go; and turning round to the two Ladies, and the Count, I have resigned my will to the will of you all, my dearest friends, and shall be permitted to withdraw. This testimony, however, before I go, I cannot but bear: Where-ever the fault lay, it lay not with the Chevalier. He has, from the first to the last, acted with the nicest honour. He is intitled to our respect. The unhappiness lies no-where but in the difference of religion.

Well, and that now is absolutely out of the question, said the General: It is indeed, Chevalier.

I hope, my Lord, from a descendant of a family so illustrious, to find an equal exemption from wounding words, and wounding looks; and that, Sir, as well from your generosity, as from your *justice*.

My looks give you offence, Chevalier!—Do they?

I attended to the Marchioness. She came towards me. I arose, and respectfully took her hand.—Chevalier, said she, I could not withdraw without bearing the testimony I have borne to your merits. I wish you happy.—God protect you, whithersoever you go. Adieu.

She wept. I bowed on her hand with profound respect. She retired with precipitation. It was with difficulty that I suppressed the rising tear. I took my seat.

I made no answer to the General's last question, tho' it was spoken in such a way (I saw by their eyes) as took every other person's notice.

Lady Sforza, when her sister was retired, hinted, that the last interview between the young Lady and me was an unadvised permission, tho' intended for the best.

I then

I then took upon me to defend that step. Lady Clementina, said I, had declared, That if she were allowed to speak her whole mind to me, she should be easy. I had for some time given myself up to absolute despair. The Marchioness intended not *favour* to me in allowing of the interview: It was the most affecting one to me I had ever known. But let me say, That, far from having bad effects on the young Lady's mind, it had good ones. I hardly knew how to talk upon a subject so very interesting to every one present, but not more so to any one than to myself. I thought of avoiding it; and have been led into it, but did not lead. And since it is before us, let me recommend, as the most effectual way to restore every one to peace and happiness, *gentle treatment*. The most generous of human minds, the most meek, the most dutiful, requires not harsh methods.—

How do you know, Sir, said the General, and looked at Jeronimo, the methods now taken—

And *are* they then harsh, my Lord? said I.

He was offended.

I had heard, proceeded I, that a change of measures was resolved on. I knew that the treatment before had been all gentle, condescending, indulgent. I received but yesterday Letters from my father, signifying his intention of speedily recalling me to my native country. I shall set out very soon for Paris, where I hope to meet with his more direct commands for this long-desired end. What may be my destiny, I know not; but I shall carry with me a heart burdened with the woes of this family, and distressed for the beloved daughter of it. But let me bespeak you all, for your own sakes (Mine is out of the question: I presume not upon any hope on my own account) that you will treat this Angelic-minded Lady with tenderness. I pretend to say, that I know that harsh or severe methods will not do.

The General arose from his seat, and, with a countenance

tenance of fervor, next to fierceness—Let me tell you, Grandison, said he—

I arose from mine, and going to Lady Sforza, who sat next him, he stopt, supposing me going to him, and seemed surpris'd, and attentive to my motions: But, disregarding him, I address'd myself to that Lady. You, madam, are the aunt of Lady Clementina: The tender, the indulgent mother is absent, and has declared, that she resigns her will to the will of her friends present—Allow me to supplicate, that former measures may not be changed with her. Great dawning of returning reason did I discover in our last interview. Her delicacy (Never was there a more delicate mind) wanted but to be satisfied. It *was* satisfied, and she began to be easy. Were her mind but once compos'd, the sense she has of her duty, and what she owes to her religion, would restore her to your wishes: But if she should be treated harshly (tho' I am sure, if she *should*, it would be with the best intention) Clementina will be lost.

The General sat down. They all looked upon one another. The two Ladies dried their eyes. The starting tear *would* accompany my fervor. And then stepping to Jeronimo, who was extremely affected; My dear Jeronimo, said I, my friend, my beloved friend, cherish in your noble heart the memory of your Grandison: Would to God I could attend you to England! We have baths there of sovereign efficacy. The balm of a friendly and grateful heart would promote the cure. I have urged it before. Consider of it.

My Grandison, my dear Grandison, my friend, my preserver! You are not going!—

I *am*, my Jeronimo, and embraced him. Love me in absence, as I shall you.

Chevalier, said the Bishop, you don't go? We hope for your company at a small collation.—We must not part with you yet.

I can-

I cannot, my Lord, accept the favour. Altho' I had given myself up to despair of obtaining the happiness to which I once aspired; yet I was not willing to quit a city that this family had made dear to me, with the precipitation of a man conscious of misbehaviour. I thank you for the permission I had to attend you all in full assembly. May God prosper you, my Lord; and may you be invested with the first honours of that church which must be adorned by so worthy a heart! It will be my glory, when I am in my native place, or *where-ever* I am, to remember that I was once thought not unworthy of a rank in a family so respectable. Let me, my Lord, be intitled to your kind remembrance.

He pulled out his handkerchief. My Lord, said he, to his father; My Lord, to the General; Grandison must not go!—and sat down with emotion.

Lady Sforza wept: Laurana seemed moved: The two young Lords, Sebastiano and Juliano, were greatly affected.

I then addressed myself to the Marquis, who sat undetermined, as to speech: My venerable Lord, forgive me, that my address was not first paid here. My heart overflows with gratitude for your goodness in permitting me to throw myself at your feet, before I took a last farewell of a city favoured with your residence. Best of fathers, of friends, of men, let me entreat the continuance of your paternal indulgence to the child nearest, and *deserving* to be nearest, to your heart. She is all *you* and her *mother*. Restore her to yourself, and to her, by your indulgence: That alone, and a blessing on your prayers, *can* restore her. Adieu, my good Lord: Repeated thanks for all your hospitable goodness to a man that will ever retain a grateful sense of your favour.

You will not yet go, was all he said—He seemed in agitation. He could not say more.

I then, turning to the Count his brother, who sat

next him, said, I have not the honour to be fully known to your Lordship: Some prejudices from differences in opinion may have been conceived: But if you ever hear any-thing of the man before you *unworthy* of his name, and of the favour once designed him; then, my Lord, blame, as well as wonder at, the condescension of your noble brother and sister in my favour.

Who, I! Who, I! said that Lord, in some hurry.— I think very well of you. I never saw a man, in my life, that I liked so well!

Your Lordship does me honour. I say this the rather, as I may, on this solemn occasion, taking leave of such honourable friends, charge my future life with resolutions to behave worthy of the favour I have met with in this family.

I passed from him to the General—Forgive, my Lord, said I, the seeming formality of my behaviour in this parting scene: It is a very solemn one to me. You have expressed yourself *of* me, and *to* me, my Lord, with more passion (Forgive me, I mean not to offend you) than perhaps you will approve in yourself when I am far removed from Italy. For have you not a noble mind? And are you not a son of the Marquis della Porretta? Permit me to observe, that passion will make a man exalt himself, and degrade another; and the just medium will be then forgot. I am afraid I have been thought more lightly of, than I ought to be, either in justice, or for the honour of a person who is dear to every one present. My country was once mentioned with disdain: Think not my vanity so much concerned in what I am going to say, as my honour: I am proud to be thought an Englishman: Yet I think as highly of every worthy man of every nation under the sun, as I do of the worthy men of my own. I am not of a contemptible race in my own country. My father lives in it with the magnificence of a prince.

He

He loves his son; yet I presume to add, that that son deems his good name his riches; his integrity his grandeur. Princes, tho' they are intitled by their rank to respect, are princes to him only as they act.

A few words more, my Lord.

I have been of the *bearing*, not of *the speaking* side of the question, in the two last conferences I had the honour to hold with your Lordship. Once you unkindly mentioned the word *triumph*. The word at the time went to my heart. When I can subdue the natural warmth of my temper, then, and then only, I have a triumph. I should not have remembered this, had I not now, my Lord, on this solemn occasion, been received by you with an indignant eye. I respect your Lordship *too much*, not to take notice of this angry reception. My silence upon it, perhaps, would look like subscribing before this illustrious company to the justice of your contempt: Yet I mean no *other* notice than this; and *this* to demonstrate that I was not, in my own opinion at least, absolutely unworthy of the favour I met with from the father, the mother, the brothers, you so justly honour, and which I wished to stand in with you.

And now, my Lord, allow me the honour of your hand; and, as I have given you no cause for displeasure, say, that you will remember me with kindness, as I shall honour you and your whole family to the last day of my life.

The General heard me out; but it was with great emotion. He accepted not my hand; he returned not any answer: The Bishop arose, and, taking him aside, endeavoured to calm him.

I addressed myself to the two young Lords, and said, That if ever their curiosity led them to visit England, where I hoped to be in a few months, I should be extremely glad of cultivating their esteem and favour, by the best offices I could do them.

They received my civility with politeness.

I address'd myself next to Lady Laurana—May you, madam, the friend, the intimate, the chosen companion of Lady Clementina, never know the hundredth part of the woe that fills the breast of the man before you, for the calamity that has befallen your admirable cousin, and, because of that, a whole excellent family. Let me recommend to you, that tender and soothing treatment to *her*, which her tender heart would shew to *you*, in any calamity that should befall you. I am not a bad man, madam, tho' of a different communion from yours. Think but half so charitably of me, as I do of every one of your religion who lives up to his professions, and I shall be happy in your favourable thoughts when you hear me spoken of.

It is easy to imagine, Dr. Bartlett, that I address'd myself in this manner to this Lady whom I had never before seen, that she might not think the harder of her cousin's prepossessions in favour of a Protestant.

I recommended myself to the favour of Father Marefcoffi. He assured me of his esteem, in very warm terms.

And just as I was again applying to my Jeronymo, the General came to me: You cannot think, Sir, said he, nor did you *design* it, I suppose, that I should be pleas'd with your address to me. I have only this question to ask, When do you quit Bologna?

Let me ask your Lordship, said I, When do you return to Naples?

Why that question, Sir? haughtily.

I will answer you frankly. Your Lordship, at the first of my acquaintance with you, invited me to Naples. I promised to pay my respects to you there. If you think of being there in a week, I will attend you at your own palace in that city; and there, my Lord, I hope, no cause to the contrary having arisen from me, to be received by you with the same kindness and favour that you shew'd when you gave me the invitation. I think to leave Bologna to-morrow.

O brother ! said the Bishop, Are you not *now* overcome ?

And are you in earnest ? said the General.

I am, my Lord. I have many valuable friends, at different courts and cities in Italy, to take leave of. I never intend to see it again. I would look upon your Lordship as one of those friends: But you seem still displeas'd with me. You accepted not my offer'd hand before: Once more I tender it. A man of spirit cannot be offend'd at a man of spirit, without lessening himself. I call upon your dignity, my Lord.

He held out his hand, just as I was withdrawing mine. I have pride, you know, Dr. Bartlett; and I was conscious of a superiority in *this instance*: I took his hand, however, at his offer; yet pitied him, that his motion was made at all, as it wanted that grace which generally accompanies all he does, and says.

The Bishop embraced me. — Your moderation, thus exerted, said he, must ever make you triumph. O Grandison! you are a Prince of the Almighty's creation.

The noble Jeronimo dried his eyes, and held out his arms to embrace me.

The General said, I shall certainly be at Naples in a week. I am too much affect'd by the woes of my family, to behave as perhaps I ought on this occasion. Indeed, Grandison, it is difficult for sufferers to act with spirit and temper at the same time.

It *is*, my Lord; I have found it so. My hopes rais'd, as once they were, now sunk, and absolute despair having taken place of them—Would to God I had never return'd to Italy!—But I reproach not any-body.

Yet, said Jeronimo, you have some reason—To be sent for as you were—He was going on—Pray, brother, said the General—And turning to me, I may expect you, Sir, at Naples?



You may, my Lord. But one favour I have to beg of you mean time. It is, That you will not treat harshly *your* dear Clementina. Would to Heaven I might have had the honour to say, *my* Clementina! And permit me to make one other request on my own account: And that is, That you will tell her, that I took my leave of your whole family, by their kind permission; and that, at my departure, I wished her, from my soul, all the happiness that the best and tenderest of her friends can wish her! I make this request to you, my Lord, rather than to Signor Jeronymo, because the tenderness which he has for me might induce him to mention me to her in a manner which might, at this time, affect her too sensibly for her peace.

Be pleased, my dear Signor Jeronymo, to make my devotion known to the Marchioness. Would to Heaven—But Adieu, and once more Adieu, my Jeronymo. I shall hear from you when I get to Naples, if not before.—God restore your sister, and heal you!

I bowed to the Marquis, to the Ladies, to the General, to the Bishop, particularly; to the rest in general; and was obliged, in order to conceal my emotion, to hurry out of the door. The servants had planted themselves in a row; not for selfish motives, as in England: They bowed to the ground, and blessed me, as I went through them. I had ready a purse of ducats. One hand and another declined it: I dropt it in their sight. God be with you, my honest friends! said I; and departed—O, Dr. Bartlett, with a heart how much distressed!

And now, my good Miss Byron, Have I not reason, from the deep concern which you take in the woes of Lady Clementina, to regret the task you have put me upon? And do you, my good Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison, now wonder that your brother

ther has not been forward to give you the particulars of this melancholy tale? Yet you all say, I must proceed.

See, Lucy, the greatness of this man's behaviour! What a presumption was it in your Harriet, ever to aspire to call such a one hers!

## L E T T E R   X X X .

*Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.*

**T**HIS Lady Olivia, Lucy, what can *she* pretend to—But I will not puzzle myself about her. Yet *she* pretend to give disturbance to such a man! You will find her mentioned in Dr. Bartlett's next Letter; or she would not have been named by *me*.

*Dr. Bartlett's eleventh Letter.*

**M**R. Grandison, on his return to his lodgings, found there, in disguise, Lady Olivia. He wanted not any new disturbance. But I will not mix the stories.

The next morning he received a Letter from Signor Jeronymo. The following is a translation of it:

*My dearest Grandison,*

**H**OW do you?—Ever-amiable friend! What triumphs did your behaviour of last night obtain for you! Not a soul here but admires you!

Even Laurana declared, That, were you a Catholic, it would be a merit to love you. Yet she reluctantly praised you, and once said, What, but *splendid sins*, are the *virtues* of an *Heretic*?

Our two cousins, with the good-nature of youth, lamented that you could not be ours in the way you wish. My father wept like a child, when you were gone; and seemed to enjoy the praises given you by

every one. The Count said, He never saw a nobler behaviour in man. Your free, your manly, your polite air and address, and your calmness and intrepidity, were applauded by every one.

What joy did this give to your Jeronymo! I thought I wanted neither crutches, helps, nor wheeled chair; and several times forgot that I ailed anything.

I begin to love Father Marefcotti. He was with the foremost in praising you.

The General owned, that he was resolved once to quarrel with you. But will he, do you think, Jeronymo, said he, make me a visit at Naples?—You may depend upon it, he will, answered I.—I will be there to receive him, replied he.

They admired you particularly for your address to my sister, by the General, rather than by me: And Lady Sforza said, It was a thousand pities that you and Clementina could not be one. They applauded, all of them, what they had not, any of them, the power to imitate, that largeness of heart which makes you think so well, and speak so tenderly, of those of communions different from your own. So much steadiness in your own Religion, yet so much prudence, in a man so young, they said, was astonishing! No wonder that your character ran so high, in every court you had visited.

My mother came in soon after you had left us. She was equally surpris'd and grieved to find you gone. She thought she was sure of your staying supper; and, not satisfied with the slight leave she had taken, she had been strengthening her mind to pass an hour in your company, in order to take a more solemn one.

My father asked her after her daughter.

Poor soul! said she, she has heard that the Chevalier was to be here, to take leave of us.

By whom? By whom? said my father.

I can-

I cannot tell: But the poor creature is half-raving to be admitted among us. She has dressed herself in one of her best suits; and I found her sitting in a kind of form, expecting to be called down. Indeed, Lady Sforza, the method we are in, does not do.

So the Chevalier said, replied that Lady. Well, let us change it, with all my heart. It is no pleasure to treat the dear girl harshly—O sister! this is a most extraordinary man!

That moment in bolted Camilla—Lady Clementina is just at the door. I could not prevail upon her—

We all looked upon one another.

Three soft taps at the door, and a hem, let us know she was there.

Let her come in, dear girl, let her come in, said the Count: The Chevalier is not here.

Laurana arose, and ran to the door, and led her in by the hand.

Dear creature, How wild she looked!—Tears ran down my cheeks: I had not seen her for two days before. O how earnestly did she look round her! withdrawing her hand from her cousin, who would have led her to a chair, and standing quite still.

Come and sit by me, my sweet love, said her weeping mother.—She stepped towards her.

Sit down, my dear girl.

No: You beat me, remember.

Who beat you, my dear?—Sure nobody would beat my child!—Who beat you, Clementina?

I don't know—Still looking round her, as wanting somebody.

Again her mother courted her to sit down.

No, madam, you don't love me.

Indeed, my dear, I do.

So you say.

Her father held out his open arms to her. Tears ran down his cheeks. He could not speak.—Ah, my father! said she, stepping towards him.

He caught her in his arms—Don't, don't, Sir, faintly struggling, with averted face—You love me not—You refused to see your child, when she wanted to claim your protection!—I was used cruelly.

By whom, my dear? by whom?

By every-body. I complained to one, and to another; but all were in a tone: And so I thought I would be contented. My mamma, too!—But it is no matter. I saw it was to be so; and I did not care.

By my soul, said I, this is not the way with her, Lady Sforza. The Chevalier is in the right. You see how sensible she is of harsh treatment.

Well, well, said the General, let us change our measures.

Still the dear girl looked out earnestly, as for Somebody.

She loosed herself from the arms of her sorrowing father.

Let us in silence, said the Count, observe her motions.

She went to him on tip toe, and looking in his face over his shoulder, as he sat with his back towards her, passed him; then to the General; then to Signor Sebastiano; and to every one round, till she came to me; looking at each over his shoulder in the same manner: Then folding her fingers, her hands open, and her arms hanging down to their full extent, she held up her face meditating, with such a significant woe, that I thought my heart would have burst.—Not a soul in the company had a dry eye.

Lady Sforza arose, took her two hands, the fingers still clasped, and would have spoken to her, but could not; and hastily retired to her seat.

Tears, at last, began to trickle down her cheeks, as she stood fixedly looking up. She started, looked about her, and hastening to her mother, threw her arms about her neck, and hiding her face in her bosom, broke out into a flood of tears, mingled with sobs that penetrated every heart.

The first words she said, were, Love me, my mamma! Love your child! your poor child! your Clementina! Then raising her head, and again laying it in her mother's bosom—If ever you loved me, love me now; my mamma!—I have need of your love!

My father was forced to withdraw. He was led out by his two sons.

Your poor Jeronymo was unable to help himself. He wanted as much comfort as his father. What were the wounds of his body, at that time, to those of his mind?

My two brothers returned. This dear girl, said the Bishop, will break all our hearts.

Her tears had seemed to relieve her. She held up her head. My mother's bosom seemed wet with her child's tears and her own. Still she looked round her.

Suppose, said I, somebody were to name the man she seems to look for? It may divert this wildness.

Did she come down, said Laurana to Camilla, with the expectation of seeing him?

She did.

Let me, said the Bishop, speak to her. He arose, and, taking her hand, walked with her about the room. You look pretty, my Clementina! Your ornaments are charmingly fancied. What made you dress yourself so prettily?

She looked earnestly at him, in silence. He repeated his question—I speak, said she, all my heart; and then I suffer for it. Every-body is against me.

You shall not suffer for it: Every-body is for you.

I confessed to Mrs. Beaumont; I confessed to you, brother: But what did I get by it?—Let go my hand. I don't love you, I believe.

I am sorry for it. I love you, Clementina, as I love my own soul!

Yet you never chide your own soul!

He turned his face from her to us. She must not be treated harshly, said he. He soothed her in a truly brotherly manner.

Tell me, added he to his footings, Did you expect any-body here, that you find not?

Did I? Yes, I did.—Camilla, come hither.—Let go my hand, brother.

He did. She took Camilla under the arm—Don't you know, Camilla, said she, what you heard said of Somebody's threatening Somebody?—Don't let any-body hear us; drawing her to one end of the room.—I want to take a walk with you into the garden, Camilla.

It is dark night, madam.

No matter. If you are afraid, I will go by myself.

Seem to humour her in talk, Camilla, said the Count; but don't go out of the room with her.

Be pleased to tell me, madam, what we are to walk in the garden for?

Why, Camilla, I had a horrid dream last night; and I cannot be easy till I go into the garden.

What, madam, was your dream?

In the Orange-grove, I thought I stumbled over the body of a dead man!

And who was it, madam?

Don't you know who was threatened? And was not Somebody here to-night? And was not Somebody to sup here? And *is* he here?

The General then went to her. My dearest Clementina; my beloved sister; set your heart at rest. Somebody is safe: Shall be safe.

She took first one of his hands, then the other; and looking in the palms of them, They are not bloody, said she.—What have you done with him, then? Where is he?

Where is who?—

You know whom I ask after; but you want something against me.

Then stepping quick up to me: My Jeronymo!—Did I see *you* before? and stroked my cheek.—Now tell me, Jeronymo—Don't come near me, Camilla.

Pray,

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Pray, Sir, to the General, do you sit down. She leaned her arm upon my shoulder: I don't hurt you, Jeronymo: Do I?

No, my dearest Clementina.

That's my best brother.—Cruel assassins!—But the brave man came just in time to save you.—But do you know what is become of him?

He is safe, my dear. He could not stay.

Did any-body affront him?

No, my love.

Are you sure nobody did?—*Very* sure? Father Marecotti, said she, turning to him (who wept from the time she entered) You don't love him: But you are a good man, and will tell me truth. Where is he? Did nobody affront him?

No, madam.

Because, said she, he never did any-thing but good to any one.

Father Marecotti, said I, admires him as much as any-body.

*Admire* him! Father Marecotti admire him!—But he does not *love* him. And I never heard him say one word against Father Marecotti in my life.—Well, but, Jeronymo, What made him go away, then? Was he not to stay supper?

He was desired to stay; but would not.

Jeronymo, let me whisper you—Did he tell you that I wrote him a Letter?

I guessed you did, whispered I.

You are a strange guesser: But you can't guess how I sent it to him—But hush, Jeronymo—Well, but, Jeronymo, Did he say nothing of me, when he went away?

He left his compliments for you with the General.

With the General! The General won't tell me!

Yes, he will.—Brother, pray tell my sister what the Chevalier said to you, at parting.

He repeated, exactly, what you had desired him to say to her. Why



Why would they not let me see him? said she. Am I never to see him more?

I hope you will, replied the Bishop.

If, resumed she, we could have done any-thing that might have looked like a return to his goodness to us (and to you, my Jeronymo, in particular) I believe I should have been easy.—And so you say he is gone?—And gone for ever! lifting up her hand from her wrist, as it lay over my shoulder: Poor Chevalier!—But hush, hush, pray hush, Jeronymo.

She went from me to her aunt, and cousin Laurana. Love me again, madam, said she, to the former. You loved me once.

I never loved you better than now, my dear.

Did you, Laurana, see the Chevalier Grandison?

I did.

And did he go away safe, and unhurt?

Indeed he did.

A man who had preserved the life of our dear Jeronymo, said she, to have been hurt by us, would have been dreadful, you know. I wanted to say a few words to him. I was astonished to find him not here: And then my dream came into my head. It was a sad dream, indeed! But, cousin, be good to me: Pray do. You did not use to be cruel. You used to say, you loved me. I am in calamity, my dear. I know I am miserable. At times I know I am; and then I am grieved at my heart, and think how happy every one is, but me: But then, again, I ail nothing, and am well. But do, love me, Laurana: I am in calamity, my dear. I would love you, if you were in calamity: Indeed I would.—Ah, Laurana! What is become of all your fine promises? But then every-body loved me, and I was happy!—Yet you tell me, It is all for my good. Naughty Laurana—To wound my heart by your crossness, and then say, It is for my good!—Do you think I should have served you so?

Laurana

Laurana blushed, and wept. Her aunt promised her, that every-body would love her, and comfort her, and not be angry with her, if she would make her heart easy.

I am very particular, my dear Grandison. I know you love I should be so. From this minuteness, you will judge of the workings of her mind. They are resolved to take your advice (It was very seasonable), and treat her with indulgence. The Count is earnest to have it so.

❧ ❧

CAMILLA has just left me. She says, That her young Lady had a tolerable night. She thinks it owing, in a great measure, to her being indulged in asking the servants, who saw you depart, how you looked; and being satisfied that you went away unhurt, and un-affronted.

Adieu, my dearest, my best friend. Let me hear from you, as often as you can.

❧ ❧

I JUST now understand from Camilla, that the dear girl has made an earnest request to my father, mother, and aunt; and been refused. She came back from them deeply afflicted, and, as Camilla fears, is going into one of her gloomy fits again. I hope to write again, if you depart not from Bologna before to-morrow: But I must, for my own sake, write shorter Letters. Yet how can I? Since, however melancholy the subject, when I am writing to you, I am conversing with you. My dear Grandison, once more

*Adieu.*

O Lucy, my dear! Whence come all the tears this melancholy story has cost me? I cannot dwell upon the scenes!—Begone, all those wishes that would interfere with the interest of that sweet distressed Saint at Bologna!

How

How impolitic, Lucy, was it in them, not to gratify her impatience to see him! She would, most probably, have been quieted in her mind, if she had been obliged by one other interview.

What a delicacy, my dear, what a generosity, is there in her Love!

Sir Charles, in Lord L.'s Study, said to me, that his compassion was engaged, but his honour was free: And so it seems to be: But a generosity in return for her generosity, must bind such a mind as his.

### L E T T E R   X X X I .

*Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.*

**I**N the doctor's next Letter, inclosed, you will find mention made of Sir Charles's Literary Journal: I fancy, my dear, it must be a charming thing. I wish we could have before us every line he wrote while he was in Italy. Once the presumptuous Harriet had hopes, that she might have been intitled—But no more of these hopes—It can't be helped, Lucy.

*Dr. Bartlett's twelfth Letter.*

**M**R. Grandison proceeds thus:

The next morning I employed myself in visiting and taking leave of several worthy members of the University, with whom I had passed many very agreeable and improving hours, during my residence in this noble city. In my Literary Journal you have an account of those worthy persons, and of some of our conversations. I paid my duty to the Cardinal Legate, and the Gonfaloniere, and to three of his counsellors, by whom, you know, I had been likewise greatly honoured. My mind was not free enough to *enjoy* their conversation: Such a weight upon my heart, how could it? But the debt of gratitude and civility was not to be left unpaid.

On

On my return to my lodgings, which was not till the evening, I found, the General had been there to enquire after me.

I sent one of my servants to the palace of Porretta, with my compliments to the General, to the Bishop, and Jeronymo; and with particular enquiries after the health of the Ladies, and the Marquis; but had only a general answer, That they were much as I left them.

The two young Lords, Sebastiano and Juliano, made me a visit of ceremony. They talked of visiting England in a year or two. I assured them of my best services, and urged them to go thither. I asked them after the healths of the Marquis, the Marchioness, and their beloved cousin Clementina. Signor Sebastiano shook his head: Very, *very* indifferent, were his words. We parted with great civilities.

I will now turn my thoughts to Florence, and to the affairs there that have lain upon me, from the death of my good friend Mr. Jervois, and from my wardship. I told you in their course, the steps I took in those affairs; and how happy I had been in some parts of management. There I hope soon to see you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, from the Levant, to whose care I can so safely consign my precious trust, while I go to Paris, and attend the wished-for call of my father to my native country, from which I have been for so many years an exile.

There also I hope to have some opportunities of conversing with my good Mrs. Beaumont; resolving to make another effort to get so valuable a person to restore herself to her beloved England.

Thus, my dear Dr. Bartlett, do I endeavour to console myself, in order to lighten that load of grief which I labour under on the distresses of the dear Clementina. If I can leave her happy, I shall be sooner so, than I could have been in the same circumstances, had I, from the first of my acquaintance with  
the

the family (to the breach of all the laws of hospitality) indulged a passion for her.

Yet is the unhappy Olivia a damp upon my endeavours after consolation. When she made her unreasonable visit to me at Bologna, she refused to return to Florence without me, till I assured her, that as my affairs would soon call me thither, I would visit her at her own palace, as often as those affairs would permit. Her pretence for coming to Bologna was, to induce me to place Emily with her, till I had settled every-thing for my carrying the child to England; but I was obliged to be peremptory in my denial, tho' she had wrought so with Emily, as to induce her to be an earnest petitioner to me, to permit her to live with Lady Olivia, whose equipages, and the glare in which she lives, had dazled the eyes of the young Lady.



I was impatient to hear again from Jeronymo; and just as I was setting out for Florence, in despair of that favour, it being the second day after my farewell visit, I had the following Letter from him:

**I** Have not been well, my dear Grandison. I am afraid the wound in my shoulder must be laid open again. God give me patience! But my life is a burden to me.

We are driving here at a strange rate. They promised to keep measures with the dear creature; but she has heard that you are leaving Bologna, and raves to see you.

Poor soul! She endeavoured to prevail upon her father, mother, aunt, to permit her to see you, but for *five* minutes: That was the petition which was denied her, as I mentioned in my last.

Camilla was afraid that she would go into a gloomy fit upon it, as I told you—She did; but it lasted not long: For she made an effort, soon after, to go out of  
the

the house by way of the garden. The gardener refused his key, and brought Camilla to her, whom she had, by an innocent piece of art, but just before, sent to bring her something from her toilette.

The General went with Camilla to her. They found her just setting a ladder against the wall. She heard them, and screamed, and, leaving the ladder, ran, to avoid them, till she came in sight of the great cascade; into which, had she not by a cross alley been intercepted by the General, it is feared she would have thrown herself.

This has terrified us all: She begs but for one interview; one parting interview; and she promises to make herself easy: But it is not thought adviseable. Yet Father Marescotti himself thought it best to indulge her. Had my mother been earnest, I believe it had been granted: But she is so much concerned at the blame she met with on permitting the last interview, that she will not contend, tho' she has let them know, that she did not oppose the request.

The unhappy girl ran into my chamber this morning — Jeronymo! He will be *gone*, said she; I *know* he will. All I want is, but to see him! To wish him happy! And to know, If he will remember me when he is gone, as I shall him! — Have you no interest, Jeronymo? Cannot I *once* see him? Not *once*?

The Bishop, before I could answer, came in quest of her, followed by Laurana, from whom she had forcibly disengaged herself, to come to me.

Let me have but one parting interview, my Lord, said she, looking to him, and clinging about my neck. He will be gone: Gone for ever. Is there so much in being allowed to say, Farewel, and be happy, Grandison! and excuse all the trouble I have given you? — What has my brother's preserver done, what have I done, that I must not see him, nor he me, for one quarter of an hour only?

Indeed, my Lord, said I, she should be complied with. Indeed she should. My

My *Father* thinks otherwise, said the Bishop: The *Count* thinks otherwise: I think otherwise. Were the Chevalier a common man, she might. But she dwells upon what passed in the last interview, and his behaviour to her. *That*, it is plain, did her harm.

The next may drive the thoughts of that out of her head, returned I.

Dear Jeronymo, replied he, a little peevishly, you will always think differently from every-body else! Mrs. Beaumont comes to morrow.

What do I care for Mrs. Beaumont? said she.—I don't love her: She tells every-thing-I say.

Come, my dear love, said Laurana, you afflict your brother Jeronymo. Let us go up to your own chamber.

I afflict every-body, and every-body afflicts me; and you are all cruel. Why, he will be *gone*, I tell you! That makes me so impatient: And I have something to say to him. My father won't see me: My mother renounces me. I have been looking for her, and she hides herself from me!—And I am a prisoner, and watched, and used ill!

Here comes my mother! said Laurana. You now *must* go up to your chamber, cousin Clementina.

So she does, said she: Now I must go, indeed!—Ah, Jeronymo! Now there is no saying nay!—But it is hard! *Very* hard!—And she burst into tears. I won't speak tho', said she, to my aunt. Remember, I will be silent, madam!—Then whispering me, My aunt, brother, is not the aunt she used to be to me!—But hush, I don't complain, you know!

By this I saw that Lady Sforza was severe with her.

She addressed herself to her aunt: You are not my mamma, are you, madam?

No, child.

No, child, indeed! I know that *too* well. But my brother Giacomo is as cruel to me as any-body. But hush, Jeronymo!—Don't you betray me!—Now my  
aunt

aunt is come, I must go!—I wish I could run away from you all!

She was yesterday detected writing a Letter to you. My mother was shewn what she had written, and wept over it. My aunt took it out of my sister's bosom, where she had thrust it, on her coming in. This she resented highly.

When she was led into her own chamber, she refused to speak; but in great hurry went to her closet, and, taking down her bible, turned over one leaf and another very quick. Lady Sforza had a book in her hand, and sat over-against the closet-door to observe her motions. She came to a place—*Pretty!* said she.

The Bishop had formerly given her a smattering of Latin—She took pen and ink, and wrote. You'll see, Chevalier, the very great purity of her thoughts, by what she omitted, and what she chose, from the Canticles. *Velut unguentum diffunditur nomen tuum, &c.*

[In the English translation, thus: *Thy name is as ointment poured forth; therefore do the virgins love thee. Draw me; we will run after thee: The upright love thee.*

*Look not upon me because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me. My mother's children were angry with me: They made me the keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept.*

*Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth! where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: For why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?]*

She laid down her pen, and was thoughtful; her elbow resting on the escritoire she wrote upon, her hand supporting her head.

May I look over you, my dear? said her aunt, stepping to her; and, taking up the paper, read it, and took it out of the closet with her, unopposed; her gentle bosom only heaving with sighs.



I will write no more, so minutely, on this affecting subject, my Grandison.

They are all of opinion that she will be easy, when she knows that you have actually left Bologna; and they strengthen their opinion by these words of hers, above-recited: ‘Why he will be gone, I tell you; and this makes me so impatient.’—At least, they are resolved to try the experiment. And so, my dear Grandison, you must be permitted to leave us!

God be your director and comforter, as well as ours! prays

*Your ever affectionate*

JERONYMO.

Mr. Grandison, having no hopes of being allowed to see the unhappy Lady, set out with a heavy heart for Florence. He gave orders there, and at Leghorn, that the clerks and agents of his late friend Mr. Jervois should prepare every thing for his inspection against his return from Naples; and then he set out for that city, to attend the General.

He had other friends to whom he had endeared himself at Sienna, Ancona, and particularly at Rome, as he had also some at Naples; of whom he intended to take leave, before he set out for Paris: And therefore went to attend the General with the greater pleasure.

Within the appointed time he arrived at Naples.

The General received me, says Mr. Grandison, with greater tokens of politeness than affection. You are the happiest man in the world, Chevalier, said he, after the first compliments, in escaping dangers by braving them. I do assure you, that I had great difficulties to deny myself the favour of paying you a visit *in my own way* at Bologna. I had indeed resolved to do it, till you proposed this visit to me here.

I should have been very sorry, replied I, to have seen a brother of Lady Clementina in any way that  
should

should not have made me consider him as her brother. But, before I say another word, let me ask after her health. How does the most excellent of women?

You have not heard, then?

I have not, my Lord: But it is not for want of solicitude. I have sent three several messengers, but can hear nothing to my satisfaction.

Nor can you hear any thing from me that will give you any.

I am grieved at my soul, that I cannot. How, my Lord, do the Marquis and Marchioness?

Don't ask. They are extremely unhappy.

I hear that my dear friend, Signor Jeronymo, has undergone—

A dreadful operation, interrupted the General.— He has. Poor Jeronymo! He *could not* write to you. God preserve my brother! But, Chevalier, you did not save half a life, tho' we thank you for that, when you restored him to our arms.

I had no reason to boast, my Lord, of the accident. I never made a merit of it. It was a *mere* accident, and cost me nothing. The service was greatly over-rated.

Would to God, Chevalier, it had been rendered by any other man in the world!

As it has proved, I am sure, my Lord, I have reason to join in the wish.

He shewed me his pictures, statues, and cabinet of curiosities, while dinner was preparing; but rather for the ostentation of his magnificence and taste, than to do me pleasure. I even observed an increasing coldness in his behaviour; and his eye was too often cast upon me with a fierceness that shewed resentment; and not with the hospitable frankness that became him to a visiter and guest who had undertaken a journey of above two hundred miles, principally to attend him, and to shew him the confidence he had in his honour. This, as it was more to his dishonour

than mine, I pitied him for. But what most of all disturbed me, was, that I could not obtain from him any particular intelligence relating to the health of one person, whose distresses lay heavy upon my heart.

There were several persons of distinction at dinner; the discourse could therefore be only general. He paid me great respect at his table, but it was a solemn one. I was the more uneasy at it, as I apprehended, that the situation of the Bologna family was more unhappy than when I left that city.

He retired with me into his garden. You stay with me at least the week out, Chevalier?

No, my Lord: I have affairs of a deceased friend at Florence and at Leghorn to settle. To-morrow, as early as I can, I shall set out for Rome, in my way to Tuscany.

I am surpris'd, Chevalier. You take something amiss in my behaviour.

I cannot say that your Lordship's countenance (I am a very free speaker) has that benignity in it, that complacency, which I have had the pleasure to see in it.

By G. Chevalier, I could have loved you better than any man in the world, next to the men of my own family; but I own I see you not here with so much love as admiration.

The word *admiration*, my Lord, may require explanation. You may admire at my confidence: But I thank you for the manly freedom of your acknowledgement in general.

By *admiration* I mean, all that may do you honour. Your bravery in coming hither, particularly; and your greatness of mind on your taking leave of us all. But did you not then mean to insult me?

I meant to observe to you then, as I now do in your own palace, that you had not treated me as my heart told me I deserved to be treated: But when I thought your warmth was rising to the uneasiness of  
your

your assembled friends, instead of answering your question about my stay at Bologna, as you seemed to mean it, I invited myself to an attendance upon you here, at Naples, in such a manner as surely could not be construed an insult.

I own, Grandison, you disconcerted me. I had intended to save you that journey.

Was that your Lordship's meaning, when, in my absence, you called at my lodgings, the day after the farewell-visit?

Not absolutely: I was uneasy with myself. I intended to talk to you. What that talk might have produced, I know not: But had I invited you out, if I had found you at home, would you have answered my demands?

According as you had put them.

Will you answer them now, if I attend you as far as Rome, on your return to Florence?

If they are demands fit to be answered.

Do you expect I will make any that are *not* fit to be answered?

My Lord, I will explain myself. You had conceived causeless prejudices against me: You seemed inclined to impute to me a misfortune that was not, could not be, greater to you than it was to me. I knew my own innocence: I knew that I was rather an injured man, in having hopes given me, in which I was disappointed, not by my own fault: Whom shall an innocent and an injured man fear?—Had I feared, my fear might have been my destruction. For was I not in the midst of your friends? A foreigner? If I *would* have avoided you, *could* I, had you been determined to seek me?—I would choose to meet even an enemy as a man of honour, rather than to avoid him as a malefactor. In my country, the law supposes flight a confession of guilt: Had you made demands upon me that I had not chosen to answer, I would have expostulated with you. I could

perhaps have done so as calmly as I now speak. If you would not have been expostulated with, I would have stood upon my defence: But for the world I would not have hurt a brother of Clementina and Jeronymo, a son of the Marquis and Marchioness of Porretta, could I have avoided it. Had your passion given me any advantage over you, and I had obtained your sword (a pistol, had the choice been left to me, I had refused for both our sakes), I would have presented both swords to you, and bared my breast: It was before penetrated by the distresses of the dear Clementina, and of all your family—Perhaps I should only have said, ‘If your Lordship thinks I have injured you, take your revenge.’

And now, that I am at Naples, let me say, that if you are determined, contrary to all my hopes, to accompany me to Rome, or elsewhere, on my return, with an unfriendly purpose; such, and no other, shall be my behaviour to you, if the power be given me to shew it. I will rely on my own innocence, and hope by generosity to overcome a *generous* man. Let the guilty secure themselves by violence and murder.

Superlative pride! angrily said he, and stood still, measuring me with his eye: And could you hope for such an advantage?

While I, my Lord, was calm, and determined only upon self-defence; while you were passionate, and perhaps rash, as aggressors generally are; I did not doubt it: But could I have avoided drawing, and preserved your good opinion, I would not have drawn. Your Lordship cannot but know my principles.

Grandison, I *do* know them; and also the general report in your favour for skill and courage. Do you think I would have heard with patience of the once proposed alliance, had not your character—And then he was pleased to say many things in my favour,  
from

from the report of persons who had weight with him; some of whom he named.

But still, Grandison, said he, this poor girl!—She could not have been so deeply affected, had not some Lover-like arts—

Let me, my Lord, interrupt you—I cannot bear an imputation of this kind. *Had* such arts been used, the Lady could *not* have been so much affected. Cannot you think of your noble sister, as a daughter of the two houses from which you sprang? Cannot you see her, as by Mrs. Beaumont's means we now so lately have been able to see her, struggling nobly with her own heart [Why am I put upon this tender subject?] because of her duty and her religion; and resolved to die rather than encourage a wish that was not warranted by both?—I cannot, my Lord, urge this subject: But there never was a passion so nobly contended with. There never was a man more disinterested, and so circumstanced. Remember only, my voluntary departure from Bologna, against persuasion; and the great behaviour of your sister on that occasion, great, as it came out to be, when Mrs. Beaumont brought her to acknowledge what would have been my glory to have known, could it have been encouraged; but is now made my heaviest concern.

Indeed, Grandison, she ever was a noble girl! We are too apt perhaps to govern ourselves by events, without looking into causes: But the access you had to her; such a man! and who became known to us from circumstances so much in his favour, both as a man of principle and bravery—

This, my Lord, interrupted I, is still judging from events. You have seen Mrs. Beaumont's Letter. Surely you cannot have a nobler monument of magnanimity in woman! And to that I refer, for a proof of my own integrity.

I *have* that Letter: Jeronymo gave it me, at my  
 R 3 taking

taking leave of him; and with these words: ‘ Grandifon will certainly vifit you at Naples. I am afraid of your warmth. His fpirit is well known. All my dependance is upon his principles. He will not draw but in his own defence. Cherifh the noble vifiter. Surely, brother, I may depend upon your hofpitable temper. Read over again this Letter, before you fee him.’—I have not yet read it, proceeded the General; but I will, and that, if you will allow me, now.

He took it out of his pocket, walked from me, and read it; and then came to me, and took my hand—I am half-afhamed of myfelf, my dear Grandifon: I own I wanted magnanimity. All the diftreffes of our family, on this unhappy girl’s account, were before my eyes, and I received you, I behaved to you, as the author of them. I was *contriving* to be diffatisfied with you: Forgive me, and command my beft fervices. I will let our Jeronymo know how greatly you subdued me before I had recourse to the Letter; but that I have fince read that part of it which accounts for my fifter’s paffion, and wifh I had read it with equal attention before. I acquit *you*: I am proud of my *fifter*. Yet I obferve from this very Letter, that Jeronymo’s gratitude has contributed to the evil we deplore. But—Let us not fay one word more of the unhappy girl: It is painful to me to talk of her.

Not ask a queftion, my Lord?—

Don’t, Grandifon, don’t!—Jeronymo and Clementina are my foul’s woe—But they are not worfe than might be apprehended. You go to court with me to-morrow: I will prefent you to the king.

I have had that honour formerly. I muft depart to-morrow morning early. I have already taken leave of feveral of my friends here: I have fome to make my compliments to at Rome, which I referved for my return.

You

You stay with me to-night?

I intend it, my Lord.

Well, we will return to company. I must make my excuses to my friends. Your departure to-morrow must be one. They all admire you. They are acquainted with your character. They will join with me to engage you, if possible, to stay longer.

We returned to the company.

## L E T T E R XXXII.

*Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.*

R Eceive now, my dear, the doctor's thirteenth Letter, and the last he intends to favour us with, till he entertains us with the histories of Mrs. Beaumont, and Lady Olivia.

*Dr. Bartlett's thirteenth Letter.*

M R. Grandison set out next morning. The General's behaviour to him at his departure, was much more open and free than it was at receiving him.

Mr. Grandison, on his return to Florence, entered into the affairs of his late friend Mr. Jervois, with the spirit, and yet with the temper, for which he is noted, when he engages in any business. He put every thing in a happy train in fewer days than it would have cost some other persons months; for he was present himself on every occasion, and in every business, where his presence would accelerate it: Yet he had embarrassments from Olivia.

He found, before he set out for Naples, that Mrs. Beaumont, at the earnest request of the Marchioness, was gone to Bologna. At his return, not hearing any-thing from Signor Jeronymo, he wrote to Mrs. Beaumont, requesting her to inform him of the state of things in that family, as far as she thought proper;



and, particularly, of the health of that dear friend, on whose silence to three Letters he had written, he had the most melancholy apprehensions. He let that Lady know, that he should set out in a very few days for Paris, if he had no probability of being of service to the family she favoured with her company.

To this Letter Mrs. Beaumont returned the following answer :

S I R,

I Have the favour of yours. We are very miserable here. The servants are forbidden to answer any enquiries, but generally ; and that not truly.

Your friend, Signor Jeronymo, has gone through a severe operation. He has been given over ; but hopes are now entertained, not of his absolute recovery, but that he will be no worse than he was before the necessity for the operation arose. Poor man ! He forgot not, however, his sister and you, when he was out of the power of the opiates that were administered to him.

On my coming hither, I found Lady Clementina in a deplorable way : Sometimes raving, sometimes gloomy ; and in bonds—Twice had she given them apprehensions of fatal attempts : They therefore confined her hands.

They have been excessively wrong in their management of her : Now soothing, now severe ; observing no method.

She was extremely earnest to see you before you left Bologna. On her knees repeatedly she besought this favour, and promised to be easy if they would comply ; but they imagined that their compliance would aggravate the symptoms.

I very freely blamed them for not complying, at the time when she was so desirous of seeing you. I told them, that soothing her would probably *then* have done good.

When

When they knew you were actually gone from Bologna, they told her so. Camilla shocked me with the description of her rage and despair, on the communication. This was followed by fits of silence, and the deepest melancholy.

They had hopes, on my arrival, that my company would have been of service to her: But for two days together she regarded me not, nor any-thing I could say to her. On the third of my arrival, finding her confinement extremely uneasy to her, I prevailed, but with great difficulty, to have her restored to the use of her hands; and to be allowed to walk with me in the garden. They had hinted to me their apprehensions about a piece of water.

Her woman being near us, if there had been occasion for assistance, I insensibly led that way. She sat down on a seat over-against the great cascade; but she made no motion that gave me apprehensions. From this time she has been fonder of me than before. The day I obtained this liberty for her, she often clasped her arms about me, and laid her face in my bosom; and I could plainly see, it was in gratitude for restoring to her the use of her arms: But she cared not to speak.

Indeed she generally affects deep silence: Yet, at times, I see her very soul is fretted. She moves to one place, is tired of that, shifts to another, and another, all round the room.

I am grieved at my heart for her: I never knew a more excellent young creature.

She is very attentive at her devotions, and as constant in them as she used to be: Every good habit she preserves; yet, at other times, rambles much.

She is often for writing Letters to you; but when what she writes is privately taken from her, she makes no enquiry about it, but takes a new sheet, and begins again.

Sometimes she draws: But her subjects are generally,

rally, Angels and Saints. She often meditates in a map of the British dominions, and now-and-then wishes she were in England.

Lady Juliana de Sforza is earnest to have her with her at Urbino, or at Milan, where she has also a noble palace; but I hope it will not be granted. That Lady professes to love her; but she cannot be persuaded out of her notion of harsh methods, which will never do with Clementina.

I shall not be able to stay long with her. The discomposure of so excellent a young creature affects me deeply. Could I do her either good or pleasure, I should be willing to deny myself the society of my dear friends at Florence: But I am persuaded, and have hinted as much, that one interview with you would do more to settle her mind, than all the methods they have taken.

I hope, Sir, to see you before you leave Italy. It must be at Florence, not at Bologna, I believe. It is generous of you to propose the latter.

I have now been here a week, without hope. The doctors they have consulted are all for severe methods, and low diet. The first, I think, is in compliment to some of the family: She is so loth to take nourishment, and when she does, is so very abstemious, that the regimen is hardly necessary. She never, or but very seldom, used to drink any-thing but water.

She took it into her poor head several times this day, and perhaps it will hold, to sit in particular places, to put on attentive looks, as if she were listening to somebody. She sometimes smiled, and seemed pleased; looked up, as if to somebody, and spoke English. I have no doubt, tho' I was not present when she assumed these airs, and talked English, but her disordered imagination brought before her her tutor instructing her in that tongue.

You desired me, Sir, to be very particular. I have been so; but at the expence of my eyes: And I shall  
not

not wonder if your humane heart should be affected by my sad tale.

God preserve you, and prosper you in whatsoever you undertake!

HORTENSIA BEAUMONT.

Mrs. Beaumont staid at Bologna twelve days, and then left the unhappy young Lady.

At taking leave, she asked her, What commands she had for her?—Love me, said she, and pity me; that is one. Another is (whispering her), you will see the Chevalier, perhaps, tho' I must not.—Tell him, that his poor friend Clementina is sometimes very unhappy!—Tell him, that she shall rejoice to sit next him in Heaven!—Tell him, that I say he cannot go thither, good man as he is, while he shuts his eyes to the truth.—Tell him, that I shall take it very kindly of him, if he will not think of marrying till he acquaints me with it; and can give me assurance, that the Lady will love him as well as Somebody else would have done.—O Mrs. Beaumont! should the Chevalier Grandison marry a woman unworthy of him, what a disgrace would that be to me!

Mr. Grandison by this time had prepared everything for his journey to Paris. The friend he honoured with his love, was arrived from the Levant, and the Archipelago. Thither, at his patron's request, he had accompanied Mr. Beauchamp, the amiable friend of both; and at parting, engaged to continue by Letter what had been the subject of their daily conversations, and transmit to him as many particulars as he could obtain of Mr. Grandison's sentiments and behaviour, on every occasion; Mr. Beauchamp proposing him as a pattern to himself, that he might be worthy of the Credential Letters he had furnished him with to every one whom he had thought deserving of his own acquaintance, when he was in the parts which Mr. Beauchamp intended to visit.

To

To the care of the person so much honoured by his confidence, Mr. Grandison left his agreeable ward, Miss Jervois; requesting the assistance of Mrs. Beaumont, who kindly promised her inspection; and with the goodness for which she is so eminently noted, performed her promise in his absence.

He then made an offer to the Bishop to visit Bologna once more; but that not being accepted, he set out for Paris.

It was not long before his father's death called him to England; and when he had been there a few weeks, he sent for his ward and his friend.

But, my good Miss Byron, you will say, That I have not yet fully answered your last enquiry, relating to the present situation of the unhappy Clementina.

I will briefly inform you of it.

When it was known, for certain, that Mr. Grandison had actually left Italy, the family at Bologna began to wish that they had permitted the interview so much desired by the poor Lady: And when they afterwards understood that he was sent for to England, to take possession of his paternal estate, that farther distance (the notion likewise of the seas between them appearing formidable) added to their regrets.

The poor Lady was kept in travelling motion to quiet her mind: For still an interview with Mr Grandison having never been granted, it was her first wish.

They carried her to Urbino, to Rome, to Naples; then back to Florence, then to Milan, to Turin.

Whether they made her hope that it was to meet with Mr. Grandison, I know not; but it is certain, she herself expected to see him at the end of every journey; and, while she was moving, was easier, and more composed; perhaps in that hope.

The Marchioness was sometimes of the party. The air and exercise were thought proper for her health, as well as for that of her daughter. Her  
cousin

cousin Laurana was always with her in these excursions, and sometimes Lady Sforza; and their escorte was, generally, Signors Sebastiano and Juliano.

But, within these four months past, these journeyings have been discontinued. The young Lady accuses them of deluding her with vain hopes. She is impatient, and has made two attempts to escape from them.

She is, for this reason, closely confined, and watched.

They put her once into a nunnery, at the motion of Lady Sforza, as for a trial only. She was not uneasy in it: But this being done unknown to the General, when he was apprised of it, he, for reasons I cannot comprehend, was displeas'd, and had her taken out, directly.

Her head runs more than ever upon seeing her tutor, her friend, her Chevalier, once more. They have certainly been to blame, if they have let her travel with such hopes; because they have thereby kept up her ardor for an interview. Could she but once more see him, she says, and let him know the cruelty she has been treated with, she should be satisfied. *He* would pity her, she is sure, tho' nobody else will.

The Bishop has written to beg, that Sir Charles would pay them one more visit at Bologna.

I will refer to my patron himself the communicating to you, Ladies, his resolution on this subject. I had but a moment's sight of the Letters which so greatly affected him.

It is but *within* these few days past that this new request has been made to him, in a *direct* manner. The question was before put, If such a request *should* be made, would he comply? And once Camilla wrote, as having heard Sir Charles's presence wish'd for.

Mean-time the poor Lady is hastening, they are afraid, into a consumptive malady. The Count of Belvedere, however, still adores her. The disorder  
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in her mind being imputed chiefly to religious melancholy, and some of her particular flights not being generally known, he, who is a pious man himself, pities her; and declares, that he would run all risques of her recovery, would the family give her to him: And yet he knows, that she would choose to be the wife of the Chevalier Grandison rather than that of any other man, were the article of religion to be got over; and generously applauds her for preferring her Faith to her Love.

Signor Jeronymo is in a very bad way. Sir Charles often writes to him, and with an affection worthy of the merits of that dear friend. He was to undergo another severe operation on the next day after the Letters came from Bologna; the success of which was very doubtful.

How nobly does Sir Charles appear to support himself under such heavy distresses! For those of his friends were ever his. But his heart bleeds in secret for them. A feeling heart is a blessing that no one, who has it, would be without; and it is a moral security of innocence; since the heart that is able to partake of the distress of another, cannot wilfully give it.

I think, my good Miss Byron, that I have now, as far as I am at present able, obeyed all your commands that concern the unhappy Clementina, and her family. I will defer, if you please, those which relate to Olivia and Mrs. Beaumont, Ladies of very different characters from each other, having several Letters to write.

Permit me, my good Ladies, and my Lord, after contributing so much to afflict your worthy hearts, to refer you, for relief under all the distresses of life, whether they affect ourselves or others, to those motives that can alone give true support to a rational mind. This mortal scene, however perplexing, is a very short one; and the hour is hastening when all  
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Let. 32. Sir Charles Grandison. 375

the intricacies of human affairs shall be cleared up; and all the sorrows that have had their foundation in virtue be changed into the highest joy: When all worthy minds shall be united in the same interests, the same happiness.

Allow me to be, my good Miss Byron, and you, my Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison,

*Your most faithful and obedient Servant,*

AMBROSE BARTLETT.

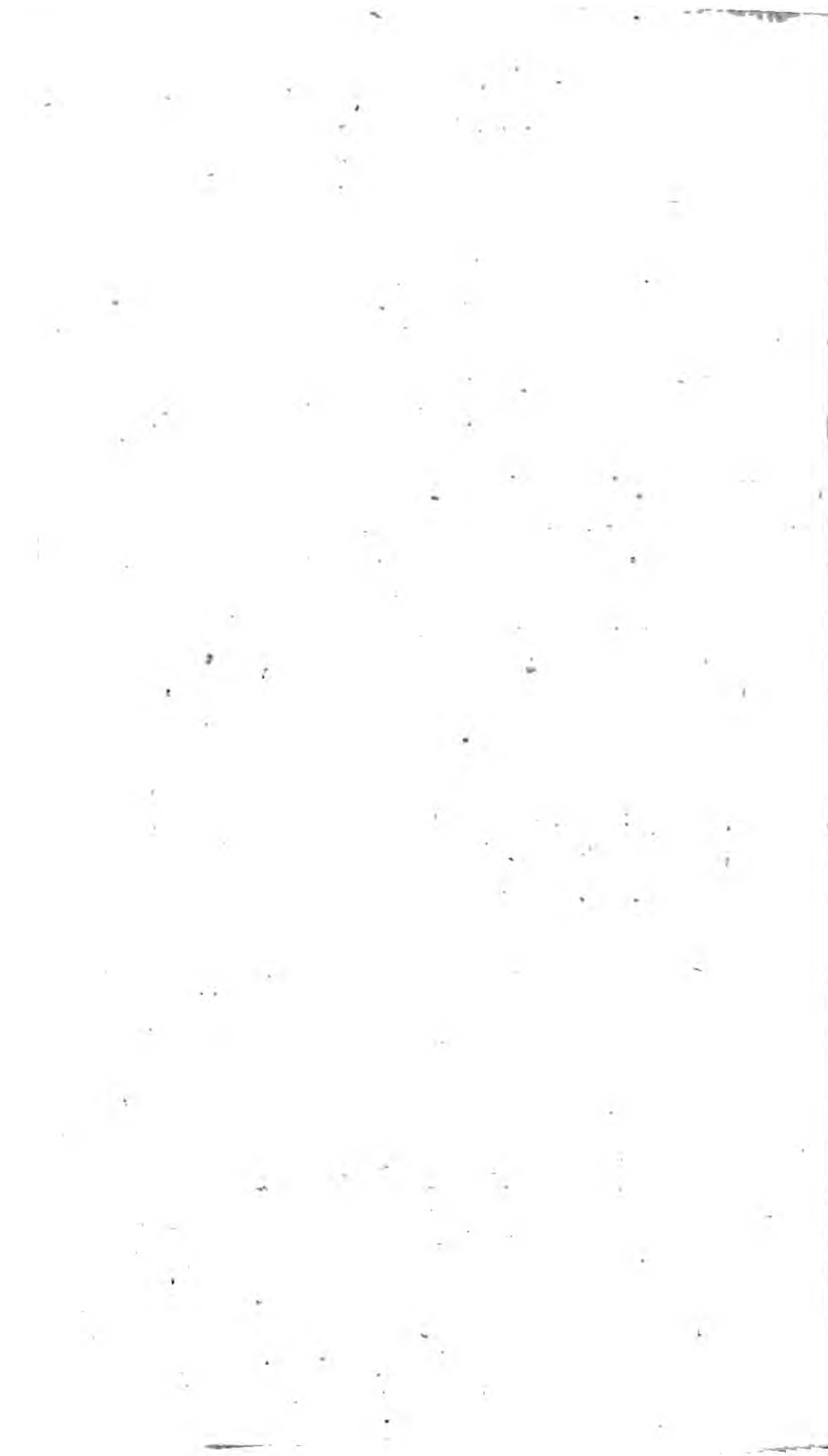
Excellent Dr. Bartlett! How worthy of himself is this advice! But think you not, my Lucy, that the doctor has in it a particular view to your poor Harriet? A generous one, meaning consolation and instruction to her? I will endeavour to profit by it. Let me have your prayers, my dear friends, that I may be enabled to succeed in my humble endeavours.

It will be no wonder to us now, that Sir Charles was not solicitous to make known a situation so embarrassing to himself, and so much involved in clouds and uncertainty: But whatever may be the event of this affair, you, Lucy, and all my friends, will hardly ever know me by any other name than that of

HARRIET BYRON.

*END of the THIRD VOLUME.*





THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

IN A  
SERIES of LETTERS

Published from the ORIGINALS,

By the Editor of PAMELA and CLARISSA.

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IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

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VOL. IV.

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LONDON:

Printed for S. Richardson;

And Sold by C. HITCH and L. HAWES, in *Pater-noster Row*;

By J. and J. RIVINGTON, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*;

By ANDREW MILLAR, in the *Strand*;

By R. and J. DODSLEY, in *Pall-Mall*;

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THE  
H I S T O R Y  
OF  
Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, Bart.

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LETTER I.

*Miss HARRIET BYRON, To Miss LUCY SELBY.*

*Friday, March 31.*

**Y**OU now, my dear friends, have before you this affecting story, as far as Dr. Bartlett can give it. My cousins express a good deal of concern for your Harriet: So does Miss Grandison: So do my Lord and Lady L.: And the more, as I seem to carry off the matter with assumed bravery. This their kind concern for me looks, however, as if they thought me an hypocrite; and I suppose, therefore, that I act my part very awkwardly.

But, my dear, as this case is one of those few in which a woman *can* shew a bravery of spirit, I think an endeavour after it is laudable; and the rather, as in my conduct I aim at giving a tacit example to Miss Jervois.

The doctor has whisper'd to me, that Lady Olivia is actually on her way to England ; and that the intelligence Sir Charles received of her intention, was one of the things that disturbed him, as the news of his beloved Signor Jeronymo's dangerous condition was another.

Lady Anne S. it seems, has not yet given up her hopes of Sir Charles. The two sisters, who once favoured her above all the women they knew, have not been able to bring themselves to acquaint a Lady of her rank, merit, and fortune, that there can be no hopes ; and they are still more loth to say, that their brother thinks himself under some obligation to a foreign lady. Yet you know that this was always what we were afraid of : But, who, now, will say *afraid*, that knows the merit of Clementina ?

I wish, methinks, that this man were proud, vain, arrogant, and a boaster. How easily then might one throw off one's shackles !

Lord G. is very diligent in his court to Miss Grandison. His father and aunt are to visit her this afternoon. She behaves whimsically to my Lord : Yet I cannot think that she *greatly* dislikes him.

The Earl of D. and the Countess Dowager are both in town. The Countess made a visit to my cousin Reeves last Tuesday : She spoke of me very kindly : She says that my Lord has heard so much of me, that he is very desirous of seeing me : But she was pleased to say, that since my heart was not disengaged, she should be afraid of the consequences of his visit to himself.

My grandmamma, tho' she was so kindly fond of me, would not suffer me to live with her ; because she thought, that her contemplative temper might influence mine, and make me grave, at a time of life, when she is always saying, that cheerfulness is most becoming : She would therefore turn over her girl to the best of aunts. But now I fancy, she will allow me

me to be more than two days in a week her attendant. My uncle Selby will be glad to spare me. I shall not be able to bear a jest: And then, what shall I be good for?

I have made a fine hand of coming to town, he says: And so I have: But if my heart is not quite so easy as it was, it is I hope a better, at least, not a worse heart than I brought up with me. Could I only have admired this man, my excursion would not have been unhappy. But this gratitude, this *entangling*, with all its painful consequences—But let me say, with my grandmamma, the man is Sir Charles Grandison! The very man by whose virtues a *Clementina* was attracted. Upon my word, my dear, unhappy as she is, I rank her with the first of women.

I have not had a great deal of Sir Charles Grandison's company; but yet more, I am afraid, than I shall ever have again. Very true—O heart! the most wayward of hearts, sigh if thou wilt!

You have seen how little he was with us, when we were absolutely in his reach, and when he, as we thought, was in ours. But such a man cannot, ought not to be engrossed by one family. Bless me, Lucy, when he comes into public life (for has not his country a superior claim to him beyond every private one?) what moment can he have at liberty? Let me enumerate some of his present engagements that we know of.

The Danby family must have some farther portion of his time.

The executorship in the disposal of the 3000*l.* in charity, in France as well as in England, will take up a good deal more.

My Lord W. may be said to be under his tutelage, as to the future happiness of his life.

Miss Jervois's affairs, and the care he has for her person, engage much of his attention.

He is his own steward.

He is making alterations at Grandison-hall; and has a large genteel neighbourhood there, who long to

have him reside among them ; and he himself is fond of that seat.

His estate in Ireland is in a prosperous way, from the works he set on foot there, when he was on the spot ; and he talks, as Dr. Bartlett has hinted to us, of making another visit to it.

His sister's match with Lord G. is one of his cares.

He has services to perform for his friend Beauchamp, with his father and mother-in-law, for the facilitating his coming over.

The apprehended visit of Olivia gives him disturbance :

And the Bologna family in its various branches, and more especially Signor Jeronymo's dangerous state of health, and Signora Clementina's disorder'd mind—O Lucy !—What leisure has this man to be in love ?—Yet how can I say so, when he is in love already ? And with Clementina—And don't you think, that when he goes to France on the executorship account, he will make a visit to Bologna ?—Ah, my dear, to be sure he will !

After he has left England therefore, which I suppose he will quickly do, and when I am in Northamptonshire, what opportunities will your Harriet have to see him, except she can obtain, as a favour, the power of obliging his Emily, in her request to be with her ? Then, Lucy, he may, on his return to England, once a year or so, on his visiting his ward, see, and thank for her care and love of his Emily, his half-estranged Harriet !—Perhaps Lady *Clementina Grandison* will be with him. God restore her ! Surely I shall be capable, if she be Lady Grandison, of rejoicing in her recovery !—

Fie upon it !—Why this involuntary tear ? You will see it by the large blot it has made, if I did not mention it.

Excellent man ! Dr. Bartlett has just been telling  
me

me of a morning visit he received, before he went out of town, from the two sons of Mrs. Oldham.

One of them is about seven years old; the other about five; very fine children. He embraced them, the doctor says, with as much tenderness, as if they were children of his own mother. He enquired into their inclinations, behaviour, diversions; and engaged equally their love and reverence.

He told them, that, if they were good, he would love them; and said, he had a dear friend, whom he revered as his father, a man with white curling locks, he told the children, that they might know him at first sight, who would now-and-then, as he happened to be in town, make enquiries after their good behaviour, and reward them, as they gave him cause. Accordingly he had desired Dr. Bartlett to give them occasionally his countenance; as also to let their mother know, that he should be glad of a visit from her, and her three children, on his return to town.

The doctor had been to see her when he came to me. He found all three with her. The two younger, impressed by the venerable description Sir Charles had given of him, voluntarily, the younger by the elder's example, fell down on their knees before him, and begged his blessing.

Mr. Oldham is about eighteen years of age; a well-inclined, well-educated youth. He was full of acknowledgements of the favour done him in this invitation.

The grateful mother could not contain herself. Blessings without number, she invoked on her benefactor for his goodness in taking such kind notice of her two sons, as he had done; and said, he had been, ever since his gracious behaviour to her in Essex, the first and last in her prayers to heaven. But the invitation to herself, she declared, was too great an honour for her to accept of: She should not be able to



stand in his presence. Alas! Sir, said she, can the severest, truest, penitence recall the guilty past?

The doctor said, That Sir Charles Grandison ever made it a rule with him, to raise the dejected and humbled spirit. Your birth and education, madam, intitle you to a place in the first company: And where there are two lights in which the behaviour of any person may be set, tho' there has been unhappiness, he always remembers the most favourable, and forgets the other. I would advise you, madam (as he has invited you) by all means to come. He speaks with pleasure of your humility and good sense.

The doctor told me, that Sir Charles had made enquiries after the marriage of Major O-Hara with Mrs. Jervois, and had satisfied himself that they were actually man and wife. Methinks I am glad for Miss Jervois's sake, that her mother has changed her name. They lived not happily together since their last enterprise: For the man, who had long been a sufferer from poverty, was in fear of losing one half at least of his wife's annuity, by what passed on that occasion; and accused her of putting him upon the misbehaviour he was guilty of; which had brought upon him, he said, the resentments of a man admired by all the world.

The attorney, who visited Sir Charles from these people, at their request, waited on him again, in their names, with hopes that they should not suffer in their annuity, and expressing their concern for having offended him.

Mrs. O-Hara also requested it as a favour to see her daughter.

Sir Charles commissioned the attorney, who is a man of repute, to tell them, that if Mrs. O-Hara would come to St. James's Square next Wednesday about five o'clock, Miss Jervois should be introduced to her; and she should be welcome to bring with her her husband, and Captain Salmonet, that they might be convinced he bore no ill-will to either of them.

Adieu,

Adieu, till by-and-by. Miss Grandison is come, in one of her usual hurries, to oblige me to be present at the visit to be made her this afternoon, by the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, his sister, a maiden lady advanced in years, who is exceedingly fond of her nephew, and intends to make him heir of her large fortune.

*Friday Night.*

THE Earl is an agreeable man : Lady Gertrude is a *very* agreeable woman. They saw Miss Grandison with the young Lord's eyes ; and were better pleased with her, as I told her afterwards, than I should have been, or than *they* would, had they known her as well as I do. She doubted not, she answer'd me, but I should find fault with her ; and yet she was as good as for her life she could be.

Such an archness in every motion ! Such a turn of the eye to me on my Lord G's assiduities ! Such a fear in him of her correcting glance ! Such an half-timid, half-free parade when he had done any-thing that he intended to be obliging, and now-and-then an aiming at raillery, as if he was not *very* much afraid of her, and dared to speak his mind even to *her* ! On her part, on those occasions, such an air, as if she had a learner before her ; and was ready to rap his knuckles, had nobody been present to mediate for him ; that tho' I could not but love her for her very archness, yet in my mind, I could, for their sakes, but more for her own, have severely chidden her.

She is a charming woman ; and every-thing she says and does becomes her. But I am so much afraid of what may be the case, when the lover is changed into the husband, that I wish to myself now-and-then, when I see her so lively, that she would remember that there was once such a man as Captain Anderson. But she makes it a rule, she says, to remember nothing that will vex her.

Is not my memory (said she once) given me for my

benefit, and shall I make it my torment? No, Harriet, I will leave that to be done by you wise ones, and see what you will get by it.

Why this, Charlotte, replied I, the wise ones may have a *chance* to get by it—They will very probably, by remembering past mistakes, avoid many inconveniences into which forgetfulness will run you lively ones.

Well, well, returned she, we are not all of us born to equal honour. Some of us are to be set up for warnings, some for examples: And the first are generally of greater use to the world than the other.

Now, Charlotte, said I, do you destroy the force of your own argument. Can the person who is singled out for the warning, be near so happy, as she that is set up for the example?

You are right as far as I know, Harriet: But I obey the present impulse, and try to find an excuse afterwards for what that puts me upon: And all the difference is this, as to the reward, I have a *joy*: You a *comfort*: But comfort is a poor word; and I can't bear it.

So Biddy in the Tender Husband would have said, Charlotte. But poor as the word is with you and her, give me *comfort* rather than *joy*, if they *must* be separated. But I see not but that a woman of my Charlotte's happy turn may have *both*.

She tapped my cheek—Take that, Harriet, for making a Biddy of me. I believe, if you have not *joy*, you have *comfort*, in your severity.

My heart as well as my cheek glowed at the praises the Earl and the Lady both joined in (with a fervor that was creditable to their own hearts) of Sir Charles Grandison, while they told us what this man, and that woman of quality or consideration said of him. Who would not be good? What is life without reputation? Do we not wish to be remembered with honour after death? And what a share of it has this excellent man in his life!—May nothing for the honour-

Let. 2. Sir Charles Grandison. 9

nour-fake of human nature, to which he is so great an ornament, ever happen to tarnish it!

They made *me* an hundred fine compliments. I could not but be pleased at standing well in their opinion: But, believe me, my dear, I did not enjoy their praises of me, as I did those they gave him. Indeed I had the presumption, from the approbation given to what they said of him by my own heart, to imagine myself a sharer in them, tho' not in his merits. Oh, Lucy! *ought* there not to have been a relation between us, since what I have said, from what I found in myself on hearing him praised, is a demonstration of a regard for him superior to the love of self?

Adieu, my Lucy. I know I have all your prayers.

*Adieu, my Dear!*

## L E T T E R II.

*Miss* B Y R O N. *In Continuation.*

*Sat. April 1.*

**D**R. Bartlett is one of the kindest as well as best of men. I believe he loves me as if I were his own child: But good men must be affectionate men. He received but this morning a letter from Sir Charles, and hastened to communicate some of its contents to me, tho' I could pretend to no other motive but curiosity for wishing to be acquainted with the proceedings of his patron.

Sir Charles dined, as he had intended, with Sir Hargrave and his friends. He complains in his letter of a riotous day: " Yet I think, adds he, it has led me into some useful reflexions. It is not indeed agreeable to be the spectator of riot; but how easy to shun being a partaker in it! How easy to avoid the too-freely circling glass, if a man is known to have established a rule to himself, from which he will not depart; and if it be not refused sullenly; but mirth and good humour

the more studiously kept up, by the person; who would else indeed be looked upon as a spy on unguarded folly! I heartily pitied a young man, who, I dare say, has a good heart, but from false shame durst not assert the freedom that every Englishman would claim a right to, in almost every other instance! He had once put by the glass, and excused himself on account of his health; but on being laughed at for a *sober dog*, as they phrased it, and asked, if his *spouse* had not lectured him before he came out, he gave way to the wretched railery: Nor could I interfere at such a noisy moment with effect: They had laughed him out of his caution before I could be heard; and I left him there at nine o'clock trying with Bagenhall which should drink the deepest.

I wish, my good Dr. Bartlett, you would throw together some serious considerations on this subject. You could touch it delicately, and such a discourse would not be unuseful to some few of our neighbours even at Grandison-hall. What is it, that, in this single article, men sacrifice to false shame and false glory! Reason, health, fortune, personal elegance, the peace and order of their families; and all the comfort and honour of their after-years. How peevish, how wretched, is the decline of a man worn out with intemperance! In a cool hour, resolutions might be formed, that should stand the attack of a boisterous jest."

I obtained leave from Dr. Bartlett, to transcribe this part of the letter. I thought my uncle would be pleased with it.

It was near ten at night, before Sir Charles got to Lord W's, tho' but three miles from Sir Hargrave's. My Lord rejoiced to see him; and, after first compliments, asked him, if he had thought of what he had undertaken for him. Sir Charles told him, that he was the more desirous of seeing him in his way to  
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Let. 2. *Sir Charles Grandison.* I I

the Hall, because he wanted to know if his Lordship held his mind as to marriage. He assured him he did, and would sign and seal to whatever he should stipulate for him.

I wished for a copy of this part of Sir Charles's letter, for the sake of my aunt, whose delicacy would, I thought, be charmed with it. He has been so good as to say, he would transcribe it for me. I will inclose it, Lucy; and you will read it here:

“I cannot, my Lord, said Sir Charles, engage, that the Lady will comply with the proposal I shall take the liberty to make to her mother and her. She is not more than three or four and thirty: She is handsome: She has a fine understanding: She is brought up an oeconomist: She is a woman of good family: She has not, however, tho' born to happier prospects, a fortune worthy of your Lordship's acceptance. Whatever that is, your Lordship will perhaps choose to give it to her family.

With all my heart and soul, nephew: But do you say, she is handsome? Do you say, she is of family? And has she so many good qualities?—Ah, nephew! She won't have me, I doubt.—And is she not too young, Sir Charles, to think of such a poor decrepit soul as I am?

All I can say to this, my Lord, is, that the proposals on your part must be the more generous—

I will leave all those matters to you, kinsman—

This, my Lord, I will take upon me to answer for, That she is a woman of principle: She will not give your Lordship her hand, if she thinks she cannot make you a wife worthy of your utmost kindness: And now, my Lord, I will tell you who she is, that you may make what other enquiries you think proper.

And then I named her to him, and gave him pretty near the account of the family, and the circumstances.

and affairs of it, that I shall by-and-by give you; tho' you are not quite a stranger to the unhappy case.

My Lord was in raptures: He knew something, he said, of the Lady's father, and enough of the family, by hearsay, to confirm all I had said of them; and besought me to do my utmost to bring the affair to a speedy conclusion.

Sir Thomas Mansfield was a very good man; and much respected in his neighbourhood. He was once possessed of a large estate; but his father left him involved in a law-suit to support his title to more than one half of it.

After it had been depending several years, it was at last, to the deep regret of all who knew him, by the chicanery of the lawyers of the opposite side, and the remissness of his own, carried against him; and his expences having been very great in supporting for years his possession, he found himself reduced from an estate of near three thousand pounds a year, to little more than five hundred. He had six children: Four sons, and two daughters. His eldest son died of grief in two months after the loss of the cause. The second, now the eldest, is a melancholy man. The third is a cornet of horse. The fourth is unprovided for; but all three are men of worthy minds, and deserve better fortune.

The daughters are remarkable for their piety, patience, good oeconomy, and prudence. They are the most dutiful of children, and most affectionate of sisters. They were for three years the support of their father's spirits, and have always been the consolation of their mother. They lost their father about four years ago: And it is even edifying to observe, how elegantly they support the family reputation in their fine old mansion-house by the prudent management of their little income; for the mother leaves every household care to them; and they make it a rule to conclude the year with discharging every demand that  
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can be made upon them, and to commence the new year absolutely clear of the world, and with some cash in hand; yet were brought up in affluence, and to the expectation of handsome fortunes; for, besides that they could have no thought of losing their cause, they had very great and reasonable prospects from Mr. Calvert, an uncle by their mother's side; who was rich in money, and had besides an estate in land of 1500*l.* a year. He always declared, that for the sake of his sister's children he would continue a single man; and kept his word till he was upwards of seventy; when, being very infirm in health, and defective even to dotage in his understanding, Bolton his steward, who had always stood in the way of his inclination to have his eldest niece for his companion and manager, at last contrived to get him married to a young creature under twenty, one of the servants in the house; who brought him a child in seven months; and was with child again at the old man's death, which happened in eighteen months after his marriage: And then a will was provided, in which he gave all he had to his wife and her children born, and to be born, within a year after his demise. This steward and woman now live together as man and wife.

A worthy clergyman, who hoped it might be in my power to procure them redress, either in the one case or in the other, gave me the above particulars; and upon enquiry, finding every-thing to be as represented, I made myself acquainted with the widow Lady and her sons: And it was impossible to see them at their own house, and not respect the daughters for their amiable qualities.

I desired them, when I was last down, to put into my hands their titles, deeds, and papers; which they have done; and they have been laid before counsel, who give a very hopeful account of them.

Being fully authoriz'd by my Lord, I took leave of him over-night, and set out early in the morning, directly  
for



for Mansfield-house. I arrived there soon after their breakfast was over, and was received by Lady Mansfield, her sons (who happened to be all at home) and her two daughters, with politeness.

After some general conversation, I took Lady Mansfield aside; and, making an apology for my freedom, asked her, If Miss Mansfield were, to her knowlege, engaged in her affections?

She answered, she was *sure* she was not: Ah, Sir, said she, a man of your observation must know, that the daughters of a decayed family of some note in the world, do not easily get husbands. Men of great fortunes look higher: Men of small must look out for wives to enlarge them; and men of genteel busineses are afraid of young women better born than portioned. Every-body knows not that my girls can bend to their condition; and they must be contented to live single all their lives; and so they will choose to do, rather than not marry creditably, and with some prospect.

I then opened my mind fully to her. She was agreeably surpris'd: But who, Sir, said she, would expect such a proposal from the next heir to Lord W.?

I made known to her how much in earnest I was in this proposal, as well for my Lord's sake, as for the young Lady's. I will take care, madam, said I, that Miss Mansfield, if she will consent to make Lord W. happy, shall have very handsome settlements, and such an allowance for pin-money, as shall enable her to gratify every moderate, every reasonable, wish of her heart.

Was it possible, she asked, for such an affair to be brought about? Would my Lord—There she stopt.

I said, I would be answerable for him: And desired her to break the matter to her daughter directly.

I left Lady Mansfield, and joined the brothers, who were with their two sisters; and soon after Miss Mansfield was sent for by her mother.

After

After they had been a little while together, my Lady Mansfield sent to speak with me. They were both silent when I came in. The mother was at a loss what to say: The daughter was in still greater confusion.

I addressed myself to the mother. You have, I perceive, madam, acquainted Miss Mansfield with the proposal I made to you. I am fully authorized to make it. Propitious be your silence! There never was, proceeded I, a treaty of marriage set on foot, that had not its conveniencies and inconveniencies. My Lord is greatly afflicted with the gout: There is too great a disparity in years. These are the inconveniencies which are to be considered of for the lady.

On the other hand, if Miss Mansfield can give into the proposal, she will be received by my Lord as a blessing; as one whose acceptance of him will lay him under an obligation to her. If this proposal could not have been made with dignity and honour to the lady, it had not come from me.

The conveniencies to yourselves will more properly fall under the consideration of yourselves and family. One thing only I will suggest, that an alliance with so rich a man as Lord W. will make perhaps some people tremble, who now think themselves secure.

But, madam, to the still silent daughter, let not a regard for me byass you: Your family may be sure of my best services, whether my proposal be received or rejected.

My Lord (I must deal sincerely with you) has lived a life of error. He thinks so himself. I am earnest to have him see the difference, and to have an opportunity to rejoice with him upon it.

I stopt: But both being still silent, the mother looking on the daughter, the daughter glancing now-and-then her conscious eye on the mother, If, madam, said I, you can give your hand to Lord W. I will take care, that settlements shall exceed your expectation.

What

What I have observed as well as heard of Miss Mansfield's temper and goodness, is the principal motive of my application to her, in preference to all the women I know.

But permit me to say, that were your affections engaged to the lowest honest man on earth, I would not wish for your favour to my Lord W. And farther, if, madam, you think you should have but the shadow of a hope, to induce your compliance, that my Lord's death would be more agreeable to you than his life, then would I not, for your morality's sake, wish you to engage. In a word, I address myself to you, Miss Mansfield, as to a woman of honour and conscience: If your conscience bids you *doubt*, reject the proposal; and this not only for my Lord's sake, but for your own.

Consider, if, without too great a force upon your inclinations, you can behave with that condescension and indulgence to a man who has hastened advanced age upon himself, which I have thought from your temper I might hope.

I have said a great deal, because you, ladies, were silent; and because explicitness in every case becomes the proposer. Give me leave to withdraw for a few moments.

I withdrew, accordingly, to the brothers and sister. I did not think I ought to mention to them the proposal I had made: It might perhaps have engaged them all in its favour, as it was of such evident advantage to the whole family; and that might have imposed a difficulty on the Lady, that neither for her own sake, nor my Lord's, it would have been just to lay upon her.

Lady Mansfield came out to me, and said, I presume, Sir, as we are a family which misfortune as well as love, has closely bound together, you will allow it to be mentioned—

To the whole family, madam? — By all means.

I wanted only first to know, whether Miss Mansfield's affections were disengaged: And now you shall give me leave to attend Miss Mansfield. I am a party for my Lord W.: Miss Mansfield is a party: Your debates will be the more free in our absence. If I find her averse, believe me, madam, I will not endeavour to persuade her. On the contrary, if she declare against accepting the proposal, I will be her advocate, tho' every one else should vote in its favour.

The brothers and sister looked upon one another: I left the mother to propose it to them; and stepped into the inner parlour to Miss Mansfield.

She was sitting with her back to the door, in a meditating posture. She started at my entrance.

I talked of indifferent subjects, in order to divert her from the important one, that had taken up her whole attention.

It would have been a degree of oppression to her to have entered with her upon a subject of so much consequence to her while we were alone; and when her not having given a negative, was to be taken as a modest affirmative.

Lady Mansfield soon joined us—My dear daughter, said she, we are all unanimous. We have agreed to leave every-thing to Sir Charles Grandison: And we hope you will.

She was silent. I will only ask you, madam, said I, to her, If you have any wish to take time to consider of the matter? Do you think you shall be easier in your mind, if you take time?—She was silent.

I will not at this time, my good Miss Mansfield, urge you farther. I will make my report to Lord W. and you shall be sure of his joyful approbation of the steps I have taken, before your final consent shall be asked for. But that I may not be employed in a doubtful cause, let me be commissioned to tell my Lord, that you are disengaged; and that you wholly resign yourself to your mother's advice.

She

She bowed her head.

And that *you*, madam, to Lady Mansfield, are not averse to enter into treaty upon this important subject.

*Averse*, Sir! said the mother, bowing, and gratefully smiling.

I will write the particulars of our conversation to Lord W. and my opinion of settlements, and advise him (if I am not forbid) to make a visit at Mansfield-house [I stopt: they were both silent]. If possible, I will attend my Lord in his first visit. I hope, madam, to Miss Mansfield, you will not dislike him: I am sure he will be charmed with you: He is far from being disagreeable in his person: His temper is not bad. *Your* goodness will make *him* good. I dare say that he will engage your gratitude; and I defy a good mind to separate love from gratitude.

We returned to company. I had all their blessings pronounced at once, as from one mouth. The melancholy brother was enlivened: Who knows but the consequence of this alliance may illuminate his mind? I could see by the pleasure they all had, in beholding him capable of joy on the occasion, that they hoped it would. The unhappy situation of the family affairs, as it broke the heart of the eldest brother, fixed a gloom on the temper of this gentleman.

I was prevailed upon to dine with them. In the conversation we had at and after dinner, their minds opened, and their characters rose upon me. Lord W. will be charmed with Miss Mansfield. I am delighted to think, that my mother's brother will be happy, in the latter part of his life, with a wife of so much prudence and goodness, as I am sure this Lady will make him. On one instance of her very obliging behaviour to me, I whispered her sister, Pray, Miss Fanny, tell Miss Mansfield, but not till I am gone, that she knows not the inconveniencies she is bringing upon herself: I may, perhaps, hereafter, have the boldness, to look for  
the

the same favour from my aunt, that I meet with from Miss Mansfield.

If my sister, returned she, should ever misbehave to her benefactor, I will deny my relation to her.

I promised to write to Lady Mansfield as soon as I heard from my Lord; and parted with them, followed by the blessings of them all.

You will soon have another letter from me, with an account of the success of my visit to Sir Harry Beauchamp and his Lady. *We* must have our Beauchamp among us, my dear friend: I should rather say, *you* must among *you*; for I shall not be long in England. He will supply to you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, the absence (it will not, I hope, be a long one) of

Your CHARLES GRANDISON."

SIR Charles, I remember, as the doctor read, mentions getting leave for his Beauchamp to come over, who, he says, will supply his absence to *him*—But, ah! Lucy! Who, let me have the boldness to ask, shall supply it to your *Harriet*? Time, my dear, will do *nothing* for me, except I could hear something very much amiss of this man.

I have a great suspicion, that the first part of the letter inclosed was about me. The doctor looked so earnestly at me, when he skipt two sides of it; and, as I thought, with *so much* compassion!—To be sure, it was about me. What would I give to know as much of his mind as Dr. Bartlett knows! If I thought he pitied the poor Harriet—I should scorn myself. I am, I *will* be, above his pity, Lucy. In this believe

Your HARRIET BYRON."

## LETTER III.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

Sunday Night, April 2.

DR. Bartlett has received from Sir Charles an account of what passed last Friday between him, and Sir Harry, and Lady Beauchamp: By the doctor's allowance, I inclose it to you.

In this Letter, Lucy, you will see him in a new light; and as a man whom there is no resisting, when he resolves to carry a point. But it absolutely convinces me, of what indeed I before suspected, that he has not an high opinion of our sex in general: And this I will put down as a blot in his character. He treats us, in Lady Beauchamp, as perverse humourfome babies, loving power, yet not knowing how to use it. See him so delicate in his behaviour and address to Miss Mansfield, and carry in your thoughts his gaiety and adroit management to Lady Beauchamp, as in this letter, and you will hardly think him the same man. Could he be any-thing to me, I should be more than half afraid of him: Yet *this* may be said in his behalf;—He but accommodates himself to the persons he has to deal with:—He can be a man of gay wit, when he pleases to *descend*, as indeed his sister Charlotte has as often found, as she has given occasion for the exercise of that talent in him;—and, that virtue, for its own sake, is his choice; since had he been a free-liver, he would have been a dangerous man. But I will not anticipate too much: Read it here, if you please.

LET-

L E T T E R I V.

*Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr. BARTLETT.*

[*Inclosed in the preceding.*]

*Grandison-Hall, Friday Night, March 31.*

I Arrived at Sir Harry Beauchamp's about twelve this day. He and his Lady expected me, from the letter which I wrote and shewed you before I left the town; in which, you know, I acquainted Sir Harry with his son's earnest desire to throw himself at his feet, and to pay his duty to his mother, in England; and engaged to call myself, either this day or to-morrow, for an answer.

Sir Harry received me with great civility, and even affection. Lady Beauchamp, said he, will be with us in a moment. I am afraid you will not meet with all the civility from her on the errand you are come upon, that a man of Sir Charles Grandison's character deserves to meet with from all the world. We have been unhappy together, ever since we had your Letter. I long to see my son: Your friendship for him establishes him in my heart. But—And then he cursed the apron-string tenure, by which, he said, he held his peace.

You will allow me, Sir Harry, said I, to address myself in my own way to my lady. You give me pleasure, in letting me know, that the difficulty is not with you. You have indeed, Sir, one of the most prudent young men in the world for your son. His heart is in your hand: You may form it as you please.

She is coming! She is coming! interrupted he. We are all in pieces: We were in the midst of a feud, when you arrived. If she is not civil to you--

In swam the lady; her complexion raised; displeasure in her looks to me, and indignation in her air to Sir Harry;



Harry; as if they had not had their contention out, and she was ready to renew it.

With as obliging an air as I could assume, I paid my compliments to her. She received them with great stiffness; swelling at Sir Harry: Who sidled to the door, in a moody and sullen manner, and then slipt out.

You are Sir Charles Grandison, I suppose, Sir, said she: I never saw you before: I have heard much talk of you.—But, pray, Sir, are good men *always* officious men? Cannot they perform the obligations of friendship, without discomposing families?

You see me *now*, madam, in an evil moment, if you are displeas'd with me: But I am not used to the displeasure of ladies: I do my utmost not to deserve it; and, let me tell you, madam, that I will not suffer *you* to be displeas'd with me.

I took her half-reluctant hand, and led her to a chair, and seated myself in another near her.

I see, Sir, you have your arts.

She took the fire-screen, that hung by the side of the chimney, and held it before her face, now glancing at me, now turning away her eye, as resolv'd to be displeas'd.

You come upon a hateful errand, Sir: I have been unhappy ever since your officious Letter came.

I am sorry for it, madam. While you are warm with the remembrance of a past misunderstanding, I will not offer to reason with you: But let me, madam, see less discomposure in your looks. I want to take my impressions of you from more placid features: I am a painter, madam: I love to draw lady's pictures. Will you have this pass for a first sitting?

She knew not what to do with her anger: She was loth to part with it.

You are impertinent, Sir Charles—Excuse me—  
You are impertinent—

I do excuse you, Lady Beauchamp: And the rather,

as I am sure you do not think me so. Your freedom is a mark of your favour; and I thank you for it.

You treat me as a child, Sir—

I treat all angry people as children: I love to humour them. Indeed, Lady Beauchamp, you must not be angry with me. *Can* I be mistaken? Don't I see in your aspect the woman of sense and reason?—I never blame a lady for her humoursomeness so much, as in my mind, I blame her mother.

Sir! said she. I smiled. She bit her lip, to avoid returning a smile.

Her character, my dear friend, is not, you know, that of an ill-temper'd woman, tho' haughty, and a lover of power.

I have heard much of you, Sir Charles Grandison: But I am quite mistaken in you: I expected to see a grave formal young man, his prim mouth set in plaits: But you are a joker; and a free man; a *very* free man, I do assure you.

I would be *thought* decently free, madam; but not *impertinent*. I see with pleasure a returning smile. O that ladies knew how much smiles become their features!—Very few causes can justify a woman's anger—Your sex, madam, was given to delight, not to torment us.

Torment you, Sir!—Pray, has Sir Harry—

Sir Harry cannot look pleased, when his Lady is *dis*-pleased: I saw that you were, madam, the moment I beheld you. I hope I am not an unwelcome visitor to Sir Harry for one hour (I intend to stay no longer) that he received me with so disturbed a countenance, and has now withdrawn himself, as if to avoid me.

To tell you the truth, Sir Harry and I have had a dispute: But he always speaks of Sir Charles Grandison with pleasure.

Is he not offended with me, madam, for the contents of the Letter—

No,

No, Sir, and I suppose you hardly think he is—  
But *I* am—

Dear madam, let me beg your interest in favour of the contents of it.

She took fire—rose up—

I besought her patience—Why should you wish to keep abroad a young man, who is a credit to his family, and who *ought* to be, if he is *not*, the joy of his father? Let him owe to *your* generosity, madam, that recall, which he solicits: It will become your character: He cannot be always kept abroad: Be it your own generous work—

What, Sir—Pray, Sir—With an angry brow—

You must not be angry with me, madam—(I took her hand)—You can't be angry in earnest—

Sir Charles Grandison—You are—She withdrew her hand; *You are*, repeated she—and seemed ready to call names—

*I am* the Grandison you call me; and I honour the maternal character. You must permit me to honour *you*, madam.

*I wonder*, Sir—

I will not be denied. The world reports misunderstandings between you and Mr. Beauchamp. That busy world that will be meddling, knows your power, and his dependence. You must not let it charge you with an ill use of that power: If you do, *you* will have its blame, when you might have its praise: *He* will have its pity.

What, Sir, do you think your fine Letters, and smooth words, will avail in favour of a young fellow who has treated me with disrespect?

You are misinformed, madam.—I am willing to have a greater dependence upon your justice, upon your good-nature, than upon any-thing I can urge either by letter or speech. Don't let it be said, that you are not to be prevailed on—A woman not to be prevailed

prevailed on to join in an act of justice, of kindness; for the honour of the sex, let it not be said.

*Honour of the sex*, Sir!—Fine talking!—Don't I know, that were I to consent to his coming over, the first thing would be to have his annuity augmented out of my fortune? He and his father would be in a party against me. Am I not already a sufferer thro' him in his father's love?—You don't know, Sir, what has passed between Sir Harry and me within this half-hour—But don't talk to me: I won't hear of it: The young man hates me: I hate him: And ever will.

She made a motion to go.

With a respectful air, I told her, she must not leave me. My motive deserved not, I said, that both she and Sir Harry should leave me in displeasure.

You know but too well, resumed she, how acceptable your officiousness (I must call it so) is to Sir Harry.

And *does* Sir Harry, madam, favour his son's suit? You rejoice me: Let not Mr. Beauchamp know that he does: And do *you*, my dear Lady Beauchamp, take the whole merit of it to yourself. How will he revere you for your goodness to him! And what an obligation, if, as you say, Sir Harry is inclined to favour him, will you, by your generous first motion, lay upon Sir Harry?

Obligation upon Sir Harry! Yes, Sir Charles Grandison, I have laid too many obligations already upon him, for his gratitude.

Lay this one more. You own you have had a misunderstanding this morning: Sir Harry is withdrawn, I suppose, with his heart full: Let me, I beseech you, make up the misunderstanding. I have been happy in this way—Thus we will order it—We will desire him to walk in. I will beg *your* interest with him in favour of the contents of the letter I sent. His compliance will follow as an act of obligingness to you. The grace of the action will be yours. I will

be answerable for Mr. Beauchamp's gratitude.—Dear madam, hesitate not. The young gentleman must come over one day: Let the favour of its being an early one, be owing entirely to you.

You are a strange man, Sir: I don't like you at all: You would persuade me out of my reason.

Let us, madam, as Mr. Beauchamp and I are already the dearest of friends, begin a *family* understanding. Let St. James's Square, and Berkley Square, when you come to town, be a next-door neighbourhood. Give me the consideration of being the bondsman for the duty of Mr. Beauchamp to you, as well as to his father.

She was silent: But looked vexed and irresolute.

My sisters, madam, are amiable women. You will be pleased with them. Lord L. is a man worthy of Sir Harry's acquaintance. We shall want nothing, if you would think so, but Mr. Beauchamp's presence among us.

What! I suppose you design your maiden sister for the *young fellow*—But if you do, Sir, you must ask me for—There she stopt.

Indeed I do not. He is not at present disposed to marry. He never will without his father's approbation, and let me say—*yours*. My sister is addressed to by Lord G. and I hope will soon be married to him.

And do you say so, Sir Charles Grandison?—Why then you are a more disinterested man, than I thought you in this application to Sir Harry. I had no doubt but the *young fellow* was to be brought over to marry Miss Grandison; and that he was to be made worthy of her at my expence.

She enjoyed, as it seemed, by her manner of pronouncing the words *young fellow*, that designed contempt, which was a tacit confession of the consequence he once was of to her.

I do assure you, madam, that I know not his heart, if he has at present any thoughts of marriage.

She

She seemed pleased at this assurance.

I repeated my wishes, that she would take to herself the merit of allowing Mr. Beauchamp to return to his native country: And that she would let me see her hand in Sir Harry's, before I left them.

And pray, Sir, as to his place of residence, *were* he to come: Do you think he should live under the same roof with me?

You shall govern that point, madam, as you approve or disapprove of his behaviour to you.

His behaviour to me, Sir!—One house cannot, shall not, hold him and me.

I think, madam, that you should direct in this article. I hope, after a little while, so to order my affairs, as constantly to reside in England. I should think myself very happy if I could prevail upon Mr. Beauchamp to live with me.

But I must see him, I suppose?

Not, madam, unless you shall think it right, for the sake of the world's opinion, that you should.

I can't consent—

You *can*, madam! You *do*!—I cannot allow Lady Beauchamp to be one of those women, who having insisted upon a wrong point, can be convinced, yet not know how to recede with a grace.—Be so kind to *yourself*, as to let Sir Harry know, that you think it right for Mr. Beauchamp to return; but that it must be upon your own conditions: Then, madam, make those conditions generous ones; and how will Sir Harry adore you! How will Mr. Beauchamp revere you! How shall I esteem you!

What a strange impertinent have I before me!

I love to be called names by a lady. If undeservingly, she lays herself by them under obligation to me, which she cannot be generous if she resolves not to repay. Shall I endeavour to find out Sir Harry? Or will you, madam?

Was you ever, Sir Charles Grandison, denied by any woman to whom you sued for favour?

I think, madam, I hardly ever was: But it was because I never sued for a favour, that it was not for a lady's honour to grant. This is the case now; and this makes me determine, that I will not be denied the grant of my present request. Come, come, madam! How can a woman of your ladyship's good sense (taking her hand, and leading her to the door) seem to want to be persuaded to do a thing she knows in her heart to be right! Let us find Sir Harry.

Strange man!—Unhand me—*He* has used me unkindly—

Overcome him then by your generosity. But, dear Lady Beauchamp, taking both her hands, and smiling confidently in her face [I could, my dear Dr. Bartlett, do so to Lady Beauchamp] will you make me believe, that a woman of your spirit (you have a charming spirit, Lady Beauchamp) did not give Sir Harry as much reason to complain, as he gave you?—I am sure by his disturbed countenance—

Now, Sir Charles Grandison, you are downright affronting. Unhand me!—

This misunderstanding is owing to my officious letter. I should have waited on you in person. I should from the first have put it in your power, to do a graceful and obliging thing. I ask your pardon. I am not *used* to make differences between man and wife.

I touched first one hand, then the other, of the perverse baby with my lips—Now am I forgiven: Now is my friend Beauchamp permitted to return to his native country: Now are Sir Harry and his Lady reconciled—Come, come, madam, it *must* be so—What foolish things are the quarrels of married people!—They must come to an agreement again; and the sooner the better; before hard blows are struck, that will leave marks—Let us, dear madam, find out Sir Harry—

And

And then with an air of vivacity, that women, whether in courtship or out of it, dislike not, I was leading her once more to the door, and, as I intended, to Sir Harry, where-ever he could be found.

Hold, hold, Sir, resisting; but with features far more placid than she had suffered to be before visible—If I *must* be compelled—You are a strange man, Sir Charles Grandison—If I *must* be compelled to see Sir Harry—But you are a strange man—And she rang the bell.

Lady Beauchamp, Dr. Bartlett, is one of those who would be more ready to forgive an innocent freedom, than to be gratified by a profound respect; otherwise I had not treated her with so little ceremony. Such women are formidable only to those who are afraid of their anger, or who make it a serious thing.

But when the servant appeared, she not knowing how to condescend, I said, Go to your master, Sir, and tell him that your Lady requests the favour—

*Requests the favour!* repeated she; but in a low voice: Which was no bad sign.

The servant went with a message worded with more civility than perhaps he was used to carry to his master from his lady.

Now, dear Lady Beauchamp, for your own sake; for Sir Harry's sake; make happy; and be happy. Are there not, dear madam, unhappineffes enow in life, that we must wilfully add to them?

Sir Harry came in sight. He stalked towards us with a parade like that of a young officer wanting to look martial at the head of his company.

Could I have seen him before he enter'd, my work would have been easier. But his hostile air dispos'd my Lady to renew hostilities.

She turned her face aside, then her person; and the cloudy indignation with which she enter'd at first, again overspread her features. Ought wrath, Dr.



Bartlett, to be so ready to attend a female will?— Surely, thought I, my Lady's present airs, after what has passed between her and me, can be only owing to the fear of making a precedent, and being thought too easily persuaded.

Sir Harry, said I, addressing myself to him, I have obtained Lady Beauchamp's pardon for the officious Letter—

*Pardon*, Sir Charles Grandison! You are a good man, and it was kindly intended—

He was going on: Anger from his eyes flashed upon his cheek-bones, and made them shine. My Lady's eyes struck fire at Sir Harry, and shewed that she was not *afraid* of him.

Better *intended*, than done, interrupted I, since my Lady tells me, that it was the occasion of a misunderstanding—But, Sir, all will be right: My Lady assures me, that you are not disinclined to comply with the contents; and she has the goodness—

Pray, Sir Charles, interrupted the Lady—

To give me hopes that she --

Pray, Sir Charles—

Will use her interest to confirm you in your favourable sentiments—

Sir Harry cleared up at once—May I hope, madam—And offer'd to take her hand.

She withdrew it with an air. O Dr. Bartlett, I must have been thought an unpolite husband, had she been my wife!

I took her hand. Excuse this freedom, Sir Harry—For heaven's sake, madam, whispering, Do what I know you *will* do, with a grace—Shall there be a misunderstanding, and the husband court a refused hand?—I then forced her half-unwilling hand into his, with an air that I intended should have both freedom and respect in it.

What a man have we got here, Sir Harry? This cannot be the modest man, that you have praised to  
me

me—I thought a good man must of necessity be bashful, if not sheepish: And here your visitor is the boldest man in England.

*The righteous*, Lady Beauchamp, said Sir Harry, with an aspect but half-conceding, *is bold as a lion*.

And *must* I be compelled thus, and by such a man, to forgive you, Sir Harry?—Indeed you were very unkind.

And you, Lady Beauchamp, were very cruel.

I did not think, Sir, when I laid my fortune at your feet—

O Lady Beauchamp! You said cutting things! *Very* cutting things.

And did not you, Sir Harry, say, It *should* be so?—So *very* peremptorily!

Not, madam, till you, *as* peremptorily—

A little recrimination, thought I, there must be, to keep each in countenance on their past folly.

Ah, Sir Charles!—You may rejoice that you are not married, said Sir Harry.

Dear Sir Harry, said I, we must bear with Ladies. They are *meek* good creatures—They—

*Meek!* Sir Charles, repeated Sir Harry, with an half-angry smile, and shrugging, as if his shoulder had been hurt with his wife's meekness—*I say, meek!*

Now, Sir Charles Grandison, said my Lady, with an air of threatening—

I was desirous either of turning the Lady's displeasure into a jest, or of diverting it from the first object, in order to make her play with it, till she had lost it.

Women are of gentle natures, pursued I; and, being accustomed to be humoured, opposition sits not easy upon them. Are they not kind to us, Sir Harry, when they allow of our superiority, by expecting us to bear with their pretty perversenesses?

O Sir Charles Grandison! said my Lady; both her hands lifted up.

Let us be contented, proceeded I, with such their kind acknowledgements, and in pity to them, and in compliment to ourselves, bear with their foibles.— See, madam, I ever was an advocate for the Ladies.

Sir Charles, I have no patience with you—

What can a poor woman do, continued I, when opposed? She can only be a little violent in *words*, and when she has said as much as she chooses to say, be perhaps a little fullen. For my part, were I so happy as to call a woman mine, and she *happened* to be in the wrong, I would endeavour to be in the right; and trust to her good sense to recover her temper: Arguments only beget arguments.—Those reconciliations are the most durable, in which the Lady makes the advances.

What doctrine is this, Sir Charles? You are not the man I took you for.—I believe, in my conscience, that you are not near so good a man, as the world reports you.

What, madam, because I pretend to know a little of the sex? Surely, Lady Beauchamp, a man of common penetration may see to the bottom of a woman's heart. A cunning woman cannot hide it. A good woman will not. You are not, madam, such Mysteries, as some of us think you. Whenever you know your *own* minds, *we* need not be long doubtful: That is *all* the difficulty: And I will vindicate you, as to that—

As how, pray, Sir?—

Women, madam, were designed to be *dependent*, as well as *gentle*, creatures; and of consequence when left to their own wills, they know not what to resolve upon.

I was hoping, Sir Charles, just now, that you would stay to dinner: But if you talk at this rate, I believe I shall be ready to wish you out of the house.

Sir Harry looked as if he were half-willing to be diverted at what passed between his lady and me.

It

It was better for *me* to say what he could not but subscribe to by his feeling, than for him to say it. Tho' reproof seldom amends a determined spirit, such a one as this lady's; yet a man who suffers by it cannot but have some joy when he hears his sentiments spoken by a bystander. This freedom of mine seemed to save the married pair a good deal of recrimination.

You remind me, madam, that I must be gone, rising and looking at my watch.

You must not leave us, Sir Charles, said Sir Harry.

I beg excuse, Sir Harry — Yours, also, madam, smiling—Lady Beauchamp must not twice wish me out of the house.

I will *not* excuse you, Sir, reply'd she—If you have a desire to see the matter completed—She stopt—You must stay to dinner, be *that* as it will.

“Be that as it *will*,” madam!—You shall not recede.

*Recede!* I have not yet complied—

O these women! They are so used to courtship, that they know not how to do right things without it—And, pardon me, madam, not always with it.

Bold man—Have I consented—

Have you not, madam, given a *Lady's* consent. *That* we men expect not to be very explicit, very gracious.—It is from such *non-negative* consents, that we men make silence answer all we wish.

I leave Sir Charles Grandison to manage this point, said Sir Harry. In my conscience, I think the common observation just; A stander-by sees more of the game, than he that plays.

It ever will be so, Sir Harry—But I will tell you, My Lady and I have as good as agreed the matter—

I have agreed to nothing, Sir Harry—

Hush, madam — I am doing you credit. — Lady Beauchamp speaks *aside* sometimes, Sir Harry: You are not to hear any-thing she says, that you don't like.

Then I am afraid I must stop my ears for eight hours out of twelve.

That was *aside*, Lady Beauchamp—You are not to hear that.

To sit, like a fool, and hear myself abused—A pretty figure I make! Sir Charles Grandison, let me tell you, that you are the first man that ever treated me like a fool.

Excuse, madam, a little innocent raillery—I met you both, with a discomposure on your countenances. I was the occasion of it, by the letter I sent to Sir Harry. I will not *leave* you discompos'd. I think you a woman of sense; and my request is of such a nature, that the granting of it will confirm to me, that you are so—But you *have* granted it—

I have not.

That's charmingly said—My Lady will not undervalue the compliment she is inclined to make you, Sir Harry. The moment *you* ask for her compliance, she will not refuse to your affection, what she makes a difficulty to grant, to the entreaty of an almost stranger.

Let it, let it be so! Lady Beauchamp, said Sir Harry: And he clasped his arms about her as she sat—

There never was such a man as this Sir Charles Grandison in the world!—It is a contrivance between you, Sir Harry—

Dear Lady Beauchamp, resumed I, depreciate not your compliment to Sir Harry. There wanted not contrivance, I dare to hope (if there *did*, it had it not) to induce Lady Beauchamp to do a right, a kind, an obliging thing.

Let me, my dearest Lady Beauchamp, said Sir Harry;—Let me request—

At *your* request, Sir Harry—But not at Sir Charles's.

This is noble, said I. I thank you, madam, for the absent youth. Both husband and son will think themselves favoured by you; and the more, as I am  
sure,

sure, that you will by the chearful welcome, which you will give the young man, shew, that it is a sincere compliment that you have made to Sir Harry.

This man has a strange way of flattering one into acts of—of—what shall I call them?—But, Sir Harry, Mr. Beauchamp must not, I believe, live with us—

Sir Harry hesitated.

I was afraid of opening the wound. I have a request to make to you both, said I. It is this; That Mr. Beauchamp may be permitted to live with me; and attend you, madam, and his father, as a visitor, at your own command. My sister, I believe, will be very soon married to Lord G.

That is to be certainly so, interrupted the Lady?

It is, madam.

But what shall we say, my dear, resum'd Sir Harry—Don't fly out again—As to the provision for my son?—Two hundred a year—What is two hundred a year—

Why then let it be three, answered she.

I have an handsome and improveable estate, said I. I have no demands but those of reason upon me. I would not offer a plea for his coming to England (and I am sure he would not have come, if I had) without his father's consent: In which, madam, he hoped for yours. You shall not, Sir, allow him either the two or three hundred a year. See him with love, with indulgence (he will deserve both); and think not of any-thing else for my Beauchamp.

There is no bearing this, my dear, said Sir Harry; leaning upon his lady's shoulder, as he sat, tears in his eyes—My son is already, as I have heard, greatly obliged to this his true friend—Do you, do you, madam, answer for me, and for yourself.

She was overcome: Yet pride had its share with generosity. You are, said she, the Grandison I have heard of: But I will not be under-obligations to you—not *pecuniary* ones, however. No, Sir Harry! Recall

your son : I will trust to your love : Do for him what you please : Let him be independent on this *insolent* man [She said this with a smile, that made it obliging]; and if we are to be visitors, friends, neighbours, let it be on an equal foot, and let him have nothing to reproach us with.

I was agreeably surpris'd at this emanation (shall I call it?) of goodness. She is really not a bad woman, but a perverse one : In short, one of those whose passions, when rightly touched, are liable to sudden and surpris'ing turns.

Generous, charming Lady Beauchamp ! said I : Now *are* you the woman, whom I have so often heard praised for many good qualities : Now will the portrait be a just one !

Sir Harry was in raptures ; but had like to have spoiled all, by making me a compliment on the force of example.

Be this, said I, the result—Mr. Beauchamp comes over. He will be pleas'd with whatever you do : At your feet, madam, he shall acknowlege your favour : My home shall be his, if you permit it : On *me*, he shall *confer* obligations ; from *you*, he shall receive them. If any considerations of family prudence (there *are* such, and very just ones) restrain you from allowing him, at present, what your generosity would wish to do—

Lady Beauchamp's colour was heightened : She interrupted me—We are not, Sir Charles, so scanty in our fortune—

Well, my dear Lady Beauchamp, be all that as you will : Not one retrospect of the past—

Yes, Sir Charles, but there shall : His allowance has been lessened for some years ; not from considerations of *family prudence*— But— Well, 'tis all at an end, proceeded she—When the young man returns, you, Sir Harry, for my sake, and for the sake of this strange unaccountable creature, shall pay him the whole arrear.

Now,

Now, my dear Lady Beauchamp, said I, lifting her hand to my lips, permit me to give you joy. All doubts and misgivings so triumphantly got over, so solid a foundation laid for family harmony—What was the moment of your nuptials to this? Sir Harry, I congratulate you: You may, and I believe you have been, as happy as most men; but now, you will be still happier.

Indeed, Sir Harry, said she, you provoked me in the morning: I should not else—

Sir Harry own'd himself to blame; and thus the Lady's pride was set down softly.

She desired Sir Harry to write, before the day concluded, the invitation of return, to Mr. Beauchamp; and to do her all the credit in it that she might claim from the last part of the conversation; but not to mention any-thing of the first.

She afterwards abated a little of this right spirit, by saying, I think, Sir Harry, you need not mention any-thing of the *arrears*, as I may call them—But only the future 600*l.* a year. One would surprize him a little, you know, and be twice thanked—

Surprizes of such a nature as this, my dear Dr. Bartlett; *pecuniary* surprizes! — I don't love them— They are double taxes upon the gratitude of a worthy heart. Is it not enough for a generous mind to labour under a sense of obligation?—Pride, vain-glory, must be the motive of such narrow-minded benefactors: A truly beneficent spirit cannot take delight in beholding the quivering lip indicating the palpitating heart; in seeing the downcast countenance, the up-lifted hands, and working muscles, of a fellow-creature, who, but for unfortunate accidents, would perhaps himself have had the *will* with the *power* of shewing a more graceful benevolence!

I was so much afraid of hearing *farther* abatements of Lady Beauchamp's goodness; so willing to depart with favourable impressions of her for her own sake; and



and at the same time so desirous to reach the Hall that night; that I got myself excused, though with difficulty, staying to dine; and, accepting of a dish of chocolate, I parted with Sir Harry and my Lady, both in equal good humour with themselves and me.

Could you have thought, my dear friend, that I should have succeeded so very happily, as I have done, in this affair, and at one meeting?

I think that the father and stepmother should have the full merit with our Beauchamp of a turn so unexpected. Let him not therefore ever see this letter, that he may take his impression of the favour done him, from that which Sir Harry will write to him.

My cousin Grandison, whom I hoped to find here, left the Hall on Tuesday last, tho' he knew of my intention to be down. I am sorry for it. Poor Everard! He has been a great while pretty good. I am afraid he will get among his old acquaintance; and then we shall not hear of him for some months perhaps. If you see him in town, try to engage him, till I return. I should be glad of his company to Paris, if his going with me, will keep him out of harm's way, as it is called.

*Saturday, April 1.*

I HAVE had compliments sent me by many of my neighbours, who had hoped I was come to reside among them. They professed themselves disappointed on my acquainting them, that I must go up early on Monday morning. I have invited myself to their Saturday Assembly at the Bowling-green-house.

Our reverend friend Mr. Dobson has been so good as to leave with me the Sermon he is to preach to-morrow on the opening of the church: It is a very good discourse: I have only exceptions to three or four compliments he makes to the patron, in as many different places of it: I doubt not but he will have the goodness to omit them.

I have already looked into all that has been done in  
the

the church; and all that is doing in the house and gardens. When both have had the direction and inspection of my dear Dr. Bartlett, need I say, that nothing could have been better?

∞ ∞

HALDEN is just arrived from my Lord, with a Letter, which has enabled me to write to Lady Mansfield his Lordship's high approbation of all our proceedings; and that he intends some one early day in next week to pay to her, and Miss Mansfield, his personal compliments.

He has left to me the article of Settlements; declaring, that his regard for my future interest is all that he wishes may be attended to.

I have therefore written as from himself, that he proposes a jointure of 1200 *l.* a year, peny-rents, and 400 guineas a year for her private purse; and that his Lordship desires, that Miss Mansfield will make a present to her sister of whatever she may be intitled to in her own right. Something was mentioned to me at Mansfield-house of a thousand pounds left to her by a godmother.

Halden being very desirous to see his future Lady, I shall, at his request, send the Letter I have written to Lady Mansfield by him early in the morning; with a line recommending him to the notice of that Lady as Lord W's principal steward.

Adieu, my dear Dr. Bartlett: I have joy in the joy of all these good people. If Providence graciously makes me instrumental to it, I look upon myself *but* as its *instrument*. I hope ostentation has no share in what draws on me more thanks and praises than I love to hear.

Lord W. has a right to be made happy by his next relation, if his next relation *can* make him so. Is he not my mother's brother? Would not her enlarged soul have rejoiced on the occasion, and blessed her son for an instance of duty to her, paid by his disinterested

terested regard for her brother? Who, my dear Dr. Bartlett, is so happy, yet who, in some cases, so unhappy, as

*Your* CHARLES GRANDISON?

## LETTER V.

*Miss* BYRON, *To* *Miss* SELBY.

*Monday, April 3.*

**T**HE Countess of D. and the Earl her son have but just left us. The Countess sent last night, to let my cousin Reeves know of their intended morning visit, and they came together. As the visit was made to my cousin, I did not think myself obliged to be in waiting for them below. I was therefore in my closet, comforting myself with my own *agreeable* reflexions. They were there a quarter of an hour before I was sent to.

Their talk was of me. I am used to recite my own praises, you know; and what signifies making a parade of apologies for continuing the use? I don't value myself so much as I once did on peoples favourable opinions. If I had a heart in my own keeping, I should be glad it was thought a good one; that's all. Yet tho' it has littlenesses in it, that I knew nothing of formerly, I hope it is not a bad one.

My Lord D. by the whole turn of the partial conversation, was led to expect a very extraordinary young woman. The Lady declared, that she would have her talk out, and hear all my two cousins were inclined to say of me, before I was sent up to, as I was not below when they came.

I was therefore to be seen only as a subject of curiosity. My Lord had declared, it seems, that he would not be denied an introduction to me by his mother. But there were no thoughts of making any application to a girl whose heart was acknowledged  
not

not to be her own. My Lord's honour would not allow of such an intention. Nor ought it.

His impatience, however, hastened the message to me. The Countess met me half-way, and embraced me: My lovely girl, how do you? — My Lord, said she, turning to the Earl, I need not say, This is Miss Byron.

He bowed low, and made me a very high compliment; but it had sense in it, tho' high, and above my merits. Girls, writing of themselves on these occasions, must be disclaimers, you know: But, my dear uncle, what care I *now* for compliments? The man, from whose mouth only they could be acceptable, is not at liberty to make me any.

The Countess engaged me in an easy general conversation; part of which turned upon Lord and Lady L. Miss Grandison, and Miss Jervois, and how I had passed my time at Colnebrooke, in this wintry season, when there were so many diversions in town. But, said she, you had a man with you, who is the admiration of every man and woman, where-ever he goes.

Is there no making an acquaintance, said my Lord, with Sir Charles Grandison? What I hear said of him, every time he is mentioned in company, is enough to fire a young man with emulation. I should be happy did I deserve to be thought of as a second or third man to Sir Charles Grandison.

I dare say, returned I, your Lordship's acquaintance would be highly acceptable to him. He is easy of access. Men of rank, if men of merit, must be of kindred, and recognize one another the moment they meet. But Sir Charles will soon leave England.

The fool sighed; It was, you may believe, involuntarily. I felt myself blush, and was the more silly for that.

The Countess took my hand—One word with you, my dear—and led me out into the next room, and sitting down, made me sit on the same settee with her.

O that I could call you daughter! began she at once; and turning half round to me, put one arm about me, with her other hand taking one of mine, and earnestly looking in my downcast face.

I was silent. Ah, Lucy! had Lady D. been the mother of Sir Charles Grandison, with what pleasure could I have listened to her!

You said, my dear, that Sir Charles Grandison will soon leave England: And then you sighed—Will you be quite open-hearted?—May I ask you a question in hope that you will?

I was silent: Yet the word Yes, was on my lips.

You have caused it to be told me, that your affections are engaged. This has been a cruel blow upon us. My Lord, nevertheless, has heard so much of you [He is really a good young man, my dear], that (against my advice, I own) he would have me introduce him into your company. I see by his looks, that he could admire you above all women. *He never was in love*: I should be sorry if he were disappointed in his first love. I hope his *promised* prudence will be his guard, if there be no prospect of his succeeding with you.—She paused—I was still silent—

It will be a mark of your frankness of heart, my dear, if, when you take my full meaning, you prevent me speaking more than I need.—I would not oppress you, my sweet love—Such a delicacy, and such a frankness mingled, have I never seen in young woman—But tell me, my dear, has Sir Charles Grandison made his addresses to you?

It was a grievous question for me to answer—But *why* was it so, my Lucy, when all the hopes I ever had, proceeded from my own presumption, confirmed (that's true, of late!) by his sisters partiality in my favour; and when his unhappy Clementina has such a preferable claim?

What says Miss Byron?

She says, madam, that she reveres Lady D. and  
will

will answer any questions that she puts to her, however affecting—Sir Charles Grandison has not.

Once I thought, proceeded she, that I never would make a second motion, were the woman a princess, who had confessed a prior love, or even liking: But the man is Sir Charles Grandison, whom all women must esteem; and the woman is Miss Byron, whom all men must love. Let me ask you, my dear—Have you any expectation, that the first of men (I will call him so) and the loveliest and most amiable-minded of women, can come together?—You sighed, you know; when you mentioned, that Sir Charles was soon to leave England; and you own that he has not made addresses to you—Don't be uneasy, my love!—We women, in these tender cases, see into each other's hearts from small openings—Look upon me as your mother—What say you, love?

Your Ladyship compliments me with delicacy and frankness—It is too hard a question, if I have any of the first, to answer without blushes. A young woman to be supposed to have an esteem for a man, who has made no declarations, and whose behaviour to her is such only as shews a politeness to which he is accustomed, and only the same kind of tenderness as he shews to his sisters;—and whom sometimes he *calls* sister—as if—Ah, madam, how can one answer?

You *have* answer'd, my dear, and with that delicacy and frankness too, which make a principal part of your character. If my son (and he shall not be encouraged in his hopes, if he sees you not, mind as well as person, with his mother's eyes) should not be able to check himself by the apprehensions he has had reason for, of being but a second man in the favour of the object of his wishes [*We*, my dear, have our delicacies] could you not allow him a second place in your favour, that might, in time, as he should merit, and as you should subdue your prepossessions, give him a first?—Hush—my dear, for one moment—

Your honour, your piety, are my just dependence; and will be his.—And now speak: It is to *me*, my dear: Speak your whole heart: Let not any apprehended difficulty—I am a woman as well as you. And prepared to indulge—

Your *goodness*, madam, and nothing else, interrupted I, gives me the difficulty.—My Lord D. seems to me to be a man of merit, and not a disagreeable man in his person and manners. What he said of Sir Charles Grandison, and of his emulation being fired by his example, gave him additional merit with me. He must have a good mind. I wish him acquainted with Sir Charles, for his own sake, and for the sake of the world, which might be benefited by his large power, so happily directed!—But as to myself, I should forfeit the character of frankness of heart, which your Ladyship's goodness ascribes to me, if I did not declare, that altho' I cannot, and, I think, *ought not*, to entertain an hope with regard to Sir Charles Grandison, since there is a Lady who deserved him by severe sufferings before I knew him; yet is my heart so wholly attach'd, that I cannot think it just to give the least encouragement to any other proposal.

You are an excellent young woman: But, my dear, if Sir Charles Grandison is engaged—your mind will, it *must* change. Few women marry their first loves. Your heart—

O madam! it is *already* a wedded heart: It is wedded to his merits; his merits will be *always* the object of my esteem: I can never think of any *other*, as I *ought* to think of the man to whom I give my hand.

Like merits, my dear, as *person* is not the principal motive, may produce like attachments. My Lord D. will be, in your hands, another Sir Charles Grandison.

How good you are, my dear Lady D.! But allow me to repeat, as the strongest expression I can use, because

cause I mean it to carry in it all the force that can be given it, That my heart is already a wedded heart.

You have spoken with great force: God bless you, my dear, as I love you! The matter shall take its course. If my Lord should happen to be a single man some time hence (and, I can tell you, that your excellencies will make our choice difficult); and if your mind, from any accident, or from persuasion of friends, should then have received alteration; you may still be happy in each other. I will therefore only thank you for that openness of heart, which must set free the heart of my son—Had you had the least lurking inclination to coquetry, and could have taken pride in conquests, he might have been an undone man.—We will return to the company—But spare him, my dear: You must not talk much. He will love you, if you do, too fervently for his own peace. Try to be a little awkward—I am afraid for him: Indeed I am. O that you had never seen Sir Charles Grandison!

I could not answer one word. She took my hand; and led me into the company.

Had I been silent, when my Lord directed his discourse to me, or answer'd only No, or Yes, the Countess would have thought me very vain; and, that I ascribed to myself the consequence she so generously gave me, with respect to my Lord. I therefore behaved and answered unaffectedly; but avoided such a promptness of speech, as would have looked like making pretensions to knowlege and opinion, though some of my Lord's questions were apparently design'd to engage me into freedom of discourse. The Countess observed me narrowly. She whisper'd to me, that she *did*; and made me a very high compliment on my behaviour. How much, Lucy, do I love and reverence her!

My Lord was spoken too slightly of, by Miss Grandison, in a former conversation. He is really a fine gentleman. Any woman who is not engaged in her affections,



affections, may think herself very happy with him: His conversation was easy and polite, and he said nothing that was low or trifling. Indeed, Lucy, I think Mr. Greville and Mr. Fenwick are as greatly inferior to Lord D. as Lord D. is to Sir Charles Grandison.

At parting, he requested of me, to be allowed to repeat his visits.

My Lord, said the Countess, before I could answer, you must not expect a mere stiff maiden answer from Miss Byron: She is above all vulgar forms. She and her cousins have too much politeness, and, I will venture to say, discernment, not to be glad of your acquaintance, *as* an acquaintance—But, for the rest, you must look to your heart.

I shall be afraid, said he, turning to the Countess, to ask your Ladyship for an explanation. Miss Byron, I hope, Sir, addressing himself to Mr. Reeves, will not refuse me her company, when I pay you my compliments. Then turning to me, I hope, madam, I shall not be punished for admiring you.

My Lord D. replied I, will be intitled to every civility. I had said more, had he not snatched my hand a little too eagerly, and kissed it.

And thus much for the visit of the Countess of D. and the Earl.

DID I tell you in my former letter, that Emily is with me half her time? She is a most engaging young creature. Her manners are so pure! Her heart is so sincere and open!—O Lucy! you would dearly love her. I wish I may be asked to carry her down with me. Yet she adores her guardian: But her reverence for him will not allow of the innocent familiarity in thinking of him, that—I don't know what I would say. But to love with an ardor, that would be dangerous to one's peace, one must have more tenderness than reverence for the object: Don't you think so, Lucy?

Miss

Miss Grandison made me one of her flying visits, as she calls them, soon after the Countess and my Lord went away.

Mr. and Mrs. Reeves told her all that had been said before them by the Earl and Countess, as well before I went down to them, as after. They could not tell her what passed between that Lady and me, when she took me aside. I had not had time to tell *them*. They referred to me for that: But besides that I was not in spirits, and cared not to say much, I was not willing to be thought by my refusal of so great an offer, to seem to fasten myself upon her brother.

She pitied (Who but must?) Lady Clementina: She pitied her brother also: And, seeing me dejected, she clasped her arms about me, and wet my cheek with a sisterly tear.

Is it not very strange, Lucy, that *his* father should keep him so long abroad? These free-living men! What absurdities are they not guilty of? What misfortunes to others do they not occasion? One might, with the excellent Clementina, ask, What had Mr. Grandison to do in Italy? Or why, if he must go abroad, did he stay so long?

Travelling! Young men travelling! I cannot, my dear, but think it a very nonsensical thing! What can they see, but the ruins of the gay, once busy world, of which they have read?

To see a parcel of giddy boys, under the direction of tutors, or governors, hunting after—What?—Nothing; or at best but ruins of ruins; for the imagination, aided by reflexion, must be left, after all, to make out the greater glories which the grave-digger Time has buried too deep for discovery.

And when this *grand tour* is completed, the travell'd youth returns: And, what is his boast? Why to be able to tell, perhaps his *better*-taught friend, who has never been out of his native country, that he has seen

in ruins, what the other has a juster idea of, from reading: And of which, it is more than probable, he can give a much better account than the traveller.

And are these, petulant Harriet (methinks, Lucy, you demand) all the benefits, that you will suppose Sir CHARLES GRANDISON has reaped from his travelling?

Why, no. But then, in turn, I ask, Is every traveller a Sir Charles Grandison?—And does not even *he* confess to Dr. Bartlett, that he wished he had never seen Italy? And may not the poor Clementina, and all her family, for *her* sake, wish he never had?

If an opportunity offers, I don't know, but I may ask Sir Charles, Whether, in his conscience, he thinks, that, taking in every consideration, relating to time, expence, risques of life, health, morals, this part of the fashionable education of youth of condition is such an indispensable one, as some seem to suppose it? If Sir Charles Grandison give it not in favour of travelling, I believe it will be concluded, that six parts out of eight of the little masters who are sent abroad for improvement, might as well be kept at home; if, especially, they would be *orderly*, and let their fathers and mothers know what to do with them.

O my uncle! I am afraid of you: But spare the poor girl: She acknowledges her petulance, her presumption. The occasion you know, and will pity her for it! However, neither petulance nor presumption shall make her declare as her sentiments what really are not so, in her unprejudiced hours; and she hopes to have her heart always open to conviction.

For the present, Adieu, my Lucy.

P. S. Dr. Bartlett tells me, that Mr. Beauchamp is at Calais, waiting the pleasure of his father; and that Sir Harry has sent express for him, as at his Lady's motion.

L E T

## LETTER VI.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.**Tuesday, April 4.*

SIR Charles Grandison came to town last night. He was so polite, as to send to enquire after my health; and to let Mr. Reeves know, that he would do himself the honour, as he called it, of breakfasting with *him* this morning. Very ceremonious either for his own sake or for mine—Perhaps for both.

So I am in expectation of seeing within this half-hour, the noble Clementina's future—Ah Lucy!

The compliment, you see, is to Mr. Reeves—Shall I stay above, and see if he will ask for me? He owes me something for the emotion he gave me in Lord L.'s library. Very little of him since have I seen.

“Honour forbids me, said he, then: Yet honour bids me.—But I cannot be ungenerous, selfish”—These words are still in my ear.—What could he mean by them?—*Honour forbids me*—What! to explain himself? He had been telling me a tender tale: He had *ended* it. *What* did honour forbid him to do?—*Yet honour bids me!* Why then did he not follow the dictates of honour?

But *I cannot be unjust*:—To Clementina he means. Who *wished* him to be so?—*Unjust!* I hope not. It is a diminution to your glory, Sir Charles Grandison, to have the word *unjust*, in this way of speaking, in your thoughts! As if a good man had lain under a temptation to be *unjust*; and had but just recollected himself.

“*I cannot be ungenerous.*” To the noble Lady, I suppose? He *must* take compassion on her. And did he think himself under an obligation to my forwardness to make this declaration to me, as to one who *wished* him to be *ungenerous* to such a lady for my

fake!—I cannot bear the thought of this. Is it not as if he had said, “Fond Harriet, I see what you expect from me—But I must have compassion *for*, I cannot be ungenerous *to*, Clementina!”—But, what a poor word is *compassion*! Noble Clementina! I grieve for you, tho’ the man be indeed a generous man!—O defend me, my better genius, from wanting the compassion even of a Sir Charles Grandison!

But what means he by the word *selfish*! He cannot be *selfish*!—I comprehend not the meaning of this word—Clementina has a very high fortune—Harriet but a very middling one. He cannot be *unjust*, *ungenerous* to Clementina—Nor yet *selfish*—This word confounds me, from a man that says nothing at random!

Well, but breakfast-time is come, while I am busy in self-debatings. I will go down, that I may not seem to affect parade. I will endeavour to see with indifference, him that we have all been admiring and studying for this last fortnight, in such a variety of lights. The Christian: The Hero: The Friend:—Ah, Lucy! The Lover of Clementina: The generous Kinsman of Lord W.: The modest and delicate Benefactor of the Mansfields: The free, gay, Raillier of Lady Beauchamp; and in her of all our Sex’s Foibles!

But he is come! While I am prating to you with my pen, he is come.—Why, Lucy, would you detain me?—Now must the fool go down in a kind of hurry: Yet stay till she is sent for.—And that is *now*.

## L E T T E R VII.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

**O**LUCY, I have such a conversation to relate to you!—But let me lead to it.

Sir Charles met me at the opening of the door. He was all himself. Such an unaffected modesty and politeness; yet such an ease and freedom! I

I thought by his address, that he would have taken my hand; and both hands were *so emulatively* passive — How does he manage it to be so free in a first address, yet so respectful, that a princess could not blame him?

After breakfast, my cousins being sent for out to attend Sir John Allestree and his Niece, Sir Charles and I were left alone: And then, with an air equally solemn and free, he addressed himself to me.

The last time I had the honour of being alone with my good Miss Byron, I told her a very tender tale. I was sure it would raise in such a heart as hers generous compassion for the noblest lady on the Continent; and I presumed, as my difficulties were not owing either to rashness or indiscretion, that she would also pity the relator.

The story did indeed affect you; yet, for my own sake, as well as yours, I referred you to Dr. Bartlett, for the particulars of some parts of it, upon which I could not expatiate.

The doctor, madam, has let me know the particulars which he communicated to you. I remember with pain the pain I gave to your generous heart in Lord L's study. I am sure you must have suffered still more from the same compassionate goodness on the communications he made you. May I, madam, however, add a few particulars to the same subject, which he then could not give you? Now you have been let into so considerable a part of my story, I am desirous to acquaint you, and that rather than any woman in the world, with all that I know myself of this arduous affair.

He ceased speaking. I was in tremors. Sir, Sir — The story I must own, is a most affecting one. How much is the unhappy lady to be pitied! You will do me honour in acquainting me with farther particulars of it.

Dr. Bartlett has told you, madam, that the Bishop of Nocera, second brother to Lady Clementina, has

very lately written to me, requesting that I will make one more visit to Bologna—I have the Letter. You read Italian, madam. Shall I—Or will you—He held it to me.

I took it. These, Lucy, are the contents.

‘ The bishop acquaints him with the very melancholy way they are in. The father and mother declining in their healths. Signor Jeronymo worse than when Sir Charles left them. His Sister also declining in her health : Yet earnest still to see him.

‘ He says, That she is at present at Urbino ; but is soon to go to Naples to the General’s. He urges him to make them one visit more ; yet owns, that his family are not unanimous in the request : But that he and Father Marescotti, and the Marchioness, are extremely earnest that this indulgence should be granted to the wishes of his dear Sister.

‘ He offers to meet him, at his own appointment, and conduct him to Bologna ; where, he tells him, his presence will rejoice every heart, and procure an unanimous consent to the interview so much desired : And says, that if this measure, which he is sorry he has so long withstood, answers not his hopes, he will advise the shutting up of their Clementina in a Nunnery, or to consign her to private hands, where she shall be treated kindly, but as persons in her unhappy circumstances are accustomed to be treated.’

Sir Charles then shewed me a Letter from Signor Jeronymo ; in which he acquaints him with the dangerous way he is in. He tells him, ‘ That his life is a burden to him. He wishes it was brought to its period. He does not think himself in skilful hands. He complains most of the wound which is in his hip-joint ; and which has hitherto baffled the art both of the Italian and French surgeons who have been consulted. He wishes, that himself and Sir Charles had been of one country, he says, since  
‘ the

‘ the greatest felicity he now has to wish for, is to  
 ‘ yield up his life to the Giver of it, in the arms of his  
 ‘ Grandison.’

He mentions not one word in this melancholy Letter of his unhappy sister: Which Sir Charles accounted for, by supposing, that she not being at Bologna, they kept from him, in his deplorable way, everything relating to her, that was likely to disturb him.

He then read part of a Letter written in English, by the admired Mrs. Beaumont; some of the contents of which were, as you shall hear, extremely affecting:

‘ Mrs. Beaumont gives him in it an account of the  
 ‘ situation of the unhappy young lady; and excuses  
 ‘ herself for not having done it before, in answer to  
 ‘ his request, by reason of an indisposition under  
 ‘ which she had for some time laboured, which had  
 ‘ hindered her from making the necessary enquiries.

‘ She mentions, that the Lady had received no benefit from her journeyings from place to place; and from her voyage from Leghorn to Naples, and back again; and blames her attendants, who to quiet her, unknown to their principals, for some time, kept her in expectation of seeing her Chevalier, at the end of each; for her more prudent Camilla, she says, had been hinder’d by illness from attending her, in several of the excursions.

‘ They had a second time, at her own request, put her into a Nunnery. She at first was so sedate in it as gave them hopes: But the novelty going off, and one of the sisters, to try her, having officiously asked her to go with her into the parlour, where she said, she would be allowed to converse through the grate with a *certain* English gentleman, her impatience, on her disappointment, made her more ungovernable than they had ever known her; for she had been for two hours before meditating what she would say to him.



‘ For a week together, she was vehemently intent  
 ‘ upon being allowed to visit England; and had  
 ‘ engaged her cousins, Sebastiano and Juliano, to  
 ‘ promise to escort her thither, if she could obtain  
 ‘ leave.

‘ Her mother brought her off this when nobody  
 ‘ else could, only by intreating her, for *her* sake, never  
 ‘ to think of it more.

‘ The Marchioness then, encouraged by this in-  
 ‘ stance of her obedience, took her under her own  
 ‘ care: But the young Lady going on from flight to  
 ‘ flight; and the way she was in visibly affecting the  
 ‘ health of her indulgent mother; a doctor was found,  
 ‘ who was absolutely of opinion, that nothing but  
 ‘ harsh methods would avail: And in this advice Lady  
 ‘ Sforza, and her daughter Laurana, and the General,  
 ‘ concurring, she was told, that she must prepare to  
 ‘ go to Milan. She was so earnest to be excused from  
 ‘ going thither, and to be permitted to go to Florence  
 ‘ to Mrs. Beaumont, that they gave way to her en-  
 ‘ treaties; and the Marquis himself, accompanying her  
 ‘ to Florence, prevailed on Mrs. Beaumont to take  
 ‘ her under her care.

‘ With her she staid three weeks: She was tolerably  
 ‘ sedate in that space of time; but most so, when she  
 ‘ was talking of England, and of the Chevalier Gran-  
 ‘ difon, and his sisters, with whom she wished to be  
 ‘ acquainted. She delighted to speak English, and to  
 ‘ talk of the tenderness and goodness of her tutor;  
 ‘ and of what he said to her, upon such and such a  
 ‘ subject.

‘ At the three weeks end, the General made her a  
 ‘ visit, in company of Lady Sforza; and her talk be-  
 ‘ ing all on this subject, they were both highly dis-  
 ‘ pleased; and hinted, that she was too much in-  
 ‘ dulg'd in it; and, unhappily, she repeating some  
 ‘ tender passages that pass'd in the interview her mo-  
 ‘ ther had permitted her to hold with the Chevalier,  
 ‘ the

‘ the General would have it, that Mr. Grandison had  
 ‘ designedly, from the first, sought to give himself con-  
 ‘ sequence with her; and expressed himself, on the oc-  
 ‘ casion, with great violence against him.

‘ He carried his displeasure to extremity, and ob-  
 ‘ liged her to go away with his aunt and him that  
 ‘ very day, to her great regret; and as much to the  
 ‘ regret of Mrs. Beaumont, and of the Ladies her  
 ‘ friends; who tenderly loved the *innocent visionary*,  
 ‘ as sometimes they called her. And Mrs. Beaumont  
 ‘ is sure, that the gentle treatment she met with from  
 ‘ them, would in time, tho’ perhaps slowly, have  
 ‘ greatly helped her.’

Mrs. Beaumont then gives an account of the harsh  
 treatment the poor young Lady met with.

Sir Charles Grandison would have stopt reading  
 here. He said, he could not read it to me, without  
 such a change of voice, as would add to my pain, as  
 well as to his own.

Tears often stole down my cheeks, when I read  
 the Letters of the Bishop and Signor Jeronymo, and  
 as Sir Charles read a part of Mrs. Beaumont’s Letter:  
 And I doubted not but what was to follow would  
 make them flow. Yet, I said, Be pleased, Sir, to  
 let *me* read on. I am not a stranger to distress. I can  
 pity others, or I should not deserve pity myself.

He pointed to the place; and withdrew to the  
 window.

Mrs. Beaumont says, ‘ That the poor mother was  
 ‘ prevailed upon to resign her child wholly to the  
 ‘ management of Lady Sforza, and her daughter Lau-  
 ‘ rana, who took her with them to their Palace in  
 ‘ Milan.

‘ The tender parent, however, besought them to  
 ‘ spare all unnecessary severity; which they promised:  
 ‘ But Laurana objected to Camilla’s attendance. She  
 ‘ was thought too indulgent; and her servant Laura,  
 ‘ as a more manageable person, was taken in her place.’

And O how cruelly, as you shall hear, did they treat her!

Father Marescotti, being obliged to visit a dying relation at Milan, was desired by the Marchioness to inform himself of the way her beloved daughter was in, and of the methods taken with her, Lady Laurana having in her Letters boasted of both. The good Father acquainted Mrs. Beaumont with the following particulars :

‘ He was surpris’d to find a difficulty made of his  
 ‘ seeing the Lady: But insisting on it, he found her  
 ‘ to be wholly spiritless, and in terror; afraid to speak,  
 ‘ afraid to look, before her cousin Laurana; yet seem-  
 ‘ ing to want to complain to him. He took notice  
 ‘ of this to Laurana—O Father, said she, we are in  
 ‘ the right way, I assure you: When we had her  
 ‘ first, her Chevalier, and an interview with him,  
 ‘ were ever in her mouth; but now she is in such  
 ‘ order, that she never speaks a word of him. But  
 ‘ what, asked the compassionate Father, must she  
 ‘ have suffered, to be brought to this? Don’t you,  
 ‘ Father, trouble yourself about that, replied the  
 ‘ cruel Laurana: The doctors have given their opi-  
 ‘ nion, that some severity was necessary. It is all for  
 ‘ her good.

‘ The poor Lady expressed herself to him, with  
 ‘ earnestness, after the veil; a subject on which, it  
 ‘ seems, they indulg’d her; urging, that the only  
 ‘ way to secure her health of mind, if it could be re-  
 ‘ stored, was to yield to her wishes. Lady Sforza  
 ‘ said, that it was not a point that she herself would  
 ‘ press; but it was her opinion, that her family sinn’d  
 ‘ in opposing a divine dedication; and, perhaps, their  
 ‘ daughter’s malady might be a judgment upon them  
 ‘ for it.’

The Father, in his Letter to Mrs. Beaumont,  
 ‘ ascribes to Lady Sforza self-interested motives for her  
 ‘ conduct; to Laurana, envy on account of Lady  
 ‘ Cle-

‘ Clementina’s superior qualities: But nobody, he  
 ‘ says, till now, doubted Laurana’s love of her.’

Father Marefcotti then gives a shocking instance of  
 the barbarous Laurana’s treatment of the noble suf-  
 ferer—*All for her good*—Wretch! how my heart rises  
 against her! Her servant Laura, under pretence of  
 confessing to her Bologna Father, in tears, acquainted  
 him with it. It was perpetrated but the day before.

‘ When any severity was to be exercised upon the  
 ‘ unhappy Lady, Laura was always shut out of her  
 ‘ apartment. Her Lady had said something that she  
 ‘ was to be chidden for. Lady Sforza, who was not  
 ‘ altogether so severe as her daughter, was not at  
 ‘ home. Laura listened, in tears: She heard Laurana  
 ‘ in great wrath with Lady Clementina, and threaten  
 ‘ her—and her young Lady break out to this effect—  
 ‘ What have I done to you, Laurana, to be so used?  
 ‘ —You are not the cousin Laurana you used to be?  
 ‘ You know I am not able to help myself: Why do  
 ‘ you call me crazy, and frantic, Laurana? [Vile  
 ‘ upbraider, Lucy!] If the Almighty has laid his hand  
 ‘ upon me, should I not be pitied?—

‘ It is all for your good! It is all for your good,  
 ‘ Clementina! You could not always have spoken so  
 ‘ sensibly, cousin.

‘ Cruel Laurana! You loved me once! I have no  
 ‘ Mother, as you have. My Mother was a good  
 ‘ Mother: But she is gone! Or I am gone, I know  
 ‘ not which!

‘ She threatened her then with the Strait Waistcoat,  
 ‘ a punishment which the unhappy Lady was al-  
 ‘ ways greatly terrified at. Laura heard her beg and  
 ‘ pray; but, Laurana coming out, she was forced to re-  
 ‘ tire.

‘ The poor young Lady apprehending her cruel  
 ‘ cousin’s return with the threatened waistcoat, and  
 ‘ with the woman that used to be brought in when  
 ‘ they were disposed to terrify her, went down and

hid herself under a stair-case, where she was soon discovered by her cloaths, which she had not been careful to draw in after her.'

O Lucy! how I wept! How insupportable to me, said Sir Charles, would have been my reflexions, had my conscience told me, that I had been the wilful cause of the noble Clementina's calamity!

After I had a little recovered, I read to myself the next paragraph, which related, 'that the cruel Laura dragged the sweet sufferer by her gown, from her hiding-place, inveighing against her, threatening her: She, all patient, resigned, her hands crossed on her bosom, praying for mercy, not by speech, but by her eyes, which, however, wept not: And causing her to be carried up to her chamber, there punished her with the Strait Waistcoat, as she had threatened.

'Father Marescotti was greatly affected with Laura's relation, as well as with what he had himself observed: But on his return to Bologna, dreading to acquaint her mother, for her own sake, with the treatment her Clementina met with, he only said, he did not quite approve of it, and advised her not to oppose the young Lady's being brought home, if the Bishop and the General came into it: But he laid the whole matter before the Bishop, who wrote to the General to join with him out of hand, to release their sister from her present bondage: And the General meeting the Bishop on a set day at Milan, for that purpose, the Lady was accordingly released.

'A breach ensued upon it, with Lady Sforza and her daughter; who would have it, that Clementina was much better for their management. They had by terror broke her spirit, and her passiveness was reckoned upon as an indication of amendment.

'The Marchioness being much indisposed, the young Lady, attended by her Camilla, was carried to Naples; where it is supposed she now is. Poor young Lady, how has she been hurried about!—

'But

‘ But who can think of her cousin Laurana without  
‘ extreme indignation ?

‘ Mrs. Beaumont writes, that the Bishop would  
‘ fain have prevailed upon his brother, the General,  
‘ to join with him in an invitation to Sir Charles  
‘ Grandison to come over, as a last expedient, before  
‘ they locked her up either in a Nunnery, or in some  
‘ private house : But the General would by no means  
‘ come into it.

‘ He asked, What was proposed to be the end of  
‘ Sir Charles’s visit, were all that was wished from it  
‘ to follow, in his sister’s restored mind ?—He never,  
‘ he said, would give his consent that she should be  
‘ the wife of an English protestant.

‘ The Bishop declared, that he was far from wish-  
‘ ing her to be so : But he was for leaving that to  
‘ after-consideration. Could they but restore his sister  
‘ to her reason, that reason, co-operating with her  
‘ principles, might answer all their hopes.

‘ He might try his expedient, the General said,  
‘ with all his heart : But he looked upon the Chevalier  
‘ Grandison to be a man of art ; and he was sure he  
‘ must have entangled his sister by methods impercep-  
‘ tible to her, and to them ; but yet more efficacious  
‘ to his ends, than an open declaration. Had he not, he  
‘ asked, found means to fascinate Olivia, and as many  
‘ women as he came into company with ?—For his  
‘ part, he loved not the Chevalier. He had *forced*  
‘ him by his intrepidity to be civil to him : But forced  
‘ civility was but a temporary one. It was his way  
‘ to judge of causes by the effects : And this he knew,  
‘ that he had lost a sister who would have been a jewel  
‘ in the crown of a prince : And would not be answer-  
‘ able for consequences, if he and Sir Charles Grandi-  
‘ son were once more to meet, be it where it would.

‘ Father Marefcotti, however, joining, as the Bishop  
‘ writes, with him, and the Marchioness, in a desire  
‘ to try this expedient ; and being sure that the Mar-

‘quis and Signor Jeronymo would not be averse to it, he took a resolution to write over to him, as has been related.’

This, Lucy, is the state of the unhappy case, as briefly and as clearly as my memory will serve to give it. And what a *rememberer*, if I may make a word, is the heart!—Not a circumstance escapes it.

And now it remained for me to know of Sir Charles what answer he had returned.

Was not my situation critical, my dear? Had Sir Charles asked my opinion, *before* he had taken his resolutions, I should have given it with my whole heart, that he should fly to the comfort of the poor Lady. But then he would have shewn a suspense unworthy of Clementina; and a compliment to me, which a good man, so circumstanced, ought not to make.

My regard for him (yet what a poor affected word is *regard!*) was nevertheless as strong as ever. Generosity, or rather justice, to Clementina, and that so often avowed regard to him, pulled my heart two ways.—I wanted to consider with myself for a few moments: I was desirous to clear the conduct that I was to shew on this trying occasion, as well of precipitance as of affectation; and my cousin Reeves just then coming in for something she wanted, I took the opportunity, while he made a compliment to her, to say, as to both, I will return immediately: And withdrew.

I went up to my own apartment. I traversed my antechamber, three or four times: Harriet Byron, said I to myself, be not mean. Hast thou not the example of a Clementina before thee? Her religion and her love, combating together, have overturned the noble creature’s reason. Thou canst not be called to such a tryal: But canst thou not shew, that if thou *wert*, thou couldst have acted greatly, if not *so* greatly?—Sir Charles Grandison is just: He *ought* to prefer

to thee the excellent Clementina. Priority of claim, compassion for the noble sufferer, merits *so* superior!— I love him for *his* merits: Shall I not love merits nearly as great in one of my own sex? The struggle will cost thee something: But go down, and try to be above thyself.

Down I went, not displeas'd with myself for having been able to resolve upon such an effort. Banish'd to thy retirement, to thy pillow, thought I, be all the *girl*. Often have I contended for the dignity of my sex; let me now be an example to myself, and not unworthy in my own eyes (when I come to reflect) of an union, could it have been effected, with a man whom a Clementina look'd up to with hope.

My cousin withdrew when I came in: Sir Charles met me at the door: I hope he saw dignity in my aspect, without pride.

I spoke, while spirit was high in me, and to keep myself up to it.— My heart bleeds, Sir, for the distresses of your Clementina [Yes, Lucy, I said *your* Clementina]. I could not but withdraw for a few moments to contemplate her great behaviour; and I most sincerely lament her distresses. What, that is in the power of man, cannot Sir Charles Grandison do? You have honoured me, Sir, with the title of *Sister*. In the tenderness of that relation, permit me to say, that I dread the effects of the General's petulance: I feel next for you the pain that it must give to your humane heart to be once more personally present to the woes of the inimitable Clementina: But I am sure you did not hesitate a moment about leaving all your friends here in England, and resolving to hasten over to *try*, at least, what can be done for the noble sufferer.

Had he praised me highly for this my address to him, it would have look'd, such was the situation on both sides, as if he had thought this disinterested behaviour in me, an extraordinary piece of magnanimity, and self-



self-denial; and, of consequence, as if he had supposed I had views upon him, which he wonder'd I could give up. His is the most delicate of human minds.

He led me to my seat, and taking his by me, still holding my passive hand—Ever since I have had the honour of Miss Byron's acquaintance, I have considered her as one of the most excellent of women. My heart demands alliance with hers; and hopes to be allowed its claim, tho' such are the delicacies of situation, that I scarcely dare to trust myself to speak upon the subject. From the first, I called Miss Byron my sister; but she is *more* to me than the dearest sister; and there is a more tender friendship that I aspire to hold with her, whatever may be the accidents, on either side, to bar a farther wish: And this I *must* hope, that she will not deny me, so long as it shall be consistent with her other attachments.

He paused. I made an effort to speak: But speech was denied me. My face, as I felt, glowed like the fire before me.

My heart, resumed he, is ever on my lips. It is tortured when I cannot speak all that is in it. Professions I am not accustomed to make. As I am not conscious of being unworthy of your friendship, I will *suppose* it; and farther talk to you of my affairs and engagements, as that tender friendship may warrant.

Sir, you do me honour, was all I could say.

I had a Letter from the faithful Camilla. I hold not a correspondence with her: But the treatment that her young Lady met with, of which she had got some general intimations, and some words that the Bishop said to her, which expressed his wishes, that I would make them one more visit at Bologna, urged her to write, begging of me, for Heaven's sake, to go over. But unless one of the family had written to me, and by consent of others of it, what hope had I of a welcome, after I had been as often refused, as I had requested while I was in Italy, to be admitted to the

presence of the Lady, who was so desirous of one interview more?—Especially, as Mrs. Beaumont gave me no encouragement to go, but the contrary, from what she observed of the inclinations of the family.

Mrs. Beaumont is still of opinion, as in the conclusion of the Letter before you, that I should not go, unless the General and the Marquis join their requests to those of the Marchioness, the Bishop, and Father Marescotti. But I had no sooner perused the Bishop's Letter, than I wrote, that I would most cheerfully comply with his wishes: But that I should be glad that I might not be under any obligation to go farther than Bologna; where I might have the happiness to attend my Jeronymo, as well as his sister.

I had a little twitch at my heart, Lucy. I was sorry for it: But my judgment was entirely with him.

And now, madam, you will wonder, that you see not any preparations for my departure. All is prepared: I only wait for the company of one gentleman, who is settling his affairs with all expedition to go with me. He is an able, a skilful surgeon, who has had great practice abroad, and in the armies: And having acquired an easy fortune, is come to settle in his native country. My Jeronymo expresses himself dissatisfied with his surgeons. If Mr. *Lowther* can be of service to him, how happy shall I think myself! And if my presence can be a means to restore the noble Clementina—But how dare I hope it?—And yet I am persuaded, that in her case, and with such a temper of mind (unused to hardship and opposition as she had been) the only way to recover her, would have been by complying with her in every-thing that her heart or head was earnestly set upon: For what controul was necessary to a young Lady, who never, even in the height of her malady, uttered a wish or thought that was contrary to her duty either to God, or her parents; nor yet to the honour of her name, and, allow me, madam, to say, the *pride* of her sex?

I am

I am under an obligation to go to Paris, proceeded he, from the will of my late friend Mr. Danby. I shall stop there for a day or two only, in order to put things in a way for my last hand, on my return from Italy.

When I am in Italy, I shall perhaps be enabled to adjust two or three accounts that stand out, in relation to the affairs of my Ward.

This day at dinner I shall see Mrs. Oldham, and her sons; and in the afternoon, at tea, Mrs. O-Hara, and her Husband, and Captain Salmonet.

To-morrow, I hope for the honour of your company, madam, and Mr. and Mrs. Reeves's at dinner; and be so good as to engage them, for the rest of the day. You must not deny me; because I shall want your influence upon Charlotte, to make her fix Lord G's happy day, that I may be able to see their hands united before I set out: As my return will be uncertain—

Ah, Lucy, *more* twitches just then!—

Thursday next is the day fixed for the triple marriage of the Danby's. I have promised to give Miss Danby to Mr. Galliard, and to dine with them and their friends at Enfield.

If I can see my Lord W. and Charlotte happy before I go, I shall be highly gratified.

It is another of my wishes, to see my friend Beauchamp in England first, and to leave him in possession of his father's love, and of his mother-in-law's civility. Dr. Bartlett and he will be happy in each other. I shall correspond with the doctor. He greatly admires you, madam, and will communicate to you all you shall think worthy of your notice, relating to the proceedings of a man who will always think himself honoured by your enquiries after him.

Ah, Lucy! Sir Charles Grandison then sighed. He seemed to look more than he spoke. I will not promise for my heart, if he treats me with more than  
the

the tenderness of friendship: If he gives me room to think that he wishes—But what can he wish? He *ought* to be, he *must* be, Clementina's: And I will endeavour to make myself happy, if I can maintain the second place in his friendship: And when he offers me this, shall I, Lucy, be so *little* as to be displeas'd with the man, who cannot be to me all that I had once hop'd he could be?—No!—He shall be the same glorious creature in my eyes; I will admire his goodness of heart, and greatness of mind; and I will think him intitled to my utmost gratitude for the protection he gave me from a man of violence, and for the kindness he has already shewn me. Is not friendship the basis of my love? And does he not tender me *that*?

Nevertheless, at the time, do what I could, I found a tear ready to start. My heart was very untoward, Lucy; and I was guilty of a little female turn. When I found the twinkling of my eyes would not disperse the too ready drop, and felt it stealing down my cheek, I wiped it off—The poor Emily, said I—She will be griev'd at parting with you. Emily loves her guardian.

And I love my ward. I once had a thought, madam, of begging *your* protection of Emily: But as I have two sisters, I think she will be happy under their wings, and in the protection of my good Lord L. and the rather, as I have no doubt of overcoming her unhappy mother, by making her husband's interest a guaranty for her tolerable, if not good, behaviour to her child.

I was glad to carry my thoughts out of myself, as I may say, and from my own concerns. We all, Sir, said I, look upon Mr. Beauchamp as a future—

Husband for Emily, madam, interrupted he?—It must not be at *my* motion. My friend shall be intitled to share with me my whole estate; but I will never seek to lead the choice of my WARD. Let Emily, some time hence, find out the husband she can

can be happy with ; Beauchamp the wife he can love : Emily, if I can help it, shall not be the wife of any man's convenience. Beauchamp is nice, and I will be as nice for my WARD. And the more so, as I hope she herself wants not delicacy. There is a cruelty in persuasion, where the heart rejects the person proposed, whether the urger be parent or guardian.

Lord bless me, thought I, what a man is this !

Do you expect Mr. Beauchamp soon, Sir ?

Every day, madam.

And is it possible, Sir, that you can bring all these things to bear before you leave England, and go so soon ?

I fear nothing but Charlotte's whimsies : Have you, madam, any reason to apprehend that she is averse to an alliance with Lord G. ? His father and aunt are very importunate for an early celebration.

None at all, Sir.

Then I shall depend much upon yours, and Lord and Lady L.'s influence over her.

He besought my excuse for detaining my attention so long. Upon his motion to go, my two cousins came in. He took even a solemn leave of me, and a very respectful one of them.

I had kept up my spirits to their utmost stretch : I besought my cousins to excuse me for a few minutes. His departure from me was *too* solemn ; and I hurried up to my closet ; and after a few involuntary sobs, a flood of tears relieved me. I besought, on my knees, peace to the disturbed mind of the excellent Clementina, calmness and resignation to my own, and safety to Sir Charles. And then, drying my eyes at the glass, I went down stairs to my cousins ; and on their enquiries (with looks of deep concern) after the occasion of my red eyes, I said, All is over ! All is over ! my dear cousins. I cannot blame him : He is all that is noble and good—I can say no more just now. The particulars you shall have from my pen.

Let.8.     *Sir Charles Grandison.*     67

I went up stairs to write : And except for one half hour at dinner, and another at tea, I stopt not till I had done.

And here, quite tired, uneasy, vexed with myself, yet hardly knowing why, I lay down my pen.—Take what I have written, cousin Reeves : If you can read it, do : And then dispatch it to my Lucy.

But, on second thoughts, I will shew it to the two Ladies, and Lord L. before it is sent away. They will be curious to know what passed in a conversation, where the critical circumstances both of us were in, required a delicacy which I am not sure was so well observed on my side, as on his.

I shall, I know, have their pity : But let nobody who pities not the noble Clementina shew any for

HARRIET BYRON.

## L E T T E R   V I I I .

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

*Tuesday Night, April 4.*

**M**ISS Grandison came to me just as we had supped. She longed, she said, to see me ; but was prevented coming before, and desired to know what had passed between her brother and me this morning. I gave her the Letter, which I had but a little while before concluded. He had owned, she said, that he had breakfasted with me, and spoke of me to her, and Lord and Lady L. with an ardor, that gave them pleasure. She put my Letter into her bosom. I may, I hope, Harriet—If you please, madam, said I.

*If you please, madam,* repeated she ; and with that *do-lo-rous* accent too, my Harriet !—My sister and I have been in tears this morning : Lord L. had much ado to forbear. Sir Charles will soon leave us.

It can't be helped, Charlotte. Did you dine to-day in St. James's Square.     No,

No, indeed!—My brother had a certain tribe with him; and the woman also. It is very difficult, I believe, Harriet, for good people to forbear doing sometimes *more* than goodness requires of them.

Could you not, Charlotte, have sat at table with them for one hour or two?

My brother did not ask me. He did not expect it. He gives every-body their choice, you know. He told me last night who were to dine with him to-day, and supposed I would choose to dine with Lady L. or with *you*, he was so free as to say.

He did us an honour, which you thought too great a one. But if he *had* asked you, Charlotte—

Then I should have bridled. Indeed, I asked him, If he did not over-do it.

What was his answer?

Perhaps he might.—But I, said he, may never see Mrs. Oldham again. I want to inform myself of her future intentions, with a view (over-do it again, Charlotte!) to make her easy and happy for life. Her children are in the world. I want to give her a credit that will make her remembered by them, as they grow up, with duty. I hope I am superior to forms. She is conscious. I can pity her. She is a gentlewoman; and intitled to a place at any man's table to whom she never was a servant. She never was mine.

And what, Miss Grandison, could you say in answer? asked I.

What!—Why I put up my lip.

Ungracious girl!

I can't help it. That may become a man to do in such cases as this, that would not a woman.

Sir Charles wants not *delicacy*, my dear, said I.

He must suppose, that I should have sat swelling, and been reserved: He was right not to ask me—So be quiet, Harriet—And yet perhaps, you would be as tame to a husband's mistress, as you seem favourable to a father's.

She

She then put on one of her arch looks—

The cases differ, Charlotte—But do you know what passed between the generous man, and the mortified woman and her children; mortified as they *must* be by his goodness?

Yes, yes; I had curiosity enough to ask Dr. Bartlett about it all.

Pray, Charlotte—

Dr. Bartlett is favourable to every-body, sinners as well as saints—He began with praising the modesty of her dress, the humility of her behaviour: He said, that she trembled and looked down, till she was reassured by Sir Charles. Such creatures have all their tricks, Harriet.

You, Charlotte, are not favourable to sinners, and hardly to saints. But pray proceed.

Why, he re-assured the woman, as I told you. And then proceeded to ask many questions of the elder Oldham—I pitied that young fellow—to have a mother in his eye, whose very tenderness to the young ones kept alive the sense of her guilt. And yet what would she have been, had she not been doubly tender to the innocents, who were born to shame from her fault? The young man acknowledged a military genius, and Sir Charles told him, that he would, on his return from a journey he was going to take, consider whether he could not do him service in the way he chose. He gave him, it seems, a brief lecture on what he should aim to be, and what avoid, to qualify himself for a man of true honour; and spoke very handsomely of such gentlemen of the army as are real gentlemen. The young fellow, continued Miss Grandison, may look upon himself to be as good as provided for, since my brother never gives the most distant hope that is not followed by absolute certainty, the first opportunity, not that *offers*, but which he can *make*.

He took great notice of the little boys. He dilated their



their hearts, and set them a prating; and was pleased with their prate. The doctor, who had never seen him before in the company of children, applauded him for his vivacity, and condescending talk to them. The tenderest father in the world, he said, could not have behaved more tenderly, or shewed himself more delighted with his own children, than he did with those brats of Mrs. Oldham.

Ah, Charlotte! And is it out of doubt, that you are the Daughter of Lady Grandison, and Sister of Sir Charles Grandison?—Well, but I believe you are—Some children take after the father, some after the mother!—Forgive me, my dear.

But I won't. I have a great mind to quarrel with you, Harriet.

Pray don't; because I could neither help, nor can be sorry for, what I said. But pray proceed.

Why he made presents to the children. I don't know what they were; nor could the doctor tell me. I suppose very handsome ones; for he has the spirit of a prince. He enquired very particularly after the circumstances of the mother; and was more kind to her than many people would be to their own mothers.—*He* can account for this, I suppose—tho' *I* cannot. The woman, it is true, is of a good family, and so forth: But that enhances her crime. Natural children abound in the present age. Keeping is fashionable. Good men should not countenance such wretches.—But my brother and you are charitable creatures!—With all my heart, child. Virtue, however, has at least as much to say on one side of the question as on the other.

When the poor children are in the world, as your brother said—When the poor women are penitents, *true* penitents—Your brother's treatment of Mrs. Giffard was different. He is in both instances an imitator of the Almighty; an humbler of the impenitent, and an encourager of those who repent.

Well,

Well, well; He is undoubtedly a good sort of young man; and, Harriet, you are a good sort of young woman. Where much is given, much is required: but I have not given me such a large quantity of charity, as either of you may boast: And how can I help?—But, however, the woman went away blessing and praising him; and that, the doctor says, more with her eyes than she was able to do in words. The elder youth departed in rapturous reverence: The children hung about *his* knees, on *theirs*. The doctor will have it, that it was without bidding—Perhaps so—He raised them by turns to his arms, and kissed them. — Why, Harriet! Your eyes glisten, child. They would have run over, I suppose, had you been here! Is it, that your heart is weakened with your present situation? I hope not. No, you are a good creature! And I see that the mention of a behaviour greatly generous, however slightly made, will have its force upon a heart so truly benevolent as yours. You *must* be Lady Grandison, my dear: *Indeed* you must. — Well, but I must be gone. You dine with us tomorrow, my brother says?

He did ask me; and desired me to engage my cousins. But he repeated not the invitation when he went away.

He depends upon your coming: And so do we. He is to talk to me before you, it seems: I can't tell about what: But by his hurrying on every-thing, it is plain he is preparing to leave us.

He is, madam.

“He is, madam!” And with that dejected air, and mendicant voice—Speak up like a woman!—The sooner he sets out, if he *must* go, the sooner he will return. Come, come, Harriet, you *shall* be Lady Grandison still—*Ay!* and that *figh* too! These love-sick folks, have a language that nobody else can talk to them in: And then she affectedly sighed—Is that right, Harriet?—She sighed again—No, it is not: I never

never knew what a sigh was, but when my father vexed my sister; and that was more for fear he should one day be as cruel to me, than for her sake. We can be very generous for others, Harriet, when we apprehend that one day we may want the same pity ourselves. Our best passions, my dear, have their mixtures of self-love.

You have drawn a picture of human nature, Charlotte, that I don't like.

*It is a likeness for all that.*

She arose, snatched my hand, hurried to the door—Be with us Harriet, and cousin Reeves, and cousin Reeves, as soon as you can to-morrow. I want to talk to you, my dear (to me) of an hundred thousand things before dinner. Remember we dine early.

Away she fluttered—Happy Miss Grandison! What charming spirits she has!

## L E T T E R IX.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

*Wednesday, April 5.*

**M**ISS Jervois came to me this morning by six; impatient, as she said, to communicate good news to me. I was in my closet writing. I could not sleep.

I have seen my mother, said she; and we are good friends. Was she ever unkind to me, madam?

Dear creature! said I, and clasped her to my bosom, you are a sweet girl! Oblige me with the particulars.

Let me, Lucy, give you, as near as I can recollect, the amiable young creature's words and actions on this occasion.

Sit down, my love, said I.—What! When I am talking of a reconciled mother! And to dear Miss Byron!—No, indeed.

*She*

She often held out one open hand, while the forefinger of the other, in full action, patted it; as at other times both were spread, with pretty wonder and delight: And thus she began:

Why, you must know, it was about six o'clock yesterday afternoon, that my mother and her husband, and Captain Salmonet, came. I was told of their visit, but two hours before: And when the coach stopped, and I at the window saw them alight, I thought I should have fainted away. I would have given half I was worth in the world to have been an hundred miles off.

Dr. Bartlett was there, and received them. My guardian was unexpectedly engaged in answering a Letter sent him by Lord W. for which a gentleman waited: But they had not been there a quarter of an hour, when he entered, and made apologies to them in his usual gracious manner. Never, the doctor says, did any-body look so respectful as the Major and the Captain; and they would have made apologies to my guardian, for their last behaviour to him; but he would not let them. And my mother, the doctor says, from the very first, behaved prettily.

The moment she asked for me, my guardian himself condescended to come up to me, and took my hand—Was not that very good of him?—My dear, said he, as he led me down stairs (and spoke *so* kindly) don't tremble so: Am I not with you?—Your mother is very calm and composed: You must ask her blessing. I shall ease your tender heart of every pang. I shall hint to you what to do, and how to behave to the gentlemen, as occasions arise.

He had no sooner said the words, but the drawing-room-door gave way to his hand, and I was in the room with him.

Down on my knees dropt I—as I now do to you: But I could not speak. Thus I did [And she kissed my hand, and bowed her face upon it]. And my mother raised me—*You must raise me, madam—Yes,*

just so—And she kissed me *too*, and wept on my neck; and called me pretty names; and encouraged me, and said she loved me, as she loved her own soul—And I *was* encouraged.

My guardian then, with the air and manner of a gracious prince, took my hand, and presented it first to the Major, then to the Captain; and they each kissed my hand, and spoke in my praise, I can't tell how many fine things.

Major, said my guardian, when he presented me to him, you must excuse the dear child's weakness of spirits: She wishes you all happiness on your nuptials: She has let me know, that she is very desirous to do you service for her mother's sake.

The Major swore by his Soul, I was an angel!—Captain Salmonet said, that, by his Salvation, I was a charming young lady!

My mother wept—O Sir! said she to my guardian: And dropping down in a chair by the window, not a word more could she speak.

I ran to her, and clasped my arms about her. She wept the more: I wiped her eyes with her own handkerchief: I told her, it went to my heart to see her cry: I begged she would spare me *this* grief.

She clasped her arms then about me, and kissed my cheek, and my forehead. O thought I, it is very good of you, my dear mother.

Then came my guardian to us, and he kindly took my mother's hand, and conducted her to the fire-side; and he led me, and placed me by her, at the tea-table; and he made the Major and the Captain sit down by him: So much graciousness in his countenance. O madam, I shall be an idolater, I am afraid. And he said, Emily, my dear, you will make tea for us. My sister dined abroad, madam, to my mother.—Yes, Sir, I will, said I: And I was as lively as a bird.

But before the servants came in, Let me tell you, madam, said he, what Miss Jervis has proposed to me.—They were in silent expectation. She

She has desired that you, Major, will accept from her, for your mutual use, of an additional 100*l.* a year; which I shall order to be paid you quarterly, during Mrs. O-Hara's life, not doubting but you will make her as happy as it is in your power to make her.

My mother bowed, coloured with gratitude, and looked obliged.

And she begs of you, madam, turning to my mother, that you will accept, as from the *Major*, another 100*l.* a year, for pin-money, which he, or which *you*, madam, will draw upon me for; also quarterly, if you choose not to *trouble him* to do it: For this 100*l.* a year must be appropriated to your sole and separate use, madam; and not be subject to your controul, Major O-Hara.

Good God! Sir! said the Major!—What a wretch was I, the last time I was here!—There is no bearing of this!

He got up, and went to the window: And the Captain said, Blessed Jesu! and something else, which I could not mind; for I was weeping like a baby.

What, Sir, said my mother, 400*l.* a year! Do you mean so?—I do, madam—And, Sir, to be so generously paid me my 100*l.* of it, as if I received it not from my child, but from my husband!—Good God! How you overpower me, Sir! What shame, what remorse, do you strike into my heart!

And my poor mother's tears ran down as fast as mine.

O madam, said the dear girl to me, clasping her arms about me, how your tender heart is touched!—It is well you were not there!

Dr. Bartlett came in to tea. My guardian would not permit Antony, who offered himself, to wait. Antony had been my own papa's servant, when my mother was not so good.

Nothing but blessings, nothing but looks and words of admiration and gratitude, passed all the tea-time.

How their hearts rejoiced, I warrant!—Is it not a charming thing, madam, to make people's hearts glad?—To be sure it is! How many hearts has my guardian rejoiced! You must bid him be cross to me, or I shall not know what to do with myself!—But then, if he was, I should only get by myself, and cry, and be angry with myself, and think *he* could not be to blame.

O my love, my Emily! said I, take care of your gratitude: That drew in your true friend.

Well, but how can it be helped, madam? Can a right heart be ungrateful? Dr. Bartlett says, There is no such thing as true happiness in this life: And is it not better to be unhappy from good men and women, than from bad?—Dear madam, why *you* have often made me unhappy, because of your goodness to me; and because I knew, that I neither could deserve nor return it.

The dear prater went on—My guardian called me aside, when tea was over. My Emily, said he—[I do love he should call me *his* Emily!—But all the world is *his* Emily, I think] Let me see what you will do with these two notes; giving me two Bank-notes of 25*l.* each.—Present pin-money and cash may be wanted. We will suppose that your mother has been married a quarter of a year. Her pin-money and the additional annuity may commence from the 25th of December last. Let me Emily, when they go away, see the graceful manner in which you will dispose of the notes: And from Mr. O-Hara's behaviour upon it, we shall observe whether he is a man with whom your mother, if it be not her own fault (now you have made it their interest to be kind to each other) may live well: But the motion be all your own.

How *good* this was! I could have kissed the hand that gave me the notes, if I thought it would not have looked too free.

I understand you, Sir, said I.

And

And when they went away, pouring out their very hearts in grateful joy, I addressed myself to Mr. O-Hara: Sir, said I, it is proper that the payment of the additional annuity should have a commencement. Let it be from Christmas last. Accept of the first payment from my own hands—And I gave him one 25*l.* note: And looking at my mother, with a look of duty, for fear *he* should mistake, and discredit himself in the eyes of the deepest discerners in the world, gave him the other.

He looked upon first one, then upon the other note with surprize—And then bowing to the ground to me, and to my guardian, he stepped to my mother, and presented them both to her. You, madam, said he, must *spea*k: I cannot as I ought: God send me with a whole heart out of this house! He hurried out, and when he was in the hall, wiped his eyes, and sobbed like a child, as one of the servants told my Anne.

My mother looked upon one note as her husband had done, and upon the other; and, lifting up her eyes, embraced me—And would have said something to my guardian, but he prevented her, by saying—Emily will be always dutiful to you, madam, and respectful to Mr. O-Hara: May you be happy together!

And he led her out—Was ever such a condescension! He led her out to her husband, who, being a little recovered, was just about to give some money to the servant, who was retiring from the offer—Nobody, said my guardian, graciously smiling, pays my servants but myself, Mr. O-Hara. They are good people, and *merit* my favour.

And he went to the very door with my mother. I could not. I ran back, crying for joy, into the drawing-room; when *they* went out of it. I could not bear myself. How could I, you know, madam?—Captain Salmonet all the time wiped his eyes, shrugged his shoulders, lifted up his hands, and cried out upon *Jesu*; and once or twice he crossed himself: But all



the time my guardian looked and acted, as if those actions and praises were nothing to be proud of.

When he came in to me, I arose, and threw myself at his feet; but could only say, Thank you, Sir, for your goodness to my mother. He raised me. He sat down by me: See, child (said he, and he took my hand: My heart was sensible of the favour, and throbb'd with joy) what it is in the power of people of fortune to do. You have a great one. Now your mother is married, I have hopes of her. They will at least keep up appearances to each other, and to the world. They neither of them want sense. *You* have done an act of duty and benevolence both in one. The man who would grudge them this additional 200*l.* a year out of your fortune, to make your parent happy, shall not have my Emily—Shall he?

Your Emily, your *happy* Emily, Sir, has not, cannot have a heart that is worth notice, if it be not implicitly guided by you.—This I said, madam; and it is true.

And did he not, said I, clasp his Emily to his generous bosom, when you said so?

No, madam; that would have been too great an honour: But he called me, Good child! And said, you shall never be put to pay me an *implicit* regard: Your own reason (and he called me *child* again) shall always be the judge of my conduct to you, and direct your observances of my advice. Something like this he said; but in a better manner than I can say it.

He calls me oftener *child*, madam, than any thing else when we are alone together; and is not quite so free, I think, at such times, in his behaviour to me (yet is *vastly* gracious, I don't know how) as when we are in company—Why is that? I am sure, I equally respect *him*, at one time as at another—Do you think, madam, there is any thing in the observation? Is there any *reason* for it?—I do love to study him, and to find out the meaning of his very looks as well as words.

Sir

Sir Charles Grandison's heart is the book of heaven—  
May I *not* study it?

Study it, my love! while you have an opportunity.  
But he will soon leave us: He will soon leave Eng-  
land.

So I fear: And I will love and pity the poor Cle-  
mentina, whose heart is so much wounded and op-  
pressed. But my guardian shall be nobody's but yours.  
I have prayed night and day, the first thing and the  
last thing, ever since I have heard of Lady Clemen-  
tina, that you, and nobody but you, may be Lady  
Grandison: And I will continue my prayers.—But  
will you forgive me: I always conclude them with  
praying, that you will both consent to let the poor  
Emily live with you.

Sweet girl! The *poor* Emily, said she?—I embraced  
her, and we mingled tears, both our hearts full, each  
for the other; and each perhaps for herself.

She hurried away. I resumed my pen.—Run off  
what had passed, almost as swift as thought. I quit it,  
to prepare to attend my cousins to St. James's Square.

## L E T T E R X.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

*Wednesday Night, April 5.*

**M**ISS Grandison, as I told you, took with her my  
Letter of yesterday. As soon as my cousin  
Reeves's and I entered Sir Charles's house, the two  
sisters conducted us into the drawing-room adjoining  
to the dining-parlour, and congratulated me on the  
high compliment their brother had made me, tho' in  
preference to themselves, and his communicativeness  
and tender behaviour to me. Lord L. joined us, and  
he, having read the Letter, congratulated me also—  
On what, Lucy?—Why on the *possibility*, that if the  
unhappy Clementina should die; or if she should be

buried for life in a nunnery; or if she should be otherwise disposed of; why then, that your Harriet may have room given her to hope for a *civil* husband in Sir Charles Grandison, and *half* a heart: Is not this the sum of these humbling congratulations?

Sir Charles, when we came, was in his Study with Mr. Lowther, the surgeon whom he had engaged to go abroad with him: But he just came out to welcome us; and then returned.—He had also with him two physicians eminent for their knowlege in disorders of the head, to whom he had before communicated the case of the unhappy Clementina; and who brought to him in writing their opinions of the manner in which she ought to be treated, according to the various symptoms of her disorder.

When he joined us, he told us this; and said very high things at the same time in praise of the English surgeons; and particularly of this gentleman: And added, that as nervous disorders were more frequent in England, than in any country in the world, he was willing to hope, that the English physicians were more skilful than those of any other country in the management of persons afflicted with such maladies: And as he was now invited over, he was determined to furnish himself with all the means he could think of, that were likely to be useful in restoring and healing friends so dear to him.

Miss Grandison told him, that we were all in some apprehensions, on his going to Italy, of that fierce and wrong-headed man the General. Miss Byron, said she, has told us, that Mrs. Beaumont advises not your going over.

The young Marquis della Porretta, said he, is hasty; but he is a gallant man, and loves his sister. His grief on the unhappy situation they are in, demands allowance. It is natural in a heavy calamity to look out of ourselves for the occasion. I have not any apprehensions from him, or from any-body else. The  
call

It upon me is a proper one. The issue must be left here it ought to be left. If my visit will give comfort any *one* of the family, I shall be rewarded: If to *more* than one, happy—And, whatever be the event, all be easier in myself, than I could be, were I not comply with the request of the Bishop, were *he* only to have made it.

Lord L. asked Sir Charles, whether he had fixed the day of his setting out?

I have, said he, within this half-hour. Mr. Lowther has told me, that he shall be ready by the beginning of next week; and on Saturday seven-night, I hope to be at Dover, on my way.

We looked upon one another. Miss Grandison told me afterwards, that my colour went and came several times, and that she was afraid for me. My heart was indeed a little affected. I believe I must not think of taking leave of him when he sets out. Ah Lucy! nine days hence!—Yet, in less than nine days after that, I shall be embraced by the tenderest relations that ever creature had to boast of.

Sir Charles taking his sister aside, I want, said he, to say a few words to you, Charlotte. They were out half an hour together; and then returning, I was encouraged to think, said he, that Charlotte will give her hand to Lord G. She is a woman of honour, and her heart must therefore go with it.—I have a request to make to her, before all you our common friends—The Earl of G. Lady Gertrude, Lord G. all in one suit: It is, that I may be allowed to give my sister to Lord G. before I leave England.

I have told you, brother, that it is impossible, if you go away in nine or ten days time.

Sir Charles particularly requested my influence. I could have no doubt, I said, but Miss Grandison would oblige her brother.

She vehemently opposed so early a day.

In a most affectionate manner, yet with an air of

seriousness, he urged his request. He said, that it was very proper for him to make some dispositions of his affairs before he went abroad. He should leave England with much more pleasure, if he saw his Charlotte the wife of a man so worthy as Lord G. : Lord G. said he, adores you : You *intend* to be his : Resolve to oblige your brother, who, tho' he cannot be happy himself, wishes to see you so.

O Sir Charles !—You ruin me by your solemnity, and by your goodness.

The subject is not a light one. I am greatly in earnest, Charlotte. I have many affairs on my hands. My heart is in this company ; yet my engagements will permit me but few opportunities to enjoy it between this and Tuesday next. If you deny me now, I must acquiesce : If you have more than punctilio to plead, say you have ; and I will not urge you farther.

And so this is the last time of asking, Sir ? A little archly—

*Not* the last time of my Lord G.'s—But of mine—But I will not allow you now to answer me lightly.—If you can name a day before Tuesday, you will greatly oblige me. I will leave you to consider of it. And he withdrew.

Every-one then urged her to oblige her brother. Lady L. very particularly. She told her, that he was *intitled* to her compliance ; and that he had spoken to *her* on this subject in a still more earnest manner. She should hardly be able to excuse her, she said, if the serious hint he had given about settling his affairs before he went abroad, had not weight with her. You know, Charlotte, continued she, that he can have no motive but your good ; and you have told me, that you intend to have Lord G. and that you esteem his father, his aunt, and every-one of his family, whom you have seen ; and they are all highly pleased with you. Settlements are ready drawn : That my brother told you last night. Nothing is wanting but your day.

I wish he was in half the hurry to be married himself.

So he would be, I dare say, if marriage were as much in his power, as it is in yours.

What a duce, to be married to a man in a week's time, with whom I have quarrell'd every day for a fortnight past—Pride and petulance must go down by degrees, sister. A month, at least, is necessary, to bring my features to such a placidness with him, as to allow him to smile in my face.

Your brother has hinted, Charlotte, said I, that he loves you for your vivacity; and should still more, if you consulted *time* and *occasion*.

He has withdrawn, sister, said Lord L. with a resolution, if you deny him, to urge you no farther.

I *hate* his peremptoriness.

Has he not told you, Charlotte, said I, and that in a manner so serious, as to affect every-body, that there is a kind of necessity for it?

I don't love this Clementina, Harriet: All this is owing to her.

Just then a rapping at the door signified visitors; and Emily ran in—Lord G. the Earl, and Lady Gertrude, believe me!

Miss Grandison changed colour. A contrivance of my brother's!—Ah! Lord! Now shall I be beset!—will be sullen, that I may not be saucy.

*Sullen* you can't be, Charlotte, said Lady L.: But *saucy* you can. Remember, however, my brother's earnestness, and spare Lord G. before his father and aunt, or you will give me, and every-body, pain.

How can I? Our last quarrel is not made up: But advise him not to be either impertinent or secure.

Immediately enter'd Sir Charles, introducing the Earl and Lady Gertrude. After the first compliments, say, Sir Charles, said Miss Grandison, drawing him aside, towards me, and whispering, tell me truly: did you not know of this visit?

I invited them, Charlotte, whispered he. I meant not however to surprise you. If you comply, you will give me great pleasure: If you do not, I will not be *dis*-pleas'd with my sister.

What *can* I do? Either be less good to me, Sir, or less hurrying.

You have sacrific'd enough to female punctilio, Charlotte. Lord G. has been a zealous courtier. You have no doubt of the ardor of his passion, nor of your own power. Leave the day to me. Let it be Tuesday next.

Good heaven! I can't bear you, after such a— And she gasped, as if for breath; and he turning from her to me, she went to Lady Gertrude, who, rising, took her hand, and withdrew with her into the next room.

They staid out till they were told dinner was served: And when they returned, I thought I never saw Miss Grandison look so lovely. A charming flush had overspread her cheeks: A sweet consciousness in her eyes gave a female grace to her whole aspect, and softened, as I may say, the natural majesty of her fine features.

Lord G. looked delighted, as if his heart were filled with happy presages. The Earl seem'd no less pleas'd.

Miss Grandison was unusually thoughtful all dinner-time: She gave me great joy to see her so, in the hope, that when the lover becomes the husband, the over-lively mistress will be sunk in the obliging wife.— And yet, now-and-then, as the joy in my Lord's heart overflowed at his lips, I could observe *that* archness rising to her eye, that makes one both love and fear her.

After dinner, the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, desired a conference with Sir Charles and Lady L. They were not long absent, when Sir Charles came in, and carried out Miss Grandison to them. Lord G.'s complexion varied often.

Sir Charles left them together, and joined us. We were standing; and he singled me out.—I hope, madam, said he, that Charlotte may be prevailed upon for Tuesday next: But I will not urge it farther.

I thought that he was framing himself to say something particular to me, when Lady L. came in, and desired him and me to step to her sister, who had retired, from the Earl and Lady Gertrude, by consent.

Ah, my Harriet! said she, pity me, my dear!—Debasement is the child of pride!—Then turning to Sir Charles, I acknowledge myself overcome, said she, by your earnestness, as you are so soon to leave us; and by the importunities of the Earl of G. Lady Gertrude, and my Sister—Unprepared in mind, in cloaths, I am resolved to oblige the best of brothers. Do you, Sir, dispose of me as you think fit.

My sister consents, Sir, said Lady L. for next Tuesday.

Cheerfully, I hope. If Charlotte balances whether, if she took more time, she should have Lord G. at all, let her take it. Lord L. in my absence, will be to her all that I wish to be, when she shall determine.

I balance *not*, Sir: But I thought to have had a month's time, at least, to look about me, and having treated Lord G. too flippantly, to give him by degrees some fairer prospects of happiness with me, than hitherto he has had.

Sir Charles embraced her. She was all his Sister, he said. Let the alteration *now* begin. Lord G. would rejoice in it, and consider all that had passed, as trials only of his love for her. The obliging wife would banish from his remembrance the petulant mistress. And now, allow me, my dear sister, to present you to the Earl and Lady Gertrude.

He led her in to them. Lady L. took my hand, and led me in also.—Charlotte, my Lord, yields to yours and Lady Gertrude's importunities. Next Tuesday



day will give the two families a near and tender relation to each other.

The Earl saluted her in a very affectionate manner: So did Lady Gertrude; who afterwards run out for her nephew; and, leading him in, presented him to Miss Grandison.

She had just time to whisper me, as he approach'd her; Ah, Harriet! now comes the worst part of the shew.—He kneeled on one knee, kissed her hand; but was too much overjoyed to speak; for Lady Gertrude had told him, as she led him in, that Tuesday was to be his happy day.

It is impossible, Lucy, but Sir Charles Grandison must carry every point he sets his heart upon. When he shall appear before the family of Porretta in Italy, *who* will be able to withstand him?—Is not his consequence doubled, *more* than doubled, since he was with them? The man whose *absence* they requested, they now *invite* to come among them. They have tried every experiment to restore their Clementina: He has a noble estate now in possession. The fame of his goodness is gone out to distant countries. O my dear! All opposition must fly before him. And if it be the will of heaven to restore Clementina, all her friends must concur in giving her to him upon the terms he has proposed; and from which, having *himself* proposed them, Sir Charles Grandison cannot recede.

His heart, it is evident, is at Bologna. Well, and so it ought to be. And yet I could not forbear being sensibly touch'd by the following words, which I overheard him say to Lord L. in answer to something my Lord said to him: .

‘ I am impatient to be abroad. Had I not waited for Mr. Lowther, the last Letters I received from Italy should have been answered in person.’

But as honour, compassion, love, friendship (still nobler than love!) have demands upon him, let him obey

obey the call. He has set me high in his esteem. Let me be worthy of his friendship. Pangs I shall occasionally feel; but who that values one person above the rest of the world, does not?

Sir Charles, as we sat at tea, mentioned his cousin Grandison to Lord L. : It is strange, my Lord, said he, that we hear nothing of our cousin Everard, since he was seen at White's. But whenever he *emerges*, Charlotte, if I am absent, receive him without reproaches: Yet I should be glad that he could have rejoiced with us. Must I leave England, and not see him?

It has been, it seems, the way of this unhappy man, to shut himself up with some woman in private lodgings, for fear his cousin should find him out; and in two or three months, when he has been tired of his wicked companion, *emerge*, as Sir Charles called it, to notice, and then seek for his cousin's favour and company, and live for as many more months in a state of contrition. And Sir Charles, in his great charity, believes, that till some new temptation arises, he is in earnest in his penitence; and hopes, that in time he will see his errors.

Oh, Lucy! What a poor creeping, mean wretch a libertine, when one looks down upon him, and to such a glorious creature as Sir Charles Grandison!

Sir Charles was led to talk of his engagement for-morrow, on the triple marriage in the Danby family. We all gave him joy of the happy success that rewarded his beneficent spirit, with regard to that family. He gave us the characters of the three cousins greatly to their advantage, and praised the family on both sides, which were to be so closely united the morrow; not forgetting to mention kindly *bro-* Mr. Sylvester the attorney.

He told us, that he should set out on Friday early for Windsor, in order to attend Lord W. in his first visit

visit to Mansfield-house. You, Lady L. will have the trouble given you, said he, of procuring to be new-set the jewels of the late Lady W. for a present to the future bride. My Lord shewed them to me (among a great number of other valuable trinkets of his late wife's) in my last return from the Hall. They are rich, and will do credit to his quality. You, my Lord L. you, my sisters, will be charmed with your new aunt, and her whole family. I have joy on the happiness in prospect that will gild the latter days of my mother's brother; and at the same time be a means of freeing from oppression an ancient and worthy family.

Our eyes all round offered, as I may say, to keep in countenance each others sensibility; for they all glistened. There *now*, thought I, fits this princely man, rejoicing every one who sees him, and hears him speak: But *where* will he be nine days hence? And *whose* this-day-twelvemonth?

He talked with particular pleasure of the expected arrival of his Beauchamp. He pleased himself, that he should leave behind him a man who would delight every-body, and supply to his friends *his* absence.—What a character did he give, and Dr. Bartlett confirm, of that amiable friend of his!

How did the Earl, and Lady Gertrude, dwell upon all he said! They prided themselves on the relation they were likely so soon to stand in to so valuable a man.

In your last Letter, you tell me, Lucy, that Mr. Greville has the confidence to throw out menaces against this excellent man—Sorry wretch!—How my heart rises against him!—He—But no more of such an earth-born creature.

## LETTER XI.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.**Thursday Morning, April 6.*

MISS Grandison, accompanied by Miss Jervois, has just left us. Lady L. has undertaken, she says, to set all hands at work, to have things in tolerable order, early as the day is, for Tuesday next. Miss Grandison (would you believe it?) owns, that she wants spirits to order any-thing. What must be the solemnity of that circumstance, when near, that shall make Charlotte Grandison want spirits?

She withdrew with me to my apartment. She threw herself into a chair: 'Tis a folly to deny it, Harriet, but I am very low, and very silly: I don't like next Tuesday by any means.

Is your objection only to the day, my dear?

I do not like the man.

Is there any man whom you like better?

I can't say that neither. But this brother of mine makes me think contemptibly of all other men. I would compound for a man but half so good; tender, kind, humane, polite, and even chearful in affliction! —O Harriet! where is there such another man?

No-where.—But you don't by marriage lose, on the contrary, you farther engage and secure, the affection of this brother. You will have a good-natured, worthy man for your husband; a man who loves you, and you will have your brother besides.

Do you think I can be happy with Lord G.?

I am sure you may, if it be not your own fault.

That's the thing: I may perhaps bear with the man; but I cannot honour him.

Then don't *vow* to honour him. Don't meet him at the altar.

Yet I must. But I believe I think too much: And con-

consideration is no friend to wedlock.—Would to heaven that the same hour that my hand and Lord G.'s were joined, yours and my brother's were also united!

Ah, Miss Grandison! If you love me, try to wean me; and not to encourage hopes of what never, never can be.

Dear creature! You will be greater than Clementina, and that is greater than the greatest, if you can conquer a passion, that over-turned her reason.

Do not, my Charlotte, make comparisons in which the conscience of your Harriet tells her she must be a sufferer. There is no occasion for me to despise myself, in order to hold myself inferior to Clementina.

Well, you are a noble creature!—But, the approaching Tuesday—I cannot *bear* to think of it.

Dear Charlotte!

And dear Harriet too!—But the officiousness, the assiduities, of this trifling man are disgustful to me.

You don't hate him?—

Hate him—True—I don't *bate* him—But I have been so much accustomed to treat him like a fool, that I can't help thinking him one. He should not have been so tame to such a spirit as mine. He should have been angry when I played upon him. I have got a knack of it, and shall never leave it off, that's certain.

Then I hope he *will* be angry with you. I hope that he *will* resent your ill treatment of him.

Too late, too late to begin, Harriet. I won't take it of him now. He has never let me see that his face can become two sorts of features. The poor man can look sorrowful; that I know full well; But I shall always laugh when he attempts to look angry.

You *know* better, Charlotte. You may give him so much cause for anger, that you may make it habitual to him, and then would be glad to see him pleased. Men have an hundred ways that women  
have

have not to divert themselves abroad, when they cannot be happy at home. This I have heard observed by—

By your grandmother, Harriet. Good old Lady! In *her* reign it might be so; but you will find, that women now have as many ways to divert themselves abroad as the men. Have you not observed this yourself in one of your Letters to Lucy? Ah! my dear! We can every hour of the twenty-four be up with our monarchs, if they are undutiful.

But Charlotte Grandison will not, cannot—

Why that's true, my dear—But I shall not *then* be Grandison. Yet the man will have some security from my brother's goodness. He is not only good himself, but he makes every one related to him, either from fear or shame, good likewise. But I think that when one week or fortnight is happily over, and my spirits are got up again from the depression into which this abominable hurry puts them, I could fall upon some inventions that would make every one laugh, except the person who might take it into his head that he may be a sufferer by them: And who can *laugh*, and be *angry*, in the same moment?

You should not marry, Charlotte, till this wicked vein of humour and raillery is *stopt*.

I hope it will hold me till fifty.

Don't say so, Charlotte—Say rather that you hope it will hold you so long only as it may be thought innocent or inoffensive, by the man whom it will be your duty to oblige, and so long as it will bring no discredit to yourself.

Your servant, Goody Gravity!—But what *must* be, must. The man is bound to see it. It will be all his own seeking. He will sin with his eyes open. I think he has seen enough of me to take warning. All that I am concerned about is for the next week or fortnight. He will be king all that time—Yet perhaps not *quite* all neither. And I shall be his sovereign ever

ever after, or I am mistaken. What a duce shall a woman marry a man of talents not superior to her own, and forget to reward herself for her condescension?—But, high-ho!—There's a sigh, Harriet. Were I at home, I would either sing you a song, or play you a tune, in order to raise my own heart.

She besought me then with great earnestness, to give her my company till the day arrived, and *on* the day. You see, said she, that my brother has engagements till Monday. Dear creature, support, comfort me—Don't you see my heart beat thro' my stays?—If you love me, come to me to-morrow to breakfast; and leave me not for the whole time—Are you not my sister, and the friend of my heart? I will give you a month for it, upon demand. Come, let us go down. I will ask the consent of both your cousins.

She did: And they, with their usual goodness to me, cheerfully complied.

Sir Charles set out this morning to attend the triple marriages; drest charmingly, his sister says. I have made Miss Grandison promise to give me an account of such particulars, as by the help of Saunders, and Sir Charles's own relation, she can pick up. All we single girls, I believe, are pretty attentive to such subjects as these; as what one day may be our own concern.

## L E T T E R XII.

*Miss* GRANDISON, *To Miss* BYRON.

*Thursday Night.*

**U**Nreasonable, wicked, cruel, Byron! To expect a poor creature, so near her execution, to write an account of other peoples behaviour in the same tremendous circumstances! The matrimonial noose has hung over my head for some time past; and now it is actually fitted to my devoted neck.—Almost choaked,

choaked, my dear! — This moment done hearing read, the firsts, seconds, thirds, fourths, to near a dozen of them — Lord be merciful to us! — And the villainous lawyer rearing up to me his spectacled-nose, as if to see how I bore it! Lord G. insulting me, as I thought, by his odious leers: Lady Gertrude simpering; little Emily ready to bless herself — How will the dear Harriet bear these abominable recitatives? — But I am now up stairs from them all, in order to recover my breath, and obey my Byron.

Well, but what am I now to say about the Danby's? Richard has made his report; Sir Charles has told us some things: Yet I will only give you heads: Make out the rest.

In the first place, my brother went to Mrs. Harrington's (Miss Danby's aunt): *She* did every-thing but worship him. She had with her two young ladies, relations of her late husband, dainty damsels of the city, who had procured themselves to be invited, that they might see the man whom they called, A wonder of generosity and goodness. Richard heard one of them say to the other, Ah, sister! This is a king of a man! What pity there are not many such! But, Harriet, if there were an hundred of them, we would not let *one* of them go into the city for a wife; would we, my dear?

Sir Charles praised Miss Danby. She was full of gratitude; and of humility, I suppose. Meek, modest, and humble, are qualities of which men are mighty fond in women. But matrimony, and a sense of obligation, are equally great humblers even of spirits prouder than that of Miss Danby; as your poor Charlotte can testify.

The young gentlemen, with the rest, were to meet Sir Charles, the Bride, and these Ladies, at St. Helen's, I think the church is called.

As if wedlock were an honour, the Danby girl, in respect to Sir Charles, was to be first yoked. He gave her



her away to the son Galliard. The father Galliard gave his daughter to Edward Danby: But first Mr. Hervey gave his niece to the elder.

One of the brides, I forget which, fainted away; another half-fainted—Sav'd by timely salts: The third, poor soul, wept heartily—as I suppose I shall do, on Tuesday.

Never surely was there such a matrimony-promoter, as my brother. God give me soon my revenge upon him, in the same way!

The procession afterwards was triumphant—Six coaches, four silly souls in each; and to Mr. Pouffin's at Enfield they all drove. There they found another large company. My brother was all cheerfulness; and both men and women seem'd to contend for his notice: But they were much disappointed at finding he meant to leave them early in the evening.

One married Lady, the wife of Sir—Somebody (I am very bad at remembering the names of city-knights) was resolv'd, she said, since they could not have Sir Charles to open the Ball, to have one dance before dinner with the handsomest man in England. The music was accordingly called in; and he made no scruple to oblige the company on a day so happy.

Do you know, Harriet, that Sir Charles is supposed to be one of the finest dancers in England? Remember, my dear, that on Tuesday—(Lord help me! I shall be then stupid, and remember nothing) you take him out yourself: And then you will judge for yourself of his excellence in this science—May we not call dancing a science? If we judge by the few who perform gracefully in-it, I am sure we may; and a difficult one too.

Sir Charles, it seems, so much delighted every-body, that they would not be denied his dancing with the bride that was so lately Galliard, who was known to be a fine dancer. And when he had so done, he took out the other two brides in turn.

O!—And remember, Harriet, that you get somebody to call upon him to sing.—*You* shall play—I believe I shall forget in that only agreeable moment of the day (for you have a sweet finger, my love) that I am the principal fool in the play of the evening.

O Harriet!—how *can I*, in the circumstances I am in, write any more about these soft souls, and silly? Come to me, my love, by day-dawn, and leave me not till—I don't know when. Come, and take my part, my dear: I shall hate this man: He does nothing but hop, skip, and dance about me, grin and make mouths; and every-body upholds him in it. Must this (I hope not!) be the last time that I write myself to you

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON?

L E T T E R XIII.

*Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.*

*St. James's-Square, Friday Morn. April 7.*

SIR Charles Grandison set out early this morning for Lord W.'s, in his way to Lady Mansfield's. I am here with this whimsical Charlotte.

Lady L. Miss Jervois, myself, and every female of the family, or who do business for both sisters out of it, are busy in some way or other, preparatory to the approaching Tuesday.

Miss Grandison is the only idle person. I tell her, she is affectedly so.

The Earl has presented her, in his son's name, with some very rich trinkets. Very valuable jewels are also bespoke by Lord G. who takes Lady L.'s advice in every-thing; as one well read in the fashions. New equipages are bespoke; and gay ones they will be.

Miss Grandison confounded me this morning by an instance of her generosity. She was extremely urgent with me to accept, as her third sister, of her share of her

her mother's jewels. You may believe, that I absolutely refused such a present. I was angry with her; and told her, she had but one way of making up with me; and that was, that since she would be to completely set out from her Lord, she would unite the two halves, by presenting hers to Lady L. who had refused jewels from her Lord on her marriage; and who then would make an appearance, occasionally, as brilliant as her own.

She was pleased with the hint; and has actually given them (unknown to any-body but me) to her jeweller; who is to dispose them in such figures, as shall answer those she herself is to have, which Lady L. has not. And by this contrivance, which will make them in a manner useless to herself, she thinks she shall oblige her sister, however reluctant, to accept of them.

Lady Gertrude is also preparing some fine presents for her niece elect: But neither the delighted approbation of the family she is entering into, nor the satisfaction expressed by her own friends, give the perverse Charlotte any visible joy, nor procure for Lord G. the distinction which she ought to think of beginning to pay him. But, for his part, never was man so happy. He would, however, perhaps, fare better from her, if he could be more moderate in the outward expression of his joy; which she has taken it into her head to call an insult upon her.

She does not, however, give the scope she did before the day was fix'd, to her playful captiousness. She is not quite so arch as she was. Thoughtfulness, and a seeming carelessness of what we are all about for her, appear in her countenance. She faunters about, and affects to be diverted by her harpsichord only. What a whimsical thing is Charlotte Grandison? But still she keeps Lord G. at distance. I told her an hour ago, that she knows not how to condescend to him with that grace which is so natural to her in her whole behaviour to every-body else. I

I have been talking to Dr. Bartlett, about Sir Charles's journey to Italy. Nobody knows, he says, what a bleeding heart is cover'd by a countenance so benign, and chearful. Sir Charles Grandison, said he, has a prudence beyond that of most young men; but he has great sensibilities.

I take it for granted, Sir, that he will for the future be more an Italian than Englishman.

Impossible, madam! A *prudent* youth, by traveling, reaps this advantage — From what he sees of other countries, he learns to prefer his own. An *imprudent* one the contrary. Sir Charles's country is endeared to him by his long absence from it. Italy in particular is called, The Garden of Europe; but it is rather to be valued for what it *was*, and *might be*, than what *it is*. I need not tell a Lady who has read and conversed as you have done, to what that incomparable difference is owing. Sir Charles Grandison is greatly sensible of it. He loves his country, with the judgment of a wise man; and wants not the partiality of a patriot.

But, doctor, he has offered, you know, to reside — There I stopt.

True, madam — And he will not recede from his offers, if they are claimed. But this uncertainty it is that disturbs him.

I pity my patrón. I have often told you he is not happy. What has indiscretion to expect, when discretion has so much to suffer? His only consolation is, that he has nothing to reproach himself with. Inevitable evils he bears as a man should. He makes no ostentation of his piety: But, madam, Sir Charles Grandison is a CHRISTIAN.

You need not, Sir, say more to me to exalt him: And, let me add, that I have no small pleasure in knowing that Clementina is a Lady of strict piety; ho' a Roman Catholic.

And let me assure you, madam, that Sir Charles's

regard for Miss Byron (his *more* than regard for her, why should I not say? since every-body sees it) is founded upon her piety, and upon the amiable qualities of her mind. Beauty, madam, is an accidental and transient good. No man better knows how to distinguish between *admiration* and *love*, than my patron. His virtue is virtue upon *full proof*, and against sensibilities, that it is heroic to overcome. Lady Olivia knows this: And here I must acknowledge myself a debtor to you for three articles out of your ten. I hope soon to discharge the obligation.

Your own time, doctor: But I *must* say, that whenever you give me Lady Olivia's story, I shall be pained, if I find, that a Clementina is considered by a beauty of an *unhappier* turn, as *her* rival in the love of Sir Charles Grandison.

Lady Olivia, madam, *admires* him for his virtue; but she cannot, as *he* has made it his study to do, divide *admiration* from *love*. What offers has she not refused?—But she declares, that she had rather be the *friend* of Sir Charles Grandison, than the wife of the greatest prince on earth.

This struck me: Have not *I* said something like it? But surely with innocence of heart. But here the doctor suggests, that Olivia has put his virtue to the proof: Yet I hope not.

The FRIEND, Dr. Bartlett!—I hope that no woman—who is not quite given up to dishonour, will pollute the sacred word, by affixing ideas to it, that cannot be connected with it. A *Friend* is one of the highest characters that one human creature can shine in to another. There may be *Love*, that tho' it has no view but to honour, yet even in wedlock, ripens not into friendship. How poor are all such attachments! How much beneath the exalted notion I have of that noblest, that most delicate union of souls! You wonder at me, Dr. Bartlett. Let me repeat to you, Sir (I have it by heart) Sir Charles Grandison's  
tender

tender of friendship to the poor Harriet Byron, which has given me such exalted ideas of this disinterested passion; but you must not take notice that I have. I repeated those words, beginning, "My heart demands alliance with hers"—and ending with these—"So long as it shall be consistent with her other attachments (a)."

The doctor was silent for a few moments: At last, What a delicacy is there in the mind of this excellent man! Yet how consistent with the exactest truth! The friendship he offers you, madam, is *indeed* friendship. What you have repeated can want no explanation: Yet it is expressive of his uncertain situation. It is—

He stopt of a sudden.

Pray, doctor, proceed: I love to hear you talk.

My *good* young lady!—I may say too much. Sir Charles in these nice points must be left to himself. It is impossible for any-body to express his thoughts as *he* can express them. But let me say, that he justly, as well as greatly, admires Miss Byron.

My heart rose against myself. Bold Harriet, thought I, how darest thou thus urge a good man to say more than he has a mind to say of the secrets of a friend, which are committed to his keeping? Content thyself with the *hopes* that the worthiest man in the world would wish to call thee his, were it not for an invincible obstacle. And noble, thrice noble Clementina, be thine the preference even in the heart of Harriet Byron, because justice gives it to thee; for, Harriet, hast thou not been taught to prefer right and justice to every other consideration? And, wouldst thou abhor the thought of a common theft, yet steal an heart that is the property, and that by the dearest purchase, of another?

(a) See p. 62. of this Volume.

## LETTER XIV.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.**Friday Evening.*

WE have had a great debate about the place in which the nuptial ceremony is to be performed. Charlotte, the perverse Charlotte, insisted upon not going to church. Lord G. dared not to give his opinion; tho' his father and Lady Gertrude, as well as every other person, were against her.

Lord L. said, that if fine ladies thought so slightly of the office, as that it might be performed anywhere, it would be no wonder, if fine gentlemen thought still more slightly of the obligation it laid them under.

Being appealed to, I said, that I thought of marriage as one of the most solemn acts of a woman's life.

And if of a woman's, of a man's, surely, interrupted Lady L. If your whimsy, Charlotte, added she, arises from modesty, you reflect upon your sister; and, what is worse, upon your mother.

Charlotte put up her pretty lip, and was unconvinced.

Lady Gertrude laid an heavy hand upon the affection; yet admires her niece elect. She distinguished between chamber-vows and church-vows. She mentioned the word *decency*. She spoke plainer, on Charlotte's unfeeling perverseness. If a bride meant a compliment by it to the bridegroom [O dear! O dear! said Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, and looked as if she thought she blushed] that was another thing; but then let her declare as much; and that she was in an hurry to oblige him.

Charlotte attempted to kill her by a look—She gave a worse to Lord G.—And why, whispered she  
to

to him, as he sat next her, must thou shew all thy teeth, man?—As Lady Gertrude meant to shame her, I thought I could as soon forgive that Lady, as her who was the occasion of the freedom of speech.

But still she was perverse: She would not be married at all, she said, if she were not comply'd with.

I whispered her, as I sat on the other side of her, I wish, Charlotte, the knot were ty'd: Till then, you will not do even right things, but in a wrong manner.

Dr. Bartlett was not present: He was making a kind visit to my cousin Reeves's. When he came in, the debate was referred to him. He entered into it with her, with so much modesty, good sense, propriety, and steadiness, that at last the perverse creature gave way: But hardly would neither, had he not assured her, that her brother would be entirely against her; and that he himself must be excused performing the sacred office, but in a sacred place. She has set her heart on the doctor's marrying her.

The Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, as also Lord and Lady L. went away, not dissatisfied with Charlotte's compliance: She is the most ungraciously graceful young woman I ever knew in her compliances: But Lord G. was to pay for all: She and I had got together in the Study: In bolted Lord G. perhaps with too little ceremony. She coloured—Hey-day, Sir! Who expected you? His countenance immediately fell. He withdrew precipitately. Fie, Charlotte! said I, recollect yourself—and rising, stept to the door, My Lord—calling after him.

He came back; but in a little ferment—I hoped, I hoped, madam, as you were not in your own apartment, that I might, that I might have been—

Where-ever Ladies are by themselves, it is a Lady's apartment, my Lord, said she, with an haughtiness that sat better on *her* features, than they would upon almost any other woman's.



He looked, as if he knew not whether he should stay or go. Sit down, my Lord, said I; we are not particularly engaged. He came nearer, his hat under his arm, bowing to her, who sat as stately as a princess on her throne: But yet looked disobliged. You give yourself pretty airs, my Lord—don't you?

Pretty airs, madam!—Pretty airs!—By my Soul, I think, madam—And with such a glow in your face, madam—Taking his laced hat from under his arm, and with an earnest motion swinging it backwards and forwards, as unknowing what he did—

What, Sir, am I to be buffeted, Sir?—

He put his hat under his arm again—*Buffeted*, madam!—Would to heaven—

What has heaven to do with your odd ways, Lord G?

I beg pardon for intruding, madam—But I thought—

That you had a privilege, Sir—But marriage itself, Sir, shall not give you a privilege to break into my retirements. You *thought*, Sir—You could *not think*—So much the worse if you did—

If I have really offended—I will be more circumspect for the future—I beg pardon, madam—Miss Byron I hope will forgive me too.

He was going, in great discomposure, and with an air of angry humility.

Charlotte, whispered I—Don't be silly—

Come, come, now you *have* broke in upon us, you may stay—But another time when you know me to be retired with a friend so dear to me, let it enter into your head, that no third person, unsent for, can be welcome.

Poor man!—How he loves her!—His countenance chang'd at once to the humble placid: He looked as if he had rather be in fault than she.

Oh! how *little* did she make him look!

But he has often, as well as in this instance, let her see her power over him. I am afraid she will use it I now see it is and will be his misfortune that she can

vex him without being vexed herself: And what may he expect, who can be treated with feigned displeasure, which, while it seems to be in earnest to him, will be a jest to his wife?

I was very angry with her, when we were alone; and told her, that she would be an enemy, I was afraid, of her own happiness: But she only laughed at me: Happiness, my dear! said she: *That* only is happiness which we think so. If I can be as happy in my way, as you can be in yours, shall I not pursue it? Your happiness, child, is in the still life. I love not a dead calm: Now a tempest, now a refreshing breeze, I shall know how to enjoy the difference—My brother will not be here to turn jest into earnest; as might perhaps be the effect of his mediation—But, high-ho, Harriet! that the first week were over, and I had got into my throne!—

She ended with an Italian air, contrasted with another High-ho; and left me for a few moments.

Poor Lord G.! said I looking after her.

She returned soon. *Poor Lord G.!* repeated she: Those were the piteous words you threw after me—But if I should provoke him, do you think he would not give me a cuff, or so?—You know he can't return joke for joke; and he must revenge himself some way—If that should be the case, *Poor Charlotte,* I hope you would say—

Not if you deserved it.

Deserve a cuff, Harriet!—Well, but I am afraid I shall.

Remember next Tuesday, Charlotte!--You must vow obedience—Will you break your vow?—This is not a jesting matter.

True, Harriet. And that it is *not*, was perhaps one of the reasons that made me disinclined to go to so solemn a place as the church with Lord G.—Don't you think it one with those who insist upon being married in their own chamber?

I believe great people, said I, think they must not do right things in the common way: That seems to me to be one of their fantastick reasons: But the vow is the vow, Charlotte: God is every-where.

Now you are so serious, Harriet, it is time to have done with the subject.



I HAVE no sleep in my eyes; and must go on. What keeps me more wakeful is, my real concern for this naughty Miss Grandison, and my pity for Lord G.; for the instance I have given you of her petulance is nothing to what I have seen: But I thought, so near the day, she would have changed her behaviour to him. Surely, the situation her brother is in, without any fault of his own, might convince her, that she need not go out of her path to pick up subjects for unhappiness.

Such a kittenish disposition in her, I called it; for it is not so much the love of power that predominates in her mind, as the love of playfulness: And when the fit is upon her, she regards not whether it is a China cup, or a cork, that she pats and tosses about: But her sport will certainly be the death of Lord G's happiness. Pity that Sir Charles, who only has power over her, is obliged to go abroad so soon! But she has principles: Lady Grandison's daughter, Sir Charles Grandison's sister, must have principles. The solemnity of the occasion; the office; the church; the altar; — must strike her: The vow—Will she not regard the vow she makes in circumstances so awful? Could but my Lord G. assume dignity, and mingle raillery with it, and be able to laugh *with* her, and sometimes *at* her, she would not make *him* her sport: She would find somebody else: A butt she must have to shoot at: But I am afraid he will be too sensible of her smartness: And she will have her jest, let who will suffer by it.

Some of the contents of your last are very agreeable to me, Lucy. I will begin in earnest to think  
of

of leaving London. Don't let me look silly in your eyes, my dear, when I come. It was not so *very* presumptuous in me, was it, to hope?—When all his relations—When he himself—Yet what room for hope did he, *could* he, give me? He was honest; and I cheated myself: But then all you, my dearest friends, encouraged the cheat: Nay, pointed my wishes, and my hopes, by yours, before I had dared (shall I say, or condescended?) to own them to myself.

You may let that Greville know, if you please, that there is no room for his *If's*, nor, of consequence, any for his menaces. You may own, that I shall soon be in Northamptonshire. This may prevent his and Fenwick's threatened journey to town.

But, Lucy, tho' my heart has been ever *dutifully*, as I may say, open to the venerable domestic circle; tho' it would not have been an honest heart, could it, circumstanced as I was, have concealed itself from Lady D.; and must have been an impenetrable one indeed, if it could have been disguised to the two sisters here—yet, I beseech you, my dear, almost on my knees I beseech you, let not the audacious, the insulting Greville, have ground given him to suspect a weakness in your Harriet, which indelicate minds know not how to judge of delicately. For sex-sake, for example-sake, Lucy, let it not be known to any but the partial, friendly few, that our grand-mamma Shirley's child, and aunt Selby's niece, has been a volunteer in her affections. How many still more forward girls would plead Mrs. Shirley's approbation of the hasty affection, without considering the circumstances, and the object! So the next girl that run away to a dancing-master, or an ensign, would reckon herself one of Harriet's school.

Poor Mr. Orme! I am sorry he is not well. It is cruel in you, Lucy, at *this* time, to say (so undoubtingly) that his illness is owing to his love of me.

You knew that such a suggestion would pain me. Heaven restore Mr. Orme!

But I am vex'd, as it cannot be to purpose, that Sir Charles Grandison and I have been named together, and talked of, in your neighbourhood!—He will be gone abroad. I shall return to Northamptonshire: And shall look *so* silly! So like a refused girl!

'Every-body gives me to him, you say'—So much the worse. I wonder what business this Every-body has to trouble itself about me.

One consolation, however, I shall have in my return; and that is, in my Nancy's recover'd health; which was so precarious when I set out for London.

But I shall have nothing to entertain you with when I am with you: Sir Charles Grandison, Lord and Lady L. Lady G. (as now in three or four days she will be) my dear Miss Jervois, Dr. Bartlett, will be all my subject. And have I not exhausted that by pen and ink? O no! The doctor promises to correspond with me; and he makes no doubt but Sir Charles will correspond with him, as usual.

What can the unusually tender friendship be called which he profess'd for me, and, as I may say, claimed in return from me? I know that he has no notion of the Love called *Platonic*. Nor have I: I think it, in general, a dangerous allowance; and, with regard to our sex, a very unequal one; since while the man has nothing to fear, the woman has every-thing, from the privileges that may be claimed, in an *acknowledged* confidence, especially in presence. Miss Grandison thus interprets what he said, and strengthens her opinion by some of Dr. Bartlett's late intimations, that he really loves me; but not being at liberty to avow his love, he knew not what to say; and so went as near to a declaration as was possible to do in his circumstances.

But might I not expect, from such a profession of friendship in Sir Charles, an offer of correspondence

in absence? And if he made the offer, ought I to decline it? Would it not indicate too much on *my* side, were I to do so?—And does it not on *his*, if he make not the offer? He corresponds with Mrs. Beaumont: Nobody thinks that any-thing can be meant by that correspondence on *either* side; because Mrs. Beaumont must be at least forty; Sir Charles but six or seven and twenty: But if he makes not the request to Harriet, who is but little more than twenty; what, after such professions of a friendship so tender, will be inferred from his forbearance?

But I shall puzzle myself, and you too, Lucy, if I go on with this sort of reasoning; because I shall not know how to put all I mean into words. Have I not already puzzled you? I think my expression is weak and perplexed—But this offered and accepted friendship between two persons not indelicate, must be perplexing; since he is the only young man in the world, from whom a woman has no dishonour to fear—Ah, Lucy!—It would be vanity in me, would it not? to suppose that he had more to fear from Harriet, than she has from him?—As the virtue of either, I hope, is not questionable: But the event of his Italian visit will explain and reconcile every-thing.

I will encourage a drowsy fit that seems to be stealing upon me. If I have not written with the perspicuity I always aim at, allow, Lucy, for the time of night; for spirits not high; and for the subject, that having its delicacies, as well as uncertainties, I am not able to write clearly upon it.

## L E T T E R X V.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

*Sunday Night, April 9.*

**S**IR Charles is already returned: He arrived at Windsor on Friday morning; but found that Lord

W. had set out the afternoon of the day before, for the house of his friend Sir Joseph Lawrance, which is but fifteen miles from Mansfield-house.

Upon this intelligence, Sir Charles, wanting to return to town as soon as he could, followed him to the Knight's: And having time enough himself to reach Mansfield-house that night, he, by his uncle's consent, pursued his journey thither; to the great joy of the family; who wished for his personal introduction of my Lord to Miss Mansfield.

My Lord arrived by breakfast-time, unfatigued, and in high spirits: Staid at Mansfield-house all day; and promised so to manage, as to be in town to-morrow, in order to be present at his niece's nuptials on Tuesday.

As for Sir Charles, he made the Mansfield family happy in his company the whole Friday evening; enquiring into their affairs relating to the oppression they lay under; pointing out measures for redress; encouraging Miss Mansfield; and informing the brothers, that the Lawyers he had consulted on their deeds, told him, that a new trial might be hoped for; the result of which, probably, would be a means to do them justice, so powerfully protected and assisted as they would now be; for new lights had broke in upon them, and they wanted but to recover a deed, which they understood was in the hands of two gentlemen, named Hartley, who were but lately returned from the Indies. Thus prepared, the Mansfields also were in high spirits, the next morning; and looked, Sir Charles said, on each other, when they met, as if they wanted to tell each other their agreeable dreams.

Sir Charles, in his way to Sir Joseph Lawrance's, had looked in upon Sir Harry Beauchamp, and his Lady. He found Sir Harry in high spirits, expecting the arrival of his son; who was actually landed from Calais, having met there his Father's letter, allowing  
him

him to return to England, and wishing in his own, and in Lady Beauchamp's name, his speedy arrival.

Sir Charles's impatience to see his friend, permitted him only to breakfast with my Lord and the Mansfields; and to know the opinion each party formed of the other, on this first interview; and then he set out to Sir Harry Beauchamp's. What an activity!—Heaven reward him with the grant of his own wishes, whatever they be, and make him the happiest of men!

My Lord is greatly taken with the Lady, and her whole family, Well he may, Sir Charles says. He blessed him, and called himself blessed in his sister's son, for his recommendation of each to the other. The Lady thinks better of him, as her mother owned to Sir Charles, than she thought she should, from report.

I begin to think, Lucy, that those who set out for happiness are most likely to find it, when they live single till the age of *fancy* is over. Those who marry while it lasts, are often disappointed of that which they propose so largely to themselves: While those who wed for convenience, and deal with tolerable honesty by each other, are at a greater certainty. *Tolerable*, I repeat, since, it seems, we are to expect that both parties will turn the best side of the old garment outward. Hence arises consolation to old maidens, and cautions against precipitation—Expatriate, my dear, on this fruitful subject: I would, were I at leisure.

Sir Charles says, that he doubts not, but Lord W. will be as happy a man as he wishes to be, in less than a month.

The duce is in this brother of mine, whispered Miss Grandison, to me, for huddling up of marriages! He don't consider, that there may be two chances for one, that his honest folks may in half a year's time, bless him the contrary way.

Sir Charles told us, that he had desired Lord W.



to give out every-where (that the adversaries of the Mansfield family might know it) his intended alliance; and that he and his nephew were both determined to procure a retrospection of all former proceedings.

Sir Charles got to Sir Harry Beauchamp's a little before his friend arrived. Sir Harry took him aside at his alighting, and told him, that Lady Beauchamp had had clouds on her brow all the day, and he was afraid, would not receive his son with the graciousness that once he hoped for from her: But that he left *him* to manage with her. She never, said he, had so high an opinion either of man or woman as *she* has of you.

Sir Charles addressed himself to her, as not doubting her goodness upon the foot of their former conversation; and praised her for the graces that however appeared but faintly in her countenance, till his compliments lighted them up, and made them shine full out in it. He told her, that his sister and Lord G. were to be married on the following Tuesday. He himself, he said, should set out for Paris on Friday after: But hoped to see a family intimacy begun between his sisters and Lady Beauchamp; and between their Lords, and Sir Harry, and Mr. Beauchamp. He applauded her on the generosity of her intentions, as declared to him in their former conference; and congratulated her on the power she had, of which she made so noble an use, of laying, at the same time, an obligation on the tenderest of husbands, and the most deserving of sons: Whose duty to her he engaged for.

All this set her in high good humour; and she took to herself, and *bridled* upon it, to express myself in Charlotte's manner, the praises and graces this adroit manager gave her, as if they were her unquestionable due.

This agreeable way they were all in, Sir Harry trans-

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transported with his Lady's goodness, when Mr. Beauchamp arrived.

The young gentleman bent his knee to his step-mother, as well as to his father, and thanked her for the high favours his father had signified to him by Letter, that he owed to her goodness. She confirmed them; but, Sir Charles observed, with an ostentation that shewed she thought very highly of her own generosity.

They had a very chearful evening. Not one cloud would hang on Lady Beauchamp's brow, tho' once or twice it seemed a little overshadowed, as Mr. Beauchamp displayed qualities for which his father was too ready to admire him. Sir Charles thought it necessary to caution Sir Harry on this subject; putting it in this light, that Lady Beauchamp loved her husband so well, that she would be too likely to dread a rivalry in his affections from a son so very accomplished. Sir Harry took the hint kindly.

Mr. Beauchamp was under a good deal of concern at Sir Charles's engagements to leave England so soon after his arrival; and asked his father's leave to attend him. Sir Harry declared, that he could not part with him. Sir Charles chid his friend, and said, It was not quite so handsome a return to the joyful reception he had met with from Lady Beauchamp, and his father, as might have been expected from his Beauchamp; bowing to the Lady. But she excused the young gentleman, and said, She wonder'd not, that any-body who was favoured with *his* friendship, should be unwilling to be separated from him.

Sir Charles expresses great satisfaction in Mr. Beauchamp's being arrived before his departure, that he may present to us, himself, a man with whom he is sure we shall all be delighted, and leave *him* happy in that beloved society, which he himself is obliged to quit.

A repining temper, Lucy, would consider only the  
hard

hardship of meeting a long-absent friend, just to feel the uneasiness of a second parting: But this man views every-thing in a right light. When his own happiness is not to be attained, he lays it out of his thoughts, and, as I have heretofore observed, rejoices in that of others. It is a pleasure to see how Sir Charles seems to enjoy the love which Dr. Bartlett expresses for this friend of them both.

Sir Charles addressed himself to me, on several occasions, in so polite, in so tender a manner, that every one told me afterwards, they are sure he loves me. Dr. Bartlett at the time, as he sat next me, whispered, on the regret expressed by all on losing him so soon—Ah, madam!—I know, and pity, my patron's struggles!—*Struggles, Lucy!* What could the doctor mean by this whisper to *me*? But I hope he guesses not at mine! If he does, would he have whispered his pity of Sir Charles to me?—Come, Lucy, this is some comfort, however; and I will endeavour to be brave upon it, that I may not, by my weakness, lessen myself in the doctor's good opinion.

It was agreed for Charlotte, whose assent was given in these words—'Do as you will—or, rather, as my brother will. — What signifies opposing him?' that the nuptials shall be solemnized, as privately as possible, at St. George's church. The company is to drop in at different doors, and with as few attendants as may be. Lord W. the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, Lord and Lady L. Miss Jervois, and your Harriet, are to be present at the ceremony. I was very earnest to be excused, till Miss Grandison, when we were alone, dropt down on one knee, and held up her hands, to beg me to accompany her. Mr. Everard Grandison, if he can be found, is to be also there, at Sir Charles's desire.

Dr. Bartlett, as I before hinted, at her earnest request, is to perform the ceremony. Sir Charles wished it to be at his own Parish-church: But Miss

Gran-

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Grandison thought it too near to be private. He was indifferent, as to the place, he said—So it was at *church*; for he had been told of the difficulty we had to get Charlotte to desist from having it performed in her chamber; and seemed surpris'd—Fie, Charlotte! said he—An office so solemn!—Vows to receive and pay as in the Divine Presence—

She was glad, she told me, that she had not left that battle to be fought with *him*.

*Monday, April 10.*

LORD W. is come. Lord and Lady L. are here. They, and Miss Grandison, received him with great respect. He embraced his nieces in a very affectionate manner. Sir Charles was absent. Lord W. is in person and behaviour a much more agreeable man than I expected him to be. Nor is he so decrepit with the gout, as I had supposed. He is very careful of himself, it seems. This world has been kind to him; and I fancy he makes a great deal of a little pain, for want of stronger exercises to his patience; and so is a sufferer by self-indulgence. Had I not been made acquainted with his free living, and with the insults he bore from Mrs. Giffard, with a spirit so poor and so low, I should have believed I saw not only the man of quality, but the man of sense, in his countenance. I endeavoured, however, as much as I could, to look upon him as the brother of the late Lady Grandison. Had he been worthy of that relation, how should I have revered him!

But whatever I thought of *him*, he was highly taken with me. He particularly praised me for the modesty which he said was visible in my countenance. Free-livers, Lucy, taken with that grace in a woman, which they make it their pride to destroy! But all men, good and bad, admire modesty in a woman: And I am sometimes out of humour with our sex, that they do not as generally like modesty in men. I am sure that this grace, in Sir Charles Grandison, is one of his principal glories  
with

with me. It emboldens one's heart, and permits one to behave before him with ease; and, as I may say, with *security*, in the consciousness of a right intention.

But what were Lord W.'s praises of his nephew! He called him, The glory of his sex, and of human nature. How the cheeks of the dear Emily glowed at the praises given to her guardian!—She was the taller for them: When she moved, it was on tiptoe; stealing, as it were, cross the floor, lest she should lose any-thing that was said on a subject so delightful to her.

My Lord was greatly pleased with her too. He complimented her as the beloved ward of the best of guardians. He lamented, with us, the occasion that called his nephew abroad. He was full of his own engagements with Miss Mansfield, and declared that his nephew should guide and govern him as he pleased in every material case, respecting either the conduct of his future life, or the management and disposition of his estate; declaring, that he had made his will, and, reserving only his Lady's jointure, and a few legacies, had left every-thing to him.—How right a thing, even in policy, is it, my dear, to be a good, and a generous man!

I must not forget, that my Lord wished, *with all his soul*, that was his expression, that he might have the honour of giving to his nephew *my* hand in marriage.

I could feel myself blush. I half-suppressed a sigh: I would have wholly suppressed it, if I could. I recovered the little confusion, his too plainly expressed wish gave me, by repeating to myself the word *Clementina*.

This Charlotte is a great coward. But I dare not tell her so, for fear of a retort. I believe I should be as great a one in her circumstances, so few hours to one of the greatest events of one's life! But I pretend not to bravery: Yet hope, that in the cause of virtue or honour I should be found to have a Soul. I

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I write now at my cousins. I came hither to make an alteration in my dress. I have promised to be with the sweet Bully early in the morning of her important day.

## L E T T E R X V I.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

*Tuesday Night,*  
*Wednesday Morning,* } *April 11. 12.*

**M**ISS Grandison is no longer to be called by that name. She is Lady G. May she make Lord G. as happy as I dare say he will make her, if it be not her own fault!

I was early with her, according to promise. I found her more affected than she was even last night with her approaching change of condition. Her brother had been talking to her, she said; and had laid down the duties of the state she was about to enter into, in such a serious manner, and made the performance of them of so much importance to her happiness both here and hereafter, that she was terrified at the thoughts of what she was about to undertake. She had never considered matrimony in that formidable light before. He had told her, that he was afraid of her vivacity; yet was loth to discourage her cheerfulness, or to say any-thing that should lower her spirits. All he besought of her was, to regard times, tempers, and occasions; and then it would be impossible but her lively humour must give delight not only to the man whom she favoured with her hand, but to every one who had the pleasure of approaching her. If, Charlotte, said he, you would have the world around you respect your husband, *you* must set the example. While the wife gives the least room to suspect, that she despises her husband, she will find, that she subjects him to double contempt, if he resents it not; and if he does, can  
you

you be happy? Aggressors lay themselves open to severe reprisals. If you differ, you will be apt to make bystanders judges over you. They will remember when you are willing to forget; and your fame will be the sport of those beneath you, as well in understanding as degree.

She believed, she told me, that Lord G. had been making some complaints of her. *If he had—*

Hush, my dear, said I—Not one word of threatening: Are you more solicitous to conceal your fault, than to mend it?

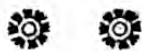
No—But you know, Harriet, for a man, before he has experienced what sort of a wife I shall make, to complain against me for foibles in courtship, when he can help himself if he *will*, has something so very little—

Your conscience, Charlotte, tells you, that he had *reason* for complaint; and therefore you think he *has* complained. Think the best of Lord G. for *your own* reputation's sake, since you thought fit to go thus far with him. You have borne nothing from him: He has borne a great deal from you.

I am fretful, Harriet: I won't be chidden: I will be comforted by you: You *shall* sooth me: Are you not my sister? She threw her arms round me, and kissed my cheek.

I ventured to railly her, tho' I was afraid of her retort, and met with it: But I thought it would divert her. I am glad, my dear, said I, that you are capable of this tenderness of temper: You blustering girls!—But Fear, I believe, will make cowards loving.

Harriet, said she, and flung from me to the window, remember *this*: May I soon see you in the same situation! I will then have no mercy upon you.



THE subject, which Sir Charles led to at breakfast, was the three weddings of Thursday last. He spoke honour-

honourably of marriage, and made some just compliments to Lord and Lady L.; concluding them with wishes, that his sister Charlotte and Lord G. might be neither more nor less happy than they were. Then turning to Lord W. he said, He questioned not his Lordship's happiness with the Lady he had so lately seen; for I cannot doubt, said he, of your Lordship's affectionate gratitude to her, if she behaves, as I am sure she will.

My Lord had tears in his eyes. Never man had such a nephew as I have, said he. All the joy of my present prospects, all the comforts of my future life, are and will be owing to you.

Here had he stopt, it would have been well: But turning to me, he unexpectedly said, Would to God, madam, that you could reward him! I cannot; and nobody *else* can.

All were alarmed for me; every eye was upon me. A sickness came over my heart—I know not how to describe it. My head sunk upon my bosom. I could hardly sit; yet was less able to rise.

Sir Charles's face was overspread with blushes. He bowed to my Lord. May the man, said he, who shall have the honour to call Miss Byron his, be, if *possible*, as deserving as *she* is! Then will they live together the life of angels.

He gracefully looked down, not at me; and I got a little courage to look up: Yet Lady L. was concerned for me: So was Lord L.: Emily's eye dropt a tear upon her blushing cheek.

Was it not, Lucy, a severe trial?—Indeed it was.

My Lord, to mend the matter, lamented very pathetically, that Sir Charles was under an obligation to go abroad; and still more, that he could not stay to be present at the celebration of his nuptials with Miss Mansfield.

The Earl, Lord G. Lady Gertrude, and the Doctor, were to meet the Bride and us at church. Lord and  
Lady



Lady L. Sir Charles, and Emily, went in one coach: Miss Grandison and I in another.

As we went, I don't like this affair at all, Harriet, said she. My brother has long made all other men indifferent to me. Such an infinite difference!

Can any-body be happier than Lord and Lady L. Charlotte? Yet Lady L. admires her brother as much as you can do.

*They* happy!— And *so* they are. But Lady L. soft soul! fell in love with Lord L. before my brother came over. So the foundation was laid: And it being a first flame with her, she, in compliment to *herself*, could not but persevere. But the sorry creature Anderson, proving a sorry creature, made me despise the sex: And my brother's perfections contributed to my contempt of all other men.

Indeed, my dear, you are wrong. Lord G. loves you: But were Sir Charles not your brother, it is not very certain, that he would have returned your Love.

Why, that's true. I believe he would not, in that case, have chosen *me*. I am sure he would not, if he had known *you*: But for the man one loves, one can *do* any-thing, *be* every-thing, that he would wish one to be.

Do you think you cannot love Lord G.?—For Heaven's sake, Charlotte, tho' you are now almost without sight of the church, do not think of giving your hand, if you cannot resolve to make Lord G. as happy, as I have no doubt he will make you, if it be not your own fault.

What will my brother say? What will—

Leave that to me. I will engage Sir Charles and Dr. Bartlett to lend me their ear in the vestry; and I am sure your brother, if he knows that you have an antipathy to Lord G. or that you think you cannot be happy with him, will undertake your cause, and bring you off.

*Antipathy!* That's a strong word, Harriet. The man is a good-natured silly man—

*Silly!* Charlotte!—Silly then he must be for loving you so well, who, really, have never yet given him an opportunity to shew his importance with you.

I do pity him sometimes.

The coach stopt—Ah, Lord! Harriet! The church! The church!

Say, Charlotte, before you step out—Shall I speak to your brother, and Dr. Bartlett, in the vestry?

I shall look like a fool either way.

Don't *act* like one, Charlotte, on this solemn occasion. Say, you will deserve, that you will *try* to deserve, Lord G's love.

Lord help me!—My brother!—I'll try, I'll try, what can be done.

Sir Charles appeared. He gave each his hand in turn: In we flew: The people began to gather about us. Lord G. all rapture, received her at the entrance. Sir Charles led me: And the Earl and Lady Gertrude received us with joy in their countenances. I overheard the naughty one say, as Lord G. led her up to the altar, You don't know what you are about, man. I expect to have all my way: Remember that's one of my articles before marriage.

He returned her an answer of fond assent to her condition. I am afraid, thought I, poor Lord G. you will be more than once reminded of this previous article.

When she was led to the altar, and Lord G. and she stood together, she trembled. Leave me not, Harriet, said she.—Brother! Lady L.!

I am sure she looked *fillier* than Lord G. at that instant.

The good doctor began the office. *No dearly beloveds*, Harriet! whispered she, as I had said, on a really terrible occasion. I was offended with her in my heart: Again she whispered something against the office,

office, as the doctor proceeded to give the reasons for the institution. Her levity did not forsake her even at that solemn moment.

When the Service was over, every one (Sir Charles in a solemn and most affectionate manner) wished her happy. My Lord G. kissed her hand with a bent knee.

She took my hand. Ah! Lord, what have I done? —And am I married? whispered she—And can it never be undone? —And is that the man, to whom I am to be obedient?—*Is he* to be my Lord and Master?

Ah, Lady G. said I, it is a solemn office. *You* have vowed: *He* has vowed.—It is a solemn office.

Lord G. led her to the first coach. Sir Charles led me into the same. The people, to my great confusion, whispered, That's the Bride! What a charming couple! Sir Charles handed Miss Emily next. Lord G. came in: As he was entering, Harkee, friend, said Charlotte, and put out her hand, You mistake the coach: You are not of our company.

The whole world, reply'd my Lord, shall not now divide us: And took his seat on the same side with Emily.

The man's a rogue, Harriet, whispered she: See! He gives himself airs already!

This, said Lord G. as the coach drove on, taking one hand, and eagerly kissing it, is the hand that blessed me.

And that, said she, pushing him from her with the other, is the hand that repulses your forwardness. What came you in here for?—Don't be silly.

He was in raptures all the way.

When we came home, every-one embraced and wished joy to the Bride. The Earl and Lady Gertrude were in high spirits. The Lady re-saluted her niece, as her *dear* niece: The Earl recognized his beloved daughter.

But prepare to hear a noble action of Lord W.

When

When he came up to compliment her—My dearest piece, said he, I wish you joy with all my soul. I have not been a kind uncle. There is no fastening any-thing on your brother. Accept of this; [and he put a little paper into her hand — It was a Bank-note of 1000*l.*] *My sister's daughter, and your brother's sister, merits more than this.*

Was not this handsomely presented, Lucy?

He then, in a manner becoming Lady Grandison's brother, stepped to Lady L. My niece, Charlotte, is not my *only* niece. I wish you, my dear, as if this was *your* day of marriage, all happiness; accept these two papers [The one, Lucy, was a note for 1000*l.* and the other for 100*l.*]: And he said, The lesser note is due to you for interest on the greater.

When the Ladies opened their notes, and saw what they were, they were at first at a loss what to say.

It was most gracefully done: But see, Lucy, the example of a good and generous man can sometimes alter natures; and covetous men, I have heard it observed, when their hearts are open'd, often act nobly.

As soon as Lady G. (so now I must call her) recovered herself from the surprize into which my Lord's present and address had put her, she went to him: Allow me, my Lord, said she, and bent one knee to him, to crave your blessing; and at the same time to thank you for your paternal present to your ever obliged Charlotte.

God bless you, my dear! saluting her—But thank our noble brother: You delight me with your graceful acceptance.

Lady L. came up. My Lord, you overcome me by your bounty.—How shall I—

Your brother's princely spirit, Lady L. said he, makes this present look mean. Forgive me only, that was not done before. And he saluted her.

Lord L. came up. Lady L. shew'd him the open'd

notes—See here, my Lord, said she, what Lord W. has done: And he calls this the interest due on that.

Your Lordship oppresses me with your goodness to your niece, said Lord L. May health, long-life, and happiness, attend you in your own nuptials!

There, there, said Lord W. pointing to Sir Charles (who had withdrawn, and then entered) make your acknowledgement: His noble spirit has awakened mine: It was only asleep. My late sister's brother wanted but the force of such an example. That son is all his mother.

Sir Charles joining them, having heard only the last words,—If I am thought a son not unworthy of the most excellent of mothers, said he, and by *her* brother, I am happy.

Then you *are* happy, reply'd my Lord.

Her memory, resumed Sir Charles, I cherish; and when I have been tempted to forget myself, that memory has been a means of keeping me steady in my duty. Her precepts, my Lord, were the guide of my early youth. Had I not kept them in mind, how much more blameable than most young men had I been!—My Charlotte! Have that mother in your memory, on this great change of your condition! You will not be called to her trials.—His eyes glisten'd. Tender be our remembrance of my father.—Charlotte, be worthy of your mother!

He withdrew with an air *so* noble!—But soon returning, with a chearful look, he was told what Lord W. had done—Your Lordship was *before*, said he, intitled to our duty, by the ties of blood: But what is the relation of body to that of mind? You have bound me for my sisters, and that still more by the manner, than by the act, in a bond of gratitude that never can be broken!

Thank yourself, thank yourself, my noble nephew.

Encourage, my Lord, a family intimacy between your Lady, and her Nieces and Nephews. You will be delighted, my Sisters, with Miss Mansfield; but when she obliges my Lord with her hand, you will reverence your Aunt. I shall have a pleasure, when I am far distant, in contemplating the family union. Your Lordship must let me know your Day in time; and I will be joyful upon it, whatever, of a contrary nature, I may have to struggle with on my own account.

My Lord wept — My *Lord* wept, did I say? — Not *one* of us had a dry eye! — This was a solemn scene, you will say, for a wedding-day: But how delightfully do such scenes dilate the heart?

The day, however, was not forgotten as a day of festivity. Sir Charles himself, by his vivacity and openness of countenance, made every one joyful: And, except that now-and-then a sigh, which could not be check'd, stole from some of us, to think that he would so soon be in another country (far distant from the friends he now made happy) and engaged in difficulties; perhaps in dangers; every heart was present to the occasion of the day.

O Charlotte! Dear Lady G. ! Hitherto, it is in your power, to make every *future* day, worthy of *this*! — ‘Have your mother, your noble mother, in your memory, my dear:’ And give credit to the approbation of such a brother.

I should have told you, that my cousin Reeves’s came about two, and were received with the utmost politeness by every-body.

Sir Charles was called out just before dinner; and returned introducing a young gentleman, dressed as if for the day — This is an earlier favour, than I had hoped for, said Sir Charles; and leading him to Lady G. This, Sir, is the Queen of the Day. My dear Lady G. welcome (The house is yours — Welcome) the man I love: Welcome my Beauchamp.

Every one, except Emily and me, crowded about Mr. Beauchamp, as Sir Charles's avowedly beloved friend, and bid him cordially welcome; Sir Charles presenting him to each by name.

Then leading him to me—I am half ashamed, Lucy, to repeat—But take it as he spoke it—Revere, said he, my dear friend, that excellent young Lady: But let not your admiration stop at her Face and Person: She has a Mind as exalted, my Beauchamp, as your own. Miss Byron, in honour to my sister, and of us all, has gilded this day by her presence.

Mr. Beauchamp respectfully took my hand; Forgive me, madam, bowing upon it—I *do* revere you. The Lady whom Sir Charles Grandison admires, as he does you, must be the first of women.

I might have said, that he, who was so eminently distinguished as the friend of Sir Charles Grandison, must be a most valuable man: But my spirits were not high. I courtesied to his compliment; and was silent.

Sir Charles presented Emily to him.—My Emily, Beauchamp. I hope to live to see her happily married. The man whose heart is but half so worthy as hers, must be an excellent man.

Modesty might look up, and be sensible to compliments from the lips of such a man. Emily looked at me with pleasure, as if she had said, Do you hear, madam, what a fine thing my guardian has said of me?

Sir Charles asked Mr. Beauchamp, how he stood with my Lady Beauchamp?

Very well, answered he. After such an introduction as you had given me to her, I must have been to blame, had I *not*. She is my father's wife: I must respect her, were she ever so unkind to me: She is *not* without good qualities. Were every family so happy as to have Sir Charles Grandison for a mediator when misunderstandings happened, there would be very few  
lasting

lasting differences among relations. My father and mother tell me, that they never sit down to table together, but they bless you: And to me they have talked of nobody else: But Lady Beauchamp depends upon your promise of making her acquainted with the Ladies of your family.

My Sisters, and their Lords, will do honour to my promise in my absence. Lady L. Lady G. let me recommend to you Lady Beauchamp as more than a common visiting acquaintance. Do you, Sir, to Mr. Beauchamp, see it cultivated.

Mr. Beauchamp is an agreeable, and, when Sir Charles Grandison is not in company, a handsome and genteel man. I think, my dear, that I do but the same justice that every-body would do, in this exception. He is chearful, lively, yet modest, and not too full of words. One sees both love and respect in every look he casts upon his friend; and that he is delighted when he hears him speak, be the subject what it will. He once said to Lord W. who praised his nephew to him, as he does to every-body near him; The universal voice, my Lord, is in his favour where-ever he goes. Every one joins almost in the *same* words, in different countries, allowing for the different languages, that for sweetness of manners, and manly dignity, he hardly ever had his equal.

Sir Charles was then engaged in talk with his Emily; she before him; he standing in an easy genteel attitude, leaning against the wainscot, listening, smiling, to her prattle, with looks of indulgent love, as a father might do to a child he was fond of; while she looked back every now-and-then towards me, so proud, poor dear! of being singled out by her guardian.

She tript to me afterwards, and leaning over my shoulder, as I sat, whispered—I have been begging of my guardian to use his interest with you, madam, to take me down with you to Northamptonshire.



And what is the result?—She paused.—Has he denied your request?—No, madam—Has he allowed you to go, my dear, if I comply? turning half round to her with pleasure.

She paused, and seemed at a loss. I repeated my question.

Why, no, he has not consented neither—But he said such charming things, so obliging, so kind, both of you, and of me, that I forgot my question, tho' it was so near my heart: But I will ask him again.

And thus, Lucy, can he decline complying, and yet send away a requester so much delighted with him, as to forget what her request was.

Miss Grandison—Lady G. I would say—singled me out soon after—This Beauchamp is really a very pretty fellow, Harriet.

He is an agreeable man, answered I.

So I think. She said no more of him at that time.

Between dinner and tea, at Lady L.'s motion, they made me play on the harpsichord; and after one lesson, they besought Sir Charles to sing to my playing. He would not, he said, deny any request that was made him on that day.

He sung. He has a mellow manly voice, and great command of it.

This introduced a little concert. Mr. Beauchamp took the violin; Lord L. the bass-viol; Lord G. the German-flute; Lord W. sung base; Lady L. Lady G. and the Earl, joined in the chorus. The song was from Alexander's Feast: The words,

*Happy, happy, happy pair!  
None but the good deserves the fair;*

Sir Charles, tho' himself equally *brave* and *good*, preferring the latter word to the former.

Lady L. had always insisted upon dancing at her sister's wedding. We were not company enough for country dances: But music having been order'd, and  
the

the performers come, it was insisted upon that we should have a dance, tho' we were engaged in a conversation, that I thought infinitely more agreeable.

Lord G. began by dancing a minuet with his bride: She danced charmingly: But on my telling her so afterwards, she whispered me, that she should have performed better, had she danced with her brother. Lord G. danced extremely well.

Lord L. and Lady Gertrude, Mr. Beauchamp and Mrs. Reeves, Mr. Reeves and Lady L. danced all of them very agreeably.

The Earl took me out: But we had hardly done, when, asking pardon for disgracing me, as he too modestly expressed himself; he and all but my cousins and Emily, called out for Sir Charles to dance with me.

I was abashed at the general voice calling upon us both: But it was obeyed.

He deserved all the praises that Miss Gran——Lady G. I would say, gave him in her Letter to me; and had every one's silent applause, while we danced; *so* silent, that a whisper must have been heard. And when he led me to my seat, every one clapt their hands, as at some well-performed part, or fine sentiment, in a play.—Lord bless me, my dear, this man is every-thing: But his conversation has ever been among the politest people of different nations.

Lord W. wished himself able, from his gout, to take out Miss Jervois. The Bridegroom was called upon by Sir Charles: And he took out the good girl; who danced very prettily. I fancied, that he chose to call out Lord G. rather than Mr. Beauchamp. He is the most delicate and considerate of men.

Sir Charles was afterwards called upon by the Bride herself: And she danced then with a grace indeed! I was pleased that she *could* perform so well at her own wedding.

Once more he and I were called upon. He, whisperingly,

springly, as if all the approbation so loudly given before, when we danced together, was due to me, and none to himself, condition'd for me, with every one, that no notice should be taken of my performance: For he saw that I could hardly stand the applauses given on our dancing before.

Sir Charles, when we had done, called me, *inimitable*. The word was caught by every mouth, and I sat down with reason enough for pride, if their praises could have elevated me. But I was not proud. My spirits were not high—I fancy, Lucy, that Lady Clementina is a fine dancer.

Supper was not ready till twelve. Mr. Reeves's coach came about that hour; but we got not away till two. Perhaps the company would not have broke up so soon, had not the Bride been perverse, and refused to retire. Was she not at home? she asked Lady L. who was put upon urging her: And should she leave her company?

She would make me retire with her: She took a very affectionate leave of me.

Marriage, Lucy, is an awful rite. It is supposed to be a joyful solemnity: But on the woman's side it can be only so, when she is given to the man she loves above all the men in the world; and even to *her*, the anniversary day, when doubt is turned into certainty, must be much happier than the day itself. What a victim must that woman look upon herself to be, who is compelled, or even *over-persuaded*, to give her hand to a man who has no share in her heart? Ought not a parent or guardian, in such a circumstance, especially if the child has a *delicate*, an *honest* mind, to be chargeable with all the unhappy consequences that may follow from such a cruel compulsion?

But this is not the case with Miss Grandison. Early she cast her eye on an improper object. Her pride convinced her in time of the impropriety. And this, as she owns, gave her an indifference to all men. She  
hates

hates not Lord G. There is no man whom she prefers to him. And in this respect, may perhaps, be upon a par with eight women out of twelve, who marry, and yet make not bad wives. As she played with her passion till she lost it, she may be happy, if she will: And since she intended to be, some time or other, Lady G. her brother was kind in persuading her to shorten her days of coquetting and teasing, and allow him to give her to Lord G. before he went abroad.

L E T T E R XVII.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

*Wednesday, April 12.*

DR. Bartlett was so good as to breakfast with my cousins and me this morning. He talks of setting out for Grandison-hall on Saturday or Monday next. We have settled a correspondence; and he gives me hope, that he will make me a visit in Northamptonshire. I know you will all rejoice to see him.

Emily came in before the Doctor went. She brought me the compliments of the Bride, and Lord W. with their earnest request, that I, and my two cousins, would dine with them. Sir Charles was gone, she said, to make a farewell visit to the Danby set; but would be at home at dinner.

It would be better for me, I think, Lucy, to avoid all opportunities of seeing him: Don't you think so?— There is no such thing as seeing him with indifference. But, so earnestly invited, how could I deny; especially as my cousins were inclinable to go?

Miss Jervois whispered me at parting. I never before, said she, had an opportunity to observe the behaviour of a new-married couple to each other: But is it customary, madam, for the Bride to be more snappish, as the Bridegroom is more obliging?

Lady G. is very naughty, my dear, if she so behaves, as to give you reason to ask this question.

She does : And upon my word, I see more *obedience* where it was not promised, than where it was. Dear madam, is not what is said at church to be thought of *afterwards*? But why did not the doctor make her speak out? What signified bowing, except a woman was so bashful that she *could* not speak?

The bowing, my dear, is an assent. It is as efficacious as words. Lord G. only bowed, you know. Could *you* like to be called upon, Emily, to speak out?

Why, no. But then I would be very civil and good-natured to my husband, if it were but for fear he should be cross to me : But I should think it my duty as well—Sweet innocent !

She went away, and left the doctor with me.

When our hearts are set upon a particular subject, how impertinent, how much beside the purpose, do we think every other ! I wanted the doctor to talk of Sir Charles Grandison : But as he fell not into the subject, and as I was afraid he would think me to be always leading him into it, if I began it, I suffered him to go away at his first motion : I never knew him so shy upon it, however.

Sir Charles returned to dinner. He has told Lady L. who afterwards told us, that he had a hint from Mr. Galliard, senior, that if he were not engaged in his affections, he was commissioned to make him a very great proposal in behalf of one of the young ladies he had seen the Thursday before ; and that from her father.

Surely, Lucy, we may pronounce without doubt that we live in an age in which there is a great dearth of good men, that so many offers fall to the lot of one. But, I am thinking, 'tis no small advantage to Sir Charles, that his time is so taken up, that he cannot stay long enough in any company to suffer them

to cast their eyes on other objects, with distinction. He left the numerous assembly at Enfield, while they were in the height of their admiration of him. Attention, love, admiration, cannot be always kept at the stretch. You will observe, Lucy, that on the return of a long-absent dear friend, the *rapture* lasts not more than an hour: Gladdened, as the heart is, the friend received, and the friends receiving, perhaps in less than that time, can sit down quietly together, to hear and to tell stories, of what has happened to either in the long-regretted absence. It will be so with us, Lucy, when I return to the arms of *my* kind friends: And now, does not Sir Charles's proposed journey to Italy endear his company to us?

The Earl of G. Lady Gertrude, and two agreeable nieces of that Nobleman's, were here at dinner. Lady G. behaved *pretty* well to her Lord before them: But I, who understood the language of her eyes, *saw* them talk very faucily to him, on several occasions. My Lord is a little officious in his obligingness; which takes off from that graceful, that polite frankness, which so charmingly, on all occasions, distinguishes one happy man, who was then present. Lord G. will perhaps appear more to advantage in that person's absence.

Mr. Beauchamp was also present. He is indeed an agreeable, a modest young man. He appeared to great advantage, as well in his conversation, as by his behaviour: And not the less for subscribing in both to the superiority of his friend; who nevertheless endeavoured to draw him out, as the first man.

After dinner, Lady L. Lady G. and I, found an opportunity to be by ourselves for one half-hour. Lady G. asked Lady L. what she intended to do with the thousand pounds with which Lord W. had so generously presented her? — Do with it, my dear! — What do you think I *intend* to do with it? — It is already disposed of.

I'll be hanged, said Lady G. if this good creature has not given it to her husband.

Indeed, Charlotte, I have. I gave it to him before I slept.

I thought so! She laughed—And Lord L. took it? Did he?

To be sure he did. I should otherwise have been displeas'd with him.

Dear, good soul!—And so you gave him a thousand pounds to take part of it back from him, by four or five paltry guineas at a time, at his pleasure?

Lord L. and I, Charlotte, have but one purse. You may not perhaps, know how we manage it.

Pray, good, meek, dependent creature! how do you manage it?

Thus, Charlotte: My Lord knows that his wife and he have but one interest; and from the first of our happy marriage, he would make me take one key, as he has another, of the private drawer, where his money and money-bills lie. There is a little memorandum-book in the drawer, in which he enters on one page, the money he receives; on the opposite, the money he takes out: And when I want money, I have recourse to my key. If I see but little in the drawer, I am the more moderate; or, perhaps, if my want is not urgent, defer the supplying of it till my Lord is richer: But little, or much, I minute down the sum, as he himself does; and so we know what we are about; and I never put it out of my Lord's power, by my unseasonable expences, to preserve that custom of his for which he is as much respected, as well served; not to suffer a demand to be twice made upon him where he is a debtor.

Good soul!—And, pray, don't you minute down too the *use* to which you put the money you take out?

Indeed I often do: Always indeed, when I take out more than five guineas at one time: I found my Lord did so; and I followed the example of my own accord.

Happy

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Happy pair! said I—O Lady G. what a charming example is this!—I hope you'll follow it.

Thank you, Harriet, for your advice. Why, I can't but say, that this is one pretty way of coaxing each other into frugality: But don't you think, that where an honest pair are so *tender* of disobliging, and so *studious* of obliging each other, that they seem to confess that the matrimonial good understanding hangs by very slender threads?

And do not the tenderest friendships, said I, hang by *as* slender? Can delicate minds be united to each other but by delicate observances?

Why *thou* art a good soul, too, Harriet!—And so you would both have me make a present to Lord G. of my thousand pounds before we have chosen our private drawer; before he has got two keys made to it?

Let him know, Charlotte, what Lord L. and I do, if you think the example worth following—And then—

Ay, and *then* give him my thousand pounds for a beginning, Lady L. ?—But see you not that this proposal should come from *him*, not from *me*?—And should we not let each other see a little of each other's merits, first?

See, *first*, the merits of the man you have married, Charlotte!

Yes, Lady L.—But yesterday married, you know. Can there be a greater difference between any two men in the world, than there often is between the same man, a lover, and an husband?—And now, my generous advisers, be pleased to continue silent. You cannot answer me fairly. And besides, wot ye not the indelicacy of an *early* present, which you are not *obliged* to make?

We were both silent, each expecting the other to answer the strange creature.

She laughed at us both. Soft souls, and tender!  
said



said she, let me tell you, that there is more indelicacy in delicacy, than you *very* delicate people are aware of.

You, Charlotte, said Lady L. have odder notions than any-body else. Had you been a man, you would have been a sad rake.

A rake perhaps I might have been; but not a *sad* one, Lady L.

Lady G. can't help being witty, said I: It is sometimes *her* misfortune, sometimes *ours*, that she cannot: However, I highly approve of the example set by Lord L. and followed by Lady L.

And so do I, Harriet. And when Lord G. sets the example, I shall—consider of it. I am not a bad oeconomist. Had I *ten* thousand pounds in my hands, I would not be extravagant: Had I but one hundred, I would not be mean. I value not money but as it enables me to lay an obligation, instead of being under the necessity of receiving one. I am my mother's daughter, and brother's sister; and *yours*, Lady L. in this particular; and *yours* too, Harriet: Different means may be taken to arrive at the same end. Lord G. will have no reason to be dissatisfied with my prudence in money-matters, altho' I should not make him one of my best courtesies, as if—as if—(and she laughed; but checking herself) I were conscious—again she laughed—that I had signed and sealed to my absolute dependence on his bounty.

What a mad creature! said Lady L.: But, my Harriet, don't you think that she behaved pretty well to Lord G. at table?

Yes, answered I, as those would think who observe not her arch looks: But she gave me pain for her several times; and I believe her brother was not without his apprehensions.

He had his eyes upon you, Harriet, reply'd Lady G. more earnestly than he had upon me, or any-body else.

That's true, said Lady L. I looked upon both him and you, my dear, with pity. My tears were ready to start more than once, to reflect how happy you two might be in each other, and how greatly you would love each other, were it not—

Not one word more on this subject, dear Lady L. ! I cannot bear it. I thought *my-self*, that he often cast an eye of tenderness upon me. I cannot bear it. I am afraid of myself; of my *justice*—

His tender looks did not escape me, said Lady G. Nor yet did my dear Harriet's. But we will not touch this string: It is too tender a one. I, for my part, was forced, in order to divert myself, to turn my eyes on Lord G.: He got nothing by that. The most *officious*—

Nay, Lady G. interrupted I, you shall not change the discourse at the expence of the man you have vowed to honour. I will be pained myself, by the continuation of the former subject, rather than that shall be.

Charming Harriet! said Lady L. I hope your generosity will be rewarded. Yet tell me, my dear, can you wish Lady Clementina may be his? I have no doubt but you wish her *recovery*; but can you wish her to be *his*?

I have debated the matter, my dear Lady L. with myself. I am sorry it has *admitted* of debate: So excellent a creature! Such an honour to her Sex! So nobly sincere! So pious!—But I will confess the truth: I have called upon *justice* to support me in my determination: I have supposed *myself* in *her* situation, her unhappy malady excepted: I have supposed *her* in *mine*: And ought I then to have hesitated to which to give the preference?—Yet—

What yet, most frank, and most generous of women, said Lady L. clasping her arms about me; what yet—

Why, yet—Ah Ladies—Why, yet, I have many a  
par

pang, many a twitch, as I may call it!—Why is your brother so tender-hearted, so modest, so faultless!—Why did he not insult me with his pity! Why does he on every occasion shew a tenderness for me, that is more affecting than pity! and why does he give me a consequence that exalts, while it depresses me?

I turned my head aside to hide my emotion—Lady G. snatch'd my handkerchief from me; and wiped away a starting tear; and called me by very tender names.

Am I dear, continued I, to the heart of such a man? You think I am: Allow me to say, that he is indeed dear to mine: Yet I have not a wish but for his happiness, whatever becomes of me.

Emily appeared at the door—May I come in, Ladies?—I *will* come in!—My dear Miss Byron affected! My dear Miss Byron in tears!

Her pity, without knowing the cause, sprung to her eyes. She took my hand in both hers, and repeatedly kissed it!—My guardian asks for you. O with what tenderness of voice—Where is your Miss Byron, Love? He calls every one by gentle names, when he speaks of *you*—His voice then is the voice of Love—*Love*, said he to *me*! Thro' *you*, madam, he will love his ward—And on your Love will I build all my merit. But you sigh, dear Miss Byron, you sigh—Forgive your prating girl! You must not be grieved.

I embraced her. Grief, my dear, reaches not my heart at this time. It is the merit of your guardian that affects me.

God bless you, madam, for your gratitude to my guardian!

A Clementina and an Harriet! said Lady L. two women so excellent! What a fate is *his*! How must *his* heart be divided!

Divided, say you, Lady L.! resumed Lady G. The man who loves virtue for virtue's sake, loves it where-ever he finds it: Such a man may *distinguish*  
more

more virtuous women than one: And if he be of a gentle and beneficent nature, there will be tenderness in his distinction to every one, varying only according to the difference of her circumstances.

Let me embrace you, my Charlotte, resumed Lady L. for that thought. Don't let me hear, for a month to come, one word from the same lips, that may be unworthy of it.

You have Lord G. in your head, Lady L.: But never mind us. He must now-and-then be made to look about him. I'll take care to keep up my consequence with him, never fear: Nor shall he have reason to doubt the virtue of his wife.

Virtue, my dear! said I: What is virtue only? She who will not be virtuous for *virtue's* sake, is not worthy to be called a woman: But she must be something more than virtuous for her *husband's*, nay, for her *vow's* sake. Complacency, obligingness—

*Obedience* too, I warrant—Hush, hush, my sweet Harriet! putting her hand before my mouth, we will behave as we'll as we can: And that will be very well, if nobody minds us. And now let us go down together.

## LETTER XVIII.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

*Thursday, April 13.*

WE played at cards last night till supper-time. When that was over, every one sought to engage Sir Charles in discourse. I will give you some particulars of our conversation, as I did of one before.

Lord W. began it with a complaint of the insolence and profligateness of servants. What he said, was only answered by Sir Charles, with the word *Example, example*, my good Lord, repeated.

You, Sir Charles, replied my Lord, may indeed  
insist

insist upon the force of example; for I cannot but observe, that all those of yours, whom I have seen, are intitled to regard. They have the looks of men at ease, and of men grateful for that ease: They know their duty, and need not a reminding look. A servant of yours, Sir Charles, looks as if he would one day make a figure as a master. How do you manage it?

Perhaps I have been peculiarly fortunate in worthy servants. There is nothing in my management deserving the attention of this company.

I am going to begin the world anew, nephew. Hitherto, servants have been a continual plague to me. I must know how *you* treat them.

I treat them, my Lord, as necessary parts of my family. I have no secrets, the keeping or disclosing of which might give them self-importance. I endeavour to set them no bad example. I am never angry with them but for wilful faults: If those are not habitual, I shame them into amendment, by gentle expostulation, and *forgiveness*. If they are not capable of a generous shame, and the faults grow habitual, I part with them; but with such kindness, as makes their fellow-servants blame them, and take warning. I am fond of seeking occasions to praise them: And even when they mistake, if it be with a good intention, they have my approbation of the *intention*, and my endeavours to set them right as to the *act*. Sobriety is an indispensable qualification for my service; and for the rest, if we receive them not quite good, we make them better than they were before. Generally speaking, a master may make a servant what he pleases. Servants judge by example, rather than precept, and almost always by their feelings. One thing more permit me to add, I always insist upon my servants being kind and compassionate to one another. A compassionate heart cannot habitually be an unjust one. And thus do I make their good-nature contribute to my security as well as quiet.

My

My Lord was greatly pleased with what his nephew said.

Upon some occasion, Lady G. reflected upon a Lady for *prudery*; and was going on, when Sir Charles, interrupting her, said, Take care, Lady G.— You, Ladies, take care; for I am afraid, that *MODESTY*, under this name, will become ignominious, and be banished the hearts, at least the behaviour and conversation, of all those whose fortunes or inclinations carry them often to places of public resort.

Talk of places of public resort! said Lord L.; It is vexatious to observe at such, how men of real merit are neglected by the fine Ladies of the age, while every distinction is shewn to fops and foplings.

But, who, my Lord, said Sir Charles, are those women? Are they not generally of a class with those men? Flippant women love empty men, because they cannot reproach them with a superiority of understanding, but keep their folly in countenance. They are afraid of a wise man: But I would by no means have such a one turn fool to please them: For they will despise the wise man's folly more than the silly man's, and with reason; because being uncharacteristic, it must fit more awkwardly upon him than the others can do.

Yet wisdom itself, and the truest wisdom, *goodness*, said Mrs. Reeves, is sometimes thought to fit ungracefully, when it is uncharacteristic, not to the man, but to the times. She then named a person who was branded as an hypocrite, for performing all his duties publicly.

He will be worse spoken of, if he declines doing so, said Dr. Bartlett. His enemies will *add* the charge of cowardice; and not acquit him of the other.

Lady Gertrude being withdrawn, it was mentioned as a wonder, that so agreeable a woman, as she must have been in her youth, and still was for her years, should remain single. Lord G. said, that she  
had

had had many offers: And once, before she was twenty, had like to have stolen a wedding: But her fears, he said, since that, had kept her single.

The longer, said Sir Charles, a woman remains unmarried, the more apprehensive she will be of entering into the state. At *seventeen* or *eighteen* a girl will plunge into it, sometimes without either fear or wit; at *twenty* she will begin to think; at *twenty-four* will weigh and discriminate; at *twenty-eight* will be afraid of venturing; at *thirty* will turn about, and look down the hill she has ascended; and, as occasions offer, and instances are given, will sometimes repent, sometimes rejoice, that she has gained that summit *sola*.

Indeed, said Mrs. Reeves, I believe in England many a poor girl goes up the hill with a companion she would little care for, if the state of a single woman were not here so peculiarly unprovided and helpless: For girls of slender fortunes, if they have been genteelly brought up, how can they, when family-connexions are dissolved, support themselves? A man can rise in a profession, and if he acquires wealth in a trade, can get above it, and be respected. A woman is looked upon as demeaning herself, if she gains a maintenance by her needle, or by domestic attendance on a superior; and without them where has she a retreat?

You speak, good Mrs. Reeves, said Sir Charles, as if you would join with Dr. Bartlett and me in wishing the *establishment* of a scheme we have often talked over, tho' the name of it would make many a Lady start. We want to see established in every county, *Protestant Nunneries*; in which single women of small or no fortunes might live with all manner of freedom, under such regulations as it would be a disgrace for a modest or good woman not to comply with, were she absolutely on her own hands; and to be allowed to quit it whenever they pleased.

Well,

Well, brother, said Lady G. and why could you not have got all this settled a fortnight ago (you that can carry every point) and have made poor me a Lady Abbess?

You are still better provided for, my sister: But let the Doctor and me proceed with our scheme. The governesses or matrons of the society I would have to be women of family, of unblamable characters from infancy, and noted equally for their prudence, good-nature, and gentleness of manners. The attendants, for the slighter services, should be the hopeful female children of the honest industrious poor.

Do you not, Ladies, imagine, said Dr. Bartlett, that such a society as this, all women of unblemished reputation, employing themselves as each (consulting her own genius) at her admission, shall undertake to employ herself, and supported genteelly, some at more, some at less expence to the foundation, according to their circumstances; might become a *national* good; and particularly a seminary for good wives, and the institution a stand for virtue, in an age given up to luxury, extravagance, and amusements little less than riotous?

How could it be supported? said Lord W.

Many of the persons, of which each community would consist, would be, I imagine, replied Sir Charles, no expence to it at all; as numbers of young women, joining their small fortunes, might be able, in such a society, to maintain themselves genteelly on their own income; tho' each, singly in the world, would be distressed. Besides, liberty might be given for wives, in the absence of their husbands, in this maritime country; and for widows, who, on the deaths of theirs, might wish to retire from the noise and hurry of the world, for three, six, or twelve months, more or less; to reside in this well-regulated society. And such persons, we may suppose, would be glad, according to their respective abilities, to be benefactresses to it.



No doubt but it would have besides the countenance of the well-disposed of both sexes ; since every family in Britain, in their connexions and relations, near or distant, might be benefited by so reputable and useful an institution : To say nothing of the works of the Ladies in it, the profits of which perhaps will be thought proper to be carried towards the support of a foundation that so genteelly supports them. Yet I would have a number of hours in each day, for the encouragement of industry, that should be called their own ; and what was produced in them, to be solely appropriated to their own use.

A truly worthy divine, at the appointment of the Bishop of the diocese, to direct and animate the devotion of such a society, and to guard it from that superstition and enthusiasm which soars to wild heights in almost all Nunneries, would confirm it a blessing to the kingdom.

I have another scheme, my Lord, proceeded Sir Charles—An Hospital for Female Penitents ; for such unhappy women, as having been once drawn in, and betrayed by the perfidy of men, find themselves, by the cruelty of the world, and principally by that of their own Sex, unable to recover the path of virtue, when perhaps (convinced of the wickedness of the men in whose honour they confided) they would willingly make their first departure from it the last.

These, continued he, are the poor creatures who are eminently intitled to our pity, tho' they seldom meet with it. Good-nature, and *Credulity* the child of good-nature, are generally, as I have the charity to believe, rather than viciousness, the foundation of their crime. Those men who pretend they would not be the first destroyers of a woman's innocence, look upon these as fair prize. But, what a wretch is he, who seeing a poor creature exposed on the summit of a dangerous precipice, and unable, without an assisting hand, to find her way down, would rather push her

her into the gulph below, than convey her down in safety ?

Speaking of the force put upon a daughter's inclinations, in wedlock : Tyranny and ingratitude, said Sir Charles, from a man beloved, will be more supportable to a woman of strong passions, than even kindness from a man she loves not : Shall not parents then, who hope to see their children happy, avoid compelling them to give their hands to a man who has no share in their hearts ?

But would you allow young Ladies to be their own choosers, Sir Charles ? said Mr. Reeves.

Daughters, replied he, who are earnest to choose for themselves, should be *doubly* careful that prudence justifies their choice. Every widow who marries imprudently (and very many there are who do) furnishes a strong argument in favour of a parent's authority over a maiden daughter. A designing man looks out for a woman who has an independent fortune, and has no questions to ask. He seems *assured* of finding indiscretion and rashness in such a one, to befriend him. But ought not she to think herself affronted, and resolve to disappoint him ?

But how, said Lady G. shall a young creature be able to judge —

By his application to *her*, rather than to her natural friends and relations ; by his endeavouring to alienate her affections from them ; by wishing her to favour private and clandestine meetings (conscious that his pretensions will not stand discussion) by the inequality of his fortune to hers : And has not our excellent Miss Byron, in the Letters to her Lucy (bowing to me) which she has had the goodness to allow us to read, helped us to a criterion ! ‘ Men in their addresses to young women, she very happily observes, forget not to set forward the advantages by which they are distinguished, whether hereditary or acquired ; while Love, Love, is all the cry of him who has no other to boast of.’

And

And by that means, said Lady Gertrude, setting the silly creature at variance with all her friends, he makes her fight his battles for him; and become herself the cat's paw to help him to the ready-roasted chesnuts.

But, dear brother, said Lady G. do you think Love is such a stay'd deliberate passion, as to allow a young creature to take time to ponder and weigh all the merits of the cause?

Love at first sight, answered Sir Charles, must indicate a mind *prepared* for impression, and a sudden gust of passion, and that of the least noble kind; since there could be no opportunity of knowing the *merit* of the object. What woman would have herself supposed capable of such a *tindery fit*? In a *man*, it is an indelicate paroxysm: But in a *woman*, who expects protection and instruction from a man, much more so. Love, at first, may be only fancy. Such a young Love may be easily given up, and ought, to a parent's judgment. Nor is the conquest so difficult as some young creatures think it. One thing, my good Emily, let me say to *you*, as a rule of some consequence in the world you are just entering into—Young persons, on arduous occasions, especially in Love-cases, should not presume to advise young persons; because they seldom can divest themselves of passion, partiality, or prejudice; that is, indeed, of *youth*; and forbear to mix their own concerns and byasses with the question referred to them. It should not be put from young friend to young friend, What would *you* do in such a case? but, What *ought* to be done?

How the dear girl blush'd, and how pleased she looked, to be particularly addressed by her guardian!

Lady Gertrude spoke of a certain father, who for interested views obliged his daughter to marry at fifteen, when she was not only indifferent to the man, but had formed no right notions of the state.

And are they not unhappy? ask'd Sir Charles.

They

They are, reply'd she.

I knew such an instance, returned he. The Lady was handsome, and had her full share of vanity. She believed every man who said civil things to her, was in love with her; and had she been single, that he would have made his addresses to her. She supposed, that she might have had this great man, or that, had she not been precipitated: And this brought her to slight the man who had, as she concluded, deprived her of better offers. They were unhappy to the end of their lives. Had the Lady lived single long enough to find out the difference between compliment and sincerity, and that the man who flattered her vanity, meant no more than to take advantage of her folly, she would have thought herself not unhappy with the very man with whom she was so dissatisfied.

Lady L. speaking afterwards of a certain nobleman, who is continually railing against matrimony, and who makes a very indifferent husband to an obliging wife; I have known more men than one, said Sir Charles, inveigh against matrimony, when the invective would have proceeded with a much better grace from their wives lips than from theirs. But let us enquire, would this complainer have been, or deserved to be, happier in *any* state, than he now is?

A state of suffering, said Lady L. had probably humbled the spirit of the poor wives into perfect meekness and patience.

You observe rightly, replied Sir Charles: And surely a most kind disposition of Providence it is, that adversity, so painful in itself, should conduce so peculiarly to the improvement of the human mind. It teaches modesty, humility, and compassion.

You speak feelingly brother, said Lady L. with a sigh. Do you think, Lucy, nobody sighed but she?

I do, said he. I speak with a sense of gratitude: I am naturally of an imperious spirit: But I have reaped advantages, from the early stroke of a mother's

ther's death. Being for years, against my wishes, obliged to submit to a kind of exile from my native country, which I considered as a heavy evil, tho' I thought it my duty to acquiesce, I was determined, as much as my capacity would allow, to make my advantage of the compulsion, by qualifying myself to do credit, rather than discredit, to my father, my friends, and my country. And, let me add, that if I have in any tolerable manner succeeded, I owe much to the example and precepts of my dear Dr. Bartlett.

The doctor blushed and bowed, and was going to disclaim the merit which his patron had ascribed to him; but Sir Charles confirmed it in still stronger terms: You, my dear Dr. Bartlett, said he, as I have told Miss Byron, was a second conscience to me in my earlier youth: Your precepts, your excellent life, your pure manners, your sweetness of temper, could not but open and enlarge my mind. The soil, I hope I may say, was not barren; but you, my dear paternal friend, was the cultivator: I shall ever acknowledge it—And he bowed to the good man; who was covered with modest confusion, and could not look up.

And think you, Lucy, that this acknowledgement lessened the excellent man with any one present? No! It raised him in every eye: And I was the more pleased with it, as it helped me to account for that deep observation, which otherwise one should have been at a loss to account for, in so young a man. And yet I am convinced, that there is hardly a greater difference in intellect between angel and man, than there is between man and man.

L E T T E R XIX.

*Lady G. To Miss BYRON.*

*Thursday, April 13.*

FOR Heaven's sake, my dearest Harriet, dine with us to-day; for two reasons: One relates to myself; the other you shall hear by-and-by: To myself, first, as is most fit — This silly creature has offended me, and presumed to be fullen upon my resentment. Married but two days, and shew his airs! — Were I in fault, my dear (which, upon my honour, I am not) for the man to lose his patience with me, to forget his obligations to me, in two days! — What an ungrateful wretch is he! What a poor powerless creature your Charlotte!

Nobody knows of the matter, except he has complained to my brother — *If* he has! — But what if he has? — Alas! my dear, I am married; and cannot help myself.

We seem, however, to be drawing up our forces on both sides. — One struggle for my dying liberty, my dear! — The success of one pitched battle will determine which is to be the general, which the subaltern, for the rest of the campaign. To *dare* to be fullen already! — As I hope to live, my dear, I was in high good humour within myself; and when he was *foolish*, only intended a little play with him; and he takes it in earnest. He worships you: So I shall railly him before you: But I charge you, as the man by his fulleness has taken upon him to fight his own battle, either to be on my side, or be silent. I shall take it very ill of my Harriet, if she strengthen his hands.

Well, but enough of this husband — HUSBAND! What a word! — Who do you think is arrived from abroad? — You cannot guess for your life — Lady

OLIVIA! — True as you are alive! accompanied, it seems, by an aunt of hers; a widow, whose years and character are to keep the niece in countenance in this excursion. The pretence is, making the tour of Europe: and England was not to be left out of the scheme. My brother is excessively disturbed at her arrival. She came to town but last night. He had notice of it but this morning. He took Emily with him to visit her: Emily was known to her at Florence. She and her aunt are to be here at dinner. As she is come, Sir Charles says, he must bring her acquainted with his Sisters, and their Lords, in order to be at liberty to pursue the measures he has unalterably resolved upon: And this, Harriet, is my second reason for urging you to dine with us.

Now do I wish we had known her history at large. Dr. Bartlett shall tell it us. Unwelcome as she is to my brother, I long to see her. I hope I shall not hear something in *her* story, that will make me pity her.

Will you come?

I wonder whether she speaks English, or not. I don't think I can converse in Italian.

I won't forgive you, if you refuse to come.

Lady L. and her good man will be here. We shall therefore, if *you* come, be our whole family together.

My brother has presented this house to me, till his return. He calls himself Lord G.'s guest and mine: So you can have no punctilio about it. Besides, Lord W. will set out to-morrow morning for Windsor. He dotes upon you: And perhaps it is in your power to make a new-married man penitent and polite.

So you must come.

Hang me, if I sign by any other name, while this man is in fits, than that of

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON.

LET-

L E T T E R XX.

*Miss* BYRON, *To Miss* SELBY.

*Thursday, April 13.*

I SEND you inclosed a Letter I received this morning from Lady G. : I will suppose you have read it.

Emily says, that the meeting between Sir Charles and the Lady mentioned in it, was very polite on both sides : But more cold on his, than on hers. She made some difficulty, however, of dining at his house ; and her aunt, Lady Maffei, more. But on Sir Charles's telling them, that he would bring his elder sister to attend them thither, they complied.

When I went to St. James's Square, Sir Charles and Lady L. were gone in his coach to bring the two Ladies.

Lady G. met me on the stairs-head, leading into her dressing-room. Not a word, said she, of the man's fullens : He repents : A fine figure, as I told him, of a bridegroom, would he make in the eyes of foreign Ladies, at dinner, were he to retain his gloomy airs. He has begged my pardon ; as good as promised amendment ; and I have forgiven him.

Poor Lord G. ! said I.

Hush, hush ! He is within : He will hear you : And then perhaps repent of his repentance.

She led me in : My Lord had a glow in his cheeks, and looked as if he had been nettled ; and was but just recovering a smile, to help to carry off the petulance. O how saucily did her eyes look ! Well, my Lord, said she, I hope — But you say, I misunderstood—

No more, madam, no more, I beseech you—

Well, Sir, not a word more, since you are—

Pray, madam—



Well, well, give me your hand—You must leave Harriet and me together.

She humorously courtesied to him as he bowed to me, taking the compliment as to herself. She nodded her head to him, as he turned back his when he was at the door; and when he was gone, If I can but make this man orderly, said she, I shall not quarrel with my brother for hurrying me, as he has done.

You are wrong, excessively wrong, Charlotte: You call my Lord a silly man, but can have no proof that he is so, but by his bearing this treatment from you.

None of your grave airs, my dear. The man is a good sort of man, and will be so, if you and Lady L. don't spoil him. I have a vast deal of roguery, but no ill-nature, in my heart. There is luxury in jesting with a solemn man, who wants to assume airs of privilege, and thinks he has a right to be impertinent. I'll tell you how I will manage—I believe I shall often try his patience, and when I am conscious that I have gone too far, I will be patient if he is angry with me; so we shall be quits. Then I'll begin again: He will resent: And if I find his aspect very solemn—Come, come, no glouting, friend, I will say, and perhaps smile in his face: I'll play you a tune, or sing you a song—Which, which! Speak in a moment, or the humour will be off.

If he was ready to cry before, he will laugh then, tho' against his will: And as he admires my finger, and my voice, shall we not be instantly friends?

It signified nothing to rave at her: She will have her way. Poor Lord G. !—At my first knowlege of her, I thought her very lively; but imagined not that she was indiscreetly so.

Lord G.'s fondness for his saucy bride was, as I have reason to believe, his fault: I dared not to ask for particulars of their quarrel: And if I had, and found it so, could not, with such a raillying creature, have entered into his defence, or censured her.

I went

I went down a few moments before her. Lord G. whispered me, that he should be the happiest man in the world, if I, who had such an influence over her, would stand his friend.

I hope, my Lord, said I, that you will not want any influence but your own. She has a thousand good qualities. She has charming spirits. You will have nothing to bear with but from them. They will not last always. Think only, that she can mean nothing by the exertion of them, but innocent gaiety; and she will every day love your Lordship the better for bearing with her. You know she is generous and noble.

I see, madam, said he, she has let you into—

She has not acquainted me with the particulars of the little misunderstanding; only has said, that there had been a slight one; which was quite made up.

I am ashamed, reply'd he, to have it thought by Miss Byron, that there *could* have been a misunderstanding between us, especially so early. She knows her power over me. I am afraid, she despises me.

Impossible, my Lord: Have you not observed, that she spares nobody when she is in a lively humour?

True—But here she comes!—Not a word, madam!—I bowed assenting silence. Lord G. said, she, approaching him, in a low voice, I shall be jealous of your conversations with Miss Byron.

Would to heaven, my dearest life, snatching at her withdrawn hand, that—

I were half as good as Miss Byron: I understand you:—But time and patience, Sir; nodding to him, and passing him.

Admirable creature! said he, how I adore her!

I hinted to her afterwards, his fear of her despising him. Harriet, answered she, with a serious air, I will do my duty by him. I will abhor my own heart, if I ever find in it the shadow of a regard for any

man in the world, inconsistent with that which he has a right to expect from me.

I was pleased with her. And found an opportunity to communicate what she said, in confidence, to my Lord; and had his blessings for it.

But now for some account of Lady Olivia. With which I will begin a new Letter.

## L E T T E R XXI.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

SIR Charles returned with the Ladies. He presented to Lady Olivia and her Aunt, Lady G. Lord L. and Lord W. I was in another apartment talking with Dr. Bartlett. Lady Olivia asked for the doctor. He left *me* to pay his respects to *her*. Sir Charles being informed, that I was in the house, told Lady Olivia, that he hoped he should have the honour of presenting to her one of our English beauties; desiring Lady G. to request my company.

Lady G. came to me—A lovely woman, I assure you, Harriet; let me lead you to her. Sir Charles met me at the entrance of the drawing-room: Excuse me, madam, said he, taking my hand, with profound respect, and allow me to introduce to a very amiable Italian Lady one of the loveliest women in Britain; leading me up to her; she advancing towards me. Miss Byron, madam, addressing himself to her, salutes you. Her beauty engages every eye; but that is her least perfection.

Her face glowed. Miss Byron, said she, in French is all loveliness. A relation, Sir? in Italian. He bowed; but answered not her question.

Her aunt, saluting me, expressed herself in my favour.

I would sooner forgive you *here*, whispered Lady Olivia to Sir Charles, in Italian, looking at me, than at Bologna.

Let. 21. *Sir Charles Grandison.* 153

I heard her; and by my confusion shewed that I understood her. She was in confusion too.

Mademoiselle, said she, in French, understands Italian.—I am ashamed, Monsieur.

Miss Byron does, answered Sir Charles; and French too.

I must have the honour, said she in French, to be better known to you, Mademoiselle.

I answer'd her as politely as I could in the same language.

Lady OLIVIA is really a lovely woman. Her complexion is fine. Her face oval. Every feature of it is delicate. Her hair is black; and, I think, I never saw brighter black eyes in my life: If possible, they are brighter, and shine with a more piercing lustre, than even Sir Charles Grandison's: But yet I give his the preference; for we see in them a benignity, that hers, tho' a woman's, has not; and a thoughtfulness, as if something lay upon his mind, which nothing but patience could overcome; yet mingled with an air that shews him to be equal to any-thing, that can be undertaken by man. While Olivia's eyes shew more fire and impetuosity than sweetness. Had I not been *told* it, I should have been sure that she has a violent spirit: But on the whole, she is a very fine figure of a woman.

She talk'd of taking a house, and staying in England a year at least; and was determin'd, she said, to perfect herself in the language, and to become an Englishwoman: But when Sir Charles, in the way of discourse, mentioned his obligation to leave England, as on next Saturday morning, how did she and her aunt look upon each other! And how was the sunshine that gilded her fine countenance, shut in! Surely, Sir, said her aunt, you are not in earnest!

After dinner, the two Ladies retired with Sir Charles, at his motion. Dr. Bartlett, at Lady G.'s request, then gave us this short sketch of her history: He said,

She had a vast fortune : She had had indiscretions ; but none that had affected her character as to virtue : But her spirit could not bear controul. She had shewn herself to be vindictive, even to a criminal degree. Lord bless me, my dear, the doctor has mentioned to me in confidence, that she always carries a poniard about her ; and that once she used it. Had the person died, she would have been called to public account for it. The man, it seems, was of rank, and offered some slight affront to her. She now comes over, the doctor said, as he had reason to believe, with a resolution to sacrifice even her religion, if it were insisted upon, to the passion she had so long in vain endeavoured to conquer.

She has, he says, an utter hatred to Lady Clementina ; and will not be able to govern her passion, he is sure, when Sir Charles shall acquaint her, that he is going to attend that Lady, and her family : For he has only mentioned his obligation to go abroad ; but not said whither.

Lord W. praised the person of the Lady, and her majestic air. Lord L. and Lord G. wish'd to be within hearing of the conference between her and Sir Charles : So did Lady G. : And while they were thus wishing, in came Sir Charles, his face all in a glow ; Lady L. said he, be so good as to attend Lady Olivia.

She went to her. Sir Charles staid not with us : Yet went not to the Lady ; but into his Study. Dr. Bartlett attended him there : The doctor returned soon after to us. His noble heart is vexed, said he : Lady Olivia has greatly disturbed him : He chooses to be alone.

Lady L. afterwards told us, that she found the Lady in violent anguish of spirit ; her aunt endeavouring to calm her : She, however, politely addressed herself to Lady L. and, begging her aunt to withdraw for a few moments, she owned to her, in French, her passion for her brother : She was not, she said, ashamed

to own it to his sister, who must know that his merit would dignify the passion of the noblest woman. She had endeavoured, she said, to conquer hers: She had been willing to give way to the prior attachments that he had pleaded for a Lady of her own country, Signora Clementina della Porretta, whom she allowed to have had great merit; but who, having irrecoverably been put out of her right mind, was shut up at Naples by a brother, who vowed eternal enmity to Sir Charles; and from whom his life would be in the utmost hazard, if he went over. She owned, that her chief motive for coming to England was, to cast her fortune at her brother's feet; and as she knew him to be a man of honour, to comply with any terms he should propose to her. He had offered to the family della Porretta to allow their daughter her religion, and her confessor, and to live with her every other year in Italy. She herself, not inferior in birth, in person, in mind, as she said, she presumed, and superior in fortune, the riches of three branches of her family, all rich, having centred in *her*, insisted not now upon such conditions. Her aunt, she said, knew not that she proposed, on conviction, a change of her religion; but she was resolved not to conceal anything from Lady L. She left her to judge how much she must be affected, when he declared his obligation to leave England; and especially when he owned, that it was to go to Bologna, and that so suddenly, as if, as she apprehended at first, it was to avoid *her*. She had been in tears, she said, and even would have kneeled to him, to induce him to suspend his journey for one month, and then to have taken her over with him, and seen her safe in her own palace, if he *would* go upon so hated, and so fruitless, as well as so hazardous an errand: But he had denied her this poor favour.

This refusal, she owned, had put her out of all patience. She was unhappily passionate; but was the

most placable of her Sex. What, madam, said she, can affect a woman, if slight, indignity, and repulse, from a favoured person, is not able to do it? A woman of my condition to come over to England, to solicit—how can I support the thought—and to be refused the protection of the man she prefers to all men; and her request to see her safe back again, tho' but as the fool she came over—You may blame me, madam—but you must pity me, even were you to have a heart the sister-heart of your inflexible brother's.

In vain did Lady L. plead to her Lady Clementina's deplorable situation; the reluctance of his own relations to part with him; and the magnanimity of his self-denial in an hundred instances, on the bare possibility of being an instrument to restore her: She could not bear to hear her speak highly of the unhappy Lady. She charged Clementina with the pride of her family, to which she attributed their deserved calamity [*Deserved! Cruel Lady! How could her pitiless heart allow her lips to utter such a word!*]; and imputed meanness to the noblest of human minds, for yielding to the entreaties of a family, some of the principals of which, she said, had treated him with an arrogance that a man of his spirit ought not to bear.

Lady Maffei came in. She seems dependent upon her niece. She is her aunt by marriage only: And Lady L. speaks very favourably of her from the advice she gave, and her remonstrances to her kinswoman. Lady Maffei besought her to compose herself, and return to the company.

She could not bear, she said, to return to the company, the slighted, the contemned object, she must appear to be to every one in it. I am an intruder, said she, haughtily; a beggar, with a fortune that would purchase a Sovereignty in some countries. Make my excuses to your sister, to the rest of the

company—and to that fine young Lady—whose eyes, by their officious withdrawing from his, and by the consciousness that glowed in her face whenever he addressed her, betrayed, at least to a jealous eye, more than she would wish to have seen—But tell her, that all lovely and blooming as she is, she must have no hope, while Clementina lives.

I hope, Lucy, it is *only* to a jealous eye that my *heart* is so discoverable!—I thank her for her caution. But I can say what she cannot; that from my heart, cost me what it may, I do subscribe to a preference in favour of a Lady who has acted, in the most arduous trials, in a greater manner than I fear either Olivia or I could have acted, in the same circumstances. We see that her reason, but not her piety, deserted her in the noble struggle between her Love and her Religion. In the most affecting absences of her reason, the Soul of the man she loved was the object of her passion. However hard it is to prefer another to one's self, in such a case as this; yet if my judgment is convinced, my acknowledgement shall follow it. Heaven will enable me to be reconciled to the event, because I pursue the dictates of that judgment, against the biases of my more partial heart. Let that Heaven, which only *can*, restore Clementina, and dispose as it pleases of Olivia and Harriet. We cannot either of us, I humbly hope, be so unhappy as the Lady has been whom I rank among the first of women; and whose whole family deserves almost equal compassion.

Lady Olivia asked Lady L. If her brother had not a very tender regard for me? He had, Lady L. answered; and told her, that he had rescued me from a very great distress; and that mine was the most grateful of human hearts.

She called me sweet young creature (supposing me, I doubt not, younger than I am); but said, that the graces of my person and mind alarmed her not, as they would have done, had not his attachment to Clementina



mentina been what now she saw, but never could have believed it was; having supposed, that compassion only was the tie that bound him to her.

But compassion, Lucy, from such a heart as his, the merit so great in the Lady, must be Love; a Love of the nobler kind—And if it were *not*, it would be unworthy of Clementina's.

Lady Maffei called upon her dignity, her birth, to carry her above a passion that met not with a grateful return. She advised her to dispose herself to stay in England some months, now she was here. And as her friends in Italy would suppose what her view was in coming to England, their censures would be obviated by her continuing here for some time, while Sir Charles was abroad, and in Italy: And that she should divert herself with visiting the court, the public places, and in seeing the principal curiosities of this kingdom, as she had done those of others; in order to give credit to an excursion that might otherwise be freely spoken of, in her own country.

She seemed to listen to this advice. She bespoke, and was promised, the friendship of the two sisters; and included in her request, through their interests, mine; and Lady G. was called in, by her sister, to join in the promise.

She desired that Sir Charles might be requested to walk in; but would not suffer the sisters to withdraw, as they would have done, when he returned. He could not but be polite; but, it seems, looked still disturbed. I beg you to excuse, Sir, said she, my behaviour to you: It was passionate; it was unbecoming. But, in compliment to your own consequence, you *ought* to excuse it. I have only to request one favour of you: That you will suspend for *one* week, in regard to me, your proposed journey; *but* for one week; and I will, now I am in England, stay some months; perhaps till your return.

Excuse me, madam.

I will

I will *not* excuse you—But *one* week, Sir. Give me so much importance with myself, as for one week's suspension. You *will*. You *must*.

Indeed I cannot. My Soul, I own to you, is in the distresses of the family of Porretta. Why should I repeat what I said to you before?

I have bespoken, Sir, the civilities of your sisters, of your family: You forbid them not?

You expect not an answer, madam, to that question. My sisters will be glad, and so will their Lords, to attend you where-ever you please, with a hope to make England agreeable to you.

How long do you propose to stay in Italy, Sir?

It is not possible for me to determine.

Are you not apprehensive of danger to your person?

I am not.

You ought to be.

No danger shall deter me from doing what I think to be right. If my motives justify me, I cannot fear.

Do you wish me, Sir, to stay in England till your return?

A question so home put, disturbed him. Was it a prudent one in the Lady? It must either subject her to a repulse; or him, by a polite answer, to give her hope, that her stay in England might not be fruitless, as to the view she had in coming. He reddened. It is fit, answered he, that your own pleasure should determine you. It did, pardon me, madam, in your journey hither.

She reddened to her very ears. Your brother, Ladies, has the reputation of being a polite man: Bear witness to this instance of it. I am ashamed of myself!

If I am unpolite, madam, my sincerity will be my excuse; at least to my own heart.

O that inflexible heart! But, Ladies, if the inhospitable Englishman refuse his protection in his own

country, to a foreign woman, of no mean quality; Do not you, his sisters, despise her.

They, madam, and their Lords, will render you every chearful service. Let me request you, my sisters, to make England as agreeable as possible to this Lady. She is of the first consideration in her own country: She will be of such where-ever she goes. My Lady Maffei deserves likewise your utmost respect. Then addressing himself to them; Ladies, said he, encourage my sisters: They will think themselves honoured by your commands.

The two sisters confirmed, in an obliging manner, what their brother had said; and both Ladies acknowledged themselves indebted to them for their offered friendship: But Lady Olivia seemed not at all satisfied with their brother: And it was with some difficulty he prevailed on her to return to the company, and drink coffee.

I could not help reflecting, on occasion of this Lady's conduct, that fathers and mothers are great blessings, to *daughters*, in particular, even when women grown. It is not every woman that will shine in a state of independency. Great fortunes are snares. If independent women escape the machinations of men, which they have often a difficulty to do, they will frequently be hurried by their own imaginations, which are said to be livelier than those of men, tho' their judgments are supposed less, into inconveniences. Had Lady Olivia's parents or uncles lived, she hardly would have been permitted to make the tour of Europe: And not having so great a fortune to support vagaries, would have shone, as she is well qualified to do, in a dependent state, in Italy, and made some worthy man and herself happy.

Had she a mind great enough to induce her to pity Clementina, I should have been apt to pity *her*; for I saw her soul was disturbed. I saw that the man she loved was not able to return her Love: A pitiable case!

case! I saw a starting tear now-and-then with difficulty dispersed. Once she rubbed her eye, and, being conscious of observation, said something had got into it: So it had. The something was a tear. Yet she looked with haughtiness, and her bosom swelled with indignation ill concealed.

Sir Charles repeated his recommendation of her to Lord L. and Lord G. They offered their best services: Lord W. invited her and all of us to Windsor. Different parties of pleasure were talked of: But still the Enliverer of every party was not to be in any one of them. She tried to look pleased; but did not always succeed in the trial: An eye of Love and Anger mingled was often cast upon the man whom everybody loved. Her bosom heaved, as it seemed sometimes, with indignation against herself: That was the construction which I made of some of her looks.

Lady Maffei, however, seemed pleased with the parties of pleasure talked of: She often directed herself to me in Italian. I answered her in it as well as I could. I do not talk it well: But as I am not an Italian, and little more than book-learned in it (for it is a long time ago since I lost my grandpapa, who used to converse with me in it, and in French) I was not scrupulous to answer in it. To have forbore, because I did not excel in what I had no opportunity to excel in, would have been false modesty, nearly bordering upon pride. Were any Lady to laugh at me for not speaking well *her* native tongue, I would *not* return the smile, were she to be less perfect in mine, than I am in hers. But Lady Olivia made me a compliment in my faulty accent, when I acknowledged it to be so. *ignora*, said she, you shew us, that a pretty mouth can give beauty to a defect. A *master* teaching you, added she, would perhaps find some fault; but a *friend* conversing with you, must be in love with you for the very imperfection.

Sir Charles was generously pleased with the compliment, and made her a fine one on her observation.

He attended the two Ladies to their lodgings in his coach. He owned to Dr. Bartlett, that Lady Olivia was in tears all the way, lamenting her disgrace in coming to England, just as he was quitting it; and wishing she had stay'd at Florence. She would have engaged him to correspond with her: He excused himself. It was a very afflicting thing to him, he told the doctor, to deny any request that was made to him, especially by a Lady: But he thought he ought in conscience and honour to forbear giving the shadow of an expectation that might be improved into hope, where none was intended to be given. Heaven, he said, had, for laudable ends, implanted such a regard in the Sexes towards each other, that both man and woman who hoped to be innocent, could not be too circumspect in relation to the friendships they were so ready to contract with each other. He thought he had gone a great way, in recommending an intimacy between her and his sisters, considering her views, her spirit, her perseverance, and the free avowal of her regard for him, and her menaces on his supposed neglect of her. And yet, as she *had* come over, and he was obliged to leave England so soon after her arrival; he thought he could not do less: And he hoped his sisters, from whose example she might be benefited, would, while she behaved prudently, cultivate her acquaintance.

The doctor tells me, that now Lady Olivia is so unexpectedly come hither in person, he thinks it best to decline giving me, as he had once intended, her history at large; but will leave so much of it as may satisfy my curiosity, to be gathered from my own observation; and not only from the violence and haughtiness of her temper, but from the freedom of her declarations. He is sure, he said, that his patron will be best pleased, that a veil should be thrown over the weaker part of her conduct; which, were it known, would indeed be glorious to Sir Charles, but not so to the

Let. 22. *Sir Charles Grandison.* 163

the Lady; who, however, never was suspected, even by her enemies, of giving any other man reason to tax her with a thought that was not strictly virtuous: And she had engaged his Pity and Esteem, for the sake of her other fine qualities, tho' she could not his Love. Before she saw him (which, it seems, was at the opera at Florence for the first time, when he had an opportunity to pay her some slight civilities) she set all men at defiance.

To-morrow morning Sir Charles is to breakfast with *me*. My cousins and I are to dine at Lord L.'s. The Earl and Lady Gertrude are also to be there. Lord W. has been prevailed upon to stay, and be there also, as it is his nephew's last day in England.—'Last day in England!' O my Lucy! What words are those!—Lady L. has invited Lady Olivia and her aunt, at her own motion, Sir Charles (his time being so short) not disapproving.

I thank my grandmamma and aunt for their kind summons. I will soon set my day: I will, my dear, soon set my day.

## L E T T E R XXII.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

*Friday Noon, Apr. 14.*

**N**OT five hours in bed; not one hour's rest, for many uneasy nights before. I was stupid till Sir Charles came: I then was better. He enquired, with tender looks and voice, after my health; as if he thought I did not look well.

We had some talk about Lord and Lady G. He was anxious for their happiness. He complimented me with hopes from my advice to her. Lord G. he said, was a good-natured honest man. If he thought his sister would make him unhappy, he should himself be so.

I told

I told him, that I dared to answer for her heart. My Lord must bear with some innocent foibles, and all would be well.

We then talked of Lady Olivia. *He* began the subject, by asking me my opinion of her. I said she was a very fine woman in her person; and that she had an air of grandeur in her mien.

And she has good qualities, said he; but she is violent in her passions. I am frequently grieved for her. She is a fine creature in danger of being lost, by being made too soon her own mistress.

He said not one word of his departure to-morrow morning: I could not begin it; my heart would not let me; my spirits were not high: And I am afraid, if that key had been touched, I should have been too visibly affected. My cousins forbore, upon the same apprehension.

He was excessively tender and soothing to me, in his air, his voice, his manner. I thought of what Emily said; that his voice, when he spoke of me, was the voice of Love. Dear flattering girl!—But *why* did she flatter me?

We talked of *her* next. He spoke of her with the tenderness of a father. He besought me to love her. He praised her heart.

Emily, said I, venerates her guardian. She never will do any-thing contrary to his advice.

She is very young, replied he. She will be happy, madam, in yours. She both loves and reverences you.

I greatly love the dear Emily, Sir. She and I shall be always sisters.

How happy am I, in your goodness to her! Permit me, madam, to enumerate to you my own felicities in that of my dearest friends.

Mr. Beauchamp is now in the agreeable situation I have long wished him to be in. His prudence and obliging behaviour to his mother-in-law, have won her.

her. His father grants him every-thing through her ; and she, by this means, finds that power enlarged which she was afraid would be lessened, if the son were allowed to come over. How just is this reward of his filial duty !

Thus, Lucy, did he give up the merit to his Beauchamp, which was solely due to himself.

Lord W. he hoped, would be soon one of the happiest men in England : And the whole Mansfield family had now fair prospects opening before them.

Emily [Not *he*, you see] had made it the interest of her mother to be quiet.

Lord and Lady L. gave him pleasure whenever he saw them, or thought of them.

Dr. Bartlett was in Heaven, while on earth. He would retire to his beloved Grandison-hall, and employ himself in distributing, as objects offered, at least a thousand pounds of the three thousand bequeathed to charitable uses by his late friend Mr. Danby. His sister's fortune was paid. His estates in both kingdoms were improving—See, madam, said he, how like the friend of my Soul I claim your attention to affairs that are of consequence to myself ; and in some of which your generosity of heart has interested you.

I bowed. Had I spoken, I had burst into tears. I had something arose in my throat, I know not what. till, thought I, excellent man, you are not yourself happy !—O pity ! pity ! Yet, Lucy, he plainly had been enumerating all these things, to take off from my mind that impression which I am afraid he too well nows it is affected with, from his difficult situation.

And now, madam, resumed he, how are all my dear and good friends, whom you more particularly all yours ?—I hope to have the honour of a personal knowledge of them. When heard you from our good Mr. Deane ? He is well, I hope.

Very well, Sir.

Your



Your grandmamma Shirley, that ornament of advanced years?

I bowed: I dared not to trust my voice.

Your excellent aunt Selby?

I bowed again.

Your uncle, your Lucy, your Nancy: Happy family! All harmony! all love!—How do they?

I wiped my eyes.

Is there any service in my power to do them, or any of them? Command me, good Miss Byron, if there be: My Lord W. and I are one. Our influence is not small.—Make me still *more* happy, in the power of serving any one favoured by you.

You oppress me, Sir, by your goodness!—I cannot speak my grateful sensibilities.

Will you, my dear Mr. Reeves, Will you, madam, (to my cousin) employ me in any way that I can be of use to you, either abroad or at home? Your acquaintance has given me great pleasure. To what a family of worthies has this excellent young Lady introduced me!

O Sir! said Mrs. Reeves, tears running down her cheeks, that you were not to leave people whom you have made so happy in the knowlege of the best of men!

Indispensable calls must be obeyed, my dear Mrs. Reeves. If we cannot be as happy as we wish, we will rejoice in the happiness we *can* have. We must not be our own carvers.—But I make you all serious. I was enumerating, as I told you, my present felicities: I was rejoicing in your friendships. I *have* joy; and, I presume to say, I *will* have joy. There is a bright side in every event; I will not lose sight of it: And there is a dark one; but I will endeavour to see it only with the eye of prudence, that I may not be involved by it at unawares. Who that is not reproached by his own heart, and is blessed with health, can grieve for inevitable evils; evils that can be only evils as we  
make

make them so? Forgive my seriousness: My dear friends, you *make* me grave. Favour me, I beseech you, my good Miss Byron, with one lesson: We shall be too much engaged, perhaps, by-and-by.

He led me (I thought it was with a *cheerful* air; but my cousins both say, his eyes glistened) to the harpsichord: He sung unasked, but with a low voice; and my mind was calmed. O Lucy! How can I part with such a man? How can I take my leave of him?—But perhaps he has taken his leave of me already, as to the solemnity of it, in the manner I have recited.

## L E T T E R XXIII.

*Miss* BYRON. *In Continuation.*

*Saturday Morning, Apr. 15.*

O Lucy, Sir Charles Grandison is gone! Gone indeed! He sat out at three this morning; on purpose, no doubt, to spare his sisters, and the two brothers-in-law, and Lord W. as well as himself, concern. We broke not up till after two. Were I in the writing humour which I have never known to fail me till now, I could dwell upon an hundred things, some of which I can now only briefly mention.

Dinner-time yesterday passed with tolerable cheerfulness: Every one *tried* to be cheerful. O what pain attends loving too well, and being too well beloved! He must have pain, as well as we.

Lady Olivia was the most thoughtful, at dinner-time; yet poor Emily! Ah the poor Emily! she went out four or five times to weep; tho' only I perceived it.

Nobody was cheerful after dinner but Sir Charles. He seemed to exert himself to be so. He prevailed on me to give them a lesson on the harpsichord. Lady G. played: Lady G. played: We *tried* to play, I would rather say. He himself took the violin, and afterwards

afterwards sat down to the harpsichord, for one short lesson. He was not known to be such a master: But he was long in Italy. Lady Olivia indeed knew him to be so. She was induced to play upon the harpsichord: She surpassed every-body. Italy is the land of harmony.

About seven at night he singled me out, and surprised me greatly by what he said. He told me, that Lady D. had made him a visit. I was before low: I was then ready to sink. She has asked me questions, madam.

Sir, Sir! was all I could say.

He himself trembled as he spoke.—Alas! my dear, he surely loves me! Hear how solemnly he spoke—God Almighty be your director, my dear Miss Byron! I wish not more happiness to my own Soul, than I do to you.—In discharge of a promise made, I mention this visit to you: I might otherwise have spared you, and myself—

He stopt there—Then resumed; for I was silent—I could not speak—Your friends will be entreated for a man that loves you; a very worthy young nobleman.—I give you emotion, madam.—Forgive me.—I have performed my promise. He turned from me with a seeming chearful air. How *could* he appear to be chearful!

We made parties at cards. I knew not what I played. Emily sighed, and tears stole down her cheeks, as she played. O how she loves her guardian! Emily, I say—I don't know what I write!

At supper we were all very melancholy. Mr. Beauchamp was urgent to go abroad with him. He changed the subject, and gave him an *indirect* denial, as I may call it, by recommending the two Italian Ladies to his best services.

Sir Charles, kind, good, excellent! wished to Lord L. to have seen Mr. Grandison!—Unworthy as that man has made himself of his attention.

He

He was a few moments in private with Lady Olivia. She returned to company with red eyes.

Poor Emily watched an opportunity to be spoken to by him alone—So diligently!—He led her to the window—About one o'clock it was—He held both her hands. He called her, she says, *his* Emily. He charged her to write to him.

She could not speak; she could only sob; yet thought she had a thousand things to say to him.

He contradicted not the hope his sisters and their Lords had of his breakfasting with them. They invited me; they invited the Italian Ladies: Lady L. Lord L. did go, in expectation: But Lady G. when she found him gone, sent me and the Italian Ladies word, that he was. It would have been cruel, if she had not. How *could* he steal away so! I find, that he intended that his morning visit to me (as indeed I half-suspected) should be a taking leave of my cousins, and your Harriet. How many things did he say then—How many questions ask—In tender woe—He wanted to do us all service—He seemed not to know what to say—Surely he hates not your poor Harriet—What struggles in his noble bosom!—But a man cannot complain: A man cannot ask for compassion, as a woman can. But surely his is the gentlest of manly minds!

When we broke up, he handed my cousin Reeves into her coach. He handed me. Mr. Reeves said, *Will we see you again, Sir Charles, in the morning?* He bowed. At handing me in, he sighed—He pressed my hand—I think he did—That was all.—He saluted nobody.—He will not meet his Clementina as he parted with us.

But, I doubt not, Dr. Bartlett was in the secret.

HE was. He has just been here. He found my eyes swelled. I had had no rest; yet knew not, till seven o'clock, that he was gone.

It was very good of the doctor to come: His visit soothed me: Yet he took no notice of my red eyes. Nay, for that matter, Mrs. Reeves's eyes were swelled, as well as mine. Angel of a man! How is he beloved!

The doctor says, that his Sisters, their Lords, Lord W. are in as much grief as if he were departed for ever — And who knows — But I will not torment myself with supposing the worst: I will endeavour to bear in mind what he said yesterday morning to us, no doubt for an instruction, that *he would* have joy.

And did he then think that I should be so much grieved as to want such an instruction? — And therefore did he vouchsafe to give it? — But, vanity, be quiet — Lie down, hope — Hopelessness, take place! — Clementina shall be his. He shall be hers.

Yet his emotion, Lucy, at mentioning Lady D.'s visit — O! but that was only owing to his humanity. He saw *my* emotion; and acknowledged the tenderest friendship for me! Ought I not to be satisfied with that? *I am. I will be* satisfied. Does he not love me with the love of mind? The poor Olivia has not this to comfort herself with. The poor Olivia! If I see her sad and afflicted, how I shall pity her! All her expectations frustrated; the expectations that engaged her to combat difficulties, to travel, to cross many waters, and to come to England — to come just time enough to take leave of him; he hastening on the wings of Love and Compassion to a dearer, a *deserv- edly* dearer object, in the country she had quitted, on purpose to visit him in his — Is not hers a more grievous situation than mine? — It is. Why, then, do I lament?

But here, Lucy, let me in confidence hint, what I have gathered from several intimations from Dr. Bartlett, tho' as tenderly made by him as possible, that had Sir Charles Grandison been a man capable of taking advantage of the violence of a Lady's passion  
for

for him, the unhappy Olivia would not have scrupled, great, haughty, and noble, as she is, by birth and fortune, to have been his, without conditions, if she could not have been so with : The Italian world is of this opinion, at least. Had Sir Charles been a Rinaldo, Olivia had been an Armida.

O that I could hope, for the honour of the Sex, and of the Lady who is so fine a woman, that the Italian world is mistaken!—I will presume that it is.

My good Dr. Bartlett, will you allow me to accuse you of a virtue too rigorous? That is sometimes the fault of very good people. You own that Sir Charles has not, even to you, revealed a secret so disgraceful to her. You own, that he has only blamed her for having too little regard for her reputation, and for the violence of her temper: Yet how patiently, for one of such a temper, has she taken his departure, almost on the day of her arrival! *He* could not have given her an *opportunity* to indicate to him a concession so criminal: *She* could not, if he *had*, have made the overture. Wicked, wicked world! I will not believe you! And the less credit shall you have with me, Italian world, as I have *seen* the Lady. The innocent heart will be a charitable one. Lady Olivia is only too intrepid. Prosperity, as Sir Charles observed, has been a snare to her, and set her above a proper regard to her reputation.—Merciless world! I do not love you. Dear Dr. Bartlett, you are not yet absolutely perfect! These hints of yours against Olivia, gathered from the malevolence of the envious, are proofs (the first indeed that I have met with) of *your* imperfection!

Excuse me, Lucy: How have I run on! Disappointment has mortified me, and made me good-natured.—I will welcome adversity, if it enlarge my charity!

The doctor tells me, that Emily, with her half-~~broken~~ heart, will be here presently. If I can be of

comfort to her—But I want it myself, from the same cause. We shall only weep over each other.

As I told you, the doctor, and the doctor only, knew of his setting out so early. He took leave of him. Happy Dr. Bartlett!—Yet I see by his eyes, that this parting cost him some paternal tears.

Never father better loved a son than this good man loves Sir Charles Grandison.

Sir Charles, it seems, had settled all his affairs three days before. His servants were appointed. Richard Saunders is one of the three he has taken with him. Happy servants! to be every day in the presence of such a master.

The doctor tells me, that he had last week presented the elder Mr. Oldham with a pair of colours, which he had purchased for him. Nobody had heard of this.

Lord W. he says, is preparing for Windsor; Mr. Beauchamp for Hampshire, for a few days; and then he returns to attend the commands of the noble Italians. Lady Olivia will soon have her equipage ready. She will make a great appearance.—But Sir CHARLES GRANDISON will not be with her. What is grandeur to a disturbed heart? The Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude are setting out for Hertfordshire. Lord and Lady L. talk of retiring, for a few weeks, to Colnebrooke: The Doctor is preparing for Grandison-hall; your poor Harriet for Northamptonshire—Bless me, my dear, what a dispersion!—But Lord W.'s nuptials will collect some of them together at Windsor.



EMILY, the dear weeping girl! is just come. She is with my cousins. She expects my permission for coming up to me. Imagine us weeping over each other; praying for, blessing the guardian of us both. Your imagination cannot form a scene too tender. Adieu, my Lucy.

L E T T E R XXIV.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

Sunday, April 16.

O What a blank, my dear!—But I need not say what I was going to say. Poor Emily!—But to mention her grief, is to paint my own.

Lord W. went to Windsor yesterday.

A very odd behaviour of Lady Olivia. Mr. Beauchamp went yesterday, and offered to attend her to any of the public places, at her pleasure; in pursuance of Sir Charles's reference to him, to do all in his power to make England agreeable to her: And she thought fit to tell him before her aunt, that she thanked him for his civility; but she should not trouble him during her stay in England. She had *gentlemen* in her train; and one of them had been in England before—He left her in disgust.

Lady L. making her a visit in the evening, she told her of Mr. Beauchamp's offer, and of her answer. The gentleman, said she, is a polite and very agreeable man; and *this* made me treat his kind offer with abruptness: For I can hardly doubt your brother's view in it. I *scorn* his view: And if I were sure of it, perhaps I should find a way to make him repent of the indignity. Lady L. was sure, she said, that neither her brother, nor Mr. Beauchamp, had any other views than to make England as agreeable to her as possible.

Be this as it may, madam, said she, I have no service for Mr. Beauchamp: But if your Ladyship, your sister, and your two Lords, will allow me to cultivate your friendship, you will do me honour. Dr. Bartlett's company will be very agreeable to me likewise, as often as he will give it me. To Miss Jervois I may some little claim. I would have had her for my



companion in Italy; but your cruel brother—No more, however, of him. Your English beauty too, I admire her: But, poor young creature, I admire her the more, because I can pity *her*. I should think myself very happy to be better acquainted with *her*.

Lady L. made her a very polite answer for herself and her sister, and their Lords: But told her, that I was very soon to set out for my own abode in Northamptonshire; and that Dr. Bartlett had some commissions, which would oblige him, in a day or two, to go to Sir Charles's seat in the country. She herself offered to attend her to Windsor, and to every other place, at her command.

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LADY L. took notice of her wrist being bound round with a broad black ribband, and asked, If it were hurt? A kind of sprain, said she. But you little imagine how it came; and must not ask.

This made Lady L. curious. And Olivia requesting that Emily might be allowed to breakfast with her as this morning; she has bid the dear girl endeavour to know how it came, if it fell in her way: For Olivia reddened, and looked up, with a kind of consciousness, to Lady L. when she told her that she must not ask questions about it.

Lady G. is very earnest with me to give into the town-diversions for a month to come: But I have now no desire in my heart so strong, as to throw myself at the feet of my grandmamma and aunt; and to be embraced by my Lucy and Nancy, and all my Northamptonshire Loves. I am only afraid of my uncle. He will rally his Harriet; yet only, I know, in hopes to divert her, and us all: But my jesting days are over: My situation will not bear it. Yet if it will divert himself, let him rally.

I shall be so much importuned to stay longer than I ought, or *will* stay, that I may as well fix a peremptory day at once. Will you, my ever indulgent  
friends,

friends, allow me to set out for Selby-house on Friday se'nnight? Not on a Sunday, as Lady Betty Williams advises, for fear of the *odious waggons*. But I have been in a different school. Sir Charles Grandison, I find, makes it a *tacit* rule with him, Never to *begin* a journey on a Sunday; nor, except when in pursuit of works of mercy or necessity, to travel in time of Divine Service. And this rule he observed last Sunday, tho' he reached us here in the evening. O my grand-mamma! How much is he, what you all are, and ever have been!—But he is now pursuing a work of mercy. God succeed to him the end of his pursuit!

But why *tacit*? you will ask. Is Sir Charles Grandison ashamed to make an open appearance in behalf of his Christian duties? He is not. For instance; I have never seen him sit down at his own table, in the absence of Dr. Bartlett, or some other clergyman, but he himself says grace; and that with such an easy dignity, as commands every one's reverence; and which is succeeded by a cheerfulness that looks as if he were the better pleased for having shewn a thankful heart.

Dr. Bartlett has also told me, that he begins and ends every day, either in his Chamber, or in his Study, in a manner worthy of one who is in earnest in his Christian profession. But he never frights gay company with grave maxims. I remember, one day, Mr. Grandison asked him, in his absurd way, Why he did not preach to his company now-and-then? Faith, Sir Charles, said he, if you did, you would reform many a poor ignorant sinner of us; since you could do it with more weight, and more certainty of attention, than any parson in Christendom.

It would be an affront, said Sir Charles, to the understanding, as well as education, of a man who took rank above a peasant, in such a country as this, to seem to question whether he *knew* his general duties, or not, and the necessity of practising what he knew

of them. If he should be at a loss, he *may* once a week be reminded, and his heart kept warm. Let you and me, cousin Everard, shew our conviction by our practice; and not invade the clergyman's province.

I remember, that Mr. Grandison shewed his conviction by his blushes; and by repeating the three little words, *You and me!* Sir Charles.

*Sunday Evening.*

O MY dear friends! I have a strange, a shocking piece of intelligence to give you! Emily has just been with me in tears: She begged to speak with me in private. When we were alone, she threw her arms about my neck: Ah, madam! said she, I am come to tell you, that there is a person in the world that I hate, and must and will hate, as long as I live. It is Lady Olivia.—Take me down with you into Northamptonshire, and never let me see her more.

I was surpris'd.

O madam! I have found out, that she would, on Thursday-last, have killed my guardian.

I was astonish'd, Lucy.

They retired together, you know, madam: My guardian came from her, his face in a glow; and he sent in his sister to her, and went not in himself till afterwards. She would have had him put off his journey. She was enraged because he would not; and they were high together; and at last she pulled out of her stays, in fury, a poniard, and vowed to plunge it into his heart. He should never, she said, see his Clementina more. He went to her. Her heart fail'd her. Well it might, you know, madam. He seiz'd her hand. He took it from her. She struggl'd, and in struggl'ing her wrist was hurt; that's the meaning of the broad black ribband!—Wicked creature! to have such a thought in her heart!—He only said, when he had got it from her, Unhappy, violent woman! I return not this instrument

ment of mischief! You will have no use for it in England—And would not let her have it again.

I shuddered. O my dear, said I, he has been a sufferer, we are told, by good women; but this is *not* a good woman. But can it be true? Who informed you of it?

Lady Maffei herself. She thought that Sir Charles must have spoken of it; And when she found he had not, she was sorry she *had*, and begged I would not tell any-body: But I could not keep it from you. And she says, that Lady Olivia is grieved on the remembrance of it; and arraigns herself, and her wicked passion; and the more, for his noble forgiveness of her on the spot, and recommending her afterwards to the civilities of his sisters, and their Lords. But I hate her, for all that.

Poor unhappy Olivia! said I. But what, my Emily, are we women, who should be the meekest and tenderest of the whole animal creation, when we give way to passion! But if she is so penitent, let not the shocking attempt be known to his sisters, or their Lords. I may take the liberty of mentioning it, in *strict confidence* [Observe that, Lucy] to those from whom I keep not any secret: But let it not be divulged to any of the relations of Sir Charles. Their detestation of her, which must follow, would not be concealed; and the unhappy creature, made desperate, might—Who knows what she might do?

The dear girl ran on upon what might have been the consequence, and what a loss the world would have had, if the horrid fact had been perpetrated. Lady Maffei told her, however, that had not her heart relented, she might have done him mischief; for he was too rash in approaching her. She fell down on her knees to him, as soon as he had wrested the poniard from her. I forgive, and pity you, madam, said he, with an air that had, as Olivia and her aunt have recollected since, both majesty and compassion

in it: But he would withdraw. Yet, at her request, sent in Lady L. to her; and, going into his Study, told not even Dr. Bartlett of it, tho' he went to him there immediately.

From the consciousness of this violence, perhaps, the Lady was more temperate afterwards, even to the very time of his departure.

❁   ❁

LORD bless me, What shall I do? Lady D. has sent a card to let me know, that she will wait upon Mrs. Reeves and me to-morrow to breakfast. She comes, no doubt, to tell me, that Sir Charles having no thoughts of Harriet Byron, Lord D. may have hopes of succeeding with her: And perhaps her Ladyship will plead Sir Charles's recommendation and interest in Lord D.'s favour. But should this plea be made, good Heaven give me patience! I am afraid I shall be uncivil to this excellent woman.

## L E T T E R   X X V .

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

*Monday, April 17.*

**T**HE Countess is just gone.

Mr. Reeves was engaged before to breakfast with Lady Betty Williams; and we were only Mrs. Reeves, Lady D. and I.

My heart ached at her entrance; and every moment still more, as we were at breakfast. Her looks, I thought, had such particular kindness and meaning in them, as seemed to express, 'You have no hopes, Miss Byron, any-where else; and I will have you to be mine.'

But my suspense was over the moment the tea-table was removed. I see your confusion, my dear, said the Countess [Mrs. Reeves, you must not leave us]; and I have sat in pain for you, as I saw it increase.

By

By this I know that Sir Charles Grandison has been as good as his word. Indeed I doubted not but he would. I don't wonder, my dear, that you love him. He is the finest man in his manners, as well as person, that I ever saw. A woman of virtue and honour cannot *but* love him. But I need not praise him to you; nor to *you*, neither, Mrs. Reeves; I see that.

Now you must know, proceeded she, that there is an alliance proposed for my son, of which I think very well; but still should have thought better, had I never seen you, my dear. I have talked to my Lord about it: You know I am very desirous to have him married. His answer was; I never can think of any proposal of this nature, while I have any hope that I can make myself acceptable to Miss Byron.

What think you, my Lord, said I, if I should directly apply to Sir Charles Grandison, to know his intentions; and whether he has any hopes of obtaining her favour? He is said to be the most unreserved of men. He knows our characters to be as unexceptionable as his own; and that our alliance cannot be thought a discredit to the first family in the kingdom. It is a free question, I own; as I am unacquainted with him by person: But he is such a man, that methinks I can take pleasure in addressing myself to him on *any* subject.

My Lord smiled at the freedom of my motion; but not disapproving it, I directly went to Sir Charles, and, after due compliments, told him my business.

The Countess stopt. She is very penetrating. She looked at us both.

Well, madam, said my cousin, with an air of curiosity—Pray, your Ladyship—

I could not speak for very impatience—

I never heard in my life, said the Countess, such a fine character of any mortal, as he gave you. He told me of his engagements to go abroad as the very next day. He highly extolled the Lady for whose

fake, principally, he was obliged to go abroad ; and he spoke as highly of a brother of hers, whom he loved as if he were his own brother ; and mentioned very affectionately the young Lady's whole family.

‘ God only knows, said he, what may be *my* destiny!—As generosity, as justice, or rather as Providence, leads, I will follow.’

After he had generously opened his heart, proceeded the Countess, I asked him, If he had any hope, should the foreign Lady recover her *health*, of her being his ?

‘ I can promise myself nothing, said he. I go over without one selfish hope. If the Lady recover *her* health, and her brother can be amended in *his*, by the assistance I shall carry over with me, I shall have joy inexpressible. To Providence I leave the rest. The result cannot be in my *own* power.’

Then, Sir, proceeded the Countess, you cannot in honour be under any engagements to Miss Byron ?

I arose from my seat. Whither, my dear ?—I have *done*, if I oppress you. I moved my chair behind hers, but so close to hers, that I leaned on the back of it, my face hid, and my eyes running over. She stood up. Sit down again, madam, said I, and proceed—Pray proceed. You have excited my curiosity. Only let me sit here, *unheeded*, behind you.

Pray, madam, said Mrs. Reeves (burning also with curiosity, as she has since owned) go on ; and indulge my cousin in her present seat. What answer did Sir Charles return ?

My dear Love, said the Countess (sitting down, as I had requested) let me first be answered one question. I would not do mischief.

You cannot do mischief, madam, replied I. What is your Ladyship's question ?

Has Sir Charles Grandison ever directly made his addresses to you, my dear ?

Never, madam.

It is not for want of love, I dare aver, that he has not. But thus he answered my question: ‘ I should have thought myself the unworthiest of men, knowing the difficulties of my own situation, how great soever were the temptation from Miss Byron’s merit, if I had sought to engage her affections.’

[O, Lucy! How nobly is his whole conduct towards me justified!]

‘ She has, madam (proceeded the Countess in his words) ‘ a prudence that I never knew equalled in a woman so young. With a frankness of mind, to which hardly ever young Lady before her had pretensions, she has such a command of her affections, that no man, I dare say, will ever have a share in them, till he has courted her favour by assiduities which shall convince her that he has no heart but for *her*.’

O my Lucy! What an honour to me would these sentiments be, if I deserved them! And *can* Sir Charles Grandison think I *do*?—I hope so. But if he does, how much am I indebted to his favourable, his generous opinion! Who knows but I have reason to rejoice, rather than to regret, as I used to do, his frequent absences from Colnebrooke?

The Countess proceeded.

Then, Sir, you will not take it amiss, if my son, by *his* assiduities, can prevail upon Miss Byron to think that he *has* merit, and that his heart is *wholly* devoted to her.

‘ Amiss, madam!—No!—In justice, in honour, I cannot. May Miss Byron be, as she deserves to be, one of the happiest women on earth in her nuptials. I have heard a great character of Lord D. He has a very large estate. He may boast of his mother—God forbid, that *I*, a man *divided in myself*, not knowing what I *can* do, hardly sometimes what I *ought* to do, should seek to involve in my own uncertainties the friend I revere; the woman I

‘ so



‘ so greatly admire: Her beauty so attracting; so  
 ‘ proper therefore for her to engage a generous pro-  
 ‘ tector in the married state!’

Generous man! thought I. O how my tears ran down my cheeks, as I hid my face behind the Countess’s chair!

But will you allow me, Sir, proceeded the Countess, to ask you, Were you freed from all your uncertainties—

‘ Permit me, madam, interrupted he, to spare you  
 ‘ the question you were going to put. Miss Byron  
 ‘ may come to hear the substance of a conversation  
 ‘ that is of a very delicate nature—As I know not  
 ‘ what will be the result of my journey abroad, I  
 ‘ should think myself a very *selfish* man, and a very  
 ‘ dishonourable one to *two* Ladies of equal delicacy  
 ‘ and worthiness, if I sought to involve, as I hinted  
 ‘ before, in my own uncertainties, a young Lady  
 ‘ whose prudence and great qualities must make her-  
 ‘ self and *any* man happy, whom she shall favour with  
 ‘ her hand.

‘ To be still more explicit, proceeded he, With  
 ‘ what face could I look up to a woman of honour  
 ‘ and delicacy, such a one as the Lady before whom  
 ‘ I now stand, if I could own a wish, that, while my  
 ‘ honour has laid me under obligation to *one* Lady, if  
 ‘ she shall be permitted to accept of me, I should  
 ‘ presume to hope, that *another*, no less worthy, would  
 ‘ hold her favour for me suspended, till she saw what  
 ‘ would be the issue of the first obligation? No,  
 ‘ madam; I could sooner die, than offer such indig-  
 ‘ nity to BOTH! I am fettered, added he; but Miss  
 ‘ Byron is free: And so is the Lady abroad. My at-  
 ‘ tendance on her at this time, is indispensable; but I  
 ‘ make not any conditions for myself—My reward  
 ‘ will be in the consciousness of having discharged the  
 ‘ obligations that I think myself under, as a man of  
 ‘ honour.’

The countess's voice changed in repeating this speech of his; And she stopt to praise him; and then went on.

You are *THE* man, indeed, Sir!—But then give me leave to ask you, As I think it very likely that you will be married before your return to England, Whether now that you have been so good as to speak favourably of my son, and that you call Miss Byron Sister, you will oblige him with a recommendation to that sister?

‘The Countess of D. shews, by this request, her value for a young Lady who deserves it; and the *more*, for its being, I think (Excuse me, madam) a pretty extraordinary one. But what a presumption would it be in me, to suppose that I had *SUCH* an interest with Miss Byron, when she has relations as worthy of *her*, as she is of *them*?’

You may guess, my dear, said the Countess, that I should not have put this question, but as a trial of his heart. However, I asked his pardon; and told him, that I would not believe he gave it me, except he would promise to mention to Miss Byron, that I had made him a visit on this subject [Methinks, Lucy, I should have been glad that he had not let *me* know that he was so forgiving!].

And now, my dear, said the Lady, let me turn about.—She did; and put one arm round my neck, and with my own handkerchief wiped my eyes, and kissed my cheek; and when she saw me a little recovered, she addressed me as follows:

Now, my good young creature, [O that you would let me call you daughter in my own way! for I think I must always call you so, whether you do, or not] let me ask you, as if I were your real mother, ‘Have you any expectation that Sir Charles Grandison will be yours?’

Dear madam, Is not this as hard a question to be put to me, as that which you put to him?

Yes,

Yes, my dear — full as hard. And I am as ready to ask your pardon, as I was his, if you are really displeas'd with me for putting it. Are you, Miss Byron? Excuse me, Mrs. Reeves, for thus urging your lovely cousin: I am at least entitl'd to the excuse Sir Charles Grandison made for me, that it is a demonstration of my value for her.

I have declar'd, madam, return'd I, and it is from my heart, that I think he ought to be the husband of the Lady abroad: And tho' I prefer him to all the men I ever saw, yet I have resolv'd, if possible, to conquer the particular regard I have for him. He has in a very noble manner offer'd me his friendship, so long as it may be accepted without interfering with any other attachments on my part: And I will be satisfi'd with that.

A friendship so pure, repli'd the Countess, as that of such a man, is consistant with *any other* attachments. My Lord D. will, with his whole Soul, contribute all in his power to strengthen it: He admires Sir Charles Grandison: He would think it a double honour to be acquainted with him through you. Dearest Miss Byron, take another worthy young man into your friendship, but with a tenderer name: I shall then claim a fourth place in it for myself. O my dear! What a quadruple knot will you tie!

Your Ladyship does me too much honour, was all I could just then reply.

I *must* have an answer, my dear: I will not take up with a compliment.

This, then, madam, is my answer—I hope I am an honest creature: I have *not* a heart to give.

Then you have expectations, my dear.—Well, I will call you *mine*, if I *can*. Never did I think that I could have made the proposal, that I am going to make you: But in my eyes, as well as in my Lord's, you are an incomparable young woman.—This is it—We will not think of the alliance propos'd to us (It  
is

is yet *but* a proposal, and to which we have not returned any answer) till we see what turn the affair Sir Charles is gone upon, takes. You once said, you could prefer my son to any of the men that had hitherto applied to you for your favour. Your affections to Sir Charles were engaged before you knew us. Will you allow my son this preference, which will be the *first* preference, if Sir Charles engages himself abroad?

Your Ladyship surprises me: Shall I not improve by the example you have just now set before me? Who was it that said, and a *man* too? 'With what face could I look up to a woman of honour and delicacy, such a one as the Lady before whom I now stand, if I could own a wish, that, while' my heart leaned to one person, I should think of keeping another in suspense till I saw whether I could or could not be the other's?' 'No, madam, I would sooner die,' as Sir Charles said, 'than offer such an indignity to *both*.' But I know, madam, that you only made this proposal, as you did another to Sir Charles Grandison, as a *trial of my heart*.

Upon my word, my dear, I should, I think, be glad to be entitled to such an excuse: But I was really in earnest; and now take a little shame to myself.

What charming ingenuousness in this Lady!

She clasped her arms about me, and kissed my cheek again. I have but one plea to make for myself; I could not have fallen into such an error (the example so recently given to the contrary) had I not wished you to be, before any woman in the world, Countess of D.—Noble creature! No title can give you dignity. May your own wishes be granted!

My cousin's eyes ran over with pleasure.

The Countess asked, When I returned to Northamptonshire? I told her my intention. She charged me to see her first. But I can tell you, said she, my Lord shall not be present when you come: Not once  
more

more will I trust him in your company; and if he should steal a visit, unknown to me, let not your cousin see him, Mrs. Reeves. He does *indeed* admire you, Love, looking at me.

I acknowledged, with a grateful heart, her goodness to me. She engaged me to correspond with her when I got home. Her commands were an honour done me, that I could not refuse myself. Her son, she smilingly told me, should no more see my Letters, than my Person.

At her going away—I will tell you one thing, said she: I never before, in a business which my heart was set upon, was so effectually silenced by a precedent produced by myself in the same conversation. I came with an assurance of success. When our *hearts* are engaged in a hope, we are apt to think every step we take for the promoting it, reasonable: Our passions, my dear, will evermore run away with our judgment. But now I think of it, I must, when I say *our*, make two exceptions; one for you, and one for Sir Charles Grandison.

But, Lucy, tell me—May I, do you think, explain the meaning of the word SELFISH used by Sir Charles in the conclusion of the Library-conference at Colnebrooke (and which puzzled me then to make out) by his disclaiming of *selfishness* in the conversation with the Countess above-recited? If I may, what an opening of his heart does that word give in my favour, were he at liberty? Does it not look, my dear, as if his *Honour* checked him, when his *Love* would have prompted him to wish me to preserve my heart disengaged till his return from abroad? Nor let it be said, that it was dishonourable in him to have such a thought, as it was *checked* and *overcome*; and as it was succeeded by such an emotion, that he was obliged to depart abruptly from me.—Let me repeat the words—You may not have my Letter at hand which relates that affecting address to me; and it is impossible for  
me,

me, while I have memory, to forget them. He had just concluded his brief history of Clementina—‘ And now, madam, what can I say?—Honour forbids me!—Yet honour bids me—Yet I cannot be unjust, ungenerous, *selfish!*’—If I may flatter myself, Lucy, that he did love me when he said this, and that he had a conflict in his noble heart between the Love on one side so *hopeless* (for I could not forgive him, if he did not *love*, as well as *pity*, Clementina), and on the other *not so* *hopeless*, were there to have been no bar between—Shall we not pity him for the arduous struggle? Shall we not see that honour carried it, even in favour of the *hopeless* against the *hopeful*, and applaud him the more for being able to overcome? How shall we call virtue by its name, if it be not tried; and if it hath no contest with inclination?

If I am a vain self-flatterer, tell me, chide me, Lucy; but allow me, however, at the same time, this praise, if I can make good my claim to it, that *my* conquest of my passion is at least as glorious for me, as *his* is for him, were he to love me ever so well; since I can most sincerely, however painfully, subscribe to the preference which Honour, Love, Compassion, unitedly, give to CLEMENTINA.

## L E T T E R XXVI.

*Miss* BYRON. *In Continuation.*

*Monday Night.*

**M**Y cousins and I, by invitation, supp'd with Lady G. this afternoon. Lord and Lady L. were there; Lady Olivia also, and Lady Maffei.

I have set them all into a consternation, as they expressed themselves, by my declaration of leaving London on my return home early on Friday morning next. I knew, that were I to pass the whole summer here, I must be peremptory at last. The two sisters vow,  
that

that I shall not go so soon. They say, that I have seen so few of the town-diversions—Town-diversions, Lucy!—I have had diversion enough, of one sort!—But in your arms, my dear friends, I shall have consolation—And I want it.

I have great regrets, and shall have hourly more, as the day approaches, on the leaving of such dear and obliging friends: But I am determined.

My cousin's coach will convey me to Dunstable; and there, I know, I shall meet with my indulgent uncle, or your brother. I would not have it publicly known, because of the officious gentlemen in the neighbourhood.

Dr. Bartlett intended to set out for Grandison-hall to-morrow: But from the natural kindness of his heart he has suspended his journey to Thursday next. No consideration, therefore, shall detain me, if I am well.

My cousins are grieved: They did not expect that I would be a word and a blow, as they phrase it.

Lady Olivia expressed herself concerned, that she, in particular, was to lose me. She had proposed great pleasure, she said, in the parties she should make in my company. But, after what Emily told me, she appears to me as a Medusa; and were I to be thought by her a formidable rival, I might have as much reason to be afraid of the potion, as the man she loves of the poniard. Emily has kept the secret from every-body but me. And I rely on the inviolable secrecy of all you, my friends.

Lord and Lady L. had designed to go to Colnebrooke to-morrow, or at my day, having hopes of getting me with them: But now, they say, they will stay in town till they can see whether I am to be prevailed upon, or will be *obdurate*.

Lady Olivia enquired after the distance of Northamptonshire. She will make the tour of England, she says, and visit me there. I was obliged to say I should take her visit as an honour.

Wicked Politeness ! Of how many falsehoods dost thou make the people, who are called *polite*, guilty !

But there is one man in the world, who is remarkable for his truth, yet is unquestionably polite. He censures not others for complying with fashions established by custom ; but he gives not in to them. He never perverts the meaning of words. He never, for instance, suffers his servants to deny him, when he is at home. If he is busy, he just finds time to say he is, to unexpected visitors ; and if they will stay, he turns them over to his Sisters, to Dr. Bartlett, to Emily, till he can attend them. But then he has *always* done so. Every one knows that he lives to his own heart, and they *expect* it of him ; and when they *can* have his company, they have double joy in the ease and cheerfulness that attend his leisure : They then have him *wholly*. And he can be the more polite, as the company then is all his business.

Sir Charles might the better do so, as he came over so few months ago, after so long an absence ; and his reputation for politeness was so well established, that people rather looked for rules from him, than a conformity to theirs.

His denials of complimenting Lady Olivia (tho' she was but just arrived in his native country, where she never was before) with the suspending of his departure for one week, or but for one day—Who but he could have given them ? But he was convinced, that it was right to hasten away, for the sake of Clementina and his Jeronymo ; and that it would have been wrong to shew Olivia, even for her *own* sake, that in *such* a competition she had consequence with him ; and all her entreaties, all her menaces, the detested poniard in her hand, could not shake his steady soul, and make him delay his well-settled purpose.



## LETTER XXVII.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.**Tuesday Morning, April 18.*

**T**HIS naughty Lady G. — She is excessively to blame. Lord L. is out of patience with her. So is Lady L. Emily says, she loves her dearly; but she does not love her ways. Lord G. as Emily tells me, talks of coming to me; the cause of quarrel supposed to be not great: But trifles, insisted upon, make frequently the widest breaches. Whatever it be, it is between themselves; and neither cares to tell: But Lord and Lady L. are angry with her, for the ludicrous manner in which she treats him.

The misunderstanding happened after my cousin and I left them last night. I was not in spirits, and declined staying to cards. Lady Olivia and her aunt went away at the same time. Whist was the game. Lord and Lady L. Dr. Bartlett and Emily, were cast in. In the midst of their play, Lady G. came hurrying down stairs to them, warbling an air: Lord G. followed her, much disturbed. Madam, I must tell you, said he — Why MUST, my Lord? I don't bid you.

Sit still, child, said she to Emily; and took her seat behind her — Who wins? Who loses?

Lord G. walked about the room — Lord and Lady L. were unwilling to take notice, hoping it would go off; for there had been a few livelinesses on her side at dinner-time, tho' all was serene at supper.

Dr. Bartlett offered her his cards. She refused them — No, doctor, said she, I will play my own cards: I shall have enough to do to play *them* well.

As you manage it, so you will, madam, said Lord G.

Don't expose yourself, my Lord: We are before company. Lady L. you have nothing but trumps in your hand.

Let

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Let me say a word or two to you, madam, said Lord G. to her.

I am all obedience, my Lord.

She arose. He would have taken her hand: She put it behind her.

Not your *hand*, madam?

I can't spare it.

He flung from her, and went out of the room.

Lord bless me, said she, returning to the card-table with a gay unconcern, What strange passionate creatures are these men!

Charlotte, said Lady L. I *wonder* at you.

Then I give you joy—

What do you mean, sister?—

We women love wonder, and the wonder-ful!

Surely, Lady G. said Lord L. you are wrong.

I give your Lordship joy, too.

On what?

That my sister is always right.

Indeed, madam, were I Lord G. I should have no patience.

A good hint for you, Lady L. I hope you will take this for a warning, and be good.

When I behave as you do, Charlotte—

I understand you, Lady L. you need not speak out—Every one in their way.

You would not behave thus, were my brother—

Perhaps not.

Dear Charlotte, you are excessively wrong.

So I think, returned she.

Why then do you not—

Mend, Lady L.? All in good time.

Her woman came in with a message, expressing her Lord's desire to see her.—'The duce is in these men! They will neither be satisfied with us, nor without us. But I am all obedience: No *vow* will I break—And out she went.

Lord G. not returning presently, and Lord and  
Lady

Lady L.'s chariot being come, they both took this opportunity, in order to shew their displeasure, to go away without taking leave of their sister. Dr. Bartlett retired to his apartment. And when Lady G. came down, she was surpris'd, and a little vexed, to find only Emily there. Lord G. came in at another door—Upon my word, my Lord, this is strange behaviour in you: You fright away, with your husband-like airs, all one's company.

Good God!—I am astonish'd at you, madam.

What *signifies* your astonishment?—when you have scared every-body out of the house.

I, madam!

You, Sir! Yes, You!—Did you not lord it over me in my dressing-room?—To be easy and quiet, Did I not fly to our company in the drawing-room? Did you not follow me there—with looks—Very pretty looks for a new-married man, I assure you! Then did you not want to take me aside—Would not anybody have supposed it was to express your sorrow for your odd behaviour? Was I not all obedience?—Did you not, with very *mannish* airs, slight me for my compliance, and fly out of the room? All the company could witness the calmness with which I returned to them, that they might not be grieved for me; nor think our misunderstanding a deep one. Well, then, when your stomach came down, as I supposed, you sent for me out: No doubt, thought I, to express his concern now.—I was all obedience again.

And did I not beseech you, madam—

*Beseech* me, my Lord!—Yes—But with such looks!—I married, Sir, let me tell you, a man with another face—See, see, Emily—He is gone again.—

My Lord flew out of the room in a rage—O these men, my dear! said she to Emily.

I know, said Emily, what I could have answered, if I dared: But it is ill meddling, as I have heard say, between man and wife.

Emily

Emily says, the quarrel was not made up; but was carried higher still in the morning.

She had but just finished her tale, when the following billet was brought me, from Lady G.

*Harriet,*

*Tuesday Morning.*

[F you love me, if you pity me, come hither this instant: I have great need of your counsel. I am resolved to be unmarried; and therefore subscribe myself by the beloved name of

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON.

I instantly dispatched the following:

Know no such person as Charlotte Grandison. I love Lady G. but can pity only her Lord. I will not come near you. I have no counsel to give you, but that you will not jest away your own happiness.

HARRIET BYRON.

In half an hour after, came a servant from Lady G. with the following Letter:

O, then, I have made a blessed hand of wedlock. My brother gone: My man excessive unruly: Lord and Lady L. on his side, without enquiring into merits, or demerits: Lectured by Dr. Bartlett's grave: Emily standing aloof; her finger in her eye: And now my Harriet renouncing me: And all in one week!

What can I do?—War seems to be declared: And will you not turn mediatrix?—You won't, you say. Let it alone. Nevertheless, I will lay the whole matter before you.

It was last night, the week from the wedding-day completed, that Lord G. thought fit to break into retirement without my leave.—By the way, he was

a little impertinent at dinner-time; but that I passed over.—

What boldness is this, said I!—Pray, Sir, begone—Why leave you your company below?

I come, my dearest life, to make a request to you.

The man began with civility enough, had he had a little less of his odious rapture; for he flung his arms about me, Jenny in presence. A husband's fondness is enough to ruin these girls. Don't you think, Harriet, that there is an immorality in it, before them?

I refuse your request, be it what it will. How dare you invade me in my retirement?—You may believe, that I intended not to stay long above, my sister below. Does the ceremony, so lately past, authorize want of breeding?

Want of breeding, madam!—And he did so stare!

Leave me, this instant—I looked good-natured, I suppose, in my anger; for he declared he would not; and again throwing his arms about me as I sat, joined his sharp face to mine, and presumed to kiss me; Jenny still in the room.

Now, Harriet, you never will desert me in a point of delicacy, I am sure. You cannot defend these odious freedoms in a matrimony so young, unless you would be willing to be served so yourself.

You may suppose, that then I let loose my indignation upon him. And he stole out, daring to mutter, and be displeased. The word *devil* was in his mouth.

Did he call *me* devil, Jenny?

No, indeed, madam, said the wench—And, Harriet, see the ill example of such a free behaviour before her: She presumed to prate in favour of the man's fit of fondness; yet, at other times, is a prude of a girl.

Before my anger was gone down, in again [It is truth, Harriet] came the bold wretch. I will not, said

said he, as you are not *particularly* employed, leave you—Upon my soul, madam, you don't use me well. But if you will oblige me with your company to-morrow morning—

No-where, Sir—

Only to breakfast with Miss Byron, my *dear*—As mark of your obligingness, I request it.

His dear!—Now I hate a hypocrite, of all things. I knew that he had a design to make a shew of his side, as his property, at another place; and seeing me angry, thought he would name a visit agreeable to me, and which at the same time would give him a merit with you, and preserve to himself the consequence of being obliged by his obedient wife, at the word of authority.

From this foolish beginning arose our mighty quarrel. What vexed me was, the *art* of the man, and the evident design he had to get you of his side. He, in the course of it, threatened me with appealing to you.—To intend to ruin me in the Love of my dearest friend! Who, that valued that friend, could forgive it? You may believe, that if he had not proposed it, and for such accumulated offences, it was the very visit that I should have been delighted with.

Indeed, Sir—Upon my word, my Lord— I do not love you, Sir,—with a moderate degree of haughtiness—was what the quarrel arose to, on my side—And, I set, to a declaration of rebellion—I *won't*.

On his side, Upon my soul, madam—Let me persuade you, if—and then hesitating—You use me ill, madam. I have not deserved—And give me leave to say—I do not love you upon being obliged, madam.

There was no bearing of this, Harriet.—It was a fine evening; but I took up my fan—Hey-day! said I—What language is this?—You *insist upon it*, my dear!—I think I am married; Am I not?—And I have my watch, Half an hour after ten on Monday—~~the~~—What day of the month is this?—Please

the Lord, I will note down this beginning moment of your authoritative demeanour.

My dear Lady G. [The wretch called me by his own name, perhaps farther to insult me] if I could bear this treatment, it is impossible for me to love you as I do.

So it is in *Love* to me, that you are to put on already all the husband!—Jenny! [Do you see, my Lord, affecting a whisper, how you dash the poor wench? How like a fool she looks at our folly!] Remember, Jenny, that to-morrow morning you carry my wedding-suits to Mrs. Arnold; and tell her, she has forgot the hanging-sleeves to the gowns. Let her put them on out of hand.

I was proceeding—But he rudely, gravely, and even with an air of scorn [There was no bearing *that*, you know] admonished me; A little less wit, madam, and a little more discretion, would perhaps better become you.

This was too *true* to be forgiven. *You'll* say it, Harriet, if *I* don't. And to come from a man that was not overburdened with either—But I had too great a command of myself to say so. My dependence, my Lord [This I did say] is upon your *judgment*: That will always be a balance to my *wit*; and, with the assistance of your *reproving Love*, will in time teach me *discretion*.

Now, my dear, was not this a high compliment to him? Ought he not to have taken it as such? Especially as I looked grave, and dropt him a very fine courtesy. But either his conscience or his ill-nature (perhaps you'll say both) made him take it as a reflexion [True as you are alive, Harriet!]. He bit his lip. Jenny, begone, said he—Jenny, don't go, said I.—Jenny knew not which to obey. Upon my word, Harriet, I began to think the man would have cuff'd me.—And while he was in his airs of mock-majesty, I stept to the door, and whipt down to my company.

As

As married people are not to expose themselves to their friends (who I once heard you sagely remark, would remember disagreeable things, when the honest pair had forgot them) I was determined to be prudent. You would have been charmed with me, my dear, for my discretion. I will cheat by-standers, thought I; I will make my Lord and Lady L. Dr. Bartlett, and Emily, whom I had before set in at cards, think we are egregiously happy—And down I sat, intending, with a lamblike peaceableness, to make observations on the play. But soon after, in whipt my indiscreet Lord, his colour heightened, his features working: And tho' I cautioned him not to expose himself, yet he assumed airs that were the occasion, as you shall hear, of frightening away my company. He withdrew, *in consequence of those airs*; and, after a little while (repenting, as I hoped) he sent for me out. Some wives would have played the queen Vashti on their tyrant, and refused to go: But I, all obedience (my vow, so recently made, in my head) obeyed, at the very first word: Yet you must think that I (meek as I am naturally) could not help recriminating. He was too ordly to be expostulated with. — There was, 'I tell you, madam,' and 'I won't be told, Sir;' and when I broke from the passionate creature, and hoped to find my company, behold! they were all gone! None but Emily left. And thus might poor Lady L. be sent home, weeping, perhaps, for such an early marriage-tyranny exerted on her meek sister.

Well, and don't you think that we looked like a couple of fools at each other, when we saw ourselves left alone, as I may say, to fight it out? I did expostulate with him as mildly as I could: He would have made it up with me afterwards; but, no! there was no doing that, as a girl of your nice notions may believe, after he had, by his violent airs, exposed us both before so many witnesses. In *decency*, therefore, I was obliged to keep it up: And now our misunderstanding



blazes, and is at such a comfortable height, that if we meet by accident, we run away from each other by design. We have already made two breakfast-tables: Yet I am meek; he is sullen: I make courtesies; he returns not bows.—Sullen creature, and a rustic!—I go to my harpsichord; melody enrages him. He is worse than Saul; for Saul could be gloomily pleased with the music even of the man he hated.

I would have got *you* to come to us: That I thought was *tending* to a compliance; for it would have been condescending *too much*, as he is so very perverse, if I had accompanied him to you. He has a great mind to appeal to you; but I have half rallied him out of his purpose. I sent to you. What answer did you return me!—Cruel Harriet! to deny your requested mediation in a difference that has arisen between man and wife.—But let the fire glow. If it spares the house, and only blazes in the chimney, I can bear it.

Cross creature, adieu! If you know not such a woman as *Grandison*, Heaven grant that I *may*; and that my wishes may be answered as to the *person*; and then I will not know a *Byron*.

See, Lucy, how high this dear flighty creature bribes! But I will not be influenced, by her bribery, to take her part.

## L E T T E R XXVIII.

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation.*

*Tuesday Night.*

I AM just returned from St. James's Square. But, first, I should tell you, that I had a visit from Lady Olivia and Lady Maffei. Our conversation was in Italian and French. Lady Olivia and I had a quarter of an hour's discourse in private: You may  
guess

guess at our subject. She is not without that tenderness of heart which is the indispensable characteristic of a woman. She lamented the violence of her temper, in a manner so affecting, that I cannot help pitying her, tho' at the instant I had in my head a certain attempt that makes me shudder whenever I think of it. She regrets my going to Northamptonshire so soon. I have promised to return her visit tomorrow in the afternoon.

She sets out on Friday next for Oxford. She wished I could accompany her. She resolves to see all that is worth seeing in the western circuit, as I may call it. She observes, she says, that Sir Charles Grandison's sisters, and their Lords, are very particularly engaged at present; and are in expectation of a call to Windsor, to attend Lord W's nuptials: She will therefore, having attendants enough, and two men of consideration in her train, one of whom is not unacquainted with England, take cursory tours over the kingdom; having a taste for travelling, and finding it a great relief to her spirits: And when Lady L. and Lady G. are more disengaged, will review the seats and places which she shall think worthy of a second visit, in their company.

She professed to like the people here, and the face of the country; and talked favourably of the religion of it: But, poor woman! she likes all those the better, I doubt not, for the sake of one Englishman. Love, Lucy, gilds every object which bears a relation to the person beloved.

Lady Maffei was very free in blaming her niece for this excursion. She took her chiding patiently; but yet, like a person that thought it too much in her power to gratify the person blaming her, to pay much regard to what she said.

I took a chair to Lady G's. Emily ran to meet me in the hall. She threw her arms about me: I rejoice you are come, said she. Did you not meet

the house in the square?—What means my Emily?—Why, it has been flung out of the windows, as the saying is. Ah madam! we are all to pieces. One *so* careless, the other *so* passionate!—But, hush! Here comes Lady G.—

Take, Lucy, in the dialogue-way, particulars.

*Lady G.* Then you are come, at last, Harriet. You wrote, that you would not come near me.

*Harriet.* I did; but I could not stay away. Ah, Lady G. you will destroy your own happiness!

*Lady G.* So you wrote. Not one word, on the subject you hint at, that you have ever said or written before. I hate repetitions, child.

*Harriet.* Then I must be silent upon it.

*Lady G.* Not of necessity. You can say new things upon old subjects.—But hush! Here comes the man.—She ran to her harpsichord—Is this it, Harriet? and touched the keys—repeating

*Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
Soon she sooth'd—*

*Enter Lord G.*

*Lord G.* Miss Byron, I am your most obedient servant. The sight of you rejoices my soul.—Madam (to his Lady) you have not been long enough together to begin a tune. I know what this is for—

*Lady G.* Harmony! harmony! is a charming thing! But I, poor I! know not any but what this simple instrument affords me.

*Lord G. lifting up his hands.* Harmony, madam! God is my witness—But I will lay every-thing before Miss Byron.

*Lady G.* You need not, my Lord: She knows as much as she can know, already; except the fine colourings be added to the woeful tale, that your unbridled spirit can give it.—Have you my long Letter about you, Harriet?

*Lord G.* And could you, madam, have the heart  
to write — *Lady*

*Lady G.* Why, my Lord, do you mince the matter? For *Heart*, read *Courage*. You may speak as plain in Miss Byron's presence, as you did before she came: I know what you mean.

*Lord G.* Let it be *Courage*, then.

*Harriet.* Fie, fie, Lord G. Fie, fie, Lady G. What lengths do you run! If I understand the matter right, you have both, like children, been at play, till you have fallen out.

*Lord G.* If, Miss Byron, you know the truth, and can blame me—

*Harriet.* I blame you only, my Lord, for being in passion. You see, my Lady is serene: She keeps her temper: She looks as if she wanted to be friends with you.

*Lord G.* O that cursed serenity!—When my soul torn by a whirlwind—

*Lady G.* A good tragedy rant!—But, Harriet, you are mistaken: My Lord G. is a very passionate man. So humble, so—what shall I call it? before marriage—Did not the man see what a creature I was?—To bear with me, when he had no obligation to me; and not now, when he has the highest—A veritable sinking!—O Harriet! Harriet! Never, never cry!

*Harriet.* Dear Lady G. you know in your own heart you are wrong—*Indeed* you are wrong—

*Lord G.* God for ever reward you, madam!—I tell you how it began—

*Lady G.* 'Began!' She knows that already, I tell my Lord. But what has passed within these hours, she knows not: You may entertain her with that, if you please.—It was just about the time of day is a week, that we were all together, mightily comfortably, at St. George's, Hanover-Square—

*Lord G.* Every tittle of what you promised there, madam—

*Lady G.* And I, my Lord, could be your echo in

this, were I not resolved to keep my temper, as you cannot but say I have done, all along.

*Lord G.* You could not, madam, if you did not despise me.

*Lady G.* You are wrong, my Lord, to think so: But you don't believe yourself: If you did, the pride of your heart ought not to permit you to own it.

*Lord G.* Miss Byron, give me leave—

*Lady G.* Lord bless me! that people are so fond of exposing themselves! Had you taken my advice, when you pursued me out of my dressing-room into company—My Lord, said I, as mildly as I now speak, *Don't expose yourself.* But he was not at all the wiser for my advice.

*Lord G.* Miss Byron, you see—But I had not come down but to make my compliments to you. He bowed, and was about to withdraw.

I took him by the sleeve—My Lord, you must not go. *Lady G.* if your own heart justifies you for your part in this misunderstanding, say so; I challenge you to say so.—She was silent.

*Harriet.* If otherwise, own your fault, promise amendment—Ask excuse.

*Lady G.* Hey-day!

*Harriet.* And my Lord will ask yours, for mistaking you.—For being too easily provoked—

*Lord G.* Too easily, madam—

*Harriet.* What generous man would not smile at the foibles of a woman whose heart is only gay with prosperity and lively youth; but has not the least malice in it? Has not she made choice of your Lordship in preference of any other man? She raillies every one; she can't help it: She is to blame.—Indeed, *Lady G.* you are. Your brother felt your edge; he once smarted by it, and was angry with you.—But afterwards, observing that it was her way, my Lord; that it was a kind of constitutional gaiety of heart, and exercised on those she loved best; he forgave, raillied

raillied her again, and turned her own weapons upon her; and every one in company was delighted with the spirit of *both*.—You love her, my Lord.—

*Lord G.* Never man more loved a woman. I am not an ill-natured man—

*Lady G.* But a captious, a passionate one, Lord G.—Who'd have thought it?

*Lord G.* Never was there, my dear Miss Byron, such a strangely-aggravating creature! She could not be so, if she did not despise me.

*Lady G.* Fiddle-faddle, silly man! And so you said before. If you thought so, you take the way (don't you?) to mend the matter, by dancing and capering about, and putting yourself into all manner of disagreeable attitudes; and even sometimes being ready to foam at the mouth?—I told him, Miss Byron, There he stands, let him deny it, if he can; that I married a man with another face. Would not any other man have taken this for a compliment to his natural undistorted face, and instantly have pulled off the ugly mask of passion, and shewn his own?—

*Lord G.* You see, you see, the air, Miss Byron!—How ludicrously does she now, even now—

*Lady G.* See, Miss Byron!—How captious!—  
*Lord G.* ought to have a termagant wife: One who could return rage for rage. Meekness is *my* crime.—I cannot be put out of temper.—Meekness was never before attributed to woman as a fault.

*Lord G.* Good God!—Meekness!—Good God!

*Lady G.* But, Harriet, do you judge on which side the grievance lies.—*Lord G.* presents me with a face for his, that I never saw him wear before marriage: He has cheated me, therefore. I shew him the same face that I ever wore, and treat him pretty much in the same manner (or I am mistaken) that I ever did: And what reason can he give, that will not demonstrate him to be the most ungrateful of men, for the airs he gives himself? Airs that he would not have

presumed to put on eight days ago. Who then, Harriet, has reason to complain of grievance; my Lord, or I?

*Lord G.* You see, Miss Byron — Can there be any arguing with a woman who knows herself to be in jest, in all she says?

*Harriet.* Why then, my Lord, make a jest of it. What will not bear an argument, will not be worth one's anger.

*Lord G.* I leave it to Miss Byron, Lady G. to decide between us, as she pleases.

*Lady G.* You'd better leave it to me, Sir.

*Harriet.* Do, my Lord.

*Lord G.* Well, madam! — And what is your decree?

*Lady G.* You, Miss Byron, had best be Lady Chancellor, after all. I should not bear to have my decree disputed, after it is pronounced.

*Harriet.* If I must, my decree is this: — You, Lady G. shall own yourself in fault; and promise amendment. My Lord shall forgive you; and promise that he will, for the future, endeavour to distinguish between your good and your ill-nature: That he will sit down to jest with your jest, and never be disturbed at what you say, when he sees it accompanied with that archness of eye and lip which you put on to your brother, and to every one whom you best love, when you are disposed to be teasingly facetious.

*Lady G.* Why, Harriet, you have given Lord G. a clue to find me out, and spoil all my sport.

*Harriet.* What say you, my Lord?

*Lord G.* Will Lady G. own herself in fault, as you propose?

*Lady G.* Odious recrimination! — I leave you together. I never was in fault in my life. Am I not a woman? If my Lord will ask pardon for his froppishness, as we say of children —

She stopt, and pretended to be going—

*Harriet.* That my Lord shall *not* do, Charlotte. You have carried the jest too far already. My Lord shall preserve his dignity for his *wife's* sake. My Lord, you will not permit Lady G. to leave us, however?

He took her hand, and pressed it with his lips: For God's sake, madam, let us be happy: It is in your power to make us both so: It ever *shall* be in your power. If I have been in fault, impute it to my Love. I cannot bear your contempt; and I never will deserve it.

*Lady G.* Why could not this have been said some hours ago?—Why, slighting my early caution, would you *expose* yourself?

I took her aside. Be generous, Lady G. Let not your *husband* be the only person to whom you are not so.

*Lady G. (whispering)* Our quarrel has not run half its length. If we make up here, we shall make up clumsily. One of the silliest things in the world is, a quarrel that ends not, as a coachman after a journey comes in, with a spirit. We shall certainly renew it.

*Harriet.* Take the caution you gave to my Lord: Don't *expose* yourself. And another; That you cannot more effectually do so, than by exposing your husband. I am more than half-ashamed of you. You are not the Charlotte I once thought you were. Let me see, if you have any regard to my good opinion of you, that you can own an error with some grace.

*Lady G.* I am a meek, humble, docible creature. She turned to me, and made me a rustic courtesy, her hands before her: I'll try for it; tell me, if I am right. Then stepping towards my Lord, who was with his back to us looking out at the window—and he turning about to her bowing—My Lord, said she, Miss Byron has been telling me more than I knew before of my duty. She proposes herself one day to  
make



make a wonderful obedient wife. It would have been well for you, perhaps, had I had *her* example to walk by. She seems to say, that, now I am married, I must be grave, sage, and passive: That *smiles* will hardly become me: That I must be prim and formal, and reverence my husband.—If you think this behaviour will become a married woman, and expect it from me, pray, my Lord, put me right by your *frowns*, whenever I shall be wrong. For the future, if I ever find myself disposed to be very light-hearted, I will ask your leave before I give way to it. And now, what is next to be done? humorously courtesying, her hands before her.

He clasped her in his arms: Dear provoking creature! This, this is next to be done—I ask you but to love me half as much as I love you, and I shall be the happiest man on earth.

My Lord, said I, you ruin all by this condescension on a speech and air so ungracious. If this is all you get by it, never, never, my Lord, fall out again. O Charlotte! If you are not generous, you come off much, *much* too easily.

Well now, my Lord, said she, holding out her hand, as if threatening me, let you and me, man and wife like, join against the interposer in our quarrels.—Harriet, I will not forgive you, for this last part of your lecture.

And thus was this idle quarrel made up. All that vexes me on the occasion is, that it was not made up with dignity on my Lord's part. His honest heart so overflowed with joy at his lips, that the naughty creature, by her arch leers, every now-and-then, shewed, that she was sensible of her consequence to his happiness. But, Lucy, don't let her sink *too* low in your esteem: She has many fine qualities.

They prevailed on me to stay supper. Emily rejoiced in the reconciliation: Her heart was, as I may say, visible in her joy. *Can I love her better than I do?*

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do? If I *could*, she would, every time I see her, give me reason for it.

## L E T T E R XXIX.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.*

*Wedn. Noon, Apr. 19.*

**I**T would puzzle you to guess at a visiter I had this morning.—Honest Mr. Fowler. I was very glad to see him. He brought me a Letter from his worthy uncle. Good Sir Rowland! I had a joy that I thought I should not have had while I stay'd in London, on its being put into my hand, tho' the contents gave me sensible pain. I inclose it. It is dated from Caermarthen. Be pleas'd to read it here.

*Caermarthen, April 11.*

**H**OW shall I, in fit manner, inscribe my Letter to the loveliest of women! I don't mean *because* of your loveliness; but whether as *daughter* or not, as you did me the honour to call yourself. Really, and truly, I must say, that I had rather call you by *another* name, tho' a little more remote as to consanguinity. Lord have mercy upon me, how have I talked of you! How many of our fine Caermarthen girls have I fill'd with envy of your peerless perfections!

Here am I settled to my heart's content, could I but obtain — You know whom I mean.—A town of gentry: A fine country round us—A fine estate of our own. Esteemed, nay, for that matter, *beloved*, by all our neighbours and tenants. Who so happy as Rowland Meredith, if his poor boy could be happy!—Ah, madam!—And can't it be so? I am *afraid* of asking. Yet I understand, that, notwithstanding all the Jack-a-dandies that have been fluttering about you, you are what you were when I left town. Some whispers have  
gon

gone out of a fine gentleman, indeed, who had a great kindness for you; but yet that something was in the way between you. The Lord bless and prosper my dear *daughter*, as I must then call you, and not *niece*, if you have any kindness for him. And if as how you have, it would be wonderfully gracious if you would but give half a hint of it to my nephew, or if so be you will not to him, to me, your *father* you know, under your own precious hand. The Lord be good unto me! But I shall never see the She that will strike my fancy, as you have done. But what a dreadful thing would it be, if you, who are so much courted and admired by many fine gallants, should at last be taken with a man who could not be yours! God forbid that such a disastrous thing should happen! I profess to you, madam, that a tear or two have strayed down my cheeks at the thoughts of it. For why? Because you play'd no tricks with any man: You never were a coquet, as they call 'em. You dealt plainly, sincerely, and tenderly too, to all men; of which my nephew and I can bear witness.

Well, but what now is the end of my writing?—Lord love you, cannot, cannot you at last give comfort to two honest hearts? Honester you never knew! And yet, if you could, I dare say you would. Well, then, and if you can't, we must sit down as contented as we can; that's all we have for it.—But, poor young man! Look at him, if you read this before him. *Strangely* altered! Poor young man!—And if as how you cannot, why then, God bless my *daughter*; that's all. And I do assure you, that you have our prayers every Lord's day, from the bottom of our hearts.

And now, if you will keep a secret, I will tell it you; and yet, when I began, I did not intend it: The poor youth must not know it. It is done in the singleness of our hearts; and if you think we mean to gain your Love for us by it, I do assure you, that you wrong us.—My nephew declares, that he never will  
 marry,

marry, if it be not *Somebody*: And he has made his will, and so have I his uncle; and, let me tell you, that if as how I cannot have a *niece*, my *daughter* shall be the better for having known, and treated as kindly, as power was lent her,

*Her true Friend, loving Father,*

*and obedient Servant,*

ROWLAND MEREDITH.

Love and Service to Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, and all friends who enquire after me. Farewel. God bless you! Amen.

Have you, could you, Lucy, read this Letter with dry eyes? Generous, worthy, honest men! I read but half way before Mr. Fowler—Glad I was, that I read no further. I should not have been able to have kept his uncle's secret, if I had; had it been but to disclaim the acceptance of the generous purpose. The carrying it into effect would exceedingly distress me, besides the pain the demise of the honest man would give me; and the more, as I bespoke the fatherly relation from him myself. If such a thing were to be, Sir Charles Grandison's generosity to the Danbys should be my example.

Do you know, Mr. Fowler, said I, the contents of the Letter you have put into my hand?

No farther than that my uncle told me, it contained professions of fatherly love; and with *wishes* only—But without so much as expressing his *hopes*.

Sir Rowland is a good man, said I: I have not read above half his Letter. There seems to be too much of the *father* in it, for me to read further, before my *brother*. God bless my *brother* Fowler, and reward the *fatherly* love of Sir Rowland to his *daughter* Byron! I must write to him.

Mr. Fowler, poor man! profoundly sighed; bowed; with *such* a look of respectful acquiescence—Bless me,

me, my dear, how am I to be distressed on all sides! by *good* men too; as Sir Charles could say by good women.

Is there nothing less than giving myself to either, that I can do to shew Mr. Orme and Mr. Fowler my true value for them?

Poor Mr. Fowler!—Indeed he looks to be, as Sir Rowland hints, not well.—Such a modest, such an humble, such a silent Lover!—He cost me tears at parting: I could not hide them. He heaped praises and blessings upon me, and hurried away at last, to hide his emotion, with a sentence unfinished—God preserve you, dear and worthy Sir! was all I could *try* to say. The last words stuck in my throat, till he was out of hearing; and then I prayed for blessings upon him and his uncle: And repeated them, with fresh tears, on reading the rest of the affecting Letter.

Mr. Fowler told Mr. Reeves, before I saw him, that he is to go to Caermarthen for the benefit of his native air, in a week. He let him know where he lodged in town. He had been riding for his health and diversion about the country, ever since his uncle went; and has not been yet at Caermarthen.

I wish Mr. Fowler had once, if *but* once, called me *sister*: It would have been such a *kind* acquiescence, as would have given me some little pleasure on recollection. Methinks I don't know how to have done writing of Sir Rowland and Mr. Fowler.

I sat down, however, while the uncle and nephew filled my thoughts, and wrote to the former. I have enclosed the copy of my Letter. Adieu, my Lucy.

L E T T E R XXX.

Miss BYRON, To Sir ROWLAND MEREDITH.

Wedn. Apr. 19.

IT was with great pleasure that I received, this day, the kindest Letter that ever was written by a real Father to his dearest Child. I was resolved that I would not go to rest till I had acknowledged the favour.

How sweet is the name of *father* to a young person who, out of near one-and-twenty years of life, has for more than half the time been bereaved of hers; and who was also one of the best of men!

You gave me an additional pleasure in causing this remembrance of your promised paternal goodness to be given me by Mr. Fowler in person. Till I knew you and him, I had no father, no brother.

How good you are in your apprehensions that there may be a man on whom your daughter has cast her eye, and who cannot look upon *her* with the same distinction—O that I had been near you when you wrote that sweetly-compassionating, that indulgent passage! I would have wiped the tears from your eyes myself, and revered you as my true father.

You demand of me, as my father, a hint, or half a hint, as you call it, to be given to my brother Fowler; or if not to him, to you. To him, whom I call father, I *mean* all the duty of a child. I call him not father *nominally* only: I will, irksome as the subject is, own, without reserve, the truth to you (In tenderness to my brother, how could I to him?)—There is a man whom, and whom only, I could love as a good wife ought to love her husband. He is the best of men. O my good Sir Rowland Meredith! if you knew him, you would love him yourself, and own him for your son. I will not conceal his name from  
my

my Father: Sir Charles Grandison is the man. Enquire about him. His character will rise upon you from every mouth. He engaged first all your daughter's gratitude, by rescuing her from a great danger and oppression; for he is as brave as he is good: And how could she help suffering a tenderness to spring up from her gratitude, of which she was never before sensible to any man in the world? There *is* something in the way, my good Sir; but not that proceeds from his slights or contempts. Your daughter could not live, if it were so. A glorious creature is in the way! who has suffered for him, who *does* suffer for him: He ought to be hers, and only hers; and if she can be recovered from a fearful malady that has seized her mind, he probably will. My daily prayers are, that God will restore her!

But yet, my dear Sir, my Friend, my Father! my esteem for this noblest of men is of such a nature, that I cannot give my hand to any other: My Father Meredith would not wish me to give a hand without a heart.

This, Sir, is the case. Let it, I beseech you, rest within your own breast, and my brother Fowler's. How few minds are there delicate and candid enough to see circumstances of this kind in the light they ought to appear in! And pray for me, my good Sir Rowland; not that the way may be smoothed to what once would have crowned my wishes as to this life; but that Sir Charles Grandison may be happy with the Lady that is, and ought to be, dearest to his heart; and that your daughter may be enabled to rejoice in their felicity. What, my good Sir, is this span of life, that a passenger through it should seek to overturn the interests of others to establish her own? And can the single life be a grievance? Can it be destitute of the noblest tendernesses? No, Sir. You that have lived to an advanced age, in a fair fame, surrounded with comforts, and as tender to a worthy nephew, as  
the

the most indulgent father could be to the worthiest of sons, can testify for me, that it is not.

But now, Sir, one word—I disclaim, but yet in all thankfulness, the acceptance of the favour signified to be intended me in the latter part of the paternal Letter before me. Our acquaintance began with a hope, on your side, that I could not encourage. As I could not, Shall I accept of the benefit from you, to which I could only have been entitled (and that as I had behaved) had I been able to oblige you?—No, Sir! I will not, in this case, be benefited, when I cannot benefit. Put me not therefore, I beseech you, Sir, if such an event (deplored by me, as it would be!) should happen, upon the necessity of enquiring after your other relations and friends. Sir Rowland Meredith my Father, and Mr. Fowler my Brother, are all to me of the family they distinguish by their relation, that I know at present. Let me not be made known to the rest by a distinction that would be unjust to them, and to yourself, as it must deprive you of the grace of obliging those who have more than a stranger's claim; and must, in the event, lay them under the appearance of an obligation to that stranger for doing them common justice.

I use the word *stranger* with reference to those of your family and friends to whom I must really appear in that light. But, laying these considerations aside, in which I am determined not to interfere with *them*, I am, with the tenderest regard, dear and good Sir,

*Your ever-dutiful and*

*affectionate Daughter,*

HARRIET BYRON.



## LETTER XXXI.

*Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.**Wedn. April 19.*

I Shall dispatch this by your Gibson early in the morning. It was kind in you to bid him call, in his way down; for now I shall be almost sure of meeting (if not my uncle) your brother, and who knows, but my Lucy herself, at Dunstable? Where, barring accidents, I shall be on Friday night.

You will see some of the worthiest people in the world, my dear, if you come, all prepared to love you; but let not any-body be put to inconvenience to meet me at Dunstable. My noble friends here will proceed with me to Stratford, or even to Northampton, they say; but they will see me safe in the protection of Somebody I love, and whom they must love for my sake.

I don't wonder that Sir Charles Grandison loves Mr. Beauchamp: He is a very worthy and sensible man. He, as every-body else, idolizes Sir Charles. It is some pleasure to me, Lucy, that I stand high in his esteem. To be respected by the worthy, is one of the greatest felicities in this life; for it is to be ranked as one of them. Sir Harry and his Lady are come to town. All, it seems, is harmony in that family. They cannot bear Mr. Beauchamp's absence from them for three days together. All the neighbouring gentlemen are in love with him. His manners are so gentle; his temper so even; so desirous to oblige; so genteel in his person; so pleasing in his address; he must undoubtedly make a good woman very happy.

But Emily, poor girl! sees only Sir Charles Grandison with eyes of Love. Mr. Beauchamp is, however, greatly pleased with Emily. He told Lady G.  
that

at he thought her a fine young creature; and that  
 r mind was still more amiable than her person. But  
 s behaviour to her is extremely prudent. He says  
 er things *of* her, than *to* her: Yet surely I am mis-  
 ken if he meditates not in her, his future wife. Mr.  
 auchamp will be one of my escorte.

Emily, at her own request, is to go to Colnebrooke  
 ith Lady L. after I am gone.

Mr. Reeves will ride. Lord L. and Lord G. will  
 so oblige me with their company on horseback.

In my cousin's coach will be Lady L. Lady G.  
 mily, and I. My cousin Reeves is forbidden to  
 nture.

I shall take leave of Lady Olivia and Lady Maffei  
 -morrow morning; when they will set out for their  
 ojected tour. To-morrow we and the whole Gran-  
 son family are to dine together at Lord L.'s, for the  
 ft time. It will be a mournful dining-time, on that  
 count.

Lady Betty Williams, her daughter, and Miss Cle-  
 ents, supp'd with us this night, and took leave of  
 e in the tenderest manner. They greatly regret my  
 ing down so soon, as they call it.

As to the public diversions, which they wish me to  
 ay and give into, to be sure I should have been glad  
 have been better qualified to have entertained you  
 ith the performances of this or that actor, this or  
 at musician, and the like: But, frighted by the vile  
 ot upon me at a masquerade, I was thrown out of  
 at course of diversion, and indeed into more affect-  
 g, more interesting engagements; into the know-  
 ge of a family that had no need to look out of itself  
 r entertainments: And, besides, Are not all the  
 mpany we see, as visitors or guests, full of these  
 ings! I have seen the principal performers, in every  
 ay, often enough to give me a notion of their per-  
 rmances, tho' I have not troubled you with such  
 mmon things as revolve every season.

You

You know I am far from slighting the innocent pleasures in which others delight—It would have been happier for me, perhaps, had I had more leisure to attend those amusements, than I have found. Yet I am not sure, neither: For methinks, with all the pangs that my suspenses have cost me, I would not but have known Sir Charles Grandison, his Sisters, his Emily, and Dr. Bartlett.

I could only have wished to have been spared Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's vile attempt: Then, if I had come acquainted with this family, it would have been as I came acquainted with others: My gratitude had not been engaged so deeply.

Well—But what signify all these If's?—What has been, has; what must be, must. Only love me, my dear friends, as you *used* to love me. If I was a good girl when I left you, I hope I am not a bad one now, that I am returning to you. My morals, I bless God, are unhurt: My heart is not corrupted by the vanities of the great town: I have a little more experience than I had: And if I have severely paid for it, it is not at the price of my reputation. And I hope, if nobody has benefited by me, since I have been in town, that no one has suffered by me. Poor Mr. Fowler!—I could not help it, you know. Had I, by little snares, follies, coquetries, sought to draw him on, and entangle him, his future welfare would with reason, be more the subject of my solicitude, than it is now *necessary* it should be; tho' indeed I cannot help making it a good deal so.

*Thursday Morning.*

DR. Bartlett has just now taken leave of me, in my own dressing-room. The parting scene between us was tender.

I have not given you my opinion of Miss Williams. Had I seen her at my first coming to town, I should have taken as much notice of her, in my Letters to you, as I did of the two Miss Brambers,  
Miss

Miss Darlington, Miss Cantillon, Miss Allestree, and others of my own Sex; and of Mr. Somner, Mr. Allestree, Mr. Walden, of the other; who took my first notice, as they fell early in my way, and with whom it is possible, as well as with the town-diversions, I had been more intimate, had not Sir Hargrave's vile attempt carried me out of their acquaintance into a much higher; which of necessity, as well as choice, entirely engrossed my attention. But *now* how insipid would any new characters appear to you, if they were but of a like cast with those I have mentioned, were I to make such the subjects of my pen, and had I time before me; which I cannot have, to write again, before I embrace you all, my dear, my ever-dear and indulgent friends!

I will only say, that Miss Williams is a genteel girl; but will hardly be more than one of the *better* sort of modern women of condition; and that she is to be classed so high, will be owing more to Miss Clements's lessons, than, I am afraid, to her mother's example.

Is it, Lucy, that I have more experience and discernment now, or less charity and good-nature, than when I first came to town? for then I thought well, in the main, of Lady Betty Williams. But tho' she is a good-natur'd, obliging woman; she is so immersed in the love of public diversions! so fond of routs, drums, hurricanes—Bless me, my dear! how learned should I have been in all the gaieties of the modern life; what a fine Lady, possibly; had I not been carried into more rational (however to me they have been more painful) scenes; and had I followed the lead of this Lady, as she (kindly, as to her intention) had designed should!

In the afternoon Mr. Beauchamp is to introduce Sir Harry and Lady Beauchamp, on their first visit to the two sisters.

I had almost forgot to tell you, that my cousins and

I are to attend the good Countess of D. for one half hour, after we have taken leave of Lady Olivia and her aunt.

And now, my Lucy, do I shut up my correspondence with you from London. My heart beats high with the hope of being as indulgently received by you, my dearest friends, as I used to be after a short absence: For I am, and ever will be,

*The grateful, dutiful, and affectionate*

HARRIET BYRON

## L E T T E R XXXII.

*Miss BYRON, To Lady G.*

*Selby-house, Monday April 24.*

**T**H<sup>O'</sup> the kind friends with whom I parted at Dunstable were pleased, one and all, to allow that the correspondence which is to pass between my dear Lady G. and their Harriet, should answer the just expectations of each upon her, in the writing way and tho' (at *your* motion, remember, not at mine) they promised to be contented with hearing read to them such parts of my Letters as you should think proper to communicate; yet cannot I dispense with my duty to Lady L. my Emily, my cousin Reeves, and Dr. Bartlett. Accordingly, I write to them by this post; and I charge *you*, my dear, with my sincere and thankful compliments to your Lord, and to Mr. Beauchamp for their favours.

What an agreeable night, in the main, was Friday night! Had we not been to separate next morning, would have been an agreeable one indeed!

*Is not my aunt Selby an excellent woman? But you all admired her. She admires you all. I will tell you another time, what she said of you, my dear, in particular.*

My cousin Lucy, too—*is she not an amiable creature*

ture?—Indeed you all were delighted with her. But I take pleasure in recollecting your approbations of one I so dearly love. She is as prudent as Lady L. and, now our Nancy is so well recovered, as chearful as Lady G. You said, you would provide a good husband for her: Don't forget. The man, whoever he be, cannot be too good for my Lucy. Nancy is such another good girl: But so I told you.

Well, and pray, Did you ever meet with so pleasant a man as my uncle Selby? What should we have done, when we talked of your brother, when we talked of our parting, had it not been for him? You looked upon me every now-and-then, when he returned your smartness upon him, as if you thought I had let him know some of your perversenesses to Lord G.—And do you think I did not? Indeed I did. Can you imagine that your frank-hearted Harriet, who hides not from her friends her own faults, should conceal yours?—But what a particular character is yours! Every-body blames you, that knows of your over-livelinesses; yet every-body loves you—I think, for your very faults. Had it not been so, do you imagine I could ever have loved you, after you had led Lady L. to join with you, on a certain teasing occasion?—My uncle dotes upon you!

But don't tell Emily that my cousin James Selby is in Love with her. That he may not, on the score of the dear girl's fortune, be thought presumptuous, let me tell you, that he is almost of age; and, when he is, comes into possession of an handsome estate. He has many good qualities. I have, in short, a very great value for him; but not enough, tho' he is my relation, to wish him my still more beloved Emily. Dear creature! methinks I still feel her parting tears on my cheek!

You charge me to be as minute, in the Letters I write to you, as I used to be to my friends here: And

you promise to be as circumstantial in yours. I will set you the example: Do you be sure to follow it.

We baited at Stony-Stratford. I was *afraid* how it would be: There were the two bold creatures, Mr. Greville, and Mr. Fenwick, ready to receive us. A handsome collation, as at our setting out, so now, bespoke by them, was set on the table. How they came by their intelligence, nobody knows: We were all concerned to see them. They seemed half-mad for joy. My cousin James had alighted to hand us out; but Mr. Greville was so earnest to offer his hand, that tho' my cousin was equally ready, I thought I could not deny to his sollicitude for the poor favour, such a mark of civility. Besides, if I had, it would have been distinguishing him for more than a common neighbour, you know. Mr. Fenwick took the other hand, when I had stepped out of the coach, and then (with so much pride, as made me ashamed of myself) they hurried me between them, thro' the inn-yard, and into the room they had engaged for us; blessing themselves, all the way, for my coming down Harriet Byron.

I looked about as if for the dear friends I had parted with at Dunstable. This is not, thought I, so delightful an inn as they made that—Now *they*, thought I, are just got to Barnet, in their way to London, as we are here in ours to Northampton.—But ah! where, where is Sir Charles Grandison at this time? And I sighed! But don't read this, and such strokes as this, to any-body but Lord and Lady L.—You won't, you say—Thank you, Charlotte.—I will call you *Charlotte*, when I think of it, as you commanded me.

The joy we had at Dunstable, was easy, serene, deep, full, as I may say; it was the joy of sensible people: But the joy here was made by the two gentlemen, mad, loud, and even noisy. They hardly were able to contain themselves; and my uncle, and cousin James, were forced to be loud, to be heard.

Mr. Orme, good Mr. Orme, when we came near his park, was on the highway-side, perhaps near the very spot where he stood to see me pass to London so many weeks ago—Poor man!—When I first saw him (which was before the coach came near, for I looked out only, as thinking I would mark the place where I last beheld him) he looked with so *disconsolate* an air, and so fixed, that I compassionately said to myself, Surely the worthy man has not been there ever since.

I twitched the string just in time: The coach stopt. Mr. Orme, said I, How do you? Well, I hope?—How does Miss Orme?

I had my hand on the coach-door. He snatched it. It was not an unwilling hand. He pressed it with his lips. God be praised, said he (with a countenance, O how altered for the better!) for permitting me once more to behold that face—that *angelic* face, he said.

God bless you, Mr. Orme! said I: I am glad to see you. Adieu.

The coach drove on. Poor Mr. Orme! said my aunt.

Mr. Orme, Lucy, said I, don't look so ill as you wrote he was.

His joy to see you, said she—But Mr. Orme is in a declining way.

Mr. Greville, on the coach stopping, rode back just as it was going on again—And with a loud laugh—How the d---l came Orme to know of your coming, madam!—Poor fellow! It was very kind of you to stop your coach to speak to the statue. And he laughed again.—Nonsensical! At what?—

My grandmamma Shirley, dearest of parents! her youth, as she was pleased to say, renewed by the expectation of so soon seeing her darling child, came (as my aunt told us, you know) on Thursday night to Selby-house, to charge her and Lucy with her blessing to me; and resolving to stay there to receive me. Our beloved Nancy was also to be there; so were



two other cousins, Kitty and Patty Holles, *good* young creatures; who, in my absence, had attended my grandmamma at every convenient opportunity, and whom I also found here.

When we came within sight of this house, Now, Harriet, said Lucy, I see the same kind of emotions beginning to arise in your face and bosom, as Lady G. told us you shewed when you first saw your aunt at Dunstable. My grandmamma! said I, I am in sight of the dear house that holds her: I hope she is here. But I will not surprize her with my joy to see her. Lie still, throbbing impatience! speaking to my heart.

But when the coach (attended by many neighbours and friends, who, like a gathering snowball, had got together, within a few miles of Selby-house) set us down at the inner gate, there, in the outward-hall, sat my blessed grandmamma. The moment I beheld her, my intended caution forsook me: I sprang by my aunt, and, before the foot-step could be put down, flew, as it were, out of the coach, and threw myself at her feet, wrapping my arms about her: Bless, bless, said I, your Harriet! I could not, at the moment, say another word.

Great God! said the pious parent, her hands and eyes lifted up, Great God! I thank thee! Then folding her arms about my neck, she kissed my forehead, my cheek, my lips—God bless my Love! Pride of my life! the most precious of a hundred daughters! How does my Child—My Harriet—O my Love!—After such dangers, such trials, such harassings—Once more, God be praised that I clasp to my fond heart, my Harriet!

Separate them, separate them, said my facetious uncle (yet he had tears in his eyes) before they grow together!—Madam, to my grandmamma, she is *our* Harriet, as well as *yours*: Let us welcome the *saucy* girl, on her re-entrance into these doors!—Saucy, I suppose, I shall soon find her. My

My grandmamma withdrew her fond arms : Take her, take her, said she, each in turn : But I think I never can part with her again.

My uncle saluted me, and bid me very kindly welcome home : So did my aunt : So did Lucy—My equally-beloved Nancy — So did every one.

How can I return the obligations which the love of all my friends lays upon me? To be good, to be grateful, is not enough ; since *that* one ought to be for one's own sake. What a sweet thing is it to be beloved by worthy neighbours ! I had several visiters last night, and compliments without number, on my arrival :—Compliments, for what? For having lost the better half of my heart? Don't you think I look silly to myself? You bid me be free in my confessions. You promise to look my Letters over before you read them to any-body ; and to mark passages proper to be kept to yourself—Pray do.

Mr. Greville and Mr. Fenwick were here separately, an hour ago : I thanked them for their civility on the road, and not *ungraciously*, as Mr. Greville told my uncle, as to him. He was not, he said, without hopes, yet ; since I knew not how to be ungrateful. Mr. Greville builds, as he always did, a merit on his civility ; and by that means sinks, in the narrower Lover, the claim he might otherwise make to the title of the generous neighbour.



MISS ORME has just been here. She could not help throwing in a word for her brother.

You will guess, my dear Lady G. at the subject of our conversations here, and what they *will be*, morning, noon, and night, for a week to come. My grandmamma is better in health than I have known her for a year or two past. The health of people in years *can* mend but slowly ; and they are slow to acknowledge it in their own favour. My grandmamma, however, allows that she is better within these few

days past; but attributes the amendment to her Harriet's return.

How do they all bless, revere, extol, your noble brother!—How do they wish—And how do they regret—You know what—Yet how ready are they to applaud your Harriet, if she can hold her magnanimity, in preferring the happiness of Clementina to her own!—My grandmamma and aunt are of opinion, that I *should*; and they praise me for the generosity of my effort, whether the superior merits of the man will or will not allow me to succeed in it. But my uncle, my Lucy, and my Nancy, from their unbounded love of me, think a little, and but a little, narrower; and, believing it will go hard with me, say, It *is* hard. My uncle, in particular, says, the very pretension is flight and nonsense: But, however, if the girl, added he, can *parade* away her passion for an object so worthy; with all my heart: It will be but just, that the romancing elevations, which so often drive headstrong girls into difficulties, should now-and-then help a more discreet one out of them.

Adieu, my beloved Lady G. *Repeated* compliments, love, thanks, to my Lord and Lady L. to my Emily, to Dr. Bartlett, to Mr. Beauchamp, and particularly to my Lord G. Dear, dear Charlotte, be good! Let me beseech you be good! If you are *not*, you will have every one of *my* friends who met you at Dunstable, and, from *their* report, my grandmamma and Nancy, against you; for they find but one fault in my Lord: It is, that he seems too fond of a Lady, who, by her archness of looks, and half-faucy turns upon him, even before *them*, evidently shewed—Shall I say what? But I stand up for you, my dear. Your gratitude, your generosity, your honour, I say, (and why should I not add your *duty*?) will certainly make you one of the most obliging of wives, to the most affectionate of husbands.

My uncle says, He hopes so: But tho' he adores  
you

Let. 33. Sir Charles Grandison. 225

you for a friend, and the companion of a lively hour; yet he does not know but his *Dame Selby* is *still* the woman whom a man should prefer for a wife: And she, said he, is full as faucy as a wife need to be; tho' I think, Harriet, that she has not been the less dutiful of late for *your* absence.

Once more, adieu, my dear Lady G. and continue to love

Your HARRIET BYRON.

### L E T T E R XXXIII.

Lady G. To Miss BYRON.

*Thursday, April 27.*

EVERY one of the Dunstable party say, that you are a grateful and good girl. Beauchamp can talk of nobody else of our Sex: I believe in my conscience he is in Love with you. I think all the unprovided-for young women where-ever you come must hate you. Was you never by surprize carried into the chamber of a friend labouring with the Small-pox, in the infectious stage of it?—O but I think you once said you had had that distemper. But your mind, Harriet, were your face to be ruined, would make you admirers. The fellows who could think of preferring even such a face to such a heart, may be turned over to the class of insignificants.

Is not your aunt Selby, you ask, an excellent woman?—She is. I admire her. But I am very angry with you for deferring to another time, acquainting me with what she said of me. When we are taken with any-body, we love they should be taken with us. Teazing Harriet! You know what an immoderate quantity of curiosity I have. Never serve me so again!

I am in Love with your cousin Lucy. Were either Fenwick or Greville good enough—But they are not.

I think she shall have Mr. Orme. Nancy, you say, is such another good girl. I don't doubt it. Is she not your cousin, and Lucy's sister? But I cannot undertake for every good girl who wants a husband. I wish I had seen Lucy a fortnight ago: Then Nancy might have had Mr. Orme, and Lucy should have had Lord G. He admires her greatly. And do you think that a man who at that time professed for me so much Love and Service, and all that, would have scrupled to oblige me, had I (as I easily should) proved to him, that he would have been a much happier man than he could hope to be with Somebody else?

Your uncle is a pleasant man: But tell him I say, that the man would be out of his wits, that did not make the preference he does in favour of his *Dame Selby*, as he calls her. Tell him also, if you please, in return for his plain dealing, that I say, he *studies* too much for his pleasantries: He is continually hunting for occasions to be smart. I have heard my father say, that this was the fault of some wits of his acquaintance, whom he ranked among the wit-lings for it. If you think it will mortify him more, you may tell him (for I am very revengeful when I think myself affronted) that were I at liberty, which, God help me, I am not! I would sooner choose for a husband the man I *have* (poor soul, as I now-and-then think him) than such a teasing creature as himself, were *both* in my power, and both of an age. And I should have this good reason for my preference: Your uncle and I should have been too much alike, and so been jealous of each other's wit; whereas I can make my honest Lord G. look about him, and admire me strangely, whenever I please.

But I am, it seems, a person of a particular character. Every one, you say, loves me, yet blames me. Odd characters, my dear, are needful to make even characters shine. You good girls would not be valued as you are, if there were not bad ones. Have

you

you not heard it said, That all human excellence is but comparative? Pray allow of the contrast. You, I am sure, ought. You are an ungrateful creature, if, whenever you think of my over-livelinesses, as you call 'em, you don't drop a courtesy, and say, You are obliged to me.

But still the attack made upon you in your dressing-room at Colnebrooke, by my sister and me, sticks in your stomach—And why so? We were willing to shew you, that we were *not* the silly people you must have thought us, had we not been able to distinguish light from darkness. You, who ever were, I believe, one of the frankest-hearted girls in Britain, and admired for the ease and dignity given you by that frankness, were growing awkward, nay dishonest. Your gratitude! your gratitude! was the dust you wanted to throw into our eyes, that we might not see that you were governed by a stronger motive. You called us your friends, your sisters, but treated us not as either; and this man, and that, and t'other, you could refuse; and why? No reason given for it; and we were to be popt off with your gratitude, truly!—We were to believe just what you said, and no more; nay, not so much as you said. But we were not so implicit. Nor would *you*, in our case, have been so.

But 'you, perhaps, would not have violently broken in upon a poor thing, who thought *we* were blind, because she was not willing we should see.'—May be not: But then, in that case, we were honest than you would have been; that's all. Here, said I, Lady L. is this poor girl awkwardly struggling to conceal what every-body sees; and, seeing, applauds her for, the man considered (Yes, Harriet, the man considered; be pleased to take that in): Let us, in pity, relieve her. She is thought to be frank, open-hearted, communicative; nay, she passes herself upon us in those characters: She sees we keep nothing from her.

She has been acquainted with *your* Love before Wedlock ; with *my* Folly, in relation to Anderson : She has carried her head above a score or two of men not contemptible. She sits enthroned among *us*, while *we* make but common figures at her footstool : She calls us sisters, friends, and twenty pretty names. Let us acquaint her, that we see into her heart ; and why Lord D. and others are so indifferent with her. If she is ingenuous, let us spare her ; if not, leave *me* to punish her—Yet we will keep up her punctilio as to our brother ; we will leave him to make his own discoveries. She may confide in his politeness ; and the result will be happier for her ; because she will then be under no restraint to us, and her native freedom of heart may again take its course.

Agreed, agreed, said Lady L.—And arm in arm, we entered your dressing-room, dismissed the maid, and began the attack—And, O Harriet ! how you hesitated, paraded, fooled on with us, before you came to confession ! Indeed you deserved not the mercy we shewed you—So, child, you had better to have let this part of your story sleep in peace.

You bid me not tell Emily that your cousin is in Love with her : But I think I will. Girls begin very early to look out for admirers. It is better, in order to stay her stomach, to find out one for her, than that she should find out one for herself ; especially when the man is among ourselves, as I may say, and both are in our own management, and at distance from each other. Emily is a good girl ; but she has susceptibilities already : And tho' I would not encourage her, as yet, to look out of herself for happiness ; yet I would give her consequence with herself, and at the same time let her see, that there could be no mention made of any-thing that related to *her*, but what she should be acquainted with. Dear girl ! I love her as well as you ; and I pity her too : For she, as well as Somebody else, will have difficulties to contend with,  
which

which she will not know easily how to get over; tho' she can, in a flame so young, generously prefer the interest of a more excellent woman to her own.— There, Harriet, is a grave paragraph: You'll like me for it.

You are a very reflecting girl, in mentioning to me so particularly, your behaviour to your Grevilles, Fenwicks, and Ormes. What is that but saying, See, Charlotte! I am a much more complaisant creature to the men, no one of which I intend to have, than you are to your husband!

What a pious woman, indeed, must be your grand-mamma, that she could suspend her joy, her long-absent darling at her feet, till she had first thank'd God for restoring her to her arms! But, in this instance, we see the force of habitual piety. Tho' not so good as I should be myself, I revere those who are so; and that I hope you will own is no bad sign.

Well, but now for ourselves, and those about us.

Lady Olivia has written Lady L. a Letter from Windsor. It is in French; extremely polite. She promises to write to me from Oxford.

Lady Anne S. made me a visit this morning. She was more concerned than I wished to see her, on my confirming the report she had heard of my brother's being gone abroad. I railled her a little too freely, as it was before Lord G. and Lord L. I never was better rebuked than by her; for she took out her pencil, and on the cover of a Letter wrote these lines from Shakespeare, and slid them into my hand:

*And will you rend our ancient Love asunder,  
To join with Men, in scorning your poor friend?  
It is not friendly; 'tis not maidenly:  
Our Sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,  
Tho' I alone do feel the injury.*

I never, my dear, told you how freely this Lady and I had talked of Love: But freely as we had talked,  
I was



I was not aware that the matter lay so deep in her heart. I knew not how to tell her that my brother had said, *It could not be*. I could have wept over her when I read this paper; and I owned myself, by a whisper justly rebuked. She charged me not to let any man see this; particularly not either of those present: And do *you*, Harriet, keep what I have written of Lady Anne to yourself.

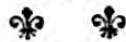
My aunt Eleanor has written a congratulatory Letter to me from York. Sir Charles, it seems, had acquainted her with Lord G.'s day [Not my day, Harriet! that is not the phrase, I hope!] as soon as he knew it himself; and she writes, supposing that I was actually *offered* on it. Women are victims on these occasions: I hope you'll allow me that. My brother has made it a point of duty to acquaint his father's sister with every matter of consequence to the family; and now, she says, that both her nieces are so well disposed of, she will come to town very quickly to see her new relations and us; and desires we will make room for her. And yet she owns, that my brother has informed her of his being obliged to go abroad; and she supposes him gone. As he is the beloved of her heart, I wonder she thinks of making this visit now he is absent: But we shall all be glad to see my aunt Nell. She is a good creature, tho' an old maid. I hope the old Lady has not utterly lost either her invention, or memory; and then, between both, I shall be entertained with a great number of Love-stories of the last age; and perhaps of some dangers and escapes; which may serve for warnings for Emily. Alas! alas! they will come too late for your Charlotte!

I have written already the longest Letter that I ever wrote in my life: Yet it is prating; and to you, to whom I love to prate. I have not near done.

You bid me be good; and you threaten me, if I am not, with the ill opinion of all your friends: But I have such an unaccountable bias for roguery, or what shall

shall I call it? that I believe it is impossible for me to take your advice. I have been examining myself. What a duce is the matter with me, that I cannot see my honest man in the same advantageous light in which he appears to every-body else? Yet I do not, in my heart, dislike him. On the contrary, I know not, were I to look about me, far and wide, the man I would have wished to have called mine, rather than him. But he is so important about trifles; so nimble, yet so slow: He is so sensible of his own *intention* to please, and has so many antic motions in his obligingness; that I cannot forbear laughing at the very time that I ought perhaps to reward him with a gracious approbation.

I must fool on a little while longer, I believe: Permit me, Harriet, so to do, as occasions arise.



AN instance, an instance in point, Harriet. Let me laugh as I write. I did at the time.—What do you laugh at, Charlotte?—Why this poor man, or, as I should rather say, this Lord and Master of mine, has just left me. He has been making me both a compliment, and a present. And what do you think the compliment is? Why, if I please, he will give away to a virtuoso friend, his collection of Moths and Butterflies: I once, he remembered, rallied him upon them. And by what study, thought I, wilt thou, honest man, supply their place? If thou hast a talent his way, pursue it; since perhaps thou wilt not shine in any other. And the *best* any-thing, you know, Harriet, carries with it the appearance of excellence. Nay, he would also part with his collection of Shells, if I had no objection.

To whom, my Lord?—He had not resolved.—Why then, only as Emily is too little of a child, or you might give them to her. ‘Too little of a child, madam!’ and a great deal of bustle and importance took possession of his features—Let me tell you, madam—I *won't* let you, my Lord; and I laughed.

Well, madam, I hope here is something coming up that you will not disdain to accept of yourself.

Up came groaning under the weight, or rather under the *care*, two servants with baskets: A fine set of old Japan China with brown edges, believe me. They sat down their baskets, and withdrew.

Would you not have been delighted, Harriet, to see my Lord busying himself with taking out, and putting in the windows, one at a time, the cups, plates, jars, and saucers, rejoicing and parading over them, and shewing his connoisseurship to his motionless admiring wife, in commending this and the other piece as a beauty? And, when he had done, taking the *liberty*, as he phrased it, half fearful, half resolute, to salute his bride for his reward; and then pacing backwards several steps, with such a strut and a crow—I see him yet!—Indulge me, Harriet!—I burst into a hearty laugh; I could not help it: And he, reddening, looked round himself, and round himself, to see if anything was amiss in his garb. The man, the man! honest friend, I could have said, but had too much reverence for my husband, is the oddity! Nothing amiss in the garb.

O Harriet! Why did you beseech me to be good? I think in my heart I have the stronger inclination to be bad for it! You call me *perverse*: If you think me so, bid me be saucy, bid me be bad; and I may then, like other good wives, take the contrary course for the sake of dear contradiction.

Shew not, however, (I in turn beseech you) to your grandmamma and aunt, such parts of this Letter as would make them despise me. You say, you stand up for me; I have need of your advocateship: Never let me want it. And do I not, after all, do a greater credit to my good man, when I can so heartily laugh in the wedded state, than if I were to sit down with my finger in my eye?

I have taken your advice, and presented my sister  
with

with my half of the jewels. I desired her to accept them, as they were my mother's, and for her sake. This gave them a value with her, more than equal with their worth: But Lord L. is uneasy, and declares he will not suffer Lady L. long to lie under the obligation. Were every one of family in South Britain and North Britain to be as generous and disinterested as Lord L. and our family, the union of the two parts of the island would be complete.



LORD help this poor obliging man! I wish I don't love him, at last. He has taken my hint, and has presented his collection of Shells (a very fine one, he says, it is) to Emily; and they two are actually buried (and will be for an hour or two, I doubt not) in admiring them; the one strutting over the beauties, in order to enhance the value of the present; the other courtesying ten times in a minute, to shew her gratitude. Poor man! When his virtuoso friend has got his Butterflies and Moths, I am afraid he must set up a Turner's shop, for employment. If he loved reading, could, when our visiting hurries are over, set him to read to me the new things that come out, while I knot or work; and, if he loved writing, to copy the Letters which pass between you and me, and those for you which I expect with so much impatience from my brother by means of Dr. Bartlett. I think he spells pretty well, for a Lord.

I have no more to say, at present, but compliments, without number or measure, to all you so deservedly love and honour; as well those I have not seen, as those I have.

Only one thing: Reveal to me all the secrets of your heart, and how that heart is from time to time affected; that I may know whether you are capable of that greatness of mind in a Love-case, that you shew in all others. We will all allow you to love Sir Charles Grandison. Those who do, give honour to themselves,

themselves, if their eyes stop not at person, *his* having so many advantages. For the same reason, I make no apologies, and never did, for praising my brother, as any other lover of him might do.

Let me know every thing how and about your fellows, too. Ah! Harriet, you make not the use of power that I would have done in your situation. I was half-sorry when my hurrying brother made me dismiss Sir Walter; and yet, to have but two dangles after one, are poor doings for a fine Lady. Poorer still, to have but one!

Here's a Letter as long as my arm. Adieu. I was loth to come to the name: But defer it ever so long, I must subscribe, at last,

CHARLOTTE G.

## L E T T E R XXXIV.

*Miss* JERVOIS, *To Miss* BYRON (a).

*Monday, May 1.*

**O** My dearest, my honoured Miss Byron, how you have shamed your Emily by sending a Letter to her; such a sweet Letter too! before I have paid my duty to you, in a Letter of thanks for all your love to me, and for all your kind instructions. But I began once, twice, and thrice, and wrote a great deal each time, but could not please myself: You, madam, are *such* a writer, and I am *such* a *poor thing* at my pen!—But I know you will accept the heart. And so my very diffidence shews pride; since it cannot be expected from me to be a fine writer: And yet this very Letter, I foresee, will be the worse for my diffidence, and not the better: For I don't like this beginning, neither.—But come, it shall go. Am I not used to

(a) The Letter to which this is an answer, as well as those written by Miss Byron to her cousin Reeves, Lady L. &c. and theirs in return; are omitted.

your

our goodness? And do you not bid me prattle to you, in my Letters, as I used to do in your dressing-room? O what sweet advice have you, and do you return for my silly prate! And so I will begin.

And was you grieved at parting with your Emily on Saturday morning? I am sure I was very much concerned at parting with you. I could not help crying all the way to town; and Lady G. shed tears as well as I, and so did Lady L. several times; and said, You were the loveliest, best young Lady in the world. And we all praised likewise your aunt, your cousin Lucy, and young Mr. Selby. How good are all your relations! They must be good! And Lord L. and Lord G. for *men*, were as much concerned as we, at parting with you. Mr. Reeves was so dull all the way! poor Mr. Reeves, he was very dull. And Mr. Beauchamp, he praised you to the very skies; and in such a pretty manner too! Next to my guardian, I think Mr. Beauchamp is a very agreeable man. I envy these noble sisters, if the truth were known, don't like him so well as their brother does; Perhaps that may be the reason, out of jealousy, as I may say, there be any-thing in my observation. But they are vastly civil to him, nevertheless; yet they never praise him when his back is turned, as they do others, who can't say half the good things that he says.

Well, but enough of Mr. Beauchamp. My guardian! my gracious, my kind, my indulgent guardian! who, that thinks of him, can praise any-body else?

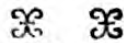
O madam! Where is he now? God protect and guide my guardian, where-ever he goes! This is my prayer, first and last, and I can't tell how often in the day. I look for him in every place I have seen him

(And pray tell me, madam, Did not you do so when he had left us?); and when I can't find him, I do *so* sigh!—What a pleasure, yet what a pain, is there in sighing, when I think of him! Yet I know I

am

am an innocent girl. And this I am sure of, that I wish him to be the husband of but one woman in the whole world; and that is you. But then my next wish is—You know what—Ah my Miss Byron! you must let me live with you and my guardian, if you should ever be Lady Grandison.

But here, madam, are sad doings sometimes, between Lord and Lady G. I am very angry at her often in my heart; yet I cannot help laughing, now-and-then, at her out-of-the-way sayings. Is not her character a very new one? Or are there more such young wives? I could not do as she does, were I to be queen of the globe. Every-body blames her. She will make my Lord not love her, at last. Don't you think so? And then what will she get by her wit?



JUST this moment she came into my closet—Writing, Emily? said she: To whom?—I told her.—Don't tell tales out of school, Emily.—I was *so* afraid that she would have asked to see what I had written. But she did not. To be sure she is very polite, and knows what belongs to herself, and every-body else. To be ungenerous, as you once said, to her husband only, that is a very sad thing to think of.

Well, and I would give any-thing to know if you think what I have written tolerable, before I go any farther: But I will go on in this way, since I cannot do better. Bad is my best; but you shall have quantity, I warrant, since you bid me write long Letters.

But I have seen my mother: It was but yesterday. She was in a mercer's shop in Covent-Garden. I was in Lord L.'s chariot; only Anne was with me. Anne saw her first. I alighted, and asked her blessing in the shop: I am sure I did right. She blessed me, and called me dear love. I stay'd till she had bought what she wanted, and then I slid down the money,

it were her own doing; and glad I was I had so much about me: It came but to four guineas. I begged her, speaking low, to forgive me for so doing: and finding she was to go home as far as Soho, and had thoughts of having a hackney coach called; I gave Anne money for a coach for herself, and waited on my mother to her own lodgings; and it being Lord L.'s chariot, she was so good as to dispense with my alighting.

She blessed my guardian all the way, and blessed me. She said, she would not ask me to come to see her, because it might not be thought proper, as my guardian was abroad: But she hoped, she might be allowed to come and see me sometimes.—Was she not very good, madam? But my guardian's goodness makes every-body good.—O that my mamma had been always the same! I should have been but too happy!

God bless my guardian, for putting me on enlarging my power to live handsomely. Only as a coach costs on other charges, and people must live accordingly, or be discredited, instead of credited, by it; or I could hope the additional Two hundred a year might afford them one. Yet one does not know but Mr. Hara may have been in debt before he married her; and I fancy he has people who hang upon him. But if it pleases God, I will not, when I am at age, and have a coach of my own, suffer my mother to walk a foot. What a blessing is it, to have a guardian that will second every good purpose of one's heart!

Lady Olivia is rambling about; and I suppose she will wait here in England till Sir Charles's return: but I am sure he never will have her. A wicked wretch, with her poniards! Yet it is pity! She is a fine woman. But I hate her for her expectation, as well as for her poniard. And a woman to leave her own country, to seek for a husband! I could die before I could do so; tho' to such a man as my guardian.

Yet



Yet once I thought I could have liked to have lived with her at Florence. She has some good qualities, and is very generous, and in the main well esteemed in her own country; every-body knew she loved my guardian: But I don't know how it is; nobody blamed her for it, vast as the difference in fortune then was. But that is the glory of being a virtuous man; to love him is a credit, instead of a shame. O madam! Who would not be virtuous? And that not only for their own, but for their friends sakes, if they loved their friends, and wished them to be well thought of?

Lord W. is very desirous to hasten his wedding.

Mr. Beauchamp says, that all the Mansfields (He knows them) bless my guardian every day of their lives; and their enemies tremble. He has commissions from my guardian to enquire and act in their cause, that no time may be lost to do them service against his return.

We have had another visit from Lady Beauchamp, and have returned it. She is very much pleased with us: You see I say *us*. Indeed my two dear Ladies are very good to me; but I have no merit: It is all for their brother's sake.

Mr. Beauchamp tells us, just now, that his mother-in-law has joined with his father, at her own motion to settle 1000 *l.* a year upon him. I am glad of it with all my heart: Are not you? He is all gratitude upon it. He says, that he will redouble his endeavours to oblige her; and that his gratitude to her, as well as his duty to his father, will engage his utmost regard for her.

Mr. Beauchamp, Sir Harry himself, and my Lady are continually blessing my guardian: Every-body in short, blesses him.—But, ah! madam, Where is he at this moment? O that I were a bird! that I might hover over his head, and sometimes bring tidings to his friends of his motions and good deeds. I would  
often

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often flap my wings, dear Miss Byron, at your chamber-window, as a signal of his welfare, and when fly back again, and perch as near him as I could.

I am very happy, as I said before, in the favour of Lady and Lord L. and Lady and Lord G.; but I never shall be so happy, as when I had the addition of your charming company. I miss you and my guardian: O how I miss you both! But, dearest Miss Byron, love me not the less, tho' now I have put pen to paper, and you see what a poor creature I am in my writing. Many a one, I believe, may be thought tolerable in conversation; but when they are so silly as to put pen to paper, they expose themselves; as I have done, in this long piece of scribble. But accept it, nevertheless, for the true love I bear you; and a truer love never flamed in any bosom, to any one the most dearly beloved, than does in mine for you.

I am afraid I have written arrant nonsense, because I knew not how to express half the love that is in the heart of

*Your ever-obliged and affectionate*

EMILY JERVOIS.

## LETTER XXXV.

*Miss BYRON, To Lady G.*

*Tuesday, May 2.*

I Have no patience with you, Lady G. You are ungenerously playful! Thank Heaven, if this be wit, that I have none of it. But what signifies expostulating with one who knows herself to be faulty, and will not amend? How many *stripes*, Charlotte, do you deserve?—But you never spared any-body, not even your brother, when the humour was upon you. So make haste; and since you will lay in stores for repentance, fill up your measure as fast as you can.

Reveal

‘Reveal to you the state of my heart!’—Ah, my dear! it is an unmanageable one. ‘Greatness of mind!’—I don’t know what it is!—All his excellencies, his greatness, his goodness, his modesty, his cheerfulness under such afflictions as would weigh down every other heart that had but half the compassion in it with which his overflows—Must not all other men appear little, and, less than little, nothing, in my eyes?—It is an instance of patience in me, that I can endure any of them who pretend to regard me out of my own family.

I thought, that when I got down to my dear friends here, I should be better enabled, by their prudent counsels, to attain the desirable frame of mind which I had promised myself: But I find myself mistaken. My grandmamma and aunt are such admirers of him, take such a share in the disappointment, that their advice has not the effect I had hoped it would have. Lucy, Nancy, are perpetually calling upon me to tell them something of Sir Charles Grandison; and when I begin, I know not how to leave off. My uncle raillies me, laughs at me, sometimes reminds me of what he calls my former brags. I did not brag, my dear: I only hoped, that respecting as I did *every* man according to his merit, I should never be greatly taken with *any* one, before duty added force to the inclination. Methinks the company of the friends I am with, does not satisfy me; yet they never were dearer to me than they now are. I want to have Lord and Lady L. Lord and Lady G. Dr. Bartlett, my Emily, with me. To lose you all at once!—is hard! There seems to be a strange void in my heart—And so much, at present, for the state of that heart.

I always had reason to think myself greatly obliged to my friends and neighbours all around us; but never, till my return, after these few months absence, knew how much. So many kind visiters; such unaffected expressions of joy on my return; that had I

not a very great counterbalance on my heart, would be enough to make me proud.

My grandmamma went to Shirley manor on Saturday; on Monday I was with her all day: But she would have it that I should be melancholy if I staid with her. And she is *so* self-denyingly careful of her Harriet! There never was a more noble heart in woman. But her *solitary* moments, as my uncle calls them, are her moments of joy. And why? Because she then divests herself of all that is either painful or pleasurable to her in this life: For she says, that her cares for her Harriet, and especially *now*, are at least a balance for the delight she takes in her.

You command me to acquaint you with what passes between me and the gentlemen in my neighbourhood; in your stile, *my fellows*.

Mr. Fenwick invited himself to breakfast with my aunt Selby yesterday morning. I would not avoid him.

I will not trouble you with the particulars: You know well enough what men will say on the subject upon which you will suppose he wanted to talk to me. He was extremely earnest. I besought him to accept my thanks for his good opinion of me, as all the return I could make him for it; and this in so very ferocious a manner, that my heart was fretted, when he declared, with warmth, his determined perseverance.

Mr. Greville made us a tea-visit in the afternoon. My uncle and he joined to railly us poor women, as usual. I left the defence of the Sex to my aunt and Lucy. How poor appears to me every conversation now with these men!—But hold, saucy Harriet, was not your uncle Selby one of the railliers?—But he does not believe all he says; and therefore cannot wish to be so much regarded, on this topic, as he ought to be by me, on others.

After the run of railery was over, in which Mr. Greville made exceptions favourable to the women

present, he applied to every one for their interest with me, and to me to countenance his address. He set forth his pretensions very pompously, and mentioned a very considerable increase of his fortune; which before was a very handsome one. He offered our own terms. He declared his Love for me above all women, and made his happiness in the next world, as well as in this, depend upon my favour to him.

It was easy to answer all he said; and is equally so for you to guess in what manner I answered him: And he, finding me determined, began to grow vehement, and even affrontive. He hinted to me, that he knew what had made me so very resolute. He threw out threatenings against the man, be he whom he would, that should stand in the way of his success with me; at the same time intimating saucily, as I may say (for his manner had insult in it) that it was impossible a certain event could ever take place.

My uncle was angry with him; so was my aunt: Lucy was still more angry than they: But I, standing up, said, Pray, my dear friends, take nothing amiss that Mr. Greville has said.—He once told me, that he would set spies upon my conduct in town. If, Sir, your spies have been just, I fear nothing they can say. But the hints you have thrown out, shew such a total want of all delicacy of mind, that you must not wonder if my *heart* rejects you. Yet I am not angry: I reproach you not: Every one has his peculiar way. All that is left me to say or to do, is to thank you for your favourable opinion of me, as I have thanked Mr. Fenwick; and to desire that you will allow me to look upon you as my neighbour, and *only* as my neighbour.

I courtesied to him, and withdrew.

But my great difficulty had been before with Mr. Orme. His sister had desired that I would see her brother. He and she were invited by my aunt to dinner on Tuesday. They came. Poor man! He is

not

not well ! I am sorry for it. Poor Mr. Orme is not well ! He made me such *honest* compliments, as I may say : His *heart* was too much in his civilities to raise them above the civilities that justice and truth might warrant in favour of a person highly esteemed. Mine was filled with compassion for him ; and that compassion would have shewn itself in tokens of tenderness, more than once, had I not restrained myself for *his* sake. How you, my dear Lady G. can delight in giving pain to an honest heart, I cannot imagine. I would make all God Almighty's creatures happy, if I could ; and so would your noble brother. Is he not crossing dangerous seas, and ascending, through almost perpetual snows, those dreadful Alps which I have heard described with such terror, for the generous end of relieving distress ?

I made Mr. Orme sit next me. I was assiduous to help him, and to do him all the little offices which I thought would light up pleasure in his modest countenance ; and he was quite another man. It gave delight to his sister, and to all my friends, to see him smile, and look happy. I think, my dear Lady G. that when Mr. Orme looks pleasant, and at ease, he resembles a little the good-natured Lord G.—O that you would take half the pains to oblige him, that I do to relieve Mr. Orme !—*Half the pains*, did I say ? That you would not take pains to *dis*-oblige him ; and he would be, of course, obliged. Don't be afraid, my dear, that, in such a world as this, things will not happen to make you uneasy, without your studying for them. Excuse my seriousness : I am indeed *too* serious, at times.

But when Mr. Orme requested a few minutes audience of me, as he called it, and I walked with him into the cedar parlour, which you have heard me mention, and with which I hope you will be one day acquainted ; he paid, poor man ! for his too tran-

sient pleasure. Why would he urge a denial that he could not but know I must give?

His sister and I had afterwards a conference. She pleaded too strongly her brother's health, and even his life; both which, she would have it, depended on my favour to him. I was greatly affected; and at last besought her, if she valued my friendship as I did hers, never more to mention to me a subject which gave me a pain too sensible for my peace.

She requested me to assure her, that neither Mr. Greville, nor Mr. Fenwick, might be the man. They both took upon them, she said, to ridicule her brother for the profound respect, even to reverence, that he bore me; which, if he knew, might be attended with consequences: For that her brother, mild and gentle as was his passion for me, had courage to resent any indignities that might be cast upon him by spirits boistrous as were those of the two gentlemen she had named. She never, therefore, told her brother of their scoffs. But it would go to her heart, if either of them should succeed, or have reason but for a distant hope.

I made her heart easy, on that score.

I have just now heard, that Sir Hargrave Pollexfen is come from abroad already. What can be the meaning of it? He is so low-minded, so malicious a man, and I have suffered so much from him—What can be the meaning of his sudden return? I am told, that he is actually in London. Pray, my dear Lady G. inform yourself about him; and whether he thinks of coming into these parts.

Mr. Greville, when he met us at Stony-Stratford, threw out menaces against Sir Hargrave, on my account; and said, It was well he was gone abroad. I told him then, that he had no business, even were Sir Hargrave present, to engage himself in my quarrels.

Mr.

Mr. Greville is an impetuous man; a man of rough manners; and makes many people afraid of him. He has, I believe, *indeed*, had his spies about me; for he seems to know every-thing that has befallen me in my absence from Selby-house.

He has dared also to threaten Somebody else. Insolent wretch! But he hinted to me yesterday, that he was exceedingly pleased with the news, that a certain gentleman was gone abroad, in order to prosecute a former *amour*, was the light wretch's as light expression. If my indignant eyes could have killed him, he would have fallen dead at my feet.

Let the constant and true respects of all my friends to you and yours, and to my beloved Emily, be always, for the future, considered as very affectionately expressed, whether the variety of other subjects leaves room for a particular expression of them, or not, by my dearest Lady G.

*Your faithful, and ever-obliged*

HARRIET BYRON.

## L E T T E R XXXVI.

*Lady G. To Miss* BYRON.

*Saturday, May 6.*

I Thank you, Harriet, for yours. What must your fellows think of you? In this gross age, your delicacy must astonish them. There used to be more of it formerly. But how should men know any-thing of it, when women have forgot it? Lord be thanked, we females, since we have been admitted into so constant a share of the public diversions, want not courage. We can give the men stare for stare wherever we meet them. The next age, nay, the rising generation, must surely be all heroes and heroines. But whither has this word *delicacy* carried me? Me, who, it seems, have faults to be corrected for of an-



other fort; and who want not the *courage* for which I congratulate others?

But to other subjects. I could write a vast deal of stuff about my Lord and Self, and Lord and Lady L. who assume parts which I know not how to allow them: And sometimes they threaten me with my brother's resentments, sometimes with my Harriet's; so that I must really have leading-strings fastened to my shoulders. O my dear! a fond husband is a surfeiting thing; and yet I believe most women love to be made monkeys of.



BUT all other subjects must now give way. We have heard *of*, tho' not *from*, my brother. A particular friend of Mr. Lowther was here with a Letter from that gentleman, acquainting us, that Sir Charles and he were arrived at Paris.

Mr. Beauchamp was with us when Mr. Lowther's friend came. He borrowed the Letter on account of the extraordinary adventure mentioned in it.

Make your heart easy, in the first place, about Sir Hargrave. He is indeed in town; but very ill. He was frighted into England, and intends not ever again to quit it. In all probability, he owes it to my brother that he exists.

Mr. Beauchamp went directly to Cavendish Square, and informed himself there of other particulars relating to the affair, from the very servant who was present and acting in it; and from those particulars, and Mr. Lowther's Letter, wrote one for Dr. Bartlett. Mr. Beauchamp obliged me with the perusal of what he wrote; whence I have extracted the following account: For his Letter is long and circumstantial; and I did not ask his leave to take a copy, as he seemed desirous to hasten it to the doctor.

On Wednesday, the  $\frac{1}{3}$  of April, in the evening, as my brother was pursuing his journey to Paris, and was  
within

within two miles of that capital, a servant-man rode up, in visible terror, to his post-chaise, in which were Mr. Lowther and himself, and besought them to hear his dreadful tale. The gentlemen stopt, and he told them, that his master, who was an Englishman, and his friend of the same nation, had been but a little while before attacked, and forced out of the road in their post-chaise, as he doubted not, to be murdered, by no less than seven armed horsemen; and he pointed to a hill, at distance, called Mont Martre, behind which they were, at that moment, perpetrating their bloody purpose. He had just before, he said, addressed himself to two other gentlemen, and their retinue, who drove on the faster for it.

The servant's great coat was open; and Sir Charles observing his livery, asked him, If he were not a servant of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen? and was answered in the affirmative.

There are, it seems, trees planted on each side the road from St. Denis to Paris, but which, as France is an open and uninclosed country, would not, but for the hill, have hindered the seeing a great way off, the scuffling of so many men on horseback. There is also a ditch on either hand; but places left for owners to come at their grounds, with their carts, and other carriages. Sir Charles ordered the post-boy to drive to one of those passages; saying, He could not forgive himself, if he did not endeavour to save Sir Hargrave, and his friend, whose name the man told him was Merceda.

His own servants were three in number, besides one of Mr. Lowther. My brother made Mr. Lowther's servant dismount; and, getting himself on his horse, ordered the others to follow him. He begged Mr. Lowther to continue in the chaise, bidding the dismounted servant stay, and attend his master, and galloped away towards the hill. His ears were soon pierced with the cries of the poor wretches; and

presently he saw two men on horseback holding the horses of four others, who had under them the two gentlemen, struggling, groaning, and crying out for mercy.

On the approach of Sir Charles, who was a good way a-head of his servants, he calling out to spare the gentlemen, and bending his course to relieve the prostrate sufferers, two of the four quitted their prey, and mounting, joined the other two horsemen, and advanced to meet Sir Charles, with a shew of supporting the two men on foot in their violence; who continued laying on the wretches, with the but-ends of their whips, unmercifully.

As the assailants offered not to fly, and as they had more than time enough to execute their purpose, had it been robbery and murder; Sir Charles concluded, it was likely that these men were actuated by a private revenge. He was confirmed in this surmise, when the four men on horseback, tho' each had his pistol ready drawn, as Sir Charles also had his, demanded a conference; warning Sir Charles how he provoked his fate by his rashness; and declaring, that he was a dead man if he fired.

Forbear, then, said Sir Charles, all further violences to the gentlemen, and I will hear what you have to say.

He then put his pistol into his holster; and one of his servants being come up, and the two others at hand (to whom he called out, not to fire till they had his orders), he gave him his horse's reins; bidding him have an eye to the holsters of both, and leapt down; and, drawing his sword, made towards the two men who were so cruelly exercising their whips; and who, on his approach, retired to some little distance, drawing their hangers.

The four men on horseback joined the two on foot, just as they were quitting the objects of their fury; and one of them said, Forbear, for the present, further

ther

ther violence, brother; the gentleman shall be told the cause of all this.—Murder, Sir, said he, is not intended; nor are we robbers: The men whom you are solicitous to save from our vengeance, are villains.

Be the cause what it will, answered Sir Charles, you are in a country noted for doing *speedy* justice, upon proper application to the magistrates. In the same instant he raised first one groaning man, then the other. Their heads were all over bloody, and they were so much bruised, that they could not extend their arms to reach their wigs and hats, which lay near them; nor put them on without Sir Charles's help.

The men on foot by this time had mounted their horses, and all six stood upon their defence; but one of them was so furious, crying out, that his vengeance should be yet more complete, that two of the others could hardly restrain him.

Sir Charles asked Sir Hargrave and Mr. Merceda, Whether they had reason to look upon themselves as injured men, or injurers? One of the assailants answered, That they both knew themselves to be villains.

Either from consciousness, or terror, perhaps from both, they could not speak for themselves, but by groans; nor could either of them stand or sit upright.

Just then came up, in the chaise, Mr. Lowther and his servant, each a pistol in his hand. He quitted the chaise, when he came near the suffering men; and Sir Charles desired him instantly to examine whether the gentlemen were dangerously hurt, or not.

The most enraged of the assailants, having slipt by the two who were earnest to restrain him, would again have attacked Mr. Merceda; offering a stroke at him with his hanger: But Sir Charles (his drawn sword still in his hand) caught hold of his bridle; and, turning his horse's head aside, diverted a stroke,

which, in all probability, would otherwise have been a finishing one.

They all came about Sir Charles, bidding him, at his peril, use his sword upon their friend: And Sir Charles's servants were coming up to their master's support, had there been occasion. At that instant Mr. Lowther, assisted by his own servant, was examining the wounds and bruises of the two terrified men, who had yet no reason to think themselves safe from further violence.

Sir Charles repeatedly commanded his servants not to fire, nor approach nearer, without his orders. The persons, said he, to the assailants, whom you have so cruelly used, are Englishmen of condition. I will protect them. Be the provocation what it will, you must know that your attempt upon them is a criminal one; and if my friend last come up, who is a very skilful surgeon, shall pronounce them in danger, you shall find it so. Still he held the horse of the furious one; and three of them, who seemed to be principals, were beginning to express some resentment at this cavalier treatment, when Mr. Lowther gave his opinion, that there was no apparent danger of death: And then Sir Charles, quitting the man's bridle, and putting himself between the assailants and sufferers, said, That as they had not either offered to fly, or to be guilty of violence to himself, his friend, or servants; he was afraid they had some reason to think themselves ill used by the gentlemen. But, however, as they could not suppose they were at liberty, in a civilized country, to take their revenge on the persons of those who were intitled to the protection of that country; he should expect, that they would hold themselves to be personally answerable for their conduct at a proper tribunal.

The villains, one of the men said, knew who they were, and what the provocation was; which had merited a worse treatment than they had hitherto met  
with.

with. You, Sir, proceeded he, seem to be a man of honour, and temper: We are men of honour, as well as you. Our design, as we told you, was not to kill the miscreants; but to give them reason to remember their villainy as long as they lived; and to put it out of their power ever to be guilty of the like. They have made a vile attempt, continued he, on a Lady's honour at Abbeville; and, finding themselves detected, and in danger, had taken round-about ways, and shifted from one vehicle to another, to escape the vengeance of her friends. The gentleman whose horse you held, and who has reason to be in a passion, is the husband of the Lady [A Spanish husband, surely, Harriet; not a French one, according to our notions]. *That* gentleman, and *that*, are her brothers. We have been in pursuit of them two days; for they gave out, in order, no doubt, to put us on a wrong scent, that they were to go to Antwerp.

And it seems, my dear, that Sir Hargrave and his colleague had actually sent some of their servants that way; which was the reason that they were themselves attended but by one.

The gentleman told Sir Charles that there was a third villain in their plot. They had hopes, he said, that he would not escape the close pursuit of a manufacturer at Abbeville, whose daughter, a lovely young creature, he had seduced, under promises of marriage. Their government, he observed, were great countenancers of the manufacturers at Abbeville; and he would have reason, if he were laid hold of, to think himself happy, if he came off with being obliged to perform his promises.

This third wretch must be Mr. Bagenhall. The Lord grant, say I, that he may be laid hold of; and obliged to make a ruined girl an *honest woman*, as they phrase it in LANCASHIRE. Don't you wish so, my dear? And let me add, that had the relations of the injured Lady completed their intended vengeance on

those two Libertines (A very proper punishment, I ween, for all Libertines), it might have helped them to pass the rest of their lives with great tranquillity; and honest girls might, for any contrivances of theirs, have passed to and from *masquerades* without molestation.

Sir Hargrave and his companion intended, it seems, at first, to make some resistance; four only, of the seven, stopping the chaise: But when the other three came up, and they saw who they were, and knew their own guilt, their courage failed them.

The seventh man was set over the post-boy, whom he had led about half a mile from the spot they had chosen as a convenient one for their purpose.

Sir Hargrave's servant was secured by them at their first attack; but after they had disarmed him and his masters, he found an opportunity to slip from them, and made the best of his way to the road, in hopes of procuring assistance for them.

While Sir Charles was busy in helping the bruised wretches on their feet, the seventh man came up to the others, followed by Sir Hargrave's chaise. The assailants had retired to some distance, and, after a consultation together, they all advanced towards Sir Charles; who, bidding his servants be on their guard, leapt on his horse, with that agility and presence of mind, for which, Mr. Beauchamp says, he excels most men; and leading towards them, Do you advance, gentlemen, said he, as friends, or otherwise?—Mr. Lowther took a pistol in each hand, and held himself ready to support him; and the servants disposed themselves to obey their master's orders.

Our enmity, answered one of them, is only to these two *inhospitable* villains: Murder, as we told you, was not our design. They know where we are to be found; and that they are the vilest of men, and have not been punished equal to their demerits. Let them on their knees ask this gentleman's pardon;  
pointing

pointing to the husband of the insulted Lady. We insist upon this satisfaction; and upon their promise, that they never more will come within two leagues of Abbeville; and we will leave them to your protection.

I fancy, Harriet, that these women-frightening heroes needed not to have been urged to make this promise.

Sir Charles, turning towards them, said, If you have done wrong, gentlemen, you ought not to scruple asking pardon. If you know yourselves to be innocent, tho' I should be loth to risque the lives of my friend and servants, yet shall not my countrymen make so undue a submission.

The wretches kneeled; and the seven men, civilly saluting Sir Charles and Mr. Lowther, rode off; to the joy of the two delinquents, who kneeled again to their deliverer, and poured forth blessings upon the man whose life, so lately, one of them sought; and whose preservation he had now so much reason to rejoice in, for the sake of his own safety.

My brother himself could not but be well pleased that he was not obliged to come to extremities, which might have ended fatally on both sides.

By this time Sir Hargrave's post-chaise was come up. He and his colleague were with difficulty lifted into it. My brother and Mr. Lowther went into theirs; and being but a small distance from Paris, they proceeded thither in company; the poor wretches blessing them all the way; and at Paris found their other servants waiting for them.

Sir Charles and Mr. Lowther saw them in bed in the lodgings that had been taken for them. They were so stiff with the bastinado they had met with, that they were unable to help themselves. Mr. Merceda had been more severely (I cannot call it more cruelly) treated than the other; for he, it seems, was the greatest malefactor in the attempt made upon



the Lady: And he had, besides, two or three gashes, which, but for his struggles, would have been but one.

As you, my dear, always turn pale when the word *Masquerade* is mentioned; so, I warrant, will *ABBENVILLE* be a word of terror to these wretches, as long as they live.

Their enemies, it seems, carried off their arms; perhaps, in the true spirit of French chivalry, with a view to lay them, as so many trophies, at the feet of the insulted Lady.

Mr. Lowther writes, that my brother and he are lodged in the *Hôtel* of a man of quality, a dear friend of the late Mr. Danby, and one of the three whom he has remembered in his will; and that Sir Charles is extremely busy in relation to the executorship; and, having not a moment to spare, desired Mr. Lowther to engage his friend, to whom he wrote, to let us know as much; and that he was hastening everything for his journey onwards.

Mr. Beauchamp's narrative of this affair, is, as I told you, very circumstantial. I thought to have shortened it more than I have done. I wish I have not made my abstract confused, in several material places: But I have not time to clear it up. Adieu, my dear.

CHARLOTTE G.

## L E T T E R XXXVII.

*Lady G. To Miss BYRON.*

*Sunday, May 7.*

I Believe I shall become as arrant a scribbler as Somebody else. I begin to like writing. A great compliment to you, I assure you. I see one may bring one's mind to any-thing — I thought I must have had

had recourse, when you and my brother left us, and when I was married, to the public amusements, to fill up my leisure: And as I have seen every-thing worth seeing of those, many times over (masquerades excepted, and them I despise); time, you know, in that case, would have passed a little heavily, after having shewn myself, and, by seeing Who and Who were together, laid in a little store of the right sort of conversation for the tea-table. For you know, Harriet, that among us modern fine people, the company, and not the entertainment, is the principal part of the Raree-show. Pretty enough! to *make* the entertainment, and *pay* for it too, to the honest fellows, who have nothing to do, but to project schemes to get us together.

I don't know what to do with this man. I little thought that I was to be considered as such a Doll, such a Toy, as he would make me. I want to drive him out of the house without me, were it but to purvey for me news and scandal. What are your fine gentlemen fit for else? You know, that, with all my faults, I have a domestic and managing turn. A man should encourage that in a wife, and not be perpetually teasing her for her company abroad, unless he did it with a view to keep her at home. Our Sex don't love to be prescribed to, even in the things from which they are not naturally averse: And for *this* very reason, perhaps, because it *becomes* us to submit to prescription. Human nature, Harriet, is a perverse thing. I believe, if my good man wished me to stay at home, I should torture my brain, as other good wives do, for inventions to go abroad.

It was but yesterday, that, in order to give him a hint, I pinned my apron to his coat, without considering who was likely to be a sufferer by it; and he, getting up, in his usual nimble way, gave it a rent, and then looked behind him with *so* much apprehension—Hands folded, eyes goggling, bag in motion  
from

from shoulder to shoulder. I was vexed too much to make the use of the trick which I had designed, and huffed him. He made excuses, and looked pitifully; bringing in his Soul, to testify that he knew not how it could be—How it could be! Wretch! When you are always squatting upon one's cloaths, in defiance of hoop, or distance.

He went out directly, and brought me in two aprons, either of which was worth twenty of that he so carelessly rent. Who could be angry with him?—I was, indeed, thinking to chide him for *this*—As if I were not to be trusted to buy my own cloaths: And it was just at my tongue's end, to ask him, What the milaner could think of a man buying linen for a woman; but he looked at me with so good-natured an eye, that I relented, and accepted, with a bow of graciousness, his present; only calling him an odd creature—And that he *is*, you know, my dear.

We live very whimsically, in the main: Not above four quarrels, however, and as many more chidings, in a day. What does the man stay at home for then so much, when I am at home?—Married people, by frequent absences, may have a chance for a little happiness. How many debates, if not direct quarrels, are saved by the good man's and his meek wife's seeing each other but once or twice a week! In what can men and women, who are much together, employ themselves, but in proving and defending, quarrelling and making-up? Especially if they both chance to marry for Love (which, thank Heaven, is not altogether my case); for then both honest souls, having promised more happiness to each other than they can possibly meet with, have nothing to do but reproach each other, at least tacitly, for their disappointment.—A great deal of Free-masonry in Love, my dear, believe me! The secret, like that, when found out, is hardly worth the knowing.

Well, but what silly rattle is this, Charlotte!  
methinks

Let. 37. Sir Charles Grandison. 257

methinks you say, and put on one of your wisest looks.

No matter, Harriet! There may be some wisdom in much folly. Every one speaks not out so plainly as I do. But when the novelty of an acquisition or change of condition is over, be the change or the acquisition what it will, the principal pleasure is over, and other novelties are hunted after, to keep the pool of life from stagnating.

This is a *serious* truth, my dear, and I expect you to praise me for it. You are very sparing of your praise to poor me; and yet I had rather have your good word, than any woman's in the world: Or man's either, I was going to say; but I should then have forgot my *brother*. As for Lord G. were I to accustom him to obligingness, I should destroy my own consequence: For then it would be no novelty; and he would be hunting after a new folly—Very true, Harriet.

Well, but we have had a good serious falling-out; and it still subsists. It began on Friday night; *present* Lord and Lady L. and Emily. I was very angry with him for bringing it on before them. The man has no discretion, my dear; none at all. And what about? Why, we have not made our *appearance at court*, forsooth.

A very confident thing, this same appearance, I think! A compliment made to fine cloaths and jewels, at the expence of modesty. Lord G. pleads decorum—Decorum against modesty, my dear!—But if by decorum is meant fashion, I have in a hundred instances found decorum beat modesty out of the house. And as my brother, who would have been our principal honour on such an occasion, is gone abroad; and as *ours* is an *elderly novelty*, as I may say; (our *fineries* were not ready, you know, before my brother went) I was fervent against it.

'I was the only woman of condition, in England, who would be against it.'

I told my Lord, that was a reflexion on my Sex: But Lord and Lady L. who had been spoken to, I believe, by Lady Gertrude, were both on his side [I shall have this man utterly ruined for a husband among you]—When there were three to one, it would have looked cowardly to yield, you know. I was brave. But it being proposed for Sunday, and that being at a little distance, it was not doubted but I would comply. So the night past off, with prayings, hopings, and a little *mutteration* [Allow me that word, or find me a better.] The entreaty was renewed in the morning; but, no!—‘I was ashamed of him,’ he said. I asked him, If he really thought so?—‘He *should* think so, if I refused him.’ Heaven forbid, my Lord, that I, who contend for the liberty of acting, should hinder you from the liberty of thinking! Only one piece of advice, honest friend, said I: Don’t imagine the worst against yourself: And another, If you have a mind to carry a point with me, don’t bring on the cause before any-body else: For that would be to doubt either my duty, or your own reasonableness.

As sure as you are alive, Harriet, the man made an exception against being called *honest friend*; as if, as I told him, either of the words were incompatible with *quality*. So, once, he was as froppish as a child, on my calling him *the man*; a higher distinction, I think, than if I had called him a king, or a prince. THE MAN!—Strange creature! To except to a distinction that implies, that he is the Man of Men!—You see what a captious mortal I have been forced to call My Lord. But *Lord* and *Master* do not always go together; tho’ they do *too* often, for the happiness of many a meek soul of our Sex.

Well, this debate seemed suspended, by my telling him, that if I were presented at court, I would not have either the Earl or Lady Gertrude go with us, the very people who *were* most desirous to be there—

But

But I *might* not think of that, at the time, you know.— I would not be thought *very* perverse; only a little whimsical, or so. And I wanted not an excellent reason for excluding them—‘ Are their *consents* to our ‘ past affair *doubted*, my Lord, said I, that you think ‘ it necessary for them to appear to justify us?’

He could say nothing to this, you know. And I should never forgive the husband, as I told him, on another occasion, who would pretend to argue, when he had nothing to say.

Then (for the baby will be always craving something) he wanted me to go abroad with him—I forget whither—But to some place that he supposed (poor man!) I should *like* to visit. I told him, I dared to say, he wished to be thought a *modern* husband, and a *fashionable* man; and he would get a bad name, if he could never stir out without his wife. *Neither* could he answer *that*, you know.

Well, we went on, mutter, mutter, grumble, grumble, the thunder rolling at a distance; a little impatience now-and-then, however, portending, that it would come nearer. But, as yet, it was only, Pray, my dear, oblige me; and, Pray, my Lord, excuse me; till this morning, when he had the assurance to be pretty peremptory; hinting, that the Lord in waiting had been spoke to. A fine time of it would a wife have, if she were not at liberty to dress herself as she pleases. Were I to choose again, I do assure you, my dear, it should not be a man, who by his taste for Moths and Butterflies, Shells, China, and such-like trifles, would give me warning, that he would presume to dress his baby, and when he had done, would perhaps admire his own fancy more than her person. I believe, my Harriet, I shall make you afraid of Matrimony: But I will pursue my subject, for all that.—

When the Insolent saw that I did not dress, as he would have had me; he drew out his face, glouting, to half the length of my arm; but was silent. Soon

after Lady L. sending to know whether her Lord and she were to attend us to the Drawing-room, and I returning for answer, that I should be glad of their company at dinner; he was in violent wrath. True, as you are alive! and dressing himself in a great hurry, left the house, without saying, By your leave, With your leave, or Whether he would return to dinner, or not. Very pretty doings, Harriet!

Lord and Lady L. came to dinner, however. I thought they were very kind, and, till they opened their lips, was going to thank them: For then, it was all *elder* Sister, and insolent Brother-in-law, I do assure you. Upon my word, Harriet, they took upon them.

Lady L. told me, I might be the happiest creature in the world, if—and there was so good as to stop.

One of the happiest only, Lady L.! Who can be happier than you?

But I, said she, should neither *be* so, nor *deserve* to be so, *if*—Good of her again, to stop at *if*.

We can't be all of one mind, replied I. I shall be wiser, in time.

Where was poor Lord G. gone?

Poor Lord G. is gone to seek his fortune, I believe.

What did I mean?

I told them the airs he had given himself; and that he was gone without leave, or notice of return.

He had served me right, *ab-solutely* right, Lord L. said.

I believed so myself. Lord G. was a very good sort of man, and ought not to bear with me so much as he had done: But it would be kind in them, not to tell him what I had owned.

The Earl lifted up one hand; the Countess both. They had not come to dine with me, they said, after the answer I had returned, but as they were afraid something was wrong between us.

Mediators are not to be of one side only, I said : And as they had been so kindly free in blaming me, I hoped they would be as free with him, when they saw him.

And then it was, For *God's* sake, Charlotte; and, Let me *entreat* you, Lady G. And let *me*, too, *beseech* you, madam, said Emily, with tears stealing down her cheeks.

You are both very good : You are a sweet girl, Emily. I have a too-playful heart. It will give me some pain, and some pleasure; but if I had not more pleasure than pain from my play, I should not be so silly.

My Lord not coming in, and the dinner being ready, I ordered it to be served.—Won't you wait a little longer for Lord G.?—No. I hope he is safe, and well. He is his own master, as well as mine (I sigh'd, I believe!); and, no doubt, has a paramount pleasure in pursuing his own choice.

They raved. I begged that they would let us eat our dinner with *comfort*. My Lord, I hoped, would come in with a keen appetite, and Nelthorpe should get a supper for him that he liked.

When we had dined, and retired into the adjoining drawing-room, I had another schooling-bout : Emily was even saucy. But I took it all : Yet, in my heart, was vexed at Lord G.'s perverseness.

At last, in came the *honest* man. He does not read this, and so cannot take exceptions, and I hope *you* will not, at the word *honest*.

So lordly! so stiff! so solemn!—Upon my word!—Had it not been Sunday, I would have gone to my harpsichord directly. He bowed to Lord and Lady L. and to Emily, very obligingly; to me he nodded.—I nodded again; but, like a good-natured fool, smiled. He stalked to the chimney; turned his back towards it, buttoned up his mouth, held up his glowing face, as if he were disposed to crow; yet had not won the  
battle.



battle.—One hand in his bosom; the other under the skirt of his waistcoat, and his posture firmer than his mind.—Yet was my heart so devoid of malice, that I thought his attitude very genteel; and, had we not been man and wife, agreeable.

We hoped to have found your Lordship at home, said Lord L. or we should not have dined here.

If Lord G. is as polite a *husband* as a *man*, said I, he will not thank your Lordship for this compliment to his wife.

Lord G. swelled, and reared himself up. His complexion, which was before in a glow, was heightened. *Poor man!* thought I.—But why should my tender heart pity obstinate people?—Yet I could not help being dutiful.—Have you dined, my Lord? said I, with a sweet smile, and very courteous.

He stalked to the window, and never a word answered he.

Pray, Lady L. be so good as to ask my Lord G. If he has dined? Was not this very condescending, on such a behaviour?

Lady L. *asked* him, and as gently-voiced as if she were asking the same question of her own Lord. Lady L. is a kind-hearted soul, Harriet: She is *my* Sister.

I have *not*, madam, to Lady L. turning rudely from me, and, not very civilly, from her. Ah! thought I, these men! The more they are courted!—Wretches! to find their consequence in a woman's meekness.—Yet, I could not forbear shewing mine.—Nature, Harriet! Who can resist constitution?

What stiff airs are these! approaching him.—I do assure you, my Lord, I shall not take this behaviour well; and put my hand on his arm.

I was served right. Would you believe it? The man shook off my condescending hand, by raising his elbow scornfully. He really did!

Nay, then!—I left him, and retired to my former seat.

eat. I was vexed that it was Sunday: I wanted a little harmony.

Lord and Lady L. both blamed me, by their looks; and my Lady took my hand, and was leading me towards him. I shewed a little reluctance: And, would you have thought it? out of the drawing-room whipt my nimble Lord, as if on purpose to avoid being moved by my concession.

I took my place again.

I beg of you, Charlotte, said Lady L. go to my Lord. You have used him ill.

When I think so, I will follow your advice, Lady L.

And *don't* you think so, Lady G.? said Lord L.

*What!* for taking my own option how I would be dressed to-day?—*What!* for deferring—That moment in came my bluff Lord—Have I not, proceeded I, been forced to dine without him to-day? Did he let me know what account I could give of his absence? Or when he would return?—And see, *now*, how angry he looks!

He traversed the room—I went on—Did he not shake off my hand, when I laid it, smiling, on his arm? Would he answer me a question, which I kindly put to him, fearing he had not dined, and might be sick for want of eating? Was I not forced to apply to Lady L. for an answer to my *careful* question, on his scornfully turning from me in silence?—Might we not, if he had not gone out so abruptly, nobody knows where, have made the *appearance* his heart is so set upon?—But now, indeed, it is too late.

*Oons*, madam! said he, and he kemboed his arms, and strutted up to me. Now for a cuff, thought I. I was half afraid of it: But out of the room again appeared he.

Lord bless me, said I, What a passionate creature is this!

Lord and Lady L. both turned from me with indignation.

nation. But no wonder if *one*, that they *both* did. They are a silly pair; and I believe have agreed to keep each other in countenance in all they do.

But Emily affected me. She sat before in one corner of the room, weeping; and just then ran to me, and, wrapping her arms about me, Dear, dear Lady G. said she, for Heaven's sake, think of what our Miss Byron said; 'Don't jest away your own happiness.' I don't say who is in fault: But, my dear Lady, do *you* condescend. It looks pretty in a woman to condescend. Forgive me; I will run to my Lord, and I will beg of him—

Away she ran, without waiting for an answer—and, bringing in the passionate wretch, hanging on his arm—You must not, my Lord, *indeed* you must not be so passionate. Why, my Lord, you frightened *me*; indeed you did. Such a word I never heard from your Lordship's mouth—

Ay, my Lord, said I, you give yourself pretty airs! Don't you? and use pretty words; that a child shall be terrified at them! But come, come, ask my pardon, for leaving me to *dine without* you.

Was not that tender?—Yet out went Lord and Lady L. To be sure they did right, if they withdrew in hopes these kind words would have been received as reconciliatory ones; and not in displeasure with me, as I am half-afraid they did: For their good-nature, worthy souls! does sometimes lead them into misapprehensions. I kindly laid my hand on his arm again.—He was ungracious.—Nay, my Lord, don't once more reject me with disdain—If you do—I then smiled most courteously. Carry not your absurdities, my Lord, too far: And I took his hand [There, Harriet, was condescension!]: I protest, Sir, if you give yourself any more of these airs, you will not find me so condescending.—Come, come, tell me you are sorry, and I will forgive you.

*Sorry!* madam; *sorry!*—I am indeed sorry, for your provoking airs!

Why

Why that's not ill said — But kemboed arms, my Lord! are you not sorry for such an air? And *Oons!* are you not sorry for such a word? and for such looks too? and for quarreling with your dinner?— I protest, my Lord, you make one of us look like a child who flings away his bread and butter because it has not glass windows upon it.—

Not for one moment forbear, madam!—

Pr'ythee, pr'ythee—[I profess I had like to have said *honest friend*] No more of these airs; and, I tell you, I will forgive you.

But, madam, I cannot, I will not—

Hush, hush; no more in that strain, and so loud, as if we had lost each other in a wood!—If you will let us be friends, say so—In an instant—If *not*, I am gone—gone this moment—casting off from him, as I may say, intending to mount up-stairs.

Angel, or Demon, shall I call you? said he.—Yet I receive your hand, as offered. But, for God's sake, madam, let us be happy! And he kissed my hand, but not so cordially as it became him to do; and in came Lord and Lady L. with countenances a little ungracious.

I took my seat next my own man, with an air of officiousness, hoping to oblige him by it; and he *was* obliged: And another day, not yet quite agreed upon, this parade is to be made.

And thus began, proceeded, and ended, this doughty quarrel. And who knows, but before the day is absolutely resolved upon, we may have half a score more? Four, five, six days, as it may happen, is a great space of time for people to agree, who are so much together; and one of whom is playful, and the other will not be played with. But these kembo and oons airs, Harriet, stick a little in my stomach; and the man seems not to be quite come to neither. He is sullen and gloomy, and don't prate away as he used to do, when we have made up before.

But I will sing him a song to-morrow: I will please the *honest* man, if I can. But he really should not have had for a wife a woman of so sweet a temper as

Your CHARLOTTE G.

## L E T T E R XXXVIII.

*Lady G. To Miss BYRON.*

*Monday, May 8.*

MY Lord and I have had another little—*Tiff*, shall I call it? It came not up to a quarrel. Married people would have enough to do, if they were to trouble their friends every time they misunderstood one another. And now a word or two of other people: Not always scribbling of ourselves.

We have just heard, that our cousin Everard has added another fool of our Sex to the number of the weak ones who disgrace it: A sorry fellow! He has been seen with her, by one whom he would not know, at Cuper's Gardens; dressed like a Sea-officer, and skulking, like a thief, into the privatest walks of the place. When he is tired of the poor wretch, he will want to accommodate with us by promises of penitence and reformation, as once or twice before. Rakes are not only odious, but they are despicable fellows. You will the more clearly see this, when I assure you, from those who know, that this silly creature our cousin is looked upon, among his brother Libertines, and Smarts, as a man of *first* consideration!

He has also been seen, in a gayer habit, at a certain Gaming-table, near Covent-Garden; where he did not content himself with being an idle spectator. Colonel Winwood, our informant, shook his head, but made no other answer, to some of our enquiries. May he suffer! say I.—A sorry fellow!—

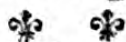
Preparations are going on, all *so-fast* at Windsor.

We

We are all invited. God grant that Miss Mansfield may be as happy a Lady W. as we all conclude she will be! But I never was fond of matches between sober young women, and battered old rakes. Much good may do the adventurers, drawn in by gewgaw and title!—Poor things!—But convenience, when that's the motive, whatever foolish girls think, will hold out its comforts, while a gratified Love quickly evaporates.

Beauchamp, who is acquainted with the Mansfields, is entrusted by my brother, in his absence, with the management of the Law-affairs. He hopes, he says, to give a good account of them. The base steward of the uncle Calvert, who lived as a husband with the woman who had been forced upon his superannuated master in a doting fit, has been brought, by the death of one of the children born in Mr. Calvert's life-time, and by the precarious health of the posthumous one, to make overtures of accommodation. A new hearing of the cause between them and the Keelings, is granted; and great things are expected from it, in their favour, from some new lights thrown in upon that suit. The Keelings are frightened out of their wits, it seems; and are applying to Sir John Lambton, a disinterested neighbour, to offer himself as a mediator between them. The Mansfields will so soon be related to us, that I make no apology for interesting you in their affairs.

Be sure you chide me for my whimsical behaviour to Lord G. I know you will. But don't blame my heart: My head only is wrong.



A little more from fresh informations of this sorry varlet Everard. I wished him to suffer; but I wished him not to be so very great a sufferer as it seems he is. Sharpers have bit his head off, quite close to his shoulders: They have not left it him to carry under his arm, as the honest patron of France did his.

They lend it him, however, now-and-then, to repent with, and curse himself. The creature he attended to Cuper's Gardens, instead of a country Innocent, as he expected her to be, comes out to be a cast mistress, experienced in all the arts of such, and acting under the secret influences of a man of quality; who, wanting to get rid of her, supports her in a prosecution commenced against him (poor devil!) for performance of covenants. He was extremely mortified, on finding my brother gone abroad: He intends to apply to him for his pity and help. Sorry fellow! He boasted to us, on our expectation of our brother's arrival from abroad, that he would enter his cousin Charles into the ways of the town. Now he wants to avail himself against the practices of the sons of that town by his cousin's character and consequence.

A combination of sharpers, it seems, had long set him as a man of fortune: But, on his taking refuge with my brother, gave over, for a time, their designs upon him, till he threw himself again in their way.

The worthless fellow had been often liberal of his promises of marriage to young creatures of more innocence than *this*; and thinks it very hard that he should be prosecuted for a crime which he had so frequently committed, with impunity. Can you pity him? I cannot, I assure you. The man who can betray and ruin an innocent woman, who loves him, ought to be abhorred by *men*. Would he scruple to betray and ruin *them*, if he were not afraid of the Law?—Yet there are women, who can forgive such wretches, and herd with them.—

My aunt Eleanor is arrived: A good, plump, bonny-faced old virgin. She has chosen her apartment. At present we are most prodigiously civil to each other: But already I suspect she likes Lord G. better than I would have her. She will perhaps, if a party should be formed against your poor Charlotte, make one of it.

Will you think it time thrown away, to read a further account of what is come to hand about the wretches who lately, in the double sense of the word, were *overtaken* between St. Denis and Paris?

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, it seems, still keeps his chamber: He is thought not to be out of danger from some inward hurt, which often makes him bring up blood in quantities. He is miserably oppressed by lowness of spirits; and when he is a little better in that respect, his impatience makes his friends apprehensive for his head. But has *he* intellects strong enough to give apprehensions of that nature? Fool and madman we often join as terms of reproach; but I believe, fools seldom run really mad.

Merceda is in a still more dangerous way. Besides his bruises, and a fractured skull, he has, it seems, a wound in his thigh, which, in the delirium he was thrown into by the fracture, was not duly attended to; and which, but for his *valiant* struggles against the knife which gave the wound, was designed for a still greater mischief. His recovery is despaired of; and the poor wretch is continually offering up vows of penitence and reformation, if his life may be spared.

Bagenhall *was* the person who had seduced, by promises of marriage, and fled for it, the manufacturer's daughter of Abbeville. He was overtaken by his pursuers at Douay. The incensed father, and friends of the young woman, would not be otherwise pacified than by his performing his promise; which, with infinite reluctance, he complied with, principally thro' the threats of the brother, who is noted for his fierceness and resolution; and who once made the sorry creature feel an argument which greatly terrified him. Bagenhall is at present at Abbeville, living as well as he can with his new wife, cursing his fate, no doubt, in secret. He is obliged to appear fond of her before her brother and father; the latter being also a sour man, a Gascon, always boasting of his family, and



valuing himself upon a *de*, affixed by *himself* to his name, and jealous of indignity offered to it. The fierce brother is resolved to accompany his sister to England, when Bagenhall goes thither, in order, as he declares, to secure to her good usage, and see her owned and visited by all Bagenhall's friends and relations. And thus much of these fine gentlemen.

How different a man is Beauchamp! But it is injuring him, to think of those wretches and him at the same time. He certainly has an eye to Emily, but behaves with great prudence towards her: Yet everybody but *she* sees his regard for her: Nobody but her guardian runs in her head; and the more, as *she* really thinks it is a glory to love him, because of his goodness. Every-body, *she* says, has the *same* admiration of him, that *she* has.

Mrs. Reeves desires me to acquaint you, that Miss Clements having, by the death of her mother and aunt, come into a pretty fortune, is addressed to by a Yorkshire gentleman of easy circumstances, and is preparing to go down thither to reside; but that *she* intends to write to you before *she* goes, and to beg you to favour her with now-and-then a Letter.

I think Miss Clements is a good sort of young woman: But I imagined *she* would have been one of those Nuns at large, who need not make vows of living and dying Aunt Eleanors, or Lady Gertrudes; all three of them good honest souls! chaste, pious, and plain. It is a charming situation, when a woman is arrived at such a height of perfection, as to be above giving or receiving temptation. Sweet innocents! They have my reverence, if not my love. How would they be affronted, if I were to say *pity!*—I think only of my two good Aunts, at the present writing. Miss Clements, you know, is a *youngish* woman; and I respect her much. One would not jest upon the unsightliness of person, or plainness of feature: But think you *she* will not be one of those,  
who

who twenty years hence may put in a boast of her quondam beauty?

How I run on! I think I ought to be ashamed of myself.

‘Very true, Charlotte.’

And so it is, Harriet. I have done—Adieu!—Lord G. will be silly again, I doubt; but I am prepared. I wish he had half my patience.

‘Be quiet, Lord G.! What a fool you are!’—The man, my dear, under pretence of being friends, run his sharp nose in my eye. No bearing his fondness: It is *worse* than insolence. How my eye waters!—I can tell him—But I will tell *him*, and not *you*.—Adieu, once more.

CHARLOTTE G.

## LETTER XXXIX.

*Mr. LOWTHER, To JOHN ARNOLD, Esq; (his Brother-in-Law) in London.*

*Bologna, May 5—16.*

I Will now, my dear Brother, give you a circumstantial account of our short, but flying journey. The 20th of April, O. S. early in the morning, we left Paris, and reached Lyons the 24th, at night.

Resting but a few hours, we set out for Pont Beauvoisin, where we arrived the following evening: There we bid adieu to France, and found ourselves in Savoy, equally noted for its poverty and rocky mountains. Indeed it was a total change of the scene. We had left behind us a blooming spring, which enlivened with its verdure the trees and hedges on the road we passed, and the meadows already smiled with flowers. The chearful inhabitants were busy in adjusting their limits, lopping their trees, pruning their vines, tilling their fields: But when we entered Savoy, nature wore a very different face;

and I must own, that my spirits were great sufferers by the change. Here we began to view on the nearer mountains, covered with ice and snow, notwithstanding the advanced season, the rigid winter, in frozen majesty, still preserving its domains : And arriving at St. Jean de Maurienne the night of the 26th, the snow seemed as if it would dispute with us our passage ; and horrible was the force of the boisterous winds, which sat full in our faces.

Overpowered by the fatigues I had undergone in the expedition we had made, the unseasonable coldness of the weather, and the sight of one of the worst countries under Heaven, still cloathed in snow, and deformed by continual hurricanes ; I was here taken ill. Sir Charles was greatly concerned for my indisposition, which was increased by a great lowness of spirits. He attended upon me in person ; and never had man a more kind and indulgent friend. Here we stayed two days ; and then, my illness being principally owing to fatigue, I found myself enabled to proceed. At two of the clock in the morning of the 28th, we prosecuted our journey, in palpable darkness, and dismal weather, tho' the winds were somewhat laid, and reaching the foot of Mount Cenis by break of day, arrived at Lanebourg, a poor little village, so environed by high mountains, that, for three months in the twelve, it is hardly visited by the chearing rays of the sun. Every object which here presents itself is excessively miserable. The people are generally of an olive complexion, with wens under their chins ; some so monstrous, especially women, as quite disfigure them.

Here it is usual to unscrew and take in pieces the chaises, in order to carry them on mules over the mountain ; and to put them together on the other side : For the Savoy side of the mountain is much more difficult to pass than the other. But Sir Charles chose not to lose time ; and therefore left the chaise

to

to the care of the inn-keeper ; proceeding, with all expedition, to gain the top of the hill.

The way we were carried, was as follows: A kind of horse, as it is called with you, with two poles, like those of chairmen, was the vehicle ; on which is secured a sort of elbow chair, in which the traveller sits. A man before, another behind, carry this open machine with so much swiftness, that they are continually running and skipping, like wild goats, from rock to rock, the four miles of that ascent. If a traveller were not prepossessed that these mountaineers are the surest-footed carriers in the universe, he would be in continual apprehensions of being overturned. I, who never undertook this journey before, must own, that I could not be so fearless, on this occasion, as Sir Charles was, tho' he had very exactly described to me how every-thing would be. Then, tho' the sky was clear when we passed this mountain, yet the cold wind blew quantities of frozen snow in our faces ; insomuch that it seemed to me just as if people were employed, all the time we were passing, to wound us with the sharpest needles. They indeed call the wind that brings this sharp-pointed snow, *The Tormenta*.

An adventure, which any-where else might have appeared ridiculous, I was afraid would have proved fatal to one of our chairmen, as I will call them. I had flapt down my hat to screen my eyes from the fury of that deluge of sharp-pointed frozen snow ; and it was blown off my head, by a sudden gust, down the precipices : I gave it for lost, and was about to bind a handkerchief over the woollen cap, which those people provide to tie under the chin ; when one of the assistant carriers (for they are always six in number to every chair, in order to relieve one another) undertook to recover it. I thought it impossible to be done ; the passage being, as I imagined, only practicable for birds: However, I promised him a

crown reward, if he did. Never could the leaps of the most dextrous of rope-dancers be compared to those of this daring fellow: I saw him sometimes jumping from rock to rock, sometimes rolling down a declivity of snow like a ninepin, sometimes running, sometimes hopping, skipping; in short, he descended like lightning to the verge of a torrent, where he found the hat. He came up almost as quick, and appeared as little fatigued, as if he had never left us.

We arrived at the top in two hours, from Lanebourg; and the sun was pretty high above the horizon. Out of a hut, half-buried in snow, came some mountaineers, with two poor sledges, drawn by mules, to carry us through the *Plain of Mount Genis*, as it is called, which is about four Italian miles in length, to the descent of the Italian side of the mountain. These sledges are not much different from the chairs, or sedans, or horse, we then quitted; only the two under-poles are flat, and not so long as the others, and turning up a little at the end, to hinder them from sticking fast in the snow. To the fore-ends of the poles are fixed two round sticks, about two feet and a half long, which serve for a support and help to the man who guides the mule, who, running on the snow between the mule and the sledge, holds the sticks with each hand.

It was diverting to see the two sledgemen striving to out-run each other. Encouraged by Sir Charles's generosity, we arrived at the other end of the plain in less than two hours: The man who walked, or rather run, between the sledge and the mule, made a continual noise; hallooing and beating the stubborn beast with his fists, which otherwise would be very slow in its motion.

At the end of this plain we found such another hut as that on the Lanebourg side: Here they took off the smoking mules from the sledges, to give them rest.

And now began the most extraordinary way of travelling that can be imagined. The descent of the mountain from the top of this side, to a small village called Novalesa, is four Italian miles. When the snow has filled up all the inequalities of the mountain, it looks, in many parts, as smooth and equal as a sugar-loaf. It is on the brink of this rapid descent that they put the sledge. The man who is to guide it, sits between the feet of the traveller, who is seated in the elbow chair, with his legs at the outside of the sticks fixed at the fore-ends of the flat poles, and holds the two sticks with his hands; and when the sledge has gained the declivity, its own weight carries it down with surprising celerity. But as the immense irregular rocks under the snow make now-and-then some edges in the declivity, which, if not avoided, would overturn the sledge; the guide, who foresees the danger, by putting his foot strongly and dextrously in the snow next to the precipice, turns the machine, by help of the above-mentioned sticks, the contrary way, and, by way of zig-zag, goes to the bottom. Such was the velocity of this motion, that we dispatched these four miles in less than five minutes; and, when we arrived at Novalesa, hearing that the snow was very deep most of the way to Susa, and being pleased with our way of travelling, we had some mules put again to the sledges, and ran all the way to the very gates of that city, which is seven miles distant from Mount Cenis.

In our way we had a cursory view of the impregnable fortrefs of Brunetta, the greatest part of which is cut out of the solid rock, and commands that important pass.

We rested all night at Susa; and, having bought a very commodious post-chaise, we proceeded to Turin, where we dined; and from thence, the evening of May 2. O. S. got to Parma by way of Alexandria and Placentia, having purposely avoided the high road

through Milan, as it would have cost us a few hours more time.

Sir Charles observed to me, when we were on the plain or flat top of Mount Cenis, that, had not the winter been particularly long and severe, we should have had, instead of this terrible appearance of snow there, flowers starting up, as it were, under our feet, of various kinds, which are hardly to be met with anywhere else. One of the greatest dangers, he told me, in passing this mount in winter, arises from a ball of snow, which is blown down from the top by the wind, or falls down by some other accident; which, gathering all the way in its descent, becomes instantly of such a prodigious bigness, that there is hardly any avoiding being carried away with it, man and beast, and smothered in it. One of these balls we saw rolling down; but as it took another course than ours, we had no apprehensions of danger from it.

At Parma we found expecting us, the Bishop of Nocera, and a very Reverend Father, Marescotti by name; who expressed the utmost joy at the arrival of Sir Charles Grandison, and received me, at his recommendation, with a politeness which seems natural to them. I will not repeat what I have written before of this excellent young gentleman: Intrepidity, bravery, discretion, as well as generosity, are conspicuous parts of his character. He is studious to avoid danger; but is unappalled in it. For humanity, benevolence, providence for others, to his very servants, I never met with his equal.

My reception from the noble family to which he has introduced me; the patient's case (a very unhappy one!); and a description of this noble city, and the fine country about it; shall be the subject of my next. Assure all my friends of my health, and good wishes for them; and, my dear Arnold, believe me to be

*Ever Yours, &c.*

L E T T E R XL.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr. BARTLETT.

*Bologna, Wednesday, May 10—21.*

I Told you, my dear and reverend friend, that I should hardly write to you till I arrived in this city.

The affair of my executorship obliged me to stay a day longer at Paris than I intended; but I have put every-thing relating to that trust in such a way, as to answer all my wishes.

Mr. Lowther wrote to Mr. Arnold, a friend of his in London, the particulars of the extraordinary affair we were engaged in between St. Denis and Paris; with desire that he would inform my friends of our arrival at that capital.

We were obliged to stop two days at St. Jean de Maurienne: The expedition we travelled with was too much for Mr. Lowther; and I expected, and was not disappointed, from the unusual backwardness of the season, to find the passage over Mount Cenis less agreeable than it usually is in the beginning of May.

The Bishop of Nocera had offered to meet me anywhere on his side of the mountains. I wrote to him from Lyons, that I hoped to see him at Parma, on or about the very day that I was so fortunate as to reach the palace of the Count of Belvedere in that city; where I found, that he and Father Marecotti had arrived the evening before. They, as well as the Count, expressed great joy to see me; and when I presented Mr. Lowther to them, with the praises due to his skill, and let them know the consultations I had had with eminent physicians of my own country, on Lady Clementina's case, they invoked blessings upon us both, and would not be interrupted in them by my eager questions after the health and state of mind



of the two dearest persons of their family—Unhappy! *very* unhappy! said the Bishop. Let us give you some refreshment, before we come to particulars.

To my repeated enquiries, Jeronymo, poor Jeronymo! said the Bishop, is living, and that is all we can say.—The sight of you will be a cordial to his heart. Clementina is on her journey to Bologna from Naples. You desired to find her with us, and not at Naples. She is weak; is obliged to travel slowly. She will rest at Urbino two or three days. Dear creature! What has she not suffered from the cruelty of her cousin Laurana, as well as from her malady! The General has been, and is, indulgent to her. He is married to a Lady of great merit, quality, and fortune. He has, at length, consented that we shall try this last experiment, as the hearts of my mother and now lately of my father, as well as mine, are in it. His Lady would not be denied accompanying my sister; and as my brother could not bear being absent from her, he travels with them. I wish he had stay'd at Naples. I hope, however, he will be as ready, as you will find us all, to acknowledge the favour of this visit, and the fatigue and trouble you have given yourself on our account.

As to my sister's bodily health, proceeded he, it is greatly impaired. We are almost hopeless, with regard to the state of her mind. She speaks not; she answers not any questions. Camilla is with her. She seems regardless of any-body else. She has been told, that the General is married. His Lady makes great court to her; but she heeds her not. We are in hopes, that my mother, on her return to Bologna, will engage her attention. She never yet was so bad as to forget her duty, either to God, or her Parents. Sometimes Camilla thinks she pays some little attention to your name; but then she instantly starts, as in terror; looks round her with fear; puts her finger to her lips, as if she dreaded her cruel cousin Lau-  
rana

rana should be told of her having heard it mentioned.

The Bishop and Father both regretted that she had been denied the requested interview. They were now, they said, convinced, that if that had been granted, and she had been left to Mrs. Beaumont's friendly care, a happy issue might have been hoped for: But *now*, said the Bishop — Then sighed, and was silent.

I dispatched Saunders, early the next morning, to Bologna, to procure convenient lodgings for me, and Mr. Lowther.

In the afternoon we set out for that city. The Count of Belvedere found an opportunity to let me know his unabated passion for Clementina, and that he had lately made overtures to marry her, notwithstanding her malady; having been advised, he said, by proper persons, that as it was not an hereditary, but an accidental disorder, it might be, in time, curable. He accompanied us about half way in our journey; and, at parting, Remember, Chevalier, whispered he, that Clementina is the Soul of my hope: I cannot forego that hope. No other woman will I ever call mine.

I heard him in silence: I admired him for his attachment: I pitied him. He said, he would tell me more of his mind at Bologna.

We reached Bologna on the 15th, N. S. Saunders had engaged for me the lodgings I had before.

Our conversation on the road turned chiefly on the case of Signor Jeronimo. The Bishop and Father were highly pleased with the skill, founded on practice, which evidently appeared in all that Mr. Lowther said on the subject: And the Bishop once intimated, that, be the event what it would, his journey to Italy should be made the most beneficial affair to him he had ever engaged in. Mr. Lowther replied, that as he was neither a necessitous nor a mean-spirited man, and  
had

had reason to be entirely satisfied with the terms I had already secured to him; he should take it unkindly, if any other reward were offered him.

Think, my dear Dr. Bartlett, what emotions I must have on entering, once more, the gates of the Porretta palace, tho' Clementina was not there.

I hastened up to my Jeronymo, who had been apprized of my arrival. The moment he saw me, Do I once more, said he, behold my friend, my Grandison? Let me embrace the dearest of men. Now, now, have I lived long enough. He bowed his head upon his pillow, and meditated me; his countenance shining with pleasure, in defiance of pain.

The Bishop entered: He could not be present at our first interview.

My Lord, said Jeronymo, make it your care that my dear friend be treated, by every soul of our family, with the gratitude and respect which are due to his goodness. Methinks I am easier and happier, this moment, than I have been for the tedious space of time since I last saw him. He named that space of time to the day, and to the very hour of the day.

The Marquis and Marchioness signifying their pleasure to see me, the Bishop led me to them. My reception from the Marquis was kind; from his Lady it was as that of a mother to a long-absent son. I had ever been, she was pleased to say, a fourth son in her eye; and now, that she had been informed that I had brought over with me a surgeon of experience, and the advice in writing of eminent physicians of my country, the obligations I had laid on their whole family, whatever were the success, were unreturnable.

I asked leave to introduce Mr. Lowther to them. They received him with great politeness, and recommended their Jeronymo to his best skill. Mr. Lowther's honest heart was engaged, by a reception so kind. He never, he told me afterwards, beheld so  
much

much pleasure and pain struggling in the same countenance, as in that of the Lady; so fixed a melancholy, as in that of the Marquis. Mr. Lowther is a man of spirit, tho' a modest man. He is, as on every *proper* occasion I found, a man of piety; and has a heart tender as manly. Such a man, heart and hand, is qualified for a profession which is the most useful and certain in the art of healing. He is a man of sense and learning *out* of his profession, and happy in his address.

The two surgeons who now attend Signor Jeronymo, are both of this country. They were sent for. With the approbation, and at the request, of the family, I presented Mr. Lowther to them; but first gave them his character, as a modest man, as a man of skill, and experience; and told them, that he had quitted business, and wanted not either fame or fortune.

They acquainted him with the case, and their methods of proceeding. Mr. Lowther assisted in the dressings that very evening. Jeronymo would have me to be present. Mr. Lowther suggested an alteration in their method, but in so easy and gentle a manner, as if he doubted not, but *such* was their intention when the state of the wounds would admit of that method of treatment, that the gentlemen came readily into it. A great deal of matter had been collected, by means of the wrong methods pursued; and he proposed, if the patient's strength would bear it, to make an aperture below the principal wound, in order to discharge the matter downward; and he suggested the dressing with hollow tents and bandage, and to dismiss the large tents, with which they had been accustomed to distend the wound, to the extreme anguish of the patient, on pretence of keeping it open, to assist the discharge.

Let me now give you, my dear friend, a brief history of my Jeronymo's case, and of the circumstances

stances which have attended it; by which you will be able to account for the difficulties of it, and how it has happened, that, in such a space of time, either the cure was not effected, or that the patient yielded not to the common destiny.

In lingering cases, patients or their friends are sometimes too apt to blame their physicians, and to listen to new recommendations. The surgeons attending this unhappy case, had been more than once changed. Signor Jeronymo, it seems, was unskilfully treated by the young surgeon of Cremona, who was first engaged: He neglected the most dangerous wound; and, when he attended to it, managed it wrong, for want of experience. He was therefore very properly dismissed.

The unhappy man had at first three wounds: One in his breast, which had been for some time healed; one in his shoulder, which, through his own impatience, having been too suddenly healed up, was obliged to be laid open again; the other, which is the most dangerous, in the hip-joint.

A surgeon of this place, and another of Padua, were next employed. The cure not advancing, a surgeon of eminence, from Paris, was sent for.

Mr. Lowther tells me, that this man's method was by far the most eligible; but that he undertook too much; since, from the first, there could not be any hope, from the nature of the wound in the hip-joint, that the patient could ever walk, without sticks or crutches: And of this opinion were the other two surgeons: But the French gentleman was so very pragmatical, that he would neither draw with them, nor give reasons for what he did; regarding them only as his assistants. They could not long bear this usage, and gave up to him in disgust.

How cruel is punctilio, among men of this science, in cases of difficulty and danger!

The present operators, when the two others had  
given

given up, were not, but by leave of the French gentleman, called in. He valuing himself on his practice in the Royal Hospital of Invalids at Paris, looked upon them as *Theorists* only; and treated them with as little ceremony as he had shewn the others: So that at last, from their frequent differences, it became necessary to part with either him, or them. His pride, when he knew that this question was a subject of debate, would not allow him to leave the family an option. He made his demand: It was complied with; and he returned to Paris.

From what this gentleman threw out at parting, to the disparagement of the two others, Signor Jeronimo suspected their skill; and from a hint of this suspicion, as soon as I knew I should be welcome myself, I procured the favour of Mr. Lowther's attendance.

All Mr. Lowther's fear is, that Signor Jeronimo has been kept too long in hand by the different managements of the several operators; and that he will sink under the necessary process, through weakness of habit. But, however, he is of opinion, that it is requisite to confine him to a strict diet, and to deny him wine and fermented liquors, in which he has hitherto been indulged, against the opinion of his own operators, who have been too complaisant to his appetite.

An operation somewhat severe was performed on his shoulder yesterday morning. The Italian surgeons complimented Mr. Lowther with the lancet. They all praised his dexterity; and Signor Jeronimo, who will be consulted on every-thing that he is to suffer, blessed his gentle hand.

At Mr. Lowther's request, a physician was yesterday consulted; who advised some gentle aperitives, as his strength will bear it; and some balsamics, to sweeten the blood and juices.

Mr. Lowther told me just now, that the fault of  
the

the gentlemen who have now the care of him, has not been want of skill, but of *critical* courage, and a too great solicitude to oblige their patient; which, by their own account, had made them forego several opportunities which had offered to assist nature. In short, Sir, said he, your friend knows too much of his own case to be ruled, and too little to qualify him to direct what is to be done, especially as symptoms must have been frequently changing.

Mr. Lowther doubts not, he says, but he shall soon convince Jeronimo that he merits his confidence, and then he will exact it from him; and, in so doing, shall not only give weight to his own endeavours to serve him, but rid the other two gentlemen of embarrassments which have often given them diffidencies, when resolution was necessary.

Mean time the Marquis, his Lady, the Bishop, and Father Marescotti, are delighted with Mr. Lowther. They *will* flatter themselves, they say, with hopes of their Jeronimo's recovery; which however Mr. Lowther, for fear of disappointment, does not encourage. Jeronimo himself owns, that his spirits are much revived; and we all know the power that the mind has over the body.

Thus have I given you, my reverend friend, a general notion of Jeronimo's case, as I understand it from Mr. Lowther's *as* general representation of it.

The family have prevailed upon him to accept of an apartment adjoining to that of his patient. Jeronimo said, that when he knows he has so skilful a friend near him, he shall go to rest with confidence; and good rest is of the highest consequence to him.

What a happiness, my dear Dr. Bartlett, will fall to my share, if I may be an humble instrument, in the hand of Providence, to heal this brother; and if his recovery shall lead the way to the restoration of his sister; each so known a lover of the other, that the world is more ready to attribute her malady to his

misfortune and danger, than to any other cause! But how early days are these, on which my love and my compassion for persons so meritorious, embolden me to build hopes so forward!

Lady Clementina is now impatiently expected by every one. She is at Urbino. The General and his Lady are with her. His haughty spirit cannot bear to think she should see me, or that my attendance on her should be thought of so much importance to her.

The Marchioness, in a conversation that I have just now had with her, hinted this to me, and besought me to keep my temper, if his high notion of family and female honour should carry him out of his usual politeness.

I will give you, my dear friend, the particulars of this conversation.

She began with saying, that she did not, for her part, now think, that her beloved daughter, whom once she believed hardly any private man could deserve, was worthy of me, even were she to recover her reason.

I could not but guess the meaning of so high a compliment. What answer could I return that would not, on one hand, be capable of being thought *cool*; on the other, of being supposed *interested*, and as if I were looking forward to a reward that some of the family still think too high? But while I knew my own motives, I could not be displeas'd with a Lady who was not at liberty to act, in this point, according to her own will.

I only said (and it was with truth) That the calamity of the noble Lady had endeared her to me, more than it was possible the most prosperous fortune could have done.

I, my good Chevalier, may say any-thing to you. We are undetermined about every-thing. We know not what to propose, what to consent to. Your journey,



journey, on the first motion, tho' but from some of us, the dear creature continuing ill; you in possession of a considerable estate, exercising yourself in doing good in your native country [You must think we took all opportunities of enquiring after the man once so likely to be one of us]; the first fortune in Italy, Olivia, tho' she is not a Clementina, pursuing you in hopes of calling herself yours (for to England we hear she went, and there you own she is) What obligations have you laid upon us!—What *can* we determine upon? What can we *wish*?

Providence and you, madam, shall direct my steps. I am in yours and your Lord's power. The same uncertainty, from the same unhappy cause, leaves me not the *thought*, because not the *power* of determination. The recovery of Lady Clementina and her brother, without a view to my own interest, fills up, at present, all the wishes of my heart.

Let me ask, said the Lady (it is for my own private satisfaction) Were such a happy event, as to Clementina, to take place, could you, would you, think yourself bound by your former offers?

When I made those offers, madam, the situation on your side was the same that it is now: Lady Clementina was unhappy in her mind. My fortune, it is true, is higher: It is indeed as high as I wish it to be. I *then* declared, That if you would give me your Clementina, without insisting on one hard, on one indispensable article, I would renounce her fortune, and trust to my father's goodness to me for a provision. Shall my accession to the estate of my ancestors alter me?—No! madam: I never yet made an offer, that I receded from, the circumstances continuing the same. If, in the article of residence, the Marquis, and you, and Clementina, would relax; I would acknowledge myself indebted to your goodness, but without conditioning for it.

I told you, said she, that I put this question only  
for

for my own private satisfaction: And I told you truth. I never will deceive or mislead you. Whenever I speak to you, it shall be as if, even in your own concerns, I spoke to a third person; and I shall not doubt but you will have the generosity to advise, as *such*, tho' against yourself.

May I be enabled to act worthy of your good opinion! I, madam, look upon myself as bound: You and yours are free.

What a pleasure is it, my dear Dr. Bartlett, to the proud heart of your friend, that I *could* say this!— Had I fought, in pursuance of my own *inclinations*, to engage the affections of the admirable Miss Byron, as I might with honour have endeavoured to do, had not the woes of this noble family, and the unhappy state of mind of their Clementina, so deeply affected me; I might have involved myself, and that loveliest of women, in difficulties which would have made such a heart as mine still more unhappy than it is.

Let me know, my dear Dr. Bartlett, that Miss Byron is happy. I rejoice, whatever be my own destiny, that I have not involved her in my uncertainties. The Countess of D. is a worthy woman: The Earl, her son, is a good young man: Miss Byron merits such a mother; the Countess such a daughter. How dear, how important, is her welfare to me!— You know your Grandison, my good Dr. Bartlett. Her friendship I presumed to ask: I dared not to wish to correspond with her. I rejoice, for her sake, that I trusted not my heart with such a proposal. What difficulties, my dear friend, have I had to encounter with!— God be praised, that I have nothing, with regard to these two incomparable women, to reproach myself with. I am persuaded that our prudence, if rashly we throw not ourselves into difficulties, and if we will exert it, and make' a reliance on the proper assistance, is generally proportioned to our trials.

I asked the Marchioness after Lady Sforza, and her daughter Laurana; and whether they were at Milan?

You have heard, no doubt, answered she, the cruel treatment that my poor child met with from her cousin Laurana. Lady Sforza justifies her in it. We are upon extreme bad terms, on that account. They are both at Milan. The General has vowed, that he never will see them more, if he can avoid it. The Bishop, only as a Christian, can forgive them. You, Chevalier, know the reason why we cannot allow our Clementina to take the veil.

The particular reasons I have not, madam, been inquisitive about; but have always understood them to be family ones, grounded on the dying request of one of her grandfathers.

Our daughter, Sir, is intitled to a considerable estate which joins to our own domains. It was purchased for her by her two grandfathers; who vied with each other in demonstrating their love of her by solid effects. One of them (my father) was, in his youth, deeply in Love with a young Lady of great merit; and she was thought to love him: But, in a fit of *pious bravery*, as he used to call it, when everything between themselves, and between the friends on both sides, was concluded on, she threw herself into a Convent; and, passing steadily through the probationary forms, took the veil; but afterwards repented, and took pains to let it be known that she was unhappy. This gave him a disgust against the sequestered life, tho' he was, in other respects, a zealous Catholic. And Clementina having always a serious turn; in order to deter her from embracing it (both grandfathers being desirous of strengthening their house, as well in the female as male line) they inserted a clause in each of their wills, by which they gave the estate designed for her, in case she took the veil, to Laurana, and her descendants; Laurana to enter into possession of it on the day that Clementina should be professed. But if Clementina married, Laurana was then to be intitled only to a handsome legacy, that she

she might not be entirely disappointed: For the reversion, in case Clementina had no children, was to go to our eldest son; who, however, has been always generously solicitous to have his sister marry.

Both grandfathers were rich. Our son Giacomo, on my father's death, as he had willed, entered upon a considerable estate in the kingdom of Naples, which had for ages been in my family: He is therefore, and will be, greatly provided for. Our second son has great prospects before him, in the church: But you know he cannot marry. Poor Jeronymo! We had not, *before* his misfortune, any great hopes of strengthening the family by his means: He, alas! (as *you* well know, who took such laudable pains to reclaim him, before we knew you) with great qualities, imbibed free notions from bad company, and declared himself a despiser of marriage. This the two grandfathers knew, and often deplored; for Jeronymo and Clementina were equally their favourites. To him and the Bishop they bequeathed great legacies.

We suspected not, till very lately, that Laurana was deeply in Love with the Count of Belvedere; and that her mother and she had views to drive our sweet child into a convent, that Laurana might enjoy the estate; which they hoped would be an inducement to the Count to marry her. Cruel Laurana! Cruel Lady Sforza! So much love as they both pretended to our child; and, I believe, *had*, till the temptation, strengthened by power, became *too* strong for them. Unhappy the day that we put her into their hands!

Besides the estate so bequeathed to Clementina, we can do great things for her: Few Italian families are so rich as ours. Her brothers forget their own interest, when it comes into competition with hers: She is as generous as they. Our four children never knew what a contention was, but who should give up

an advantage to the other. This child, this sweet child, was ever the delight of us all, and likewise of our brother the Conte della Porretta. What joy would her recovery and nuptials give us!—Dear creature! We have sometimes thought, that she is the fonder of the sequestred life, as it is that which we wish her not to embrace—But can Clementina be perverse? She cannot. Yet *that* was the life of her choice, when she *had* a choice, her grandfathers wishes notwithstanding.

Will you now wonder, Chevalier, that neither our sons nor we can allow Clementina to take the veil? Can we so reward Laurana for her cruelty? Especially now, that we suspect the motives for her barbarity? Could I have thought that my sister Sforza—But what will not Love and Avarice do, their powers united to compass the same end; the one reigning in the bosom of the mother, the other in that of the daughter? Alas! alas! they have, between them, broken the spirit of my Clementina. The *very* name of Laurana gives her terror—So far is she sensible. But, O Sir, her sensibility appears only when she is harshly treated! To tenderness she had been too much accustomed, to make her think an indulgent treatment new, or unusual.

I dread, my dear Dr. Bartlett, yet am impatient, to see the unhappy Lady. I wish the General were not to accompany her. I am afraid I shall want temper, if he forget his. My own heart, when it tells me, that I have not deserved ill usage (from my equals and superiors in rank, especially) bids me not bear it. I am ashamed to own to you, my reverend friend, *that* pride of spirit, which, knowing it to be my fault, I ought long ago to have subdued.

Make my compliments to every one I love. Mr. and Mrs. Reeves are of the number.

Charlotte, I hope, is happy. If she is not, it must be her own fault. Let her know, that I will not  
allow,

allow, when my love to both sisters is equal, that she shall give me cause to say, that Lady L. is my best sister.

Lady Olivia gives me uneasiness. I am ashamed, my dear Dr. Bartlett, that a woman of a rank so considerable, and who has some great qualities, should lay herself under obligation to the compassion of a man who can *only* pity her. When a woman gets over that delicacy, which is the test or bulwark, as I may say, of modesty—Modesty itself may soon lie at the mercy of an enemy.

Tell my Emily, that she is never out of my mind; and that, among the other excellent examples she has before her, Miss Byron's must never be out of hers.

Lord L. and Lord G. are in full possession of my brotherly love.

I shall not at present write to my Beauchamp. In writing to you, I write to him.

You know all my heart. If in this, or my future Letters, any-thing should fall from my pen, that would possibly in your opinion affect or give uneasiness to any one I love and honour, were it to be communicated; I depend upon your known and unquestionable discretion to keep it to yourself.

I shall be glad you will enable yourself to inform me of the way Sir Hargrave and his friends are in. They were very ill at Paris; and, it was thought, too weak, and too much bruised, to be soon carried over to England. Men! Englishmen! thus to disgrace themselves, and their country!—I am concerned for them!

I expect large packets by the next mails from my friends. England, which was *always* dear to me, never was half so dear as *now*, to

*Your ever-affectionate*

GRANDISON.

## LETTER XLI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr. BARTLETT.

Bologna, May 11—22.

THE Bishop set out yesterday for Urbino, in order to inform himself of his sister's state of health, and perhaps to qualify the General to meet me with temper and politeness. Were I sure the good prelate thought this necessary, my pride would be excited.

The Count of Belvedere arrived here yesterday. He made it his first business to see me. He acquainted me, but in confidence,\* that proposals of marriage with Lady Laurana had actually been made him: To which he had returned answer, that his heart, however hopelessly, was engaged; and that he never could think of any other woman than Lady Clementina.

He made no scruple, he said, of returning so short an answer, because he had been apprised of the cruelty with which one of the noblest young women in Italy had been treated, by the proposers; and with their motives for it.

You see, Chevalier, said he, that I am open and unreserved to you. You will oblige me, if you will let me know what it is you propose to your-*self* in the present situation?—But, first, I should be glad to hear from your own mouth, what passed between you and Clementina, and the family, before you quitted Italy the last time. I have had *their* account.

I gave him a very faithful relation of it. He was pleased with it. Exactly as it has been represented to me! said he. Were Clementina and you of one religion, there could have been no hope for any other man. I adore her for her piety, and for her attachment to *hers*; and am not so narrow-minded a man, but I can admire you for *yours*. As her malady is accidental, I never would think of any other woman,  
could

could I flatter myself that she would not, if restored, be unhappy with me. — But now tell me; I am earnest to know; Are you come over to us (I *know* you are invited) with an expectation to call her yours, in case of her recovery?

I answered him as I had done the Marchioness.

He seemed as much pleased with me as I am with him. He is gone back to Parma.

*Friday, May 12—23.*

THE Bishop is returned. Lady Clementina has been very ill: A fever. How has she been hurried about! He tells me, that the General and his Lady, and also the Conte della Porretta, acknowledge themselves and their whole family obliged to me for the trouble I have been at to serve their Jeronymo.

The fever having left Lady Clementina, she will set out in a day or two. The Count and Signor Sebastiano, as well as the General and his Lady, will attend her. I am impatient to see her. Yet how greatly will the sight of her afflict me! The Bishop says, she is the picture of silent woe: Yet, tho' greatly emaciated, *looks herself*, were his words. They told her, that Jeronymo was better than he had been. Your dear Jeronymo, said the General to her. The sweet echo repeated—Jeronymo—and was again silent.

They afterwards proposed to name me to her. They did. She looked quick about her, as if for Somebody. Laura, her maid, was occasionally called upon. She started, and threw her arms about Camilla, as terrified; looking wildly. Camilla doubts not, but by the name Laura, she apprehended the savage Laurana to be at hand.

How must she have suffered from her barbarity!—Sweet Innocent! She, who even in her reveries thought not but of good to the *Soul* of the man whom she honoured with her regard—She, who bore offence



without resentment ; and by meekness only fought to calm the violence for which she had not given the least cause!

But when Camilla and she had retired, she spoke to her. The Bishop gave me the following dialogue between them, as he had it from Camilla :

Did they not name to me the Chevalier Grandison? said she.

They did, madam.

See! see! said she, before I name him again, if my cruel cousin hearken not at the door.

Your cruel cousin, madam, is at many miles distance.

She may hear what I say, for all that.

My dear Lady Clementina, she cannot hear. She shall never more come near you.

So you say.

Did I ever deceive you, madam?

I can't remember: My memory is gone; quite gone, Camilla.

She then looked earnestly at Camilla, and screamed.

What ails you, my dearest young Lady?

Recovering herself—Ah, my own Camilla! It is you. I thought, by the cast of your eye, you were become Laurana.—Do not, do not give me such another look!

Camilla was not sensible of any particularity in her looks.

Here you have me again upon a journey, Camilla: But how do I know that I am not to be carried to my cruel cousin?

You are really going to your father's palace at Bologna, madam.

Is my mother there?

She is.

Who else?

The Chevalier, madam.

What Chevalier?

Grandifon.

Impossible! Is he not in proud England?

He is come over, madam.

What for?

With a skilful English surgeon, in hopes to cure Signor Jeronymo—

Poor Jeronymo!

And to pay his compliments to you, madam.

Flatterer! How many hundred times have I been told so?

Should you wish to see him, madam?

See whom?

The Chevalier Grandifon.

Once I should; and sigh'd.

And not now, madam?

No: I have lost all I had to say to him. Yet I wish I were allowed to go to that England. We poor women are not suffered to go any-whither; while men—

There she stopt; and Camilla could not make her say any more.

The Bishop was fond of repeating these particulars; as she had not, for some time, talked so much, and so sensibly.

*Friday Evening.*

I PASS more than half my time with Signor Jeronymo; but (that I may not fatigue his spirits) at different hours of the day. The Italian surgeons and Mr. Lowther happily agree in all their measures: They applaud him when his back is turned; and he speaks well of them in their absence. This mutual return of good offices, which they hear of, unites them. The patient declares, that he had not for months been so easy as now. Every-body attributes a great deal to his heart's being revived by my frequent visits. To-morrow it is proposed to make an opening below the most difficult wound. Mr. Lowther says, he will not flatter us, till he sees the success of this operation. The

The Marquis and his Lady are inexpressibly obliging to me. I had yesterday a visit from both, on an indisposition that confined me to my chamber; occasioned, I believe, by a hurry of spirits; by fatigue; by my apprehensions for Jeronymo; my concern for Clementina; and by my too great anxiety for the dear friends I had so lately left in England.

You know, Dr. Bartlett, that I have a heart too susceptible for my own peace, tho' I endeavour to conceal from others those painful sensibilities, which they cannot relieve. The poor Olivia was ever to be my disturbance. Miss Byron must be happy in the rectitude of her own heart. I am ready to think, that she will not be able to resist the warm instances of the Countess of D. in favour of her son, who is certainly one of the best young men among the nobility. She will be the happiest woman in the world, as she is one of the most deserving, if she be as happy as I wish her.

Emily takes up a large portion of my thoughts.

Our Beauchamp I know must be happy: So must my Lord W.; my Sisters; and their Lords.—Why then shall I not think myself so? God restore Jeronymo, and his Sister, and I must, I will; for you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, are so: And then I will subscribe myself a partaker of the happiness of all my friends; and particularly

*Your ever-affectionate*

GRANDISON.

## L E T T E R XLII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr. BARTLETT.

*Eologna, Monday, May 15—26.*

LAST night arrived Lady Clementina, the General, his Lady, the Count, and Signor Sebastiano.

I had

I had left Jeronymo about an hour. He had had in the morning the intended opening made by Mr. Lowther. He would have me present.

The operation was happily performed: But, thro' weakness of body, he was several times in the day troubled with faintings.

I left him tolerably chearful in the evening; and rejoicing in expectation of his sister's arrival; and, as the Bishop had assured him of the General's grateful disposition, he longed, he said, to see that affectionate brother and his Lady once more. He had never but once seen her before, and then was so ill, that he could hardly compliment her on the honour she had done their family.

The Bishop sent to tell me that his sister was arrived; but that being fatigued and unhappy, Camilla should acquaint me in the morning with the way in which she should then be.

I slept not half an hour the whole night. You, my dear friend, will easily account for my restlessness.

I sent, as usual, early in the morning, to know how Jeronymo rested. The answer was favourable; returned by Mr. Lowther, who sat up with him that night, at his own motion: He knew not but something critical might happen.

Camilla came. The good woman was so full of her own joy to see me once more in Italy, that I could not presently get a word from her, of what my heart throbb'd with impatience to know.

At last, You will, said she, have the General and the Bishop with you. Ah, Sir! my poor young Lady! What has she suffered since you left us! You will not know her. We are not sure she will know you. Who shall be able to bear the first interview? She has now but few intervals. It is all one gloomy confusion with her. She cares not to speak to anybody. Every stranger she sees, terrifies her. O the vile, thrice vile Lady Laurana!—

In this manner ran on Camilla: Nor would she enter into any other particulars than the unhappy ones she left me to collect from the broken hints and exclamations thus thrown out. Alas! thought I, the calamities of Clementina have affected the head of the poor Camilla! She hurried away, lest she should be wanted, and lest the General should find her with me.

The two brothers came soon after. The General took my hand, with a kind of forced politeness: We are all obliged to you, Sir, said he, for your Mr. Lowther. Are the surgeons of England so famous? But the people of your nation have been accustomed to *give* wounds: They should therefore furnish operators to *heal* them. We are obliged to you also, for the trouble you have given yourself in coming over to us in person. Jeronymo has found a revival of spirits upon it; God grant they may not subside! But, alas! our sister!—Poor Clementina!—She is lost!

Would to God, said the Bishop, we had left her to the care of Mrs. Beaumont.

The General himself, having taken her from Florence, would not join in this wish. There was a middle course, he said, that ought to have been taken. But Laurana is a daughter of the devil, said he; and Lady Sforza ought to be detested for upholding her.

The General expressed himself with coldness on my coming over; but said, that now I was on the spot, and as his sister had been *formerly* desirous of seeing me, an interview might be permitted, in order to satisfy those of the family who had given me the invitation, which it was very good of me to accept; especially as I had the Lady Olivia in England attending my motions: But otherwise he had no opinion—There he stopt.

I looked upon him with indignation, mingled with contempt: And directing myself to the Bishop, You  
re-

remember, my Lord, said I, the story of Naaman the Syrian (a).

What is that, my Lord? said he to the Bishop.

Far be it from me, continued I, still directing myself to the Bishop, to presume upon my own consequence in the application of the story: But your Lordship will judge how far the comparison will hold. Would to God it might *throughout!*

A happy allusion, said the Bishop. I say, Amen.

I know not who this Naaman is, said the General, nor what is meant by your allusion, Chevalier: But by your looks I should imagine, that you mean *me* contempt.

My looks, my Lord, generally indicate my heart. You may make light of my intention; and so will I of the trouble I have been at, if your Lordship make not light of *me*. But were I, my Lord, in your own palace at Naples, I would tell you, that you seem not to know, in my case, what graciousness is. Yet I ask not for favour from you, but as much for your own sake, as mine.

Dear Grandison, said the Bishop—My Lord, to his brother—Did you not promise me—Why did you mention Olivia to the Chevalier?

Does that disturb you, Sir? said the General to me. I cannot make light of a man of your consequence; especially with Ladies, Sir—in a scornful manner.

The General, you see, my Lord, said I, turning to the Bishop, has an insuperable ill-will to me. I found, when I attended him at Naples, that he had harboured surmises that were as injurious to his sister, as to me. I was in hopes that I had obviated them; but a rooted malevolence will recur. However, satisfied as I am with my own innocence, he shall, for *many* sakes, find it very difficult to provoke me.

For *my own* sake, among the rest, Chevalier? with an air of drollery.

(a) 2 Kings v.

You are at liberty, returned I, to make your own constructions. Allow me, my Lords, to attend you to Signor Jeronymo.

Not till you are cordial friends, said the Bishop— Brother, give me your hand, offering to take it— Chevalier, yours—

Dispose of mine as you please, my Lord, said I, holding it out.

He took it, and the General's at the same time, and would have joined them.

Come, my Lord, said I, to the General, and snatched his reluctant hand, accept of a friendly offer, from a heart as friendly. Let me honour you, from my *own knowledge*, for those great qualities which the world gives you. I demand your favour, from a consciousness that I deserve it; and *that* I could not, were I to submit to be treated with indignity by any man. I should be sorry to look little in *your* eyes; but I will not in *my own*.

Who can bear the superiority this man assumes, brother?

You *oblige* me, my Lord, to assert myself.

The Chevalier speaks nobly, my Lord. His character is well known. Let me lead you both friends to our Jeronymo. But say, Brother—Say, Chevalier, that you are so.

I cannot bear, said the General, that the Chevalier Grandison should imagine himself of so much consequence to my sister, as some of you seem to think him.

You know me not, my Lord. I have at present no wish but for the recovery of your sister, and Signor Jeronymo. Were I able to be of service to them, that service would be my reward. But, my Lord, if it will make you easy, and induce you to treat me, as my own heart tells me I *ought* to be treated; I will give you my honour, and let me say, that it never yet was forfeited, that whatever turn your sister's

malady may take, I will not accept of the highest favour that can be done me, but with the joint consent of the three brothers, as well as of your father and mother. Permit me to add, that I will not enter into any family that shall think meanly of me; nor subject the woman I love to the contempt of her own relations.

This indeed is nobly said, replied the General. Give me your hand upon it, and I am your friend for ever.

Proud man! He could not bear to think, that a simple English gentleman, as he looks upon me to be, should ally with their family; improbable as it is, in his own opinion, that the unhappy Lady should ever recover her reason: But he greatly loves the Count of Belvedere; and all the family was fond of an alliance with that deserving nobleman.

The Bishop rejoiced to find us at last in a better way of understanding each other, than we had hitherto been in; and it was easier for me to allow for this haughty man, as Mrs. Beaumont had let me know what the behaviour was that I had to expect from him: And indeed, his father, mother, and two brothers, were very apprehensive of it: It will therefore be a pleasure to them, that I have so easily overcome his prejudices.

They both advised me to suspend my visit to their brother till the afternoon, that they might have the more time to consult with one another, and to prepare and dispose their sister to see me.

At taking leave, the General snatched my hand, and, with an air of pleasantry, said, I have a wife, Grandison. I wished him joy. You need not, said he; for I *have* it: One of the best of women. She longs to see you. I think I need not be apprehensive, because *she* is generous, and *I* ever must be grateful: But take care, take care, Grandison! I shall watch every turn of your eye. Admire her, if you will:



You will not be able to help it. But I am glad she saw you not before she was mine.

I rejoice, said the Bishop, that a meeting, which, notwithstanding your *promises*, brother, gave me apprehensions as we came, is followed by so pleasant a parting: Henceforth we are four Brothers again.

Ay; and remember, Chevalier, that my *Sister* has also *four* Brothers.

May the number Four not be lessened by the death of my Jeronymo; and may Clementina be restored; and Providence dispose as it pleases of me! I am now going to the palace of Porretta; with what agitations of mind, you, Dr. Bartlett, can better imagine, than I describe.

*END of the FOURTH VOLUME.*

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**E R R A T A.**

*Vol. IV. Page 175. l. 2. for Friday se'nnight read Friday next. — P. 255. l. 26. for from read to.*

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