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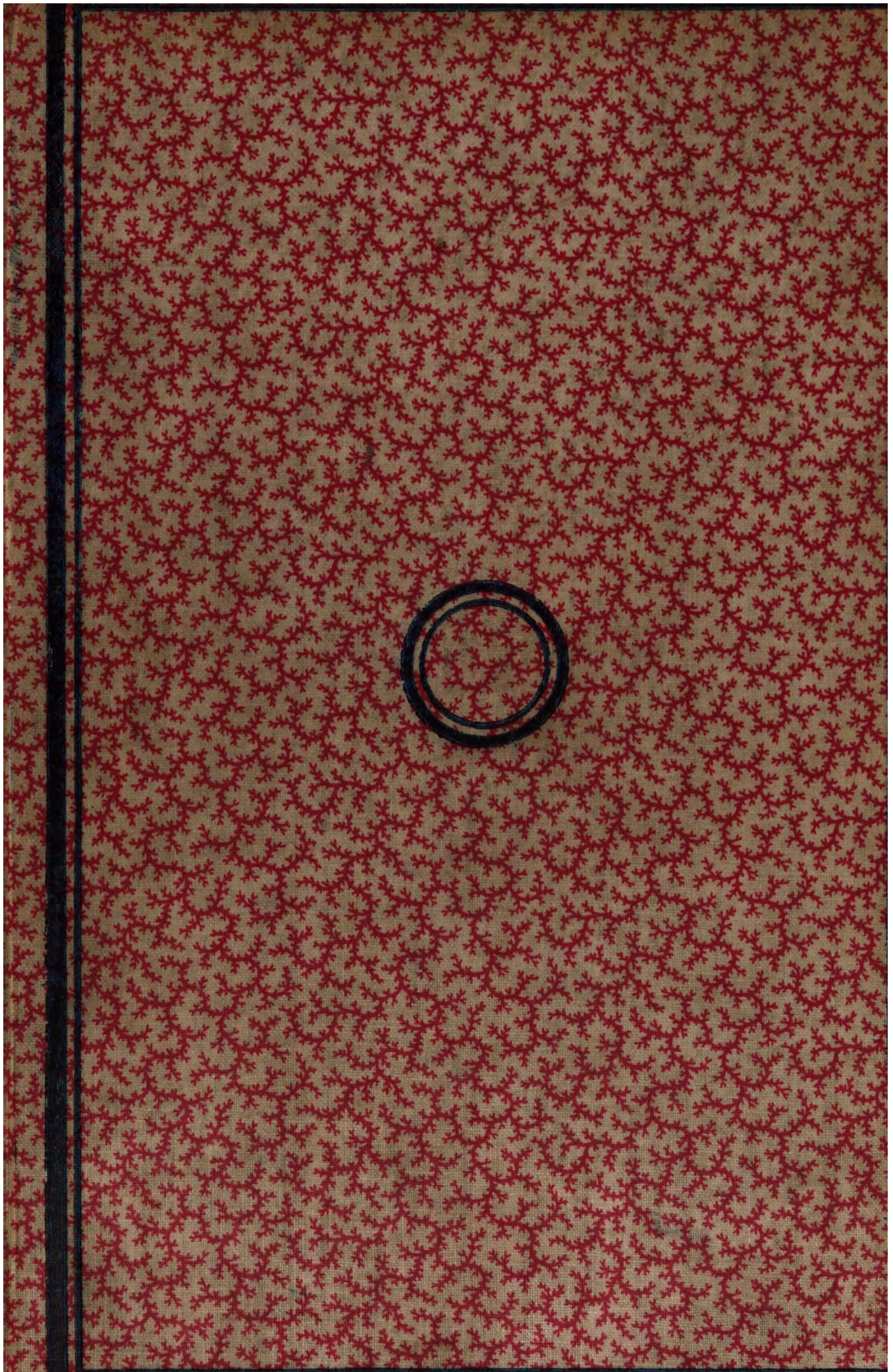
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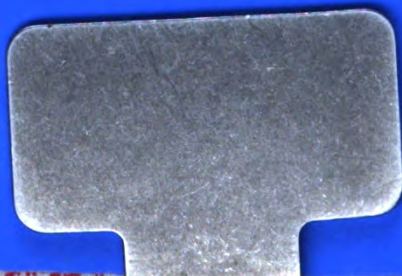


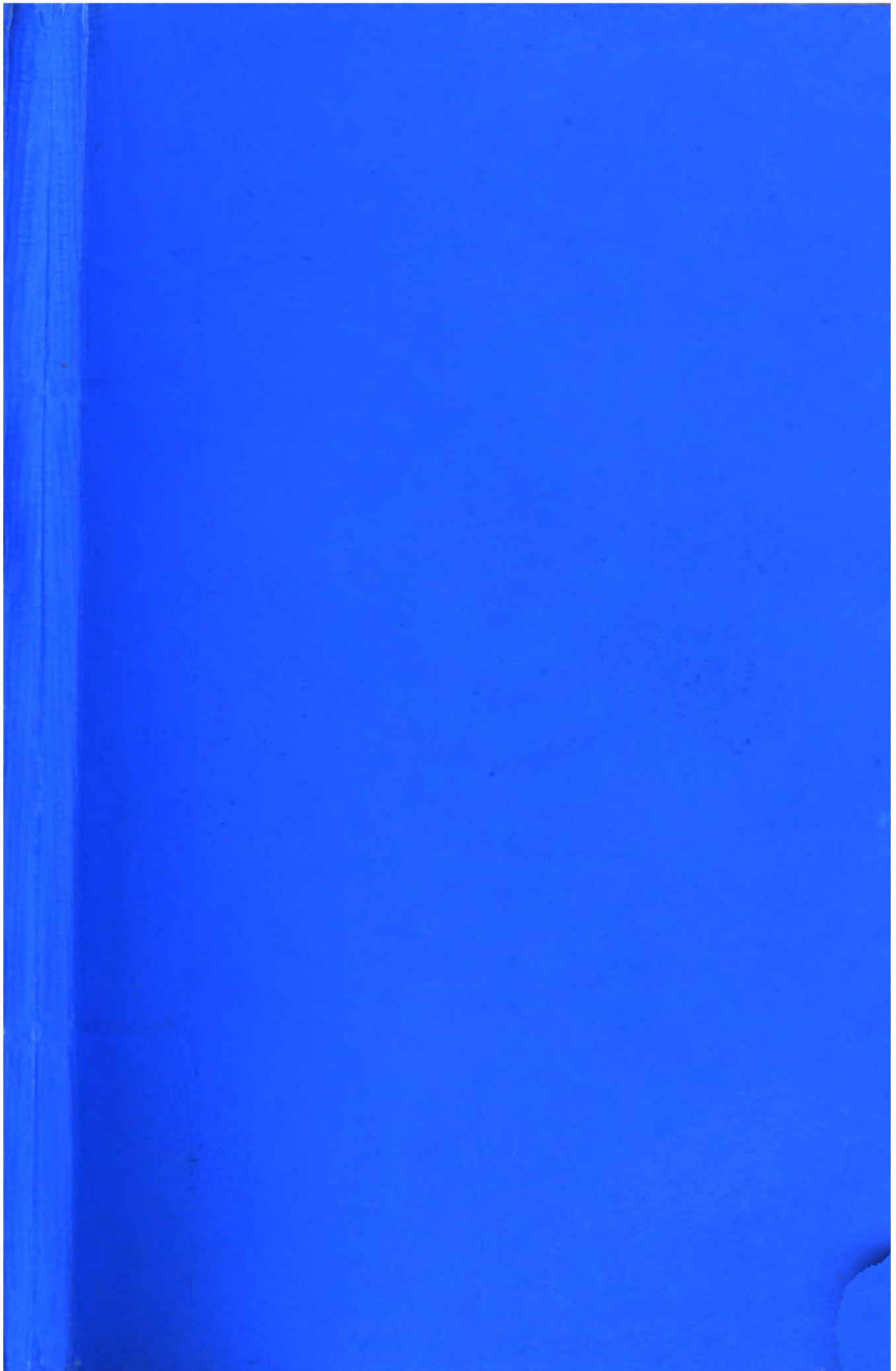
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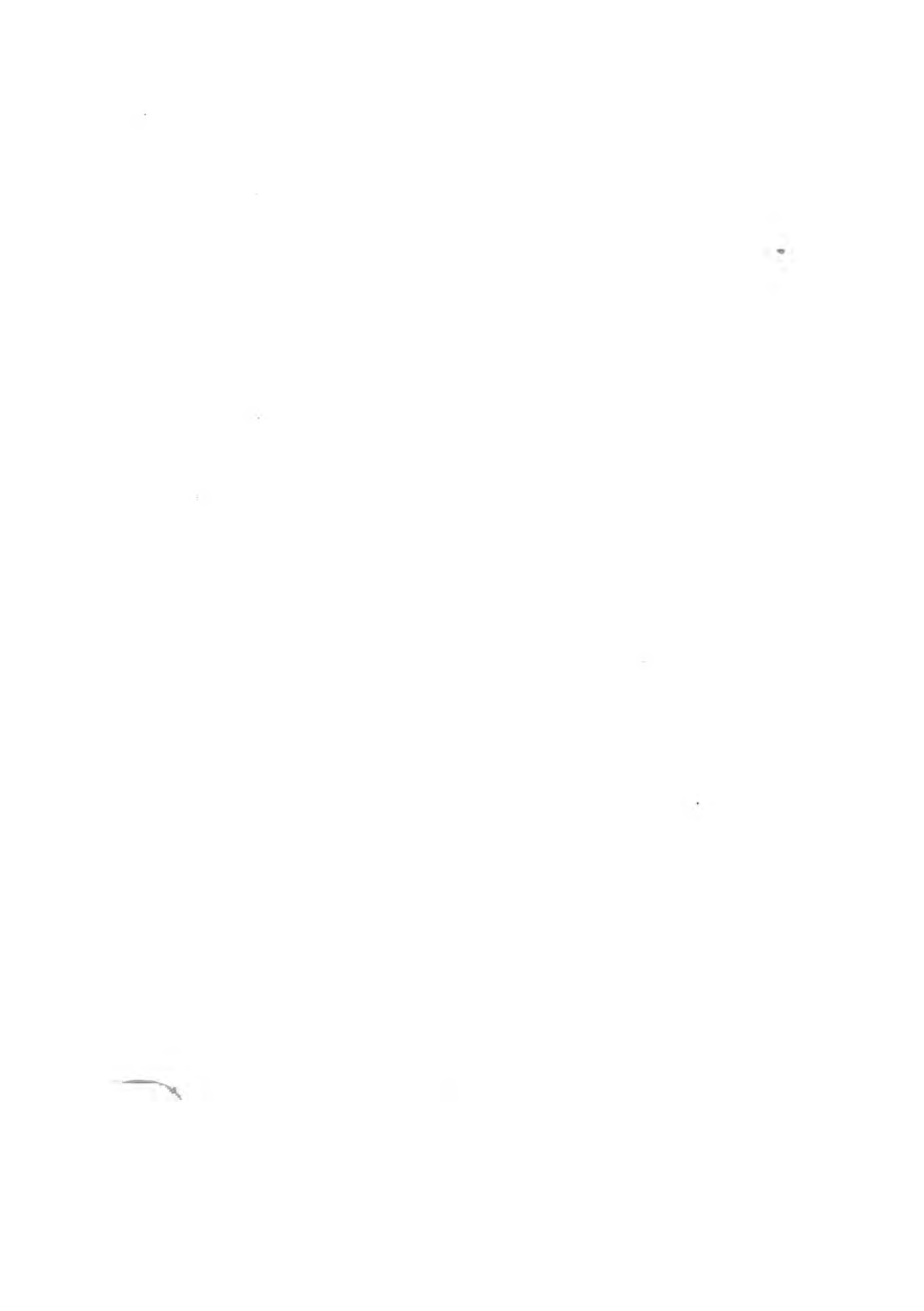




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CLARISSA.

CLARISSA.

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BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

CLARISSA

A *Nobel*

By SAMUEL RICHARDSON

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS

AUTHOR OF THE GAY SCIENCE

"The prolixity of Richardson, which, to our giddy paced time, is the greatest fault of his writing, was not such a fault to his contemporaries. But a modern reader may be permitted to wish that *Clarissa* had been a good deal abridged at the beginning."

Sir Walter Scott's *Memoir of Richardson*.

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CLARISSA.

Part Fourth continued.—The Last Escape of All.

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Friday Noon, July 21.

 HIS morning I was admitted, as soon as I sent up my name, into the presence of the divine lady. Such I may call her ; as what I have to relate will fully prove.

She had had a tolerable night, and was much better in spirits ; though weak in person ; and visibly declining in looks.

She had been writing, she said, a letter to her sister : but had not pleased herself in it ; though she had made two or three essays : but that the last must go.

By hints I had dropped from time to time, she had reason, she said, to think that I knew everything that concerned her and her family ; and, if so, must be acquainted with the heavy curse her father had laid upon her ; which had been dreadfully fulfilled in one part, as to her prospects in this life, and that in a very short time ; which gave her great apprehensions of the other part. She had been applying herself to her sister, to obtain a revocation of it. I hope my father will revoke

it, said she, or I shall be very miserable.—Yet (and she gasped as she spoke, with apprehension) I am ready to tremble at what the answer may be; for my sister is hard-hearted.

Lord!—I was going to curse thee, Lovelace! How every instance of excellence, in this all-excelling creature, condemns thee!—Thou wilt have reason to think thyself of all men most accursed, if she die!

I then besought her, while she was capable of such glorious instances of generosity and forgiveness, to extend her goodness to a man whose heart bled in every vein of it for the injuries he had done her; and who would make it the study of his whole life to repair them.

You may let him know, said she, that I reject him with my whole heart:—Yet that, although I say this with such a determination as shall leave no room for doubt, I say it not however with passion. On the contrary, tell him, that I am trying to bring my mind into such a frame as to be able to pity him (poor perjured wretch! what has he not to answer for!); and that I shall not think myself qualified for the state I am aspiring to, if, after a few struggles more, I cannot forgive him too: And I hope, clasping her hands together, uplifted as were her eyes, my dear earthly father will set me the example my heavenly one has already set us all; and, by forgiving his fallen daughter, teach her to forgive the man, who then, I hope, will not have destroyed my eternal prospects, as he has my temporal!

Stop here, thou wretch!—But I need not bid thee!—For I can go no farther!

You will imagine how affecting her noble speech and behaviour were to me, at the time, when the bare recollecting and transcribing them obliged me to drop my pen.

She was silent. I proceeded—Have you no commission to employ me in; deserted as you are by all your friends;

among strangers, though, I doubt not, worthy people? Cannot I be serviceable by message, by letter writing, by attending personally, with either message or letter, your father, your uncles, your brother, your sister, Miss Howe, Lord M., or the ladies his sisters?—Any office to be employed in to serve you, absolutely independent of my friend's wishes, or of my own wishes to oblige him? Think, madam, if I cannot?

I thank you, sir: very heartily I thank you: but in nothing that I can at present think of, or at least resolve upon, can you do me service. I will see what return the letter I have written will bring me.—Till then——

My life and my fortune, interrupted I, are devoted to your service. Permit me to observe, that here you are, without one natural friend; and (so much do I know of your unhappy case) that you must be in a manner destitute of the means to make friends——

She was going to interrupt me, with a prohibitory kind of earnestness in her manner.

I beg leave to proceed, madam: I have cast about twenty ways how to mention this before, but never dared till now. Suffer me, now that I have broken the ice, to tender myself—as your banker only.—I know you will not be obliged: you need not. You have sufficient of your own, if it were in your hands; and from that, whether you live or die, will I consent to be reimbursed. I do assure you, that the unhappy man shall never know either my offer, or your acceptance.—Only permit me this small——

And down behind her chair I dropped a bank note of £100 which I had brought with me, intending somehow or other to leave it behind me: Nor shouldst thou ever have known it, had she favoured me with the acceptance of it; as I told her.

You give me great pain, Mr. Belford, said she, by these instances of your humanity. And yet, considering the

company I have seen you in, I am not sorry to find you capable of such. Methinks I am glad, for the sake of human nature, that there could be but one such man in the world, as he, you and I know. But as to your kind offer, whatever it be, if you take it not up, you will greatly disturb me. I have no need of your kindness. I have effects enough, which I never can want, to supply my present occasions: and, if needful, can have recourse to Miss Howe. I have promised that I would—so, pray, sir, urge not upon me this favour.—Take it up yourself.—If you mean me peace and ease of mind, urge not this favour.—And she spoke with impatience.

I beg, madam, but one word——

Not one, sir, till you have taken back what you have let fall. I doubt not either the honour, or the kindness, of your offer; but you must not say one word more on this subject. I cannot bear it.

She was stooping, but with pain. I therefore prevented her; and besought her to forgive me for a tender, which, I saw, had been more discomposing to her than I had hoped (from the purity of my intentions) it would be. But I could not bear to think, that such a mind as hers should be distressed: since the want of the conveniences she was used to abound in might affect and disturb her in the divine course she was in.

I repeated my offers to write to any of her friends; and told her, that, having taken the liberty to acquaint Dr. H. with the cruel displeasure of her relations, as what I presumed lay nearest her heart, he had proposed to write himself, to acquaint her friends how ill she was, if she would not take it amiss.

It was kind in the doctor, she said: but begged, that no step of that sort might be taken without her knowledge and consent. She would wait to see what effects her letter to her sister would have. All she had to hope for, was, that her father would revoke his malediction,

previous to the last blessing she should then implore : for the rest, her friends would think she could not suffer too much ; and she was content to suffer : for, now nothing could happen that could make her wish to live.


She retired to her chamber soon after, and was forced it seems to lie down. We all went down together ; and, for an hour and a half, dwelt upon her praises ; Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick repeatedly expressing their astonishment, that there could be a man in the world, capable of offending, much more of wilfully injuring, such a lady ; and repeating, that they had an angel in their house.—I thought they had ; and that as assuredly as there is a devil under the roof of good Lord M.

I hate thee heartily !—By my faith I do !—Every hour I hate thee more than the former !—

J. BELFORD.

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Saturday, July 22.

HAT dost hate me for, Belford ?—And why more and more ?—Have I been guilty of any offence thou knewest not before ?—If pathos can move such a heart as thine, can it alter facts ?—Did I not always do this incomparable creature as much justice as thou canst do her for the heart of thee, or as she can do herself ?—What nonsense then thy hatred, thy augmented hatred, when I still persist to marry her, pursuant to word given to thee, and to faith plighted to all my relations ? But hate, if thou wilt, so thou dost but write. Thou canst not hate me so much as I do myself : and yet I know, if thou really hatedst me, thou wouldst not venture to tell me so.

Strange, confoundedly strange, and as perverse (that is to say, as womanly) as strange, that she should refuse, and sooner choose to die (O the obscene word ! and yet

how free does thy pen make with it to me!) than be mine, who offended her by acting in character, while her parents acted shamefully out of theirs, and when I am now willing to act out of my own to oblige her: yet I not to be forgiven! They to be faultless with her!—And marriage the only medium to repair all breaches, and to salve her own honour!—Surely thou must see the inconsistency of her forgiving unforgiveness, as I may call it!

But the prettiest whim of all was, to drop the bank note behind her chair, instead of presenting it on thy knees to her hand!—To make such a woman as this doubly stoop—by the acceptance, and to take it from the ground!—What an ungraceful benefit-conferrer art thou! How awkward, to take it into thy head, that the best way of making a present to a lady, was to throw the present behind her chair!

I am very desirous to see what she has written to her sister; what she is about to write to Miss Howe; and what return she will have from the Harlowe-Arabella. Canst thou not form some scheme to come at the copies of these letters, or at the substance of them at least, and of that of her other correspondencies?

But to return. One consolation arises to me, from the pretty regrets which this admirable creature seems to have in indulging reflections on the people's wedding-day.—I once!—thou makest her break off with saying.

She once! What?—O Belford! why didst thou not urge her to explain what she once hoped?

What once a woman hopes, in love-matters, she always hopes, while there is room for hope: and are we not both single? Can she be any man's but mine? Will I be any woman's but hers?

I never will! I never can!—And I tell thee, that I am every day, every hour, more and more in love with her: and, at this instant, have a more vehement passion for her than ever I had in my life.

I shall go on Monday morning to a kind of ball, to which Colonel Ambrose has invited me. It is given on a family account. I care not on what: for all that delights me in the thing, is, that Mrs. and Miss Howe are to be there;—Hickman, of course; for the old lady will not stir abroad without him. The Colonel is in hopes that Miss Arabella Harlowe will be there likewise; for all the men and women of fashion round him are invited.

I fell in by accident with the colonel, who, I believe, hardly thought I would accept of the invitation. But he knows me not, if he thinks I am ashamed to appear at any place, where women dare show their faces. Yet he hinted to me, that my name was up, on Miss Harlowe's account. But, to allude to one of Lord M.'s phrases, if it be, I will not lie abed when anything joyous is going forward.

As I shall go in my lord's chariot, I would have had one of my cousins Montague to go with me: but they both refused: and I shall not choose to take either of thy brethren. It would look as if I thought I wanted a body-guard: besides, one of them is too rough, the other too smooth, and too great a fop for some of the staid company that will be there; and for me in particular. Men are known by their companions; and a fop (as Tourville, for example) takes great pains to hang out a sign by his dress of what he has in his shop. Thou, indeed, art an exception; dressing like a coxcomb, yet a very clever fellow. Nevertheless so clumsy a beau, that thou seemest to me to owe thyself a double spite, making thy ungracefulness appear the more ungraceful, by thy remarkable tawdriness when thou art out of mourning.

I remember, when I first saw thee, my mind laboured with a strong puzzle, whether I should put thee down for a great fool, or a smatterer in wit. Something I saw was wrong in thee, by thy dress. If this fellow, thought I,

delights not so much in ridicule, that he will not spare himself, he must be plaguy silly to take so much pains to make his ugliness more conspicuous than it would otherwise be.

But, although I put on these lively airs, I am sick at my soul!—My whole heart is with my charmer! With what indifference shall I look upon all the assembly at the Colonel's, my beloved in my ideal eye, and engrossing my whole heart?

MISS HOWE TO MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE.

Thursday, July 20.

MISS HARLOWE,—I cannot help acquainting you (however it may be received, coming from me) that your poor sister is dangerously ill, at the house of one Smith, who keeps a glover's and perfume shop, in King Street, Covent Garden. She knows not that I write. Some violent words, in the nature of an imprecation, from her father, afflict her greatly in her weak state. I presume not to direct you what to do in this case. You are her sister. I therefore could not help writing to you, not only for her sake, but for your own. I am, madam,

Your humble Servant,

ANNA HOWE.

MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE.

Thursday, July 20.

MISS HOWE,—I have yours of this morning. All that has happened to the unhappy body you mention, is what we foretold and expected. Let him, for whose sake she abandoned us, be her comfort. We are told he has remorse, and would marry her. We don't believe it, indeed. She may be very ill. Her dis-

appointment may make her so, or ought. Yet is she the only one I know, who is disappointed.

I cannot say, miss, that the notification from you is the more welcome for the liberties you have been pleased to take with our whole family, for resenting a conduct, that it is a shame any young lady should justify. Excuse this freedom, occasioned by greater. I am, miss,

Your humble Servant,

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

MISS HOWE TO MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE.

Friday, July 21.

MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE,—If you had half as much sense as you have ill-nature, you would (notwithstanding the exuberance of the latter) have been able to distinguish between a kind intention to you all (that you might have the less to reproach yourselves with, if a deplorable case should happen) and an officiousness I owed you not, by reason of freedoms at least reciprocal. I will not, for the unhappy body's sake, as you call a sister you have helped to make so, say all that I could say. If what I fear happen, you shall hear (whether desired or not) all the mind of

ANNA HOWE.

MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE.

Friday, July 21.

MISS ANN HOWE,—Your pert letter I have received. You, that spare nobody, I cannot expect should spare me. You are very happy in a prudent and watchful mother—but else—mine cannot be exceeded in prudence: but we had all too good an opinion of somebody, to think watchfulness needful.

There may possibly be some reason why you are so much attached to her, in an error of this flagrant nature.

I help to make a sister unhappy!—It is false, miss!—It is all her own doings!—Except, indeed, what she may owe to somebody's advice—you know who can best answer for that.

Let us know your mind as soon as you please: as we shall know it to be your mind, we shall judge what attention to give it. That's all, from, &c.

AR. H.

MISS HOWE TO MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE.

Saturday, July 22.

IT may be the misfortune of some people to engage everybody's notice: others may be the happier, though they may be the more envious, for nobody's thinking them worthy of any. But one would be glad people had the sense to be thankful for that want of consequence, which subjected them not to hazards they would hardly have been able to manage under.

I repeat it with gratitude, that the dear creature's advice was of very great service to me—and this before my mother's watchfulness became necessary. But how it would have fared with me, I cannot say, had I had a brother or sister, who had deemed it their interest, as well as a gratification of their sordid envy, to misrepresent me.

Your admirable sister, in effect, saved you, miss, as well as me—with this difference—you, against your will—me, with mine:—and but for your own brother, and his own sister, would not have been lost herself.

But why run I into length to such a poor thing?—why push I so weak an adversary; whose first letter is all low malice, and whose next is made up of falsehood and inconsistency, as well as spite and ill-manners? Yet I was willing to give you a part of my mind. Call for more of

it ; it shall be at your service ; from one, who, though she thanks God she is not your sister, is not your enemy : but that she is not the latter, is withheld but by two considerations ; one, that you bear, though unworthily, a relation to a sister so excellent ; the other, that you are not of consequence enough to engage anything but the pity and contempt of

A. H.

MRS. HARLOWE TO MRS. HOWE.

Saturday, July 22.

DEAR MADAM,—I send you, inclosed, copies of five letters that have passed between Miss Howe and my Arabella. We beg, that we may not be reflected upon by a young lady, who knows not what we have suffered, and do suffer, by the rashness of a naughty creature who has brought ruin upon herself, and disgrace upon a family which she has robbed of all comfort. I offer not to prescribe to your known wisdom in this case ; but leave it to you to do as you think most proper. I am, madam,

Your most humble servant,

CHARL. HARLOWE.

MRS. HOWE TO MRS. HARLOWE.

Saturday, July 22.

DEAR MADAM,—I am highly offended with my daughter's letters to Miss Harlowe. I knew nothing at all of her having taken such a liberty. These young creatures have such romantic notions, some of love, some of friendship, that there is no governing them in either. Nothing but time, and dear experience, will convince them of their absurdities in both. I have chidden Miss Howe very severely. I had before so just a notion of what your whole

family's distress must be, that, as I told your brother, Mr. Antony Harlowe, I had often forbid her corresponding with the poor fallen angel—for surely never did young lady more resemble what we imagine of angels, both in person and mind. But, tired out with her headstrong ways (I am sorry to say this of my own child) I was forced to give way to it again. And, indeed, so sturdy was she in her will, that I was afraid it would end in a fit of sickness, as too often it did in fits of sullenness.

There are a thousand excellencies in the poor sufferer, notwithstanding her fault: and, if the hints she has given to my daughter be true, she has been most grievously abused. But I think your forgiveness and her father's forgiveness of her ought to be all at your own choice; and nobody should intermeddle in that, for the sake of due authority in parents.

I am, madam, with compliments to good Mr. Harlowe, and all your afflicted family,

Your most humble servant,

ANNABELLA HOWE.

I shall set out for the Isle of Wight in a few days, with my daughter. I will hasten our setting out, on purpose to break her mind from her friend's distresses; which afflict us as much, nearly, as Miss Clary's rashness has done you.

MISS HOWE TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Saturday, July 22.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—We are busy in preparing for our little journey and voyage: but I will be ill, I will be very ill, if I cannot hear you are better before I go.

I dispatch this by an extraordinary way, that it may reach you time enough to move you to consider well before you absolutely decide upon the contents of mine of

the 13th, on the subject of the two Misses Montague's visit to me ; since, according to what you write, must I answer them.

In your last, you conclude very positively, that you will not be his. To be sure, he rather deserves an infamous death, than such a wife. But, as I really believe him innocent of the arrest, and as all his family are such earnest pleaders, and will be guarantees, for him, I think the compliance with their entreaties, and his own, will be now the best step you can take ; your own family remaining implacable, as I can assure you they do. He is a man of sense ; and it is not impossible but he may make you a good husband, and in time may become no bad man.

My mother is entirely of my opinion : and on Friday, pursuant to a hint I gave you in my last, Mr. Hickman had a conference with the strange wretch : and though he liked not, by any means, his behaviour to himself ; nor, indeed, had reason to do so ; yet he is of opinion, that he is sincerely determined to marry you, if you will condescend to have him.

Perhaps Mr. Hickman may make you a private visit before we set out. If I may not attend you myself, I shall not be easy, except he does. And he will then give you an account of the admirable character the surprising wretch gave of you, and of the justice he does to your virtue. Adieu, my dear,

A. HOWE.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE.

Sunday, July 23.



YOU set before me your reasons, enforced by the opinion of your honoured mother, why I should think of Mr. Lovelace for a husband.

And I have as well weighed the whole matter, and your

arguments in support of your advice, as at present my head and my heart will let me weigh them.

I am, moreover, willing to believe, not only from your own opinion, but from the assurances of one of Mr. Lovelace's friends, Mr. Belford, a good-natured and humane man, who spares not to censure the author of my calamities (I think, with undissembled and undesigning sincerity) that that man is innocent of the disgraceful arrest.

And even, if you please, in sincere compliment to your opinion, and to that of Mr. Hickman, that (over-persuaded by his friends, and ashamed of his unmerited baseness to me) he would in earnest marry me, if I would have him.

Well, and now, what is the result of all? It is this—that I must abide by what I have already declared—and that is (don't be angry at me, my best friend) that I have much more pleasure in thinking of death, than of such a husband. In short, as I declared in my last, that I cannot (forgive me, if I say, I will not) ever be his.

My pride, then, my dearest friend, although a great deal mortified, is not sufficiently mortified, if it be necessary for me to submit to make that man my choice, whose actions are, and ought to be, my abhorrence! What!—Shall I, who have been treated with such premeditated and perfidious barbarity, as is painful to be thought of, and cannot with modesty be described, think of taking the violator to my heart? Can I vow duty to one so wicked, and hazard my salvation by joining myself to so great a profligate, now I know him to be so? Do you think your Clarissa Harlowe so lost, so sunk, at least, as that she could, for the sake of patching up, in the world's eye, a broken reputation, meanly appear indebted to the generosity, or perhaps compassion, of a man, who has, by means so inhuman, robbed her of it? Indeed, my dear, I should not think my penitence for the rash step I took, anything better than a specious delusion, if I had not

got above the least wish to have Mr. Lovelace for my husband.

Yes, I warrant, I must creep to the violator, and be thankful to him for doing me poor justice !

Do you not already see me (pursuing the advice you give) with a downcast eye, appear before his friends, and before my own (supposing the latter would at last condescend to own me) divested of that noble confidence, which arises from a mind unconscious of having deserved reproach.

Do you not see me creep about mine own house, preferring all my honest maidens to myself—as if afraid, too, to open my lips, either by way of reproof or admonition, lest their bolder eyes should bid me look inward, and not expect perfection from them ?

And shall I entitle the wretch to upbraid me with his generosity, and his pity ; and, perhaps to reproach me, for having been capable of forgiving crimes of such a nature ?

I once indeed hoped, little thinking him so premeditatedly vile a man, that I might have the happiness to reclaim him : but now, what hope is there left ?

Let me repeat, that I truly despise this man ! If I know my own heart, indeed I do ! I pity him ! Beneath my very pity as he is, I nevertheless pity him ! But this I could not do, if I still loved him : for, my dear, one must be greatly sensible of the baseness and ingratitude of those we love. I love him not, therefore ! My soul disdains communion with him.

What then, my dear and only friend, can I wish for but death ? And what, after all, is death ? 'Tis but a cessation from mortal life : 'tis but the finishing of an appointed course : the refreshing inn after a fatiguing journey : the end of a life of cares and troubles ; and, if happy, the beginning of a life of immortal happiness.

But now, my dear, for your satisfaction let me say, that although I wish not for life, yet would I not, like a

poor coward, desert my post when I can maintain it, and when it is my duty to maintain it.

More than once, indeed, was I urged by thoughts so sinful : but then it was in the height of my distress : and once, particularly, I have reason to believe, I saved myself by my desperation from the most shocking personal insults ; from a repetition, as far as I know, of his vileness ; the base women (with so much reason dreaded by me) present, to intimidate me, if not to assist him ! O my dear, you know not what I suffered on that occasion !—nor do I what I escaped at the time, if the wicked man had approached me to execute the horrid purposes of his vile heart.

As I am of opinion, that it would have manifested more of revenge and despair, than of principle, had I committed a violence upon myself, when the villany was perpetrated ; so I should think it equally criminal, were I now wilfully to neglect myself ; were I purposely to run into the arms of death (as that man supposes I shall do) when I might avoid it.

But here, my dear, is another reason ; a reason that will convince you yourself, that I ought not to think of wedlock ; but of a preparation for a quite different event. I am persuaded, as much as that I am now alive, that I shall not long live. The strong sense I have ever had of my fault, the loss of my reputation, my disappointments, the determined resentment of my friends, aiding the barbarous usage I have met with where I least deserved it, have seized upon my heart : seized upon it, before it was so well fortified by religious considerations as I hope it now is. Don't be concerned, my dear—but I am sure, if I may say it with as little presumption as grief, that God will soon dissolve my substance ; and bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living.

And now, my dearest friend, you know all my mind. And you will be pleased to write to the ladies of Mr.

Lovelace's family, that I think myself infinitely obliged to them, for their good opinion of me; and that it has given me greater pleasure than I thought I had to come in this life.

I should be glad to know when you set out on your journey; as also your little stages; and your time of stay at your Aunt Harman's; that my prayers may locally attend you, whithersoever you go, and wherever you are.

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS ARAB. HARLOWE.

Friday, July 21.

FF, my dearest sister, I did not think the state of my health very precarious, and that it was my duty to take this step, I should hardly have dared to approach you, although but with my pen, after having found your censures so dreadfully justified as they have been.

I have not the courage to write to my father himself; nor yet to my mother. And it is with trembling, that I address myself to you, to beg of you to intercede for me, that my father will have the goodness to revoke that heaviest part of the very heavy curse he laid upon me, which relates to hereafter: for, as to the here, I have indeed met with my punishment from the very wretch in whom I was supposed to place my confidence.

As I hope not for restoration to favour, I may be allowed to be very earnest on this head: yet will I not use any arguments in support of my request, because I am sure my father, were it in his power, would not have his poor child miserable for ever.

I have the most grateful sense of my mother's goodness in sending me up my clothes. I would have acknowledged the favour the moment I received them, with the most

thankful duty, but that I feared any line from me would be unacceptable.

I would not give fresh offence : so will decline all other commendations of duty and love ; appealing to my heart for both, where both are flaming with an ardour that nothing but death can extinguish : therefore only subscribe myself, without so much as a name,

My dear and happy sister,

Your afflicted Servant.

A letter directed for me, at Mr. Smith's, a glover, in King Street, Covent Garden, will come to hand.

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Monday, July 24.

WHAT pains thou takest to persuade thyself, that the lady's ill health is owing to the vile arrest, and to the implacableness of her friends ! both primarily (if they were) to be laid at thy door. What poor excuses will good heads make for the evils they are put upon by bad hearts !—But 'tis no wonder, that he who can sit down premeditatedly to do a bad action, will content himself with a bad excuse : and yet, what fools must he suppose the rest of the world to be, if he imagines them as easy to be imposed upon, as he can impose upon himself ?

The lady shut herself up, at six o'clock yesterday afternoon ; and intends not to see company till seven or eight this ; not even her nurse—imposing upon herself a severe fast. And why ? It is her birthday !—Blooming—yet declining in her very blossom !—Every birthday till this, no doubt happy ;—What must be her reflections !—What ought to be thine !

What sport dost thou make with my aspirations, and my prostrations, as thou callest them ; and with my dropping of the bank-note behind her chair ! I had too

much awe of her at the time, and too much apprehended her displeasure at the offer, to make it with the grace that would better have become my intention. But the action, if awkward, was modest. Indeed, the fitter subject for ridicule with thee; who canst no more taste the beauty and delicacy of modest obligingness, than of modest love. For the same may be said of inviolable respect, that the poet says of unfeigned affection.

I speak, I know not what!—
Speak ever so; and if I answer you
I know not what, it shows the more of love.
Love is a child that talks in broken language;
Yet then it speaks most plain.—

The like may be pleaded in behalf of that modest respect which made the humble offerer afraid to invade the awful eye, or the revered hand; but awkwardly to drop its incense beside the altar it should have been laid upon. But how should that soul, which could treat delicacy itself brutally, know anything of this!

But I am still more amazed at thy courage, to think of throwing thyself in the way of Miss Howe, and Miss Arabella Harlowe!—Thou wilt not dare, surely, to carry this thought into execution!

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Wednesday, July 26.



HASTENED to Smith's this morning; and had but a very indifferent account of the lady's health. I sent up my compliments; and she desired to see me in the afternoon.

About three o'clock I went again to Smith's. The lady was writing when I sent up my name; but admitted of my visit. I saw a visible alteration in her countenance for the worse; and Mrs. Lovick respectfully accusing her of too great assiduity to her pen, early and late, and of her abstinence the day before, I took notice of the alteration;

and told her, that her physician had greater hopes of her than she had of herself; and I would take the liberty to say, that despair of recovery allowed not room for cure.

She said, she neither despaired nor hoped. Then stepping to the glass, with great composure. My countenance, said she, is indeed an honest picture of my heart. But the mind will run away with the body at any time.

Writing is all my diversion, continued she; and I have subjects that cannot be dispensed with. As to my hours, I have always been an early riser: but now rest is less in my power than ever: sleep has a long time ago quarrelled with me, and will not be friends, although I have made the first advances. What will be, must.

She then stepped to her closet, and brought to me a parcel sealed up with three seals: be so kind, said she, as to give this to your friend. A very grateful present it ought to be to him: for, sir, this packet contains such letters of his to me, as, compared with his actions, would reflect dishonour upon all his sex, were they to fall into other hands.

As to my letters to him, they are not many. He may either keep or destroy them, as he pleases.

I thought, Lovelace, I ought not to forego this opportunity to plead for you: I therefore, with the packet in my hand, urged all the arguments I could think of in your favour.

She heard me out with more attention than I could have promised myself, considering her determined resolution.

I would not interrupt you, Mr. Belford, said she, though I am far from being pleased with the subject of your discourse. The motives for your pleas in his favour, are generous. I love to see instances of generous friendship in either sex. But I have written my full mind on this subject to Miss Howe, who will communicate it to the ladies of his family. No more, therefore, I pray you, upon a topic that may lead to disagreeable recriminations.

Her apothecary came in. He advised her to the air, and blamed her for so great an application, as he was told she made, to her pen; and he gave it as the doctor's opinion, as well as his own, that she would recover, if she herself desired to recover, and would use the means.

She may possibly write too much for her health: but I have observed on several occasions, that when the physical men are at a loss what to prescribe, they enquire what their patients best like, or are most diverted with, and forbid them that.

Mr. Goddard took his leave; and I was going to do so too, when the maid came up, and told her, a gentleman was below, who very earnestly enquired after her health, and desired to see her: his name Hickman.

She was overjoyed; and bid the maid desire the gentleman to walk up.

I would have withdrawn; but, I suppose, she thought it was likely I should have met him upon the stairs; and so she forbid it.

She shot to the stairs-head to receive him, and, taking his hand, asked half a dozen questions (without waiting for any answer) in relation to Miss Howe's health; acknowledging, in high terms, her goodness in sending him to see her, before she set out upon her little journey.

He gave her a letter from that young lady; which she put into her bosom, saying, she would read it by-and-by.

He was visibly shocked to see how ill she looked.

You look at me with concern, Mr. Hickman, said she—O sir! times are strangely altered with me, since I saw you last at my dear Miss Howe's!—What a cheerful creature was I then!—My heart at rest! My prospects charming! And beloved by everybody!—But I will not pain you.

Indeed, madam, said he, I am grieved for you at my soul.

He turned away his face with visible grief in it.

Her own eyes glistened : but she turned to each of us, presenting one to the other—him to me, as a gentleman truly deserving to be called so—me to him, as your friend, indeed (how was I, at that instant, ashamed of myself!) ; but, nevertheless, as a man of humanity ; detesting my friend's baseness ; and desirous of doing her all manner of good offices.

Mr. Hickman received my civilities with a coldness, which, however, was rather to be expected on your account, than that it deserved exception on mine. And the lady invited us both to breakfast with her in the morning ; he being obliged to return the next day.

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Thursday, July 27.



WENT this morning, according to the lady's invitation, to breakfast, and found Mr. Hickman with her.

A good deal of heaviness and concern hung upon his countenance ; but he received me with more respect than he did yesterday ; which, I presume, was owing to the lady's favourable character of me.

He spoke very little ; for I suppose they had all their talk out yesterday and before I came this morning.

By the hints that dropped, I perceived that Miss Howe's letter gave an account of your interview with her at Col. Ambrose's—of your professions to Miss Howe ; and Miss Howe's opinion, that marrying you was the only way now left to repair her wrongs.

Mr. Hickman, as I also gathered, had pressed her, in Miss Howe's name, to let her, on her return from the Isle of Wight, find her at a neighbouring farm-house, where neat apartments would be made ready to receive her. She asked, how long it would be before they returned ?

And he told her, it was proposed to be no more than a fortnight out and in. Upon which, she said, she should then perhaps have time to consider of that kind proposal.

He had tendered her money from Miss Howe; but could not induce her to take any. No wonder I was refused! She only said, that, if she had occasion, she would be obliged to nobody but Miss Howe.

He told me, that Miss Howe and her mother, and himself, were to begin their little journey for the Isle of Wight on Monday next: but that he must make the most favourable representation of Miss Harlowe's bad health, or they should have a very uneasy absence. He expressed the pleasure he had in finding the lady in such good hands. He proposed to call on Dr. H. to take his opinion whether it were likely she would recover; and hoped he should find it favourable.

Mr. Hickman tells me, he should have been happy with Miss Howe some weeks ago (for all the settlements have been some time engrossed); but that she will not marry, she declares, while her dear friend is so unhappy.

I threw myself in Mr. Hickman's way, on his return from the lady.

He was excessively moved at taking leave of her; being afraid, as he said to me (though he would not tell her so) that he should never see her again. She charged him to represent everything to Miss Howe in the most favourable light that the truth would bear.

He told me of a tender passage at parting; which was, that having saluted her at her closet-door, he could not help once more taking the same liberty, in a more fervent manner, at the stairs head, whither she accompanied him; and this in the thought, that it was the last time he should ever have that honour; and offering to apologize for his freedom (for he had pressed her to his heart with a vehemence, that he could neither account for nor resist)—
“Excuse you, Mr. Hickman! that I will: you are my

brother and my friend : and to show you, that the good man, who is to be happy with my beloved Miss Howe, is very dear to me, you shall carry to her this token of my love"—(offering her sweet face to his salute, and pressing his hand between hers) : " and perhaps her love of me will make it more agreeable to her, than her punctilio would otherwise allow it to be : and tell her," said she, dropping on one knee, with clasped hands, and uplifted eyes, " that in this posture you see me, in the last moment of our parting, begging a blessing upon you both, and that you may be the delight and comfort of each other, for many, very many, happy years !"

Tears, said he, fell from my eyes : I even sobbed with mingled joy and sorrow ; and she retreating as soon as I raised her, I went down stairs, highly dissatisfied with myself for going ; yet unable to stay ; my eyes fixed the contrary way to my feet, as long as I could behold the skirts of her raiment.

I went into the back shop, continued the worthy man, and recommended the angelic lady to the best care of Mrs. Smith ; and, when I was in the street, cast my eye up at her window : there, for the last time, I doubt, said he, that I shall ever behold her, I saw her ; and she waved her charming hand to me, and with such a look of smiling goodness, and mingled concern, as I cannot describe.

Pr'ythee tell me, thou vile Lovelace, if thou hast not a notion even from these jejune descriptions of mine, that there must be a more exalted pleasure in intellectual friendship, than ever thou couldst taste in the gross fumes of sensuality ? And whether it may not be possible for thee, in time, to give that preference to the infinitely preferable, which I hope, now, that I shall always give ?


I will leave thee to make the most of this reflection,
from

Thy true friend,

J. BELFORD.

MISS HOWE TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Tuesday, July 25.

OUR affecting letters were brought to me (as I had directed any letter from you should be) to the Colonel's, about an hour before we broke up. I could not forbear dipping into them there; and shedding more tears over them than I will tell you of; although I dried my eyes as well as I could, that the company I was obliged to return to, and my mother, should see as little of my concern as possible.

I am yet (and was then still more) excessively fluttered. The occasion I will communicate to you by-and-by: for nothing but the flutters given by the stroke of death could divert my first attention from the sad and solemn contents of your last favour. These therefore I must begin with.

How can I bear the thoughts of losing so dear a friend! I will not so much as suppose it. Indeed I cannot! Such a mind as yours was not vested in humanity to be snatched away from us so soon. There must be still a great deal for you to do for the good of all who have the happiness to know you.

You leave it to me, to give a negative to the hopes of the noble family, whose only disgrace is that so very vile a man is so nearly related to them. But yet—Alas! my dear, I am so fearful of consequences, so selfishly fearful, if this negative must be given—I don't know what I should say—But give me leave to suspend, however, this negative till I hear from you again.

This earnest courtship of you into their splendid family is so very honourable to you—they so justly admire you—you must have had such a noble triumph over the base man—he is so much in earnest—the world knows so much of the unhappy affair—you may do still so

much good—your will is so inviolate—your relations are so implacable—think, my dear, and re-think.

And let me leave you to do so, while I give you the occasion of the flutter I mentioned at the beginning of this letter; in the conclusion of which you will find the obligation I have consented to lay myself under, to refer this important point once more to your discussion, before I give, in your name, the negative that cannot, when given, be with honour to yourself repented of or recalled.

Know, then, my dear, that I accompanied my mother to Colonel Ambrose's, on the occasion I mentioned to you in my former. Many ladies and gentlemen were there whom you know, particularly Miss Kitty D'Oily, Miss Lloyd, Miss Bidly D'Ollyffe, Miss Biddulph, and their respective admirers, with the colonel's two nieces, fine women both; besides many whom you know not; for they were strangers to me, but by name. A splendid company, and all pleased with one another, till Colonel Ambrose introduced one, who, the moment he was brought into the great hall, set the whole assembly into a kind of agitation.

It was your villain.

I thought I should have sunk as soon as I set my eyes upon him. My mother was also affected; and, coming to me, Nancy, whispered she, can you bear the sight of that wretch without too much emotion? If not, withdraw into the next apartment.

I could not remove. Everybody's eyes were glanced from him to me. I sat down and fanned myself, and was forced to order a glass of water.

He entered with an air so hateful to me, but so agreeable to every other eye, that I could have looked him dead for that too.

Miss D'Oily, upon his complimenting her among a knot of ladies, asked him, in their hearing, How Miss Clarissa Harlowe did?



He heard, he said, you were not so well as he wished you to be, and as you deserved to be.

Oh Mr. Lovelace, said she, what have you to answer for on that young lady's account, if all be true that I have heard?

I have a great deal to answer for, said the unblushing villain: but that dear lady has so many excellencies, and so much delicacy, that little sins are great ones in her eye.

Little sins! replied Miss D'Oily; Mr. Lovelace's character is so well known that nobody believes he can commit little sins.

You are very good to me, Miss D'Oily.

Indeed I am not.

Then I am the only person to whom you're not very good; and so I am the less obliged to you.

He turned with an unconcerned air to Miss Playford, and made her some genteel compliments. I believe you know her not. She visits his cousins Montague. Indeed, he had something in his specious manner to say to everybody; and this too soon quieted the disgust each person had at his entrance.

I still kept my seat, and he either saw me not, or would not yet see me; and addressing himself to my mother, taking her unwilling hand, with an air of high assurance, I am glad to see you here, madam. I hope Miss Howe is well. I have reason to complain greatly of her; but hope to owe to her the highest obligation that can be laid on man.

My daughter, sir, is accustomed to be too warm and too zealous in her friendships for either my tranquillity, or her own.

There had indeed been some late occasion given for mutual displeasure between my mother and me; but I think she might have spared this to him; though nobody heard it, I believe, but the person to whom it was spoken,

and the lady who told it to me ; for my mother spoke it low.

We are not wholly, madam, to live for ourselves, said the vile hypocrite. It is not every one who has a soul capable of friendship ; and what a heart must that be which can be insensible to the interests of a suffering friend ?

This sentiment from Mr. Lovelace's mouth ! said my mother. Forgive me, sir, but you can have no end, surely, in endeavouring to make me think as well of you as some innocent creatures have thought of you, to their cost.

She would have flung from him. But detaining her hand. Less severe, dear madam, said he, be less severe, in this place, I beseech you. You will allow that a very faulty person may see his errors ; and when he does, and owns them, and repents, should he not be treated mercifully ?

Your air, sir, seems not to be that of a penitent. But the place may as properly excuse this subject, as what you call my severity.

But, dearest madam, permit me to say, that I hope for your interest with your charming daughter (was his sycophant word) to have it put into my power to convince all the world that there never was a truer penitent. And why, why this anger, dear madam ? (for she struggled to get her hand out of his) these violent airs—so maidenly ! (Impudent fellow !)—may I not ask if Miss Howe be here ?

She would not have been here, replied my mother, had she known whom she had been to see.

And is she here, then ?—Thank heaven !—He disengaged her hand, and stepped forward into company.

Dear Miss Lloyd, said he, with an air (taking her hand, as he quitted my mother's), tell me, tell me, is Miss Arabella Harlowe here ? Or will she be here ? I was informed

she would—and this, and the opportunity of paying my compliments to your friend Miss Howe, were great inducements with me to attend the colonel.

Superlative assurance! Was it not, my dear?

Miss Arabella Harlowe, excuse me, sir, said Miss Lloyd, would be very little inclined to meet you here, or anywhere else.

Perhaps so, my dear Miss Lloyd; but, perhaps, for that very reason, I am more desirous to see her.

Miss Harlowe, sir, said Miss Biddulph, with a threatening air, will hardly be here without her brother. I imagine, if one come, both will come.

Heaven grant they both may! said the wretch. Nothing, Miss Biddulph, shall begin from me to disturb this assembly, I assure you, if they do. One calm half-hour's conversation with that brother and sister, would be a most fortunate opportunity to me, in presence of the colonel and his lady, or whom else they should choose.

Then turning round, as if desirous to find out the one or the other, or both, he espied me, and, with a very low bow, approached me.

I was all in a flutter, you may suppose. He would have taken my hand. I refused it, all glowing with indignation: everybody's eyes upon us.

I went from him to the other end of the room, and sat down, as I thought, out of his hated sight: but presently I heard his odious voice, whispering, behind my chair (he leaning upon the back of it, with impudent unconcern) *Charming Miss Howe!* looking over my shoulder: *one request*—I started up from my seat; but could hardly stand neither, for very indignation—O this sweet, but becoming disdain! whispered on the insufferable creature—I am sorry to give you all this emotion: but either here, or at your own house, let me entreat from you one quarter of an hour's audience.—I beseech you, madam, but one quarter of an hour, in any of the adjoining apartments.

Not for a kingdom (fluttering my fan)—I knew not what I did.—But I could have killed him.

We are so much observed—Else on my knees, my dear Miss Howe, would I beg your interest with your charming friend.

My mediation, vilest of men!—My mediation!—I abhor you!—From my soul, I abhor you, vilest of men!—Three or four times I repeated these words, stammering too.—I was excessively fluttered.

You can call me nothing, madam, so bad as I will call myself. I have been, indeed, the vilest of men: but now I am not so.—Permit me—everybody's eyes are upon us!—but one moment's audience—to exchange but ten words with you, dearest Miss Howe—in whose presence you please—for your dear friend's sake—but ten words with you in the next apartment.

It is an insult upon me, to presume, that I would exchange one with you, if I could help it!—Out of my way!—out of my sight—fellow!

And away I would have flung: but he took my hand. I was excessively disordered.—Everybody's eyes more and more intent upon us.

Mr. Hickman, whom my mother had drawn on one side, to enjoin him a patience, which perhaps needed not to have been enforced, came up just then, with my mother, who had him by his leading-strings—by his sleeve I should say.

Mr. Hickman, said the bold wretch, be my advocate but for ten words in the next apartment with Miss Howe, in your presence; and in yours, madam, (to my mother).

Hear, Nancy, what he has to say to you. To get rid of him, hear his ten words.

Excuse me, madam, his very breath—unhand me, sir!

He sighed and looked—O how the practised villain sighed and looked! He then let go my hand, with such a reverence in his manner, as brought blame upon me



from some, that I would not hear him.—And this incensed me the more. O my dear, this man is a devil! This man is indeed a devil!—So much patience, when he pleases! So much gentleness!—Yet so resolute, so persisting, so audacious!

I was going out of the assembly in great disorder. He was at the door as soon as I.

How kind this is! said the wretch; and, ready to follow me, opened the door for me.

I turned back, upon this; and, not knowing what I did, snapped my fan just in his face, as he turned short upon me; and the powder flew from his wig.

Everybody seemed as much pleased, as I was vexed.

He turned to Mr. Hickman, nettled at the powder flying, and at the smiles of the company upon him; Mr. Hickman, you will be one of the happiest men in the world, because you are a good man, and will do nothing to provoke this passionate lady; and because she has too much good sense to be provoked without reason: but else, the Lord have mercy upon you!

This man, this Mr. Hickman, my dear, is too meek for a man. Indeed he is.—But patient mother twits me, that her passionate daughter ought to like him the better for that. But meek men abroad are not always meek men at home. I have observed that in more instances than one: and if they were, I should not, I verily think, like them the better for being so.

He then turned to my mother, resolved to be even with her too: where, good madam, could miss get all this spirit?

The company round smiled; for I need not tell you, that my mother's high-spiritedness is pretty well known; and she, sadly vexed, said, sir, you treat me, as you do the rest of the world—but—

I beg pardon, madam, interrupted he: I might have spared my question—and instantly (I retiring to the other

end of the hall) he turned to Miss Playford : what would I give, miss, to hear you sing that song you obliged us with at Lord M.'s ?

He then, as if nothing had happened, fell into a conversation with her, and Miss D'Ollyffe, upon music ; and whisperingly sung to Miss Playford, holding her two hands, with such airs of genteel unconcern, that it vexed me not a little, to look round, and see how pleased half the giddy fools of our sex were with him notwithstanding his notorious wicked character. To this it is, that such vile fellows owe much of their vileness ; whereas, if they found themselves shunned, and despised, and treated as beasts of prey, as they are, they would run to their caverns ; there howl by themselves ; and none but such as sad accident, or unpitiable presumption, threw in their way, would suffer by them.

He afterwards talked very seriously, at times, to Mr. Hickman : at times, I say ; for it was with such breaks and starts of gaiety, turning to this lady, and to that, and then to Mr. Hickman again, resuming a serious or a gay air at pleasure, that he took everybody's eye, the women's especially ; who were full of their whispering admirations of him, qualified with if's, and but's, and what pity's, and such sort of stuff, that showed in their very dispraises too much liking.

His discourse to Mr. Hickman turned upon you, and his acknowledged injuries of you ; though he could so lightly start from the subject, and return to it.

I have no patience with such a devil—man he cannot be called. To be sure he would behave in the same manner anywhere, or in any presence, even at the altar itself, if a woman were with him there.

It shall ever be a rule with me, that he who does not regard a woman with some degree of reverence, will look upon her and occasionally treat her with contempt.

He had the confidence to offer to take me out ; but I

absolutely refused him, and shunned him all I could, putting on the most contemptuous airs : but nothing could mortify him.

I wished twenty times I had not been there.

The gentlemen were as ready as I to wish he had broken his neck, rather than been present, I believe : for nobody was regarded but he. So little of the fop ; yet so elegant and rich in his dress : his person so specious : his air so intrepid : so much meaning and penetration in his face : so much gaiety, yet so little of the monkey : though a travelled gentleman, yet no affectation ; no mere toupet-man ; but all manly ; and his courage and wit, the one so known, the other so dreaded, you must think the *petits-mâtres* (of which there were four or five present) were most deplorably off in his company : and one grave gentleman observed to me (pleased to see me shun him as I did) that the poet's observation was too true, that the generality of ladies were rakes in their hearts, or they could not be so much taken with a man who had so notorious a character.

I told him, the reflection both of the poet and applier was much too general, and made with more ill-nature than good manners.

When the wretch saw how industriously I avoided him (shifting from one part of the hall to another) he at last boldly stepped up to me, as my mother and Mr. Hickman were talking to me ; and thus before them accosted me :

I beg your pardon, madam ; but, by your mother's leave, I must have a few moments' conversation with you, either here, or at your own house ; and I beg you will give me the opportunity.

Nancy, said my mother, hear what he has to say to you. In my presence you may : and better in the adjoining apartment, if it must be, than to come to you at our own house.

I retired to one corner of the hall, my mother following me, and he, taking Mr. Hickman under the arm, following her—well, sir, said I, what have you to say?—tell me here.

I have been telling Mr. Hickman, said he, how much I am concerned for the injuries I have done to the most excellent woman in the world: and yet, that she obtained such a glorious triumph over me the last time I had the honour to see her, as, with my penitence, ought to have abated her former resentments: but that I will, with all my soul, enter into any measures to obtain her forgiveness of me. My cousins Montague have told you this. Lady Betty, and Lady Sarah, and my Lord M. are engaged for my honour. I know your power with the dear creature. My cousins told me, you gave them hopes you would use it in my behalf. My Lord M. and his two sisters are impatiently expecting the fruits of it. You must have heard from her before now: I hope you have. And will you be so good, as to tell me, if I may have any hopes?

If I must speak on this subject, let me tell you, that you have broken her heart. You know not the value of the lady you have injured. You deserve her not. And she despises you, as she ought.

Dear Miss Howe, mingle not passion with denunciations so severe. I must know my fate. I will go abroad once more, if I find her absolutely irreconcilable. But I hope she will give me leave to attend upon her, to know my doom from her own mouth.

It would be death immediate for her to see you. And what must you be, to be able to look her in the face?

I then reproached him (with vehemence enough you may believe) on his baseness, and the evils he had made you suffer: the distress he had reduced you to: all your friends made your enemies: the vile house he had carried you to: hinted at his villanous arts; the dreadful arrest:

and told him of your present deplorable illness, and resolution to die rather than to have him.

He vindicated not any part of his conduct, but that of the arrest ; and so solemnly protested his sorrow for his usage of you, accusing himself in the freest manner, and by deserved appellations, that I promised to lay before you this part of our conversation. And now you have it.

My mother, as well as Mr. Hickman, believes, from what passed on this occasion, that he is touched in conscience for the wrongs he has done you : but, by his whole behaviour, I must own, it seems to me, that nothing can touch him for half an hour together. Yet I have no doubt, that he would willingly marry you ; and it piques his pride, I could see, that he should be denied : as it did mine, that such a wretch had dared to think it in his power to have such a woman whenever he pleased ; and that it must be accounted a condescension, and matter of obligation (by all his own family at least) that he would vouchsafe to think of marriage.

Now, my dear, you have before you the reason why I suspend the decisive negative to the ladies of his family : my mother, Miss Lloyd, and Miss Biddulph, who were inquisitive after the subject of our retired conversation, and whose curiosity I thought it was right, in some degree, to gratify (especially as those young ladies are of our select acquaintance) are all of opinion, that you should be his.

You will let Mr. Hickman know your whole mind ; and when he acquaints me with it, I will tell you all my own.

Mean time, may the news he will bring me of the state of your health, be favourable ! prays, with the utmost fervency,

Your ever-faithful and affectionate

ANNA HOWE.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE.

Thursday, July 27.

MY DEAREST MISS HOWE,—After I have thankfully acknowledged your favour in sending Mr. Hickman to visit me before you set out upon your intended journey, I must chide you (in the sincerity of that faithful love, which could not be the love it is if it would not admit of that cementing freedom) for suspending the decisive negative, which, upon such full deliberation, I had entreated you to give to Mr. Lovelace's relations.

I am sorry, that I am obliged to repeat to you, my dear, who know me so well, that, were I sure I should live many years, I would not have Mr. Lovelace: much less can I think of him, as it is probable I may not live one.

As to the world and its censures, you know, my dear, that however desirous I always was of a fair fame, yet I never thought it right to give more than a second place to the world's opinion. The challenges made to Mr. Lovelace by Miss D'Oily, in public company, are a fresh proof that I have lost my reputation: and what advantage would it be to me, were it retrievable, and were I to live long, if I could not acquit myself to myself?

As to the invitation you are so kind as to give me, to remove privately into your neighbourhood, I have told Mr. Hickman, that I will consider of it: but believe, if you will be so good as to excuse me, that I shall not accept of it, even should I be able to remove. I will give you my reasons for declining it; and so I ought, when both my love, and my gratitude, would make a visit now and then from my dear Miss Howe the most consolatory thing in the world to me.

You must know then, that this great town, wicked as it is, wants not opportunities of being better; having daily prayers at several churches in it; and I am desirous, as my

strength will permit, to embrace those opportunities. The method I have proposed to myself (and was beginning to practise when that cruel arrest deprived me both of freedom and strength) is this: when I was disposed to gentle exercise, I took a chair to St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street, where are prayers at seven in the morning: I proposed, if the weather favoured, to walk (if not, to take chair) to Lincoln's Inn Chapel; where, at eleven in the morning, and at five in the afternoon, are the same desirable opportunities; and at other times to go no farther than Covent Garden Church, where are early morning prayers likewise.

Another reason why I choose not to go down into your neighbourhood, is, the displeasure that might arise on my account between your mother and you.

Your account of the gay unconcerned behaviour of Mr. Lovelace, at the Colonel's, does not surprise me at all, after I am told, that he had the intrepidity to go thither, knowing who were invited and expected.—Only this, my dear, I really wonder at, that Miss Howe could imagine, that I could have a thought of such a man for a husband.

Poor wretch! I pity him, to see him fluttering about; abusing talents that were given him for excellent purposes; taking inconsideration for courage; and dancing, fearless of danger, on the edge of a precipice!

But indeed his threatening to see me most sensibly alarms and shocks me. I cannot but hope that I never, never more, shall see him in this world.

Since you are so loth, my dear, to send the desired negative to the ladies of his family, I will only trouble you to transmit the letter I shall inclose for that purpose; directed indeed to yourself, because it was to you that those ladies applied themselves on this occasion; but to be sent by you to any one of the ladies at your own choice.

I commend myself, my dearest Miss Howe, to your prayers ; and conclude with repeated thanks for sending Mr. Hickman to me ; and with wishes for your health and happiness, and for the speedy celebration of your nuptials;

Your ever-affectionate and obliged

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE.

[*Inclosed in the preceding.*]

MY DEAREST MISS HOWE,—Since you seem loth to acquiesce in my determined resolution, signified to you as soon as I was able to hold a pen, I beg the favour of you, by this, or by any other way you think most proper, to acquaint the worthy ladies who have applied to you in behalf of their relation, that, although I am infinitely obliged to their generous opinion of me, yet I cannot consent to sanctify, as I may say, Mr. Lovelace's repeated breaches of all moral sanctions, and hazard my future happiness by an union with a man, through whose premeditated injuries, in a long train of the basest contrivances, I have forfeited my temporal hopes.

He himself, when he reflects upon his own actions, must surely bear testimony to the justice as well as fitness of my determination. The ladies, I dare say, would, were they to know the whole of my unhappy story.

Be pleased to acquaint them, that I deceive myself, if my resolution on this head (however ungratefully, and even inhumanly, he has treated me) be not owing more to principle than passion. Nor can I give a stronger proof of the truth of this assurance, than by declaring, that I can and will forgive him, on this one easy condition, that he will never molest me more.

In whatever way you choose to make this declaration, be pleased to let my most respectful compliments to the ladies of the noble family, and to my Lord M. accompany

it. And do you, my dear, believe, that I shall be, to the last moment of my life,

Your ever-obliged and affectionate

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Friday, July 28.



I CANNOT endure thee for thy hopelessness in the lady's recovery ; and that in contradiction to the doctor and apothecary.

I can tell thee, that, if nothing else will do, I am determined, in spite of thy buskin airs, and of thy engagements for me to the contrary, to see her myself.

Face to face have I known many a quarrel made up, which distance would have kept alive, and widened. Thou wilt be a madder Jack than he in the *Tale of a Tub*, if thou givest an active opposition to this interview.

In short, I cannot bear the thought, that a woman whom once I had bound to me in the silken cords of love, should slip through my fingers, and be able, while my heart flames out with a violent passion for her, to despise me, and to set both love and me at defiance. Thou canst not imagine how much I envy thee, and her doctor, and her apothecary, and every one who I hear are admitted to her presence and conversation ; and wish to be the one or the other in turn.

Wherefore, if nothing else will do, I will see her. I'll tell thee of an admirable expedient, just come across me, to save thy promise, and my own.

Mrs. Lovick, you say, is a good woman : If the lady be worse, she shall advise her to send for a parson to pray by her : Unknown to her, unknown to the lady, unknown to thee (for so it may pass) I will contrive to be the man, petticoated out, and vested in a gown and cassock. I once,

for a certain purpose, did assume the canonicals ; and I was thought to make a fine sleek appearance ; my broad rose-bound beaver became me mightily ; and I was much admired upon the whole by all who saw me.

Methinks it must be charmingly apropos to see me kneeling down by her bed-side (I am sure I shall pray heartily) beginning out of the Common Prayer Book the Sick Office for the restoration of the languishing lady, and concluding with an exhortation to charity and forgiveness for myself.

I will consider of this matter. But, in whatever shape I shall choose to appear, of this thou mayst assure thyself, I will apprise thee beforehand of my visit, that thou mayst contrive to be out of the way, and to know nothing of the matter. This will save thy word ; and, as to mine, can she think worse of me than she does at present ?

Well, but the lady refers my destiny to the letter she has written, actually written, to Miss Howe ; to whom it seems she has given her reasons why she will not have me. I long to know the contents of this letter : but am in great hopes that she has so expressed her denials as shall give room to think, she only wants to be persuaded to the contrary, in order to reconcile herself to herself.

I am glad that Miss Howe (as much as she hates me) kept her word with my cousins on their visit to her, and with me at the Colonel's, to endeavour to persuade her friend to make up all matters by matrimony ; which, no doubt, is the best, nay, the only method she can take, for her own honour, and that of her family.

I had once thoughts of revenging myself on that vixen, and, particularly, as thou mayst remember, had planned something to this purpose on the journey she is going to take, which had been talked of some time. But, I think—let me see—yes, I think, I will let this Hickman have her safe, as thou believest the fellow to be a tolerable sort

of a mortal, and that I had made the worst of him : and I am glad, for his own sake, he has not launched out too virulently against me to thee.

Although I just now said a kind thing or two for this fellow Hickman ; yet I can tell thee, I could (to use one of my noble peer's humble phrases) eat him up without a corn of salt, when I think of his impudence to salute my charmer twice at parting : and have still less patience with the lady herself for presuming to offer her cheek or lip (thou sayest not which) to him, and to press his clumsy fist between her charming hands. An honour worth a king's ransom ; and what would I give—what would I not give ? to have ! And then he, in return, to press her, as thou sayest he did, to his stupid heart ; at that time, no doubt, more sensible, than ever it was before !

By thy description of their parting, I see thou wilt be a delicate fellow in time. My mortification in this lady's displeasure, will be thy exaltation from her conversation. I envy thee as well for thy opportunities, as for thy improvements : and such an impression has thy concluding paragraph made upon me, that I wish I do not get into a reformation humour as well as thou : and then what a couple of lamentable puppies shall we make, howling in recitative to each other's discordant music !

Let me improve upon the thought, and imagine that, turned hermits, we have opened the two old caves at Hornsey, or dug new ones ; and in each of our cells set up a death's head, and an hour-glass, for objects of contemplation—I have seen such a picture : but then, Jack, had not the old penitent a suffocating long grey beard ? What figures would a couple of brocaded or laced-waistcoated toupets make with their sour screwed up half-cocked faces, and more than half-shut eyes, in a kneeling attitude, recapitulating their respective rogueries ? This scheme, were we only to make trial of it, and return afterwards to our old ways, might serve to better purpose by far, than

Horner's in the *Country Wife*, to bring the pretty wenches to us.

I know thou wilt think me too ludicrous. I think myself so. It is truly, to be ingenuous, a forced put: for my passions are so wound up, that I am obliged either to laugh or cry.

What a length have I run! Indeed I hardly at this present know what to do with myself but scribble. Tired with Lord M. who, in his recovery, has played upon me the fable of the nurse, the crying child, the wolf—tired with my cousins Montague, though charming girls, were they not so near of kin—tired with Mowbray and Tourville, and their everlasting identity—tired with the country—tired with myself—longing for what I have not—I must go to town; and there have an interview with the charmer of my soul: for desperate diseases must have desperate remedies; and I only wait to know my doom from Miss Howe; and then, if it be rejection, I will try my fate, and receive my sentence at her feet. But I will apprise thee of it beforehand, as I told thee, that thou mayst keep thy parole with the lady in the best manner thou canst.

MISS HOWE TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Friday, July 28.

I WILL now, my dearest friend, write to you all my mind, without reserve, on your resolution not to have this vilest of men. You gave me, in yours of Sunday the 23rd, reasons so worthy of the pure mind of my Clarissa, in support of this your resolution, that nothing but self-love, lest I should lose my ever-amiable friend, could have prevailed upon me to wish you to alter it.

Indeed, I thought it was impossible there could be (however desirable) so noble an instance given by any of

our sex, of a passion conquered, when there were so many inducements to give way to it. And, therefore, I was willing to urge you once more to overcome your just indignation, and to be prevailed upon by the solicitations of his friends, before you carried your resentments to so great a height, that it would be more difficult for you, and less to your honour, to comply, than if you had complied at first.

But now, my dear, that I see you fixed in your noble resolution ; and that it is impossible for your pure mind to join itself with that of so perjured a miscreant ; I congratulate you most heartily upon it ; and beg your pardon for but seeming to doubt, that theory and practice were not the same thing with my beloved Clarissa.

The reasons you give for discouraging my wishes to have you near us, are so convincing, that I ought at present to acquiesce in them : but, my dear, when your mind is fully settled, as (now you are so absolutely determined in it, with regard to this wretch) I hope it will soon be, I shall expect you with us, or near us : and then you shall chalk out every path that I will set my foot in ; nor will I turn aside either to the right hand or to the left.

You intimate that were I actually married, and Mr. Hickman to desire it, you would think of obliging me with a visit on the occasion ; and that perhaps when with me, it would be difficult for you to remove far from me.

But let me tell you, my dear, that it is more in your power, than perhaps you think it, to hasten the day so much pressed for by my mother, as well as wished for by you—for the very day that you can assure me, that you are in a tolerable state of health, and have discharged your doctor and apothecary, at their own motions, on that account—some day in a month from that desirable news, shall be it. So, my dear, make haste and be well ; and then this matter will be brought to effect in a manner

more agreeable to your Anna Howe than it otherwise ever can.

I send this day, by a particular hand, to the Misses Montague your letter of just reprobation of the greatest profligate in the kingdom; and hope I shall not have done amiss that I transcribe some of the paragraphs of your letter of the 23rd, and send them with it, as you at first intended should be done.

On Monday we shall set out on our journey; and I hope to be back in a fortnight, and on my return will have one pull more with my mother for a London journey: and if the pretence must be the buying of clothes, the principal motive will be that of seeing once more my dear friend, while I can say, I have not finally given consent to the change of a visitor into a relation, and so can call myself my own, as well as

Your,
ANNA HOWE.

MISS HOWE TO THE TWO MISSES MONTAGUE.

Saturday, July 29.

DEAR LADIES,—I have not been wanting to use all my interest with my beloved friend, to induce her to forgive and be reconciled to your kinsman (though he has so ill deserved it); and have even repeated my earnest advice to her on this head. This repetition, and the waiting for her answer, having taken up time, have been the cause, that I could not sooner do myself the honour of writing to you on this subject.

You will see, by the inclosed, her immoveable resolution, grounded on noble and high-souled motives, which I cannot but regret and applaud at the same time: applaud, for the justice of her determination, which will confirm all your worthy house in the opinion you had conceived of her unequalled merit; and regret, because I have

but too much reason to apprehend, as well by that, as by the report of a gentleman just come from her, that she is in such a declining way as to her health, that her thoughts are very differently employed than on a continuance here.

And now, ladies, you have before you my beloved friend's reasons for her refusal of a man unworthy of the relation he bears to so many excellent persons : and I will add (for I cannot help it) that, the merit and rank of the person considered, and the vile manner of his proceedings, there never was a greater villainy committed : and since she thinks her first and only fault cannot be expiated but by death, I pray to God daily, and will hourly from the moment I shall hear of that sad catastrophe, that He will be pleased to make him the subject of His vengeance, in some such way, as that all who know of his perfidious crime, may see the hand of Heaven in the punishment of it !

You will forgive me, ladies : I love not mine own soul better than I do Miss Clarissa Harlowe. And the distresses she has gone through ; the persecutions she suffers from all her friends ; the curse she lies under, for his sake, from her implacable father ; her reduced health and circumstances, from high health and affluence ; and that execrable arrest and confinement, which have deepened all her other calamities (and which must be laid at his door, as it was the act of his vile agents, that, whether from his immediate orders or not, naturally flowed from his preceding baseness) ; the sex dishonoured in the eye of the world, in the person of one of the greatest ornaments of it ; the unmanly methods, whatever they were (for I know not all as yet) by which he compassed her ruin—all these considerations join to justify my warmth, and my execrations of a man, whom I think excluded by his crimes from the benefit even of Christian forgiveness—and were you to see all she writes, and to know the

admirable talents she is mistress of, you yourselves would join with me to admire her, and execrate him.

Believe me to be, with a high sense of your merits,

Dear ladies,

Your most obedient humble servant,

ANNA HOWE.

MRS. NORTON TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Friday, July 28.

MY DEAREST YOUNG LADY,—I have the consolation to tell you, that my son is once again in an hopeful way, as to his health. He desires his duty to you. He is very low and weak. And so am I. But this is the first time that I have been able, for several days past, to sit up to write, or I would not have been so long silent.

Your letter to your sister is received and answered. You have the answer by this time, I suppose. I wish it may be to your satisfaction: but am afraid it will not: for, by Betty Barnes, I find they were in a great ferment on receiving yours, and much divided whether it should be answered or not. They will not yet believe that you are so ill, as (to my infinite concern) I find you are. What passed between Miss Harlowe and Miss Howe, has been, as I feared it would be, an aggravation.

I showed Betty two or three passages in your letter to me; and she seemed moved, and said, she would report them favourably, and would procure me a visit from Miss Harlowe, if I would promise to show the same to her. But I have heard no more of that.

I am glad you are with such honest people; and that you have all your effects restored. How dreadfully have you been used, that one should be glad of such a poor piece of justice as that?

Your talent at moving the passions is always hinted at; and this Betty of your sister never comes near me, that she

is not full of it. But, as you say, whom has it moved, that you wished to move? Yet, were it not for this unhappy notion, I am sure your mother would relent. Forgive me, my dear Miss Clary; for I must try one way to be convinced if my opinion be not just. But I will not tell you what that is, unless it succeeds. I will try, in pure duty and love to them, as well as to you.

May heaven be your support, in all your trials, is the constant prayer, my dearest young lady, of

Your ever affectionate friend and servant,

JUDITH NORTON.

MRS. NORTON TO MRS. HARLOWE.

July 28.

HONOURED MADAM,—Being forbidden (without leave) to send you anything I might happen to receive from my beloved Miss Clary, and so ill, that I cannot attend to ask your leave, I give you this trouble, to let you know, that I have received a letter from her; which, I think, I should hereafter be held inexcusable, as things may happen, if I did not desire permission to communicate to you, and that as soon as possible.

Applications have been made to the dear young lady from Lord M., from the two ladies his sisters, and from both his nieces, and from the wicked man himself, to forgive and marry him. This, in noble indignation for the usage she has received from him, she has absolutely refused. And perhaps, madam, if you and the honoured family should be of opinion, that to comply with their wishes is now the properest measure that can be taken, the circumstances of things may require your authority or advice, to induce her to change her mind.

I have reason to believe, that one motive for her refusal is her full conviction, that she shall not long be a trouble to anybody; and so she would not give a husband a right to interfere with her family, in relation to the estate her


grandfather devised to her. But of this, however, I have not the least intimation from her. Nor would she, I dare say, mention it, as a reason, having still stronger reasons, from his vile treatment of her, to refuse him.

The letter I have received will show how truly penitent the dear creature is; and if I have your permission, I will send it sealed up, with a copy of mine, to which it is an answer. But as I resolve upon this step without her knowledge I will not acquaint her with it, unless it be attended with desirable effects: because, otherwise, besides making me incur her displeasure, it might quite break her already half-broken heart. I am,

Honoured Madam,
Your dutiful and ever obliged servant,
JUDITH NORTON.

MRS. HARLOWE TO MRS. JUDITH NORTON.

Sunday, July 30.

E all know your virtuous prudence, worthy woman: we all do. But your partiality to this your rash favourite is likewise known. And we are no less acquainted with the unhappy body's power of painting her distresses so as to pierce a stone.

Everyone is of opinion, that the dear naughty creature is working about to be forgiven and received; and for this reason it is, that Betty has been forbidden (not by me, you may be sure!) to mention any more of her letters; for she did speak to my Bella of some moving passages you read to her.

This will convince you, that nothing will be heard in her favour. To what purpose then should I mention anything about her?—But you may be sure that I will, if I can have but one second. However, that is not at all likely, until we see what the consequences of her crime will be: and who can tell that?—She may—how can I speak it, and

my once darling daughter unmarried?—She may be with child!—This would perpetuate her stain. Her brother may come to some harm; which God forbid!—One child's ruin, I hope, will not be followed by another's murder!

As to her grief, and her present misery, whatever it be, she must bear with it; and it must be short of what I hourly bear for her! Indeed I am afraid nothing but her being at the last extremity of all will make her father, and her uncles, and her other friends, forgive her.

You say her heart is half-broken: Is it to be wondered at? Was not her sin committed equally against warning, and the light of her own knowledge?

That he would now marry her, or that she would refuse him, if she believed him in earnest, as she has circumstanced herself, is not at all probable; and were I inclined to believe it, nobody else here would.

And is she really ill?—so very ill?—But she ought to sorrow.—She has given a double measure of it.

But does she really believe she shall not long trouble us?—But, O my Norton!—She must, she will, long trouble us—for can she think her death, if we should be deprived of her, will put an end to our afflictions?—Can it be thought, that the fall of such a child will not be regretted by us to the last hour of our lives?

But I choose not to know more of her, than is communicated to us all—no more than I dare own I have seen—and what some of them may rather communicate to me, than receive from me: and this for the sake of my outward quiet: although my inward peace suffers more and more by the compelled reserve.

I was forced to break off. But I will now try to conclude my long letter.

I am sorry you are ill. But if you were well, I could not, for your own sake, wish you to go up, as Betty tells us you long to do. If you went, nothing would be minded that

came from you. As they already think you too partial in her favour, your going up would confirm it, and do yourself prejudice, and her no good. And as everybody values you here, I advise you not to interest yourself too warmly in her favour, especially before my Bella's Betty, till I can let you know a proper time. Yet to forbid you to love the dear naughty creature, who can? O my Norton! you must love her!—And so must I!

I send you five guineas, to help you in your present illness, and your son's; for it must have lain heavy upon you.

Perhaps I may find an opportunity to pay you a visit, as in your illness; and then may weep over the letter you mention, with you. But, for the future, write nothing to me about the poor girl that you think may not be communicated to us all.

And I charge you, as you value my friendship, as you wish my peace, not to say anything of a letter you have from me, either to the naughty one, or to anybody else. It was some little relief (the occasion given) to write to you, who must, in so particular a manner, share my affliction. A mother, Mrs. Norton, cannot forget her child, though that child could abandon her mother; and, in so doing, run away with all her mother's comforts!—as I can truly say, is the case of

Your unhappy Friend,
CHARLOTTE HARLOWE.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MRS. JUDITH NORTON.

Saturday, July 29.



CONGRATULATE you, my dear Mrs. Norton, with all my heart, on your son's recovery; which I pray to God, with your own health, to perfect.

I write in some hurry, being apprehensive of the consequence of the hints you give of some method you pro-

pose to try in my favour (with my relations, I presume, you mean): but you will not tell me what, you say, if it prove unsuccessful.

Now I must beg of you, that you will not take any step in my favour, with which you do not first acquaint me.

I have but one request to make to them, besides what is contained in my letter to my sister; and I would not, methinks, for the sake of their own future peace of mind, that they should be teased so, by your well-meant kindness, and that of Miss Howe, as to be put upon denying me that. And why should more be asked for me than I can partake of? More than is absolutely necessary for my own peace?

You suppose I should have my sister's answer to my letter by the time yours reached my hand. I have it: and a severe one, a very severe one, it is. Yet, considering my fault in their eyes, and the provocations I am to suppose they so newly had from my dear Miss Howe, I am to look upon it, as a favour, that it was answered at all. I will send you a copy of it soon; as also of mine, to which it is an answer.

I have reason to be very thankful, that my father has withdrawn that heavy malediction, which affected me so much—A parent's curse, my dear Mrs. Norton! What child could die in peace under a parent's curse? so literally fulfilled too as this has been in what relates to this life!

My heart is too full to touch upon the particulars of my sister's letter. I can make but one atonement for my fault. May that be accepted! And may it soon be forgotten, by every dear relation, that there was such an unhappy daughter, sister, or niece, as Clarissa Harlowe!

My cousin Morden was one of those, who was so earnest in prayers for my recovery, at nine and eleven years of age, as you mention. My sister thinks he will be one of those, who will wish I never had had a being. But pray, when he does come, let me hear of it with the first.

You think, that were it not for that unhappy notion of my moving talent, my mother would relent. What would I give to see her once more, and, although unknown to her, to kiss but the hem of her garment!

But I can write nothing but what must give you trouble. I will therefore, after repeating my desire that you will not intercede for me but with my previous consent, conclude with the assurance, that I am, and ever will be,

Your most affectionate and dutiful,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

O MY UNHAPPY LOST SISTER!—What a miserable hand have you made of your romantic and giddy expedition!—I pity you at my heart.

You may well grieve and repent!—Lovelace has left you!—In what way or circumstances, you know best.

My poor mother!—Your rashness and folly have made her more miserable than you can be.—Yet she has besought my father to grant your request.

My uncles joined with her; for they thought there was a little more modesty in your letter, than in the letters of your pert advocate: and my father is pleased to give me leave to write; but only these words for him, and no more: That he withdraws the curse he laid upon you, at the first hearing of your wicked flight, so far as it is in his power to do it; and hopes that your present punishment may be all that you will meet with. For the rest, he will never own you, nor forgive you; and grieves he has such a daughter in the world.

All this, and more, you have deserved from him, and from all of us: But what have you done to this abandoned libertine, to deserve what you have met with at his hands?—I fear, I fear, sister!—But no more!—A blessed four months work have you made of it.

My brother is now at Edinburgh, sent thither by my father (though he knows not this to be the motive) that he may not meet your triumphant deluder.

We are told he would be glad to marry you : But why, then, did he abandon you ? He had kept you till he was tired of you, no question ; and it is not likely he would wish to have you but upon the terms you have already without all doubt been his.

You ought to advise your friend Miss Howe to concern herself less in your matters than she does, except she could do it with more decency. She has written three letters to me : very insolent ones. Your favourer, poor Mrs. Norton, thinks you know nothing of the pert creature's writing. I hope you don't. But then the more impertinent the writer. But, believing the fond woman, I sat down the more readily to answer your letter ; and I write with less severity I can tell you, than otherwise I should have done, if I had answered it at all.

Monday last was your birth-day. Think, poor ungrateful wretch, as you are ! how we all used to keep it ; and you will not wonder to be told, that we ran away from one another that day. But God give you true penitence, if you have it not already ! And it will be true, if it be equal to the shame and the sorrow you have given us all.


Your afflicted Sister,

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

Your cousin Morden is every day expected in England. He, as well as others of the family, when he comes to hear what a blessed piece of work you have made of it, will wish you never had had a being.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE.

Tuesday, July 30.

OU have given me great pleasure, my dearest friend, by your approbation of my reasonings, and of my resolution founded upon them, never to have Mr. Lovelace. This approbation is so right a thing, give me leave to say, from the nature of the case, and from the strict honour and true dignity of mind, which I always admired in my Anna Howe, that I could hardly tell to what, but to my evil destiny, which of late would not let me please anybody, to attribute the advice you gave me to the contrary.

You are very obliging to me, intentionally, I know, when you tell me, it is in my power to hasten the day of Mr. Hickman's happiness. But yet, give me leave to say, that I admire this kind assurance less than any other paragraph of your letter.

In the first place you know it is not in my power to say when I can dismiss my physician; and you should not put the celebration of a marriage intended by yourself, and so desirable to your mother, upon so precarious an issue. Nor will I accept of a compliment, which must mean a slight to her.

If anything could give me a relish for life, after what I have suffered, it would be the hopes of the continuance of the more than sisterly love, which has, for years, uninterruptedly bound us together as one mind.—And why, my dear, should you defer giving (by a tie still stronger) another friend to one, who has so few?

I am glad you have sent my letter to Miss Montague. I hope I shall hear no more of this unhappy man.

I had begun the particulars of my tragical story: but it is so painful a task, and I have so many more important things to do, and, as I apprehend, so little time to

do them in, that, could I avoid it, I would go no farther in it.

Then, to this hour, I know not by what means several of his machinations to ruin me were brought about ; so that some material parts of my sad story must be defective, if I were to sit down to write it. But I have been thinking of a way that will answer the end wished for by your mother and you full as well ; perhaps better.

Mr. Lovelace, it seems, has communicated to his friend Mr. Belford all that has passed between himself and me, as he went on. Mr. Belford has not been able to deny it. So that (as we may observe by the way) a poor young creature, whose indiscretion has given a libertine power over her, has a reason she little thinks of, to regret her folly ; since these wretches, who have no more honour in one point than in another, scruple not to make her weakness a part of their triumph to their brother libertines.

I have nothing to apprehend of this sort, if I have the justice done me in his letters, which Mr. Belford assures me I have : and therefore the particulars of my story, and the base arts of this vile man, will, I think, be best collected from those very letters of his (if Mr. Belford can be prevailed upon to communicate them) ; to which I dare appeal with the same truth and fervour as he did, who says,—O that one would hear me ! and that mine adversary had written a book !—Surely, I would take it upon my shoulders, and bind it to me as a crown : For I covered not my transgressions as Adam, by hiding mine iniquity in my bosom.

There is one way, which may be fallen upon to induce Mr. Belford to communicate these letters ; since he seems to have (and declares he always had) a sincere abhorrence of his friend's baseness to me : but that, you'll say, when you hear it, is a strange one. Nevertheless, I am very earnest upon it at present.

It is no other than this :

I think to make Mr. Belford the executor of my last will (don't be surprised) : And with this view I permit his visits with the less scruple : and every time I see him, from his concern for me, am more and more inclined to do so. If I hold in the same mind, and if he accept the trust, and will communicate the materials in his power, those, joined with what you can furnish, will answer the whole end.

I know you will start at my notion of such an executor : but pray, my dear, consider, in my present circumstances, what I can do better, as I am empowered to make a will, and have considerable matters in my own disposal.

Now Mr. Belford, as I have already mentioned, knows everything that has passed. He is a man of spirit, and, it seems, as fearless as the other, with more humane qualities. You don't know, my dear, what instances of sincere humanity this Mr. Belford has shown, not only on occasion of the cruel arrest, but on several occasions since. And Mrs. Lovick has taken pains to enquire after his general character ; and hears a very good one of him, for justice and generosity in all his concerns of *meum and tuum*, as they are called : he has a knowledge of law matters ; and has two executorships upon him at this time, in the discharge of which his honour is unquestioned.

All these reasons have already in a manner determined me to ask this favour of him ; although it will have an odd sound with it to make an intimate friend of Mr. Lovelace my executor.

This is certain : my brother will be more acquiescent a great deal in such a case with the articles of my will, as he will see that it will be to no purpose to controvert some of them, which else, I dare say, he would controvert, or persuade my other friends to do so. And who would involve an executor in a law suit, if they could help it ?

—which would be the case, if anybody were left, whom my brother could hope to awe or control ; since my father has possession of all, and is absolutely governed by him. (Angry spirits, my dear, as I have often seen, will be overcome by more angry ones, as well as sometimes be disarmed by the meek.)—Nor would I wish, you may believe, to have effects torn out of my father's hands : While Mr. Belford, who is a man of fortune (and a good economist in his own affairs) would have no interest but to do justice.

Then he exceedingly presses for some occasion to show his readiness to serve me : and he would be able to manage his violent friend, over whom he has more influence than any other person.

My father has been so good as to take off the heavy malediction he laid me under. I must be now solicitous for a last blessing ; and that is all I shall presume to petition for. My sister's letter, communicating this grace, is a severe one : but as she writes to me as from everybody, how could I expect it to be otherwise ?

If you set out to-morrow, this letter cannot reach you till you get to your Aunt Harman's. I shall therefore direct it thither, as Mr. Hickman instructed me.

If your relations in the little island join their solicitations with your mother's commands, to have your nuptials celebrated before you leave them, let me beg of you, my dear, to oblige them. How grateful will the notification that you have done so, be to

Your ever faithful and affectionate

CL. HARLOWE !

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HARLOWE.

Saturday, July 29.

REPINE not, my dear sister, at the severity you have been pleased to express in the letter you favoured me with; because that severity was accompanied with the grace I had petitioned for; and because the reproaches of mine own heart are stronger than any other person's reproaches can be: and yet I am not half so culpable as I am imagined to be: as would be allowed, if all the circumstances of my unhappy story were known; and which I shall be ready to communicate to Mrs. Norton, if she be commissioned to enquire into them; or to you, my sister, if you can have patience to hear them.

I remembered with a bleeding heart what day the 24th of July was. I began with the eve of it; and I passed the day itself—as it was fit I should pass it. Nor have I any comfort to give to my dear and ever-honoured father and mother, and to you, my Bella, but this—that, as it was the first unhappy anniversary of my birth, in all probability it will be the last.

Believe me, my dear sister, I say not this, merely to move compassion; but from the best grounds. And as, on that account, I think it of the highest importance to my peace of mind to obtain one further favour, I would choose to owe to your intercession, as my sister, the leave I beg, to address half a dozen lines (with the hope of having them answered as I wish) to either or to both my honoured parents, to beg their last blessing.

This blessing is all the favour I have now to ask: it is all I dare to ask: yet am I afraid to rush at once, though by letter, into the presence of either. And if I did not ask it, it might seem to be owing to stubbornness and want of duty, when my heart is all humility and penitence.

Only, be so good as to embolden me to attempt this task—write but this one line, “Clary Harlowe, you are at liberty to write as you desire.” This will be enough—and shall, to my last hour, be acknowledged as the greatest favour, by

Your truly penitent sister,
CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MRS. NORTON TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Monday, July 31.

MY DEAREST YOUNG LADY,—I long to be with you, now I am better, and now my son is in a fine way of recovery. But is it not hard, to have it signified to me, that at present it will not be taken well, if I go?—I suppose, while the reconciliation, which I hope will take place, is negotiating by means of the correspondence so newly opened between you and your sister. But if you would have me come, I will rely on my good intentions, and risk everyone’s displeasure.

Mr. Brand has business in town; to solicit for a benefice which it is expected the incumbent will be obliged to quit for a better preferment: and when there, he is to enquire privately after your way of life, and of your health.

He is a very officious young man; and, but that your uncle Harlowe (who has chosen him for this errand) regards him as an oracle, your mother had rather anybody else had been sent.

He is one of those puzzling, over-doing gentlemen, who think they see farther into matters than anybody else, and are fond of discovering mysteries where there are none, in order to be thought shrewd men.

I know not the day he is to set out; and as his inquiries are to be private, be pleased to take no notice of this intelligence. I have no doubt, that your life and conversation

are such, as may defy the scrutinies of the most officious inquirer.

I am just now told, that you have written a second letter to your sister : but am afraid they will wait for Mr. Brand's report, before further favour will be obtained from them ; for they will not yet believe you are so ill as I fear you are.

But you would soon find, that you have an indulgent mother, were she at liberty to act according to her own inclination. And this gives me great hopes, that all will end well at last : for I verily think you are in the right way to a reconciliation. God give a blessing to it, and restore your health, and you to all your friends, prays

Your ever affectionate

JUDITH NORTON.

Your good mother has privately sent me five guineas : she is pleased to say, to help us in the illness we have been afflicted with ; but, more likely, that I might send them to you, as from myself. I hope, therefore, I may send them up, with ten more I have still left.

I will send you word of Mr. Morden's arrival, the moment I know it.

If agreeable, I should be glad to know all that passes between your relations and you.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MRS. NORTON.

Wednesday, August 2.

YOU give me, my dear Mrs. Norton, great pleasure in hearing of yours and your son's recovery. May you continue, for many, many years, a blessing to each other !

You tell me, that you did actually write to my mother, offering to inclose to her mine of the 24th past : and you say, it was not required of you. That is to say, although you cover it over as gently as you could, that your offer

was rejected ; which makes it evident, that no plea will be heard for me. Yet, you bid me hope, that the grace I sued for would, in time, be granted.

The grace I then sued for was indeed granted : but you are afraid, you say, that they will wait for Mr. Brand's report, before favour will be obtained in return to the second letter which I wrote to my sister : and you add, that I have an indulgent mother, were she at liberty to act according to her own inclination ; and that all will end well at last.

But what, my dear Mrs. Norton, what is the grace I sue for in my second letter ?—It is not that they will receive me into favour—if they think it is, they are mistaken. I do not, I cannot expect that : nor, as I have often said, should I, if they would receive me, bear to live in the eye of those dear friends whom I have so grievously offended. 'Tis only, simply, a blessing I ask : a blessing to die with ; not to live with.—Do they know that ? And do they know, that their unkindness will perhaps shorten my date ? So that their favour, if ever they intend to grant it, may come too late ?

Once more, I desire you not to think of coming to me. I have no uneasiness now, but what proceeds from the apprehension of seeing a man I would not see for the world, if I could help it ; and from the severity of my nearest and dearest relations : a severity entirely their own, I doubt ; for you tell me, that my brother is at Edinburgh ! You would therefore heighten their severity, and make yourself enemies besides, if you were to come to me—don't you see that you would ?

Mr. Brand may come, if he will. He is a clergyman, and must mean well ; or I must think so, let him say of me what he will. All my fear is, that, as he knows I am in disgrace with a family whose esteem he is desirous to cultivate ; and as he has obligations to my uncle Harlowe and to my father ; he will be but a languid acquitter—

not that I am afraid of what he, or anybody in the world, can hear as to my conduct. You may, my revered and dear friend, indeed you may, rest satisfied, that that is such as may warrant me to challenge the inquiries of the most officious.

I will send you copies of what passes, as you desire, when I have an answer to my second letter. I now begin to wish, that I had taken the heart to write to my father himself; or to my mother, at least; instead of to my sister; and yet I doubt my poor mother can do nothing for me of herself. A strong confederacy, my dear Mrs. Norton (a strong confederacy indeed!) against a poor girl, their daughter, sister, niece!—My brother, perhaps, got it renewed before he left them. He needed not—his work is done: and more than done.

Don't afflict yourself about money-matters on my account. I have no occasion for money. I am glad my mother was so considerate to you. I was in pain for you on the same subject. But heaven will not permit so good a woman to want the humble blessings she was always satisfied with. I wish every individual of our family were but as rich as you!—O my mamma Norton, you are rich! You are rich indeed!—The true riches are such content as you are blessed with.—And I hope in God, that I am in the way to be rich too.

Adieu, my ever-indulgent friend. You say, all will be at last happy—and I know it will—I confide that it will, with as much security, as you may, that I will be to my last hour

Your ever grateful and affectionate

CL. HARLOWE.

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Tuesday, August 1.

I AM most confoundedly chagrined and disappointed: for here, on Saturday, arrived a messenger from Miss Howe, with a letter to my cousins; which I knew nothing of till yesterday; when Lady Sarah and Lady Betty were procured to be here, to sit in judgment upon it with the old peer, and my two kinswomen. And never was bear so miserably baited as thy poor friend!—and for what?—Why, for the cruelty of Miss Harlowe: for have I committed any new offence? And would I not have reinstated myself in her favour upon her own terms, if I could? And is it fair to punish me for what is my misfortune, and not my fault? Such event-judging fools as I have for my relations! I am ashamed of them all.

In that of Miss Howe was inclosed one to her from Miss Harlowe, to be transmitted to my cousins, containing a final rejection of me; and that in very vehement and positive terms; yet she pretends, that in this rejection she is governed more by principle than passion—(damn'd lie, as ever was told!) And, as a proof that she is, says, that she can forgive me, and does, on this one condition, that I will never molest her more—the whole letter so written as to make herself more admired, me more detested.

What we have been told of the agitations and workings, and sighings and sobbings, of the French prophets among us formerly, was nothing at all to the scene exhibited by these maudlin souls, at the reading of these letters; and of some affecting passages extracted from another of my fair implacable's to Miss Howe. "What the devil," cried I, "is all this for? Can I help her implacable spirit?—Would I not repair the evils I have made her suffer?"—Then was I ready to curse them all, herself and Miss Howe

for company: and heartily I swore, that she should yet be mine.

I now swear it over again to thee—Were her death to follow in a week after the knot is tied, by the Lord of Heaven, it shall be tied, and she shall die a Lovelace.—Tell her so, if thou wilt: but, at the same time, tell her, that I have no view to her fortune; and that I will solemnly resign that, and all pretensions to it, in whose favour she pleases, if she resign life issueless. I am not so low-minded a wretch, as to be guilty of any sordid views to her fortune.—Let her judge for herself then, whether it be not for her honour rather to leave this world a Lovelace than a Harlowe.

But do not think I will entirely rest a cause so near my heart, upon an advocate, who so much more admires his client's adversary, than his client. I will go to town in a few days, in order to throw myself at her feet: and I will carry with me, or have at hand, a resolute, well-prepared parson; and the ceremony shall be performed, let what will be the consequence.

But if she will permit me to attend her for this purpose at either of the churches mentioned in the licence (which she has by her, and, thank Heaven! has not returned me with my letters); then will I not disturb her; but meet her at the altar in either church, and will engage to bring my two cousins to attend her, and even Lady Sarah and Lady Betty; and my Lord M. in person shall give her to me.

Or, if it will be still more agreeable to her, I will undertake, that either Lady Sarah or Lady Betty, or both, shall go to town, and attend her down; and the marriage shall be celebrated in their presence, and in that of Lord M. either here or elsewhere, at her own choice.

Do not play me booty, Belford; but sincerely and warmly use all the eloquence thou art master of, to prevail upon her to choose one of these three methods. One of them she must choose—by my soul, she must.

Here is Charlotte tapping at my closet-door for admittance. What a devil wants Charlotte?—I will bear no more reproaches!—Come in, girl!

My cousin Charlotte, finding me writing on with too much earnestness to have any regard for politeness to her, and guessing at my subject, besought me to let her see what I had written.

I obliged her. And she was so highly pleased on seeing me so much in earnest, that she offered, and I accepted her offer, to write a letter to Miss Harlowe; with permission to treat me in it as she thought fit.

I shall inclose a copy of her letter.

When she had written it, she brought it to me, with apologies for the freedom taken with me in it: but I excused it; and she was ready to give me a kiss for joy of my approbation: and I gave her two for writing it; telling her, I had hopes of success from it; and that I thought she had luckily hit it off.

Putting therefore my whole confidence in this letter, I postpone all my other alternatives, as also my going to town, till my empress send an answer to my cousin Montague.

But if she persist, and will not promise to take time to consider of the matter, thou mayest communicate to her what I had written, as above, before my cousin entered; and, if she be still perverse, assure her, that I must and will see her—but this with all honour, all humility: and, if I cannot move her in my favour, I will then go abroad, and perhaps never more return to England.

I have great dependence upon thy zeal and thy friendship: hasten back to her, therefore, and resume a task so interesting to me, that it is equally the subject of my dreams, as of my waking hours.

MISS MONTAGUE TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Tuesday, August 1.

DEAREST MADAM,—All our family is deeply sensible of the injuries you have received at the hands of one of it, whom you only can render in any manner worthy of the relation he stands in to us all: and if, as an act of mercy and charity, the greatest your pious heart can show, you will be pleased to look over his past wickedness and ingratitude, and suffer yourself to be our kinswoman, you will make us the happiest family in the world: and I can engage, that Lord M. and Lady Sarah Sadleir, and Lady Betty Lawrence, and my sister, who are all admirers of your virtues, and of your nobleness of mind, will for ever love and reverence you, and do everything in all their powers to make you amends for what you have suffered from Mr. Lovelace. This, madam, we should not, however, dare to petition for, were we not assured, that Mr. Lovelace is most sincerely sorry for his past vileness to you; and that he will, on his knees, beg your pardon, and vow eternal love and honour to you.

Wherefore, my dearest cousin (how you will charm us all, if this agreeable style may be permitted!) for all our sakes, for his soul's sake (you must, I am sure, be so good a lady, as to wish to save a soul!) and allow me to say, for your own fame's sake, condescend to our joint request: and if, by way of encouragement, you will but say, you will be glad to see, and to be as much known personally, as you are by fame, to Charlotte Montague, I will, in two days' time from the receipt of your permission, wait upon you, with or without my sister, and receive your further commands.

Let me, our dearest cousin (we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of calling you so; let me) entreat you to give

me your permission for my journey to London; and put it in the power of Lord M. and of the ladies of the family, to make you what reparation they can make you, for the injuries which a person of the greatest merit in the world has received from one of the most audacious men in it; and you will infinitely oblige us all; and particularly her, who repeatedly presumes to style herself,

Your affectionate cousin, and obliged servant,

CHARLOTTE MONTAGUE.

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Thursday Morning, August 3.

I WAS admitted to her presence last night; and found her visibly altered for the worse. When I went home, I had your letter of Tuesday last put into my hands. Let me tell thee, Lovelace, that I insist upon the performance of thy engagement to me that thou wilt not personally molest her.

Mr. Belford dates again on Thursday morning ten o'clock; and gives an account of a conversation which he had just held with the lady upon the subject of Miss Montague's letter to her, preceding, and upon Mr. Lovelace's alternatives, which Mr. Belford supported with the utmost earnestness. But, as the result of this conversation will be found in the subsequent letters, Mr. Belford's pleas and arguments in favour of his friend, and the lady's answers, are omitted.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS MONTAGUE.

Thursday, August 3.

DEAR MADAM,—I am infinitely obliged to you for your kind and condescending letter. A letter, however, which heightens my regrets, as it gives me a new instance of what a happy creature I

might have been in an alliance so much approved of by such worthy ladies ; and which, on their accounts, and on that of Lord M. would have been so reputable to myself, and was once so desirable.

But indeed, indeed, madam, my heart sincerely repulses the man, who, descended from such a family, could be guilty, first, of such premeditated violence as he has been guilty of ; and, as he knows, further intended me, on the night previous to the day he set out for Berkshire ; and, next, pretending to spirit, could be so mean, as to wish to lift into that family a person he was capable of abasing into a companionship with the most abandoned of her sex.

Allow me then, dear madam, to declare with fervour, that I think I never could deserve to be ranked with the ladies of a family so splendid and so noble, if, by vowing love and honour at the altar to such a violator, I could sanctify, as I may say, his unprecedented and elaborate wickedness.

Permit me, however, to make one request to my good Lord M. and to Lady Betty and Lady Sarah, and to your kind self, and your sister—it is, that you will all be pleased to join your authority and interests to prevail upon Mr. Lovelace not to molest me further.

Be pleased to tell him, that, if I am designed for life, it will be very cruel in him to attempt to hunt me out of it ; for I am determined never to see him more, if I can help it. The more cruel, because he knows, that I have nobody to defend me from him : nor do I wish to engage anybody to his hurt, or to their own.

If I am, on the other hand, destined for death, it will be no less cruel, if he will not permit me to die in peace—since a peaceable and happy end I wish him. Indeed I do.

Every worldly good attend you, dear madam, and every branch of the honourable family, is the wish of one, whose

misfortune it is, that she is obliged to disclaim any other title, than that of,

Dear Madam,

Your and their obliged and faithful servant,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Thursday Afternoon, August 3.



AM just now agreeably surprised by the following letter, delivered into my hands by a messenger from the lady. The letter she mentions, as inclosed, I have returned, without taking a copy of it. The contents of it will soon be communicated to you, I presume, by other hands. They are an absolute rejection of thee—poor Lovelace!

TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

August 3.

SIR,—You have frequently offered to oblige me in anything that shall be within your power: and I have such an opinion of you, as to be willing to hope, that at the times you made these offers, you meant more than mere compliment.

I have therefore two requests to make to you: the first I will now mention; the other, if this shall be complied with, otherwise not.

It behoves me to leave behind me such an account as may clear up my conduct to several of my friends who will not at present concern themselves about me: and Miss Howe, and her mother, are very solicitous that I will do so.

I am apprehensive that I shall not have time to do this; and you will not wonder that I have less and less inclination to set about such a painful task; especially as I find myself unable to look back with patience on what I

have suffered ; and shall be too much discomposed by the retrospection, were I obliged to make it, to proceed with the requisite temper in a task of still greater importance which I have before me.

It is very evident to me that your wicked friend has given you, from time to time, a circumstantial account of all his behaviour to me, and devices against me ; and you have more than once assured me, that he has done my character all the justice I could wish for, both by writing and speech.

Now, sir, if I may have a fair, a faithful specimen from his letters or accounts to you, written upon some of the most interesting occasions, I shall be able to judge, whether there will or will not be a necessity for me, for my honour's sake, to enter upon the solicited task.

You may be assured, from my enclosed answer to the letter which Miss Montague has honoured me with (and which you'll be pleased to return me as soon as read) that it is impossible for me ever to think of your friend in the way I am importuned to think of him : he cannot therefore receive any detriment from the requested specimen : and I give you my honour, that no use shall be made of it to his prejudice, in law, or otherwise. And that it may not, after I am no more, I assure you, that it is a main part of my view that the passages you shall oblige me with shall be always in your own power, and not in that of any other person.

If, sir, you think fit to comply with my request, the passages I would wish to be transcribed (making neither better nor worse of the matter) are those which he has written to you, on or about the 7th and 8th of June, when I was alarmed by the wicked pretence of a fire ; and what he has written from Sunday June 11th to the 19th. And in doing this you will much oblige

Your humble servant,

CL. HARLOWE.

Now, Lovelace, since there are no hopes for thee of her returning favour—since some praise may lie for thy ingenuousness, having never offered (as more diminutive-minded libertines would have done) to palliate thy crimes, by aspersing the lady, or her sex—since she may be made easier by it—since thou must fare better from thine own pen, than from hers—and, finally, since thy actions have manifested, that thy letters are not the most guilty part of what she knows of thee—I see not why I may not oblige her, upon her honour, and under the restrictions, and for the reasons she had given; and this without breach of the confidence due to friendly communications; especially, as I might have added, since thou gloriest in thy pen, and in thy wickedness, and canst not be ashamed.


But, be this as it may, she will be obliged before thy remonstrances or clamours against it can come: so, pray thee now, make the best of it, and rave not; except for the sake of a pretence against me, and to exercise thy talent of execration:—and, if thou likest to do so for these reasons, rave and welcome.

I long to know what the second request is: but this I know, that if it be anything less than cutting thy throat, or endangering my own neck, I will certainly comply; and be proud of having it in my power to oblige her.

And now I am actually going to be busy in the extracts.

MR. BELFORD TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

August 3-4.

 ADAM,—You have engaged me to communicate to you, upon honour (making neither better nor worse of the matter) what Mr. Lovelace has written to me, in relation to yourself, in the period preceding your going to Hampstead, and in that between the 11th and 19th of June: and you assure me, you have no view in this request, but to see if it be necessary for you,

from the account he gives, to touch the painful subjects yourself, for the sake of your own character.

Your commands, madam, are of a very delicate nature, as they may seem to affect the secrets of private friendship : but as I know you are not capable of a view, the motives to which you will not own ; and as I think the communication may do some credit to my unhappy friend's character, as an ingenuous man ; though his actions by the most excellent woman in the world have lost him all title to that of an honourable one ; I obey you with the greater cheerfulness.

He then proceeds with his extracts, and concludes them with an address to her in his friend's behalf, in the following words ;

And now, madam, I have fulfilled your commands ; and, I hope, have not disserved my friend with you ; since you will hereby see the justice he does to your virtue in every line he writes. He does the same in all his letters, though to his own condemnation : and give me leave to add, that if this ever-amiable sufferer can think it in any manner consistent with her honour to receive his vows at the altar, on his truly penitent turn of mind, I have not the least doubt, but that he will make her the best and tenderest of husbands. What obligation will not the admirable lady hereby lay upon all his noble family, who so greatly admire her ! and, I will presume to say, upon her own, when the unhappy family aversion (which certainly has been carried to an unreasonable height against him) shall be got over, and a general reconciliation takes place ! for who is it that would not give these two admirable persons to each other, were not his morals an objection ?

However this be, I would humbly refer to you, madam, whether, as you will be mistress of very delicate particulars from me his friend, you should not in honour think yourself concerned to pass them by, as if you had never seen them ; and not to take any advantage of the communica-

tion, not even in argument, as some perhaps might lie, with respect to the premeditated design he seems to have had, not against you, as you ; but as against the sex ; over whom (I am sorry I can bear witness myself) it is the villanous aim of all libertines to triumph : and I would not, if any misunderstanding should arise between him and me, give him room to reproach me, that his losing of you, and (through his usage of you) of his own friends, were owing to what perhaps he would call breach of trust, were he to judge rather by the event than by my intention.

I am, madam, with the most profound veneration,

Your most faithful humble servant,

J. BELFORD.

MISS CL. HARLOWE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Friday, August 4.

SIR,—I hold myself extremely obliged to you for your communications. I will make no use of them, that you shall have reason to reproach either yourself or me with. I wanted no new lights to make the unhappy man's premeditated baseness to me unquestionable, as my answer to Miss Montague's letter might convince you.

I find I have had great reason to think myself obliged to your intention in the whole progress of my sufferings. It is, however, impossible, sir, to miss the natural inference on this occasion, that lies against his predetermined baseness. But I say the less, because you shall not think I borrow, from what you have communicated, aggravations that are not needed.

And now, sir, that I may spare you the trouble of offering any future arguments in his favour, let me tell you, that I have weighed everything thoroughly—all that human vanity could suggest—all that a desirable reconciliation with my friends, and the kind respects of his own,

could bid me hope for—the enjoyment of Miss Howe’s friendship, the dearest consideration to me, now, of all worldly ones—all these I have weighed: and the result is, and was before you favoured me with these communications, that I have more satisfaction in the hope, that, in one month, there will be an end to all with me, than in the most agreeable things that could happen from an alliance with Mr. Lovelace, although I were to be assured he would make the best and tenderest of husbands. But as to the rest; if, satisfied with the evils he has brought upon me, he will forbear all further persecutions of me, I will, to my last hour, wish him good: although he hath overwhelmed the fatherless, and digged a pit for his friend: fatherless may she well be called, and motherless too, who has been denied all paternal protection, and motherly forgiveness.

And now, sir, acknowledging gratefully your favour in the extracts, I come to the second request I had to make you; which requires a great deal of courage to mention: and which courage nothing but a great deal of distress and a very destitute condition, can give. But, if improper, I can but be denied; and dare to say, I shall be at least excused. Thus, then, I preface it:

You see, sir, that I am thrown absolutely into the hands of strangers, who, although as kind and compassionate as strangers can be wished to be, are nevertheless persons from whom I cannot expect anything more than pity and good wishes; nor can my memory receive from them any more protection than my person, if either should need it.

If then I request it, of the only person possessed of materials that will enable him to do my character justice;

And who has courage, independence, and ability to oblige me;

To be the protector of my memory, as I may say;

And to be my executor; and to see some of my dying requests performed;

And if I leave it to him to do the whole in his own way, manner, and time ; consulting, however, in requisite cases, my dear Miss Howe ;

I presume to hope, that this my second request may be granted.

And if it may, these satisfactions will accrue to me from the favour done me, and the office undertaken :

It will be an honour to my memory, with all those who shall know, that I was so well satisfied of my innocence, that, having not time to write my own story, I could entrust it to the relation which the destroyer of my fame and fortunes has given of it.

I shall not be apprehensive of involving any one in troubles or hazards by this task, either with my own relations, or with your friend ; having dispositions to make, which perhaps my own friends will not be so well pleased with as it were to be wished they would be ; as I intend not unreasonable ones : but you know, sir, where self is judge, matters, even with good people, will not always be rightly judged of.

I shall also be freed from the pain of recollecting things, that my soul is vexed at ; and this at a time when its tumults should be allayed, in order to make way for the most important preparation.

And who knows, but that Mr. Belford, who already, from a principle of humanity, is touched at my misfortunes, when he comes to revolve the whole story, placed before him in one strong light ; and when he shall have the catastrophe likewise before him ; and shall become in a manner, interested in it ; who knows, but that, from a still higher principle, he may so regulate his future actions as to find his own reward in the everlasting welfare which is wished him by his

Obliged servant,

CLARISSA HARLOWE ?

MR. BELFORD TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Friday, August 4.

MADAM,—I am so sensible of the honour done me in yours of this day, that I would not delay for one moment the answering of it. I hope you will live to see many happy years; and to be your own executrix in those points which your heart is most set upon. But, in case of survivorship, I most cheerfully accept of the sacred office you are pleased to offer me; and you may absolutely rely upon my fidelity, and, if possible, upon the literal performance of every article you shall enjoin me.

The effect of the kind wish you conclude with, has been my concern ever since I have been admitted to the honour of your conversation. It shall be my whole endeavour that it be not vain. The happiness of approaching you, which this trust, as I presume, will give me frequent opportunities of doing, must necessarily promote the desirable end; since it will be impossible to be a witness of your piety, equanimity, and other virtues, and not aspire to emulate you. All I beg is, that you will not suffer any future candidate, or event, to displace me; unless some new instances of unworthiness appear either in the morals or behaviour of,

Madam,

Your most obliged and faithful servant,

J. BELFORD.

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Friday Night, August 4.

IHAVE actually delivered to the lady the extracts she requested me to give her from your letters. I do assure you that I have made the very best of the matter for you, not that conscience, but that

friendship, could oblige me to make. I have changed or omitted some free words. The warm description of her person in the Fire-Scene, as I may call it, I have omitted. I have told her, that I have done justice to you, in the justice you have done to her unexampled virtue. But take the very words which I wrote to her immediately following the extracts :

See Mr. Belford's letter to Miss Clarissa Harlowe, of August 3. Page 72.

The lady is extremely uneasy at the thoughts of your attempting to visit her. For heaven's sake (your word being given) and for pity's sake (for she is really in a very weak and languishing way) let me beg of you not to think of it.

Yesterday afternoon she received a cruel letter (as Mrs. Lovick supposes it to be, by the effect it had upon her) from her sister, in answer to one written last Saturday, entreating a blessing and forgiveness from her parents.

She acknowledges, that if the same decency and justice are observed in all your letters, as in the extracts I have obliged her with (as I have assured her they are) she shall think herself freed from the necessity of writing her own story : and this is an advantage to thee which thou oughtest to thank me for.

But what thinkest thou is the second request she had to make to me ? No other than that I would be her executor !—Her motives will appear before thee in proper time ; and then, I dare to answer, will be satisfactory.

Saturday Morning, August 5.

I am just returned from visiting the lady, and thanking her in person for the honour she has done me ; and assuring her, if called to the sacred trust, of the utmost fidelity and exactness.

I found her very ill. I took notice of it. She said, she

had received a second hard-hearted letter from her sister ; and she had been writing a letter (and that on her knees) directly to her mother ; which, before, she had not had the courage to do. It was for a last blessing, and forgiveness. No wonder, she said, that I saw her affected. Now that I had accepted of the last charitable office for her (for which, as well as for complying with her other request, she thanked me) I should one day have all these letters before me : and could she have a kind one in return to that she had been now writing, to counterbalance the unkind one she had from her sister, she might be induced to show me both together—otherwise, for her sister's sake, it were no matter how few saw the poor Bella's letter.

I asked, if a letter written by myself, by her doctor or apothecary, to any of her friends, representing her low state of health, and great humility, would be acceptable ? Or if a journey to any of them would be of service, I would gladly undertake it in person, and strictly conform to her orders, to whomsoever she would direct me to apply.

She earnestly desired, that nothing of this sort might be attempted, especially without her knowledge and consent. Miss Howe, she said, had done harm by her kindly-intended zeal ; and if there were room to expect favour by mediation, she had ready at hand a kind friend, Mrs. Norton, who for piety and prudence had few equals ; and who would let slip no opportunity to endeavour to do her service.

I let her know, that I was going out of town till Monday : she wished me pleasure ; and said, she should be glad to see me on my return.

Adieu !

MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Thursday Morning, August 3.

SISTER CLARY,—I wish you would not trouble me with any more of your letters. You had always a knack at writing; and depended upon making every one do what you would when you wrote. But your wit and your folly have undone you. And now, as all naughty creatures do, when they can't help themselves, you come begging and praying, and make others as uneasy as yourself.

When I wrote last to you, I expected that I should not be at rest.

And so you'd creep on, by little and little, till you'll want to be received again.

But you only hope for forgiveness, and a blessing, you say. A blessing for what, sister Clary? Think for what!—However, I read your letter to my father and mother.

I won't tell you what my father said—one who has the true sense you boast to have of your misdeeds, may guess, without my telling you, what a justly-incensed father would say on such an occasion.

My poor mother—O wretch! What has not your ungrateful folly cost my poor mother!—Had you been less a darling, you would not, perhaps, have been so graceless: but I never in my life saw a cockered favourite come to good.

My heart is full, and I can't help writing my mind; for your crimes have disgraced us all; and I am afraid and ashamed to go to any public or private assembly or diversion: and why?—I need not say why, when your actions are the subjects either of the open talk or of the affronting whispers of both sexes at all such places.

Upon the whole, I am sorry I have no more comfort to send you: but I find nobody willing to forgive you.

I don't know what time may do for you ; and when it is seen that your penitence is not owing more to disappointment than to true conviction : for it is too probable, Miss Clary, that, had you gone on as swimmingly as you expected, and had not your feather-headed villain abandoned you, we should have heard nothing of these moving supplications ; nor of anything but defiances from him, and a guilt gloried in from you. And this is every one's opinion, as well as that of

Your grieved sister,

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

I send this by a particular hand, who undertakes to give it you or leave it for you by to-morrow night.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO HER MOTHER.

Saturday, August 5.

HONOURED MADAM,—No self-convicted criminal ever approached her angry and just judge with greater awe, nor with a truer contrition, than I do you by these lines.

Indeed I must say, that if the matter of my humble prayer had not respected my future welfare, I had not dared to take this liberty. But my heart is set upon it, as upon a thing next to God Almighty's forgiveness necessary for me.

Wherefore, on my knees, my ever-honoured mamma (for on my knees I write this letter), I do most humbly beg your blessing : say but, in so many words (I ask you not, madam, to call me your daughter)—Lost, unhappy wretch, I forgive you ! and may God bless you !—this is all ! Let me, on a blessed scrap of paper, but see one sentence to this effect, under your dear hand, that I may hold it to my heart in my most trying struggles, and I shall think it a passport to heaven. And, if I do not too much presume, and it were We instead of I, and both your

honoured names subjoined to it, I should then have nothing more to wish. Then would I say, Great and merciful God! thou seest here in this paper thy poor unworthy creature absolved by her justly offended parents: O join, for my Redeemer's sake, thy all-gracious fiat, and receive a repentant sinner to the arms of thy mercy!

I can conjure you, madam, by no subject of motherly tenderness, that will not, in the opinion of my severe censurers (before whom this humble address must appear) add to my reproach: let me therefore, for God's sake, prevail upon you to pronounce me blest and forgiven, since you will thereby sprinkle comfort through the last hours of

Your CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MISS MONTAGUE TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Monday, August 7.

DEAR MADAM,—We were all of opinion before your letter came, that Mr. Lovelace was utterly unworthy of you, and deserved condign punishment, rather than to be blessed with such a wife: and hoped far more from your kind consideration for us, than any we supposed you could have for so base an injurer. For we were all determind to love you, and admire you, let his behaviour to you be what it would.

But, after your letter, what can be said?

I am, however, commanded to write in all the subscribing names, to let you know, how greatly your sufferings have affected us: to tell you, that my Lord M—— has forbid him ever more to enter the doors of the apartments where he shall be: and as you labour under the unhappy effects of your friends' displeasure, which may subject you to inconveniences, his lordship, and Lady Sarah, and Lady Betty, beg of you to accept, for your life, or, at least, till you are admitted to enjoy your own estate,

of one hundred guineas per quarter, which will be regularly brought you by an especial hand, and of the enclosed bank bill for a beginning. And do not, dearest madam, we all beseech you, do not think you are beholden (for this token of Lord M.'s and Lady Sarah's and Lady Betty's love to you) to the friends of this vile man; for he has not one friend left among us.

We each of us desire to be favoured with a place in your esteem; and to be considered upon the same foot of relationship, as if what once was so much our pleasure to hope would be, had been. And it shall be our united prayer, that you may recover health and spirits, and live to see many happy years: And, since this wretch can no more be pleaded for, that, when he is gone abroad, as he now is preparing to do, we may be permitted the honour of a personal acquaintance with a lady who has no equal. These are the earnest requests, dearest young lady, of

Your affectionate friends, and
most faithful servants,

M.

SARAH SADLEIR.

ELIZ. LAWRENCE.

CHARL. MONTAGUE.

MARTH. MONTAGUE.

You will break the hearts of the three first named more particularly, if you refuse them your acceptance. Dearest young lady, punish not them for his crimes. We send by a particular hand, which will bring us, we hope, your accepting favour.

Mr. Lovelace writes by the same hand; but he knows nothing of our letter, nor we of his: for we shun each other; and one part of the house holds us, another him, the remotest from each other.

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Saturday, August 5.

I AM so excessively disturbed at the contents of Miss Harlowe's answer to my cousin Charlotte's letter of Tuesday last (which was given her by the same fellow that gave me yours) that I have hardly patience or consideration enough to weigh what you write.

She had need indeed to cry out for mercy herself from her friends, who knows not how to show any! She is a true daughter of the Harlowes!—By my soul, Jack, she is a true daughter of the Harlowes! Yet has she so many excellencies, that I must love her; and, fool that I am, love her the more for her despising me.

Thou runnest on with thy cursed nonsensical reformado rote, of dying, dying, dying! and, having once got the word by the end, canst not help foisting it in at every period! The devil take me, if I don't think thou wouldst give her poison with thy own hands, rather than she should recover, and rob thee of the merit of being a conjurer!

But no more of thy cursed knell; thy changes upon death's candlestick turned bottom upwards: she'll live to bury me; I see that: for, by my soul, I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep, nor, what is still worse, love any woman in the world but her. Nor care I to look upon a woman now: on the contrary, I turn my head from every one I meet; except by chance an eye, an air, a feature, strikes me resembling hers in some glancing-by face; and then I cannot forbear looking again; though the second look recovers me; for there can be nobody like her.

As to the difference which her letter has made between me and the stupid family here (and I must tell thee we are all broke in pieces) I value not that of a button.

They are fools to anathematize and curse me, who can give them ten curses for one, were they to hold it for a day together.

I have one half of the house to myself; and that the best; for the great enjoy that least which costs them most: grandeur and use are two things: the common part is theirs; the state part is mine: and here I lord it, and will lord it, as long as I please; while the two pursy sisters, the old gouty brother, and the two musty nieces, are stived up in the other half, and dare not stir for fear of meeting me: whom (that's the jest of it) they have forbidden coming into their apartments, as I have them into mine. And so I have them all prisoners, while I range about as I please. Pretty dogs and doggesses, to quarrel and bark at me, and yet, whenever I appear, afraid to pop out of their kennels; or if out before they see me, at the sight of me run growling in again, with their flapt ears, their sweeping dewlaps, and their quivering tails curling inwards.

And thou art a pretty fellow, art thou not? to engage to transcribe for her some parts of my letters written to thee in confidence? letters that thou shouldest sooner have parted with thy cursed tongue, than have owned thou ever hadst received such: yet these are now to be communicated to her! But I charge thee, and woe be to thee if it be too late! that thou do not oblige her with a line of mine.

If thou hast done it, the least vengeance I will take, is to break through my honour given to thee not to visit her, as thou wilt have broken through thine to me, in communicating letters written under the seal of friendship.

I am now convinced, too sadly for my hopes, by her letter to my cousin Charlotte, that she is determined never to have me.

But what a whirlwind does she raise in my soul, by her

proud contempts of me ! Never, never, was mortal man's pride so mortified ! How does she sink me, even in my own eyes !—Her heart sincerely repulses me, she says, for my meanness,—yet she intends to reap the benefit of what she calls so !—Curse upon her haughtiness, and her meanness, at the same time !—her haughtiness to me, and her meanness to her own relations more unworthy of kindred with her, than I can be, or I am mean indeed.

Yet who but must admire, who but must adore her ? O that cursed, cursed house !—But for the women of that !—then their damned potions ! But for those, had her unimpaired intellects, and the majesty of her virtue, saved her, as once it did by her humble eloquence, another time by her terrifying menaces against her own life.

Yet in both these to find her power over me, and my love for her, and to hate, to despise, and to refuse me !—She might have done this with some show of justice, had the last intended violation been perpetrated :—but to go away conqueress and triumphant in every light !—well may she despise me for suffering her to do so.

She left me low and mean indeed !—and the impression holds with her.—I could tear my flesh, that I gave her not cause—that I humbled her not indeed ;—or that I staid not in town to attend her motions instead of Lord M.'s, till I could have exalted myself, by giving to myself a wife superior to all trial, to all temptation.

I will venture one more letter to her, however ; and if that don't do, or procure me an answer, then will I endeavour to see her, let what will be the consequence. If she get out of my way, I will do some noble mischief to the vixen girl whom she most loves, and then quit the kingdom for ever.

And now, Jack, since thy hand is in at communicating the contents of private letters, tell her this, if thou wilt.

And add to it, that if she abandon me, God will : and what then will be the fate of

Her

LOVELACE.

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Monday, August 7.

AND so you have actually delivered to the fair implacable extracts of letters written in the confidence of friendship! Take care—take care, Belford—I do indeed love you better than I love any man in the world : but this is a very delicate point. The matter is grown very serious to me. My heart is bent upon having her. And have her I will, though I marry her in the agonies of death.

She is very earnest, you say, that I will not offer to molest her. That, let me tell her, will absolutely depend upon herself, and the answer she returns, whether by pen and ink, or the contemptuous one of silence, which she bestowed upon my last four to her : and I will write it in such humble, and in such reasonable terms, that, if she be not a true Harlowe, she shall forgive me. But as to the executorship which she is for conferring upon thee—thou shalt not be her executor : let me perish if thou shalt.—Nor shall she die. Nobody shall be anything, nobody shall dare to be anything, to her, but I.—Thy happiness is already too great, to be admitted daily to her presence ; to look upon her, to talk to her, to hear her talk, while I am forbid to come within view of her window.—What a reprobation is this, of the man who was once more dear to her than all the men in the world !—And now to be able to look down upon me, while her exalted head is hid from me among the stars, sometimes with scorn, at other times with pity, I cannot bear it.


This I tell thee, that if I have not success in my effort.

by letter, I will overcome the creeping folly that has found its way to my heart, or I will tear it out in her presence, and throw it at hers, that she may see how much more tender than her own that organ is, which she, and you, and every one else, have taken the liberty to call callous.

Give notice to the people who live back and edge, and on either hand, of the cursed mother, to remove their best effects, if I am rejected: for the first vengeance I shall take, will be to set fire to that den of serpents. Nor will there be any fear of taking them when they are in any act that has the relish of salvation in it, as Shakespeare says—so that my revenge, if they perish in the flames I shall light up, will be complete as to them.

MR. LOVELACE TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Monday, August 7.

ITTLE as I have reason to expect either your patient ear, or forgiving heart, yet cannot I forbear to write to you once more (as a more pardonable intrusion, perhaps, than a visit would be) to beg of you to put it in my power to atone, as far as it is possible to atone, for the injuries I have done you.

Your angelic purity, and my awakened conscience, are standing records of your exalted merit, and of my detestable baseness: but your forgiveness will lay me under an eternal obligation to you—forgive me then, my dearest life, my earthly good, the visible anchor of my future hope!—As you (who believe you have something to be forgiven for) hope for pardon yourself, forgive me, and consent to meet me, upon your own conditions, and in whose company you please, at the holy altar, and to give yourself a title to the most repentant and affectionate heart that ever beat in a human bosom.

But, perhaps, a time of probation may be required. It

may be impossible for you, as well from indisposition as doubt, so soon to receive me to absolute favour as my heart wishes to be received. In this case, I will submit to your pleasure ; and there shall be no penance which you can impose, that I will not cheerfully undergo, if you will be pleased to give me hope, that, after an expiation, suppose of months, wherein the regularity of my future life and actions shall convince you of my reformation, you will at last be mine.

Let me beg the favour then of a few lines, encouraging me in this conditional hope, if it must not be a still nearer hope, and a more generous encouragement.

If you refuse me this, you will make me desperate. But even then I must, at all events, throw myself at your feet, that I may not charge myself with the omission of any earnest, any humble effort, to move you in my favour : for in you, madam, in your forgiveness, are centred my hopes as to both worlds : since to be reprobated finally by you, will leave me without expectation of mercy from above !—for I am now awakened enough to think, that to be forgiven by injured innocents is necessary to the divine pardon ; the Almighty putting into the power of such (as is reasonable to believe) the wretch who causelessly and capitally offends them. And who can be entitled to this power, if you are not ?

I do most solemnly assure you, that no temporal or worldly views induce me to this earnest address. I deserve not forgiveness from you. Nor do my Lord M. and his sisters from me. I despise them from my heart for presuming to imagine, that I will be controlled by the prospect of any benefits in their power to confer. There is not a person breathing, but yourself, who shall prescribe to me. Your whole conduct, madam, has been so nobly principled, and your resentments are so admirably just, that you appear to me even in a divine light ; and in an infinitely more amiable one at the same time, than you

could have appeared in, had you not suffered the barbarous wrongs, that now fill my mind with anguish and horror at my own recollected villany to the most excellent of women.


I repeat, that all I beg for the present, is a few lines, to guide my doubtful steps ; and (if possible for you so far to condescend) to encourage me to hope, that, if I can justify my present vows by my future conduct, I may be permitted the honour to style myself

Eternally yours,

R. LOVELACE.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO LORD M. AND TO THE
LADIES OF HIS HOUSE.

Tuesday, August 8.

XCUSE me, my good lord, and my ever-honoured ladies, from accepting of your noble quarterly bounty, and allow me to return, with all grateful acknowledgment, and true humility, the inclosed earnest of your goodness to me. Indeed I have no need of the one, and cannot possibly want the other : but, nevertheless, have such a sense of your generous favour, that, to my last hour, I shall have pleasure in contemplating upon it, and be proud of the place I hold in the esteem of such venerable persons, to whom I once had the ambition to hope to be related.

But give me leave to express my concern, that you have banished your kinsman from your presence and favour : since now, perhaps, he will be under less restraint than ever ; and since I in particular, who had hoped by your influences to remain unmolested for the remainder of my days, may be again subjected to his persecutions.

He has not, my good lord, and my dear ladies, offended against you, as he has against me ; and yet you could all very generously intercede for him with me : and shall I be

very improper, if I desire, for my own peace' sake ; for the sake of other poor creatures, who may be still injured by him, if he be made quite desperate ; and for the sake of all your worthy family ; that you will extend to him that forgiveness which you hoped for from me ? and this the rather, as I presume to think, that his daring and impetuous spirit will not be subdued by violent methods ; since I have no doubt, that the gratifying of a present passion will be always more prevalent with him, than any future prospects, however unwarrantable the one, or beneficial the other.

Your resentments on my account are extremely generous, as your goodness to me is truly noble : but I am not without hope, that he will be properly affected by the evils he has made me suffer ; and that, when I am laid low and forgotten, your whole honourable family will be enabled to rejoice in his reformation ; and see many of those happy years together, which, my good lord, and my dear ladies, you so kindly wish to

Your ever grateful and obliged

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Thursday, August 10.

BEGIN to pity thee heartily, now I see thee in earnest, in the fruitless love thou expressest to this angel of a woman ; and the rather, as, say what thou wilt, it is impossible she should get over her illness, and her friends' implacableness, of which she has had fresh instances.

I hope thou art not indeed displeas'd with the extracts I have made from thy letters for her. The letting her know the justice thou hast done to her virtue in them, is so much in favour of thy ingenuousness (a quality, let me repeat, that gives thee a superiority over common liber-

tines) that I think in my heart I was right ; though to any other woman, and to one who had not known the worst of thee that she could know, it might have been wrong.

If the end will justify the means, it is plain, that I have done well with regard to ye both ; since I have made her easier, and thee appear in a better light to her, than otherwise thou wouldst have done.

But if, nevertheless, thou art dissatisfied with my having obliged her in a point, which I acknowledge to be delicate, let us canvass this matter at our first meeting : and then I will show thee what the extracts were, and what connexions I gave them in thy favour.

But surely thou dost not pretend to say what I shall, or shall not do, as to the executorship.

I am my own man, I hope. I think thou shouldst be glad to have the justification of her memory left to one, who, at the same time, thou mayst be assured, will treat thee, and thy actions, with all the lenity the case will admit.

I will now briefly proceed to relate what had passed since my last, as to the excellent lady. By the account I shall give thee, thou wilt see, that she has troubles enough upon her, all springing originally from thyself, without needing to add more to them by new vexations.

My last was dated on Saturday.

She had received several letters in my absence, as Mrs. Lovick acquainted me, besides yours. Yours, it seems, much distressed her ; but she ordered the messenger, who pressed for an answer, to be told, that it did not require an immediate one.

On Wednesday she received a letter from her uncle Harlowe, in answer to one she had written to her mother on Saturday on her knees. It must be a very cruel one, Mrs. Lovick says, by the effects it had upon her : for, when she received it, she was intending to take an after-

noon airing in a coach ; but was thrown into so violent a fit of hysterics upon it, that she was forced to lie down ; and (being not recovered by it) to go to bed about eight o'clock.

On Thursday morning she was up very early ; and had recourse to the Scriptures to calm her mind, as she told Mrs. Lovick : and, weak as she was, would go in a chair to Lincoln's-inn Chapel, about eleven. She was brought home a little better ; and then sat down to write to her uncle. But was obliged to leave off several times—to struggle, as she told Mrs. Lovick, for an humble temper. My heart, said she to the good woman, is a proud heart, and not yet, I find, enough mortified to my condition ; but, do what I can, will be for prescribing resenting things to my pen.

Mrs. Lovick obliged me with the copy of a Meditation collected by the lady from the Scriptures. We may see by this the method she takes to fortify her mind.

MEDITATION.

Poor mortals the cause of their own misery.

Say not thou, it is through the Lord that I fell away ; for thou oughtest not to do the thing that he hateth.

Say not thou, he hath caused me to err ; for he hath no need of the sinful man.

He himself made man from the beginning, and left him in the hand of his own counsel ;

If thou wilt to keep the commandments and to perform acceptable faithfulness.

He hath set fire and water before thee : stretch forth thine hand to whither thou wilt.

He hath commanded no man to do wickedly : neither hath he given any man license to sin.

And now, Lord, what is my hope ? Truly my hope is only in thee.

Deliver me from all my offences, and make me not a rebuke unto the foolish.

When thou with rebuke dost chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth fretting a garment ; every man therefore is vanity.

Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me ; for I am desolate and afflicted.

The troubles of my heart are enlarged. O bring thou me out of my distresses !

Mrs. Smith gave me the following particulars of a conversation that passed between herself and a young clergyman, on Tuesday afternoon, who, as it appears, was employed to make inquiries about the lady by her friends.

He came into the shop in a riding-habit, and asked for some Spanish snuff ; and finding only Mrs. Smith there, he desired to have a little talk with her in the back-shop.

He beat about the bush in several distant questions, and at last began to talk more directly about Miss Harlowe.

He said, he knew her before her fall (that was his impudent word) ; and gave the substance of the following account of her, as I collected it from Mrs. Smith.

She was then, he said, the admiration and delight of everybody : he lamented, with great solemnity, her backsliding ; another of his phrases. Mrs. Smith said, he was a fine scholar ; for he spoke several things she understood not ; and either in Latin or Greek, she could not tell which ; but was so good as to give her the English of them without asking. A fine thing, she said, for a scholar to be so condescending !

I suppose he has not been long come from college, and now thinks he has nothing to do, but to blaze away for a scholar among the ignorant ; as such young fellows are apt to think those who cannot cap verses with them, and tell us how an ancient author expressed himself in Latin

on a subject, upon which, however, they may know how, as well as that author, to express themselves in English.

Mrs. Smith was so taken with him, that she would fain have introduced him to the lady, not questioning but it would be very acceptable to her, to see one who knew her and her friends so well. But this he declined for several reasons, as he called them ; which he gave. One was, that persons of his cloth should be very cautious of the company they were in, especially where sex was concerned, and where a woman had slurred her reputation—(I wish I had been there when he gave himself these airs). Another, that he was desired to inform himself of her present way of life, and who her visitors were ; for, as to the praises Mrs. Smith gave the lady, he hinted, that she seemed to be a good-natured woman, and might (though for the lady's sake he hoped not) be too partial and shortsighted to be trusted to, absolutely, in a concern of so high a nature as he intimated the task was which he had undertaken ; nodding out words of doubtful import, and assuming airs of great significance (as I could gather) throughout the whole conversation. And when Mrs. Smith told him, that the lady was in a very bad state of health, he gave a careless shrug—she may be very ill, says he : her disappointments must have touched her to the quick : but she is not bad enough, I dare say, yet, to atone for her very great lapse, and to expect to be forgiven by those whom she has so much disgraced.

A starched conceited coxcomb ! What would I give he had fallen in my way ?

He departed, highly satisfied with himself, no doubt, and assured of Mrs. Smith's great opinion of his sagacity and learning : but bid her not say anything to the lady about him, or his inquiries. And I, for very different reasons, enjoined the same thing.

I am glad, however, for her peace of mind's sake, that they begin to think it behoves them to inquire about her.

Mr. Belford acquaints his friend with the generosity of Lord M. and the ladies of his family ; and with the lady's grateful sentiments upon the occasion.

He says that in hopes to avoid the pain of seeing him (Mr. Lovelace), she intends to answer his letter, though much against her inclination.

She took great notice, says Mr. Belford, of that passage in yours, which makes necessary to the Divine pardon, the forgiveness of a person causelessly injured.

Her grandfather, I find, has enabled her at eighteen years of age to make her will, and to devise great part of his estate to whom she pleases of the family, and the rest out of it (if she die single) at her own discretion ; and this to create respect to her ; as he apprehended that she would be envied : and she now resolves to set about making her will out of hand.

Mr. Belford insists upon the promise he had made him, not to molest the lady : and gives him the contents of her answer to Lord M. and the ladies of his lordship's family, declining their generous offers.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Friday, August 11.

IT is a cruel alternative to be either forced to see you, or to write to you. But a will of my own has been long denied me ; and to avoid a greater evil, nay, now I may say, the greatest, I write.

Were I capable of disguising or concealing my real sentiments, I might safely, I dare say, give you the remote hope you request, and yet keep all my resolutions. But I must tell you, sir (it becomes my character to tell you), that, were I to live more years than perhaps I may weeks, and there were not another man in the world, I could not, I would not, be yours.

There is no merit in performing a duty.

Religion enjoins me, not only to forgive injuries, but to return good for evil. It is all my consolation, and I bless God for giving me that, that I am now in such a state of mind with regard to you, that I can cheerfully obey its dictates. And accordingly I tell you, that, wherever you go, I wish you happy. And in this I mean to include every good wish.

And now having, with great reluctance I own, complied with one of your compulsory alternatives, I expect the fruits of it.

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MR. JOHN HARLOWE TO MISS CL. HARLOWE.

Monday, August 7.



POOR UNGRATEFUL NAUGHTY KINSWOMAN,—Your mother neither caring, nor being permitted, to write, I am desired to set pen to paper, though I had resolved against it.

And so I am to tell you, that your letters, joined to the occasion of them, almost break the hearts of us all.

Naughty, naughty girl! You see the fruits of preferring a rake and libertine to a man of sobriety and morals. Against full warning, against better knowledge. And such a modest creature too, as you were! How could you think of such an unworthy preference?

Your mother can't ask, and your sister knows not in modesty how to ask; and so I ask you, if you have any reason to think yourself with child by this villain?—You must answer this, and answer it truly, before anything can be resolved upon about you.

You may well be touched with a deep remorse for your misdeeds. Could I ever have thought that my doating piece, as every one called you, would have done thus? To be sure I loved you too well. But that is over now. Yet, though I will not pretend to answer for anybody but my-

self, for my own part I say, God forgive you! And this is all from

Your afflicted uncle,
JOHN HARLOWE.

The following Meditation was afterwards found stitched to the bottom of this letter with black silk.

MEDITATION.

O that thou wouldst hide me in the grave! That thou wouldst keep me secret, till thy wrath be passed!

My face is foul with weeping; and on my eyelid is the shadow of death.

My friends scorn me; but mine eye poureth out tears unto God.

A dreadful sound is in my ears; in prosperity the destroyer came upon me!

I have sinned! What shall I do unto thee, O thou Preserver of men! Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee; so that I am a burden to myself!

When I say, My bed shall comfort me; my couch shall ease my complaint;

Then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions.

So that my soul chooseth strangling, and death rather than life.

I loath it! I would not live alway!—Let me alone; for my days are vanity!

He hath made me a by-word of the people; and aforetime I was as a tabret.

My days are passed, my purposes are broken off, even the thoughts of my heart.

When I looked for good, then evil came unto me; and when I waited for light, then came darkness.

And where now is my hope?

Yet all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.

MISS CL. HARLOWE TO JOHN HARLOWE, ESQ.

Thursday, August 10.

HONOURED SIR,—It was an act of charity I begged : only for a last blessing, that I might die in peace. I ask not to be received again, as my severe sister (O ! that I had not written to her !) is pleased to say, is my view. Let that grace be denied me when I do.

I could not look forward to my last scene with comfort, without seeking, at least, to obtain the blessing I petitioned for ; and that with a contrition so deep, that I deserved not, were it known, to be turned over from the tender nature of a mother, to the upbraiding pen of an uncle ! and to be wounded by a cruel question, put by him in a shocking manner ; and which a little, a very little time, will better answer than I can : for I am not either a hardened or shameless creature : if I were, I should not have been so solicitous to obtain the favour I sued for.

And permit me to say, that I asked it as well for my father and mother's sake, as for my own ; for I am sure, they at least will be uneasy, after I am gone, that they refused it to me.

I should still be glad to have theirs, and yours, sir, and all your blessings, and your prayers : but denied in such a manner, I will not presume again to ask it : relying entirely on the Almighty ; which is never denied, when supplicated for with such true penitence, as I hope mine is.

God preserve my dear uncle, and all my honoured friends ! prays

Your unhappy

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MISS HOWE TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, Monday, August 7.

MY DEAREST CREATURE,—I can write just now but a few lines. I cannot tell how to bear the sound of that Mr. Belford for your executor, cogent as your reasons for that measure are: and yet I am firmly of opinion, that none of your relations should be named for the trust. But I dwell the less upon this subject, as I hope (and cannot bear to apprehend the contrary) that you will still live many, many years.

Mr. Hickman, indeed, speaks very handsomely of Mr. Belford. But he, poor man! has not much penetration.—If he had, he would hardly think so well of me as he does.

I have a particular opportunity of sending this by a friend of my aunt Harman's; who is ready to set out for London (and this occasions my hurry) and is to return out of hand. I expect therefore by him a large packet from you; and hope and long for news of your amended health: which Heaven grant to the prayers of

Your ever-affectionate

ANNA HOWE.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE.

Friday, August 11.

I WILL send you a large packet, as you desire and expect; since I can do it by so safe a conveyance: but not all that is come to my hand—for I must own that my friends are very severe; too severe for anybody who loves them not, to see their letters. You, my dear, would not call them my friends, you said, long ago; but my relations: indeed I cannot call them my relations, I think!—But I am ill; and therefore perhaps more peevish than I should

be. It is difficult to go out of ourselves to give a judgment against ourselves ; and yet, oftentimes, to pass a just judgment, we ought.

I thought I should alarm you in the choice of my executor. But the sad necessity I am reduced to must excuse me.

As Mr. Belford has transcribed for me, in confidence, from his friend's letters, the passages which accompany this, I must insist, that you suffer no soul but yourself to peruse them ; and that you return them by the very first opportunity ; that so no use may be made of them that may do hurt either to the original writer, or to the communicator. You'll observe I am bound by promise to this care. If through my means any mischief should arise, between this humane and that inhuman libertine, I should think myself utterly inexcusable.

I subjoin a list of the papers or letters I shall inclose. You must return them all when perused.

I am very much tired and fatigued—with—I don't know what—with writing, I think—but most with myself, and with a situation I cannot help aspiring to get out of, and above !

O, my dear, the world we live in is a sad, a very sad world !—While under our parents' protecting wings, we know nothing at all of it. Book-learned and a scribbler, and looking at people as I saw them as visitors or visiting, I thought I knew a great deal of it. Pitiably ignorant !—Alas ! I knew nothing at all !


With zealous wishes for your happiness, and the happiness of every one dear to you, I am, and will ever be,

Your gratefully affectionate

CL. HARLOWE.

MR. ANTONY HARLOWE TO MISS CL. HARLOWE.

August 12.

NHAPPY GIRL!—As your uncle Harlowe chooses not to answer your pert letter to him; and as mine written to you before, was written as if it were in the spirit of prophecy, as you have found to your sorrow; and as you are now making yourself worse than you are in your health, and better than you are in your penitence, as we are very well assured, in order to move compassion; which you do not deserve, having had so much warning: for all these reasons, I take up my pen once more; though I had told your brother, at his going to Edinburgh, that I would not write to you, even were you to write to me, without letting him know. So indeed had we all; for he prognosticated what would happen, as to your applying to us, when you knew not how to help it.

Brother John has hurt your niceness, it seems, by asking you a plain question, which your mother's heart is too full of grief to let her ask; and modesty will not let your sister ask, though but the consequence of your actions—and yet it must be answered, before you'll obtain from your father and mother, and us, the notice you hope for, I can tell you that.

Your folly has ruined all our peace. And who knows where it may yet end?—Your poor father but yesterday showed me this text: with bitter grief he showed it me, poor man! And do you lay it to your heart:—

“A father waketh for his daughter, when no man knoweth; and the care for her taketh away his sleep—when she is young, lest she pass away the flower of her age [and you know what proposals were made to you at different times]: and, being married, lest she should be hated: in her virginity, lest she should be defiled, and

gotten with child in her father's house [I don't make the words, mind that]: and, having an husband, lest she should misbehave herself." And what follows? "Keep a sure watch over a shameless daughter [yet no watch could hold you!] lest she make thee a laughing-stock to thine enemies [as you have made us all to this cursed Lovelace], and a by-word in the city, and a reproach among the people, and make thee ashamed before the multitude." *Ecclus. xlii. 9, 10, &c.*

Now will you wish you had not written pertly. Your sister's severities!—Never, girl, say that is severe, that is deserved. You know the meaning of words. Nobody better. Would to the Lord you had acted up but to one half of what you know! Then had we not been disappointed and grieved, as we all have been: and nobody more than him who was

Your loving uncle,
ANTONY HARLOWE.

This will be with you to-morrow. Perhaps you may be suffered to have some part of your estate, after you have smarted a little more. Your pertly-answered uncle John, who is your trustee, will not have you be destitute. But we hope all is not true that we hear of you.—Only take care, I advise you, that, bad as you have acted, you act not still worse, if it be possible to act worse. Improve upon the hint.

MISS CL. HARLOWE TO ANT. HARLOWE, ESQ.

Sunday, August 13.

HONOURED SIR,—I am very sorry for my pert letter to my uncle Harlowe. Yet I did not intend it to be pert. People new to misfortune may be too easily moved to impatience.

The fall of a regular person, no doubt, is dreadful and

inexcusable. It is like the sin of apostasy. Would to Heaven, however, that I had had the circumstances of mine inquired into!

What you have heard of me I cannot tell. When the nearest and dearest relations give up an unhappy wretch, it is not to be wondered at, that those who are not related to her are ready to take up and propagate slanders against her. Yet I think I may defy calumny itself, and (excepting the fatal, though involuntary step of April 10) wrap myself in my own innocence, and be easy. I thank you, sir, nevertheless, for your caution, mean it what it will.

As to the question required of me to answer, and which is allowed to be too shocking either for a mother to put to a daughter, or a sister to a sister; and which however, you say, I must answer:—O sir!—and must I answer?—This then be my answer:—A little time, a much less time than is imagined, will afford a more satisfactory answer to my whole family, and even to my brother and sister, than I can give in words.

Nevertheless, be pleased to let it be remembered, that I did not petition for a restoration to favour. I could not hope for that. Nor yet to be put in possession of any part of my own estate. Nor even for means of necessary subsistence from the produce of that estate—but only for a blessing; for a last blessing!

And this I will further add, because it is true, that I have no wilful crime to charge against myself: no free living at bed and at board, as you phrase it!

Why, why, sir, were not other inquiries made of me, as well as this shocking one?—inquiries that modesty would have permitted a mother or a sister to make; and which, if I may be excused to say so, would have been still less improper, and more charitable, to have been made by uncles (were the mother forbidden, or the sister not inclined, to make them) than those they have made.

But I had best leave off, lest, as my full mind, I find, is rising to my pen, I have other pardons to beg, as I multiply lines, where none at all will be given.

God Almighty bless, preserve, and comfort my dear sorrowing and grievously offended father and mother!—And continue in honour, favour, and merit, my happy sister!—May God forgive my brother, and protect him from the violence of his own temper, as well as from the destroyer of his sister's honour!—And may you, my dear uncle, and your no less now than ever dear brother, my second papa, as he used to bid me call him, be blessed and happy in them, and in each other!—And, in order to this, may you all speedily banish from your remembrance for ever

The unhappy

CLARISSA HARLOWE!

MRS. NORTON TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Monday, August 14.

ALL your friends here, my dear young lady, now seem set upon proposing to you to go to one of the plantations. This, I believe, is owing to some misrepresentations of Mr. Brand; from whom they have received a letter.

I should be very glad to have in readiness, upon occasion, some brief particulars of your sad story under your own hand. But let me tell you, at the same time, that no misrepresentations, nor even your own confession, shall lessen my opinion either of your piety, or of your prudence in essential points; because I know it was always your humble way to make light faults heavy against yourself: and well might you, my dearest young lady, aggravate your own failings, who have ever had so few; and those few so slight, that your ingenuousness has turned most of them into excellencies.

Nevertheless, let me advise you, my dear Miss Clary, to discountenance any visits, which, with the censorious, may

affect your character. As that has not hitherto suffered by your wilful default, I hope you will not, in a desponding negligence (satisfying yourself with a consciousness of your own innocence) permit it to suffer. Difficult situations, you know, my dear young lady, are the tests not only of prudence, but of virtue.

I think, I must own to you, that, since Mr. Brand's letter has been received, I have a renewed prohibition to attend you. However, if you will give me leave, that shall not detain me from you. Nor would I stay for that leave, if I were not in hopes, that, in this critical situation, I may be able to do you service here.


I am just now informed that your cousin Morden is arrived in England. He is at Canterbury, it seems, looking after some concerns he has there ; and is soon expected in these parts. Who knows what may arise from his arrival ?—God be with you, my dearest Miss Clary, and be your comforter and sustainer. And never fear but He will ; for I am sure, I am very sure, that you put your whole trust in Him.

Your maternally affectionate

JUDITH NORTON.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MRS. NORTON.

Thursday, August 17.

HAT Mr. Brand, or anybody, can have written or said to my prejudice, I cannot imagine ; and yet some evil reports have gone out against me ; as I find by some hints in a very severe letter written to me by my uncle Antony. Such a letter as I believe was never written to any poor creature, who, by ill health of body, as well as of mind, was before tottering on the brink of the grave. But my friends may possibly be better justified than the reporters—for who knows what they may have heard ?

You give me a kind caution, which seems to imply more

than you express, when you advise me against countenancing visitors that may discredit me. You should, in so tender a point, my dear Mrs. Norton, have spoken quite out. Surely, I have had afflictions enow to strengthen my mind, and to enable it to bear the worst that can now happen. But I will not puzzle myself by conjectural evils ; as I might perhaps do, if I had not enow that were certain. I shall hear all, when it is thought proper that I should. Meantime, let me say, for your satisfaction, that I know not that I have anything criminal or disreputable to answer for either in word or deed, since the fatal 10th of April last.

You desire an account of what passes between me and my friends ; and also particulars or brief heads of my sad story, in order to serve me as occasions shall offer. My dear good Mrs. Norton, you shall have a whole packet of papers, which I have sent to my Miss Howe, when she returns them ; and you shall have likewise another packet (and that with this letter) which I cannot at present think of sending to that dear friend for the sake of my own relations ; whom, without seeing that packet, she is but too ready to censure heavily. From these you will be able to collect a great deal of my story. But for what is previous to these papers, and which more particularly relates to what I have suffered from Mr. Lovelace, you must have patience ; for at present I have neither head nor heart for such subjects. The papers I send you with this you must restore to me as soon as perused ; and upon your honour make no use of them, or of any intelligence you have from me, but with my previous consent.

These communications you must not, my good Mrs. Norton, look upon as appeals against my relations.

I know that I have a most indulgent and sweet tempered mother ; but, having to deal with violent spirits, she has too often forfeited that peace of mind which she so much prefers, by her over-concern to preserve it.

I am sure she would not have turned me over for an answer to a letter written with so contrite and fervent a spirit, as was mine to her, to a masculine spirit, had she been left to herself.

But, my dear Mrs. Norton, might not, think you, the revered lady have favoured me with one private line?—if not, might not you have written by her order, or connivance, one softening, one motherly line, when she saw her poor girl, whom once she dearly loved, borne so hard upon?

O no, she might not!—because her heart, to be sure, is in their measures!—and if she think them right, perhaps they must be right!—at least knowing only what they know, they must!—and yet they might know all, if they would!—and possibly, in their own good time, they think to make proper inquiry.—My application was made to them but lately. — Yet how deeply will it afflict them, if their time should be out of time!

When you have before you the letters I have sent to Miss Howe, you will see, that Lord M. and the ladies of his family, jealous as they are of the honour of their house (to express myself in their language) think better of me than my own relations do. You will see an instance of their generosity to me which at the time extremely affected me, and indeed still affects me. Unhappy man! gay, inconsiderate, and cruel! What has been his gain by making unhappy a creature who hoped to make him happy! And who was determined to deserve the love of all to whom he is related!—Poor man!—But you will mistake a compassionate and placable nature for love!—He took care, great care, that I should rein-in betimes any passion that I might have had for him, had he known how to be but commonly grateful or generous!—But the Almighty knows what is best for his poor creatures.

Some of the letters in the same packet will also let you into the knowledge of a strange step which I have taken

(strange you will think it); and, at the same time, give you my reasons for taking it.

I am glad to hear of my cousin Morden's safe arrival. I should wish to see him methinks: but I am afraid, that he will sail with the stream; as it must be expected, that he will hear what they have to say first.—But what I most fear, is, that he will take upon himself to avenge me—rather than he should do so, I would have him look upon me as a creature utterly unworthy of his concern; at least of his vindictive concern.

How soothing to the wounded heart of your Clarissa, how balmy, are the assurances of your continued love and favour!—Love me, my dear mamma Norton, continue to love me, to the end!—I now think, that I may, without presumption, promise to deserve your love to the end. And when I am gone, cherish my memory in your worthy heart; for in so doing you will cherish the memory of one who loves and honours you more than she can express.

Your ever dutiful and affectionate

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Sunday, August 13.

I DON'T know what a devil ails me; but I never was so much indisposed in my life. At first, I thought some of my blessed relations here had got a dose administered to me, in order to get the whole house to themselves. But, as I am the hopes of the family, I believe they would not be so wicked.

I must lay down my pen. I cannot write with any spirit at all. What a plague can be the matter with me!

Lord M. paid me just now a cursed gloomy visit, to ask how I do after bleeding. His sisters both drove away yesterday, God be thanked. But they asked not my leave; and hardly bid me good-bye. My lord was

more tender, and more dutiful, than I expected. Men are less unforgiving than women. I have reason to say so, I am sure. For, besides implacable Miss Harlowe, and the old ladies, the two Montague apes han't been near me yet.

Neither eat, drink, nor sleep!—a piteous case, Jack! If I should die like a fool now, people would say Miss Harlowe had broken my heart.—That she vexes me to the heart, is certain.

Confounded squeamish! I would fain write it off. But must lay down my pen again. It won't do. Poor Lovelace!—What a devil ails thee?

Well, but now let's try for't—hoy—hoy—hoy! Confound me for a gaping puppy, how I yawn!—Where shall I begin? At thy executorship?—Thou shalt have a double office of it: for I really think thou mayst send me a coffin and a shroud. I shall be ready for them by the time they can come down.

They would not have me write, Belford.—I must be ill indeed, when I can't write.

But thou seemest nettled, Jack! Is it because I was stung? It is not for two friends, any more than for man and wife, to be out of patience at one time.—What must be the consequence if they are?—I am in no fighting mood just now: but as patient and passive as the chickens that are brought me in broth—for I am come to that already.

But I can tell thee, for all this, be thy own man, if thou wilt, as to the executorship, I will never suffer thee to expose my letters. They are too ingenuous by half to be seen. And I absolutely insist upon it, that, on receipt of this, thou burn them all.

But write on, however; and send me copies, if thou canst, of all that passes between our Charlotte and Miss Harlowe. I'll take no notice of what thou communicatest of that sort. I like not the people here the worse for their

generous offer to the lady. But you see she is as proud as implacable. There's no obliging her. She'd rather sell her clothes, than be beholden to anybody, although she would oblige by permitting the obligation.

Oh Lord! Oh Lord!—mortal ill—adieu, Jack!

I was forced to leave off, I was so ill, at this place. And what dost think? Why Lord M. brought the parson of the parish to pray by me; for his chaplain is at Oxford. I was lain down in my night-gown over my waistcoat, and in a doze: and, when I opened my eyes, who should I see, but the parson kneeling on one side the bed; Lord M. on the other; Mrs. Greme, who had been sent for to tend me, as they call it, at the feet! God be thanked, my lord, said I, in an ecstasy!—Where's Miss?—for I supposed they were going to marry me.

They thought me delirious at first; and prayed louder and louder.

This roused me: off the bed I started; slid my feet into my slippers; put my hand in my waistcoat pocket, and pulled out thy letter with my beloved's meditation in it: my lord, Dr. Wright, Mrs. Greme, you have thought me a very wicked fellow: but, see! I can read you as good as you can read me.

They stared at one another. I gaped, and read, Poor mo—or—tals the cau—o—ause of their own—their own mis—ser—ry.

It is as suitable to my case, as to the lady's, as thou'lt observe, if thou readest it again. At the passage where it is said, that when a man is chastened for sin, his beauty consumes away, I stepped to the glass: a poor figure, by Jupiter, cried I!—and they all praised and admired me; lifted up their hands and their eyes; and the doctor said, he always thought it impossible, that a man of my sense could be so wild as the world said I was. My lord chuckled for joy; congratulated me; and, thank my dear Miss Harlowe, I got high reputation among good, bad, and

indifferent. In short, I have established myself for ever with all here.—But, O Belford, even this will not do! —I must leave off again.

A visit from the Montague sisters, led in by the hobbling peer, to congratulate my amendment and reformation both in one. What a lucky event this illness with this meditation in my pocket; for we were all to pieces before! Thus, when a boy, have I joined with a crowd coming out of church, and have been thought to have been there myself.

I am incensed at the insolence of the young Levite. Thou wilt highly oblige me, if thou'lt find him out, and send me his ears in thy next letter.

My beloved mistakes me, if she thinks I proposed her writing to me, as an alternative that should dispense with my attendance upon her. That it shall not do, nor did I intend it should, unless she had pleased me better in the contents of her letter than she has done. Bid her read again. I gave no such hopes. I would have been with her in spite of you both, by to-morrow, at farthest, had I not been laid by the heels thus, like a helpless miscreant.

But I grow better and better every hour, I say: the doctor says not: but I am sure I know best: and I will soon be in London, depend on't. But say nothing of this to my dear, cruel, and implacable Miss Harlowe.

A—dieu—u, Ja—aack—what a gaping puppy (yaw—n! yaw—n! yaw—n!)

Thy

LOVELACE!

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Monday, August 14.



I AM extremely concerned for thy illness. I should be very sorry to lose thee. Yet, if thou diest so soon, I could wish, from my soul, it had been before the beginning of last April: and this as well for

thy sake, as for the sake of the most excellent woman in the world : for then thou wouldst not have had the most crying sin of thy life to answer for.

I was told on Saturday, that thou wert very much out of order ; and this made me forbear writing till I heard further. Harry, on his return from thee, confirmed the bad way thou art in. But I hope Lord M. in his unmerited tenderness for thee, thinks the worst of thee. What can it be, Bob ? A violent fever, they say ; but attended with odd and severe symptoms.

I will not trouble thee in the way thou art in, with what passes here with Miss Harlowe. I wish thy repentance as swift as thy illness ; and as efficacious, if thou diest ; for it is else to be feared, that she and you will never meet in one place.

I told her how ill you are. Poor man ! said she. Dangerously ill, say you ?

Dangerously indeed, madam ! so Lord M. sends me word !

God be merciful to him, if he die !—said the admirable creature.—Then, after a pause, Poor wretch !—may he meet with the mercy he has not shown !

I send this by a special messenger : for I am impatient to hear how it goes with thee.—If I have received thy last letter, what melancholy reflections will that last, so full of shocking levity, give to

Thy true friend,

JOHN BELFORD !

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Tuesday, August 15.



THANK thee Jack ; most heartily I thank thee, for the sober conclusion of thy last !—I have a good mind, for the sake of it, to forgive thy till-now absolutely unpardonable extracts.

But dost think I will lose such an angel, such a forgiving angel, as this?—by my soul, I will not!—to pray for mercy for such an ungrateful miscreant!—how she wounds me, how she cuts me to the soul, by her exalted generosity!—but she must have mercy upon me first!—then will she teach me a reliance for the sake of which her prayer for me will be answered.

But hasten, hasten to me, particulars of her health, of her employments, of her conversation.

I am sick only of love!—O that I could have called her mine!—it would then have been worth while to be sick!—to have sent for her down to me from town; and to have had her, with healing in her dove-like wings, flying to my comfort; her duty and her choice to pray for me, and to bid me live for her sake!—O Jack! what an angel have I—

But I have not lost her!—I will not lose her! I am almost well; should be quite well but for these prescribing rascals, who, to do credit to their skill, will make the disease of importance.—And I will make her mine!—and be sick again, to entitle myself to her dutiful tenderness, and pious as well as personal concern!

God for ever bless her!—hasten, hasten particulars of her!—I am sick of love!—such generous goodness!—by all that's great and good, I will not lose her!—so tell her!—she says, that she could not pity me, if she thought of being mine! this, according to Miss Howe's transcriptions to Charlotte.—But bid her hate me, and have me: and my behaviour to her shall soon turn that hate to love!—for, body and mind, I will be wholly hers.

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Thursday, August 17.

I AM sincerely rejoiced to hear that thou art already so much amended, as thy servant tells me thou art. Thy letter looks as if thy morals were mending with thy health. This was a letter I could show, as I did, to the lady.

She is very ill (cursed letters received from her implacable family !): so I could not have much conversation with her, in thy favour, upon it.—But what passed will make thee more and more adore her.

She was very attentive to me, as I read it ; and, when I had done, Poor man ! said she ; what a letter is this ! he had timely instances, that my temper was not ungenerous, if generosity could have obliged him ! but his remorse, and that for his own sake, is all the punishment I wish him.—Yet I must be more reserved, if you write to him everything I say !

I extolled her unbounded goodness—how could I help it, though to her face !

No goodness in it ! she said—it was a frame of mind she had endeavoured after for her own sake. She suffered too much in want of mercy, not to wish it to a penitent heart.—He seems to be penitent, said she ; and it is not for me to judge beyond appearances.—If he be not, he deceives himself more than anybody else.

She was so ill, that this was all that passed on the occasion.

Let me add, that the excellent lady is informed, by a letter from Mrs. Norton, that Colonel Morden is just arrived in England. He is now the only person she wishes to see.

I expressed some jealousy upon it, lest he should have place given over me in the executorship. She said, that

she had no thoughts to do so now ; because such a trust, were he to accept of it (which she doubted) might, from the nature of some of the papers which in that case would necessarily pass through his hands, occasion mischiefs between my friend and him, that would be worse than death for her to think of.

Tourville tells me how fast thou mendest: let me conjure thee not to think of molesting this incomparable woman. For thy own sake I request this, as well as for hers, and for the sake of thy given promise: for, should she die within a few weeks, as I fear she will, it will be said, and perhaps too justly, that thy visit has hastened her end.

In hopes thou wilt not, I wish thy perfect recovery: else, that thou mayst relapse, and be confined to thy bed.

MR. BELFORD TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Saturday Morning, August 19.



ADAM,—I think myself obliged in honour to acquaint you, that I am afraid Mr. Lovelace will try his fate by an interview with you.

I wish to heaven you could prevail upon yourself to receive his visit. All that is respectful, even to veneration, and all that is penitent, will you see in his behaviour, if you can admit of it. But as I am obliged to set out directly for Epsom (to perform, as I apprehend, the last friendly offices for poor Mr. Belton, whom once you saw) and as I think it more likely, that Mr. Lovelace will not be prevailed upon, than that he will, I thought fit to give you this intimation, lest, if he should come, you should be too much surprised.

He flatters himself, that you are not so ill as I represent you to be. When he sees you, he will be convinced, that the most obliging things he can do, will be as proper to be done for the sake of his own future peace of mind, as for your health-sake; and, I dare say, in fear of hurting the

latter, he will forbear the thoughts of any further intrusion; at least while you are so much indisposed: so that one half-hour's shock, if it will be a shock to see the unhappy man (but just got up himself from a dangerous fever) will be all you will have occasion to stand.

I beg you will not too much hurry and discompose yourself. It is impossible he can be in town till Monday, at soonest. And if he resolve to come, I hope to be at Mr. Smith's before him.

I am, madam, with the profoundest veneration,
Your most faithful and most obedient servant,

J. BELFORD.

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Sunday, August 20.

WHAT an unmerciful fellow art thou! a man has no need of a conscience, who has such an impertinent monitor.—I have sinned; I repent; I would repair—she forgives my sin; she accepts my repentance: but she won't let me repair—what wouldst have me do?

Colonel Morden, thou hast heard me say, is a man of honour and bravery. I have often heard my beloved speak of the Colonel with great distinction and esteem. I wish he could make matters a little easier, for her mind's sake, between the rest of the implacables and herself.

But I shall call thee seriously to account, when I see thee, for the extracts thou hast given the lady from my letters, notwithstanding what I said in my last; especially if she continue to refuse me. An hundred times have I myself known a woman deny, yet comply at last: but, by these extracts, thou hast, I doubt, made her bar up the door of her heart, as she used to do her chamber-door, against me.—This therefore is a disloyalty that friendship cannot bear, nor honour allow me to forgive.

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

London, Monday, August 21.



BELIEVE I am bound to curse thee, Jack. Nevertheless I won't anticipate, but proceed to write thee a longer letter, than thou hast had from me for some time past. So here goes.

That thou mightest have as little notice as possible of the time I was resolved to be in town, I set out in my lord's chariot-and-six yesterday, as soon as I had dispatched my letter to thee, and arrived in town last night: for I knew I could have no dependence on thy friendship where Miss Harlowe's humour was concerned.

I had no other place so ready, and so was forced to go to my old lodgings, where also my wardrobe is; and there I poured out millions of curses upon the whole crew, and refused to see either Sally or Polly; and this not only for suffering the lady to escape, but for the villanous arrest, and for their detestable insolence to her at the officer's house.

I dressed myself in a never-worn suit, which I had intended for one of my wedding suits; and liked myself so well, that I began to think with thee, that my outside was the best of me.

I took a chair to Smith's, my heart bounding in almost audible thumps to my throat, with the assured expectation of seeing my beloved. I clasped my fingers, as I was danced along: I charged my eyes to languish and sparkle by turns: I talked to my knees, telling them how they must bend; and, in the language of a charming describer, acted my part in fancy, as well as spoke it to myself:

Tenderly kneeling, thus will I complain:
Thus court her pity; and thus plead my pain:
Thus sigh for fancy'd frowns, if frowns should rise;
And thus meet favour in her soft'ning eyes.

In this manner entertained I myself, till I arrived at Smith's; and there the fellows set down their gay burden. Off went their hats; Will ready at hand in a new livery; up went the head; out rushed my honour; the woman behind the counter all in flutters; respect and fear giving due solemnity to her features, and her knees, I doubt not, knocking against the inside of her wainscot fence.

Your servant, madam—Will, let the fellows move to some distance, and wait.

You have a young lady lodges here; Miss Harlowe, madam: is she above?

Sir, sir, and please your honour (the woman is struck with my figure, thought I): Miss Harlowe, sir! there is, indeed, such a young lady lodges here—but, but—

But what, madam?—I must see her.—One pair of stairs, is it not?—don't trouble yourself—I shall find her apartment. And was making towards the stairs.

She then rung a bell: John, cried she, pray step down!—Indeed, sir, the lady is not at home.

Down came John, the good man of the house, when I expected one of his journeymen, by her saucy familiarity.

My dear, said she, the gentleman will not believe Miss Harlowe is abroad.

John bowed to my fine clothes: your servant, sir—indeed the lady is abroad. She went out of town this morning by six o'clock—into the country—by the doctor's advice.

Still I would not believe either John or his wife. I am sure, said I, she cannot be abroad. I heard she was very ill—she is not able to go out in a coach. Do you know Mr. Belford, friend?

Where is her servant? Call her servant to me.

Her servant, sir, is her nurse: she has no other. And she is gone with her.

Well, friend, I must not believe you. You'll excuse me but I must go up-stairs myself. And was stepping up.

John hereupon put on a serious, and a less respectful face—sir, this house is mine ; and—

And what, friend ? not doubting then but she was above.—I must and will see her. I have authority for it. I am a justice of peace. I have a search-warrant.

And up I went ; they following me, muttering, and in a plaguy flutter.

The first door I came to was locked. I tapped at it.

The lady, sir, has the key of her own apartment.

On the inside, I question not, my honest friend ; tapping again. And being assured, if she heard my voice, that her timorous and soft temper would make her betray herself, by some flutters, to my listening ear, I said aloud, I am confident Miss Harlowe is here : Dearest madam, open the door : admit me but for one moment to your presence.

But neither answer nor fluttering saluted my ear ; and, the people being very quiet, I led on to the next apartment ; and, the key being on the outside, I opened it, and looked all round it, and into the closet.

The man said, he never saw so uncivil a gentleman in his life.

Hark thee, friend, said I ; let me advise thee to be a little decent ; or I shall teach thee a lesson thou never learnedst in all thy life.

Sir, said he, 'tis not like a gentleman, to affront a man in his own house.

Then pr'ythee, man, replied I, don't crow upon thine own dunghill.

I stepped back to the locked door : My dear Miss Harlowe, I beg of you to open the door, or I'll break it open ; —pushing hard against it, that it cracked again.

The man looked pale ; and, trembling with his fright, made a plaguy long face ; and called to one of his bodice-makers above, Joseph, come down quickly.

Joseph came down : a lion's-face grinning fellow ; thick,

and short, and bushy-headed, like an old oak-pollard. Then did master John put on a sturdier look. But I only hummed a tune, traversed all the other apartments, sounded the passages with my knuckles, to find whether there were private doors, and walked up the next pair of stairs, singing all the way; John, and Joseph, and Mrs. Smith, following me trembling.

I looked round me there, and went into two open-door bed-chambers; searched the closets, the passages, and peeped through the key-hole of another: no Miss Harlowe, by Jupiter! What shall I do!—What shall I do! as the girls say.—Now will she be grieved that she is out of the way.

I said this on purpose to find out whether these people knew the lady's story; and had the answer I expected from Mrs. Smith—I believe not, sir.

Why so, Mrs. Smith? Do you know who I am?

I can guess, sir.

Whom do you guess me to be?

Your name is Mr. Lovelace, sir, I make no doubt.

The very same. But how came you to guess so well, dame Smith? You never saw me before—did you?

Here, Jack, I laid out for a compliment, and missed it.

'Tis easy to guess, sir; for there cannot be two such gentlemen as you.

Well said, dame Smith—but mean you good or bad?—Handsome was the least I thought she would have said.

I leave you to guess, sir.

Condemned, thought I, by myself, on this appeal.

Well, but my good dear Mrs. Smith, whither is the lady gone? And when will she return?

I can't tell, sir.

Don't tell fibs, dame Smith; don't tell fibs, chucking her under the chin: which made John's upper lip, with chin shortened, rise to his nose.—I am sure you know!—

But here's another pair of stairs: let us see; who lives up there?—But hold, here's another room locked up, tapping at the door—who's at home? cried I.

That's Mrs. Lovick's apartment. She is gone out, and has the key with her.

Widow Lovick! rapping again, I believe you are at home: pray open the door.

John and Joseph muttered and whispered together.

No whispering, honest friends: 'tis not manners to whisper. Joseph, what said John to thee?

John, sir! disdainfully repeated the good woman.

I beg pardon, Mrs. Smith: but you see the force of example. Had you showed your honest man more respect, I should. Let me give you a piece of advice—women who treat their husbands irreverently, teach strangers to use them with contempt. There, honest master John; why dost not pull off thy hat to me?—O, so thou wouldst, if thou hadst it on: but thou never wearest thy hat in thy wife's presence, I believe; dost thou?

You are very pleasant, sir, replied my dame. I fancy, if either my husband or I had as much to answer for as I know who, we should not be so merry.

Why then, dame Smith, so much the worse for those who were obliged to keep you company. But I am not merry—I am sad!—Hey-ho!—Where shall I find my dear Miss Harlowe?

My beloved Miss Harlowe! (calling at the foot of the third pair of stairs) if you are above, for heaven's sake answer me. I am coming up.

Sir, said the good man, I wish you'd walk down. The servants' rooms, and the working rooms, are up those stairs, and another pair; and nobody's there that you want.

Shall I go up, and see if Miss Harlowe be there, Mrs. Smith?

You may, sir, if you please.

Then I won't; for, if she was, you would not be so obliging.

I am ashamed to give you all this attendance: you are the politest traders I ever knew. Honest Joseph, slapping him upon the shoulders on a sudden, which made him jump, didst ever grin for a wager, man?—for the rascal seemed not displeased with me; and, cracking his flat face from ear to ear, with a distended mouth, showed his teeth, as broad and as black as his thumb-nails.—But don't I hinder thee? What canst earn a day, man?

Half-a-crown, I can earn a day; with an air of pride and petulance, at being startled.

There then is a day's wages for thee. But thou needest not attend me farther.

Come, Mrs. Smith, come, John (Master Smith I should say) let's walk down, and give me an account where the lady is gone, and when she will return.

Down I went, they paying diligent attendance on my steps.

When I came into the shop, seeing no chair or stool, I went behind the counter, and sat down under an arched kind of canopy of carved work, which these proud traders, emulating the royal niche-fillers, often give themselves, while a joint-stool, perhaps, serves those by whom they get their bread: such is the dignity of trade in this mercantile nation!

I looked about me, and above me; and told them, I was very proud of my seat; asking, if John were ever permitted to fill this superb niche?

Perhaps he was, he said, very surlily.

That is it, that makes thee look so like a statue, man.

John looked plaguy glum upon me. But his man Joseph and my man Will turned round with their backs to us, to hide their grinning, with each his fist in his mouth.

I asked, what it was they sold?

Powder, and wash-balls, and snuff, they said ; and gloves and stockings.

O come, I'll be your customer. Will, do I want wash-balls ?

Yes, and please your honour, you can dispense with one or two.

Give him half-a-dozen, dame Smith.

She told me she must come where I was, to serve them. Pray, sir, walk from behind the counter.

Indeed but I won't. The shop shall be mine. Where are they, if a customer should come in ?

She pointed over my head, with a purse-mouth, as if she would not have simpered, could she have helped it. I reached down the glass, and gave Will six. There—put 'em up, sirrah.

He did, grinning with his teeth out before ; which touching my conscience, as the loss of them was owing to me, Joseph, said I, come hither. Come hither, man, when I bid thee.

He stalked towards me, his hands behind him, half willing, and half unwilling.

I suddenly wrapped my arm round his neck. Will, thy penknife, this moment. D—n the fellow, where's thy penknife ?

O Lord ! said the pollard-headed dog, struggling to get his head loose from under my arm, while my other hand was muzzling about his cursed chaps, as if I would take his teeth out.

I will pay thee a good price, man : don't struggle thus ! The penknife, Will !

O Lord ! cried Joseph, struggling still more and more : and out comes Will's pruning-knife ; for the rascal is a gardener in the country. I have only this, sir.

The best in the world to lance a gum. D—n the fellow, why dost struggle thus ?

Master and Mistress Smith being afraid, I suppose, that

I had a design upon Joseph's throat, because he was their champion (and this, indeed, made me take the more notice of him) coming towards me with countenances tragical, I let him go.

I only wanted, said I, to take out two or three of this rascal's broad teeth, to put them into my servant's jaws—and I would have paid him his price for them.—I would, by my soul, Joseph.

Joseph shook his ears; and with both hands stroked down, smooth as it would lie, his bushy hair; and looked at me, as if he knew not whether he should laugh or be angry: but, after a stupid stare or two, stalked off to the other end of the shop, nodding his head at me as he went, still stroking down his hair; and took his stand by his master, facing about, and muttering, that I was plaguy strong in the arms, and he thought would have throttled him. Then folding his arms, and shaking his bristled head, added, 'twas well I was a gentleman, or he would not have taken such an affront.

I demanded where their rappee was? The good woman pointed to the place; and I took up a scallop-shell of it, refusing to let her weigh it, and filled my box. And now, Mrs. Smith, said I, where are your gloves?

She showed me; and I chose four pair of them, and set Joseph, who looked as if he wanted to be taken notice of again, to open the fingers.

A female customer, who had been gaping at the door, came in for some Scotch snuff; and I would serve her. The wench was plaguy homely; and I told her so; or else, I said, I would have treated her. She in anger (no woman is homely in her own opinion) threw down her penny; and I put it in my pocket.

Just then, turning my eye to the door, I saw a pretty genteel lady, with a footman after her, peeping in with a what's the matter, good folks? to the starers; and I ran to her from behind the counter, and, as she was making

off, took her hand, and drew her into the shop, begging that she would be my customer ; for that I had but just begun trade.

What do you sell, sir? said she, smiling ; but a little surprised.

Tapes, ribbands, silk laces, pins, and needles ; for I am a pedlar : powder, patches, wash-balls, stockings, garters, snuffs, and pin-cushions—don't we, goody Smith ?

So in I gently drew her to the counter, running behind it myself, with an air of great diligence and obligingness. I have excellent gloves and wash-balls, madam ; rappee, Scotch, Portugal, and all sorts of snuff.

Well, said she, in a very good humour, I'll encourage a young beginner for once.

Give me six pennyworth of Portugal snuff.

They showed me where it was, and I served her ; and said, when she would have paid me, I took nothing at my opening.

She told me, I should not treat her.

Well, with all my heart, said I : 'tis not for us tradesmen to be saucy—is it, Mrs. Smith ?

I put her sixpence in my pocket ; and, seizing her hand, took notice to her of the crowd that had gathered about the door, and besought her to walk into the back-shop with me.

She struggled her hand out of mine, and would stay no longer.

So I bowed, and bid her kindly welcome, and thanked her, and hoped I should have her custom another time.

She went away smiling.

I began to be out of countenance at the crowd, which thickened apace ; and bid Will order the chair to the door.

Well, Mrs. Smith, with a grave air, I am heartily sorry Miss Harlowe is abroad. You don't tell me where she is ?

Indeed, sir, I cannot.

You will not, you mean.—She could have no notion of

my coming. I came to town but last night. I have been very ill. She has almost broken my heart by her cruelty. You know my story, I doubt not. Tell her, I must go out of town to-morrow morning. But I will send my servant, to know if she will favour me with one half-hour's conversation; for, as soon as I get down, I shall set out for Dover, in my way to France, if I have not a countermand from her who has the sole disposal of my fate.

And so, flinging down a Portugal six-and-thirty, I took Mr. Smith by the hand, telling him, I was sorry we had not more time to be better acquainted; and bidding farewell to honest Joseph (who pursed up his mouth as I passed by him, as if he thought his teeth still in jeopardy) and Mrs. Smith adieu, and to recommend me to her fair lodger, hummed an air, and, the chair being come, whipped into it; the people about the door seeming to be in good humour with me; one crying, A pleasant gentleman, I warrant him! And away I was carried to White's, according to direction.

As soon as I came thither, I ordered Will to go and change his clothes, and to disguise himself by putting on his black wig, and keeping his mouth shut; and then to dodge about Smith's, to inform himself of the lady's motions.

I give thee this impudent account of myself, that thou mayst rave at me, and call me hardened, and what thou wilt. For, in the first place, I, who had been so lately ill, was glad I was alive; and then I was so balked by my charmer's unexpected absence, and so ruffled by that, and by the bluff treatment of father John, that I had no other way to avoid being out of humour with all I met with. Moreover I was rejoiced to find, by the lady's absence, and by her going out at six in the morning, that it was impossible she should be so ill as thou representest her to be; and this gave me still higher spirits. Then I know the sex always love cheerful and humorous fellows. The

dear creature herself used to be pleased with my gay temper and lively manner; and had she been told, that I was blubbering for her in the back shop, she would have despised me still more than she does.

When I returned to our mother's, I again cursed her and all her nymphs together; and still refused to see either Sally or Polly. I raved at the horrid arrest; and told the old dragon, that it was owing to her and hers, that the fairest virtue in the world was ruined; my reputation for ever blasted; and that I was not married, and happy in the love of the most excellent of her sex.

She, to pacify me, said, she would show me a new face that would please me; since I would not see my Sally, who was dying for grief.

Where is this new face? cried I: let me see her, though I shall never see any face with pleasure but Miss Harlowe's.

She won't come down, replied she. She will not be at the word of command yet. She is but just in the trammels; and must be waited upon, I'll assure you; and courted much besides.

Ay! said I, that looks well. Lead me to her this instant.

I followed her up: and who should she be, but that little toad Sally.

O curse you, said I, for a devil! Is it you? Is yours the new face?

O my dear, dear Mr. Lovelace! cried she, I am glad anything will bring you to me!—And so the little beast threw herself about my neck, and there clung like a cat. Come, said she, what will you give me, and I'll be virtuous for a quarter of an hour, and mimic your Clarissa to the life?

I was Belforded all over. I could not bear such an insult upon the dear creature (for I have a soft and generous nature in the main, whatever thou thinkest); and cursed

her most devoutly, for taking my beloved's name in her mouth in such a way. But the little devil was not to be balked; but fell a crying, sobbing, praying, begging, exclaiming, fainting, that I never saw my lovely girl so well aped. Indeed I was almost taken in; for I could have fancied I had her before me once more.

O this sex! this artful sex! There's no minding them. At first, indeed, their grief and their concern may be real: but give way to the hurricane, and it will soon die away in soft murmurs, trilling upon your ears like the notes of a well-tuned viol. And, by Sally, one sees, that art will generally so well supply the place of nature, that you shall not easily know the difference. Miss Clarissa Harlowe indeed is the only woman in the world I believe that can say, in the words of her favourite Job (for I can quote a text as well as she) But it is not so with me.

They were very inquisitive about my fair one. They told me that you seldom came near them; that, when you did, you put on plaguy grave airs; would hardly stay five minutes; and did nothing but praise Miss Harlowe, and lament her hard fate. In short, that you despised them; was full of sentences; and they doubted not, in a little while, would be a lost man, and marry.

I intend to regulate my motions by Will's intelligence; for see this dear creature I must and will. Yet I have promised Lord M. to be down in two or three days, at farthest; for he is grown plaguy fond of me since I was ill.

I am in hopes, that the word I left, that I am to go out of town to-morrow morning, will soon bring the lady back again.

Meantime, I thought I would write to divert thee, while thou art of such importance about the dying; and as thy servant, it seems, comes backward and forward every day, perhaps I may send thee another letter to-morrow, with the particulars of the interview between the dear creature and me; after which my soul thirsteth.

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Tuesday, August 22.



I MUST write on, to divert myself: for I can get no rest; no refreshing rest. I awaked just now in a cursed fright. How a man may be affected by dreams!

Methought I had an interview with my beloved. I found her all goodness, condescension, and forgiveness. She suffered herself to be overcome in my favour by the joint intercessions of Lord M., Lady Sarah, Lady Betty, and my two cousins Montague, who waited upon her in deep mourning; the ladies in long trains sweeping after them; Lord M. in a long black mantle trailing after him. They told her, they came in these robes to express their sorrow for my sins against her, and to implore her to forgive me.

I myself, I thought, was upon my knees, with a sword in my hand, offering either to put it up in the scabbard, or to thrust it into my heart, as she should command the one or the other.

At that moment her cousin Morden, I thought, all of a sudden, flashed in through a window, with his drawn sword—die, Lovelace, said he! this instant die, and be damned, if in earnest thou repairest not by marriage my cousin's wrongs!

I was rising to resent this insult, I thought, when Lord M. ran between us with his great black mantle, and threw it over my face: and instantly, my charmer, with that sweet voice which has so often played upon my ravished ears, wrapped her arms round me, muffled as I was in my lord's mantle: O spare, spare my Lovelace! And spare, O Lovelace, my beloved cousin Morden! Let me not have my distresses augmented by the fall of either or both of those who are so dear to me!

At this, charmed with her sweet mediation, I thought I would have clasped her in my arms ; when immediately the most angelic form I had ever beheld, all clad in transparent white, descended in a cloud, which, opening, discovered a firmament above it, crowded with golden cherubs and glittering seraphs, all addressing her with, Welcome, welcome, welcome ! and, encircling my charmer, ascended with her to the region of seraphims ; and instantly, the opened cloud closing, I lost sight of her, and of the bright form together, and found wrapt in my arms her azure robe (all stuck thick with stars of embossed silver) which I had caught hold of in hopes of detaining her ; but was all that was left me of my beloved Clarissa. And then (horrid to relate !) the floor sinking under me, as the firmament had opened for her, I dropped into a hole more frightful than that of Elden ; and, tumbling over and over down it, without view of a bottom, I awaked in a panic ; and was as effectually disordered for half an hour, as if my dream had been a reality.

Wilt thou forgive me troubling thee with such visionary stuff? Thou wilt see by it, only, that, sleeping or waking, my Clarissa is always present with me.

But here this moment is Will come running hither to tell me, that his lady actually returned to her lodgings last night between eleven and twelve ; and is now there, though very ill.

I hasten to her. But, that I may not add to her indisposition, by any rough or boisterous behaviour, I will be as soft and gentle as the dove herself in my addresses to her.

That I do love her, O all ye host of heaven,
Be witness !—That she is dear to me !
Dearer than day, to one whom sight must leave ;
Dearer than life, to one who fears to die !

The chair is come. I fly to my beloved.

Curse upon my stars !—Disappointed again !

It was about eight when I arrived at Smith's.—The woman was in the shop.

So, old acquaintance, how do you now? I know my love is above.—Let her be acquainted that I am here, waiting for admission to her presence, and can take no denial. Tell her, that I will approach her with the most respectful duty, and in whose company she pleases; and I will not touch the hem of her garment, without her leave.

Indeed, sir, you are mistaken. The lady is not in this house, nor near it.

I'll see that.—Will! beckoning him to me, and whispering, see if thou canst any way find out (without losing sight of the door, lest she should be below-stairs) if she be in the neighbourhood, if not within.

Will bowed, and went off. Up went I, without further ceremony; attended now only by the good woman.

I went into each apartment, except that which was locked before, and was now also locked: and I called to my Clarissa in the voice of love; but by the still silence was convinced she was not there. Yet, on the strength of my intelligence, I doubted not but she was in the house.

I then went up two pairs of stairs, and looked round the first room: but no Miss Harlowe.

And who, pray, is in this room? stopping at the door of another.

A widow gentlewoman, sir.—Mrs. Lovick.

O my dear Mrs. Lovick! said I. I am intimately acquainted with Mrs. Lovick's character, from my cousin John Belford. I must see Mrs. Lovick by all means. Good Mrs. Lovick, open the door.

She did.

Your servant, madam. Be so good as to excuse me.—You have heard my story. You are an admirer of the most excellent woman in the world. Dear Mrs. Lovick, tell me what is become of her?

The poor lady, sir, went out yesterday, on purpose to avoid you.

How so? She knew not that I would be here.

She was afraid you would come, when she heard you were recovered from your illness. Ah! sir, what pity it is that so fine a gentleman should make such ill returns for God's goodness to him!

You are an excellent woman, Mrs. Lovick: I know that by my cousin John Belford's account of you: and Miss Clarissa Harlowe is an angel.

Miss Harlowe is indeed an angel, replied she; and soon will be company for angels.

No jesting with such a woman as this, Jack.

Tell me of a truth, good Mrs. Lovick, where I may see this dear lady. Upon my soul, I will neither fright nor offend her. I will only beg of her to hear me speak for one half-quarter of an hour; and, if she will have it so, I will never trouble her more.

Sir, said the widow, it would be death for her to see you. She was at home last night; I'll tell you truth: but fitter to be in bed all day. She came home, she said, to die; and, if she could not avoid your visit, she was unable to fly from you; and believed she should die in your presence.

And yet go out again this morning early? How can that be, widow?

Why, sir, she rested not two hours, for fear of you. Her fear gave her strength, which she'll suffer for, when that fear is over. And finding herself, the more she thought of your visit, the less able to stay to receive it, she took chair, and is gone nobody knows whither. But, I believe, she intended to be carried to the water-side, in order to take boat; for she cannot bear a coach. It extremely incommoded her yesterday.

But before we talk any further, said I, if she be gone abroad, you can have no objection to my looking into

every apartment above and below ; because I am told she is actually in the house.

Indeed, sir, she is not. You may satisfy yourself, if you please : but Mrs. Smith and I waited on her to her chair. We were forced to support her, she was so weak. She said, whither can I go, Mrs. Lovick ? whither can I go, Mrs. Smith ?—Cruel, cruel man !—tell him I called him so, if he come again !—God give him that peace which he denies me !

Sweet creature ! cried I, and looked down, and took out my handkerchief.

The widow wept. I wish, said she, I had never known so excellent a lady, and so great a sufferer ! I love her as my own child !

Mrs. Smith wept.

I then gave over the hope of seeing her for this time. I was extremely chagrined at my disappointment, and at the account they gave of her ill health.

I besought Mrs. Smith to let me have one of her rooms but till I could see her ; and were it but for one, two, or three days, I would pay a year's rent for it ; and quit it the moment the interview was over. But they desired to be excused ; and were sure the lady would not come to the house till I was gone, were it for a month.

This pleased me ; for I found they did not think her so very ill as they would have me believe her to be ; but I took no notice of the slip, because I would not guard them against more of the like.

In short, I told them, I must and would see her : But that it should be with all the respect and veneration that heart could pay to excellence like hers : and that I would go round to all the churches in London and Westminster, where there were prayers or service, from sunrise to sunset, and haunt their house like a ghost, till I had the opportunity my soul panted after.

This I bid them tell her. And thus ended our serious conversation.

I took leave of them ; and went down ; and, stepping into my chair, caused myself to be carried to Lincoln's Inn ; and walked in the gardens till chapel was opened ; and then I went in, and stayed prayers, in hopes of seeing the dear creature enter : but to no purpose ; and yet I prayed most devoutly that she might be conducted thither, either by my good angel, or her own.

After service was over, I stepped into my chair again, and once more was carried to Smith's, in hopes I might have surprised her there : but no such happiness for thy friend. I stayed in the back shop an hour and a half, by my watch ; and again underwent a good deal of preaching from the women. John was mainly civil to me now ; won over a little by my serious talk, and the honour I professed for the lady. They all three wished matters could be made up between us : but still insisted, that she could never get over her illness ; and that her heart was broken. A cue, I suppose, they had from you.

While I was there, a letter was brought by a particular hand. They seemed very solicitous to hide it from me ; which made me suspect it was for her. I desired to be suffered to cast an eye upon the seal, and the superscription ; promising to give it back to them unopened.

Looking upon it, I told them, I knew the hand and seal. It was from her sister. And I hoped it would bring her news that she would be pleased with.

They joined most heartily in the same hope : And giving the letter to them again, I civilly took my leave, and went away.

But I will be there again presently ; for I fancy my courteous behaviour to these women, will, on their report of it, procure me the favour I so earnestly covet. And so I will leave my letter unsealed, to tell thee the event of my next visit at Smith's.

Thy servant just calling, I send thee this : and will soon follow it by another. Mean time, I long to hear how poor Belton is : to whom my best wishes.

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Epsom, Tuesday, August 22.

I HAVE been under such concern for the poor man, whose exit I almost hourly expect, and at the shocking scenes his illness and his agonies exhibit, that I have been only able to make memoranda of the melancholy passages, from which to draw up a more perfect account, for the instruction of us all, when the writing appetite shall return.

It is returned ! Indignation has revived it, on receipt of thy letters of Sunday and yesterday ; by which I have reason to reproach thee in very serious terms, that thou hast not kept thy honour with me : and if thy breach of it be attended with such effects as I fear it will be, I shall let thee know more of my mind on this head.

If thou wouldst be thought in earnest in thy wishes to move the poor lady in thy favour, thy ludicrous behaviour at Smith's, when it comes to be represented to her, will have a very consistent appearance ; will it not ?—it will, indeed, confirm her in her opinion, that the grave is more to be wished for, by one of her serious and pious turn, than a husband incapable either of reflection or remorse ; just recovered, as thou art, from a dangerous, at least a sharp illness.

I am extremely concerned for the poor unprotected lady. She was so excessively low and weak on Saturday, that I could not be admitted to her speech : and to be driven out of her lodgings, when it was fitter for her to be in bed, is such a piece of cruelty, as he only could be guilty of, who could act as thou hast done, by such an angel.

Canst thou thyself say, on reflection, that it has not the

look of a wicked and hardened sportiveness, in thee, for the sake of a wanton humour only (since it can answer no end that thou proposest to thyself, but the direct contrary) to hunt from place to place a poor lady, who, like a harmless deer, that has already a barbed shaft in her breast, seeks only a refuge from thee, in the shades of death.

But I will leave this matter upon thy own conscience, to paint thee such a scene from my memoranda, as thou perhaps wilt be moved by more effectually than by any other. For, Lovelace, let this truth, this undoubted truth, be engraven on thy memory, Thou must die, as well as Belton.

I was called twice on Sunday night to him ; for the poor fellow, when his reflections on his past life annoy him most, is afraid of being left with the women ; and his eyes, they tell me, hunt and roll about for me. Where's Mr. Belford ?—But I shall tire him out, cries he—yet beg of him to step to me—yet don't—yet do ; were once the doubting and changeful orders he gave : and they called me accordingly.

But, alas ! what could Belford do for him ? Belford, who had been but too often the companion of his guilty hours ; who wants mercy as much as he does ; and is unable to promise it to himself, though 'tis all he can bid his poor friend rely upon !

What miscreants are we ! What figures shall we make in these terrible hours !

If Miss Harlowe's glorious example, on one hand, and the terrors of this poor man's last scene on the other, affect me not, I must be abandoned to perdition ; as I fear thou wilt be, if thou benefitest not thyself from both.

At his earnest request, I sat up with him last night ; and, poor man ! it is impossible to tell thee, how easy and safe he thought himself in my company, for the first part of the night : a drowning man will catch at a straw, the

proverb well says : and a straw was I, with respect to any real help I could give him. He often awaked in terrors ; and once calling out for me, dear Belford, said he, where are you ?—Oh ! there you are !—Give me your friendly hand !—Then grasping it, and putting his clammy, half-cold lips to it—how kind ! I fear everything when you are absent. But the presence of a friend, a sympathising friend—oh ! how comfortable !—

But about four in the morning, he frightened me much : He waked with three terrible groans ; and endeavoured to speak, but could not presently—and when he did,—Jack, Jack, Jack, five or six times repeated he as quick as thought, now, now, now, save me, save me, save me—I am going—going indeed !

I threw my arms about him, and raised him upon his pillow, as he was sinking (as if to hide himself) in the bed-clothes—and staring wildly, where am I ? said he, a little recovering. Did you not see him ? turning his head this way and that ; horror in his countenance ; did you not see him ?

See whom, see what, my dear Belton !

O lay me upon the bed again, cried he !—Let me not die upon the floor !—Lay me down gently ; and stand by me !—Leave me not !—All, all will soon be over !

You are already, my dear Belton, upon the bed. You have not been upon the floor. This is a strong delirium ; you are faint for want of refreshment (for he had refused several times to take anything) : let me persuade you to take some of this cordial julap. I will leave you, if you will not oblige me.

He then readily took it ; but said he could have sworn that Tom Metcalfe had been in the room, and had drawn him out of bed by the throat, upbraiding him with the injuries he had first done his sister, and then him, in the duel to which he owed that fever which cost him his life.

Thou knowest the story, Lovelace, too well, to need my

repeating it: but, mercy on us, if in these terrible moments all the evils we do, rise to our affrighted imaginations!—If so, what shocking scenes have I, but still what more shocking ones hast thou, to go through, if, as the noble poet says,

If, any sense at that sad time remains!

The doctor ordered him an opiate, this morning early, which operated so well, that he dozed and slept several hours more quietly than he had done for the two past days and nights, though he had sleeping draughts given him before. But it is more and more evident every hour, that nature is almost worn out in him.

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Wednesday Morning, August 23.

ALL alive, dear Jack, and in ecstasy!—likely to be once more a happy man! for I have received a letter from my beloved Miss Harlowe; in consequence, I suppose, of that which I mentioned in my last to be left for her from her sister. And I am setting out for Berks directly, to show the contents to my Lord M. and to receive the congratulations of all my kindred upon it.

I went, last night, as I intended, to Smith's: but the dear creature was not returned at near ten o'clock. And, lighting upon Tourville, I took him home with me, and made him sing me out of my megrims. I went to bed tolerably easy at two; had bright and pleasant dreams (not such a frightful one as that I gave thee an account of); and at eight this morning, as I was dressing, to be in readiness against the return of my fellow, whom I had sent to inquire after the lady, I had this letter brought me by a chairman.

TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Tuesday Night, 11 o'clock (August 22).

SIR,—I have good news to tell you. I am setting out with all diligence for my father's house. I am bid to hope that he will receive his poor penitent with a goodness peculiar to himself; for I am overjoyed with the assurance of a thorough reconciliation, through the interposition of a dear blessed friend, whom I always loved and honoured. I am so taken up with my preparation for this joyful and long-wished-for journey, that I cannot spare one moment for any other business, having several matters of the last importance to settle first. So, pray, sir, don't disturb or interrupt me—I beseech you don't. You may possibly in time see me at my father's; at least, if it be not your own fault.

I will write a letter, which shall be sent you when I am got thither and received: till when, I am, &c.,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

I dispatched instantly a letter to the dear creature, assuring her, with the most thankful joy, that I would directly set out for Berks, and wait the issue of the happy reconciliation, and the charming hopes she had filled me with. I poured out upon her a thousand blessings. I declared, that it should be the study of my whole life to merit such transcendent goodness: and that there was nothing which her father or friends should require at my hands, that I would not for her sake comply with, in order to promote and complete so desirable a reconciliation.

I hurried it away without taking a copy of it; and I have ordered the chariot-and-six to be got ready; and hey for M. Hall! let me but know how Belton does. I hope a

letter from thee is on the road. And if the poor fellow can spare thee, make haste, I command thee, to attend this truly divine lady. Thou mayest not else see her for months perhaps ; at least, not while she is Miss Harlowe. And oblige me, if possible, with one letter before she sets out, confirming to me and accounting for this generous change.

But what accounting for it is necessary ? the dear creature cannot receive consolation herself but she must communicate it to others. How noble ! she would not see me in her adversity ; but no sooner does the sun of prosperity begin to shine upon her, than she forgives me.

I know to whose mediation all this is owing. It is to Col. Morden's. She always, as she says, loved and honoured him : and he loved her above all his relations.

Dear charming creature ! what a meeting will there be between her and her father and mother and uncles ! what transports, what pleasure, will this happy, long-wished-for reconciliation give her dutiful heart ! and indeed now methinks I am glad she is so dutiful to them ; for her duty to her parents is a conviction to me that she will be as dutiful to her husband : since duty upon principle is an uniform thing.

Why prythee, now, Jack, I have not been so much to blame, as thou thinkest : for had it not been for me, who had led her into so much distress, she could neither have received nor given the joy that will now overwhelm them all. So here rises great and durable good out of temporary evil !

I knew they loved her (the pride and glory of their family) too well to hold out long !

I wish I could have seen Arabella's letter. She has always been so much eclipsed by her sister, that, I dare say, she has signified this reconciliation to her with intermingled phlegm and wormwood ; and her invitation most certainly runs all in the rock-water style.

I shall long to see the promised letter too when she is got to her father's, which I hope will give an account of the reception she will meet with.

There is a solemnity, however, I think, in the style of her letter, which pleases and affects me at the same time. But as it is evident she loves me still, and hopes soon to see me at her father's, she could not help being a little solemn, and half-ashamed (dear blushing pretty rogue!) to own her love, after my usage of her.

And then her subscription: till when, I am Clarissa Harlowe: as much as to say, after that I shall be, if not your own fault, Clarissa Lovelace!

O my best love! my ever-generous and adorable creature! how much does this thy forgiving goodness exalt us both!—me, for the occasion given thee! thee for turning it so gloriously to thy advantage, and to the honour of both!

Mowbray is just arrived with thy letters. I therefore close my agreeable subject, to attend to one, which I doubt will be very shocking.

I have engaged the rough varlet to bear me company in the morning to Berks; where I shall file off the rust he has contracted in his attendance upon the poor fellow.

He tells me, that between the dying Belton, and the preaching Belford, he shan't be his own man these three days: and says, that thou addest to the unhappy fellow's weakness, instead of giving him courage to help him to bear his destiny.

I am sorry he takes the unavoidable lot so heavily. But he has been long ill; and sickness enervates the mind, as well as the body; as he himself very significantly observed to thee.

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Wednesday, Three o'clock.



WILL proceed where I left off in my last.

As soon as I had seen Mowbray mounted, I went to attend upon poor Belton ; whom I found in dreadful agonies, in which he awoke, as he generally does.

The doctor came in presently after ; and I was concerned at the scene that passed between them.

It opened with the dying man's asking him, with melancholy earnestness, if nothing, if nothing at all, could be done for him ?

The doctor shook his head, and told him, he doubted, not.

I cannot die, said the poor man ; I cannot think of dying. I am very desirous of living a little longer, if I could but be free from these horrible pains in my stomach and head. Can you give me nothing to make me pass one week, but one week, in tolerable ease, that I may die like a man ?—if I must die !

But, doctor, I am yet a young man ; in the prime of my years—youth is a good subject for a physician to work upon : can you do nothing, nothing at all for me, doctor ?

Alas ! sir, replied his physician, you have been long in a bad way. I fear, I fear, nothing in physic can help you.

Mrs. Sambre (Belton's sister) had several times proposed to him a minister to pray by him ; but the poor man could not, he said, bear the thoughts of one ; for that he should certainly die in an hour or two after : and he was willing to hope still, against all probability, that he might recover ; and was often asking his sister, if she had not seen people as bad as he was, who, almost to a miracle, when everybody gave them over, had got up again ?

She, shaking her head, told him, she had : but, once

saying, that their disorders were of an acute kind, and such as had a crisis in them, he called her Small-hopes, and Job's comforter; and bid her say nothing, if she could not say more to the purpose, and what was fitter for a sick man to hear. And yet, poor fellow! he has no hopes himself, as is plain by his desponding terrors; one of which he fell into, and a very dreadful one, soon after the doctor went.

Wednesday, 9 o'clock at night.

The poor man has been in convulsions, terrible convulsions! for an hour past. O Lord! Lovelace, death is a shocking thing! By my faith it is!—I wish thou wert present on this occasion. It is not merely the concern a man has for his friend; but, as death is the common lot, we see, in his agonies, how it will be one day with ourselves. I am all over as if cold water were poured down my back, or as if I had a strong ague fit upon me. I was obliged to come away. And I write, hardly knowing what.—I wish thou wert here.

Though I left him, because I could stay no longer, I can't be easy by myself, but must go to him again.

Poor Belton!—Drawing on apace! Yet was he sensible when I went in—too sensible, poor man! He has something upon his mind to reveal, he tells me, that is the worst action of his life; worse than ever you or I knew of him, he says. It must be then very bad!

He ordered everybody out; but was seized with another convulsion fit, before he could reveal it: and in it he lies struggling between life and death. But I'll go in again.

All now must soon be over with him: poor! poor fellow! He has given me some hints of what he wanted to say; but all incoherent, interrupted by dying hiccoughs and convulsions.

Bad enough it must be, heaven knows, by what I can gather!—Alas! Lovelace, I fear, I fear, he came too soon into his uncle's estate.

If a man were to live always ; he might have some temptation to do base things, in order to procure to himself, as it would then be, everlasting ease, plenty, or affluence : but, for the sake of ten, twenty, thirty years of poor life, to be a villain—can that be worth while ? with a conscience stinging him all the time too ! And when he comes to wind up all, such agonizing reflections upon his past guilt ! All then appearing as nothing ! What he most valued, most disgustful ! and not one thing to think of, as the poor fellow says twenty and twenty times over, but what is attended with anguish and reproach !

To hear the poor man wish he had never been born ! To hear him pray to be nothing after death ! Good God ! how shocking !

By his incoherent hints, I am afraid 'tis very bad with him. No pardon, no mercy, he repeats, can lie for him !

He is now at the last gasp—rattles in the throat—has a new convulsion every minute almost ! What horror is he in ! His eyes look like breath-stained glass ! They roll ghastly no more ; are quite set : his face distorted, and drawn out, by his sinking jaws, and erected staring eyebrows, with his lengthened furrowed forehead, to double its usual length, as it seems. It is not, it cannot be, the face of Belton, thy Belton, and my Belton, whom we have beheld with so much delight over the social bottle, comparing notes, that one day may be brought against us, and make us groan, as they very lately did him—that is to say, while he had strength to groan ; for now his voice is not to be heard ; all inward, lost ; not so much as speaking by his eyes : yet, strange ! how can it be ? the bed rocking under him like a cradle.

Alas ! he's gone ! that groan, that dreadful groan,
Was the last farewell of the parting mind !
The struggling soul has bid a long adieu
To its late mansion—Fled !—Ah ! whither fled ?

Now is all indeed over !—Poor, poor Belton ! By this



time thou knowest if thy crimes were above the size of God's mercies ! Now are everyone's cares and attendance at an end ! Now do we, thy friends,—poor Belton !—know the worst of thee, as to this life ! Thou art released from insufferable tortures both of body and mind ! May those tortures, and thy repentance, expiate for thy offences, and mayst thou be happy to all eternity !

You are very earnest, by your last letter (just given me) to hear again from me, before you set out for Berks. I will therefore close with a few words upon the only subject in your letter, which I can at present touch upon : and this is the letter of which you give me a copy from the lady.

Want of rest, and the sad scene I have before my eyes, have rendered me altogether incapable of accounting for the contents of it in any shape. You are in ecstasies upon it. You have reason to be so, if it be as you think. Nor would I rob you of your joy : but I must say, that I am amazed at it.

Surely, Lovelace, this surprising letter cannot be a forgery of thy own, in order to carry on some view, and to impose upon me. Yet by the style of it, it cannot ; though thou art a perfect Proteus too.


I will not, however, add another word, after I have desired the return of this, and have told you, that I am

Your true friend, and well-wisher,

J. BELFORD.

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Saturday, August 26.

N Thursday afternoon I assisted at the opening of poor Belton's will, in which he has left me his sole executor, and bequeathed me a legacy of a hundred guineas ; which I shall present to his unfortunate sister, to whom he has not been so kind as I think he

ought to have been. He has also left twenty pounds apiece to Mowbray, Tourville, thyself, and me, for a ring to be worn in remembrance of him.

After I had given some particular orders about the preparations to be made for his funeral, I went to town; but having made it late before I got in on Thursday night, and being fatigued for want of rest several nights before, and low in my spirits (I could not help it, Lovelace!) I contented myself to send my compliments to the innocent sufferer, to inquire after her health.

My servant saw Mrs. Smith, who told him, she was very glad I was come to town; for that the lady was worse than she had yet been.

It is impossible to account for the contents of her letter to you; or to reconcile those contents to the facts I have to communicate.

I was at Smith's by seven yesterday (Friday) morning; and found that the lady was just gone in a chair to St. Dunstan's to prayers: she was too ill to get out by six to Covent Garden Church; and was forced to be supported to her chair by Mrs. Lovick. They would have persuaded her against going; but she said she knew not but it would be her last opportunity. Mrs. Lovick, dreading that she would be taken worse at church, walked thither before her.

Mrs. Smith told me, she was so ill on Wednesday night, that she had desired to receive the sacrament; and accordingly it was administered to her, by the parson of the parish: whom she besought to take all opportunities of assisting her in her solemn preparation.

This the gentleman promised: and called in the morning to inquire after her health; and was admitted at the first word. He stayed with her about half an hour; and when he came down, with his face turned aside, and a faltering accent, Mrs. Smith, said he, you have an angel in your house.—I will attend her again in the evening, as

she desires, and as often as I think it will be agreeable to her.

Her increased weakness she attributed to the fatigues she had undergone by your means ; and to a letter she had received from her sister, which she answered the same day.

Mrs. Smith told me, that two different persons had called there, one on Thursday morning, one in the evening, to inquire after her state of health ; and seemed as if commissioned from her relations for that purpose ; but asked not to see her, only were very inquisitive after her visitors (particularly, it seems, after me : what could they mean by that ?) after her way of life, and expenses ; and one of them inquired after her manner of supporting them ; to the latter of which, Mrs. Smith said, she had answered, as the truth was, that she had been obliged to sell some of her clothes, and was actually about parting with more ; at which the inquirist (a grave old farmer-looking man) held up his hands, and said, good God !—this will be sad, sad news to somebody ! I believe I must not mention it. But Mrs. Smith says, she desired he would, let him come from whom he would. He shook his head, and said, if she died, the flower of the world would be gone, and the family she belonged to, would be no more than a common family. I was pleased with the man's expression.

You may be curious to know how she passed her time, when she was obliged to leave her lodging to avoid you.

Mrs. Smith tells me, that she was very ill when she went out on Monday morning, and sighed as if her heart would break as she came down stairs, and as she went through the shop into the coach, her nurse with her, as you had informed me before : that she ordered the coachman (whom she hired for the day) to drive anywhither, so it was into the air : he accordingly drove her to Hampstead, and thence to Highgate. There at the Bowling-

green House, she alighted, extremely ill, and having breakfasted, ordered the coachman to drive very slowly anywhither. He crept along to Muswell Hill, and put up at a public house there ; where she employed herself two hours in writing, though exceedingly weak and low ; till the dinner she had ordered was brought in : She endeavoured to eat ; but could not : her appetite was gone, quite gone, she said. And then she wrote on for three hours more : after which, being heavy, she dozed a little in an elbow-chair. When she awoke, she ordered the coachman to drive her very slowly to town, to the house of a friend of Mrs. Lovick ; whom, as agreed upon, she met there : but, being extremely ill, she would venture home at a late hour, although she heard from the widow, that you had been there ; and had reason to be shocked at your behaviour. She said, she found there was no avoiding you : she was apprehensive she should not live many hours, and it was not impossible but the shock the sight of you must give her, would determine her fate in your presence.

She accordingly went home. She heard the relation of your astonishing vagaries, with hands and eyes often lifted up ; and with these words intermingled, Shocking creature ! incorrigible wretch ! and, will nothing make him serious ? And not being able to bear the thoughts of an interview with a man so hardened, she took to her usual chair early in the morning, and was carried to the Temple Stairs, whither she had ordered her nurse before her, to get a pair of oars in readiness (for her fatigues the day before made her unable to bear a coach) ; and then she was rowed to Chelsea, where she breakfasted ; and after rowing about, put in at the Swan at Brentford Ait, where she dined ; and would have written, but had no conveniency either of tolerable pens, or ink, or private room ; and then proceeding to Richmond, they rowed her back to Mortlake ; where she put in, and drank tea at a

house her waterman recommended to her. She wrote there for an hour; and returned to the Temple; and, when she landed, made one of the watermen get her a chair, and so was carried to the widow's friend, as the night before; where she again met the widow, who informed her, that you had been after her twice that day.

Mrs. Lovick gave her there her sister's letter; and she was so much affected with the contents of it, that she was twice very nigh fainting away; and wept bitterly, as Mrs. Lovick told Mrs. Smith; dropping some warmer expressions than ever they had heard proceed from her lips, in relation to her friends; calling them cruel, and complaining of ill offices done her, and of vile reports raised against her.

While she was thus disturbed, Mrs. Smith came to her, and told her, that you had been there a third time, and was just gone (at half an hour after nine) having left word, how civil and respectful you would be; but that you was determined to see her at all events.

She said, it was hard she could not be permitted to die in peace: that her lot was a severe one: that she began to be afraid she should not forbear repining, and to think her punishment greater than her fault: but recalling herself immediately, she comforted herself that her life would be short, and with the assurance of a better.

By what I have mentioned, you will conclude with me, that the letter brought her by Mrs. Lovick (the superscription of which you saw to be written in her sister's hand) could not be the letter on the contents of which she grounded that she wrote to you, on her return home. And yet neither Mrs. Lovick, nor Mrs. Smith, nor the servant of the latter, know of any other brought her. But as the women assured me, that she actually did write to you, I was eased of a suspicion which I had begun to entertain, that you (for some purpose I could not guess at)

had forged the letter from her of which you sent me a copy.

On Wednesday morning, when she received your letter in answer to hers, she said, Necessity may well be called the mother of invention—but calamity is the test of integrity.—I hope I have not taken an inexcusable step—and there she stopped a minute or two; and then said, I shall now, perhaps, be allowed to die in peace.

I stayed till she came in. She was glad to see me; but, being very weak, said, she must sit down before she could go up stairs: and so went into the back shop; leaning upon Mrs. Lovick: and when she had sat down, I am glad to see you, Mr. Belford, said she; I must say so—let misreporters say what they will.

I wondered at this expression; but would not interrupt her.

Oh! sir, said she, I have been grievously harassed. Your friend, who would not let me live with reputation, will not permit me to die in peace. You see how I am. Is there not a great alteration in me within this week? But 'tis all for the better. Yet were I to wish for life, I must say, that your friend, your barbarous friend, has hurt me greatly.

She was so very weak, so short-breathed, and her words and actions so very moving, that I was forced to walk from her; the two women and her nurse turning away their faces also weeping.

I have had, madam, said I, since I saw you, a most shocking scene before my eyes for days together. My poor friend Belton is no more. He quitted the world yesterday morning in such dreadful agonies, that the impression they have left upon me, has so weakened my mind—

I was loth to have her think, that my grief was owing to the weak state I saw her in, for fear of dispiriting her.

That is only, Mr. Belford, interrupted she, in order to strengthen it, if a proper use be made of the impression. But I should be glad, since you are so humanely affected with the solemn circumstance, that you could have written an account of it to your gay friend, in the style and manner you are master of. Who knows, as it would have come from an associate and of an associate, how it might have affected him ?

That I had done, I told her, in such a manner as had, I believed, some effect upon you.

His behaviour in this honest family so lately, said she, and his cruel pursuit of me, give but little hope that anything serious or solemn will affect him.

We had some talk about Belton's dying behaviour, and I gave her several particulars of the poor man's impatience and despair ; to which she was very attentive, and made fine observations upon the subject of procrastination.

A letter and packet were brought her by a man on horseback from Miss Howe, while we were talking. She retired up stairs to read it ; and while I was in discourse with Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick, the doctor and apothecary both came in together. They confirmed to me my fears, as to the dangerous way she is in. They had both been apprised of the new instances of implacableness in her friends, and of your persecutions : and the doctor said, he would not for the world be either the unforgiving father of that lady, or the man who had brought her to this distress. Her heart's broken : she'll die, said he : there is no saving her. But how, were I either the one or the other of the people I have named, I should support myself afterwards, I cannot tell.

When she was told we were all three together, she desired us to walk up. She arose to receive us, and after answering two or three general questions relating to her health, she addressed herself to us, to the following effect.

As I may not, said she, see you three gentlemen together again, let me take this opportunity to acknowledge my obligations to you all. I am inexpressibly obliged to you, sir, and to you, sir, (curtsying to the doctor and to Mr. Goddard), for your more than friendly, your paternal care and concern for me. Humanity in your profession, I dare say, is far from being a rare qualification, because you are gentlemen by your profession : but so much kindness, so much humanity, did never desolate creature meet with, as I have met with from you both. But indeed I have always observed, that where a person relies upon Providence, it never fails to raise up a new friend for every old one that falls off.

This gentleman (bowing to me) who, some people think, should have been one of the last I should have thought of for my executor—is nevertheless (such is the strange turn that things have taken!) the only one I can choose ; and therefore I have chosen him for that charitable office, and he has been so good as to accept of it : for rich as I may boast myself to be, I am rather so in right, than in fact, at this present. I repeat therefore my humble thanks to you all three, and beg of God to return to you and yours (looking to each) an hundred-fold, the kindness and favour you have shown me. And God Almighty make you that amends which at present I cannot !

She retired from us to her closet with her eyes full; and left us looking upon one another.

We had hardly recovered ourselves, when she, quite easy, cheerful, and smiling, returned to us. Doctor, said she (seeing we had been moved) you will excuse me for the concern I give you ; and so will you, Mr. Goddard, and you, Mr. Belford ; for 'tis a concern that only generous natures can show ; and to such natures sweet is the pain, if I may so say, that attends such a concern. But as I have some few preparations still to make, and would not (though in ease of Mr. Belford's future cares, which is, and

ought to be, part of my study) undertake more than it is likely I shall have time lent me to perform, I would beg of you to give me your opinions (you see my way of living; and you may be assured, that I will do nothing wilfully to shorten my life) how long it may possibly be, before I may hope to be released from all my troubles.

They both hesitated, and looked upon each other. Don't be afraid to answer me, said she, each sweet hand pressing upon the arm of each gentleman, with that mingled freedom and reserve, which virgin modesty, mixed with conscious dignity, can only express, and with a look serenely earnest, tell me how long you think I may hold it? And believe me, gentlemen, the shorter you tell me my time is likely to be, the more comfort you will give me.

With what pleasing woe, said the doctor, do you fill the minds of those who have the happiness to converse with you, and see the happy frame you are in! What you have undergone within a few days past, has much hurt you: and should you have fresh troubles of those kinds, I could not be answerable for your holding it—and there he paused.

How long, doctor?—I believe I shall have a little more ruffling—I am afraid I shall—but there can happen only one thing that I shall not be tolerably easy under—how long then, sir?—

He was silent.

A fortnight, sir?

He was still silent.

Ten days?—A week?—How long, sir? with smiling earnestness.

If I must speak, madam, if you have not better treatment than you have lately met with, I am afraid—there again he stopped.

Afraid of what, doctor? Don't be afraid—how long, sir?

That a fortnight or three weeks may deprive the world of the finest flower in it.

A fortnight or three weeks yet, doctor !—but, God's will be done ! I shall, however, by this means, have full time, if I have but strength and intellect, to do all that is now upon my mind to do. And so, sirs, I can but once more thank you (turning to each of us) for all your goodness to me ; and, having letters to write, will take up no more of your time—only, doctor, be pleased to order me some more of those drops : they cheer me a little, when I am low ; and putting a fee into his unwilling hand—you know the terms, sir !—then, turning to Mr. Goddard, you'll be so good, sir, as to look in upon me to-night or to-morrow, as you have opportunity : and you, Mr. Belford, I know, will be desirous to set out to prepare for the last office for your late friend : so I wish you a good journey, and hope to see you when that is performed.

She then retired, with a cheerful and serene air. The two gentlemen went away together. I went down to the women, and, inquiring, found, that Mrs. Lovick was this day to bring her twenty guineas more, for some other of her apparel.

The widow told me, that she had taken the liberty to expostulate with her, upon the occasion she had for raising this money, to such great disadvantage ; and it produced the following short and affecting conversation between them.

None of my friends will wear anything of mine, said she. I shall leave a great many good things behind me.—And as to what I want the money for—don't be surprised :—but suppose I want it to purchase a house ?

You are all mystery, madam. I don't comprehend you.

Why, then, Mrs. Lovick, I will explain myself.—I have a man, not a woman, for my executor : and think you that I will leave to his care anything that concerns my own person ?—Now, Mrs. Lovick, smiling, do you comprehend me ?

Mrs. Lovick wept.

O fie! proceeded the lady, drying up her tears with her own handkerchief, and giving her a kiss—why this kind weakness for one, with whom you have been so little a while acquainted? Dear, good Mrs. Lovick, don't be concerned for me on a prospect with which I have occasion to be pleased; but go to-morrow to your friends, and bring me the money they have agreed to give you.

Thus, Lovelace, it is plain, that she means to bespeak her last house! Here's presence of mind; here's tranquillity of heart, on the most affecting occasion!—This is magnanimity indeed!—Couldst thou, or could I, with all our boisterous bravery, and offensive false courage, act thus?—Poor Belton! how unlike was thy behaviour!

Mrs. Lovick tells me, that the lady spoke of a letter she had received from her favourite divine Dr. Lewen, in the time of my absence; and of an answer she had returned to it. But Mrs. Lovick knows not the contents of either.

When thou receivest the letter I am now writing, thou wilt see what will soon be the end of all thy injuries to this divine lady. I say, when thou receivest it; for I will delay it for some little time, lest thou shouldst take it into thy head (under pretence of resenting the disappointment her letter must give thee) to molest her again.

This letter having detained me by its length, I shall not now set out for Epsom till to-morrow.

I should have mentioned, that the lady explained to me what the one thing was, that she was afraid might happen to ruffle her. It was the apprehension of what may result from a visit which Colonel Morden, as she is informed, designs to make you.

THE REV. DR. LEWEN TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Friday, August 18.

RESUMING, dearest and ever-respectable young lady, upon your former favour, and upon your opinion of my judgment and sincerity, I cannot help addressing you by a few lines, on your present unhappy situation.

What I principally write for now, is, to put you upon doing a piece of justice to yourself, and to your sex, in the prosecuting for his life (I am assured his life is in your power) the most profligate and abandoned of men, as he must be, who could act so basely, as I understand Mr. Lovelace has acted by you.

In a word, the reparation of your family dishonour now rests in your own bosom : and which only one of these two alternatives can repair ; to wit, either to marry the offender, or to prosecute him at law. Bitter expedients for a soul so delicate as yours !

He, and all his friends, I understand, solicit you to the first : and it is certainly, now, all the amends within his power to make. But I am assured, that you have rejected their solicitations, and his, with the indignation and contempt that his foul actions have deserved : but yet, that you refuse not to extend to him that Christian forgiveness he has so little reason to expect, provided he will not disturb you further.

But, madam, the prosecution I advise, will not let your present and future exemption from fresh disturbance from so vile a molester depend upon his courtesy : I should think so noble and so rightly-guided a spirit as yours, would not permit that it should, if you could help it.

And can indignities of any kind be properly pardoned till we have it in our power to punish them ? To pretend

to pardon, while we are labouring under the pain or dishonour of them, will be thought by some to be but the vaunted mercy of a pusillanimous heart, trembling to resent them. The remedy I propose, is a severe one; but what pain can be more severe than the injury? or how will injuries be believed to grieve us, that are never honourably complained of?

I am sure Miss Clarissa Harlowe, however injured and oppressed, remains unshaken in her sentiments of honour and virtue: and although she would sooner die than deserve that her modesty should be drawn into question, yet she will think no truth immodest that is to be uttered in the vindicated cause of innocence and chastity. Little, very little difference is there, my dear young lady, between a suppressed evidence, and a false one.

It is a terrible circumstance, I once more own, for a young lady of your delicacy, to be under the obligation of telling so shocking a story in public court: but it is still a worse imputation, that she should pass over so mortal an injury unresented.

Conscience, honour, justice, are on your side: and modesty would, by some, be thought but an empty name, should you refuse to obey their dictates.

I will only add, that the misfortunes which have befallen you, had they been the lot of a child of my own, could not have affected me more than yours have done. My own child I love: but I both love and honour you: since to love you, is to love virtue, good sense, prudence, and everything that is good and noble in woman.

Wounded as I think all these are by the injuries you have received, you will believe that the knowledge of your distresses must have afflicted, beyond what I am able to express,

Your sincere admirer, and humble servant,

ARTHUR LEWEN.

I just now understand, that your sister will, by proper authority, propose this prosecution to you. I humbly presume, that the reason why you resolved not upon this step from the first, was, that you did not know, that it would have the countenance and support of your relations.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO THE REV. DR. LEWEN.

Saturday, August 19.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I thought, till I received your affectionate and welcome letter, that I had neither father, uncle, brother left; nor hardly a friend among my former favourers of your sex. Yet, knowing you so well, and having no reason to upbraid myself with a faulty will, I was to blame (even although I had doubted the continuance of your good opinion) to decline the trial whether I had forfeited it or not; and if I had, whether I could not, honourably, reinstate myself in it.

But, sir, it was owing to different causes that I did not; partly to shame, to think how high, in my happier days, I stood in your esteem, and how much I must be sunk in it, since those so much nearer in relation to me gave me up; partly to deep distress, which makes the humbled heart diffident; and made mine afraid to claim the kindred mind in yours, which would have supplied to me in some measure all the dear and lost relations I have named.

These—but why these unavailing retrospections now?—I was to be unhappy—in order to be happy; that is my hope!—Resigning therefore to that hope, I will, without any further preamble, write a few lines (if writing to you, I can write but a few) in answer to the subject of your kind letter.

Permit me, then, to say, that I believe your arguments

would have been unanswerable in almost every other case of this nature, but in that of the unhappy Clarissa Harlowe.

It is certain, that creatures who cannot stand the shock of public shame, should be doubly careful how they expose themselves to the danger of incurring private guilt, which may possibly bring them to it. But as to myself, suppose there were no objections from the declining way I am in as to my health; and supposing I could have prevailed upon myself to appear against this man; were there not room to apprehend, that the end so much wished for by my friends (to wit, his condign punishment) would not have been obtained, when it came to be seen, that I had consented to give him a clandestine meeting; and, in consequence of that, had been weakly tricked out of myself; and further still, had not been able to avoid living under one roof with him for several weeks; which I did (not only without complaint, but) without cause of complaint.

Little advantage in a court (perhaps, bandied about, and jested profligately with) would some of those pleas in my favour have been, which out of court, and to a private and serious audience, would have carried the greatest weight against him—such, particularly, as the infamous methods to which he had recourse.

It would, no doubt, have been a ready retort from every mouth, that I ought not to have thrown myself into the power of such a man, and that I ought to take for my pains what had befallen me.

But had the prosecution been carried on to effect, and had he even been sentenced to death, can it be supposed, that his family would not have had interest enough to obtain his pardon, for a crime thought too lightly of, though one of the greatest that can be committed against a creature valuing her honour above her life?—While I had been censured as pursuing with sanguinary views a

man who offered me early all the reparation in his power to make ?

And had he been pardoned, would he not then have been at liberty to do as much mischief as ever ?

I dare say, sir, such is the assurance of the man upon whom my unhappy destiny threw me ; and such his inveteracy to my family (which would then have appeared to be justified by their known inveteracy to him, and by their earnest endeavours to take away his life) ; that he would not have been sorry to have had an opportunity to confront me, and my father, uncles, and brother, at the bar of a court of justice, on such an occasion. In which case, would not (on his acquittal, or pardon) resentments have been reciprocally heightened ? And then would my brother, or my cousin Morden, have been more secure than now ?

How do these considerations aggravate my fault ! My motives, at first, were not indeed blameable : but I had forgotten the excellent caution, which yet I was not ignorant of, that we ought not to do evil that good may come of it.

In full conviction of the purity of my heart, and of the firmness of my principles (why may I not, thus called upon, say what I am conscious of, and yet without the imputation of faulty pride ; since all is but a duty, and I should be utterly inexcusable, could I not justly say what I do ?—in this full conviction) he has offered me marriage. He has avowed his penitence : a sincere penitence I have reason to think it, though perhaps not a Christian one. And his noble relations (kinder to the poor sufferer than her own) on the same conviction, and his own not ungenerous acknowledgments, have joined to intercede with me to forgive and accept of him. Although I cannot comply with the latter part of their intercession, have not you, sir, from the best rules, and from the divinest example, taught me to forgive injuries ?

The injury I have received from him is indeed of the highest nature, and it was attended with circumstances of unmanly baseness, and premeditation ; yet, I bless God, it has not tainted my mind ; it has not hurt my morals. No thanks indeed to the wicked man that it has not. No vile courses have followed it. My will is unviolated. The evil (respecting myself, and not my friends) is merely personal. No credulity, no weakness, no want of vigilance, have I to reproach myself with. I have, through grace, triumphed over the deepest machinations. I have escaped from him. I have renounced him. The man whom once I could have loved, I have been enabled to despise : and shall not charity complete my triumph ? And shall I not enjoy it ?—And where would be my triumph, if he deserved my forgiveness ?—Poor man ! he has had a loss in losing me ! I have the pride to think so, because I think I know my own heart. I have had none in losing him !

I am sorry, sir, that your indisposition has reduced you to the necessity of writing upon your pillow. But how much am I obliged to that kind and generous concern for me, which has impelled you, as I may say, to write a letter, containing so many paternal lines, with such inconvenience to yourself !

My prayers for you are, that it will please God to restore you to your affectionate flock ; and after as many years of life as shall be for his service, and to your own comfort, give us a happy meeting in those regions of blessedness, which you have taught me, as well by example, as by precept, to aspire to !

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Monday, August 21.



ISTER CLARY,—I find by your letters to my uncles, that they, as well as I, are in great disgrace with you for writing our minds to you.

We can't help it, sister Clary.

You don't think it worth your while, I find, a second time to press for the blessing you pretend to be so earnest about. You think, no doubt, that you have done your duty in asking for it: so you'll sit down satisfied with that, I suppose, and leave it to your wounded parents to repent hereafter that they have not done theirs, in giving it to you, at the first word; and in making such inquiries about you, as you think ought to have been made. Fine encouragement to inquire after a runaway daughter! living with her fellow, as long as he would live with her! You repent also (with your full mind, as you modestly call it) that you wrote to me.

So we are not likely to be applied to any more, I find, in this way.

Well then, since this is the case, sister Clary, let me, with all humility, address myself with a proposal or two to you; to which you will be graciously pleased to give an answer.

Now you must know, that we have had hints given us from several quarters, that you have been used in such a manner by the villain you ran away with, that his life would be answerable for his crime, if it were fairly to be proved. And, by your own hints, something like it appears to us.

If, Clary, there be anything but jingle and affected period in what proceeds from your full mind, and your dutiful consciousness; and if there be truth in what Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Howe have acquainted us with; you may

yet justify your character to us, and to the world, in everything but your scandalous elopement; and the law may reach the villain: and, could we but bring him to the gallows, what a meritorious revenge would that be to our whole injured family, and to the innocents he has deluded, as well as the saving from ruin many others!

Let me, therefore, know (if you please) whether you are willing to appear to do yourself, and us, and your sex, this justice? If not, sister Clary, we shall know what to think of you; for neither you nor we can suffer more than we have done from the scandal of your fall: and, if you will, Mr. Ackland and Counsellor Derham will both attend you to make proper inquiries, and to take minutes of your story, to found a process upon, if it will bear one with as great a probability of success as we are told it may be prosecuted with.

But, by what Mrs. Howe intimates, this is not likely to be complied with; for it is what she hinted to you, it seems, by her lively daughter, but without effect; and then, again, possibly, you may not at present behave so prudently in some certain points, as to entitle yourself to public justice; which if true, the Lord have mercy upon you!

One word only more as to the above proposal:—Your admirer, Dr. Lewen, is clear in his opinion that you should prosecute the villain.

But if you will not agree to this, I have another proposal to make to you, and that in the name of every one in the family; which is, that you will think of going to Pennsylvania to reside there for some few years till all is blown over: and, if it please God to spare you, and your unhappy parents, till they can be satisfied, that you behave like a true and uniform penitent; at least till you are one-and-twenty; you may then come back to your own estate, or have the produce of it sent you thither, as you shall choose. A period which my father fixes, because it

is the custom ; and because he thinks your grandfather should have fixed it ; and because, let me add, you have fully proved by your fine conduct, that you were not at years of discretion at eighteen. Poor doting, though good old man !—your grandfather, he thought—but I would not be too severe.

Mr. Hartley has a widow sister at Pennsylvania, with whom he will undertake you may board, and who is a sober, sensible, and well-read woman. And if you were once well there, it would rid your father and mother of a world of cares, and fears, and scandal ; and I think is what you should wish for of all things.

Mr. Hartley will engage for all accommodations in your passage suitable to your rank and fortune ; and he has a concern in a ship, which will sail in a month ; and you may take your secret-keeping Hannah with you, or whom you will of your newer acquaintance. 'Tis presumed that your companions will be of your own sex.

These are what I had to communicate to you ; and if you'll oblige me with an answer (which the hand that conveys this will call for on Wednesday morning) it will be very condescending.

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE.

Tuesday, August 22.

WRITE to me, my hard-hearted sister, in what manner you please, I shall always be thankful to you for your notice. But (think what you will of me) I cannot see Mr. Ackland and the counsellor on such a business as you mention.

The Lord have mercy upon me indeed ! for none else will.

Surely I am believed to be a creature past all shame, or it could not be thought of sending two gentlemen to me on such an errand.

Had my mother required of me (or would modesty have permitted you to inquire into) the particulars of my sad story, or had Mrs. Norton been directed to receive them from me, methinks it had been more fit: and I presume to think, that it would have been more in every one's character too, had they been required of me before such heavy judgment had been passed upon me, as has been passed.

I know that this is Dr. Lewen's opinion. He has been so good as to enforce it in a kind letter to me. I have answered his letter; and given such reasons as I hope will satisfy him. I could wish it were thought worth while to request of him a sight of my answer.

To your other proposal, of going to Pennsylvania; this is my answer—if nothing happen within a month which may full as effectually rid my parents and friends of that world of cares, and fears, and scandals, which you mention, and if I am then able to be carried on board of ship, I will cheerfully obey my father and mother, although I were sure to die in the passage. And, if I may be forgiven for saying so (for indeed it proceeds not from a spirit of reprisal) you shall set over me, instead of my poor obliging, but really unculpable Hannah, your Betty Barnes; to whom I will be answerable for all my conduct. And I will make it worth her while to accompany me.

I am equally surprised and concerned at the hints which both you and my uncle Antony give of new points of misbehaviour in me!—What can be meant by them?

I will not tell you, Miss Harlowe, how much I am afflicted at your severity, and how much I suffer by it, and by your hard-hearted levity of style, because what I shall say may be construed into jingle and period, and because I know it is intended, very possibly for kind ends, to mortify me. All I will therefore say, is, that it does not lose its end, if that be it.

But, nevertheless (divesting myself as much as possible

of all resentment) I will only pray, that Heaven will give you, for your own sake, a kinder heart, than at present you seem to have ; since a kind heart, I am convinced, is a greater blessing to its possessor, than it can be to any other person. Under this conviction I subscribe myself, my dear Bella,

Your ever-affectionate sister,
CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MRS. NORTON TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Tuesday, August 22.

MY DEAREST YOUNG LADY,—The letters you sent me, I now return by the hand that brings you this.

It is impossible for me to express how much I have been affected by them, and by your last of the 17th. Indeed, my dear Miss Clary, you are very harshly used ; indeed, you are ! and if you should be taken from us, what grief and what punishment are they not treasuring up against themselves in the heavy reflections which their rash censures and unforgivingness will occasion them !

But I find to what your uncle Antony's cruel letter is owing, as well as one you will be still more afflicted by (God help you, my poor dear child !) when it comes to your hand, written by your sister, with proposals to you.

It was finished to send you yesterday, I know ; and I apprise you of it, that you should fortify your heart against the contents of it.

The motives, which incline them all to this severity, if well grounded, would authorise any severity they could express, and which, while they believe them to be so, both they and you are to be equally pitied.

They are owing to the information of that officious Mr. Brand, who has acquainted them (from some enemy of yours in the neighbourhood about you) that visits are

made you, highly censurable, by a man of a free character, and an intimate of Mr. Lovelace ; who is often in private with you sometimes twice or thrice a day.

Betty gives herself great liberties of speech upon this occasion, and all your friends are too ready to believe, that things are not as they should be ; which makes me wish, that, let the gentleman's views be ever so honourable, you could entirely drop acquaintance with him.

Something of this nature was hinted at by Betty to me before, but so darkly, that I could not tell what to make of it ; and this made me mention it to you so generally, as I did in my last.

Your cousin Morden has been among them. He is exceedingly concerned for your misfortunes ; and as they will not believe Mr. Lovelace would marry you, he is determined to go to Lord M.'s, in order to inform himself from Mr. Lovelace's own mouth, whether he intends to do you that justice or not.

He was extremely caressed by every one at his first arrival ; but I am told there is some little coldness between them and him at present.

I was in hopes of getting a sight of this letter of Mr. Brand (a rash officious man !) : but it seems Mr. Morden had it given him yesterday to read, and he took it away with him.

God be your comfort, my dear Miss ! but indeed I am exceedingly disturbed at the thoughts of what may still be the issue of all these things. I am, my beloved young lady,

Your most affectionate and faithful

JUDITH NORTON.

MISS CL. HARLOWE TO MRS. JUDITH NORTON.

Thursday, August 24.



AM very sorry, that my cousin Morden has taken a resolution to see Mr. Lovelace.

My apprehensions on this intelligence are a great abatement to the pleasure I have in knowing that he still loves me.

My sister's letter to me is a most afflicting one—so needlessly, so ludicrously taunting!—but for that part of it that is so, I ought rather to pity her, than to be so much concerned at it as I am.

I wonder what I have done to Mr. Brand—I pray God to forgive both him and his informants, whoever they be. But if the scandal arise solely from Mr. Belford's visits, a very little time will confute it. Meanwhile, the packet I shall send you, which I sent to Miss Howe, will I hope satisfy you, my dear Mrs. Norton, as to my reasons for admitting his visits.

My sister's taunting letter, and the inflexibleness of my dearer friends—but how do remoter-begun subjects tend to the point which lies nearest the heart!—as new-caught bodily disorders all crowd to a fractured or dis-tempered part.

I will break off, with requesting your prayers, that I may be blessed with patience and due resignation; and with assuring you, that I am, and will be to the last hour of my life,

Your equally grateful and affectionate

CL. HARLOWE.

MISS HOWE TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, August 23.



MY DEAREST FRIEND,—I have read the letters and copies of letters you favoured me with: and I return them by a particular hand.

I am extremely concerned at your indifferent state of health: but I approve of all your proceedings and precautions in relation to the appointment of Mr. Belford for an office, in which, I hope, neither he nor anybody else will be wanted to act, for many, very many years.

I admire, and so we do all, that greatness of mind which can make you so stedfastly despise (through such inducements as no other woman could resist, and in such desolate circumstances as you have been reduced to) the wretch that ought to be so heartily despised and detested.

What must the contents of those letters from your relations be, which you will not communicate to me!—fie upon them! how my heart rises!—but I dare say no more—though you yourself now begin to think they use you with great severity.

Everybody here is so taken with Mr. Hickman (and the more from the horror they conceive at the character of the detestable Lovelace) that I have been teased to death almost to name a day. This has given him airs; and, did I not keep him to it, he would behave as carelessly and as insolently as if he were sure of me. I have been forced to mortify him no less than four times since we have been here.

I made him lately undergo a severe penance for some negligences that were not to be passed over: not designed ones, he said: but that was a poor excuse, as I told him: for, had they been designed, he should never have come into my presence more: that they were not, showed his

want of thought and attention ; and those were inexcusable in a man only in his probatory state.

He hoped he had been more than in a probatory state, he said.

And therefore, sir, might be more careless!—so you add ingratitude to negligence, and make what you plead as accident, that itself wants an excuse, design, which deserves none.

I would not see him for two days, and he was so penitent, and so humble, that I had like to have lost myself, to make him amends : for as you have said, a resentment carried too high often ends in an amends too humble.

I long to be nearer to you : but that must not yet be, it seems. Pray, my dear, let me hear from you as often as you can.

May heaven increase your comforts, and restore your health, are the prayers of

Your ever faithful and affectionate

ANNA HOWE.

P.S. Excuse me that I did not write before : it was owing to a little coasting voyage I was obliged to give into.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE.

In this letter the lady acquaints Miss Howe with Mr. Brand's report ; with her sister's proposals either that she will go abroad, or prosecute Mr. Lovelace. She complains of the severe letters of her uncle Antony and her sister ; but in milder terms than they deserved.

She sends her Dr. Lewen's letter, and the copy of her answer to it.

She tells her of the difficulties she had been under to avoid seeing Mr. Lovelace. She gives her the contents of the letter she wrote to him to divert him

from his proposed visit : she is afraid, she says, that it is a step that is not strictly right, if allegory or metaphor be not allowable to one in her circumstances.

BUT were they ever so favourably inclined to me now, what can they do for me? I wish, and that for their sakes more than for my own, that they would yet relent—but I am very ill—I must drop my pen—a sudden faintness overspreads my heart—excuse my crooked writing!—adieu, my dear!—adieu!

Three o'clock, Friday.

Once more, I resume my pen. I thought I had taken my last farewell of you. I never was so very oddly affected: something that seemed totally to overwhelm my faculties—I don't know how to describe it—I believe I do amiss in writing so much, and taking too much upon me: but an active mind, though clouded by bodily illness, cannot be idle.

I'll see if the air, and a discontinued attention, will help me. But if it will not, don't be concerned for me, my dear. I shall be happy. Nay, I am more so already, than of late I thought I could ever be in this life.—Yet how this body clings!—How it incumbers!

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Monday Night, August 28.

DOUBT you will be all impatience, that you have not heard from me since mine of Thursday last. You would be still more so, if you knew that I had by me a letter ready written.

I went early yesterday morning to Epsom; and found everything disposed according to the directions I had left on Friday; and at night the solemn office was performed. Tourville was there; and behaved very decently, and with

greater concern than I thought he would ever have expressed for anybody.

I gave Tourville his twenty pounds, and will send you and Mowbray yours by the first order.

And so much for poor Belton's affairs till I see you.

I got to town in the evening, and went directly to Smith's. I found Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith in the back shop, and I saw they had been both in tears. They rejoiced to see me, however; and told me, that the doctor and Mr. Goddard were but just gone; as was also the worthy clergyman who often comes to pray by her; and all three were of opinion, that she would hardly live to see the entrance of another week. I was not so much surprised as grieved; for I had feared as much when I left her on Saturday.

I sent up my compliments; and she returned, that she would take it for a favour if I would call upon her in the morning, by eight o'clock. Mrs. Lovick told me, that she had fainted away on Saturday, while she was writing, as she had done likewise the day before; and having received benefit then by a little turn in a chair, she was carried abroad again. She returned somewhat better; and wrote till late; yet had a pretty good night; and went to Covent Garden Church in the morning: but came home so ill, that she was obliged to lie down.

She had a pretty good night, it seems; and this morning went in a chair to St. Dunstan's Church.

The chairmen told Mrs. Smith, that after prayers (for she did not return till between nine and ten) they carried her to a house in Fleet Street, whither they never waited on her before. And where dost think this was?—Why, to an undertaker's! Good Heaven! what a woman is this! She went into the back shop, and talked with the master of it about half-an-hour, and came from him with great serenity; he waiting upon her to her chair with a respectful countenance, but full of curiosity and seriousness.

It is evident, that she then went to bespeak her house that she talked of.—As soon as you can, sir, were her words to him as she got into the chair. Mrs. Smith told me this with the same surprise and grief that I heard it.

She was very ill in the afternoon, having got cold either at St. Dunstan's, or at chapel, and sent for the clergyman to pray by her; and the women, unknown to her, sent both for Dr. H. and Mr. Goddard: who were just gone, as I told you, when I came to pay my respects to her this evening.

And thus have I recounted from the good women what passed to this night since my absence.

I long for to-morrow, that I may see her: and yet 'tis such a melancholy longing, as I never experienced, and know not how to describe.

Tuesday Morning.

I was at Smith's at half-an-hour after seven. They told me that the lady was gone in a chair to St. Dunstan's; but was better than she had been in either of the two preceding days; and that she said to Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith, as she went into the chair, I have a good deal to answer for to you, my good friends, for my vapourish conversation of last night.

If, Mrs. Lovick, said she, smiling, I have no new matters to discompose me, I believe my spirits will hold out purely.

She returned immediately after prayers.

Mr. Belford, said she as she entered the back shop where I was (and upon my approaching her), I am very glad to see you. You have been performing for your poor friend a kind last office. It is not long ago since you did the same for a near relation. Is it not a little hard upon you, that these troubles should fall so thick to your lot? But they are charitable offices: and it is a praise to your humanity, that poor dying people know not where to choose so well.

I told her I was sorry to hear she had been so ill since I had the honour to attend her ; but rejoiced to find, that now she seemed a good deal better.

It will be sometimes better, and sometimes worse, replied she, with poor creatures, when they are balancing between life and death. But no more of these matters just now. I hope, sir, you'll breakfast with me. I was quite vapourish yesterday. I had a very bad spirit upon me. Had I not, Mrs. Smith ? But I hope I shall be no more so. And to-day I am perfectly serene. This day rises upon me as if it would be a bright one.

She desired me to walk up, and invited Mr. Smith and his wife, and Mrs. Lovick also, to breakfast with her. I was better pleased with her liveliness than with her looks.

The good people retiring after breakfast, the following conversation passed between us.

Pray, sir, let me ask you, said she, if you think I may promise myself that I shall be no more molested by your friend ?

I hesitated : for how could I answer for such a man ?

What shall I do, if he comes again ?—You see how I am.—I cannot fly from him now—if he has any pity left for the poor creature whom he has thus reduced, let him not come.—But have you heard from him lately ? And will he come ?

I hope not, madam. I have not heard from him since Thursday last, that he went out of town, rejoicing in the hopes your letter gave him of a reconciliation between your friends and you, and that he might in good time see you at your father's ; and he is gone down to give all his friends joy of the news, and is in high spirits upon it.

Alas for me ! I shall then surely have him come up to persecute me again ! As soon as he discovers that that was only a stratagem to keep him away, he will come up ; and who knows but even now he is upon the road ? I

thought I was so bad, that I should have been out of his and everybody's way before now ; for I expected not, that this contrivance would serve me above two or three days ; and by this time he must have found out, that I am not so happy as to have any hope of a reconciliation with my family ; and then he will come, if it be only in revenge for what he will think a deceit, but is not I hope a wicked one.

I believe I looked surprised to hear her confess that her letter was a stratagem only ; for she said, you wonder, Mr. Belford, I observe, that I could be guilty of such an artifice. I doubt it is not right : it was done in a hurry of spirits. How could I see a man who had so mortally injured me ; yet, pretending sorrow for his crimes (and wanting to see me) could behave with so much shocking levity, as he did to the honest people of the house ? Yet, 'tis strange too, that neither you nor he found out my meaning on perusal of my letter. You have seen what I wrote, no doubt ?

I have, madam. And then I began to account for it, as an innocent artifice.

Thus far indeed, sir, it is innocent, that I meant him no hurt, and had a right to the effect I hoped for from it ; and he had none to invade me. But have you, sir, that letter of his in which he gives you (as I suppose he does) the copy of mine ?

I have, madam. And pulled it out of my letter-case : but hesitating—nay, sir, said she, be pleased to read my letter to yourself—I desire not to see his—and see if you can be longer a stranger to a meaning so obvious.

I read it to myself—indeed, madam, I can find nothing but that you are going down to Harlowe Place to be reconciled to your father and other friends. And Mr. Lovelace presumed that a letter from your sister, which he saw brought when he was at Mr. Smith's, gave you the welcome news of it.

She then explained all to me, and that, as I may say, in six words—a religious meaning is couched under it, and that's the reason that neither you nor I could find it out.

Read but for my Father's house, heaven, said she, and for the interposition of my dear blessed friend, suppose the mediation of my Saviour (which I humbly rely upon); and all the rest of the letter will be accounted for. I hope (repeated she) that it is a pardonable artifice. But I am afraid it is not strictly right.

I read it so, and stood astonished for a minute at her invention, her piety, her charity, and at thine and mine own stupidity, to be thus taken in.

My surprise being a little over, she proceeded: as to the letter that came from my sister while your friend was here, you will soon see, sir, that it is the cruelest letter she ever wrote me.

And then she expressed a deep concern for what might be the consequence of Col. Morden's intended visit to you; and besought me, that if now, or at any time hereafter, I had opportunity to prevent any further mischief, without detriment or danger to myself, I would do it.

I assured her of the most particular attention to this and to all her commands; and that in a manner so agreeable to her, that she invoked a blessing upon me for my goodness, as she called it, to a desolate creature who suffered under the worst of orphanage; those were her words.

She then went back to her first subject, her uneasiness for fear of your molesting her again; and said, if you have any influence over him, Mr. Belford, prevail upon him, that he will give me the assurance, that the short remainder of my time shall be all my own. I have need of it. Indeed I have. Why will he wish to interrupt me in my duty? Has he not punished me enough for my preference of him to all his sex? Has he not destroyed my

fame and my fortune? And will not his causeless vengeance upon me be complete, unless he ruin my soul too? —Excuse me, sir, for this vehemence! But indeed it greatly imports me, to know that I shall be no more disturbed by him. And yet, with all this aversion, I would sooner give way to his visit, though I were to expire the moment I saw him, than to be the cause of any fatal misunderstanding between you and him.

I assured her, that I would make such a representation of the matter to you, and of the state of her health, that I would undertake to answer for you, that you would not attempt to come near her.

And for this reason, Lovelace, do I lay the whole matter before you, and desire you will authorise me, as soon as this and mine of Saturday last come to your hands, to dissipate her fears.

This gave her a little satisfaction; and then she said, that had I not told her that I could promise for you, she was determined, ill as she is, to remove somewhere out of my knowledge as well as out of yours. And yet, to have been obliged to leave people I am but just got acquainted with, said the poor lady, and to have died among perfect strangers, would have completed my hardships.

This conversation, I found, as well from the length, as the nature of it, had fatigued her; and seeing her change colour once or twice, I made that my excuse, and took leave of her: desiring her permission, however, to attend her in the evening; and as often as possible; for I could not help telling her, that every time I saw her, I more and more considered her as a beatified spirit; and as one sent from heaven to draw me after her out of the miry gulf in which I had been so long immersed.

And laugh at me if thou wilt; but it is true, that every time I approach her, I cannot but look upon her, as one just entering into a companionship with saints and angels. This thought so wholly possessed me, that I could not

help begging, as I went away, her prayers and her blessing ; with the reverence due to an angel.

In the evening, she was so low and weak, that I took my leave of her, in less than a quarter of an hour. I went directly home. Where, to the pleasure and wonder of my cousin and her family, I now pass many honest evenings : which they impute to your being out of town.

I long for the particulars of the conversation between you and Mr. Morden : the lady, as I have hinted, is full of apprehensions about it. Send me back this packet when perused ; for I have not had either time or patience to take a copy of it.—And I beseech you enable me to make good my engagements to the poor lady that you will not invade her again.

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Tuesday Morning, August 29.

NOW, Jack, will I give thee an account of what passed on occasion of the visit made us by Col. Morden.

He came on horseback, attended by one servant ; and Lord M. received him as a relation of Miss Harlowe's, with the highest marks of civility and respect.

After some general talk of the times, and of the weather, and such nonsense as Englishmen generally make their introductory topics to conversation, the Colonel addressed himself to Lord M. and to me, as follows :

I need not, my lord, and Mr. Lovelace, as you know the relation I bear to the Harlowe family, make any apology for entering upon a subject, which, on account of that relation, you must think is the principal reason of the honour I have done myself in this visit.

Miss Harlowe, Miss Clarissa Harlowe's affair, said Lord

M. with his usual forward bluntness. That, sir, is what you mean. She is, by all accounts, the most excellent woman in the world.

I am glad to hear that is your lordship's opinion of her. It is every one's.

It is not only my opinion, Col. Morden (proceeded the prating peer) but it is the opinion of all my family. Of my sisters, of my nieces, and of Mr. Lovelace himself.

Col. Would to heaven it had been always Mr. Lovelace's opinion of her.

Lovel. Miss Clarissa Harlowe was entitled, sir, to the best usage that man could give her. I have no scruple to own it. I will always do her the justice she so well deserves. I know what will be your inference; and have only to say, that time past cannot be recalled. Perhaps I wish it could.

The Colonel then in a very manly strain set forth the wickedness of attempting a woman of virtue and character. He said that men had generally too many advantages from the weakness, credulity, and inexperience of the fair sex: that their early learning, which chiefly consisted in inflaming novels, and idle and improbable romances, contributed to enervate and weaken their minds: that his cousin, however, he was sure, was above the reach of common seduction, and not to be influenced to the rashness her parents accused her of, by weaker motives than their violence, and the most solemn promises on my part: but, nevertheless, having those motives, and her prudence (eminent as it was) being rather the effect of constitution than experience (a fine advantage, however, he said, to ground an unblameable future life upon) she might not be apprehensive of bad designs, in a man she loved: it was, therefore, a very heinous thing to abuse the confidence of such a woman.

Now, sir, continued he, I believe you have so much honour as to own, that you could not have made way to

so eminent a virtue, without promising marriage ; and that very explicitly and solemnly—

I know very well, Colonel, interrupted I, all you would say. You will excuse me, I am sure, that I break in upon you, when you find it is to answer the end you drive at.

I own to you then, that I have acted very unworthily by Miss Clarissa Harlowe ; and I'll tell you further, that I heartily repent of my ingratitude and baseness to her. Nay, I will say still further, that I am so grossly culpable as to her, that even to plead, that the abuses and affronts I daily received from her implacable relations, were in any manner a provocation to me to act vilely by her, would be a mean and low attempt to excuse myself—so low and so mean, that it would doubly condemn me. And if you can say worse, speak it.

He looked upon Lord M. and then upon me, two or three times. And my lord said, my kinsman speaks what he thinks, I'll answer for him.

Lovel. I do, sir ; and what can I say more ? And what further, in your opinion, can be done ?

Col. Done! sir? Why, sir, (in a haughty tone he spoke) I need not tell you that reparation follows repentance. And I hope you make no scruple of justifying your sincerity as to the one, by the other.

I hesitated (for I relished not the manner of his speech, and his haughty accent) as undetermined whether to take proper notice of it, or not.

Col. Let me put this question to you, Mr. Lovelace : Is it true, as I have heard it is, that you would marry my cousin, if she would have you ?—What say you, sir ?—

This wound me up a peg higher.

Lovel. Some questions, as they may be put, imply commands, Colonel. I would be glad to know how I am to take yours ? and what is to be the end of your interrogatories ?

Col. My questions are not meant by me as commands,

Mr. Lovelace. The end is, to prevail upon a gentleman to act like a gentleman, and a man of honour.

Lovel. (*briskly*) And by what arguments, sir, do you propose to prevail upon me?

Col. By what arguments, sir, prevail upon a gentleman to act like a gentleman!—I am surprised at that question from Mr. Lovelace.

Lovel. Why so, sir?

Col. Why so, sir! (*angrily*)—let me—

Lovel. (*interrupting*) I don't choose, Colonel, to be repeated upon, in that accent.

Lord M. Come, come, gentlemen, I beg of you to be willing to understand one another. You young gentlemen are so warm—

Col. Not I, my lord—I am neither very young, nor unduly warm. Your nephew, my lord, can make me be everything he would have me to be.

Lovel. And that shall be, whatever you please to be, Colonel.

Col. (*fiercely*) The choice be yours, Mr. Lovelace. Friend or foe! as you do or are willing to do justice to one of the finest women in the world.

Lord M. (*interrupting*) We all allow the excellencies of the lady—and we shall all take it as the greatest honour to be allied to her that can be conferred upon us.

Col. So you ought, my lord!

A perfect Chamont! thought I.

Lord M. So we ought, Colonel! and so we do!—and pray let every one do as he ought!—and no more than he ought; and you, Colonel, let me tell you, will not be so hasty.

Lovel. (*coolly*) Come, come, Colonel Morden, don't let this dispute, whatever you intend to make of it, go farther than with you and me. You deliver yourself in very high terms. Higher than ever I was talked to in my life. But here, beneath this roof, 'twould be inexcusable for me to

take that notice of it, which perhaps it would become me to take elsewhere.

Col. This is spoken as I wish the man to speak, whom I should be pleased to call my friend, if all his actions were of a piece; and as I would have the man speak, whom I would think it worth my while to call my foe. I love a man of spirit, as I love my soul. But, Mr. Lovelace, as my lord thinks we aim at one mark, let me say, that were we permitted to be alone for six minutes, I dare say, we should soon understand one another perfectly well.—And he moved to the door.

Lovel. I am entirely of your opinion, sir; and will attend you.

My lord rung, and stepped between us: Colonel, return, I beseech you return, said he: for he had stepped out of the room, while my lord held me—nephew, you shall not go out.

The bell and my lord's raised voice brought in Mowbray, and Clements, my lord's gentleman; the former in his careless way, with his hands behind him, what's the matter, Bobby? what's the matter, my lord?

Only, only, only, stammered the agitated peer, these young gentlemen are, are, are—are young gentlemen, that's all.—Pray, Colonel Morden (who again entered the room with a sedate aspect) let this cause have a fair trial, I beseech you.

Col. With all my heart, my lord.

Mowbray whispered me, what is the cause, Bobby?—Shall I take the gentleman to task for thee, my boy?

Not for the world, whispered I. The Colonel is a gentleman, and I desire you'll not say one word.

Well, well, well, Bobby, I have done. I can turn thee loose to the best man upon God's earth, that's all, Bobby; strutting off to the other end of the room.

Col. I am sorry, my lord, I should give your lordship the least uneasiness. I came not with such a design.

Lord M. Indeed, Colonel, I thought you did, by your taking fire so quickly. I am glad to hear you say you did not. How soon a little spark kindles into a flame; especially when it meets with such combustible spirits!

Col. If I had had the least thought of proceeding to extremities, I am sure Mr. Lovelace would have given me the honour of a meeting where I should have been less an intruder: but I came with an amicable intention;—to reconcile differences, rather than to widen them.

Lovel. Well then, Colonel Morden, let us enter upon the subject in your own way. I don't know the man I should sooner choose to be upon terms with, than one whom Miss Clarissa Harlowe so much respects. But I cannot bear to be treated, either in word or accent, in a menacing way.

Lord M. Well, well, well, well, gentlemen, this is somewhat like. Angry men make to themselves beds of nettles, and when they lie down in them, are uneasy with everybody. But I hope you are friends. Let me hear you say you are. I am persuaded, Colonel, that you don't know all this unhappy story. You don't know how desirous my kinsman is, as well as all of us, to have this matter end happily. You don't know, do you, Colonel, that Mr. Lovelace, at all our requests, is disposed to marry the lady?

Col. At all your requests, my lord?—I should have hoped, that Mr. Lovelace was disposed to do justice for the sake of justice; and when at the same time the doing of justice was doing himself the highest honour.

Mowbray lifted up his before half-closed eyes to the Colonel, and glanced them upon me.

Lovel. This is in very high language, Colonel.

Mowbr. By my soul, I thought so.

Col. High language, Mr. Lovelace? Is it not just language?

Lovel. It is, Colonel. And I think, the man that does honour to Miss Clarissa Harlowe, does me honour. But,

nevertheless, there is a manner in speaking, that may be liable to exception, where the words, without that manner, can bear none.

Col. Your observation in the general is undoubtedly just: but if you have the value for my cousin, that you say you have, you must needs think—

Lovel. You must allow me, sir, to interrupt you—if I have the value I say I have—I hope, sir, when I say I have that value, there is no room for that if, pronounced as you pronounced it with an emphasis.

Col. You have broken in upon me twice, Mr. Lovelace. I am as little accustomed to be broken in upon, as you are to be repeated upon.

Lord M. Two barrels of gunpowder, by my conscience! What a devil will it signify talking, if thus you are to blow one another up at every wry word?

Lovel. Damn me, my lord, if I'd marry my empress upon such treatment as this.

Lord M. Why now, Bob, thou art more choleric than the Colonel. It was his turn just now. And now you see he is cool, you are all gunpowder.

Lovel. I own the Colonel has many advantages over me; but, perhaps, there is one advantage he has not, if it were put to the trial.

Col. I came not hither, as I said before, to seek the occasion: but if it be offered me, I won't refuse it.—And since we find we disturb my good Lord M. I'll take my leave, and will go home by the way of St. Alban's.

Lovel. I'll see you part of the way, with all my heart, Colonel.

Col. I accept your civility very cheerfully, Mr. Lovelace.

Lord M. (*interposing again, as we were both for going out*). And what will this do, gentlemen? Suppose you kill one another, will the matter be bettered or worsted by that? Will the lady be made happier or unhappier, do you think, by either or both of your deaths? Your cha-

racters are too well known to make fresh instances of the courage of either needful. And, I think, if the honour of the lady is your view, Colonel, it can be no other way so effectually promoted, as by marriage. And, sir, if you would use your interest with her, it is very probable, that you may succeed, though nobody else can.

Lovel. I think, my lord, I have said all that a man can say (since what is passed cannot be recalled); and you see Col. Morden rises in proportion to my coolness, till it is necessary for me to assert myself, or even he would despise me.

Lord M. Let me ask you, Colonel; have you any way, any method, that you think reasonable and honourable to propose, to bring about a reconciliation with the lady? That is what we all wish for. And I can tell you, sir, it is not a little owing to her family, and to their implacable usage of her, that her resentments are heightened against my kinsman; who, however, has used her vilely; but is willing to repair her wrongs.—

Lovel. Not, my lord, for the sake of her family; nor for this gentleman's haughty behaviour; but for her own sake, and in full sense of the wrongs I have done her.

Col. As to my haughty behaviour, as you call it, sir, I am mistaken if you would not have gone beyond it in the like case, of a relation so meritorious, and so unworthily injured. And, sir, let me tell you, that if your motives are not love, honour, and justice, and if they have the least tincture of mean compassion for her, or of an uncheerful assent on your part, I am sure it will neither be desired or accepted by a person of my cousin's merit and sense; nor shall I wish that it should.

Lovel. Don't think, Colonel, that I am meanly compounding off a debate, that I should as willingly go through with you as to eat or drink, if I have the occasion given me for it: but thus much I will tell you, that my lord, that Lady Sarah Sadleir, Lady Betty Lawrence,

my two cousins Montague, and myself, have written to her in the most solemn and sincere manner, to offer her such terms, as no one but herself would refuse, and this long enough before Col. Morden's arrival was dreamt of.

I then told him of my sincere offers of marriage: I made no difficulty, I said, to own my apprehensions, that my unhappy behaviour to her had greatly affected her: but that it was the implacableness of her friends that had thrown her into despair, and given her a contempt for life. I told him, That she had been so good, as to send me a letter to divert me from a visit my heart was set upon making her: a letter, on which I built great hopes, because she assured me in it, that she was going to her father's; and that I might see her there, when she was received, if it were not my own fault.

Col. Is it possible? And were you, sir, thus earnest? And did she send you such a letter?

Lord M. confirmed both; and also, that, in obedience to her desires, and that intimation, I had come down without the satisfaction I had proposed to myself in seeing her.

It is very true, Colonel, said I: and I should have told you this before: but your heat made me decline it; for, as I said, it had an appearance of meanly capitulating with you. An abjectness of heart, of which had I been capable, I should have despised myself as much as I might have expected you would despise me.

Lord M. proposed to enter into the proof of all this: he said, in his phraseological way, that one story was good, till another was heard: that the Harlowe family and I, it was true, had behaved like so many Orsons to one another; and that they had been very free with all our family besides: that nevertheless, for the lady's sake, more than for theirs, or even for mine (he could tell me) he would do greater things for me, than they could ask, if she could be brought to have me: and that this he

wanted to declare, and would sooner have declared, if he could have brought us sooner to patience, and a good understanding.

The Colonel made excuses for his warmth, on the score of his affection to his cousin.

My regard for her made me readily admit them : and so a fresh bottle of Burgundy, and another of Champagne, being put upon the table, we sat down in good humour, after all this blustering, in order to enter closer into the particulars of the case : which I undertook, at both their desires, to do.

I went back in this part of our conversation to the day that I was obliged to come down to attend my Lord, in the dangerous illness which some feared would have been his last.

I told the Colonel, what earnest letters I had written to a particular friend, to engage him to prevail upon the lady not to slip a day that had been proposed for the private celebration of our nuptials ; and of my letters written to herself on that subject ; for I had stepped to my closet, and fetched down all the letters and draughts and copies of letters relating to this affair.

I then read the copy of the letter (though so much to my disadvantage) which was written to her by Miss Charlotte Montague, Aug. 1, entreating her alliance in the names of all our family.

This made him ready to think, that his fair cousin carried her resentment against me too far. He did not imagine, he said, that either myself or our family had been so much in earnest.

I then hinted at the generous annual tender which Lord M. and his sisters made to his fair cousin, in apprehension that she might suffer by her friends' implacableness.

And this also the Colonel highly applauded, and was pleased to lament the unhappy misunderstanding between

the two families, which had made the Harlowes less fond of an alliance with a family of so much honour as this instance showed ours to be.

I then told him, That having, by my friend (meaning thee) who was admitted into her presence (and who had always been an admirer of her virtues, and had given me such advice from time to time in relation to her as I wished I had followed) been assured, that a visit from me would be very disagreeable to her, I once more resolved to try what a letter would do; and that, accordingly, on the 7th of August I wrote her one.

This, Colonel, is the copy of it. I was then out of humour with my Lord M. and the ladies of my family. You will therefore read it to yourself.

This letter gave him high satisfaction. You write here, Mr. Lovelace, from your heart. It is a letter full of penitence and acknowledgment. Your request is reasonable—to be forgiven only as you shall appear to deserve it after a time of probation, which you leave to her to fix. Pray, sir, did she return an answer to this letter?

She did, but with reluctance, I own, and not till I had declared by my friend, that if I could not procure one, I would go up to town, and throw myself at her feet.

I wish I might be permitted to see it, sir, or to hear such parts of it read, as you shall think proper.

Turning over my papers, Here it is, sir. I will make no scruple to put it into your hands.

This is very obliging, Mr. Lovelace.

He read it. My charming cousin!—How strong her resentments!—Yet how charitable her wishes! Good Heaven! that such an excellent creature—but, Mr. Lovelace, it is to your regret, as much as to mine, I doubt not—

Interrupting him, I swore that it was.

So it ought, said he. Nor do I wonder that it should be

so. I shall tell you by-and-by, proceeded he, how much she suffers with her friends by false and villanous reports. But, sir, will you permit me to take with me these two letters? I shall make use of them to the advantage of you both.

I told him, I would oblige him with all my heart. And this he took very kindly (as he had reason); and put them in his pocket-book, promising to return them in a few days.

I then told him, That upon this her refusal, I took upon myself to go to town, in hopes to move her in my favour; and that, though I went without giving her notice of my intention, yet had she got some notion of my coming, and so contrived to be out of the way: and at last, when she found I was fully determined at all events to see her, before I went abroad (which I shall do, said I, if I cannot prevail upon her) she sent me the letter I have already mentioned to you, desiring me to suspend my purposed visit: and that for a reason which amazes and confounds me; because I don't find there is anything in it: and yet I never knew her once dispense with her word; for she always made it a maxim, that it was not lawful to do evil, that good might come of it: and yet in this letter, for no reason in the world but to avoid seeing me (to gratify a humour only) has she sent me out of town, depending upon the assurance she had given me.

Col. This is indeed surprising. But I cannot believe that my cousin, for such an end only, or indeed for any end, according to the character I hear of her, should stoop to make use of such an artifice.

Lovel. This, Colonel, is the thing that astonishes me; and yet, see here!—This is the letter she wrote me—nay, sir, it is her own hand.

Col. I see it is; and a charming hand it is.

Lovel. You observe, Colonel, that all her hopes of reconciliation with her parents are from you. You are

her dear blessed friend! She always talked of you with delight.

Col. Would to Heaven I had come to England before she left Harlowe Place!—Nothing of this had then happened. Not a man of those whom I have heard that her friends proposed for her, should have had her. Nor you, Mr. Lovelace, unless I had found you to be the man every one who sees you, must wish you to be: and if you had been that man, no one living should I have preferred to you for such an excellence.

My lord and I both joined in the wish: and 'faith I wished it most cordially.

The Colonel read the letter twice over, and then returned it to me. It is all a mystery, said he. I can make nothing of it. For, alas! her friends are as averse to a reconciliation as ever.

Lord M. I could not have thought it. But don't you think there is something very favourable to my nephew in this letter—something that looks as if the lady would comply at last?

Col. Let me die if I know what to make of it. This letter is very different from her preceding one!—You returned an answer to it, Mr. Lovelace?

Lovel. An answer, Colonel! No doubt of it. And an answer full of transport. I told her, I would directly set out for Lord M.'s, in obedience to her will. I told her, that I would consent to anything she should command, in order to promote this happy reconciliation. I told her, that it should be my hourly study to the end of my life, to deserve a goodness so transcendent. But I cannot forbear saying, that I am not a little shocked and surprised, if nothing more be meant by it than to get me into the country without seeing her.

Col. That can't be the thing, depend upon it, sir. There must be more in it than that. For were that all, she must think you would soon be undeceived, and that you would

then most probably resume your intention—unless, indeed, she depended upon seeing me in the interim, as she knew I was arrived. But I own, I know not what to make of it. Only that she does me a great deal of honour, if it be me that she calls her blessed friend, whom she always loved and honoured. Indeed, I ever loved her: and if I die unmarried, and without children, shall be as kind to her, as her grandfather was: and the rather, as I fear that there is too much of envy and self-love in the resentments her brother and sister endeavour to keep up in her father and mother against her. But I shall know better how to judge of this, when my cousin James comes from Edinburgh; and he is every hour expected.

But let me ask you, Mr. Lovelace, what is the name of your friend, who is admitted so easily into my cousin's presence? Is it not Belford, pray?

Lovel. It is, sir; and Mr. Belford's a man of honour; and a great admirer of your fair cousin.

Was I right, as to the first, Jack? The last I have such strong proof of, that it makes me question the first; since she would not have been out of the way of my intended visit but for thee.

Col. Are you sure, sir, that Mr. Belford is a man of honour?

Lovel. I can swear for him, Colonel. What makes you put this question?

Col. Only this: that an officious pragmatistical novice has been sent up to inquire into my cousin's life and conversation: and, would you believe it? the frequent visits of this gentleman have been interpreted basely to her disreputation.—Read that letter, Mr. Lovelace; and you will be shocked at every part of it.

This cursed letter, no doubt, is from the young Levite, whom thou, Jack, describedst, as making inquiry of Mrs. Smith about Miss Harlowe's character and visitors.

I believe I was a quarter of an hour in reading it: for

I made it, though not a short one, six times as long as it is, by the additions of oaths and curses to every pedantic line. Lord M. too helped to lengthen it, by the like execrations. And thou, Jack, wilt have as much reason to curse it, as we.

You cannot but see, said the Colonel, when I had done reading it, that this fellow has been officious in his malevolence; for what he says is mere hearsay, and that hearsay conjectural scandal without fact, or the appearance of fact, to support it; so that an unprejudiced eye, upon the face of the letter, would condemn the writer of it, as I did, and acquit my cousin. But yet, such is the spirit by which the rest of my relations are governed, that they run away with the belief of the worst it insinuates, and the dear creature has had shocking letters upon it; the pedant's hints are taken; and a voyage to one of the colonies has been proposed to her, as the only way to avoid Mr. Belford and you. I have not seen these letters indeed; but they took a pride in repeating some of their contents, which must have cut the poor soul to the heart; and these, joined to her former sufferings—what have you not, Mr. Lovelace, to answer for?

Lovel. Who the devil could have expected such consequences as these? Who could have believed there could be parents so implacable? brother and sister so envious? and, give me leave to say, a lady so immoveably fixed against the only means that could be taken to put all right with everybody?—And what now can be done?

Lord M. I have great hopes that Colonel Morden may yet prevail upon his cousin. And by her last letter, it runs in my mind, that she has some thoughts of forgiving all that's past. Do you think, Colonel, if there should not be such a thing as a reconciliation going forward at present, that her letter may not imply, that if we could bring such a thing to bear with her friends, she would be reconciled to Mr. Lovelace?

Col. Such an artifice would better become the Italian subtlety than the English simplicity. Your lordship has been in Italy, I presume ?

Lovel. My lord has read Boccaccio, perhaps ; and that's as well, as to the hint he gives, which may be borrowed from one of that author's stories. But Miss Clarissa Harlowe is above all artifice. She must have some meaning I cannot fathom.

Col. Well, my lord, I can only say, that I will make some use of the letters Mr. Lovelace has obliged me with : and after I have had some talk with my cousin James, who is hourly expected ; and when I have dispatched two or three affairs that press upon me ; I will pay my respects to my dear cousin ; and shall then be able to form a better judgment of things. Mean time I will write to her ; for I have sent to inquire about her, and find she wants consolation.

Lovel. If you favour me, Colonel, with the damned letter of that fellow Brand for a day or two, you will oblige me.

Col. I will. But remember, the man is a parson, Mr. Lovelace ; an innocent one too, they say. Else I had been at him before now. And these college novices, who think they know everything in their cloisters, and that all learning lies in books, make dismal figures when they come into the world among men and women.

Lord M. Brand ! Brand ! It should have been fire-brand, I think in my conscience !

Thus ended this doughty conference.

I cannot say, Jack, but I am greatly taken with Colonel Morden. He is brave and generous, and knows the world ; and then his contempt of the parsons is a certain sign that he is one of us.

We parted with great civility : Lord M. (not a little pleased that we did, and as greatly taken with the Colonel) repeated his wish, after the Colonel was gone, that

he had arrived in time to save the lady ; if that would have done it.

I wish so too. For by my soul, Jack, I am every day more and more uneasy about her. But I hope she is not so ill as I am told she is.

I have made Charlotte transcribe the letter of this Firebrand, as my lord calls him ; and will inclose her copy of it. All thy phlegm I know will be roused into vengeance when thou readest it.

* * * * *

Returned without a letter!—This damned fellow Will is returned without a letter!—yet the rascal tells me that he hears you have been writing to me these two days!

Plague confound thee, who must know my impatience, and the reason for it!

To send a man and horse on purpose ; as I did ! My imagination chained to the belly of the beast, in order to keep pace with him !—Now he is got to this place ; now to that ; now to London ; now to thee !

Now (a letter given him) whip and spur upon the return. This town just entered, not staying to bait : that village passed by : leaves the wind behind him ; in a foaming sweat man and horse.

And in this way did he actually enter Lord M.'s courtyard.

The reverberating pavement brought me down.—The letter, Will !—The letter, dog !—The letter, sirrah !

No letter, sir !—Then wildly staring round me, fists clenched, and grinning like a maniac—Confound thee for a dog, and him that sent thee without one !—This moment out of my sight, or I'll scatter thy stupid brains through the air. I snatched from his holsters a pistol, while the rascal threw himself from the foaming beast, and ran to avoid the fate which I wished with all my soul thou hadst been within the reach of me to have met with.

Charlotte, in a whim of delicacy, is displeased that I

send the inclosed letter to you—that her handwriting, forsooth! should go into the hands of a single man!

There's encouragement for thee, Belford! This is a certain sign that thou mayst have her if thou wilt. And yet, till she had given me this unerring demonstration of her glancing towards thee, I could not have thought it. Indeed I have often in pleasantry told her, that I would bring such an affair to bear. But I never intended it; because she really is a dainty girl. And thou art such a clumsy fellow in thy person, that I should as soon have wished her a rhinoceros for an husband, as thee. But, poor little dears! they must stay till their time's come! They won't have this man, and they won't have that man, from seventeen to twenty-five: but then, afraid, as the saying is, that God has forgot them, and finding their bloom departing, they are glad of whom they can get, and verify the fable of the Parson and the Pears.

MR. BRAND TO JOHN HARLOWE, ESQ.



WORTHY SIR, MY VERY GOOD FRIEND AND PATRON,
—I arrived in town yesterday, after a tolerable pleasant journey (considering the hot weather, and dusty roads). I put up at the Bull and Gate in Holborn, and hastened to Covent Garden. I soon found the house where the unhappy lady lodgeth. And, in the back shop, had a good deal of discourse with Mrs. Smith (her landlady), whom I found to be so highly prepossessed in her favour, that I saw it would not answer your desires to take my informations altogether from her: and being obliged to attend my patron (who, to my sorrow,

Miserum est aliena vivere quadra,

I find wanteth much waiting upon, and is another sort of man than he was at college: for sir, inter nos, honours change manners. For the aforesaid causes), I thought it

would best answer all the ends of the commission with which you honoured me, to engage, in the desired scrutiny, the wife of a particular friend, who liveth almost over-against the house where she lodgeth, and who is a gentlewoman of character and sobriety, a mother of children, and one who knoweth the world well.

Accordingly, sir, I waited upon the gentlewoman aforesaid, this day ; and, to my very great trouble (because I know it will be to yours, and likewise to all your worthy family's) I must say, that I do find things look a little more darkly, than I hoped they would. For, alas ! sir, the gentlewoman's report turneth not out so favourable for Miss's reputation, as I wished, as you wished, and as every one of her friends wished. But so it is throughout the world, that one false step generally brings on another ; and peradventure a worse, and a still worse ; till the poor limed soul (a very fit epithet of the divine Quarles's !) is quite entangled, and (without infinite mercy) lost for ever.

It seemeth, sir, she is, notwithstanding, in a very ill state of health. In this, both gentlewomen (that is to say, Mrs. Smith her landlady, and my friend's wife) agree. Yet she goeth often out in a chair, to prayers (as it is said). But my friend's wife told me, that nothing is more common in London, than that the frequenting of the church at morning prayers is made the pretence and cover for private assignations. What a sad thing is this ! that what was designed for wholesome nourishment to the poor soul, should be turned into rank poison ! But as Mr. Daniel Defoe (an ingenious man, though a Dissenter) observeth (but indeed it is an old proverb ; only I think he was the first that put it into verse)

God never had a house of prayer,
But Satan had a chapel there.

Yet to do the lady justice, nobody cometh home with her : nor indeed can they, because she goeth forward and

backward in a sedan, or chair (as they call it). But then there is a gentleman of no good character (an intimado of Mr. Lovelace) who is a constant visitor of her, and of the people of the house, whom he regaleth and treateth, and hath (of consequence) their high good words.

I have thereupon taken the trouble (for I love to be exact in any commission I undertake) to inquire particularly about this gentleman, as he is called (albeit I hold no man so but by his actions: for, as Juvenal saith,

—Nobilitas sola est, atque unica virtus)

And this I did before I would sit down to write to you.

Forgive me, sir, for what I am going to write: but if you could prevail upon the rest of your family, to join in the scheme which you, and her virtuous sister, Miss Arabella, and the Archdeacon, and I, once talked of (which is to persuade the unhappy young lady to go, in some creditable manner, to some one of the foreign colonies) it might save not only her own credit and reputation, but the reputation and credit of all her family, and a great deal of vexation moreover. For it is my humble opinion, that you will hardly (any of you) enjoy yourselves while this (once innocent) young lady is in the way of being so frequently heard of by you.

You will forgive me, sir, for this my plainness. Ovid pleadeth for me.

—Adulator nullus amicus erit.

And I have no view but that of approving myself a zealous well-wisher to all your worthy family (whereto I owe a great number of obligations) and very particularly,
sir,

Your obliged and humble servant,

ELIAS BRAND.

Wednesday, August 9.

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Thursday, 11 o'clock, August 31.

I AM just come from the lady, whom I left cheerful and serene.

She was far from rejoicing, as I had done, at the disappointment her letter gave you when explained.

She said, she meant only an innocent allegory, which might carry instruction and warning to you, when the meaning was taken, as well as answer her own hopes for the time. It was run off in a hurry. She was afraid it was not quite right in her. But hoped the end would excuse (if it could not justify) the means. And then she again expressed a good deal of apprehension, lest you should still take it into your head to molest her, when her time, she said, was so short, that she wanted every moment of it; repeating what she had once said before, that when she wrote she was so ill, that she believed she should not have lived till now: if she had thought she should, she must have studied for an expedient that would have better answered her intentions. Hinting at a removal out of the knowledge of us both.

But she was much pleased that the conference between you and Colonel Morden, after two or three such violent sallies, as I acquainted her you had had between you, ended so amicably; and said she must absolutely depend upon the promise I had given her to use my utmost endeavours to prevent further mischief on her account.

She was pleased with the justice you did her character to her cousin.

She was glad to hear, that he had so kind an opinion of her, and that he would write to her.

I was under an unnecessary concern, how to break to her, that I had the copy of Brand's vile letter: unnecessary,

I say ; for she took it as an excuse she wished to have for the implacableness of her friends ; and begged I would let her read it herself ; for, said she, the contents cannot disturb me, be they what they will.

I gave it to her, and she read it to herself ; a tear now and then being ready to start, and a sigh sometimes interposing.

She gave me back the letter with great and surprising calmness, considering the subject.

There was a time, said she, and that not long since, when such a letter as this would have greatly pained me. But I hope I have now got above all these things : and I can refer to your kind offices, and to those of Miss Howe, the justice that will be done to my memory among my friends. There is a good and a bad light in which every thing that befalls us may be taken. If the human mind will busy itself to make the worst of every disagreeable occurrence, it will never want woe. This letter, affecting as the subject of it is to my reputation, gives me more pleasure than pain, because I can gather from it, that had not my friends been prepossessed by misinformed or rash and officious persons, who are always at hand to flatter or soothe the passions of the affluent, they could not have been so immoveably determined against me. But now they are sufficiently cleared from every imputation of unforgivingness ; for, while I appeared to them in the character of a vile hypocrite, pretending to true penitence, yet giving up myself to profligate courses, how could I expect either their pardon or blessing ?

This, Lovelace, is the woman whose life thou hast curtailed in the blossom of it !—How many opportunities must thou have had of admiring her inestimable worth, yet couldst have thy senses so much absorbed in the woman in her charming person as to be blind to the angel that shines out in such full glory in her mind ! Indeed, I have ever thought myself, when blest with her conversa-

tion, in the company of a real angel: and I am sure it would be impossible for me, were she to be as beautiful, and as crimsoned over with health, as I have seen her, to have the least thought of sex, when I heard her talk.

On my re-visit to the lady, I found her almost as much a sufferer from joy, as she had sometimes been from grief: for she had just received a very kind letter from her cousin Morden; which she was so good as to communicate to me. As she had already begun to answer it, I begged leave to attend her in the evening, that I might not interrupt her in it.

The letter is a very tender one.

But, alas! all will be now too late. For the decree is certainly gone out—the world is unworthy of her.

COLONEL MORDEN TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Tuesday, August 29.

I SHOULD not, my dearest cousin, have been a fortnight in England, without either doing myself the honour of waiting upon you in person, or of writing to you; if I had not been busying myself almost all the time in your service, in hopes of making my visit or letter still more acceptable to you—acceptable as I have reason to presume either will be from the unquestionable love I ever bore you, and from the esteem you always honoured me with.

I was yesterday with Mr. Lovelace and Lord M. I need not tell you, it seems, how very desirous the whole family and all the relations of that nobleman are of the honour of an alliance with you; nor how exceedingly earnest the ungrateful man is to make you all the reparation in his power.

I think, my dear cousin, that you cannot now do better than to give him the honour of your hand. He says such just and great things of your virtue, and so heartily con-

demns himself, that I think there is honourable room for you to forgive him : and the more room, as it seems you are determined against a legal prosecution.

Your effectual forgiveness of Mr. Lovelace, it is evident to me, will accelerate a general reconciliation : for, at present, my other cousins cannot persuade themselves, that he is in earnest to do you justice ; or that you would refuse him, if you believed he was.

But, my dear cousin, there may possibly be something in this affair, to which I may be a stranger. If there be, and you will acquaint me with it, all that a naturally warm heart can do in your behalf shall be done.

I hope I shall be able, in my next visits to my several cousins, to set all right with them. Haughty spirits, when convinced that they have carried resentments too high, want but a good excuse to condescend : and parents must always love the child they once loved.

But if I find them inflexible, I will set out, and attend you without delay ; for I long to see you, after so many years absence.

Meanwhile, I beg the favour of a few lines, to know if you have reason to doubt Mr. Lovelace's sincerity. For my part, I can have none, if I am to judge from the conversation that passed between us yesterday, in presence of Lord M.

You will be pleased to direct for me at your uncle Antony's.

Permit me, my dearest cousin, till I can procure a happy reconciliation between you and your father, and brother, and uncles, to supply the place to you of all those near relations, as well as that of

Your affectionate kinsman, and

humble servant,

WM. MORDEN.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO WM. MORDEN, ESQ.

Thursday, August 31.



MOST heartily congratulate you, dear sir, on your return to your native country.

I heard with much pleasure that you were come ; but I was both afraid and ashamed, till you encouraged me by a first notice, to address myself to you.

How consoling is it to my wounded heart to find, that you have not been carried away by that tide of resentment and displeasure with which I have been so unhappily overwhelmed—but that, while my still nearer relations have not thought fit to examine into the truth of vile reports raised against me, you have informed yourself of my innocence, and generously credited the information !

I have not the least reason to doubt Mr. Lovelace's sincerity in his offers of marriage : nor that all his relations are heartily desirous of ranking me among them. I have had noble instances of their esteem for me, on their apprehending that my father's displeasure must have subjected me to difficulties : and this, after I had absolutely refused their 'pressing solicitations in their kinsman's favour, as well as his own.

Nor think me, my dear cousin, blameable for refusing him. I had given Mr. Lovelace no reason to think me a weak creature. If I had, a man of his character might have thought himself warranted to endeavour to make ungenerous advantage of the weakness he had been able to inspire. The consciousness of my own weakness (in that case) might have brought me to a composition with his wickedness.

I can indeed forgive him. But that is, because I think

his crimes have set me above him. Can I be above the man, sir, to whom I shall give my hand and my vows; and with them a sanction to the most premeditated baseness? No, sir! Let me say, that your cousin Clarissa, were she likely to live many years, and that (if she married not this man) in penury or want, despised and forsaken by all her friends, puts not so high a value upon the conveniences of life, nor upon life itself, as to seek to re-obtain the one, or to preserve the other, by giving such a sanction: a sanction, which (were she to perform her duty) would reward the violator.

Nor is it so much from pride as from principle, that I say this. What, sir! when virtue, when chastity is the crown of a woman, and particularly of a wife, shall your cousin stoop to marry the man who could not form an attempt upon hers, but upon a presumption, that she was capable of receiving his offered hand, when he had found himself mistaken in the vile opinion he had conceived of her? Hitherto he has not had reason to think me weak. Nor will I give him an instance so flagrant, that weak I am, in a point in which it would be criminal to be found weak.

One day, sir, you will perhaps know all my story. But, whenever it is known, I beg, that the author of my calamities may not be vindictively sought after. He could not have been the author of them, but for a strange concurrence of unhappy causes. As the law will not be able to reach him when I am gone, the apprehension of any other sort of vengeance terrifies me: since, in such a case, should my friends be safe, what honour would his death bring to my memory?—If any of them should come to misfortune, how would my fault be aggravated!

God long preserve you, my dearest cousin, and bless you but in proportion to the consolation you have given me, in letting me know that you still love me; and that I have one near and dear relation who can pity and forgive

me (and then will you be greatly blessed—); is the prayer of

Your ever grateful and affectionate
CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Thursday, August 31.



I CANNOT but own, that I am cut to the heart by this Miss Harlowe's interpretation of her letter. She ought never to be forgiven. She, a meek person, and a penitent, and innocent, and pious, and I know not what, who can deceive with a foot in the grave!—

'Tis evident that she sat down to write this letter with a design to mislead and deceive. And if she be capable of that, at such a crisis, she has as much need of heaven's forgiveness, as I have of hers: and, with all her cant of charity and charity, if she be not more sure of it, than I am of her real pardon, and if she take the thing in the light she ought to take it in, she will have a few darker moments yet to come than she seems to expect.

Lord M. himself, who is not one of those (to speak in his own phrase) who can penetrate a millstone, sees the deceit, and thinks it unworthy of her; though my cousins Montague vindicate her. And no wonder: this cursed partial sex (I hate 'em all—by my soul, I hate 'em all!) will never allow anything against an individual of it, where ours is concerned. And why? Because, if they censure deceit in another, they must condemn their own hearts.

She is to send me a letter after she is in heaven, is she? The devil take such allegories: and the devil take thee for calling this absurdity an innocent artifice!

But, notwithstanding all, you may let her know from me, that I will not molest her, since my visits would be so

shocking to her : and I hope she will take this into her consideration as a piece of generosity which she could hardly expect after the deception she has put upon me. And let her further know, that if there be anything in my power, that will contribute either to her ease or honour, I will obey her, at the very first intimation, however disgraceful or detrimental to myself. All this, to make her unapprehensive, and that she may have nothing to pull her back.

I am now so impatient to hear oftener of her, that I take the hint accidentally given me by our two fellows meeting at Slough, and resolve to go to our friend Doleman's at Uxbridge ; whose wife and sister, as well as he, have so frequently pressed me to give them my company for a week or two. There shall I be within two hours' ride, if anything should happen to induce her to see me : for it will well become her piety, and avowed charity, should the worst happen (the Lord of heaven and earth, however, avert that worst !) to give me that pardon from her lips, which she has not denied me by pen and ink. And as she wishes my reformation, she knows not what good effects such an interview may have upon me.

I shall accordingly be at Doleman's to-morrow morning, by eleven at furthest. My fellow will find me there at his return from you (with a letter, I hope). I shall have Joel with me likewise, that I may send the oftener, as matters fall out. Were I to be still nearer, or in town, it would be impossible to withhold myself from seeing her.

But, if the worst happen !—as, by your continual knelling, I know not what to think of it !—Then say not, in so many dreadful words, what the event is—only, that you advise me to take a trip to Paris—and that will stab me to the heart.

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Thursday Night, August 31.



WHEN I concluded my last, I hoped, that my next attendance upon this surprising lady would furnish me with some particulars as agreeable as now could be hoped for from the declining way she is in, by reason of the welcome letter she had received from her cousin Morden. But it proved quite otherwise to me, though not to herself; for I think I never was more shocked in my life than on the occasion I shall mention presently.

When I attended her about seven in the evening, she told me, that she found herself in a very petulant way, after I had left her. Strange, said she, that the pleasure I received from my cousin's letter should have such an effect upon me! But I could not help giving way to a comparative humour, as I may call it, and to think it very hard, that my nearer relations did not take the methods, which my cousin Morden kindly took, by inquiring into my merit or demerit, and giving my cause a fair audit before they proceeded to condemnation.

She had hardly said this, when she started, and a blush overspread her sweet face, on hearing, as I also did, a sort of lumbering noise upon the stairs, as if a large trunk were bringing up between two people: and, looking upon me with an eye of concern, blunderers! said she, they have brought in something two hours before the time.—Don't be surprised, sir—it is all to save you trouble.

Before I could speak, in came Mrs. Smith: O madam, said she, what have you done?—Mrs. Lovick, entering, made the same exclamation. Lord have mercy upon me, madam, cried I, what have you done!—For, she stepping at the instant to the door, the women told me, it was a coffin.—O Lovelace! that thou hadst been there at the

moment!—Thou, the causer of all these shocking scenes! Surely thou couldst not have been less affected than I, who have no guilt, as to her, to answer for.

I have no mother, no sister, no Mrs. Norton, no Miss Howe, near me. Some of you must have seen this in a few days, if not now; perhaps have had the friendly trouble of directing it. And what is the difference of a few days to you, when I am gratified, rather than discomposed by it? I shall not die the sooner for such a preparation. Should not everybody that has anything to bequeath make their will? And who, that makes a will, should be afraid of a coffin?—My dear friends (to the women) I have considered these things; do not, with such an object before you as you have had in me for weeks, give me reason to think you have not.

How reasonable was all this!—It showed, indeed, that she herself had well considered it. But yet we could not help being shocked at the thoughts of the coffin thus brought in; the lovely person before our eyes, who is in all likelihood so soon to fill it.

We were all silent still, the women in grief, I in a manner stunned. She would not ask me, she said; but would be glad, since it had thus earlier than she had intended been brought in, that her two good friends would walk in and look upon it. They would be less shocked, when it was made more familiar to their eye: don't you lead back, said she, a starting steed to the object he is apt to start at, in order to familiarise him to it, and cure his starting? The same reason will hold in this case. Come, my good friends, I will lead you in.

I took my leave; telling her she had done wrong, very wrong; and ought not, by any means, to have such an object before her.

The women followed her in.—'Tis a strange sex! Nothing is too shocking for them to look upon, or see acted, that has but novelty and curiosity in it.

Down I posted ; got a chair ; and was carried home, extremely shocked and discomposed : yet, weighing the lady's arguments, I know not why I was so affected—except, as she said, at the unusualness of the thing.

While I waited for a chair, Mrs. Smith came down, and told me, that there were devices and inscriptions upon the lid. Lord bless me ! Is a coffin a proper subject to display fancy upon ?—But these great minds cannot avoid doing extraordinary things !

Friday Morning, September 1.

It is surprising, that I, a man, should be so much affected as I was, at such an object as is the subject of my former letter ; who also, in my late uncle's case, and poor Belton's, had the like before me, and the directing of it ; when she, a woman, of so weak and tender a frame, who was to fill it (so soon perhaps to fill it !) could give orders about it, and draw out the devices upon it, and explain them with so little concern as the women tell me she did to them last night after I was gone.

I really was ill, and restless all night. Thou wert the subject of my execration, as she of my admiration, all the time I was quite awake : and, when I dozed, I dreamt of nothing but of flying hour-glasses, death's-heads, spades, mattocks, and eternity ; the hint of her devices (as given me by Mrs. Smith) running in my head.

However, not being able to keep away from Smith's, I went thither about seven. The lady was just gone out : she had slept better, I found, than I, though her solemn repository was under her window not far from her bed-side.

I was prevailed upon by Mrs. Smith and her nurse Shelburne (Mrs. Lovick being abroad with her) to go up and look at the devices. Mrs. Lovick has since shewn me a copy of the draught by which all was ordered. And I will give thee a sketch of the symbols.

The principal device, neatly etched on a plate of white metal, is a crowned serpent, with its tail in its mouth, forming a ring, the emblem of eternity : and in the circle made by it is this inscription :

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

APRIL X.

[Then the year]

ÆTAT. XIX.

For ornaments : at top, an hour-glass winged. At bottom, an urn.

Under the hour-glass, on another plate, this inscription :
Here the wicked cease from troubling : and here the weary be at rest.
Job. iii. 17.

Over the urn, near the bottom :

Turn again unto thy rest, O my soul ! for the Lord hath rewarded thee :
and why ? Thou hast delivered my soul from death ; mine eyes from
tears ; and my feet from falling. Ps. cxvi. 7, 8.

Over this text is the head of a white lily snapt short off, and just falling from the stalk ; and this inscription over that, between the principal plate and the lily :

The days of man are but as grass. For he flourisheth as a flower of the
field : for as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone ; and the place
thereof shall know it no more. Ps. ciii. 15, 16.

She excused herself to the women, on the score of her youth, and being used to draw for her needleworks, for having shown more fancy than would perhaps be thought suitable on so solemn an occasion.

The date, April 10, she accounted for, as not being able to tell what her closing-day would be ; and as that was the fatal day of her leaving her father's house.

She discharged the undertaker's bill after I went away, with as much cheerfulness as she could ever have paid for the clothes she sold to purchase this her palace : for such she called it ; reflecting upon herself for the expensiveness



of it, saying, that they might observe in her, that pride left no poor mortals to the last : but indeed she did not know but her father would permit it, when furnished, to be carried down to be deposited with her ancestors ; and, in that case, she ought not to discredit those ancestors in her appearance amongst them.

It is covered with fine black cloth, and lined with white satin ; soon, she said, to be tarnished by viler earth than any it could be covered by.

The burial dress was brought home with it. The women had curiosity enough, I suppose, to see her open that, if she did open it.—And, perhaps, thou wouldst have been glad to have been present, to have admired it too !—

Mrs. Lovick said, she took the liberty to blame her ; and wished the removal of such an object—from her bed-chamber, at least : and was so affected at the noble answer she made upon it, that she entered it down the moment she left her.

To persons in health, said she, this sight may be shocking ; and the preparation, and my unconcernedness in it, may appear affected : but to me, who have had so gradual a weaning-time from the world, and so much reason not to love it, I must say, I dwell on, I indulge (and, strictly speaking, I enjoy) the thoughts of death. For, believe me (looking stedfastly at the awful receptacle) ; believe what at this instant I feel to be most true, that there is such a vast superiority of weight and importance in the thought of death, and its hoped-for happy consequences, that it in a maner annihilates all other considerations and concerns. Believe me, my good friends, it does what nothing else can do : it teaches me, by strengthening in me the force of the Divinest Example, to forgive the injuries I have received ; and shuts out the remembrance of past evils from my soul.

And now let me ask thee, Lovelace, dost thou think, that, when the time shall come that thou shalt be obliged

to launch into the boundless ocean of eternity, thou wilt be able (any more than poor Belton) to act thy part with such true heroism, as this sweet and tender blossom of a woman has manifested, and continues to manifest !

O no ! it cannot be !—and why cannot it be ?—the reason is evident : she has no wilful errors to look back upon with self-reproach—and her mind is strengthened by the consolations which flow from that religious rectitude which has been the guide of all her actions ; and which has taught her rather to choose to be a sufferer, than an aggressor !

This was the support of the divine Socrates, as thou hast read. When led to execution, his wife lamenting that he should suffer being innocent, Thou fool, said he, wouldst thou wish me to be guilty ?

I could not close my letter in such an uncertainty as must have added to your impatience. For you have, on several occasions, convinced me, that the suspense you love to give, would be the greatest torment to you that you could receive. A common case with all aggressive and violent spirits, I believe. I will just mention then (your servant waiting here till I have written) that the lady has had two very severe fits : in the last of which whilst she lay, they sent to the doctor and Mr. Goddard, who both advised, that a messenger should be dispatched for me, as her executor ; being doubtful, whether, if she had a third, it would not carry her off.

She was tolerably recovered by the time I came ; and the doctor made her promise before me, that, while she was so weak, she would not attempt any more to go abroad ; for, by Mrs. Lovick's description, who attended her, the shortness of her breath, her extreme weakness, and the fervour of her devotions when at church, were contraries, which, pulling different ways (the soul aspiring, the body sinking) tore her tender frame in pieces.

A letter from Miss Howe is just now brought by a

particular messenger, who says he must carry back a few lines in return. But, as the lady is just retired to lie down, the man is to call again by-and-by.

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Uxbridge, September 1.

SEND you the papers with this. You must account to me honestly and fairly when I see you for the earnestness with which you write for them. And then also will we talk about the contents of your last dispatch, and about some of your severe and unfriendly reflections.

Mean time, whatever thou dost, don't let the wonderful creature leave us! set before her the sin of her preparation, as if she thought she could depart when she pleased. She'll persuade herself, at this rate, that she has nothing to do, when all is ready, but to lie down, and go to sleep: and such a lively fancy as hers will make a reality of a jest at any time.

A jest, I call all that has passed between her and me; a mere jest to die for—for has not her triumph over me, from first to last, been infinitely greater than her sufferings from me!

Tell the doctor, I will make over all my possessions, and all my reversions, to him, if he will but prolong her life for one twelvemonth to come. But for one twelvemonth, Jack!—he will lose all his reputation with me, and I shall treat him as Belton did his doctor, if he cannot do this for me, on so young a subject. But nineteen, Belford!—nineteen cannot so soon die of grief, if the doctor deserve that name; and so blooming and so fine a constitution as she had but three or four months ago!

But what need the doctor to ask her leave to write to her friends? Could he not have done it, without letting her know anything of the matter? that was one of the

likeliest means that could be thought of, to bring some of them about her, since she is so desirous to see them. At least, it would have induced them to send up her favourite Norton. But these plaguy solemn fellows are great traders in parade. They'll cram down your throat their poisonous drugs by wholesale, without asking you a question ; and have the assurance to own it to be prescribing : but, when they are to do good, they are to require your consent.

After all, as I am so little distant from the dear creature, and as she is so very ill, I think I cannot excuse myself from making her one visit. Nevertheless, if I thought her so near—(what word shall I use, that my soul is not shocked at !) and that she would be too much discomposed by a visit ; I would not think of it.—Yet how can I bear the recollection, that, when she last went from me (her innocence so triumphant over my premeditated guilt, as was enough to reconcile her to life, and to set her above the sense of injuries so nobly sustained, that) she should then depart with an incurable fracture in her heart ; and that that should be the last time I should ever see her !—How, how, can I bear this reflection !

O Jack ! how my conscience, that gives edge even to thy blunt reflections, tears me !—Even this moment would I give the world to push the cruel reproacher from me by one ray of my usual gaiety !—Sick of myself !—Sick of the remembrance of my vile plots ; and of my light, my momentary ecstasy (villanous burglar, felon, thief, that I was !) which has brought upon me such durable and such heavy remorse ! What would I give that I had not been guilty of such barbarous and ungrateful perfidy to the most excellent of God's creatures !

I would end, methinks, with one sprightlier line !—But it will not be.—Let me tell thee then, and rejoice at it if thou wilt, that I am

Inexpressibly miserable !

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Saturday Morning, September 2.

HAVE some little pleasure given me by thine, just now brought me. I see now that thou hast a little humanity left. Would to heaven, for the dear lady's sake, as well as for thy own, that thou hadst rummaged it up from all the dark forgotten corners of thy soul a little sooner!

The lady is alive, and serene, and calm, and has all her noble intellects clear and strong: but nineteen will not however save her. She says, she will now content herself with her closet-duties, and the visits of the parish minister; and will not attempt to go out. Nor, indeed, will she, I am afraid, ever walk up or down a pair of stairs again.

I am sorry at my soul to have this to say: but it would be a folly to flatter thee.

As to thy seeing her, I believe the least hint of that sort, now, would cut off some hours of her life.

What has contributed to her serenity, it seems, is, that, taking the alarm her fits gave her, she has entirely finished, and signed and sealed, her last will: which she had deferred doing till this time, in hopes, as she said, of some good news from Harlowe Place; which would have induced her to alter some passages in it.

Miss Howe's letter was not given her till four in the afternoon, yesterday; at what time the messenger returned for an answer. She admitted him into her presence in the dining-room, ill as she then was; and she would have written a few lines, as desired by Miss Howe; but, not being able to hold a pen, she bid the messenger tell her, that she hoped to be well enough to write a long letter by the next day's post; and would not now detain him.

I called just now, and found the lady writing to Miss Howe. She made me a melancholy compliment, that she

showed me not Miss Howe's letter, because I should soon have that and all her papers before me. But she told me, that Miss Howe had very considerably obviated to Colonel Morden several things which might have occasioned misapprehensions between him and me; and had likewise put a lighter construction, for the sake of peace, on some of your actions, than they deserved.

She added, that her cousin Morden was warmly engaged in her favour with her friends: and one good piece of news Miss Howe's letter contained; that her father would give up some matters, which (appertaining to her of right) would make my executorship the easier in some particulars that had given her a little pain.

She owned she had been obliged to leave off (in the letter she was writing) through weakness.

Will says, he shall reach you to-night. I shall send in the morning; and if I find her not worse, will ride to Edgware, and return in the afternoon.

MISS HOWE TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Tuesday, August 29.

MY DEAREST FRIEND, — We are at length returned to our own home. I had intended to wait on you in London: but my mother is very ill—alas! my dear, she is very ill indeed—and you are likewise very ill—I see that by yours of the 25th—what shall I do, if I lose two such near, and dear, and tender friends? She was taken ill yesterday at our last stage in our return home—and has a violent surfeit and fever, and the doctors are doubtful about her.

If she should die, how will all my pertnesses to her fly in my face!—Why, why, did I ever vex her? She says I have been all duty and obedience!—She kindly forgets all my faults, and remembers everything I have been so

happy as to oblige her in. And this cuts me to the heart.

I see, I see, my dear, you are very bad—and I cannot bear it. Do, my beloved Miss Harlowe, if you can be better, do, for my sake, be better; and send me word of it. Let the bearer bring me a line. Be sure you send me a line.

Wednesday Morning.

My mother, heaven be praised! has had a fine night, and is much better. Her fever has yielded to medicine! And now I can write once more with freedom and ease to you, in hopes that you also are better. If this be granted to my prayers, I shall again be happy. I write with still the more alacrity, as I have an opportunity given me to touch upon a subject in which you are nearly concerned.

You must know then, my dear, that your cousin Morden has been here with me. He told me of an interview he had on Monday at Lord M.'s with Lovelace; and asked me abundance of questions about you, and about that villanous man.

I could have raised a fine flame between them if I would: but, observing that he is a man of very lively passions, and believing you would be miserable if anything should happen to him from a quarrel with a man who is known to have so many advantages at his sword, I made not the worst of the subjects we talked of. But, as I could not tell untruths in his favour, you must think I said enough to make him curse the wretch.

I don't find, well as they all used to respect Colonel Morden, that he has influence enough upon them to bring them to any terms of reconciliation.

What can they mean by it!—But your brother is come home, it seems: so, the honour of the house, the reputation of the family, is all the cry!

The Colonel is exceedingly out of humour with them

all. Yet has he not hitherto, it seems, seen your brutal brother.—I told him how ill you were, and communicated to him some of the contents of your letter. He admired you, cursed Lovelace, and raved against all your family.—He declared, that they were all unworthy of you.

He says, that none of your friends think you so ill as you are ; nor will believe it. He is sure they all love you, and that dearly too.

If they do, their present hardness of heart will be the subject of everlasting remorse to them should you be taken from us—but now it seems (barbarous wretches !) you are to suffer within an inch of your life.

He asked me questions about Mr. Belford : and when he had heard what I had to say of that gentleman, and his disinterested services to you, he raved at some villanous surmises thrown out against you by that officious pedant, Brand : who, but for his gown, I find, would come off poorly enough between your cousin and Lovelace.

He was so uneasy about you himself, that on Thursday the 24th he sent up an honest serious man, one Alston, a gentleman farmer, to inquire of your condition, your visitors, and the like ; who brought him word, that you was very ill, and was put to great straits to support yourself : but as this was told him by the gentlewoman of the house where you lodge, who it seems mingled with it some tart, though deserved, reflections upon your relations' cruelty, it was not credited by them : and I myself hope it cannot be true ; for surely you could not be so unjust, I will say, to my friendship, as to suffer any inconveniences for want of money. I think I could not forgive you, if it were so.

The Colonel (as one of your trustees) is resolved to see you put into possession of your estate : and, in the meantime, he has actually engaged them to remit to him for you the produce of it accrued since your grandfather's death (a very considerable sum) ; and proposes himself to

attend you with it. But, by a hint he dropped, I find you had disappointed some people's littleness, by not writing to them for money and supplies; since they were determined to distress you, and to put you at defiance.

Like all the rest!—I hope I may say that without offence.

Your cousin imagines, that, before a reconciliation takes place, they will insist, that you shall make such a will, as to that estate, as they shall approve of: but he declares, he will not go out of England till he has seen justice done you by everybody; and that you shall not be imposed on either by friend or foe—

Thursday, August 31.

The Colonel thought fit once, in praise of Lovelace's generosity, to say, that (as a man of honour ought) he took to himself all the blame, and acquitted you of the consequences of the precipitate step you had taken; since, he said, as you loved him, and was in his power, he must have had advantages, which he would not have had, if you had continued at your father's, or at any friend's.

Mighty generous, I said (were it as he supposed) in such insolent reflecters, the best of them; who pretend to clear reputations which never had been sullied but by falling into their dirty acquaintance! But in this case, I averred, that there was no need of anything but the strictest truth, to demonstrate Lovelace to be the blackest of villains, you the brightest of innocents.

This he caught at; and swore, that if anything uncommon or barbarous in the seduction were to come out, as indeed one of the letters you had written to your friends, and which had been shown him, very strongly implied; that is to say, my dear, if anything worse than perjury, breach of faith, and abuse of a generous confidence, were to appear!—(sorry fellows!) he would avenge his cousin to the utmost.

I urged your apprehensions on this head from your last letter to me: but he seemed capable of taking what I know to be real greatness of soul, in an unworthy sense: for he mentioned directly upon it, the expectation your friends had, that you should (previous to any reconciliation with them) appear in a court of justice against the villain—if you could do it with the advantage to yourself that I hinted might be done.

And truly, if I would have heard him, he had indelicacy enough to have gone into the nature of the proof of the crime upon which they wanted to have Lovelace arraigned. Yet this is a man improved by travel and learning!—Upon my word, my dear, I who have been accustomed to the most delicate conversation ever since I had the honour to know you, despise this sex from the gentleman down to the peasant.

Upon the whole, I find that Mr. Morden has a very slender notion of women's virtue, in particular cases: for which reason I put him down, though your favourite, as one who is not entitled to cast the first stone.

I prepared Mr. Morden to expect your appointment of Mr. Belford for an office that we both hope he will have no occasion to act in (nor anybody else) for many, very many years to come. He was at first startled at it: but, upon hearing such of your reasons as had satisfied me, he only said, that such an appointment, were it to take place, would exceedingly affect his other cousins.

He told me, he had a copy of Lovelace's letter to you, imploring your pardon, and offering to undergo any penance to procure it; and also of your answer to it.

I find he is willing to hope, that a marriage between you may still take place; which, he says, will heal up all breaches.

I will dispatch these by Rogers; and if my mother gets well soon (as I hope she will) I am resolved to see you in town, and tell you everything that now is upon my mind;

and particularly, mingling my soul with yours, how much I am, and will ever be, my dearest, dear friend,

Your affectionate

ANNA HOWE.

Let Rogers bring one line, I pray you. I thought to have sent him this afternoon; but he cannot set out till to-morrow morning early.

I cannot express how much your staggering lines, and your conclusion, affect me!

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Sunday Evening, September 3.

I WONDER not at the impatience your servant tells me you express to hear from me. I was designing to write you a long letter, and was just returned from Smith's for that purpose; but, since you are so urgent, you must be contented with a short one.

I attended the lady this morning, just before I set out for Edgware. She was so ill over-night, that she was obliged to leave unfinished her letter to Miss Howe. But early this morning she made an end of it, and had just sealed it up as I came. She was so fatigued with writing, that she told me she would lie down after I was gone, and endeavour to recruit her spirits.

They had sent for Mr. Goddard, when she was so ill last night; and not being able to see him out of her own chamber, he, for the first time, saw her house, as she calls it. He was extremely shocked and concerned at it; and chid Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick for not persuading her to have such an object removed from her bedchamber: and when they excused themselves on the little authority it was reasonable to suppose they must have with a lady so much their superior, he reflected warmly on those who had more authority, and who left her to proceed with such a shocking and solemn whimsy, as he called it.

It is placed near the window, like a harpsichord, though covered over to the ground: and when she is so ill, that she cannot well go to her closet, she writes and reads upon it, as others would upon a desk or table. But (only as she was so ill last night) she chooses not to see anybody in that apartment.

I went to Edgware; and, returning in the evening, attended her again. She had a letter brought her from Mrs. Norton (a long one, as it seems by its bulk) just before I came. But she had not opened it; and said, that as she was pretty calm and composed, she was afraid to look into the contents, lest she should be ruffled; expecting, now, to hear of nothing that could do her good or give her pleasure from that good woman's dear hard-hearted neighbours, as she called her own relations.

Seeing her so weak and ill, I withdrew; nor did she desire me to tarry, as sometimes she does, when I make a motion to depart.

The doctor told Mrs. Smith, that he believed she would hold out long enough for any of her friends to have notice of her state, and to see her, and hardly longer; and since he could not find, that she had any certainty of seeing her cousin Morden (which made it plain that her relations continued inflexible) he would go home, and write a letter to her father, take it as she would.

She had spent great part of the day in intense devotions; and to-morrow morning she is to have with her the same clergyman who has often attended her; from whose hands she will again receive the sacrament.

Thou seest, Lovelace, that all is preparing, that all will be ready; and I am to attend her to-morrow afternoon, to take some instructions from her in relation to my part in the office to be performed for her. And thus, omitting the particulars of a fine conversation between her and Mrs. Lovick, which the latter acquainted me with, as well as another between her and the doctor and apothecary,

which I had a design this evening to give you, they being of a very affecting nature, I have yielded to your impatience.

I shall dispatch Harry to-morrow morning early with her letter to Miss Howe: an offer she took very kindly; as she is extremely solicitous to lessen that young lady's apprehensions for her on not hearing from her by Saturday's post: and yet, if she write truth, as no doubt but she will, how can her apprehensions be lessened?

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE.

Saturday, September 2.



WRITE my beloved Miss Howe, though very ill still: but I could not by the return of your messenger; for I was then unable to hold a pen.

Your mother's illness (as mentioned in the first part of your letter) gave me great distress for you, till I read farther. You bewailed it as it became a daughter so sensible. May you be blessed in each other for many, very many, happy years to come! I doubt not, that even this sudden and grievous indisposition, by the frame it has put you in, and the apprehension it has given you of losing so dear a mother, will contribute to the happiness I wish you: for, alas! my dear, we seldom know how to value the blessings we enjoy, till we are in danger of losing them, or have actually lost them: and then, what would we give to have them restored to us!

Poor Mr. Brand! he meant well, I believe. I am afraid all will turn heavily upon him, when he probably imagined, that he was taking the best method to oblige. But were he not to have been so light of belief, and so weakly officious; and had given a more favourable, and, it would be strange if I could not say, a juster report; things would have been, nevertheless, exactly as they are.

I must lay down my pen. I am very ill. I believe I

shall be better by-and-by. The bad writing would betray me, although I had a mind to keep from you, what the event must soon—

Now I resume my trembling pen. Excuse the unsteady writing. It will be so—

I have wanted no money: so don't be angry about such a trifle as money. Yet am I glad of what you inclined me to hope, that my friends will give up the produce of my grandfather's estate since it has been in their hands: because, knowing it to be my right, and that they could not want it, I had already disposed of a good part of it; and could only hope they would be willing to give it up at my last request. And now how rich shall I think myself in this my last stage!—And yet I did not want before—indeed I did not—for who, that has many superfluities, can be said to want!

In the disposition of what belongs to me, I have endeavoured to do everything in the justest and best manner I could think of; putting myself in my relations' places, and, in the greater points, ordering my matters, as if no misunderstanding had happened.

I hope they will not think much of some bequests where wanted, and where due from my gratitude: but if they should, what is done, is done; and I cannot now help it. Yet I must repeat, that I hope, I hope, I have pleased every one of them. For I would not, on any account, have it thought, that, in my last disposition, anything undaughterly, unsisterly, or unlike a kinswoman, should have had place in a mind that is so truly free (as I will presume to say) from all resentment, that it now overflows with gratitude and blessings for the good I have received, although it be not all that my heart wished to receive. Were it even an hardship that I was not favoured with more, what is it but an hardship of half-a-year, against the most indulgent goodness of eighteen years and a half, that ever was shown to a daughter?

My cousin, you tell me, thinks I was off my guard, and that I was taken at some advantage. Indeed, my dear, I was not. Indeed I gave no room for advantage to be taken of me. I hope, one day, that will be seen, if I have the justice done me which Mr. Belford assures me of.

I am very glad you gave my cous—

Hither I had written, and was forced to quit my pen. And so much weaker and worse I grew, that had I resumed it, to have closed here, it must have been with such trembling unsteadiness, that it would have given you more concern for me, than the delay of sending it away by last night's post can do. I deferred it therefore, to see how it would please God to deal with me. And I find myself, after a better night than I expected, lively and clear; and hope to give you a proof that I do, in the continuation of my letter, which I will pursue as currently as if I had not left off.

I am glad you so considerably gave my cousin Morden favourable impressions of Mr. Belford; since, otherwise, some misunderstanding might have happened between them: for although I hope this Mr. Belford is an altered man, and in time will be a reformed one, yet is he one of those high spirits that has been accustomed to resent imaginary indignities to himself, when, I believe, he has not been studious to avoid giving real offences to others; men of this cast acting as if they thought all the world was made to bear with them, and they with nobody in it.

Mr. Lovelace, you tell me, thought fit to entrust my cousin with the copy of his letter of penitence to me, and with my answer to it, rejecting him and his suit: and Mr. Belford moreover acquaints me, how much concerned Mr. Lovelace is for his baseness, and how freely he accused himself to my cousin. This shows, that the true bravery of spirit is to be above doing a vile action; and that nothing subjects the human mind to so much meanness, as the consciousness of having done wilful wrong to our

fellow-creatures. How low, how sordid, are the submissions which elaborate baseness compels! That that wretch could treat me as he did, and then could so poorly creep to me for forgiveness of crimes so wilful, so black, and so premeditated! How my soul despised him for his meanness on a certain occasion, of which you will one day be informed! And him whose actions one's heart despises, it is far from being difficult to reject, had one ever so partially favoured him once.

Yet am I glad this violent spirit can thus creep; that, like a poisonous serpent, he can thus coil himself, and hide his head in his own narrow circlets; because this stooping, this abasement, gives me hope that no further mischief will ensue.

All my apprehension is, what may happen when I am gone; lest then my cousin, or any other of my family, should endeavour to avenge me, and risk their own more precious lives on that account.

I must conclude—

God for ever bless you, and all you love and honour, and reward you here and hereafter for your kindness to

Your ever-obliged and affectionate

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MRS. NORTON TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Thursday, August 31.

HAD written sooner, my dearest young lady, but that I have been endeavouring ever since the receipt of your last letter, to obtain a private audience of your mother, in hopes of leave to communicate it to her. But last night I was surprised by an invitation to breakfast at Harlowe Place this morning: and the chariot came early to fetch me: an honour I did not expect.

When I came, I found there was to be a meeting of all your family with Colonel Morden at Harlowe Place;

and it was proposed by your mother, and consented to, that I should be present. Your cousin, I understand, had with difficulty brought this meeting to bear; for your brother had before industriously avoided all conversation with him on the affecting subject; urging, that it was not necessary to talk to Mr. Morden upon it, who, being a remoter relation than themselves, had no business to make himself a judge of their conduct to their daughter, their niece, and their sister; especially as he had declared himself in her favour; adding, that he should hardly have patience to be questioned by Mr. Morden on that head.

I was in hopes that your mother would have given me an opportunity of talking with her alone before the company met; but she seemed studiously to avoid it: I dare say, however, not with her inclination.

I was ordered in just before Mr. Morden came; and was bid to sit down—which I did in the window.

The Colonel, when he came, began the discourse, by renewing, as he called it, his solicitations in your favour. He set before them your penitence; your ill health; your virtue, though once betrayed, and basely used: he then read to them Mr. Lovelace's letter, a most contrite one indeed; and your high-souled answer; for that was what he justly called it; and he treated as it deserved Mr. Brand's officious information (of which I had before heard he had made them ashamed) by representations founded upon enquiries made by Mr. Alston, whom he had procured to go up on purpose to acquaint himself with your manner of life, and what was meant by the visits of that Mr. Belford.

He then told them, that he had the day before waited upon Miss Howe, and had been shown a letter from you to her, and permitted to take some memorandums from it, in which you appeared, both by handwriting, and the contents, to be so very ill, that it seemed doubtful to him,

if it were possible for you to get over it. And when he read to them that passage, where you ask Miss Howe, What can be done for you now, were your friends to be ever so favourable? and wish, for their sakes, more than for your own, that they would still relent; and then say, you are very ill—you must drop your pen—and ask excuse for your crooked writing; and take, as it were, a last farewell of Miss Howe: Adieu, my dear, adieu, are your words;

O my child! my child! said your mamma, weeping, and clasping her hands.

Dear madam, said your brother, be so good as to think you have more children than this ungrateful one.

Yet your sister seemed affected.

Your uncle Harlowe wiping his eyes, O cousin, said he, if one thought the poor girl was really so ill——

She must, said your uncle Antony. This is written to her private friend. God forbid she should be quite lost!

Your uncle Harlowe wished they did not carry their resentments too far.

I begged for God's sake, wringing my hands, and with a bended knee, that they would permit me to go up to you; engaging to give them a faithful account of the way you were in. But I was chidden by your brother; and this occasioned some angry words between him and Mr. Morden.

I believe, sir, I believe, madam, said your sister to her father and mother, we need not trouble my cousin to read any more. It does but grieve and disturb you. My sister Clary seems to be ill: I think, if Mrs. Norton were permitted to go up to her, it would be right. Wickedly as she has acted, if she be truly penitent——

Here she stopped; and every one being silent, I stood up once more, and besought them to let me go: and

then I offered to read a passage or two in your letter to me of the 24th. But I was taken up again by your brother; and this occasioned still higher words between the Colonel and him.

Your mother, hoping to gain upon your inflexible brother, and to divert the anger of the two gentlemen from each other, proposed that the Colonel should proceed in reading the minutes he had taken from your letter.

He accordingly read, of your resuming your pen: that you thought you had taken your last farewell; and the rest of that very affecting passage, in which you are obliged to break off more than once, and afterwards to take an airing in a chair. Your brother and sister were affected at this; and he had recourse to his snuff-box. And where you comfort Miss Howe, and say, you shall be happy; it is more, said he, than she will let anybody else be.

Your sister called you sweet soul; but with a low voice: then grew hard-hearted again; yet said, nobody could help being affected by your pathetic grief—but that it was your talent.

Your uncles were also both affected:—but your brother went round to each; and again reminded your mother, that she had other children: what was there, he said, in what was read, but the result of the talent you had of moving the passions? And he blamed them for choosing to hear read what they knew their abused indulgence could not be proof against.

This set Mr. Morden up again: Fie upon you, cousin Harlowe! said he—I see plainly to whom it is owing that all relationship and ties of blood with regard to this sweet sufferer are laid aside. Such rigours as these make it difficult for a sliding virtue ever to recover itself.

Your brother pretended the honour of the family; and declared, that no child ought to be forgiven who aban-

done the most indulgent of parents against warning, against the light of knowledge, as you had done.

But, sir and ladies, said I, rising from my seat in the window, and humbly turning round to each, if I may be permitted to speak, my dear Miss asks only for a blessing. She does not beg to be received to favour : she is very ill, and asks only for a last blessing.

Come, come, Goody Norton (I need not tell you who said this) you are up again with your lamentables!—a good woman, as you are, to forgive so readily a crime that has been as disgraceful to your part in her education, as to her family, is a weakness that would induce one to suspect your virtue, if you were to be encountered by a temptation properly adapted.

By some such charitable logic, said Mr. Morden, as this, is my cousin Arabella captivated, I doubt not. If to be uncharitable and unforgiving, is to give a proof of virtue, you, Mr. James Harlowe, are the most virtuous young man in the world.

I knew how it would be, replied your brother in a passion, if I met Mr. Morden upon this business. I would have declined it : but you, sir, to his father, would not permit me so to do.

But, sir, turning to the Colonel, in no other presence—

Then, cousin James, interrupted the other gentleman, that which is your protection, it seems, is mine. I am not used to bear defiances thus—you are my cousin, sir—and the son and nephew of persons as dear as near to me—there he paused.

Are we, said your father, to be made still more unhappy among ourselves, when the villain lives that ought to be the object of every one's resentment who has either a value for the family or for this ungrateful girl?

That's the man, said your cousin, whom last Monday, as you know, I went purposely to make the object of

mine. But what could I say, when I found him so willing to repair his crime?—And I give it as my opinion, and have written accordingly to my poor cousin, that it is best for all round, that his offer should be accepted: And let me tell you——

Tell me nothing, said your father, quite enraged, of that very vile fellow! I have a riveted hatred to him. I would rather see the rebel die a hundred deaths, were it possible, than that she should give such a villain as him a relation to my family.

Well, but there is no room to think, said your mother, that she will give us such a relation, my dear. The poor girl will lessen, I fear, the number of our relations; not increase it. If she be so ill as we are told she is, let us send Mrs. Norton up to her—that's the least we can do—Let us take her, however, out of the hands of that Belford.

Both your uncles supported this motion; the latter part of it especially.

Your brother observed, in his ill-natured way, what a fine piece of consistency it was, in you, to refuse the vile injurer, and the amends he offered; yet to throw yourself upon the protection of his fast friend.

Miss Harlowe was apprehensive, she said, that you would leave all you could leave to that pert creature Miss Howe (so she called her) if you should die.

O do not, do not suppose that, my Bella, said your poor mother. I cannot think of parting with my Clary—with all her faults, she is my child—her reasons for her conduct are not heard. It would break my heart to lose her. I think, my dear, to your father, none so fit as I to go up, if you will give me leave: and Mrs. Norton shall accompany me.

This was a sweet motion; and your father paused upon it. Mr. Morden offered his service to escort her. Your uncles seemed to approve of it. But your brother dashed

all. I hope, sir, said he, to his father ; I hope, madam, to his mother ; that you will not endeavour to recover a faulty daughter, by losing an unculpable son. I do declare, that if ever my sister Clary darkens these doors again, I never will. I will set out, madam, the same hour you go to London (on such an errand) to Edinburgh ; and there I will reside ; and try to forget that I have relations in England so near and so dear as you are now all to me.

Good God ! said the Colonel, what a declaration is this ! —And suppose, sir, and suppose, madam (turning to your father and mother) this should be the case, whether is it better, think you, that you should lose for ever such a daughter as my cousin Clary, or that your son should go to Edinburgh, and reside there upon an estate which will be the better for his residence upon it ?—

Your brother's passionate behaviour hereupon is hardly to be described. He resented it, as promoting an alienation of the affection of the family to him. And to such a height were resentments carried, every one siding with him, that the Colonel, with hands and eyes lifted up, cried out, What hearts of flint am I related to !—O cousin Harlowe, to your father, are you resolved to have but one daughter ? are you, madam, to be taught by a son who has no bowels to forget that you are a mother ?

The Colonel turned from them to draw out his handkerchief, and could not for a moment speak. The eyes of every one, but the hard-hearted brother, caught tears from his.

But then turning to them (with the more indignation, as it seemed, as he had been obliged to show a humanity, which, however, no brave heart should be ashamed of) I leave ye all, said he, fit company for one another. I will never open my lips to any of you more upon this subject. I will instantly make my will, and in me shall the dear creature have the father, uncle, brother, she has

lost. I will prevail upon her to take the tour of France and Italy with me ; nor shall she return till ye know the value of such a daughter.

And saying this, he hurried out of the room, went into the courtyard, and ordered his horse.

Mr. Antony Harlowe went to him there, just as he was mounting ; and said, he hoped he should find him cooler in the evening (for he till then had lodged at his house) ; and that then they would converse calmly ; and every one, mean time, would weigh all matters well— But the angry gentleman said, Cousin Harlowe, I shall endeavour to discharge the obligations I owe to your civility, since I have been in England : but I have been so treated by that hot-headed young man (who, as far as I know, has done more to ruin his sister than Lovelace himself, and this with the approbation of you all) that I will not again enter into your doors, or theirs. My servants shall have orders whether to bring what belongs to me from your house. I will see my dear cousin Clary as soon as I can. And so God bless you all together !—Only this one word to your nephew, if you please, that he wants to be taught the difference between courage and bluster ; and it is happy for him, perhaps, that I am his kinsman ; though I am sorry that he is mine.

I wondered to hear your uncle, on his return to them all, repeat this ; because of the consequences it may be attended with, though I hope it will not have bad ones : yet it was considered as a sort of challenge, and so it confirmed everybody in your brother's favour : and Miss Harlowe forgot not to inveigh against that error which had brought on all these evils.

I took the liberty again, but with fear and trembling, to desire leave to attend you.

Before any other person could answer, your brother said, I suppose you look upon yourself, Mrs. Norton, to be your own mistress. Pray do you want our consents and court-

ship to go up?—If I may speak my mind, you and my sister Clary are the fittest to be together.—Yet I wish you would not trouble your head about our family matters, till you are desired to do so.

But don't you know, brother, said Miss Harlowe, that the error of any branch of a family splits that family into two parties, and makes not only every common friend and acquaintance, but even servants, judges over both?—This is one of the blessed effects of my sister Clary's fault!

There never was a creature so criminal, said your father, looking with displeasure at me, who had not some weak heads to pity and side with her.

I wept. Your mother was so good as to take me by the hand: come, good woman, said she, come along with me. You have too much reason to be afflicted with what afflicts us, to want additions to your grief.

Your mother led me to her chamber; and there we sat and wept together for several minutes, without being able to speak either of us one word to the other. At last she broke silence; asking me, if you were really and indeed so ill, as it was said you were?

I answered in the affirmative; and would have shown her your last letter; but she declined seeing it.

She said, she was very unhappy!—She had lost the little authority she once had over her other children, through one child's failing; and all influence over Mr. Harlowe and his brothers. Your father, she said, had besought her to leave it to him to take his own methods with you; and (as she valued him) to take no step in your favour unknown to him and your uncles: yet she owned, that they were too much governed by your brother. They would, however, give way in time, she knew, to a reconciliation: they designed no other; for they all still loved you.

Your brother and sister, she owned, were very jealous of your coming into favour again: yet, could but Mr.

Morden have kept his temper, and stood her son's first sallies, who (having always had the family grandeur in view) had carried his resentment so high, that he knew not how to descend, the conferences, so abruptly broken off just now, would have ended more happily; for that she had reason to think, that a few concessions on your part, with regard to your grandfather's estate, and your cousin's engaging for your submission as from proper motives, would have softened them all.

Mr. Brand's account of your intimacy with the friend of the obnoxious man, she said, had, for the time, very unhappy effects; for before that she had gained some ground: but afterwards dared not, nor indeed had inclination, to open her lips in your behalf. Your continued intimacy with that Mr. Belford was wholly unaccountable, and as wholly inexcusable.

She wished you would put yourself into your cousin's protection entirely, and have nothing more to say to Mr. Belford.

And I would recommend it to your most serious consideration, my dear Miss Clary, whether now, as your cousin (who is your trustee for your grandfather's estate) is come, you should not give over all thoughts of Mr. Lovelace's intimate friend for your executor; more especially, as that gentleman's interfering in the concerns of your family, should the sad event take place (which my heart aches but to think of) might be attended with those consequences which you are so desirous, in other cases, to obviate and prevent. And suppose, my dear young lady, you were to write one letter more to each of your uncles, to let them know how ill you are?—and to ask their advice, and offer to be governed by it, in relation to the disposition of your estate and effects?—methinks I wish you would.

I find they will send you up a large part of what has been received from that estate, since it was yours; together

with your current cash, which you left behind you: and this by your cousin Morden, for fear you should have contracted debts which may make you uneasy.

They seem to expect, that you will wish to live at your grandfather's house, in a private manner, if your cousin prevail not upon you to go abroad for a year or two.

Betty was with me just now. She tells me, that your cousin Morden is so much displeased with them all, that he has refused to lodge any more at your uncle Antony's; and has even taken up with inconvenient lodgings, till he is provided with others to his mind. This very much concerns them; and they repent their violent treatment of him: and the more, as he is resolved, he says, to make you his sole executrix, and heir to all his fortune.

What noble fortunes still, my dearest young lady, await you! I am thoroughly convinced, if it please God to preserve your life and your health, that everybody will soon be reconciled to you, and that you will see many happy days.

Your mother wished me not to attend you as yet, because she hopes that I may give myself that pleasure soon with everybody's good liking, and even at their desire. Your cousin Morden's reconciliation with them, which they are very desirous of, I am ready to hope, will include theirs with you.

But if that should happen which I so much dread, and I not with you, I should never forgive myself. Let me, therefore, my dearest young lady, desire you to command my attendance, if you find any danger, and if you wish me peace of mind; and no consideration shall withhold me.

I hear, that Miss Howe has obtained leave from her mother to see you; and intends next week to go to town for that purpose; and (as it is believed) to buy clothes for her approaching nuptials.

Mr. Hickman's mother-in-law is lately dead. Her join-

ture of £600 a year is fallen in to him ; and she has, moreover, as an acknowledgment of his good behaviour to her, left him all she was worth, which was very considerable, a few legacies excepted to her own relations.

These good men are uniformly good : indeed could not else be good ; and never fare the worse for being so. All the world agrees, he will make that fine young lady an excellent husband : and I am sorry they are not as much agreed in her making him an excellent wife. But I hope a woman of her principles would not encourage his address, if, whether she at present love him or not, she thought she could not love him ; or if she preferred any other man to him.

Mr. Pocock undertakes to deliver this ; but fears it will be Saturday night first, if not Sunday morning.


May the Almighty protect and bless you !—I long to see you—my dearest young lady, I long to see you ; and to fold you once more to my fond heart. I dare to say, happy days are coming. Be but cheerful. Give way to hope.

Whether for this world, or the other, you must be happy. Wish to live, however, were it only because you are so well fitted in mind to make every one happy who has the honour to know you. What signifies this transitory eclipse ? You are as near perfection, by all I have heard, as any creature in this world can be : for here is your glory—you are brightened and purified, as I may say, by your sufferings !—How I long to hear your whole sad, yet instructive story, from your own lips !

Your JUDITH NORTON.

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Monday, September 4.

HE lady would not read the letter she had from Mrs. Norton, till she had received the communion, for fear it should contain anything that might disturb that happy calm, which she had been endeavouring to obtain for it. And when that solemn office was over, she was so composed, she said, that she thought she could receive any news, however affecting, with tranquillity.

Nevertheless, in reading it, she was forced to leave off several times through weakness and a dimness in her sight, of which she complained ; if I may say complained ; for so easy and soft were her complaints, that they could hardly be called such.

When I was admitted to her presence, I have received, said she, a long and not very pleasing letter from my dear Mrs. Norton. It will soon be in your hands. I am advised against appointing you to the office you have so kindly accepted of : but you must resent nothing of these things. My choice will have an odd appearance to them : but it is now too late to alter it, if I would.

I would fain write an answer to it, continued she : but I have no distinct sight, Mr. Belford, no steadiness of fingers.—This mistiness, however, will perhaps be gone by-and-by.—Then turning to Mrs. Lovick, I don't think I am dying yet—not actually dying, Mrs. Lovick—for I have no bodily pain—no numbnesses ; no signs of immediate death, I think—and my breath, which used of late to be so short, is now tolerable—my head clear, my intellects free—I think I cannot be dying yet—I shall have agonies, I doubt—life will not give up so blessedly easy, I fear—yet how merciful is the Almighty, to give his poor creature such a sweet serenity!—'tis what I have prayed for!—

What encouragement, Mrs. Lovick, so near one's dissolution, to have it to hope, that one's prayers are answered !

Mrs. Smith, as well as Mrs. Lovick, was with her. They were both in tears ; nor had I, any more than they, power to say a word in answer : yet she spoke all this, as well as what follows, with a surprising composure of mind and countenance.

But, Mr. Belford, said she, assuming a still sprightlier air and accent, let me talk a little to you, while I am thus able to say what I have to say.

Mrs. Lovick, don't leave us (for the women were rising to go)—pray sit down ; and do you, Mrs. Smith, sit down too.—Dame Shelbourne, take this key, and open that upper drawer. I will move to it.

She did, with trembling knees. Here, Mr. Belford, is my will. It is witnessed by three persons of Mr. Smith's acquaintance.

I dare to hope, that my cousin Morden will give you assistance, if you request it of him. My cousin Morden continues his affection for me : but as I have not seen him, I leave all the trouble upon you, Mr. Belford. This deed may want form ; and it does, no doubt : but the less, as I have my grandfather's will almost by heart, and have often heard that canvassed. I will lay it by itself in this corner ; putting it at the farther end of the drawer.

She then took up a parcel of letters, inclosed in one cover, sealed with three seals of black wax : This, said she, I sealed up last night. The cover, sir, will let you know what is to be done with what it incloses. This is the superscription (holding it close to her eyes, and rubbing them) ; as soon as I am certainly dead, this to be broke open by Mr. Belford.—Here, sir, I put it (placing it by the will).—These folded papers are letters and copies of letters, disposed according to their dates. Miss Howe will do with those as you and she shall think fit. If I receive any

more, or more come when I cannot receive them, they may be put into this drawer (pulling out and pushing in the looking-glass drawer) to be given to Mr. Belford, be they from whom they will. You'll be so kind as to observe that, Mrs. Lovick, and dame Shelbourne.

Here, sir, proceeded she, I put the keys of my apparel (putting them into the drawers with her papers). All is in order, and the inventory upon them, and an account of what I have disposed of: so that nobody need to ask Mrs. Smith any questions.

There will be no immediate need to open or inspect the trunks which contain my wearing apparel. Mrs. Norton will open them, or order somebody to do it for her, in your presence, Mrs. Lovick; for so I have directed in my will. They may be sealed up now: I shall never more have occasion to open them.

She then, though I expostulated with her to the contrary, caused me to seal them up with my seal.

After this, she locked the drawer where were her papers; first taking out her book of meditations, as she called it; saying, she should, perhaps, have use for that; and then desired me to take the key of that drawer; for she should have no further occasion for that neither.

All this in so composed and cheerful a manner, that we were equally surprised and affected with it.

You can witness for me, Mrs. Smith, and so can you, Mrs. Lovick, proceeded she, if any one ask after my life and conversation, since you have known me, that I have been very orderly; have kept good hours; and never have lain out of your house, but when I was in prison; and then, you know, I could not help it.

O Lovelace! that thou hadst heard her, or seen her, unknown to herself, on this occasion!—not one of us could speak a word.

I shall leave the world in perfect charity, proceeded she. And turning towards the women, don't be so much con-

cerned for me, my good friends. This is all but needful preparation ; and I shall be very happy.

Then again rubbing her eyes, which she said were misty, and looking more intently round upon each, particularly on me—God bless you all, said she! how kindly are you concerned for me!—who says, I am friendless? who says, I am abandoned, and among strangers?—Good Mr. Belford, don't be so generously humane!—indeed (putting her handkerchief to her charming eyes) you will make me less happy, than I am sure you wish me to be.

While we were thus solemnly engaged, a servant came with a letter from her cousin Morden:—then, said she, he is not come himself.

She broke it open ; but every line, she said, appeared two to her : so that, being unable to read it herself, she desired I would read it to her. I did so ; and wished it were more consolatory to her : but she was all patient attention ; tears, however, often trickling down her cheeks. By the date, it was written yesterday ; and this is the substance of it.

Here follows a repetition of the facts related at length in the last letter.—ED.

When I had read the letter through to the languishing lady,—And so, my friends, said she, have I heard of a patient who actually died, while five or six principal physicians were in a consultation, and not agreed upon what name to give to his distemper. The patient was an emperor : the emperor Joseph, I think.

I asked, if I should write to her cousin, as he knew not how ill she was, to hasten up ?

By no means, she said ; since, if he were not already set out, she was persuaded that she should be so low by the time he could receive my letter, and come, that his



presence would but discompose and hurry her, and afflict him.

I hope, however, she is not so very near her end. And without saying any more to her, when I retired, I wrote to Colonel Morden, that if he expects to see his beloved cousin alive, he must lose no time in setting out. I sent this letter by his own servant.

Dr. H. sent away his letter to her father by a particular hand this morning.

Mrs. Walton the milliner has also just now acquainted Mrs. Smith, that her husband had a letter brought by a special messenger from parson Brand, within this half-hour, inclosing the copy of one he had written to Mr. John Harlowe, recanting his officious one.

And as all these, and the copy of the lady's letter to Col. Morden, will be with them pretty much at a time, the devil's in the family if they are not struck with a remorse that shall burst open the double-barred doors of their hearts.

Will engages to reach you with this (late as it will be) before you go to rest. He begs that I will testify for him the hour and the minute I shall give it him. It is just half an hour after ten.

J. BELFORD.

DR. H. TO JAMES HARLOWE, SENIOR, ESQ.

London, September 4.

SIR,—If I may judge of the hearts of other parents by my own, I cannot doubt but you will take it well to be informed, that you have yet an opportunity to save yourself and family great future regret, by dispatching hither some one of it, with your last blessing, and your lady's, to the most excellent of her sex.

I have some reason to believe, sir, that she has been represented to you in a very different light from the true

one. And this it is that induces me to acquaint you, that I think her, on the best grounds, absolutely irreproachable in all her conduct which has passed under my eye, or come to my ear ; and that her very misfortunes are made glorious to her, and honourable to all that are related to her, by the use she has made of them ; and by the patience and resignation with which she supports herself in a painful, lingering, and dispirited decay ; and by the greatness of mind with which she views her approaching dissolution. And all this from proper motives ; from motives in which a dying saint might glory.

I hope I shall not be thought an officious man on this occasion : but if I am, I cannot help it ; being driven to write, by a kind of parental and irresistible impulse.

But, sir, whatever you think fit to do, or permit to be done, must be speedily done ; for she cannot, I verily think, live a week : and how long of that short space she may enjoy her admirable intellects to take comfort in the favours you may think proper to confer upon her, cannot be said. I am, sir,

Your most humble servant,

R. H.

MR. BELFORD TO WILLIAM MORDEN, ESQ.

SIR,—The urgency of the case, and the opportunity by your servant, will sufficiently apologise for this trouble from a stranger to your person ; who, however, is not a stranger to your merit.

I understand you are employing your good offices with the parents of Miss Clarissa Harlowe, and other relations, to reconcile them to the most meritorious daughter and kinswoman, that ever family had to boast of.

Generously as this is intended by you, we here have too much reason to think all your solitudes on this head will be unnecessary : for it is the opinion of every one who has the honour of being admitted to her presence, that she

cannot live over three days : so that if you wish to see her alive, you must lose no time to come up.

She knows not that I write. I had done it sooner, if I had had the least doubt that before now she would not have received from you some news of the happy effects of your kind mediation in her behalf. I am, sir,

Your most humble servant,

J. BELFORD.

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Uxbridge, Tuesday Morning.

AND can it be, that this admirable creature will so soon leave this cursed world ? for cursed I shall think it, and more cursed myself, when she is gone. O Jack ! thou, who canst sit so cool, and, like Addison's angel, direct, and even enjoy, the storm, that tears up my happiness by the roots, blame me not for my impatience, however unreasonable ! If thou knewest, that already I feel the torments of the damned, in the remorse that wrings my heart, on looking back upon my past actions by her, thou wouldst not be the devil thou art, to halloo on a worrying conscience, which, without thy merciless aggravations, is altogether intolerable.

I know not what I write, nor what I would write. When the company that used to delight me is as uneasy to me as my reflections are painful, and I can neither help nor divert myself, must not every servant about me partake in a perturbation so sincere ?

Shall I give thee a faint picture of the horrible uneasiness with which my mind struggles ? and faint indeed it must be ; for nothing but outrageous madness can exceed it ; and that only in the apprehension of others ; since, as to the sufferer, it is certain, that actual distraction (take it out of its lucid intervals) must be an infinitely more happy

state than the state of suspense and anxiety, which often brings it on.

Forbidden to attend the dear creature, yet longing to see her, I would give the world to be admitted once more to her beloved presence. I ride towards London three or four times a day, resolving pro and con. twenty times in two or three miles; and at last ride back; and, in view of Uxbridge, loathing even the kind friend and hospitable house, turn my horse's head again towards the town, and resolve to gratify my humour, let her take it as she will; but, at the very entrance of it, after infinite canvassings, once more alter my mind, dreading to offend and shock her, lest, by that means, I should curtail a life so precious.

Yesterday, in particular, to give you an idea of the strength of that impatience, which I cannot avoid suffering to break out upon my servants, I had no sooner dispatched Will than I took horse to meet him on his return.

In order to give him time, I loitered about on the road, riding up this lane to the one highway, down that to the other, just as my horse pointed; all the way cursing my very being; and though so lately looking down upon all the world, wishing to change conditions with the poorest beggar that cried to me for charity as I rode by him—and throwing him money, in hopes to obtain by his prayers the blessing my heart pants after.

When at a distance I saw any man galloping towards me, my resemblance-forming fancy immediately made it to be him; and then my heart bounded to my mouth, as if it would have choked me. But when the person's nearer approach undeceived me, how did I curse the varlet's delay, and thee by turns! And how ready was I to draw my pistol at the stranger, for having the impudence to gallop; which none but my messenger, I thought, had either any right or reason to do! For all the business of

the world I am ready to imagine should stand still on an occasion so melancholy and so interesting to me. Nay, for this week past, I could cut the throat of any man or woman I see laugh, while I am in such dejection of mind.

Woe be to either of the wretches who shall bring me the fatal news that she is no more! For it is but too likely that a shriek-owl so hated will never whoot or scream again; unless the shock, that will probably disorder my whole frame on so sad an occasion (by unsteady-ing my hand) shall divert my aim from his head, heart, or bowels, if it turn not against my own.

But, surely, she will not, she cannot yet die! Such a matchless excellence,

—whose mind
Contains a world, and seems for all things fram'd,


could not be lent to be so soon demanded back again!

But, once more—should the worst happen—say not what that worst is—and I am gone from this hated island—gone for ever—and may eternal—but I am crazed already—and will therefore conclude myself—thine more than my own (and no great compliment neither),

R. L.

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Tuesday, September 5.

HEN I read yours of this morning, I could not help pitying you for the account you give of the dreadful anxiety and suspense you labour under. I wish from my heart all were to end as you are so willing to hope. But it will not be; and your suspense, if the worst part of your torment, as you say it is, will soon be over; but, alas! in a way you wish not.

I attended the lady just now. She is extremely ill: yet is she aiming at an answer to her Norton's letter, which she began yesterday in her own chamber, and has written a good deal; but in a hand not like her own fine

one, as Mrs. Lovick tells me, but much larger, and the lines crooked.

The lady has just finished her letter, and has entertained Mrs. Lovick, Mrs. Smith, and me, with a noble discourse on the vanity and brevity of life, to which I cannot do justice in the repetition: and indeed I am so grieved for her, that, ill as she is, my intellects are not half so clear as hers.

A few things which made the strongest impression upon me, as well from the sentiments themselves, as from her manner of uttering them, I remember. She introduced them thus:

I am thinking, said she, what a gradual and happy death God Almighty (blessed be his name!) affords me! Who would have thought, that suffering what I have suffered, and abandoned as I have been, with such a tender education as I have had, I should be so long a dying!—But see how by little and little it has come to this. I was first taken off from the power of walking: then I took a coach—a coach grew too violent an exercise: then I took a chair.—The prison was a large death-stride upon me—I should have suffered longer else!—Next, I was unable to go to church; then to go up or down stairs: now hardly can move from one room to another; and a less room will soon hold me.—My eyes begin to fail me, so that at times I cannot see to read distinctly; and now I can hardly write, or hold a pen.—Next, I presume, I shall know nobody, nor be able to thank any of you: I therefore now once more thank you, Mrs. Lovick, and you, Mrs. Smith, and you, Mr. Belford, while I can thank you, for all your kindness to me. And thus by little and little, in such a gradual sensible death as I am blessed with, God dies away in us, as I may say, all human satisfactions, in order to subdue his poor creatures to himself.

Thou mayst guess how affected we all were at this

moving account of her progressive weakness. We heard it with wet eyes ; for what with the women's example, and what with her moving eloquence, I could no more help it than they. But we were silent nevertheless ; and she went on, applying herself to me.

O Mr. Belford ! This is a poor transitory life in its best enjoyments. We flutter about here and there, with all our vanities about us, like painted butterflies, for a gay, but a very short season, till at last we lay ourselves down in a quiescent state, and turn into vile worms : and who knows in what form, or to what condition, we shall rise again ?

I wish you would permit me, a young creature, just turned of nineteen years of age, blooming and healthy as I was a few months ago, now nipped by the cold hand of death, to influence you, in these my last hours, to a life of regularity and repentance for any past evils you may have been guilty of. For, believe me, sir, that now, in this last stage, very few things will bear the test, or be passed as laudable, if pardonable, at our own bar, much less at a more tremendous one, in all we have done, or delighted in, even in a life not very offensive neither, as we may think ! Ought we not then to study in our full day, before the dark hours approach, so to live, as may afford reflections that will soften the agony of the last moments when they come, and let in upon the departing soul a ray of Divine mercy to illuminate its passage into an awful eternity ?

She was ready to faint, and choosing to lie down, I withdrew ; I need not say, with a melancholy heart : and when I was got to my new-taken apartment, my heart was still more affected by the sight of the solemn letter the admirable lady had so lately finished. It was communicated to me by Mrs. Lovick ; who had it to copy for me ; but it was not to be delivered to me till after her departure. However, I trespassed so far, as to prevail upon the widow to let me take a copy of it ; which I did directly in character.

I send it inclosed. If thou canst read it, and thy heart not bleed at thy eyes, thy remorse can hardly be so deep as thou hast inclined me to think it is.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MRS. NORTON.

MY DEAREST MRS. NORTON, — I am afraid I shall not be able to write all that is upon my mind to say to you upon the subject of your last. Yet I will try.

As to my friends, and as to the sad breakfasting, I cannot help being afflicted for them. What, alas! has not my mother, in particular, suffered by my rashness!—Yet to allow so much for a son!—so little for a daughter!—But all now will soon be over, as to me. I hope they will bury all their resentments in my grave.

As to your advice in relation to Mr. Belford, let me only say, that the unhappy reprobation I have met with, and my short time, must be my apology now—I wish I could have written to my mother and my uncles, as you advise. And yet, favours come so slowly from them!—

I wish not now, at the writing of this, to see even my cousin Morden. O my blessed woman! my dear maternal friend! I am entering upon a better tour, than to France or Italy either!—Or even than to settle at my once beloved dairy-house!—All these prospects and pleasures, which used to be so agreeable to me in health, how poor seem they to me now!—

And pray let my Miss Howe know, that by the time you will receive this, and she your signification of the contents of it, it will, in all probability, be too late for her to do me the inestimable favour, as I should once have thought it, to see me. God will have no rivals in the hearts of those he sanctifies. By various methods he deadens all other sensations, or rather absorbs them all in the love of Him.

I shall nevertheless love you, my mamma Norton, and my Miss Howe, whose love to me has passed the love of women, to my latest hour!—But yet, I am now above the quick sense of those pleasures, which once most delighted me: and once more I say, that I do not wish to see objects so dear to me, which might bring me back again into sense, and rival my supreme love.

Twice have I been forced to leave off. I wished, that my last writing might be to you, or to Miss Howe, if it might not be to my dearest ma——

Mamma, I would have wrote—is the word distinct?—My eyes are so misty!—If, when I apply to you, I break off in half-words, do you supply them—the kindest are your due.—Be sure take the kindest, to fill up chasms with, if any chasms there be—

Another breaking off!—But the new day seems to rise upon me with healing in its wings. I have gotten, I think, a recruit of strength: spirits, I bless God, I have not of late wanted.

Let my dearest Miss Howe purchase her wedding garments—and may all temporal blessings attend the charming preparation!—Blessings will, I make no question, notwithstanding the little cloudinesses that Mr. Hickman encounters with now and then, which are but prognostics of a future golden day to him: for her heart is good, and her head not wrong—but great merit is coy, and that coyness has not always its foundation in pride: but, if it should seem to be pride, take off the skin-deep covering, and, in her, it is noble diffidence, and a love that wants but to be assured!

Tell Mr. Hickman I write this, and write it, as I believe, with my last pen; and bid him bear a little at first, and forbear; and all the future will be crowning gratitude, and rewarding love: for Miss Howe has great sense, fine judgment, and exalted generosity; and can such a one be ungrateful or easy under those obligations which his assi-

duity and obligingness (when he shall be so happy as to call her his) will lay her under to him?

As for me, never bride was so ready as I am. My wedding garments are bought—and though not fine or gawdy to the sight, though not adorned with jewels, and set off with gold and silver (for I have no beholder's eyes to wish to glitter in); yet will they be the easiest, the happiest suit, that ever bridal maiden wore—for they are such as carry with them a security against all those anxieties, pains, and perturbations, which sometimes succeed to the most promising outsettings.

And now, my dear Mrs. Norton, do I wish for no other.

O hasten, good God, if it be thy blessed will, the happy moment that I am to be decked out in this all-quieting garb! And sustain, comfort, bless, and protect with the all-shadowing wing of thy mercy, my dear parents, my uncles, my brother, my sister, my cousin Morden, my ever-dear and ever-kind Miss Howe, my good Mrs. Norton, and every deserving person to whom they wish well! is the ardent prayer, first and last, of every beginning hour, as the clock tells it me (hours now are days, nay years) of

Your now not sorrowing or afflicted, but happy,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Tuesday, September 5, Six o'clock.



HE lady remains exceedingly weak and ill. Her intellects, never the less, continue clear and strong, and her piety and patience are without example. Every one thinks this night will be her last. What a shocking thing is that to say of such an excellence! She will not however send away her letter to her Norton, as yet. She endeavoured in vain to superscribe it: so desired me to do it. Her fingers will not hold her pen

with the requisite steadiness. She has, I fear, written and read her last !

Eight o'clock.

She is somewhat better than she was. The doctor has been here, and thinks she will hold out yet a day or two. He has ordered her, as for some time past, only some little cordials to take when ready to faint. She seemed disappointed, when he told her, she might yet live two or three days ; and said, she longed for dismissal !—Life was not so easily extinguished, she saw, as some imagine. — Death from grief, was, she believed, the slowest of deaths. But God's will must be done !— Her only prayer was now for submission to it : for she doubted not but by the Divine goodness she should be an happy creature, as soon as she could be divested of these rags of mortality.

Of her own accord she mentioned you ; which, till then, she had avoided to do. She asked, with great serenity, where you were ?

I told her where : and your motives of being so near ; and read to her a few lines of yours of this morning, in which you mention your wishes to see her, your sincere affliction, and your resolution not to approach her without her consent.

I would have read more ; but she said, Enough, Mr. Belford, enough !—Poor man !—Does his conscience begin to find him !—Then need not anybody to wish him a greater punishment !—May it work upon him to an happy purpose !

I took the liberty to say, that as she was in such a frame, that nothing now seemed capable of discomposing her, I could wish that you might have the benefit of her exhortations, which, I dared to say, while you were so seriously affected, would have a greater force upon you than a thousand sermons ; and how happy you would

think yourself, if you could but receive her forgiveness on your knees.

How can you think of such a thing, Mr. Belford? said she, with some emotion: my composure is owing, next to the Divine goodness blessing my earnest supplications for it, to the not seeing him. Yet let him know, that I now again repeat, that I forgive him.—And may God Almighty, clasping her fingers, and lifting up her eyes, forgive him too; and perfect his repentance, and sanctify it to him!—Tell him I say so! And tell him, that if I could not say so with my whole heart, I should be very uneasy, and think that my hopes of mercy to myself were but weakly founded; and that I had still, in any harboured resentments, some hankerings after a life which he has been the cause of shortening.

The divine creature then turning aside her head—Poor man, said she! I once could have loved him. This is saying more than ever I could say of any other man out of my own family! Would he have permitted me to have been an humble instrument to have made him good, I think I could have made him happy!—But tell him not this, if he be really penitent—it may too much affect him!—There she paused.

Admirable creature!—Heavenly forgiver!—Then resuming—But pray tell him, that if I could know, that my death might be a means to reclaim and save him, it would be an inexpressible satisfaction to me!

But let me not, however, be made uneasy with the apprehension of seeing him. I cannot bear to see him!

Just as she had done speaking, the minister, who had so often attended her, sent up his name; and was admitted.

Being apprehensive, that it would be with difficulty that you could prevail upon that impetuous spirit of yours, not to invade her in her dying hours, and of the agonies into which a surprise of this nature would throw her; I thought

this gentleman's visit afforded a proper opportunity to renew the subject ; and (having asked her leave) acquainted him with the topic we had been upon.

The good man urged, that some condescensions were usually expected, on these solemn occasions, from pious souls like hers, however satisfied with themselves, for the sake of showing the world, and for example sake, that all resentments against those who had most injured them were subdued : and if she would vouchsafe to a heart so truly penitent, as I had represented Mr. Lovelace's to be, that personal pardon, which I had been pleading for, there would be no room to suppose the least lurking resentment remained ; and it might have very happy effects upon the gentleman.

I have no lurking resentment, sir, said she—this is not a time for resentment : and you will be the readier to believe me, when I can assure you (looking at me) that even what I have most rejoiced in, the truly friendly love that has so long subsisted between my Miss Howe and her Clarissa, although to my last gasp it will be the dearest to me of all that is dear in this life, has already abated of its fervour ; has already given place to supreamer fervours : and shall the remembrance of Mr. Lovelace's personal insults, which, I bless God, never corrupted that mind which her friendship so much delighted, be stronger in these hours with me, than the remembrance of a love as pure as the human heart ever boasted ? Tell therefore the world, if you please, and (if, Mr. Belford, you think what I said to you before, not strong enough) tell the poor man, that I not only forgive him, but have such earnest wishes for the good of his soul, and that from considerations of its immortality, that could my penitence avail for more sins than my own, my last tear should fall for him by whom I die !

Our eyes and hands expressed for us both, what our lips could not utter.

Say not then, proceeded she, nor let it be said, that my resentments are unsubdued!—And yet these eyes, lifted up to Heaven as witness to the truth of what I have said, shall never, if I can help it, behold him more!—For do you not consider, sirs, how short my time is; what much more important subjects I have to employ it upon; and how unable I should be (so weak as I am) to contend even with the avowed penitence of a person in strong health, governed by passions unabated, and always violent?—And now I hope you will never urge me more on this subject.

The minister said, it were pity ever to urge this plea again.

You see, Lovelace, that I did not forget the office of a friend, in endeavouring to prevail upon her to give you her last forgiveness personally. And I hope, as she is so near her end, you will not invade her in her last hours; since she must be extremely discomposed at such an interview; and it might make her leave the world the sooner for it.

It is now eleven o'clock at night. The lady, who retired to rest an hour ago, is, as Mrs. Lovick tells me, in a sweet slumber.

I will close here. I hope I shall find her the better for it in the morning. Yet, alas! how frail is hope! How frail is life; when we are apt to build so much on every shadowy relief; although in such a desperate case as this, sitting down to reflect, we must know, that it is but shadowy!

Wednesday, 11 o'clock.

Dr. H. has just been here. He tarried with me till the minister had done praying by the lady; and then we were both admitted. Mr. Goddard, who came while the doctor and the clergyman were with her, went away with them when they went. They took a solemn and

everlasting leave of her, as I have no scruple to say; blessing her, and being blessed by her; and wishing (when it came to be their lot) for an exit as happy as hers is likely to be.

She had again earnestly requested of the doctor his opinion how long it was now probable that she could continue: and he told her, that he apprehended she would hardly see to-morrow night. She said, she should number the hours with greater pleasure than ever she numbered any in her life, on the most joyful occasion.

How unlike poor Belton's last hours, hers! See the infinite difference in the effects, on the same awful and affecting occasion, between a good and a bad conscience!

This moment a man is come from Miss Howe with a letter. Perhaps I shall be able to send you the contents.

She endeavoured several times with earnestness, but in vain, to read the letter of her dear friend. The writing, she said, was too fine for her grosser sight, and the lines staggered under her eye. And indeed she trembled so, she could not hold the paper: and at last, desired Mrs. Lovick to read it to her, the messenger waiting for an answer.

Thou wilt see, in Miss Howe's letter, how different the expression of the same impatience, and passionate love, is, when dictated by the gentler mind of a woman, from that which results from a mind so boisterous and knotty, as thine. For Mrs. Lovick will transcribe it; and I shall send it—to be read in this place, if thou wilt.

MISS HOWE TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Tuesday, September 5.

O MY DEAREST FRIEND!—What will become of your poor Anna Howe! I see by your writing, as well as read by your own account (which, were you not very, very ill,

you would have touched more tenderly) how it is with you! Why have I thus long delayed to attend you! Could I think, that the comfortings of a faithful friend were as nothing to a gentle mind in distress, that I could be prevailed upon to forbear visiting you so much as once in all this time! I, as well as everybody else, to desert and abandon my dear creature to strangers! What will become of me, if you be as bad as my apprehensions make you!

I will set out this moment, little as the encouragement is that you give me to do so! My mother is willing I should! Why, O why, was she not before willing!

Yet she persuades me too (lest I should be fatally affected were I to find my fears too well justified) to wait the return of this messenger, who rides our swiftest horse.—God speed him with good news to me—else—but, oh! my dearest, dearest friend, what else!—one line from your hand by him!—Send me but one line to bid me attend you! I will set out the moment, the very moment, I receive it. I am now actually ready to do so! And if you love me, as I love you, the sight of me will revive you to my hopes.—But why, why, when I can think this, did I not go up sooner?

Blessed Heaven! deny not to my prayers, my friend, my admonisher, my adviser, at a time so critical to myself!

But methinks, your style and sentiments are too well connected, too full of life and vigour, to give cause for so much despair as the staggering pen seems to forebode.

I am sorry I was not at home (I must add thus much, though the servant is ready mounted at the door) when Mr. Belford's servant came with your affecting letter. I was at Miss Lloyd's. My mamma sent it to me; and I came home that instant. But he was gone. He would not stay, it seems. Yet I wanted to ask him a hundred thousand questions. But why delay I thus my mes-

senger? I have a multitude of things to say to you—to advise with you about!—You shall direct me in everything. I will obey the holding up of your finger. But, if you leave me—what is the world, or anything in it, to

Your ANNA HOWE?

The effect this letter had on the lady, who is so near the end which the fair writer so much apprehends and deplores, obliged Mrs. Lovick to make many breaks in reading it, and many changes of voice.

This is a friend, said the divine lady (taking the letter in her hand, and kissing it) worth wishing to live for.—O my dear Anna Howe! How uninterruptedly sweet and noble has been our friendship!—But we shall one day meet (and this hope must comfort us both) never to part again! Then, divested of the shades of body, shall we be all light and all mind!—Then how unalloyed, how perfect, will be our friendship! Our love then will have one and the same adorable object, and we shall enjoy it and each other to all eternity!

She said, her dear friend was so earnest for a line or two, that she would fain write, if she could: and she tried, but to no purpose. She could dictate, however, she believed; and desired Mrs. Lovick would take pen and paper. Which she did, and then she dictated to her. I would have withdrawn; but at her desire stayed.

She wandered a good deal, at first. She took notice that she did. And when she got into a little train, not pleasing herself, she apologised to Mrs. Lovick for making her begin again and again; and said, that third time should go, let it be as it would.

She dictated the farewell part, without hesitation; and when she came to the blessing and subscription, she took the pen, and dropping on her knees, supported by Mrs. Lovick, wrote the conclusion; but Mrs. Lovick was forced to guide her hand.

You will find the sense surprisingly entire, her weakness considered.

I made the messenger wait, while I transcribed it. I have endeavoured to imitate the subscriptive part; and in the letter made pauses, where, to the best of my remembrance, she paused. In nothing that relates to this admirable lady, can I be too minute.

MY DEAREST MISS HOWE,—

You must not be surprised—nor grieved—that Mrs. Lovick writes for me. Although I cannot obey you, and write with my pen, yet my heart writes by hers—accept it so—it is the nearest to obedience I can!

And now, what ought I to say? What can I say?—But why should you not know the truth? Since soon you must—very soon.

Know then, and let your tears be those, if of pity, of joyful pity! for I permit you to shed a few, to embalm, as I may say, a fallen blossom—know then, that the good doctor, and the pious clergyman, and the worthy apothecary, have just now—with joint benedictions—taken their last leave of me: and the former bids me hope—do, my dearest, let me say hope—hope for my enlargement before to-morrow sunset.

Adieu, therefore, my dearest friend!—Be this your consolation, as it is mine, that in God's good time we shall meet in a blessed eternity, never more to part!—Once more, then, adieu—and be happy!—which a generous nature cannot be, unless—to its power—it makes others so too.

God for ever bless you! prays, dropped on my bended knees, although supported upon them,

Your obliged, grateful, affectionate

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

When I had transcribed and sealed this letter, by her

direction, I gave it to the messenger myself; who told me that Miss Howe waited for nothing but his return, to set out for London.

Thy servant is just come; so I will close here. Thou art a merciless master. The two fellows are battered to death by thee, to use a female word; and all female words, though we are not sure of their derivation, have very significant meanings. I believe, in their hearts, they wish the angel in the heaven that is ready to receive her, and thee at thy proper place, that there might be an end of their flurries; another word of the same gender.

Colonel Morden is this moment arrived.

MR. BELFORD (*in continuation*).

HAD but just time in my former, to tell you, that Colonel Morden was arrived. He was on horseback, attended by two servants, and alighted at the door just as the clock struck five. Mrs. Smith was then below in her back-shop, weeping, her husband with her, who was as much affected as she; Mrs. Lovick having left them a little before, in tears likewise; for they had been bemoaning one another; joining in opinion, that the admirable lady would not live the night over. She had told them, it was her opinion too, from some numbnesses, which she called the forerunners of death, and from an increased inclination to doze.

The Colonel, as Mrs. Smith told me afterwards, asked with great impatience, the moment he alighted, how Miss Harlowe was? She answered, Alive; but, she feared, drawing on apace. Good God! said he, with his hands and eyes lifted up. Can I see her? My name is Morden. I have the honour to be nearly related to her. Step up, pray; and let her know (she is sensible, I hope) that I am here. Who is with her?

Nobody but her nurse, and Mrs. Lovick, a widow gentlewoman, who is as careful of her, as if she were her mother.

And more careful too, interrupted he, or she is not careful at all——

Except a gentleman be with her, one Mr. Belford, continued Mrs. Smith, who has been the best friend she has had.

If Mr. Belford be with her, surely I may—but, pray, step up, and let Mr. Belford know, that I shall take it for a favour to speak with him first.

Mrs. Smith came up to me in my new apartment. I had but just dispatched your servant, and was asking her nurse, if I might be again admitted? Who answered, that she was dozing in the elbow-chair, having refused to lie down, saying, she should soon, she hoped, lie down for good.

The Colonel, who is really a fine gentleman, received me with great politeness. After the first compliments, My kinswoman, sir, said he, is more obliged to you than to any of her own family. For my part, I have been endeavouring to move so many rocks in her favour; and, little thinking the dear creature so very bad, have neglected to attend her, as I ought to have done the moment I arrived; and would, had I known how ill she was, and what a task I should have had with the family. But, sir, your friend has been excessively to blame; and you being so intimately his friend, has made her fare the worse for your civilities to her. But are there no hopes of her recovery?

The doctors have left her, with the melancholy declaration, that there are none.

Has she had good attendance, sir? A skilful physician? I hear these good folks have been very civil and obliging to her——

Who could be otherwise? said Mrs. Smith, weeping: she is the sweetest lady in the world!

The character, said the Colonel, lifting up his eyes and one hand, that she has from every living creature!—Good God! How could your accursed friend—

And how could her cruel parents? interrupted I—we may as easily account for him, as for them.

Too true! returned he, the vileness of the profligates of our sex considered, whenever they can get any of the other into their power.

I satisfied him about the care that had been taken of her; and told him of the friendly and even paternal attendance she had had from Dr. H. and Mr. Goddard.

He was impatient to attend her, having not seen her, as he said, since she was twelve years old; and that then she gave promises of being one of the finest women in England.

She was so, replied I, a very few months ago: and though emaciated, she will appear to you to have confirmed those promises: for her features are so regular and exact, her proportion so fine, and her manner so inimitably graceful, that were she only skin and bone, she must be a beauty.

Mrs. Smith, at his request, stepped up and brought us down word, that Mrs. Lovick and her nurse were with her; and that she was in so sound a sleep, leaning upon the former in her elbow-chair, that she neither heard her enter the room, nor go out. The Colonel begged, if not improper, that he might see her, though sleeping. He said, that his impatience would not let him stay till she awaked. Yet he would not have her disturbed; and should be glad to contemplate her sweet features, when she saw not him; and asked, if she thought he could not go in, and come out, without disturbing her?

She believed he might, she answered; for her chair's back was towards the door.

He said, he would take care to withdraw, if she awoke, that his sudden appearance might not surprise her.

Mrs. Smith, stepping up before us, bid Mrs. Lovick and the nurse not stir, when we entered: and then we went up softly together.

We beheld the lady in a charming attitude. Dressed, as I told you before, in her virgin white, she was sitting in her elbow-chair, Mrs. Lovick close by her, in another chair, with her left arm round her neck, supporting it, as it were; for, it seems, the lady had bid her do so, saying, she had been a mother to her, and she would delight herself in thinking she was in her mamma's arms; for she found herself drowsy; perhaps, she said, for the last time she should ever be so.

One faded cheek rested upon the good woman's bosom, the kindly warmth of which had overspread it with a faint, but charming flush; the other paler, and hollow, as if already iced over by death. Her hands white as the lily, with her meandering veins more transparently blue, than ever I had seen even hers (veins so soon, alas! to be choked up by the congealment of that purple stream, which already so languidly creeps rather than flows through them!) her hands hanging lifelessly, one before her, the other grasped by the right hand of the kind widow, whose tears bedewed the sweet face which her motherly bosom supported, though unfelt by the fair sleeper; and either insensibly to the good woman, or what she would not disturb her to wipe off, or to change her posture: her aspect was sweetly calm and serene: and though she started now and then, yet her sleep seemed easy; her breath indeed short and quick; but tolerably free, and not like that of a dying person.

In this heart-moving attitude she appeared to us when we approached her, and came to have her lovely face before us.

The Colonel, sighing often, gazed upon her with his arms folded, and with the most profound and affectionate attention; till at last, on her starting, and fetching her

breath with greater difficulty than before, he retired to a screen, that was drawn before her house, as she calls it, which, as I have heretofore observed, stands under one of the windows. This screen was placed there, at the time she found herself obliged to take to her chamber; and in the depth of our concern, and the fulness of other discourse at our first interview, I had forgotten to apprise the Colonel of what he would probably see.

Retiring thither, he drew out his handkerchief, and, overwhelmed with grief, seemed unable to speak: but, on casting his eye behind the screen, he soon broke silence; for, struck with the shape of the coffin, he lifted up a purplish-coloured cloth that was spread over it, and, starting back, Good God! said he, what's here!

Mrs. Smith standing next him, Why, said he, with great emotion, is my cousin suffered to indulge her sad reflections with such an object before her?

Alas! sir, replied the good woman, who should control her? We are all strangers about her, in a manner: and yet we have expostulated with her upon this sad occasion.

I ought, said I (stepping softly up to him, the lady again falling into a doze) to have apprised you of this. I was here when it was brought in, and never was so shocked in my life. But she had none of her friends about her, and no reason to hope for any of them to come near her; and, assured she should not recover, she was resolved to leave as little as possible, especially as to what related to her person, to her executor. But it is not a shocking object to her, though it be to everybody else.

Curse upon the hard-heartedness of those, said he, who occasioned her to make so sad a provision for herself! What must her reflections have been, all the time she was thinking of it, and giving orders about it? And what must they be, every time she turns her head towards it?

These uncommon geniuses—but indeed she should have been controlled in it, had I been here.

The lady fetched a profound sigh, and, starting, it broke off our talk; and the Colonel then withdrew farther behind the screen, that his sudden appearance might not surprise her.

Where am I? said she. How drowsy I am! How long have I dozed? Don't go, sir (for I was retiring). I am very stupid, and shall be more and more so, I suppose.

She then offered to raise herself; but, being ready to faint through weakness, was forced to sit down again, reclining her head on her chair-back; and, after a few moments, I believe now, my good friends, said she, all your kind trouble will soon be over. I have slept, but am not refreshed, and my fingers' ends seem numbed—have no feeling! (holding them up)—'tis time to send the letter to my good Norton.

Shall I, madam, send my servant post with it?

O no, sir, I thank you. It will reach the dear woman too soon (as she will think) by the post.

If, madam, your cousin Morden should come, you would be glad to see him, I presume?

I am too weak to wish to see my cousin now. It would but discompose me, and him too. Yet, if he come while I can see, I will see him, were it but to thank him for former favours, and for his present kind intentions to me. Has anybody been here from him?

He has called, and will be here, madam, in half an hour, but he feared to surprise you.

Nothing can surprise me now, except my mamma were to favour me with her last blessing in person. That would be a welcome surprise to me even yet. But did my cousin come purposely to town to see me?

Yes, madam. I took the liberty to let him know by a line last Monday, how ill you were.

You are very kind, sir. I am and have been greatly

obliged to you. But I think I shall be pained to see him now, because he will be concerned to see me. And yet, as I am not so ill as I shall presently be—the sooner he comes, the better. But if he come, what shall I do about that screen? He will chide me very probably; and I cannot bear chiding now. Perhaps (leaning upon Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith) I can walk into the next apartment to receive him.

She motioned to rise; but was ready to faint again, and forced to sit still.

The Colonel was in a perfect agitation behind the screen, to hear this discourse; and twice, unseen by his cousin, was coming from it towards her; but retreated, for fear of surprising her too much.

I stepped to him, and favoured his retreat; she only saying, Are you going, Mr. Belford? Are you sent for down? Is my cousin come? For she heard somebody step softly across the room, and thought it to be me; her hearing being more perfect than her sight.

I told her, I believed he was; and she said, we must make the best of it, Mrs. Lovick, and Mrs. Smith. I shall otherwise most grievously shock my poor cousin: for he loved me dearly once. Pray give me a few of the doctor's last drops in water, to keep up my spirits for this one interview; and that is all, I believe, that can concern me now.

The Colonel (who heard all this) sent in his name; and I, pretending to go down to him, introduced the afflicted gentleman; she having first ordered the screen to be put as close to the window as possible, that he might not see what was behind it; while he, having heard what she had said about it, was determined to take no notice of it.

He folded the angel in his arms as she sat, dropping down on one knee; for, supporting herself upon the two elbows of the chair, she attempted to rise, but could not. Excuse, my dear cousin, said she, excuse me, that I cannot

stand up—I did not expect this favour now. But I am glad of this opportunity to thank you for all your generous goodness to me.

I never, my best-beloved and dearest cousin, said he (with eyes running over), shall forgive myself, that I did not attend you sooner. Little did I think you were so ill; nor do any of your friends believe it. If they did—

If they did, repeated she, interrupting him, I should have had more compassion from them. I am sure I should. But pray, sir, how did you leave them? Are you reconciled to them? If you are not, I beg, if you love your poor Clarissa, that you will: for every widened difference augments but my fault; since that is the foundation of all.

I had been expecting to hear from them in your favour, my dear cousin, said he, for some hours, when this gentleman's letter arrived, which hastened me up: but I have the account of your grandfather's estate to make up with you, and have bills and draughts upon their banker for the sums due to you; which they desire you may receive, lest you should have occasion for money. And this is such an earnest of an approaching reconciliation, that I dare to answer for all the rest being according to your wishes, if—

Ah! sir, interrupted she, with frequent breaks and pauses, I wish, I wish, this does not rather show, that were I to live, they would have nothing more to say to me. I never had any pride in being independent of them: all my actions, when I might have made myself more independent, show this—but what avail these reflections now?—I only beg, sir, that you, and this gentleman—to whom I am exceedingly obliged—will adjust those matters—according to the will I have written. Mr. Belford will excuse me; but it was in truth more necessity than choice, that made me think of giving him the trouble he so kindly accepts. Had I had the happiness to see you, my cousin,

sooner—or to know, that you still honoured me with your regard—I should not have had the assurance to ask this favour of him.—But—though the friend of Mr. Lovelace, he is a man of honour, and he will make peace rather than break it. And, my dear cousin, let me beg of you—to contribute your part to it—and remember, that, while I have nearer relations than my cousin Morden, dear as you are, and always were to me, you have no title to avenge my wrongs upon him who has been the occasion of them. But I wrote to you my mind on this subject, and my reasons; and hope I need not further urge them.

I must do Mr. Lovelace so much justice, answered he, wiping his eyes, as to witness, how sincerely he repents him of his ungrateful baseness to you, and how ready he is to make you all the amends in his power. He owns his wickedness, and your merit. If he did not, I could not pass it over, though you have nearer relations: for, my dear cousin, did not your grandfather leave me in trust for you? And should I think myself concerned for your fortune, and not for your honour?—But, since he is so desirous to do you justice, I have the less to say; and you may make yourself entirely easy on that account.

I thank you, thank you, sir, said she: all is now as I wished: but I am very faint, very weak. I am sorry I cannot hold up; that I cannot better deserve the honour of this visit: but it will not be—and saying this she sank down in her chair, and was silent.

Hereupon we both withdrew, leaving word, that we would be at the Bedford Head, if anything extraordinary happened.

We bespoke a little repast, having neither of us dined; and, while it was getting ready, you may guess at the subject of our discourse. Both joined in lamentation for the lady's desperate state: admired her manifold excellencies: severely condemned you, and her friends. Yet, to bring him into better opinion of you, I read to him some pas-

sages from your last letters, which showed your concern for the wrongs you had done her, and your deep remorse : and he said, it was a dreadful thing to labour under the sense of a guilt so irremediable.

We procured Mr. Goddard (Dr. H. not being at home) once more to visit her, and to call upon us in his return. He was so good as to do so ; but he tarried with her not five minutes ; and told us, that she was drawing on apace ; that he feared she would not live till morning ; and that she wished to see Colonel Morden directly.

The colonel sent to me afterwards, to tell me, that the lady having been in convulsions, he was so much disordered, that he could not possibly attend me.

I have sent every half-hour to know how she does : and just now I have the pleasure to hear, that her convulsions have left her ; and that she is gone to rest in a much quieter way than could be expected.

Her poor cousin is very much indisposed ; yet will not stir out of the house while she is in such a way ; but intends to lie down on a couch, having refused any other accommodation.

MR. BELFORD (*in continuation.*)

Soho, Six o'clock, September 7.

THE lady is still alive. The Colonel having just sent his servant to let me know that she inquired after me about an hour ago, I am dressing to attend her. Joel begs of me to despatch him back, though but with one line to gratify your present impatience. He expects, he says, to find you at Knightsbridge, let him make what haste he can back ; and if he has not a line or two to pacify you, he is afraid you will pistol him ; for he apprehends that you are hardly yourself. I therefore despatch this ; and will have another ready as soon as I can, with particulars. But you must have a little patience ; for how can I withdraw every half hour to write, if I am

admitted to the lady's presence, or if I am with the Colonel?

Smith's, Eight in the Morning.

The lady is in a slumber. Mrs. Lovick, who sat up with her, says, she had a better night than was expected; for although she slept little, she seemed easy; and the easier for the pious frame she was in; all her waking moments being taken up in devotion, or in an ejaculatory silence; her hands and eyes often lifted up, and her lips moving with a fervour worthy of these her last hours.

Ten o'clock.

The Colonel being earnest to see his cousin as soon as she awoke, we were both admitted. We observed in her, as soon as we entered, strong symptoms of her approaching dissolution, notwithstanding what the women had flattered us with from her last night's tranquillity. The Colonel and I, each loth to say what we thought, looked upon one another with melancholy countenances.

The Colonel told her he should send a servant to her uncle Antony's, for some papers he had left there; and asked, if she had any commands that way?

She thought not, she said, speaking more inwardly than she did the day before. She had indeed a letter ready to be sent to her good Norton; and there was a request intimated in it: but it was time enough, if the request were signified to those whom it concerned when all was over. However, it might be sent then by the servant who was going that way. And she caused it to be given to the Colonel for that purpose.

Her breath being very short, she desired another pillow. Having two before, this made her in a manner sit up in her bed; and she spoke then with more distinctness; and, seeing us greatly concerned, forgot her own sufferings to comfort us; and a charming lecture she

gave us, though a brief one, upon the happiness of a timely preparation, and upon the hazards of a late repentance, when the mind, as she observed, was so much weakened, as well as the body, as to render a poor soul hardly able to contend with its natural infirmities.

I beseech ye, my good friends, proceeded she, mourn not for one who mourns not, nor has cause to mourn, for herself! All I wished was pardon and blessing from my dear parents. Easy as my departure seems to promise to be, it would have been still easier, had I had that pleasure. But God Almighty would not let me depend for comfort upon any but Himself.

She then repeated her request, in the most earnest manner, to her cousin, that he would not heighten her fault, by seeking to avenge her death; to me, that I would endeavour to make up all breaches, and use the power I had with my friend, to prevent all future mischiefs from him, as well as that which this trust might give me, to prevent any to him.

She made some excuses to her cousin, for having not been able to alter her will, to join him in the executorship with me; and to me, for the trouble she had given, and yet should give me.

She had fatigued herself so much (growing sensibly weaker) that she sank her head upon her pillows, ready to faint; and we withdrew to the window, looking upon one another; but could not tell what to say; and yet both seemed inclinable to speak: but the motion passed over in silence. Our eyes only spoke; and that in a manner neither's were used to; mine, at least, not till I knew this admirable creature.

The Colonel withdrew to dismiss his messenger, and send away the letter to Mrs. Norton. I took the opportunity to retire likewise; and to write thus far. And Joel returning to take it; I now close here.

MR. BELFORD (*in continuation*).

THE colonel tells me, that he has written to Mr. John Harlowe, by his servant, “that they might spare themselves the trouble of debating about a reconciliation; for that his dear cousin would probably be no more, before they could resolve.”

He asked me after his cousin’s mode of subsisting; and whether she had accepted of any favour from me: he was sure, he said, she would not from you.

I acquainted him with the truth of her parting with some of her apparel.

This wrung his heart; and bitterly did he exclaim as well against you, as against her implacable relations.

He wished he had not come to England at all, or had come sooner; and hoped I would apprise him of the whole mournful story, at a proper season. He added, that he had thoughts when he came over, of fixing here for the remainder of his days: but now, as it was impossible his cousin would recover, he would go abroad again, and resettle himself at Florence or Leghorn.

The lady has been giving orders, with great presence of mind, about her body; directing her nurse and the maid of the house to put her into her coffin as soon as she is cold. Mr. Belford, she said, would know the rest by her will.

She has just now given from her bosom, where she always wore it, a miniature picture set in gold of Miss Howe: she gave it to Mrs. Lovick, desiring her to fold it up in white paper, and direct it, to Charles Hickman, Esq., and to give it to me, when she was departed, for that gentleman.

She looked upon the picture, before she gave it her.— Sweet and ever-amiable friend—companion—sister—lover!

said she—and kissed it four several times, once at each tender appellation.

Your poor fellow, who says, that he begs for his life in desiring to be despatched back with a letter, tears this from me—else perhaps (for I am just sent for down) a quarter of an hour would make you—not easy indeed—but certain—and that, in a state like yours, to a mind like yours, is a relief.

MR. BELFORD TO RICHARD MOWBRAY, ESQ.

Thursday Afternoon.

HEAR MOWBRAY,—I am glad to hear you are in town. Throw yourself the moment this comes to your hand (if possible with Tourville) in the way of the man who least of all men deserves the love of the worthy heart; but most that of thine and Tourville: else, the news I shall most probably send him within an hour or two, will make annihilation the greatest blessing he has to wish for.

You will find him between Piccadilly and Kensington, most probably on horseback, riding backwards and forwards in a crazy way; or put up, perhaps, at some inn or tavern in the way; a waiter possibly, if so, watching for his servant's return to him from me.

His man Will is just come to me. He will carry this to you in his way back, and be your director. Hie away in a coach, or anyhow. Your being with him may save either his or a servant's life. See the blessed effects of triumphant libertinism! Sooner or later it comes home to us, and all concludes in gall and bitterness! Adieu.

J. BELFORD.

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

CURSE upon the Colonel, and curse upon the writer of the last letter I received, and upon all the world! Thou to pretend to be as much interested in my Clarissa's fate as myself! 'Tis well for one of us, that this was not said to me, instead of written—Living or dying, she is mine—and only mine. Have I not earned her dearly?—Is not damnation likely to be the purchase to me, though a happy eternity will be hers?

An eternal separation! O God! O God!—How can I bear that thought!—But yet there is life!—Yet, therefore, hope—enlarge my hope, and thou shalt be my good genius, and I will forgive thee everything.

For this last time—but it must not, shall not, be the last—let me hear, the moment thou receivest this—what I am to be—for, at present, I am

The most miserable of Men.

Rose, Knightsbridge, 5 o'clock.

My fellow tells me, that thou art sending Mowbray and Tourville to me. I want them not. My soul's sick of them, and of all the world; but most of myself. Yet, as they send me word they will come to me immediately, I will wait for them, and for thy next. O Belford! let it not be—but hasten it, hasten it, be what it may!

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

[Seven o'clock, Thursday Evening, September 7.]

HAVE only to say at present—thou wilt do well to take a tour to Paris; or wherever else thy destiny shall lead thee!!!—

JOHN BELFORD.

MR. MOWBRAY TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Uxbridge, September 7, between 11 and 12 at Night.

DEAR JACK,—I send by poor Lovelace's desire, for particulars of the fatal breviate thou sentest him this night. He cannot bear to set pen to paper; yet wants to know every minute passage of Miss Harlowe's departure. Yet, why he should, I cannot see; for if she is gone, she is gone; and who can help it?

I never heard of such a woman in my life. What great matters has she suffered, that grief should kill her thus?

I wish the poor fellow had never known her. From first to last, what trouble has she cost him! The charming fellow has been half lost to us ever since he pursued her. And what is there in one woman more than another, for matter of that?

It was well we were with him when your note came. You showed your true friendship in your foresight. Why, Jack, the poor fellow was quite beside himself—mad as any man ever was in Bedlam.

Will brought him the letter just after we had joined him at the Bohemia Head; where he had left word at the Rose at Knightsbridge he should be; for he had been sauntering up and down, backwards and forwards, expecting us, and his fellow. Will, as soon as he delivered it, got out of his way; and when he opened it, never was such a piece of scenery. He trembled like a devil at receiving it; fumbled at the seal, his fingers in a palsy, like Tom Doleman's; his hand shake, shake, shake, that he tore the letter in two, before he could come at the contents: and, when he had read them, off went his hat to one corner of the room, his wig to the other—Damnation seize the world! and a whole volley of such-like execrations wishes; running up and down the room, and throwing up the sash, and pulling it down, and smiting his forehead

with his double fist, with such force as would have felled an ox, and stamping and tearing, that the landlord ran in, and faster out again. And this was the distraction-scene for some time.

But his damn'd addled pate runs upon this lady as much now she's dead, as it did when she was living. For, I suppose, Jack, it is no joke: she is certainly and *bond fide* dead: isn't she? If not, thou deservest to be doubly damn'd for thy fooling, I tell thee that. So he will have me write for particulars of her departure.

He won't bear the word dead on any account. A squeamish puppy! How love unmans and softens! And such a noble fellow as this too! Rot him for an idiot, and an oaf! I have no patience with the foolish duncical dog—upon my soul, I have not!

So send the account, and let him howl over it, as I suppose he will.

But he must and shall go abroad: and in a month or two Jemmy, and you, and I, will join him, and he'll soon get the better of this chicken-hearted folly, never fear; and will then be ashamed of himself: and then we'll not spare him; though now, poor fellow, it were pity to lay him on so thick as he deserves. And do thou, till then, spare all reflections upon him; for, it seems, thou hast worked him unmercifully.

I was willing to give thee some account of the hand we have had with the tearing fellow, who had certainly been a lost man, had we not been with him; or he would have killed somebody or other. I have no doubt of it. And now he is but very middling; sits grinning like a man in straw; curses and swears, and is confounded gloomy; and creeps into holes and corners, like an old hedgehog hunted for his grease.

And so adieu, Jack. Tourville and all of us wish for thee; for no one has the influence upon him that thou hast.

R. MOWBRAY.

As I promised him that I would write for the particulars above said, I write this after all are gone to bed ; and the fellow is to set out with it by daybreak.

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Thursday Night.

MAY as well try to write ; since, were I to go to bed, I shall not sleep. I never had such a weight of grief upon my mind in my life, as upon the demise of this admirable woman ; whose soul is now rejoicing in the regions of light.

You may be glad to know the particulars of her happy exit. I will try to proceed ; for all is hush and still ; the family retired ; but not one of them, and least of all her poor cousin, I dare say, to rest.

At four o'clock, as I mentioned in my last, I was sent for down ; and, as thou usedst to like my descriptions, I will give thee the woeful scene that presented itself to me, as I approached the bed.

The Colonel was the first that took my attention, kneeling on the side of the bed, the lady's right hand in both his, which his face covered, bathing it with his tears ; although she had been comforting him, as the women since told me, in elevated strains, but broken accents.

On the other side of the bed sat the good widow ; her face overwhelmed with tears, leaning her head against the bed's head in a most disconsolate manner ; and turning her face to me, as soon as she saw me, O Mr. Belford, cried she, with folded hands—the dear lady—a heavy sob permitted her not to say more.

Mrs. Smith, with clasped fingers, and uplifted eyes, as if imploring help from the only Power which could give it, was kneeling down at the bed's feet, tears in large drops trickling down her cheeks.

Her nurse was kneeling between the widow and Mrs.

Smith, her arms extended. In one hand she held an ineffectual cordial, which she had just been offering to her dying mistress; her face was swollen with weeping (though used to such scenes as this); and she turned her eyes towards me, as if she called upon me by them to join in the helpless sorrow; a fresh stream bursting from them as I approached the bed.

The maid of the house, with her face upon her folded arms, as she stood leaning against the wainscot, more audibly expressed her grief than any of the others.

The lady had been silent a few minutes, and speechless as they thought, moving her lips without uttering a word; one hand, as I said, in her cousin's. But when Mrs. Lovick on my approach pronounced my name, Oh! Mr. Belford, said she, with a faint inward voice, but very distinct nevertheless—now!—now! (in broken periods she spoke)—I bless God for his mercies to his poor creature—will all soon be over—a few—a very few moments—will end this strife—and I shall be happy!

Comfort here, sir—turning her head to the Colonel—comfort my cousin—see!—the blame—able kindness—he would not wish me to be happy—so soon!

Here she stopped, for two or three minutes, earnestly looking upon him: then resuming, My dearest cousin, said she, be comforted—what is dying but the common lot?—the mortal frame may seem to labour—but that is all!—it is not so hard to die, as I believed it to be!—the preparation is the difficulty—I bless God, I have had time for that—the rest is worst to beholders, than to me!—I am all blessed hope—hope itself.

She looked what she said, a sweet smile beaming over her countenance.

After a short silence, once more, My dear cousin, said she, but still in broken accents, commend me most dutifully to my father and mother—there she stopped. And then proceeding—To my sister, to my brother, to my

uncles—and tell them, I bless them with my parting breath—for all their goodness to me—even for their displeasure, I bless them—most happy has been to me my punishment here!—happy indeed!

She was silent for a few moments, lifting up her eyes, and the hand her cousin held not between his. Then, O death! said she, where is thy sting! (the words I remember to have heard in the burial-service read over my uncle and poor Belton). And after a pause—It is good for me that I was afflicted! words of scripture, I suppose.

Then turning towards us, who were lost in speechless sorrow—O dear, dear gentlemen, said she, you know not what foretastes—what assurances—and there she again stopped, and looked up, as if in a thankful rapture, sweetly smiling.

Then turning her head towards me—Do you, sir, tell your friend, that I forgive him! and I pray to God to forgive him! again pausing, and lifting up her eyes, as if praying that He would—Let him know how happily I die:—and that such as my own, I wish to be his last hour.

She was again silent for a few moments: and then resuming—My sight fails me!—your voices only—(for we both applauded her Christian, her divine frame, though in accents as broken as her own); and the voice of grief is alike in all. Is not this Mr. Morden's hand? pressing one of his with that he had just let go. Which is Mr. Belford's? holding out the other. I gave her mine. God Almighty bless you both, said she, and make you both—in your last hour—for you must come to this—happy as I am.

She paused again, her breath growing shorter; and, after a few minutes, And now, my dearest cousin, give me your hand—nearer—still nearer—drawing it towards her; and she pressed it with her dying lips—God protect you, dear, dear sir—and once more, receive my best and most grateful thanks—and tell my dear Miss Howe—and vouchsafe to

see, and to tell my worthy Norton—she will be one day, I fear not, though now lowly in her fortunes, a saint in heaven—tell them both, that I remember them with thankful blessings in my last moments!—and pray God to give them happiness here for many, many years, for the sake of their friends and lovers; and an heavenly crown hereafter; and such assurances of it, as I have, through the all-satisfying merits of my blessed Redeemer.

Her sweet voice and broken periods methinks still fill my ears, and never will be out of my memory.

After a short silence, in a more broken and faint accent;—And you, Mr. Belford, pressing my hand, may God preserve you, and make you sensible of all your errors—you see, in me, how all ends—may you be—and down sank her head upon her pillow, she fainting away, and drawing from us her hands.

We thought she was then gone; and each gave way to a violent burst of grief.

But soon showing signs of returning life, our attention was again engaged; and I besought her, when a little recovered, to complete in my favour her half-pronounced blessing. She waved her hand to us both, and bowed her head six several times, as we have since recollected, as if distinguishing every person present; not forgetting the nurse and the maid-servant; the latter having approached the bed, weeping, as if crowding in for the divine lady's last blessing; and she spoke faltering and inwardly,—Bless—bless—bless—you all—and now—and now—(holding up her almost lifeless hands for the last time) come—O come—blessed Lord—Jesus!

And with these words, the last but half-pronounced, expired: such a smile, such a charming serenity overspreading her sweet face at the instant, as seemed to manifest her eternal happiness already begun.

O Lovelace!—But I can write no more!

I resume my pen to add a few lines.

While warm, though pulseless, we pressed each her hand with our lips; and then retired into the next room.

We looked at each other, with intent to speak: but, as if one motion governed, as one cause affected, both, we turned away silent.

The Colonel sighed as if his heart would burst: at last, his face and hands uplifted, his back towards me, Good Heaven! said he to himself, support me!—And is it thus, O flower of nature!—Then pausing—And must we no more—never more!—my blessed, blessed cousin! uttering some other words, which his sighs made inarticulate:—and then, as if recollecting himself—Forgive me, sir!—Excuse me, Mr. Belford! And, sliding by me, Anon I hope to see you, sir—and down-stairs he went, and out of the house, leaving me a statue.

When I recovered, I was ready to repine at what I then called an unequal dispensation; forgetting her happy preparation, and still happier departure; and that she had but drawn a common lot; triumphing in it, and leaving behind her, every one less assured of happiness, though equally certain that the lot would one day be their own.

She departed exactly at forty minutes after six o'clock, as by her watch on the table.

And thus died Miss Clarissa Harlowe, in the blossom of her youth and beauty: and who, her tender years considered, has not left behind her her superior in extensive knowledge, and watchful prudence; nor hardly her equal for unblemished virtue, exemplary piety, sweetness of manners, discreet generosity, and true Christian charity: and these all set off by the most graceful modesty and humility; yet on all proper occasions manifesting a noble presence of mind and true magnanimity: so that she may be said to have been not only an ornament to her sex, but to human nature.

A better pen than mine may do her fuller justice. Thine, I mean, O Lovelace! For well dost thou know

how much she excelled in the graces both of mind and person, natural and acquired, all that is woman. And thou also canst best account for the causes of her immature death, through those calamities which in so short a space of time from the highest pitch of felicity (every one in a manner adoring her) brought her to an exit so happy for herself, but, that it was so early, so much to be deplored by all who had the honour of her acquaintance.

This task, then, I leave to thee : but now I can write no more, only that I am a sympathizer in every part of thy distress, except (and yet it is cruel to say it) in that which arises from thy guilt.

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Nine, Friday Morning.

I HAVE no opportunity to write at length, having necessary orders to give on the melancholy occasion. Joel, who got to me by six in the morning, and whom I dispatched instantly back with the letter I had ready from last night, gives me but an indifferent account of the state of your mind. I wonder not at it; but time (and nothing else can) will make it easier to you: if (that is to say) you have compounded with your conscience; else it may be heavier every day than other.

Tourville tells me what a way you are in. I hope you will not think of coming hither. The lady in her will desires you may not see her. Four copies are making of it. It is a long one; for she gives her reasons for all she wills. I will write to you more particularly as soon as possibly I can.

Three letters are just brought by a servant in livery, directed to Miss Clarissa Harlowe. I will send copies of them to you. The contents are enough to make one mad. How would this poor lady have rejoiced to receive them! —And yet, if she had, she would not have been enabled

to say, as she nobly did, that God would not let her depend for comfort upon any but himself.

MRS. NORTON TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Wednesday, September 6.



At length, my best beloved Miss Clary, everything is in the wished train : for all your relations are unanimous in your favour. Even your brother and sister are with the foremost to be reconciled to you.

I knew it must end thus ! By patience, and persevering sweetness, what a triumph have you gained !

This happy change is owing to letters received from your physician, from your cousin Morden, and from Mr. Brand.

Colonel Morden will be with you no doubt before this can reach you, with his pocket-book filled with money-bills, that nothing may be wanting to make you easy.

And now, all our hopes, all our prayers, are, that this good news may restore you to spirits and health ; and that (so long withheld) it may not come too late.

I know how much your dutiful heart will be raised with the joyful tidings I write you, and still shall more particularly tell you of, when I have the happiness to see you, which will be by next Saturday, at farthest ; perhaps on Friday afternoon, by the time you can receive this.

For this day, being sent for by the general voice, I was received by every one with great goodness and condescension, and entreated (for that was the word they were pleased to use, when I needed no entreaty, I am sure) to hasten up to you, and to assure you of all their affectionate regards to you : and your father bid me say all the kind things that were in my heart to say, in order to comfort and raise you up ; and they would hold themselves bound to make them good.

How agreeable is this commission to your Norton ! My heart will overflow with kind speeches, never fear ! I am

already meditating what I shall say, to cheer and raise you up, in the names of every one dear and near to you. And sorry I am, that I cannot this moment set out, as I might, instead of writing, would they favour my eager impatience with their chariot; but as it was not offered, it would be presumption to have asked for it: and to-morrow a hired chaise and pair will be ready; but at what hour I know not.

How I long once more to fold my dear precious young lady to my fond, my more than fond, my maternal bosom!

Your sister will write to you, and send her letter, with this, by a particular hand.

I must not let them see what I write, because of my wish about the chariot.

Your uncle Harlowe will also write, and (I doubt not) in the kindest terms: for they are all extremely alarmed and troubled at the dangerous way your doctor represents you to be in; as well as delighted with the character he gives you. Would to Heaven the good gentleman had written sooner! And yet he writes, that you know not he has now written. But it is all our confidence, and our consolation, that he would not have written at all, had he thought it too late.

They will prescribe no conditions to you, my dear young lady; but will leave all to your own duty and discretion. Only your brother and sister declare, they will never yield to call Mr. Lovelace brother: nor will your father, I believe, be easily brought to think of him for a son.

I need not say how much I am, my dear young lady,
Your ever-affectionate and devoted

JUDITH NORTON.

An unhappy delay as to the chaise, will make it Saturday morning, before I can fold you to my fond heart.

MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Wednesday Morning, September 6.

DEAR SISTER,—We have just heard that you are exceedingly ill. We all loved you as never young creature was loved: you are sensible of that, sister Clary. And you have been very naughty—but we could not be angry always.

We are indeed more afflicted with the news of your being so very ill than I can express: for I see not but, after this separation (as we understand that your misfortune has been greater than your fault, and that, however unhappy, you have demeaned yourself like the good young creature you used to be) we shall love you better, if possible, than ever.

If it will be any comfort to you, and my mother finds this letter is received as we expect (which we shall know by the good effect it will have upon your health) she will herself go to town to you. Meantime, the good woman you so dearly love will be hastened up to you; and she writes by this opportunity, to acquaint you of it, and of all our returning love.


I hope you'll rejoice at this good news. Pray let us hear that you do. Your next grateful letter on this occasion, especially if it gives us the pleasure of hearing you are better upon this news, will be received with the same (if not greater) delight, that we used to have in all your prettily-penned epistles. Adieu, my dear Clary! I am

Your loving sister, and true friend,

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

TO HIS DEAR NIECE MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Wednesday, September 6.

E were greatly grieved, my beloved Miss Clary, at your fault ; but we are still more, if possible, to hear you are so very ill ; and we are sorry things have been carried so far.

We know your talents, my dear, and how movingly you could write, whenever you pleased ; so that nobody could ever deny you anything ; and, believing you depended on your pen, and little thinking you were so ill, and that you had lived so regular a life, and were so truly penitent, are much troubled every one of us, your brother and all, for being so severe. Forgive my part in it, my dearest Clary. I am your second papa, you know. And you used to love me.

My brother Antony desires his hearty commendations to you, and joins with me in the tenderest assurance, that all shall be well, and, if possible, better than ever ; for we now have been so long without you, that we know the miss of you, and even hunger and thirst, as I may say, to see you, and to take you once more to our hearts : whence indeed you was never banished so far, as our concern for the unhappy step made us think and you believe you were. Your sister and brother both talk of seeing you in town : so does my dear sister your indulgent mother.

God restore your health, if it be his will : else, I know not what will become of

Your truly loving uncle, and second papa,
JOHN HARLOWE.

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Friday Night, September 8.



WILL now take up the account of our proceedings from my letter of last night, which contained the dying words of this incomparable lady.

As soon as we had seen the last scene closed (so blessedly for herself!) we left the body to the care of the good women, who, according to the orders she had given them that very night, removed her into that last house which she had displayed so much fortitude in providing.

In the morning, between seven and eight o'clock, according to appointment, the Colonel came to me here. He was very much indisposed. We went together, accompanied by Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith, into the deceased's chamber. We could not help taking a view of the lovely corpse, and admiring the charming serenity of her noble aspect. The women declared, they never saw death so lovely before; and that she looked as if in an easy slumber, the colour having not quite left her cheeks and lips.

I unlocked the drawer, in which (as I mentioned in a former) she had deposited her papers. I told you in mine of Monday last, that she had the night before sealed up with three black seals a parcel inscribed, As soon as I am certainly dead, this to be broke open by Mr. Belford. I accused myself for having not done it over-night. But really I was then incapable of anything.

I broke it open accordingly, and found in it no less than eleven letters, each sealed with her own seal and black wax, one of which was directed to me.

I will enclose a copy of it.

TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Sunday Evening, September 3.

SIR,—I take this last and solemn occasion to repeat to you my thanks for all your kindness to me at a time when I most needed countenance and protection.

A few considerations I beg leave, as now at your perusal of this, from the dead, to press upon you, with all the warmth of a sincere friendship.

By the time you will see this, you will have had an instance, I humbly trust, of the comfortable importance of a pacified conscience, in the last hours of one, who, to the last hour, will wish your eternal welfare.

And now, sir, having the presumption to think, that an useful member is lost to society by means of the unhappy step which has brought my life so soon to its period, let me hope, that I may be an humble instrument in the hands of Providence, to reform a man of your abilities; and then I shall think that loss will be more abundantly repaired to the world, while it will be, by God's goodness, my gain: and I shall have this farther hope, that once more I shall have an opportunity, in a blessed eternity, to thank you, as I now repeatedly do, for the good you have done to, and the trouble you will have taken for, sir,

Your obliged servant,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

The other letters are directed, to her father, to her mother, one to her two uncles, to her brother, to her sister, to her aunt Hervey, to her cousin Morden, to Miss Howe, to Mrs. Norton, and lastly one to you, in performance of her promise, that a letter should be sent you when she arrived at her Father's house!

I will withhold this last till I can be assured, that you will be fitter to receive it than Tourville tells me you are at present.

Copies of all these are sealed up, and entitled, Copies of my ten posthumous letters, for J. Belford, Esq.; and put in among the bundle of papers left to my direction, which I have not yet had leisure to open.

I gave the Colonel his letter, and ordered Harry instantly to get ready to carry the others.

Meantime (retiring into the next apartment) we opened the will. We were both so much affected in perusing it, that at one time the Colonel, breaking off, gave it to me to read on; at another, I gave it back to him to proceed with; neither of us being able to read it through without such tokens of sensibility as affected the voices of each.

Mrs. Lovick, Mrs. Smith, and her nurse, were still more touched, when we read those articles in which they are respectively remembered: but I will avoid mentioning the particulars (except in what relates to the thread of my narration) as in proper time I shall send you a copy of it.

The Colonel told me, he was ready to account with me for the money and bills he had brought up from Harlowe Place; which would enable me, as he said, directly to execute the legacy parts of the will; and he would needs at that instant force into my hands a paper relating to that subject. I put it in my pocket-book, without looking into it; telling him, that as I hoped he would do all in his power to promote a literal performance of the will, I must beg his advice and assistance in the execution of it.

Her request to be buried with her ancestors, made a letter of the following import necessary, which I prevailed upon the Colonel to write; being unwilling myself (so early at least) to appear officious in the eye of a family which probably wishes not any communication with me.

TO JAMES HARLOWE, JUN., ESQ.

SIR,—The letter which the bearer of this brings with him, will, I presume, make it unnecessary to acquaint you and my cousins with the death of the most excellent of women. But I am requested by her executor, who will soon send you a copy of her last will, to acquaint her father (which I choose to do by your means) that in it she earnestly desires to be laid in the family vault, at the feet of her grandfather.

If her father will not admit of it, she has directed her body to be buried in the churchyard of the parish where she died.

I need not tell you, that a speedy answer to this is necessary.

Her beatification commenced yesterday afternoon, exactly at forty minutes after six.

I can write no more, than that I am

Yours, &c.,

WM. MORDEN.

By the time this was written, and by the Colonel's leave transcribed, Harry came booted and spurred, his horse at the door; and I delivered him the letters to the family, with those to Mrs. Norton and Miss Howe (eight in all) together with the above of the Colonel to Mr. James Harlowe; and gave him orders to make the utmost despatch with them.

The Colonel and I have bespoke mourning for ourselves and servants.

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Saturday, Ten o'clock.

DOOR Mrs. Norton is come. She was set down at the door; and would have gone up stairs directly. But Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick being together and in tears, and the former hinting too suddenly to the

truly venerable woman the fatal news, she sank down at her feet, in fits; so that they were forced to breathe a vein, to bring her to herself, and to a capacity of exclamation: and then she ran on to Mrs. Lovick and to me, who entered just as she recovered, in praise of the lady, in lamentations for her, and invectives against you: but yet so circumscribed were her invectives, that I could observe in them the woman well educated, and in her lamentations the passion christianized, as I may say.

She was impatient to see the corpse. The women went up with her. But they owned, that they were too much affected themselves on this occasion to describe her extremely affecting behaviour.

With trembling impatience she pushed aside the coffin-lid. She bathed the face with her tears, and kissed her cheeks and forehead, as if she were living. It was she indeed, she said! her sweet young lady! her very self! Nor had death, which changed all things, a power to alter her lovely features! She admired the serenity of her aspect. She no doubt was happy, she said, as she had written to her she should be: but how many miserable creatures had she left behind her!—The good woman lamenting that she herself had lived to be one of them.

I thought it would divert the poor gentlewoman, and not altogether unsuitably, if I were to put her upon furnishing mourning for herself; as it would rouse her, by a seasonable and necessary employment, from that dismal lethargy of grief, which generally succeeds the too violent anguish with which a gentle nature is accustomed to be torn upon the first communication of the unexpected loss of a dear friend. I gave her therefore the thirty guineas bequeathed to her and to her son for mourning: the only mourning which the testatrix has mentioned: and desired her to lose no time in preparing her own, as I doubted not, that she would accompany the corpse, if it were permitted to be carried down.

The Colonel proposes to attend the hearse, if his kindred give him not fresh cause of displeasure; and will take with him a copy of the will. And being intent to give the family some favourable impressions of me, he desired me to permit him to take with him the copy of the posthumous letter to me : which I readily granted.

He is so kind as to promise me a minute account of all that shall pass on the melancholy occasion. And we have begun a friendship and settled a correspondence, which but one incident can possibly happen to interrupt to the end of our lives. And that I hope will not happen.

But what must be the grief, the remorse, that will seize upon the hearts of this hitherto inexorable family, on the receiving of the posthumous letters, and that of the Colonel apprising them of what has happened ?

I have given requisite orders to an undertaker, on the supposition that the body will be permitted to be carried down ; and the women intend to fill the coffin with aromatic herbs.

The Colonel has obliged me to take the bills and draughts which he brought up with him, for the considerable sums accrued since the grandfather's death from the lady's estate.

I could have shown to Mrs. Norton the copies of the two letters which she missed by coming up. But her grief wants not the heightenings which the reading of them would have given her.

I have been dipping into the copies of the posthumous letters to the family, which Harry has carried down. Well may I call this lady divine. They are all calculated to give comfort rather than reproach, though their cruelty to her merited nothing but reproach. But were I in any of their places, how much rather had I, that she had quitted scores with me by the most severe recriminations, than that she should thus nobly triumph over me by a generosity that has no example ?

I will inclose some of them, which I desire you to return as soon as you can.

TO THE EVER-HONOURED JAMES HARLOWE, SEN., ESQ.

MOST DEAR SIR!—With exulting confidence now does your emboldened daughter come into your awful presence by these lines, who dared not but upon this occasion to look up to you with hopes of favour and forgiveness; since, when this comes to your hands, it will be out of her power ever to offend you more.

And now let me bless you, my honoured papa, and bless you, as I write, upon my knees, for all the benefits I have received from your indulgence: for your fond love to me in the days of my prattling innocence: for the virtuous education you gave me: and for, the crown of all, the happy end, which, through divine grace, by means of that virtuous education, I hope, by the time you will receive this, I shall have made. And let me beg of you, dear venerable sir, to blot from your remembrance, if possible, the last unhappy eight months; and then I shall hope to be remembered with advantage for the pleasure you had the goodness to take in your *Clarissa*.

Still on her knees, let your poor penitent implore your forgiveness of all her faults and follies; more especially of that fatal error which threw her out of your protection.

When you know, sir, that I have never been faulty in my will: that ever since my calamity became irretrievable, I have been in a state of preparation: that I have the strongest assurances, that the Almighty has accepted my unfeigned repentance; and that by this time you will (as I humbly presume to hope) have been the means of adding one to the number of the blessed; you will have reason for joy rather than for sorrow. Since, had I escaped the snares by which I was entangled, I might have wanted those ex-

ercises which I look upon now as so many mercies dispensed to wean me betimes from a world that presented itself to me with prospects too alluring: and in that case (too easily satisfied with worldly felicity) I might not have attained to that blessedness, in which now, on your reading of this, I humbly presume (through the divine goodness) I am rejoicing.

That the Almighty, in his own good time, will bring you, sir, and my ever-honoured mother, after a series of earthly felicities, of which may my unhappy fault be the only interruption (and very grievous I know that must have been) to rejoice in the same blessed state, is the repeated prayer of, sir,

Your now happy daughter,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

TO THE EVER-HONOURED MRS. HARLOWE.

HONOURED MADAM,—The last time I had the boldness to write to you, it was with all the consciousness of a self-convicted criminal, supplicating her offended judge for mercy and pardon. I now, by these lines, approach you with more assurance; but nevertheless with the highest degree of reverence, gratitude, and duty. The reason of my assurance, my letter to my papa will give: and as I humbly on my knees implored his pardon, so now, in the same dutiful manner, do I supplicate yours, for the grief and trouble I have given you.

Every vein of my heart has bled for an unhappy rashness; which (although involuntary as to the act) from the moment it was committed, carried with it its own punishment; and was accompanied with a true and sincere penitence.

God, who has been a witness of my distresses, knows, that great as they have been, the greatest of all was the distress that I knew I must have given to you, madam, and to my father, by a step that had so very ugly an

appearance in your eyes, and his ; and indeed in the eyes of all my family : a step so unworthy of your daughter, and of the education you had given her !

But He, I presume to hope, has forgiven me ; and at the instant this will reach your hands, I humbly trust, I shall be rejoicing in the blessed fruits of His forgiveness. And be this your comfort, my ever-honoured mamma, that the principal end of your pious care for me is attained, though not in the way so much hoped for.

May the grief which my fatal error has given to you both, be the only grief that shall ever annoy you in this world !—May you, madam, long live to sweeten the cares, and heighten the comforts, of my papa !—May my sister's continued, and, if possible, augmented duty, happily make up to you the loss you have sustained of me ! And whenever my brother and she change their single state, may it be with such satisfaction to you both, as may make you forget my offence ; and remember me only in those days, in which you took pleasure in me ! And, at last, may a happy meeting with your forgiven penitent, in the eternal mansions, augment the bliss of her, who, purified by sufferings, already, when this salutes your hands, presumes she shall be

The happy, and for ever happy

CLARISSA HARLOWE !

TO JAMES HARLOWE, JUN., ESQ.

SIR,—There was but one time, but one occasion, after the rash step I was precipitated upon, that I could hope to be excused looking up to you in the character of a brother and a friend. And now is that time, and this the occasion. Now, at reading this, will you pity your late unhappy sister ! Now will you forgive her faults, both supposed and real ! And now will you afford to her memory that kind concern which you refused to her before !

I write, my brother, in the first place, to beg your pardon

for the offence my unhappy step gave to you and to the rest of a family so dear to me.

Virgin purity should not so behave as to be suspected: yet, when you come to know all my story, you will find further room for pity, if not for more than pity, for your late unhappy sister!

O that passion had not been deaf! That misconception would have given way to inquiry! That your rigorous heart, if it could not itself be softened (moderating the power you had obtained over every one) had permitted other hearts more indulgently to expand!

But I write not to give pain. I had rather you should think me faulty still, than take to yourself the consequence that will follow from acquitting me.

Abandoning therefore a subject which I had not intended to touch upon (for I hope, at the writing of this, I am above the spirit of recrimination) let me tell you, sir, that my next motive for writing to you in this last and most solemn manner, is, to beg of you to forego any active resentments (which may endanger a life so precious to all your friends) against the man to whose elaborate baseness I owe my worldly ruin.

For, ought an innocent man to run an equal risk with a guilty one?—A more than equal risk, as the guilty one has been long inured to acts of violence, and is skilled in the arts of offence?

You would not arrogate to yourself God's province, who has said, Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it. If you would, I tremble for the consequence: for will it not be suitable to the divine justice to punish the presumptuous innocent (as you would be in this case) in the very error, and that by the hand of the self-defending guilty—reserving him for a future day of vengeance for his accumulated crimes?

Leave then the poor wretch to the divine justice. Let your sister's fault die with her. At least, let it not be

revived in blood. Life is a short stage where longest. A little time hence, the now green head will be grey, if it lives this little time : and if Heaven will afford him time for repentance, why should not you ?

Then think, my brother, what will be the consequence to your dear parents, if the guilty wretch who has occasioned to them the loss of a daughter, should likewise deprive them of their best hope, an only son, more worth in the family account than several daughters ?

Would you add, my brother, to those distresses which you hold your sister so inexcusable for having (although from involuntary and undesigned causes) given ?

Seek not then, I beseech you, to extend the evil consequences of your sister's error. His conscience, when it shall please God to touch it, will be sharper than your sword.

As for me, my brother, my punishment has been seasonable. God gave me grace to make a right use of my sufferings. I early repented. I never loved the man half so much as I hated his actions, when I saw what he was capable of. I gave up my whole heart to a better hope. God blessed my penitence and my reliance upon him. And now I presume to say, I am happy.

May Heaven preserve you in safety, health, and honour, and long continue your life for a comfort and stay to your honoured parents ! And may you in the change of your single state, meet with a wife as agreeable to every one else as to yourself, and be happy in a hopeful race, and not have one Clarissa among them, to embitter your comforts when she should give you most comfort ! But may my example be of use to warn the dear creatures whom once I hoped to live to see, and to cherish, of the evils with which this deceitful world abounds ! are the prayers of

Your affectionate sister,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

TO MISS HARLOWE.

Now may you, my dear Arabella, unrestrained by the severity of your virtue, let fall a pitying tear on the past faults and sufferings of your late unhappy sister ; since, now, she can never offend you more. The divine mercy, which first inspired her with repentance (an early repentance it was ; since it preceded her sufferings) for an error which she offers not to extenuate, although perhaps it were capable of some extenuation, has now, at the instant that you are reading this, as I humbly hope, blessed her with the fruits of it.

Thus already, even while she writes, in imagination, purified and exalted, she the more fearlessly writes to her sister ; and now is assured of pardon for all those little occasions of displeasure which her frowarder youth might give you ; and for the disgrace which her fall has fastened upon you, and upon her family.

May you, my sister, continue to bless those dear and honoured relations, whose indulgence so well deserves your utmost gratitude, with those cheerful instances of duty and obedience which have hitherto been so acceptable to them, and praiseworthy in you ! And may you, when a suitable proposal shall offer, fill up more worthily that chasm, which the loss they have sustained in me has made in their family !

Thus, my Arabella ! my only sister ! and for many happy years, my friend ! most fervently prays that sister, whose affection for you, no acts of unkindness, no misconstruction of her conduct, could cancel ! And who now, made perfect (as she hopes) through sufferings, styles herself,

The happy

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

TO JOHN AND ANTONY HARLOWE, ESQRS.

HONOURED SIRS,—When these lines reach your hands, your late unhappy niece will have known the end of all her troubles ; and, as she humbly hopes, will be rejoicing in the mercies of a gracious God, who has declared, that He will forgive the truly penitent of heart.

I write, therefore, my dear uncles, and to you both in one letter (since your fraternal love has made you both but as one person) to give you comfort, and not distress ; for, however sharp my afflictions have been, they have been but of short duration ; and I am betimes (happily as I hope) arrived at the end of a painful journey.

At the same time, I write to thank you both, for all your kind indulgence to me, and to beg your forgiveness of my last, my only great fault to you and to my family.

The ways of Providence are unsearchable. Various are the means made use of by it, to bring poor sinners to a sense of their duty. Some are drawn by love, others are driven by terrors, to their divine refuge. I had for eighteen years out of nineteen rejoiced in the favour and affection of every one. No trouble came near my heart. I seemed to be one of those designed to be drawn by the silken cords of love.—But, perhaps, I was too apt to value myself upon the love and favour of every one : the merit of the good I delighted to do, and of the inclinations which were given me, and which I could not help having, I was, perhaps, too ready to attribute to myself ; and now, being led to account for the cause of my temporary calamities, find, I had a secret pride to be punished for, which I had not fathomed : and it was necessary perhaps that some sore and terrible misfortunes should befall me, in order to mortify that my pride, and that my vanity.

Temptations were accordingly sent. I shrank in the day of trial. My discretion, which had been so cried up,

was found wanting when it came to be weighed in an equal balance. I was betrayed, fell, and became the by-word of my companions, and a disgrace to my family, which had prided itself in me perhaps too much. But as my fault was not that of a culpable will, when my pride was sufficiently mortified, I was not suffered (although surrounded by dangers, and entangled in snares) to be totally lost: but, purified by sufferings, I was fitted for the change I have now, at the time you will receive this, so newly, and, as I humbly hope, so happily, experienced.

Rejoice with me then, dear sirs, that I have weathered so great a storm. Nor let it be matter of concern, that I am cut off in the bloom of youth. "There is no inquisition in the grave," says the wise man, "whether we lived ten or an hundred years; and the day of death is better than the day of our birth."

Once more, dear sirs, accept my grateful thanks for all your goodness to me, from my early childhood, to the day, the unhappy day, of my error! Forgive that error!—And God give us a happy meeting in a blessed eternity! prays

Your most dutiful and obliged kinswoman,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Mr. Belford gives the lady's posthumous letters to Mrs. Hervey, Miss Howe, and Mrs. Norton, at length likewise; but, although every letter varies in style as well as matter from the others; yet, as they are written on the same subject, and are pretty long, it is thought proper to abstract them.

That to her aunt Hervey is written in the same pious and generous strain with those preceding, seeking to give comfort rather than distress. The Almighty, I hope, says she, has received and blessed my penitence, and I am happy. Could I have been more than so, at the end of what is called a happy life of twenty, or thirty, or forty years to come? And what are twenty, or thirty, or forty

years to look back upon? In half of any of these periods, what friends might I not have mourned for? what temptations from worldly prosperity might I not have encountered with? And in such a case, immersed in earthly pleasures, how little likelihood, that, in my last stage, I should have been blessed with such a preparation and resignation, as I have now been blessed with?

She concludes this letter with an address to her cousin Dolly Hervey, whom she calls her amiable cousin; and thankfully remembers for the part she took in her afflictions.

The posthumous letter to Miss Howe is extremely tender and affectionate. She pathetically calls upon her to rejoice that all her *Clarissa's* troubles are now at an end; that the state of temptation and trial, of doubt and uncertainty, is now over with her; and that she has happily escaped the snares that were laid for her soul: the rather to rejoice, as that her misfortunes were of such a nature, that it was impossible she could be tolerably happy in this life.

She tells her, that her choice (a choice made with the approbation of all her friends) has fallen upon a sincere, an honest, a virtuous, and what is more than all, a pious man; a man, who, although he admires her person, is still more in love with the graces of her mind. And as those graces are improvable with every added year of life, which will impair the transitory ones of person, what a firm basis, infers she, has Mr. Hickman chosen to build his love upon!

She prays, that God will bless them together: and that the remembrance of her, and of what she has suffered, may not interrupt their mutual happiness, she desires them to think of nothing but what she now is; and that a time will come, when they shall meet again, never to be divided.

To the divine protection, meantime, she commits her; and charges her, by the love that has always subsisted be-

tween them, that she will not mourn too heavily for her ; and again calls upon her, after a gentle tear, which she will allow her to let fall in memory of their uninterrupted friendship, to rejoice that she is so early released ; and that she is purified by her sufferings, and is made, as she assuredly trusts, by God's goodness, eternally happy.

The posthumous letters to Mr. Lovelace and Mr. Morden will be inserted hereafter : as will also the substance of that written to Mrs. Norton.

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Saturday Afternoon, September 9.



UNDERSTAND, that thou breathest nothing but revenge against me, for treating thee with so much freedom ; and against the accursed woman and her infernal crew. I am not at all concerned for thy menaces against myself. It is my design to make thee feel. It gives me pleasure to find my intention answered. And I congratulate thee, that thou hast not lost that sense.

As to the cursed crew, well do they deserve the fire here that thou threatenest them with, and the fire hereafter that seems to await them. But I have this moment received news which will, in all likelihood, save thee the guilt of punishing the old wretch for her share of wickedness as thy agent. But if that happens to her which is likely to happen, wilt thou not tremble for what may befall the principal ?

Not to keep thee longer in suspense ; last night, it seems, the infamous woman got so heartily intoxicated with her beloved liquor, arrack punch, at the expense of Colonel Salter, that, mistaking her way, she fell down a pair of stairs, and broke her leg : and now, after a dreadful night, she lies foaming, raving, roaring, in a burning fever, that wants not any other fire to scorch her into a feeling

more exquisite and durable than any thy vengeance could give her.

The wretch has requested me to come to her : and lest I should refuse a common messenger, sent her vile associate Sally Martin ; who not finding me at Soho, came hither ; another part of her business being to procure the divine lady's pardon for the old creature's wickedness to her.

This devil incarnate, Sally, declares, that she never was so shocked in her life, as when I told her the lady was dead.

She could forgive herself, she said, for everything but her insults upon the admirable lady at Rowland's : since all the rest was but in pursuit of a livelihood, to which she had been reduced, as she boasted, from better expectations, and which hundreds follow as well as she. I did not ask her, by whom reduced.

At going away, she told me, that the old monster's bruises are of more dangerous consequence than the fracture : that a mortification is apprehended : and that the vile wretch has so much compunction of heart, on recollecting her treatment of Miss Harlowe, and is so much set upon procuring her forgiveness, that she is sure the news she has to carry her, will hasten her end.

All these things I leave upon thy reflection.

Saturday Night.

Harry is returned from carrying the posthumous letters to the family and to Miss Howe ; and that of the Colonel which acquaints James Harlowe with his sister's death, and with her desire to be interred near her grandfather.

Harry was not admitted into the presence of any of the family. They were all assembled together, it seems, at Harlowe Place, on occasion of the Colonel's letter which informed them of the lady's dangerous way ; and were comforting themselves, as Harry was told, with hopes that

Mr. Morden had made the worst of her state, in order to quicken their resolutions.

It is easy then to judge what must be their grief and surprise on receiving the fatal news which the letters Harry sent in to them communicated.

He stayed there long enough to find the whole house in confusion ; the servants running different ways ; lamenting and wringing their hands as they ran ; the female servants particularly ; as if somebody (poor Mrs. Harlowe no doubt ; and perhaps Mrs. Hervey too) were in fits.

Everyone was in such disorder, that he could get no commands, nor obtain any notice of himself. The servants seemed more inclined to execrate than welcome him—O master ! O young man ! cried three or four together, what dismal tidings have you brought !—They helped him, at the very first word, to his horse ; which with great civility they had put up on his arrival : and he went to an inn ; and pursued on foot his way to Mrs. Norton's ; and finding her come to town, left the letter he carried down for her with her son (a fine youth) ; who, when he heard the fatal news, burst out into a flood of tears—first lamenting the lady's death, and then crying out, what, what, would become of his poor mother !—how would she support herself, when she should find on her arrival in town, that the dear lady, who was so deservedly the darling of her heart, was no more !

He proceeded to Miss Howe's, with the letter for her. That lady, he was told, had just given orders for a young man, a tenant's son, to post to London, to bring her news of her dear friend's condition, and whether she should herself be encouraged, by an account of her being still alive, to make her a visit ; everything being ordered to be in readiness for her going up, on his return with the news she wished and prayed for with the utmost impatience. And Harry was just in time to prevent the man's setting out.

He had the precaution to desire to speak with Miss Howe's woman or maid, and communicated to her the fatal tidings, that she might break them to her young lady. The maid was herself so affected, that her old lady (who, Harry said, seemed to be everywhere at once) came to see what ailed her; and was herself so struck with the communication, that she was forced to sit down in a chair: O the sweet creature! said she—and is it come to this!—O my poor Nancy!—How shall I be able to break the matter to my Nancy!

Mr. Hickman was in the house. He hastened in to comfort the old lady—but he could not restrain his own tears. He feared, he said, when he was last in town, that this sad event would soon happen: but little thought it would be so very soon!—But she is happy, I am sure, said the good gentleman.

Mrs. Howe, when a little recovered, went up, in order to break the news to her daughter. She took the letter, and her salts in her hand. And they had occasion for the latter. For the housekeeper soon came hurrying down into the kitchen, her face overspread with tears—her young mistress had fainted away, she said—nor did she wonder at it—never did there live a lady more deserving of general admiration and lamentation, than Miss Clarissa Harlowe! And never was there a stronger friendship dissolved by death than between her young lady and her.

She hurried with a lighted wax candle, and with feathers, to burn under the nose of her young mistress; which showed that she continued in fits.

Mr. Hickman afterwards, with his usual humanity, directed that Harry should be taken care of all night; it being then the close of day. He asked him after my health. He expressed himself excessively afflicted, as well for the death of the most excellent of women, as for the just grief of the lady whom he so passionately loves. But he called the departed lady an angel of light. We dreaded, said he

(tell your master), to read the letter sent—but we needed not—'tis a blessed letter, written by a blessed hand!—but the consolation she aims to give, will for the present heighten the sense we all shall have of the loss of so excellent a creature! Tell Mr. Belford, that I thank God I am not the man who had the unmerited honour to call himself her brother.

I know how terribly this great catastrophe (as I may call it, since so many persons are interested in it) affects thee. I should have been glad to have had particulars of the distress which the first communication of it must have given to the Harlowes. Yet who but must pity the unhappy mother?

The answer which James Harlowe returned to Colonel Morden's letter of notification of his sister's death, and to her request as to interment, will give a faint idea of what their concern must be. Here follows a copy of it.

TO WILLIAM MORDEN, ESQ.

Saturday, September 9.

DEAR COUSIN,—I cannot find words to express what we all suffer on the most mournful news that ever was communicated to us.

My sister Arabella (but, alas! I have now no other sister) was preparing to follow Mrs. Norton up; and I had resolved to escort her, and to have looked in upon the dear creature.

God be merciful to us all! To what purpose did the doctor write if she was so near her end?—Why, as everybody says, did he not send sooner?—or why at all?

The most admirable young creature that ever swerved!—Not one friend to be with her!—Alas! sir, I fear my mother will never get over this shock—she has been in hourly fits ever since she received the fatal news. My poor father has the gout thrown into his stomach; and heaven knows—O cousin, O sir!—I meant nothing but

the honour of the family ; yet have I all the weight thrown upon me—(O this cursed Lovelace ! may I perish if he escape the deserved vengeance !)

We had begun to please ourselves that we should soon see her here—good heaven ! that her next entrance into this house, after she abandoned us so precipitately, should be in a coffin !

We can have nothing to do with her executor (another strange step of the dear creature's !) : he cannot expect we will—nor, if he be a gentleman, will he think of acting. Do you therefore be pleased, sir, to order an undertaker to convey the body down to us.

My mother says she shall be for ever unhappy, if she may not in death see the dear creature whom she could not see in life : be so kind therefore as to direct the lid to be only half-screwed down—that (if my poor mother cannot be prevailed upon to dispense with so shocking a spectacle) she may be obliged—she was the darling of her heart !

If we know her will in relation to the funeral, it shall be punctually complied with : as shall everything in it that is fit or reasonable to be performed ; and this without the intervention of strangers.

Will you not, dear sir, favour us with your presence at this melancholy time ? Pray do ; and pity and excuse, with the generosity which is natural to the brave and the wise, what passed at our last meeting. Everyone's respects attend you. And I am, sir,

Your inexpressibly afflicted cousin and servant,
JA. HARLOWE, jun.

Everything that is fit or reasonable to be performed ! (repeated I to the Colonel from the above letter on his reading it to me :) that is everything which she has directed, that can be performed. I hope, Colonel, that I shall have no contention with them. I wish no more for their

acquaintance than they do for mine. But you, sir, must be the mediator between them and me; for I shall insist upon a literal performance in every article.

The Colonel was so kind as to declare that he would support me in my resolution.

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Sunday Morning, 8 o'clock, September 10.



STAYED at Smith's till I saw the last of all that is mortal of the divine lady,

As she has directed rings by her will to several persons, with her hair to be set in crystal, the afflicted Mrs. Norton cut off, before the coffin was closed, four charming ringlets; one of which the Colonel took for a locket, which, he says, he will cause to be made, and wear next his heart in memory of his beloved cousin.

Between four and five in the morning, the corpse was put into the hearse; the coffin before being filled, as intended, with flowers and aromatic herbs, and proper care taken to prevent the corpse suffering (to the eye) from the jolting of the hearse.

Poor Mrs. Norton is extremely ill. I gave particular directions to Mr. Smith's maid (whom I have ordered to attend the good woman in a mourning chariot) to take care of her. The Colonel, who rides with his servants within view of the hearse, says, that he will see my orders in relation to her enforced.

When the hearse moved off, and was out of sight, I locked up the lady's chamber, into which all that had belonged to her was removed.

I expect to hear from the Colonel as soon as he is got down, by a servant of his own.

MR. MOWBRAY TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Uxbridge, Sunday Morning, 9 o'clock.

DEAR JACK,—I send you inclosed a letter from Mr. Lovelace; which, though written in the cursed algebra, I know to be such a one as will show what a queer way he is in; for he read it to us with the air of a tragedian. You will see by it what the mad fellow had intended to do, if we had not all of us interposed. He was actually setting out with a surgeon of this place, to have the lady opened and embalmed.—Rot me if it be not my full persuasion, that if he had, her heart would have been found to be either iron or marble.

We have got Lord M. to him. His lordship is also much afflicted at the lady's death. His sisters and nieces, he says, will be ready to break their hearts. What a rout's here about a woman! For after all she was no more.

We have taken a pailful of black bull's blood from him; and this has lowered him a little. But he threatens Colonel Morden, he threatens you for your cursed reflections (cursed reflections indeed, Jack!), and curses all the world and himself, still.

Last night his mourning (which is full as deep as for a wife) was brought home, and his fellow's mourning too. And though eight o'clock, he would put it on, and make them attend him in theirs.

But I am tired of writing. I never wrote such a long letter in my life. My wrists and my fingers and thumb ache damnably. The pen is an hundredweight at least. And my eyes are ready to drop out of my head upon the paper.—The cramp but this minute in my fingers. Rot the goose and the goose-quill! I will write no more long letters for a twelvemonth to come. Yet one word: we think the mad fellow coming to. Adieu.

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Uxbridge, Saturday, September 9.

THACK,—I think it absolutely right that my ever-dear and beloved lady should be opened and embalmed. It must be done out of hand—this very afternoon. Your acquaintance Tomkins and old Anderson of this place, whom I will bring with me, shall be the surgeons. I have talked to the latter about it.

I will see everything done with that decorum which the case, and the sacred person of my beloved require.

Everything that can be done to preserve the charmer from decay, shall also be done. And when she will descend to her original dust, or cannot be kept longer, I will then have her laid in my family-vault between my own father and mother. Myself, as I am in my soul, so in person, chief mourner. But her heart, to which I have such unquestionable pretensions, in which once I had so large a share, and which I will prize above my own, I will have. I will keep it in spirits. It shall never be out of my sight. And all the charges of sepulture too shall be mine.

Surely nobody will dispute my right to her. Whose was she living? Whose is she dead, but mine?—Her cursed parents, whose barbarity to her, no doubt, was the true cause of her death, have long since renounced her. She left them for me. She chose me therefore: and I was her husband. What though I treated her like a villain? Do I not pay for it now? Would she not have been mine had I not? Nobody will dispute but she would. And has she not forgiven me?—I am then in *statu quo prius* with her—am I not!—as if I had never offended? Whose then can she be but mine?

I will free you from your executorship and all your cares.

Take notice, Belford, that I do hereby actually discharge you, and everybody, from all cares and troubles relating to her. And as to her last testament, I will execute it myself.

I send in the meantime for a lock of her hair.

I charge you stir not in any part of her will, but by my express direction. I will order everything myself. For am I not her husband? And being forgiven by her, am I not the chosen of her heart? What else signifies her forgiveness?

The two insufferable wretches you have sent me, plague me to death, and would treat me like a babe in strings. Damn the fellows, what can they mean by it? Yet that crippled monkey Doleman joins with them. And, as I hear them whisper, they have sent for Lord M.—To control me, I suppose.

What can they mean by this usage? Sure all the world is run mad but myself. They treat me as they ought every one of themselves to be treated. The whole world is but one great Bedlam. God confound it, and everything in it, since now my beloved Clarissa Lovelace—no more Harlowe—curse upon that name, and everyone called by it!

What I write to you for is,

1. To forbid you intermeddling with anything relating to her. To forbid Morden intermeddling also. If I remember right, he has threatened me, and cursed me, and used me ill—and let him be gone from her, if he would avoid my resentments.

2. To send me a lock of her hair instantly by the bearer.

3. To engage Tomkins to have everything ready for the opening and embalming. I shall bring Anderson with me.

4. To get her will and everything ready for my perusal and consideration.

I will have possession of her dear heart this very night ; and let Tomkins provide a proper receptacle and spirits, till I can get a golden one made for it.

I will take her papers. And as no one can do her memory justice equal to myself, and I will not spare myself, who can better show the world what she was, and what a villain he, that could use her ill ? And the world shall also see, what implacable and unworthy parents she had.

All shall be set forth in words at length. No mincing of the matter. Names undisguised as well as facts. For as I shall make the worst figure in it myself, and have a right to treat myself as nobody else shall ; who will control me ? Who dare call me to account ?

Although her will may in some respects cross mine, yet I expect to be observed. I will be the interpreter of hers.

Next to mine, hers shall be observed ; for she is my wife ; and shall be to all eternity. I will never have another.

Adieu, Jack. I am preparing to be with you. I charge you, as you value my life or your own, do not oppose me in anything relating to my Clarissa Lovelace.

My temper is entirely altered. I know not what it is to laugh, or smile, or be pleasant. I am grown choleric and impatient, and will not be controlled.

I write this in characters as I used to do, that nobody but you should know what I write. For never was any man plagued with impertinents, as I am.

R. LOVELACE.

In a separate paper inclosed in the above.

Let me tell thee, in characters still, that I am in a dreadful way just now. My brain is all boiling like a

cauldron over a fiery furnace. What a devil is the matter with me I wonder! I never was so strange in my life.

In truth, Jack, I have been a most execrable villain. And when I consider all my actions to this angel of a woman, and in her the piety, the charity, the wit, the beauty, I have helped to destroy, and the good to the world I have thereby been a means of frustrating; I can pronounce damnation upon myself. How then can I expect mercy anywhere else!

I believe I shall have no patience with you when I see you. Your damned stings and reflections have almost turned my brain.

But here Lord M. they tell me, is come! Damn him, and those who sent for him!

I know not what I have written. But her dear heart and a lock of her hair I will have, let who will be the gainsayers! For is she not mine? Whose else can she be? She has no father nor mother, no sister, no brother; no relations but me. And my beloved is mine; and I am hers: and that's enough.—But oh!

She's out! the damp of death has quench'd her quite!
Those spicy doors, her lips, are shut, close lock'd,
Which never gale of life shall open more!

And is it so! Is it indeed so?—Good God!—Good God!—But they will not let me write on. I must go down to this officious peer—who the devil sent for him?

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

LOVELACE! I have a scene to paint in relation to the wretched Sinclair, that, if I do it justice, will make thee seriously ponder and reflect, or nothing can. I will lead to it in order; and that in my usual hand, that thy compeers may be able to read it as well as thyself.

When I had written the preceding letter; not knowing

what to do with myself ; recollecting, and in vain wishing for that delightful and improving conversation, which I had now for ever lost ; I thought I had as good begin the task, which I had for some time past resolved to begin ; that is to say, to go to church ; and see if I could not reap some benefit from what I should hear there. Accordingly I determined to go to hear the celebrated preacher at St. James's church. But, as if the devil (for so I was then ready to conclude) thought himself concerned to prevent my intention, a visit was made me just as I was dressed, which took me off from my purpose.

From whom should this visit be, but from Sally Martin, accompanied by Mrs. Carter, the sister of the infamous Sinclair ! the same, I suppose I need not tell you, who keeps the bagnio near Bloomsbury.

These told me that the surgeon, apothecary, and physician, had all given the wretched woman over ; but that she said, she could not die, nor be at rest, till she saw me : and they besought me to accompany them in the coach they came in, if I had one spark of charity, of Christian charity, as they called it, left.

I was very loth to be diverted from my purpose by a request so unwelcome, and from people so abhorred ; but at last went, and we got thither by ten : where a scene so shocking presented itself to me, that the death of poor desponding Belton is not, I think, to be compared with it.

The old wretch had once put her leg out by her rage and violence, and had been crying, scolding, cursing, ever since the preceding evening, that the surgeon had told her it was impossible to save her ; and that a mortification had begun to show itself ; insomuch that, purely in compassion to their own ears, they had been forced to send for another surgeon, purposely to tell her, though against his judgment, and (being a friend of the other) to seem to convince him, that he mistook her case ; and that, if she would be patient, she might recover. But, nevertheless,

her apprehensions of death, and her antipathy to the thoughts of dying, were so strong, that their imposture had not the intended effect, and she was raving, crying, cursing, and even howling, more like a wolf than a human creature, when I came ; so that as I went upstairs, I said, surely this noise, this howling, cannot be from the unhappy woman ! Sally said it was ; and assured me, that it was nothing to the noise she had made all night ; and stepping into her room before me, dear Madam Sinclair, said she, forbear this noise ! It is more like that of a bull than a woman !—Here comes Mr. Belford ; and you'll fright him away if you bellow at this rate.

There was no less than eight of her cursed daughters surrounding her bed when I entered ; one of her partners, Polly Horton, at their head ; and now Sally, her other partner, and Madam Carter, as they called her (for they are all madams with one another) made the number ten : all in shocking dishabille, and without stays, except Sally, Carter, and Polly ; who, not daring to leave her, had not been in bed all night.

The other seven seemed to have been but just up, risen perhaps from their customers in the fore-house, and their nocturnal orgies, with faces, three or four of them, that had run, the paint lying in streaky seams not half blowzed off, discovering coarse wrinkled skins : the hair of some of them of divers colours, obliged to the black-lead comb where black was affected ; the artificial jet, however, yielding apace to the natural brindle : that of others plastered with oil and powder ; the oil predominating : but every one's hanging about her ears and neck in broken curls, or ragged ends ; and each at my entrance taken with one motion, stroking their matted locks with both hands under their coifs, mobs, or pinner, every one of which was awry. They were all slip-shoed ; stockingless some ; only under-petticoated all ; their gowns, made to cover straddling hoops, hanging trolloppy, and tangling about their heels ; but

hastily wrapped round them, as soon as I came up-stairs. And half of them (unpadded, shoulder-bent, pallid-lipped, limber-jointed wretches) appearing, from a blooming nineteen or twenty perhaps over night, haggard well-worn strumpets of thirty-eight or forty.

But when I approached the old wretch, what a spectacle presented itself to my eyes !

Her misfortune has not at all sunk, but rather, as I thought, increased her flesh ; rage and violence perhaps swelling her muscular features. Behold her then, spreading the whole tumbled bed with her huge quaggy carcass : her mill-post arms held up ; her broad hands clenched with violence ; her big eyes, goggling and flaming-red as we may suppose those of a salamander ; her matted grisly hair, made irreverend by her wickedness (her clouted head-dress being half off) spread about her fat ears and brawny neck ; her livid lips parched, and working violently ; her broad chin in convulsive motion ; her wide mouth, by reason of the contraction of her forehead (which seemed to be half lost in its own frightful furrows) splitting her face, as it were into two parts ; and her huge tongue hideously rolling in it ; heaving, puffing, as if for breath ; her bellows-shaped and various-coloured breasts ascending by turns to her chin, and descending out of sight, with the violence of her gaspings.

As soon as she saw me, her naturally big voice, more hoarsened by her ravings, broke upon me : O Mr. Belford ! O sir ! see what I am come to !—see what I am brought to !—to have such a cursed crew about me, and not one of them to take care of me ! But to let me tumble down stairs so distant from the room I went from ! so distant from the room I meant to go to !—Cursed, cursed be every careless devil !—May this or worse be their fate every one of them !

And then she cursed and swore more vehemently, and the more, as two or three of them were excusing themselves

on the score of their being at that time as unable to help themselves as she.

As soon as she had cleared the passage of her throat by the oaths and curses which her wild impatience made her utter, she began in a more hollow and whining strain to bemoan herself. And here, said she—Heaven grant me patience (clenching and unclenching her hands) am I to die thus miserably!—of a broken leg in my old age!—snatched away by means of my own intemperance! Self do! self undone!—No time for my affairs! no time to repent!—And in a few hours (Oh!—oh!—with another long howling O—h!—U—gh—o! a kind of screaming key terminating it) who knows, who can tell where I shall be?—Oh! that indeed I never, never, had had a being!

What could one say to such a wretch as this, whose whole life had been spent in the most diffusive wickedness, and who no doubt has numbers of souls to answer for? Yet I told her, she must be patient: that her violence made her worse: and that, if she would compose herself, she might get into a frame more proper for her present circumstances.

Who, I? interrupted she: I get into a better frame! I, who can neither cry, nor pray! Yet already feel the torments of the damned? What mercy can I expect? What hope is left for me?—Then, that sweet creature! That incomparable Miss Harlowe! She, it seems, is dead and gone! O that cursed man! Had it not been for him! I had never had this, the most crying of all my sins, to answer for!

And then she set up another howl.

And is she dead?—indeed dead? proceeded she, when her howl was over—O what an angel have I been the means of destroying! For though it was that wicked man's fault that ever she was in my house, yet it was mine, and yours, and yours, and yours, devils as we all were (turning to Sally, to Polly, and to one or two more) that

he did not do her justice! And that, that is my curse, and will one day be yours!

And then she howled and bellowed by turns.

By my faith, Lovelace, I trembled in every joint; and looking upon her who spoke this, and roared thus, and upon the company round me, I more than once thought myself to be in one of the infernal mansions.

Yet will I proceed, and try for thy good if I can shock thee but half as much with my descriptions, as I was shocked by what I saw and heard.

Sally!—Polly!—sister Carter! said she, did you not tell me I might recover? Did not the surgeon tell me I might?

And so you may, cried Sally; Monsieur Garon says you may, if you'll be patient. But, as I have often told you this blessed morning, you are readier to take despair from your own fears, than comfort from all the hope we can give you.

Yet, cried the wretch, interrupting, does not Mr. Belford (and to him you have told the truth, though you won't to me); does not he tell me I shall die?—I cannot bear it! I cannot bear the thoughts of dying!

And then, but that half a dozen at once endeavoured to keep down her violent hands, would she have beaten herself; as it seems she had often attempted to do from the time the surgeon popped out the word mortification to her.

Well, but to what purpose, said I (turning aside to her sister, and to Sally and Polly) are these hopes given her, if the gentlemen of the faculty give her over? You should let her know the worst, and then she must submit; for there is no running away from death. If she has any matters to settle, put her upon settling them; and do not, by telling her she will live when there is no room to expect it, take from her the opportunity of doing needful things. Do the surgeons actually give her over?

They do, whispered they. Her gross habit, they say, gives no hopes. We have sent for both surgeons, whom we expect every minute.

Both the surgeons (who are French ; for Mrs. Sinclair has heard Tourville launch out in the praise of French surgeons) came in while we were thus talking. I retired to the farther end of the room, and threw up a window for a little air, being half-poisoned by the effluvia arising from so many contaminated carcasses ; which gave me no imperfect idea of the stench of gaols, which corrupting the ambient air, gives what is called the prison-distemper.

I came back to the bed-side when the surgeons had inspected the fracture ; and asked them, if there were any expectation of her life ?

One of them whispered me, there was none : that she had a strong fever upon her, which alone, in such a habit, would probably do the business ; and that the mortification had visibly gained upon her since they were there six hours ago.

As nobody cared to tell the unhappy wretch what every one apprehended must follow, and what the surgeons convinced me soon would, I undertook to be the denouncer of her doom. Accordingly, the operators being withdrawn, I sat down by the bed-side, and said, Come, Mrs. Sinclair, let me advise you to forbear these ravings at the carelessness of those, who, I find, at the time, could take no care of themselves ; and since the accident has happened, and cannot be remedied, to resolve to make the best of the matter : for all this violence but enrages the malady, and you will probably fall into a delirium, if you give way to it, which will deprive you of that reason which you ought to make the best of, for the time it may be lent you.

She turned her head towards me, and hearing me speak with a determined voice, and seeing me assume as determined an air, became more calm and attentive.

I went on, telling her, that I was glad, from the hints

she had given, to find her concerned for her past misspent life, and particularly for the part she had had in the ruin of the most excellent woman on earth: that if she would compose herself, and patiently submit to the consequence of an evil she had brought upon herself, it might possibly be happy for her yet. Meantime, continued I, tell me, with temper and calmness, why you was so desirous to see me?

She seemed to be in great confusion of thought, and turned her head this way and that; and at last, after much hesitation, said, Alas for me! I hardly know what I wanted with you. When I awoke from my intemperate trance, and found what a cursed way I was in, my conscience smote me, and I was for catching, like a drowning wretch, at every straw. I wanted to see everybody and anybody but those I did see; everybody who I thought could give me comfort. Yet could I expect none from you neither; for you had declared yourself my enemy, although I had never done you harm: for what, Jackey, in her old tone, whining through her nose, was Miss Harlowe to you?—But she is happy!—But oh! what will become of me? Yet tell me (for the surgeons have told you the truth, no doubt) tell me, shall I do well again? May I recover? If I may, I will begin a new course of life: as I hope to be saved, I will. I'll renounce you all—everyone of you (looking round her) and scrape all I can together, and live a life of penitence; and when I die, leave it all to charitable uses—I will, by my soul—every doit of it to charity but this once, lifting up her rolling eyes, and folded hands (with a wry-mouthed earnestness, in which every muscle and feature of her face bore its part) this one time—Good God of heaven and earth, but this once! this once! repeating those words five or six times, spare thy poor creature, and every hour of my life shall be passed in penitence and atonement: upon my soul it shall!

Less vehement! a little less vehement! said I—it is not

for me, who have led so free a life, as you but **too** well know, to talk to you in a reproaching strain, and to set before you the iniquity you have lived in, and the **many** souls you have helped to destroy. But as you are **in** so penitent a way, if I might advise, you should send **for** a good clergyman, the purity of whose life and manners **may** make all these things come from him with a better **grace** than they can from me.

How, sir! what, sir! interrupting me; send for a parson! —Then you indeed think I shall die! Then you **think** there is no room for hope!—A parson, sir!—who sends for a parson, while there is any hope left?—The sight of a parson would be death immediate to me!—I cannot, **cannot** die!— Never tell me of it!—What! die!—What! **cut** off in the midst of my sins!

And then she began again to rave.

I cannot bear, said I, rising from my seat with a stern air, to see a reasonable creature behave so outrageously! —And you have reason to be thankful, turning again to her, that you did not perish in that act of intemperance which brought you to this: for it might have been your neck, as well as your leg; and then you had not had the opportunity you now have for repentance—and, the Lord have mercy upon you! into what a state might you have awoke?

Then did the poor wretch set up an inarticulate frightful howl, such a one as I never before heard uttered, as if already pangs infernal had taken hold of her; and seeing every one half-frighted, and me motioning to withdraw, O pity me, pity me, Mr. Belford, cried she, her words interrupted by groans—I find you think I shall die!—And what I may be, and where, in a very few hours—who can tell?

I told her it was in vain to flatter her: it was my opinion she would not recover.

I was going to re-advise her to calm her spirits, and

endeavour to resign herself, and to make the best of the opportunity yet left her; but this declaration set her into a most outrageous raving. She would have torn her hair, and beaten her breast, had not some of the wretches held her hands by force, while others kept her as steady as they could, lest she should again put out her new-set leg: so that, seeing her thus incapable of advice, and in a perfect phrensy, I told Sally Martin, that there was no bearing the room; and that their best way was to send for a minister to pray by her, and to reason with her, as soon as she should be capable of it.

And so I left them; and never was so sensible of the benefit of fresh air, as I was the moment I entered the street.

O Lovelace! what lives do most of us rakes and libertines lead! What company do we keep! And, for such company, what society renounce, or endeavour to make like these!

To have done with so shocking a subject at once, we shall take notice, that Mr. Belford, in a future letter, writes, that the miserable woman, to the surprise of the operators themselves (through hourly increasing tortures of body and mind) held out so long as till Thursday, September 21. And then died in such agonies as terrified into a transitory penitence all the wretches about her.

COLONEL MORDEN TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Sunday Night, September 10.

DEAR SIR,—According to my promise, I send you an account of matters here.

When we were within five miles of Harlowe Place, I put on a hand gallop. I ordered the hearse to proceed more slowly still, the cross-road we were in being

rough ; and having more time before us than I wanted ; for I wished not the hearse to be in till near dusk.

I got to Harlowe Place about four o'clock. You may believe I found a mournful house. You desire me to be very minute.

At my entrance into the court, they were all in motion. Every servant whom I saw had swelled eyes, and looked with so much concern, that at first I apprehended some new disaster had happened in the family.

Mr. John and Mr. Antony Harlowe and Mrs. Hervey were there. They all helped on one another's grief, as they had before done each other's hardness of heart.

My cousin James met me at the entrance of the hall. His countenance expressed a fixed concern ; and he desired me to excuse his behaviour the last time I was there.

A perfect concert of grief, as I may say, broke out the moment I entered the parlour.

My cousin Harlowe, the dear creature's father, as soon as he saw me, said, O cousin, cousin, of all our family, you are the only one who have nothing to reproach yourself with !—You are a happy man !

The poor mother bowing her head to me in speechless grief, sat with her handkerchief held to her eyes, with one hand. The other hand was held by her sister Hervey, between both hers ; Mrs. Hervey weeping upon it.

Near the window sat Mr. John Harlowe, his face and his body turned from the sorrowing company ; his eyes red and swelled.

Miss Arabella followed her uncle Antony, as he walked in before me ; and seemed as if she would have spoken to the pierced mother some words of comfort. But she was unable to utter them, and got behind her mother's chair ; and inclining her face over it on the unhappy lady's shoulder, seemed to claim the consolation that indulgent parent used, but then was unable to afford her.

Young Mr. Harlowe, with all his vehemence of spirit,

was now subdued. His self-reproaching conscience, no doubt, was the cause of it.

And what, sir, must their thoughts be, which, at that moment, in a manner deprived them of all motion, and turned their speech into sighs and groans!—How to be pitied, how greatly to be pitied, all of them! But how much to be cursed that abhorred Lovelace, who, as it seems, by arts uncommon, and a villany without example, has been the sole author of a woe so complicated and extensive!—God judge me, as—but I stop—the man (the man can I say?) is your friend!—He already suffers, you tell me, in his intellect.—Restore him, Heaven, to that—if I find the matter come out, as I apprehend it will—indeed her own hint of his usage of her, as in her will, is enough—nor think, my beloved cousin, thou darling of my heart! that thy gentle spirit, breathing charity and forgiveness to the vilest of men, shall avail him!

But once more I stop—forgive me, sir!—Who could behold such a scene, who could recollect it in order to describe it (as minutely as you wished me to relate how this unhappy family were affected on this sad occasion), every one of the mourners nearly related to himself, and not be exasperated against the author of all?

As I was the only person (grieved as I was myself) from whom any of them, at that instant, could derive comfort; let us not, said I, my dear cousin, approaching the inconsolable mother, give way to a grief, which however just, can now avail us nothing. We hurt ourselves, and cannot recall the dear creature for whom we mourn. Nor would you wish it, if you knew with what assurances of eternal happiness she left the world.—She is happy, madam!—Depend upon it, she is happy! And comfort yourselves with that assurance.

O cousin, cousin! cried the unhappy mother, withdrawing her hand from that of her sister Hervey, and pressing mine with it, you know not what a child I have

lost!—Then in a lower voice, and how lost!—That it is that makes the loss insupportable.

They all joined in a kind of melancholy chorus, and each accused him and herself, and some of them one another. But the eyes of all, in turn, were cast upon my cousin James as the person who had kept up the general resentment against so sweet a creature. While he was hardly able to bear his own remorse: nor Miss Harlowe hers; she breaking out into words, how tauntingly did I write to her! How barbarously did I insult her! Yet how patiently did she take it!—Who would have thought that she had been so near her end!—O brother, brother!—But for you!—but for you!

Double not upon me, said he, my own woes!—I have everything before me that has passed!—I thought only to reclaim a dear creature that had erred! I intended not to break her tender heart!—But it was the villanous Lovelace who did that—not any of us!—Yet, cousin, did she not attribute all to me?—I fear she did!—Tell me only, did she name me, did she speak of me, in her last hours? I hope she, who could forgive the greatest villain on earth, and plead that he may be safe from our vengeance; I hope she could forgive me.

She died blessing you all; and justified rather than condemned your severity to her.

Then they set up another general lamentation. We see, said her father, enough we see in her heart-piercing letters to us, what a happy frame she was in a few days before her death—but did it hold to the last? Had she no repinings? Had the dear child no heart-burnings?

None at all!—I never saw, and never shall see, so blessed a departure: and no wonder; for I never heard of such a preparation. Every hour for weeks together was taken up in it. Let this be our comfort: we need only to wish for so happy an end for ourselves, and for those who are nearest to our hearts. We may any of us

be grieved for acts of unkindness to her : but had all happened that once she wished for, she could not have made a happier, perhaps not so happy an end.

Would to Heaven, proceeded, exclaiming, the poor mother, I had but once seen her ! Then turning to my cousin James and his sister—O my son ! O my Arabella ! If we were to receive as little mercy—

And there again she stopped, her tears interrupting her further speech : every one, all the time, remaining silent ; their countenances showing a grief in their hearts too big for expression.

Now you see, Mr. Belford, that my dearest cousin could be allowed all her merit !—What a dreadful thing is after-reflection upon a conduct so perverse and unnatural ?

O this cursed friend of yours, Mr. Belford ! This detested Lovelace !—To him, to him is owing—

Pardon me, sir. I will lay down my pen till I have recovered my temper.

One in the Morning.

In vain, sir, have I endeavoured to compose myself to rest. You wished me to be very particular, and I cannot help it. This melancholy subject fills my whole mind. I will proceed, though it be midnight.

About six o'clock the hearse came to the outward gate—the parish church is at some distance ; but the wind sitting fair, the afflicted family were struck, just before it came, into a fresh fit of grief, on hearing the funeral bell tolled in a very solemn manner. A respect, as it proved, and as they all guessed, paid to the memory of the dear deceased out of officious love, as the hearse passed near the church.

Judge, when their grief was so great in expectation of it, what it must be when it arrived.

A servant came in to acquaint us with what its lumbering heavy noise up the paved inner courtyard apprised us of before.

He spoke not. He could not speak. He looked, bowed, and withdrew.

I stepped out. No one else could then stir. Her brother, however, soon followed me.

When I came to the door, I beheld a sight very affecting.

You have heard, sir, how universally my dear cousin was beloved. By the poor and middling sort especially, no young lady was ever so much beloved. And with reason! she was the common patroness of all the honest poor in her neighbourhood.

The hearse, and the solemn tolling of the bell, had drawn together at least fifty of the neighbouring men, women, and children, and some of good appearance. Not a soul of them, it seems, with a dry eye; and each lamenting the death of this admired lady, who, as I am told, never stirred out, but somebody was the better for her.

These, when the coffin was taken out of the hearse, crowding about it, hindered, for a few moments, its being carried in; the young people struggling who should bear it; and yet with respectful whisperings, rather than clamorous contention. A mark of veneration I had never before seen paid, upon any occasion, in all my travels, from the underbred many, from whom noise is generally inseparable in all their emulations.

At last six maidens were permitted to carry it in by the six handles.

The corpse was thus borne, with the most solemn respect, into the hall, and placed for the present upon two stools there. The plates, and emblems, and inscription, set every one gazing upon it, and admiring it. The more, when they were told, that all was of her own ordering. They wished to be permitted a sight of the corpse; but rather mentioned this as their wish than as their hope. When they had all satisfied their curiosity, and remarked upon the emblems, they dispersed with blessings upon her

memory, and with tears and lamentations ; pronouncing her to be happy ; and inferring, were she not so, what would become of them ? While others ran over with repetitions of the good she delighted to do. Nor were there wanting those among them, who heaped curses upon the man who was the author of her fall.

But when the corpse was carried into the lesser parlour, adjoining to the hall, which she used to call her parlour, and put upon a table in the middle of the room, and the father and mother, the two uncles, her aunt Hervey, and her sister, came in, joining her brother and me, with trembling feet, and eager woe, the scene was still more affecting. Their sorrow was heightened, no doubt, by the remembrance of their unforgiving severity : and now seeing before them the receptacle that contained the glory of their family, who so lately was driven thence by their indiscreet violence ; never, never more to be restored to them ! no wonder that their grief was more than common grief.

They would have withheld the mother, it seems, from coming in : but when they could not, though undetermined before, they all bore her company, led on by an impulse they could not resist. The poor lady but just cast her eye upon the coffin, and then snatched it away, retiring with passionate grief towards the window ; yet addressing herself, with clasped hands, as if to her beloved daughter ; O my child, my child ! cried she ; thou pride of my hope ! Why was I not permitted to speak pardon and peace to thee !—O forgive thy cruel mother !

Her son (his heart then softened, as his eyes showed) besought her to withdraw : and her woman looking in at that moment, he called her to assist him in conducting her lady into the middle parlour : and then returning, met his father going out at the door, who also had but just cast his eye on the coffin, and yielded to my entreaties to withdraw.

His grief was too deep for utterance, till he saw his son coming in ; and then, fetching a heavy groan, Never, said he, was sorrow like my sorrow!—O son! son!—in a reproaching accent, his face turned from him.

I attended him through the middle parlour, endeavouring to console him. His lady was there in agonies. She took his eye. He made a motion towards her : O my dear, said he—but turning short, his eyes as full as his heart, he hastened through to the great parlour : and when there, he desired me to leave him to himself.

The uncles and the sister looked and turned away, looked and turned away, very often upon the emblems, in silent sorrow. Mrs. Hervey would have read to them the inscription—these words she did read, Here the wicked cease from troubling—but could read no farther. Her tears fell in large drops upon the plate she was contemplating ; and yet she was desirous of gratifying a curiosity that mingled impatience with her grief because she could not gratify it, although she often wiped her eyes as they flowed.

Judge you, Mr. Belford (for you have great humanity) how I must be affected. Yet was I forced to try to comfort them all.

No wonder that the dear departed, who foresaw the remorse that would fall to the lot of this unhappy family when they came to have the news of her death confirmed to them, was so grieved for their apprehended grief, and endeavoured to comfort them by her posthumous letters. But it was still a greater generosity in her to try to excuse them to me, as she did when we were alone together, a few hours before she died ; and to aggravate more than (as far as I can find) she ought to have done, the only error she was ever guilty of. The more freely however perhaps (exalted creature !) that I might think the better of her friends, although at her own expense.

When the unhappy mourners were all retired, I directed

the lid of the coffin to be unscrewed, and caused some fresh aromatics and flowers to be put into it.

The corpse was very little altered, notwithstanding the journey. The sweet smile remained.

The maids who brought the flowers were ambitious of strewing them about it : they poured forth fresh lamentations over her ; each wishing she had been so happy as to have been allowed to attend her in London. One of them particularly, who is, it seems, my cousin Arabella's personal servant, was more clamorous in her grief than any of the rest ; and the moment she turned her back, all the others allowed she had reason for it. I inquired afterwards about her, and found, that this creature was set over my dear cousin, when she was confined to her chamber by indiscreet severity.

When my cousins were told, that the lid was unscrewed, they pressed in again, all but the mournful father and mother, as if by consent. Mrs. Hervey kissed her pale lips. Flower of the world ! was all she could say ; and gave place to Miss Arabella ; who kissing the forehead of her whom she had so cruelly treated, could only say, to my cousin James (looking upon the corpse, and upon him) O brother !—while he, taking the fair lifeless hand, kissed it, and retreated with precipitation.

Her two uncles were speechless. They seemed to wait each other's example, whether to look upon the corpse, or not. I ordered the lid to be replaced ; and then they pressed forward, as the others again did, to take a last farewell of the casket which so lately contained so rich a jewel.

Then it was that the grief of each found fluent expression ; and the fair corpse was addressed to, with all the tenderness that the sincerest love and warmest admiration could inspire ; each according to their different degrees of relationship, as if none of them had before looked upon her. She was their very niece, both uncles said ! The

injured saint, her uncle Harlowe! The same smiling sister, Arabella!—The dear creature! all of them!—The same benignity of countenance! The same sweet composure! The same natural dignity!—She was questionless happy! That sweet smile betokened her being so! Themselves most unhappy!—And then, once more, the brother took the lifeless hand, and vowed revenge upon it, on the cursed author of all this distress.

The unhappy parents proposed to take one last view and farewell of their once darling daughter. The father was got to the parlour door, after the inconsolable mother: but neither of them were able to enter it. The mother said, she must once more see the child of her heart, or she should never enjoy herself. But they both agreed to defer their melancholy curiosity till the next day; and hand in hand retired inconsolable, and speechless both, their faces overspread with woe, and turned from each other, as unable each to behold the distress of the other.

If Mr. Belford were to be the executor of her will, contrary to their hopes, they besought me to take the trouble of transacting everything with you; that a friend of the man to whom they owed all their calamity, might not appear to them.

They were extremely moved at the text their sister had chosen for the subject of the funeral discourse.* I had extracted from the will that article, supposing it probable, that I might not so soon have an opportunity to show them the will itself, as would otherwise have been necessary, on account of the interment, which cannot be delayed.

Monday Morning between Eight and Nine.

The unhappy family are preparing for a mournful meeting at breakfast. Mr. James Harlowe, who has had as little rest as I, has written to Mr. Melvill, who has promised to draw up a brief eulogium on the deceased. Miss

* See the Will, page 354.

Howe is expected here by-and-by, to see, for the last time, her beloved friend.

Miss Howe, by her messenger, desires she may not be taken any notice of. She shall not tarry six minutes, was the word. Her desire will be easily granted her.

Her servant, who brought the request, if it were denied, was to return, and meet her ; for she was ready to set out in her chariot, when he got on horseback.

If he met her not with the refusal, he was to stay here till she came.

Monday Afternoon, September 11.

We are such bad company here to one another, that it is some relief to retire, and write.

I was summoned to breakfast about half-an-hour after nine. Slowly did the mournful congress meet. Each, lifelessly and spiritless, took our places, with swoln eyes, inquiring, without expecting any tolerable account, how each had rested.

The sorrowing mother gave for answer, that she should never more know what rest was.

By the time we were well seated, the bell ringing, the outward gate opening, a chariot rattling over the pavement of the court-yard, put them into emotion.

I left them ; and was just time enough to give Miss Howe my hand, as she alighted : her maid in tears remaining in the chariot.

I think you told me, sir, you never saw Miss Howe. She is a fine graceful young lady. A fixed melancholy on her whole aspect, overclouded a vivacity and fire, which, nevertheless, darted now and then through the awful gloom. I shall ever respect her for her love to my dear cousin.

Never did I think, said she, as she gave me her hand, to enter more these doors : but, living or dead, my Clarissa brings me after her any whither !

She entered with me the little parlour ; and seeing the

coffin, withdrew her hand from mine, and with impatience pushed aside the lid. As impatiently she removed the face-cloth. In a wild air, she clasped her uplifted hands together; and now looked upon the corpse, now up to Heaven, as if appealing to that. Her bosom heaved and fluttered discernible through her handkerchief, and at last she broke silence;—O sir!—See you not here!—See you not here—the glory of her sex?—Thus by the most villainous of yours—thus—laid low!

O my blessed friend! said she—my sweet companion!—my lovely monitress!—kissing her lips at every tender appellation. And is this all!—Is it all, of my *Clarissa's* story!

Then, after a short pause, and a profound sigh, she turned to me, and then to her breathless friend.—But is she, can she be, really dead!—O no!—She only sleeps.—Awake, my beloved friend! my sweet clay-cold friend, awake! Let thy *Anna Howe* revive thee; by her warm breath revive thee, my dear creature! And, kissing her again, Let my warm lips animate thy cold ones!

Then, sighing again, as from the bottom of her heart, and with an air, as if disappointed that she answered not, And can such perfection end thus!—And art thou really and indeed flown from thine *Anna Howe*!—O my unkind *Clarissa*!

She was silent a few moments, and then, seeming to recover herself, she turned to me—Forgive, forgive, Mr. Morden, this wild phrensy!—I am not myself!—I never shall be!—You knew not the excellence, no, not half the excellence, that is thus laid low!—Repeating, This cannot, surely, be all of my *Clarissa's* story!

Again pausing, One tear, my beloved friend, didst thou allow me!—But this dumb sorrow!—O for a tear to ease my full-swoln heart, that is just bursting!—

But why, sir, why, Mr. Morden, was she sent hither? Why not to me?—She has no father, no mother, no rela-

tions ; no, not one !—They had all renounced her. I was her sympathising friend—and had not I the best right to my dear creature's remains ?—And must names, without nature, be preferred to such a love as mine ?

Again she kissed her lips, each cheek, her forehead ;—and sighed as if her heart would break—

But why, why, said she, was I withheld from seeing my dearest dear friend, before she commenced angel ?—Delaying still, and too easily persuaded to delay, the friendly visit that my heart panted after ; what pain will this reflection give me !—O my blessed friend ! Who knows, who knows, had I come in time, what my cordial comfortings might have done for thee !

But—looking round her, as if she apprehended seeing some of the family—One more kiss, my angel, my friend, my ever-to-be-regretted, lost companion ! And let me fly this hated house, which I never loved but for thy sake !—Adieu, then, my dearest Clarissa ! Thou art happy, I doubt not, as thou assuredst me in thy last letter !—O may we meet, and rejoice together, where no villanous Lovelaces, no hard-hearted relations, will ever shock our innocence, or ruffle our felicity !

Again she was silent, unable to go, though seeming to intend it ; struggling, as it were, with her grief, and heaving with anguish : at last, happily, a flood of tears gushed from her eyes—now !—now !—said she, shall I—shall I—be easier. But for this kindly relief, my heart would have burst asunder—more, many more tears than these are due to my Clarissa, whose counsel has done for me what mine could not do for her !—But why, looking earnestly upon her, her hands clasped and lifted up—but why do I thus lament the happy ? And that thou art so, is my comfort. It is, it is, my dear creature ! kissing her again.

Excuse me, sir (turning to me, who was as much moved as herself) ; I loved the dear creature, as never woman

loved another. Excuse my frantic grief. How has the glory of her sex fallen a victim to villany, and to hard-heartedness !

Madam, said I, they all have it !—Now indeed they have it.—

And let them have it !—I should bely my love for the friend of my heart, were I to pity them !—But how unhappy am I (looking upon her) that I saw her not before these eyes were shut, before these lips were for ever closed !—Oh, sir, you know not the wisdom that continually flowed from these lips when she spoke !—Nor what a friend I have lost !

Then, surveying the lid, she seemed to take in at once the meaning of the emblems : and this gave her so much fresh grief, that though she several times wiped her eyes, she was unable to read the inscription and texts : turning therefore to me, Favour me, sir, I pray you, by a line, with the description of these emblems, and with these texts : and if I might be allowed a lock of the dear creature's hair—

I told her, that her executor would order both ; and would also send her a copy of her last will ; in which she would find the most grateful remembrances of her love for her, whom she calls the sister of her heart.

Justly, said she, does she call me so ; for we had but one heart, but one soul, between us : and now my better half is torn from me,—what shall I do ?

But looking round her, on a servant's stepping by the door, as if again she had apprehended it was some of the family—once more, said she, a solemn, an everlasting adieu !—Alas for me ! a solemn, an everlasting adieu !

Then again embracing her face with both her hands, and kissing it, and afterwards the hands of the dear deceased, first one, then the other, she gave me her hand ; and quitting the room with precipitation, rushed into her chariot ; and, when there, with profound sighs, and a fresh

burst of tears, unable to speak, she bowed her head to me, and was driven away.

The inconsolable company saw how much I had been moved, on my return to them. Mr. James Harlowe had been telling them what had passed between him and me : and, finding myself unfit for company, and observing, that they broke off talk at my coming in, I thought it proper to leave them to their consultations.

Tuesday Morning, September 12.

The good Mrs. Norton is arrived, a little amended in her spirits : owing to the very posthumous letters, as I may call them, which you, Mr. Belford, as well as I, apprehended would have had fatal effects upon her.

I cannot but attribute this to the right turn of her mind. It seems she has been enured to afflictions ; and has lived in a constant hope of a better life ; and, having no acts of unkindness to the dear deceased to reproach herself with, is most considerately resolved to exert her utmost fortitude in order to comfort the sorrowing mother.

O Mr. Belford, how does the character of my dear departed cousin rise upon me from every mouth !—Had she been my own child, or my sister !—But do you think, that the man who occasioned this great, this extended ruin— but I forbear.

The will is not to be looked into, till the funeral rites are performed. Preparations are making for the solemnity : and the servants as well as principals of all the branches of the family are put into close mourning.

I have seen Mr. Melvill. He is a serious and sensible man. I have given him particulars to go upon in the discourse he is to pronounce at the funeral : but had the less need to do this, as I find he is extremely well acquainted with the whole unhappy story ; and was a personal admirer of my dear cousin, and a sincere lamenter of her misfortunes and death. The reverend Dr. Lewen,

who is but very lately dead, was his particular friend, and had once intended to recommend him to her favour and notice.

I am just returned from attending the afflicted parents, in an effort they made to see the corpse of their beloved child. They had requested my company, and that of the good Mrs. Norton. A last leave, the mother said, she must take!

An effort, however, it was, and no more. The moment they came in sight of the coffin, before the lid could be put aside, O my dear, said the father, retreating, I cannot, I find I cannot, bear it!—Had I—had I—had I never been hard-hearted!—Then turning round to his lady, he had but just time to catch her in his arms, and prevent her sinking on the floor. O my dearest life! said he, this is too much!—Too much indeed!—Let us, let us retire. Mrs. Norton, who (attracted by the awful receptacle) had but just left the good lady, hastened to her—dear, dear woman, cried the unhappy parent, flinging her arms about her neck, bear me, bear me hence!—O my child! my child! My own Clarissa Harlowe! Thou pride of my life so lately!—Never, never more, must I behold thee!

The unhappy father, in endeavouring to comfort his lady, loaded himself. Would to God, my dear, said he, would to God, I had no more to charge myself with, than you have!—You relented!—You would have prevailed upon me to relent!

The greater my fault, said she, when I knew that displeasure was carried too high, to acquiesce as I did! What a barbarous parent was I, to let two angry children make me forget that I was mother to a third—to such a third!—

Thus the unhappy pair unavailingly recriminated, till my cousin Hervey entered, and, with Mrs. Norton, conducted up to her own chamber the inconsolable mother.

The two uncles, and Mr. Hervey, came in at the same time, and prevailed upon the afflicted father to retire with them to his—both giving up all thoughts of ever seeing more the child whose death was so deservedly regretted by them.

Thursday Night, September 14.

We are just returned from the solemnization of the last mournful rite. My cousin James and his sister, Mr. and Mrs. Hervey, and their daughter, a young lady whose affection for my departed cousin shall ever bind me to her ; my cousins John and Antony Harlowe, myself, and some other more distant relations of the names of Fuller and Allinson (who, to testify their respect to the memory of the dear deceased, had put themselves in mourning) self-invited, attended it.

The father and mother would have joined in these last honours, had they been able : but they were both very much indisposed ; and continue to be so.

The inconsolable mother told Mrs. Norton, that the two mothers of the sweetest child in the world ought not, on this occasion, to be separated. She therefore desired her to stay with her.

The whole solemnity was performed with great decency and order. The distance from Harlowe Place to the church is about half a mile. All the way the corpse was attended by great numbers of people of all conditions.

It was nine when it entered the church ; every corner of which was crowded. Such a profound, such a silent respect did I never see paid at the funeral of princes. An attentive sadness overspread the face of all.

The eulogy pronounced by Mr. Melvill was a very pathetic one. He wiped his own eyes often, and made everybody present still oftener wipe theirs.

The auditors were most particularly affected, when he told them, that the solemn text was her own choice.

He enumerated her fine qualities, naming with honour their late worthy pastor for his authority.

When he pointed to the pew where (doing credit to religion by her example) she used to sit or kneel, the whole auditory, as one person, turned to the pew with the most respectful solemnity, as if she had been herself there.

Many eyes ran over, when he mentioned her charities, her well-judged charities. And her reward was decreed from every mouth, with sighs and sobs from some, and these words from others, The poor will dearly miss her.

Some it seems there were who knowing her unhappy story, remarked upon the dejected looks of the brother, and the drowned eyes of the sister ; O what would they now give, they'd warrant, had they not been so hard-hearted !—others pursued, as I may say, the severe father, and unhappy mother, into their chambers at home.—They answered for their relenting, now, that it was too late !—what must be their grief !—no wonder they could not be present !

Several expressed their astonishment, as people do every hour, that a man could live whom such perfections could not engage to be just to her ; to be humane, I may say.—And who, her rank and fortune considered, could be so disregarding of his own interest, had he had no other motive to be just !—

The good divine, led by his text, just touched upon the unhappy step that was the cause of her untimely fate. He attributed it to the state of things below, in which there could not be absolute perfection. He very politely touched upon the noble disdain she showed (though earnestly solicited by a whole splendid family) to join interests with a man, whom she found unworthy of her esteem and confidence ; and who courted her with the utmost earnestness to accept of him.

What he most insisted upon was, the happy end she

made ; and thence drew consolation to her relations, and instruction to the auditory.

In a word, his performance was such as heightened the reputation which he had before in a very eminent degree obtained.

It is said, that Mr. Solmes was in a remote part of the church, wrapped round in a horseman's coat : and that he shed tears several times. But I saw him not.

Another gentleman was there incognito, in a pew near the entrance of the vault, who had not been taken notice of, but for his great emotion when he looked over his pew, at the time the coffin was carried down to its last place. This was Miss Howe's worthy Mr. Hickman.

My cousins John and Antony, and their nephew James, chose not to descend into the vault among their departed ancestors.

Miss Harlowe was extremely affected. Her conscience, as well as her love, was concerned on the occasion. She would go down with the corpse of her dear, her only sister, she said: but her brother would not permit it. And her overwhelmed eyes pursued the coffin till she could see no more of it : and then she threw herself on the seat, and was near fainting away.

I accompanied it down, that I might not only satisfy myself, but you, sir, her executor, that it was deposited, as she had directed, at the feet of her grandfather.

Mr. Melvill came down, contemplated the lid, and shed a few tears over it. I was so well satisfied with his discourse and behaviour, that I presented him on the solemn spot with a ring of some value ; and thanked him for his performance.

And here I left the remains of my beloved cousin ; having bespoken my own place by the side of her coffin.

On my return to Harlowe Place, I contented myself with sending my compliments to the sorrowing parents, and retired to my chamber. Nor am I ashamed to own,

that I could not help giving way to a repeated fit of humanity, as soon as I entered it. I am, sir,

Your most faithful and obedient servant,

WM. MORDEN.

P.S. You will have a letter from my cousin James, who hopes to prevail upon you to relinquish the executorship. It has not my encouragement.

MR. BELFORD TO WILLIAM MORDEN, ESQ.

Saturday, September 16.

HEAR SIR,—I once had thoughts to go down privately, in order, disguised, to see the last solemnity performed. But there was no need to give myself this melancholy trouble, since your last letter so naturally describes all that passed, that I have every scene before my eyes.

Forgive me, sir, these reflections; and permit me, with this, to send you what you declined receiving till the funeral was over—

He gives him then an account of the money and effects which he sends him down by this opportunity, for the legatees at Harlowe Place, and in its neighbourhood; which he desires him to dispose of according to the will.

He also sends him an account of other steps he has taken in pursuance of the will; and desires to know, if Mr. Harlowe expects the discharge of the funeral expences from the effects in his hands; and the reimbursement of the sums advanced to the testatrix since her grandfather's death.

These expeditious proceedings, *says he*, will convince Mr. James Harlowe, that I am resolved to see the will completely executed; and yet, by my manner of doing it, that I desire not to give unnecessary mortifications to the family, since everything that relates to them shall pass through your hands.

MR. JAMES HARLOWE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Harlowe Place, Friday Night, September 15.

SIR,—I hope from the character my worthy cousin Morden gives you, that you will excuse the application I make to you, to oblige a whole family in an affair that much concerns their peace, and cannot equally concern anybody else. You will immediately judge, sir, that this is the executorship of which my sister has given you the trouble by her last will.

We shall all think ourselves extremely obliged to you, if you please to relinquish this trust to our own family; the reasons which follow pleading for our expectation of this favour from you :

First, because she never would have had the thought of troubling you, sir, if she had believed any of her near relations would have taken it upon themselves.

Secondly, I understand, that she recommends to you in the will to trust to the honour of any of our family, for the performance of such of the articles as are of a domestic nature. We are any of us, and all of us, if you request it, willing to stake our honours upon this occasion : and all you can desire, as a man of honour, is, that the trust be executed.

We are the more concerned, sir, to wish you to decline this office, because of your short and accidental knowledge of the dear testatrix, and long and intimate acquaintance with the man to whom she owed her ruin, and we the greatest loss and disappointment (her manifold excellences considered) that ever befel a family.

You will allow due weight, I dare say, to this plea, if you make our case your own : and so much the readier, when I assure you, that your interfering in this matter so much against our inclinations (excuse, sir, my plain

dealing) will very probably occasion an opposition in some points, where otherwise there might be none.

What therefore I propose is, not that my father should assume this trust: he is too much afflicted to undertake it—nor yet myself—I might be thought too much concerned in interest: but that it may be allowed to devolve upon my two uncles; whose known honour, and whose affection to the dear deceased, nobody ever doubted: and they will treat with you, sir, through my cousin Morden, as to the points they will undertake to perform.

The trouble you have already had, will well entitle you to the legacy she bequeaths you, together with the reimbursement of all the charges you have been at, and allowance of the legacies you have discharged, although you should not have qualified yourself to act as an executor; as I presume you have not yet done; nor will now do.

Your compliance, sir, will oblige a family (who have already distress enough upon them) in the circumstance that occasions this application to you; and more particularly, sir,

Your most humble servant,

JAMES HARLOWE, JUN.

I send this by one of your servants, who will attend your dispatch.

MR. BELFORD TO JAMES HARLOWE, JUN., ESQ.

Saturday, September 16.

SIR,—You will excuse my plain dealing in turn: for I must observe, that if I had not the just opinion I have of the sacred nature of the office I have undertaken, some passages in the letter you have favoured me with, would convince me that I ought not to excuse myself from acting in it.

I need name only one of them. You are pleased to say, that your uncles, if the trust be relinquished to them,

will treat with me, through Colonel Morden, as to the points they will undertake to perform.

Permit me, sir, to say, that it is the duty of an executor to see every point performed, that can be performed. Nor will I leave the performance of mine to any other persons, especially where a qualifying is so directly intimated, and where all the branches of your family have shewn themselves, with respect to the incomparable lady, to have but one mind.

You are pleased to urge, that she recommends to me, the leaving to the honour of any of your family such of the articles as are of a domestic nature. But admitting this to be so, does it not imply that the other articles are still to obtain my care?—but even these, you will find by the will, she gives not up; and to that I refer you.

I am sorry for the hints you give of an opposition, where, as you say, there might be none, if I did not interfere. I see not, sir, why your animosity against a man who cannot be defended, should be carried to such a height against one who never gave you offence: and this only, because he is acquainted with that man. I will not say all I might say, on this occasion.

As to the legacy to myself, I assure you, sir, that neither my circumstances nor my temper will put me upon being a gainer by the executorship. I shall take pleasure to tread in the steps of the admirable testatrix in all I may; and rather will increase than diminish her poor's fund.

Occasions of litigation or offence shall not proceed from me. You need only apply to Colonel Morden, who shall command me in everything that the will allows me to oblige your family in. I do assure you, that I am unwilling to obtrude myself upon it, as any of it can wish.

Permit me to add, that when you have perused the will, and coolly considered everything, it is my hope, that you will yourself be of opinion, that there can be no room for

dispute or opposition : and that if your family will join to expedite the execution, it will be the most natural and easy way of shutting up the whole affair, and to have done with a man, so causelessly, as to his own particular, the object of your dislike, as is, sir,

Your very humble servant (notwithstanding),

JOHN BELFORD.

THE WILL.



CLARISSA HARLOWE, now, by strange melancholy accidents, lodging in the parish of St. Paul Covent Garden, being of sound and perfect mind and memory, as I hope these presents, drawn up by myself, and written with my own hand, will testify ; do (this second day of September) in the year of our Lord ——— make and publish this my last will and testament, in manner and form following :

In the first place, I desire, that my body may lie unburied three days after my decease, or till the pleasure of my father be known concerning it. But the occasion of my death not admitting of doubt, I will not, on any account, that it be opened ; and it is my desire, that it shall not be touched but by those of my own sex.

I have always earnestly requested, that my body might be deposited in the family vault with those of my ancestors. If it might be granted, I could now wish, that it might be placed at the feet of my dear and honoured grandfather. But as I have, by one very unhappy step, been thought to disgrace my whole lineage, and therefore this last honour may be refused to my corpse ; in this case, my desire is, that it may be interred in the churchyard belonging to the parish in which I shall die ; and that in the most private manner, between the hours of eleven and twelve at night ; attended only by Mrs. Lovick, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and their maid-servant.

I have already given verbal directions, that after I am dead (and laid out in the manner I have ordered) I may be put into my coffin as soon as possible : it is my desire that I may not be unnecessarily exposed to the view of anybody ; except any of my relations should vouchsafe, for the last time, to look upon me.

And I could wish, if it might be avoided without making ill-will between Mr. Lovelace and my executor, that the former might not be permitted to see my corpse. But if, as he is a man very uncontrollable, and as I am nobody's, he insist upon viewing her dead, whom he once before saw in a manner dead, let his gay curiosity be gratified. Let him behold, and triumph over the wretched remains of one who has been made a victim to his barbarous perfidy : but let some good person, as by my desire, give him a paper, whilst he is viewing the ghastly spectacle, containing these few words only—Gay, cruel heart ! behold here the remains of the once ruined, yet now happy, Clarissa Harlowe !—See what thou thyself must quickly be ;—and repent !—

Yet, to show that I die in perfect charity with all the world, I do most sincerely forgive Mr. Lovelace the wrongs he has done me.

If my father can pardon the error of his unworthy child, so far as to suffer her corpse to be deposited at the feet of her grandfather, as above requested, I could wish (my misfortunes being so notorious) that a short discourse might be pronounced over my remains before they be interred. The subject of the discourse I shall determine before I conclude this writing.

So much written about what deserves not the least consideration, and about what will be nothing when this writing comes to be opened and read, will be excused when my present unhappy circumstances and absence from all my natural friends are considered.

And now, with regard to the worldly matters which I

shall die possessed of, as well as to those which of right appertain to me, either by the will of my said grandfather, or otherwise; thus do I dispose of them.

In the first place, I give and bequeath all the real estates in or to which I have any claim or title by the said will, to my ever-honoured father James Harlowe, Esq.; and that rather than to my brother and sister, to whom I had once thoughts of devising them, because, if they survive my father, those estates will assuredly vest in them, or one of them, by virtue of his favour and indulgence, as the circumstances of things with regard to marriage-settlements, or otherwise, may require; or, as they may respectively merit by the continuance of their duty.

The house late my grandfather's, called *The Grove*, and by him, in honour of me, and of some of my voluntary employments, my dairy-house, and the furniture thereof as it now stands (the pictures and large iron chest of old plate excepted) I also bequeath to my said father; only begging it as favour, that he will be pleased to permit my dear Mrs. Norton to pass the remainder of her days in that house; and to have and enjoy the apartments in it known by the name of the housekeeper's apartments, with the furniture in them.

But with regard to what has accrued from that estate, since my grandfather's death, and to the sum of nine hundred and seventy pounds, which proved to be the moiety of the money that my said grandfather had by him at his death, and which moiety he bequeathed to me for my sole and separate use (as he did the other moiety in like manner to my sister); and which sum (that I might convince my brother and sister, that I wished not for an independence upon my father's pleasure) I gave into my father's hands, together with the management and produce of the whole estate devised to me—these sums, however considerable when put together, I hope I may be allowed to dispose of absolutely, as my love and my grati-

tude (not confined wholly to my own family, which is very wealthy in all its branches) may warrant: and which therefore I shall dispose of in the manner hereafter mentioned. But it is my will, and express direction, that my father's account of the above-mentioned produce may be taken and established absolutely (and without contravention or question) as he shall be pleased to give it to my cousin Morden, or to whom else he shall choose to give it; so that the said account be not subject to litigation, or to the control of my executor, or of any other person.

My grandfather, who, in his goodness and favour to me, knew no bounds, was pleased to bequeath to me all the family pictures at his late house, some of which are very masterly performances; with command, that if I died unmarried, or if married and had no descendants, they should then go to that son of his (if more than one should be then living) whom I should think would set most value by them. Now, as I know that my honoured uncle, John Harlowe, Esq., was pleased to express some concern that they were not left to him, as eldest son; and as he has a gallery where they may be placed to advantage; and as I have reason to believe, that he will bequeath them to my father, if he survive him; who, no doubt, will leave them to my brother; I therefore bequeath all the said family pictures to my said uncle John Harlowe. In these pictures, however, I include not one of my own, drawn when I was about fourteen years of age; which I shall hereafter in another article bequeath.

My said honoured grandfather having a great fondness for the old family plate, which he would never permit to be changed, having lived, as he used to say, to see a great deal of it come into request again in the revolution of fashions; and having left the same to me, with a command to keep it entire; and with power at my death to bequeath it to whomsoever I pleased that I thought would forward his desire; which was, as he expresses it, that it should

be kept to the end of time ; this family plate, which is deposited in a large iron chest, in the strong room at his late dwelling-house, I bequeath entire to my honoured uncle Antony Harlowe, Esq. ; with the same injunctions which were laid on me ; not doubting but he will confirm and strengthen them by his own last will.

I bequeath to my ever-valued friend Mrs. Judith Norton, to whose piety and care, seconding the piety and care of my ever-honoured and excellent mother, I owe, morally speaking, the qualifications, which, for eighteen years of my life, made me beloved and respected, the full sum of six hundred pounds, to be paid her within three months after my death.

I bequeath also to the same good woman thirty guineas, for mourning, for her and for her son, my foster-brother.

To Mrs. Dorothy Hervey, the only sister of my honoured mother, I bequeath the sum of fifty guineas, for a ring ; and I beg of her to accept of my thankful acknowledgments for all her goodness to me from my infancy.

To my kind and much valued cousin Miss Dolly Hervey, daughter of my aunt Hervey, I bequeath my watch and equipage, and my best Mechlin and Brussels head-dresses and ruffles ; also my gown and petticoat of flowered silver of my own work ; which having been made up but a few days before I was confined to my chamber, I never wore.

To the same young lady I bequeath likewise my harpsichord, my chamber-organ, and all my music-books.

As my sister has a very pretty library ; and as my beloved Miss Howe has also her late father's, as well as her own ; I bequeath all my books in general, with the cases they are in, to my said cousin Dolly Hervey. As they are not ill chosen for a woman's library, I know that she will take the greater pleasure in them (when her friendly grief is mellowed by time into a remembrance more sweet than painful) because they were mine ; and because there

are observations in many of them of my own writing ; and some very judicious ones, written by the truly reverend Dr. Lewen.

I also bequeath to the same young lady twenty-five guineas for a ring, to be worn in remembrance of her true friend.

If I live not to see my worthy cousin William Morden, Esq. ; I desire my humble and grateful thanks may be given to him for his favours and goodness to me ; and particularly for his endeavours to reconcile my other friends to me, at a time when I was doubtful whether he would forgive me himself. As he is in great circumstances, I will only beg of him to accept of two or three trifles, in remembrance of a kinswoman who always honoured him as much as he loved her. Particularly, of that piece of flowers which my uncle Robert, his father, was very earnest to obtain, in order to carry it abroad with him.

I desire him likewise to accept of the little miniature picture set in gold, which his worthy father made me sit for to the famous Italian master whom he brought over with him ; and which he presented to me, that I might bestow it, as he was pleased to say, upon the man whom I should be one day most inclined to favour.

To the same gentleman I also bequeath my rose diamond ring, which was a present from his good father to me ; and will be the more valuable to him on that account.

I humbly request Mrs. Arabella Howe, the mother of my dear Miss Howe, to accept of my respectful thanks for all her favours and goodness to me, when I was so frequently a visitor to her beloved daughter ; and of a ring of twenty-five guineas price.

My picture at full length, which is in my late grandfather's closet (excepted in an article above from the family pictures) drawn when I was near fourteen years of age ; about which time my dear Miss Howe and I began to know, to distinguish, and to love one another—so dearly

—I cannot express how dearly—I bequeath to that sister of my heart; of whose friendship, as well in adversity as prosperity, when I was deprived of all other comfort and comforters, I have had such instances, as that our love can only be exceeded in that state of perfection, in which I hope to rejoice with her hereafter, to all eternity.

I bequeath also to the same dear friend my best diamond ring, which, with other jewels, is in the private drawer of my escritoire: as also all my finished and framed pieces of needle-work; the flower-piece excepted, which I have already bequeathed to my cousin Morden.

These pieces have all been taken down, as I have heard; and my relations will have no heart to put them up again: but if my good mother chooses to keep back any one piece (the above capital piece, as it is called, excepted) not knowing but some time hence she may bear the sight of it; I except that also from this general bequest; and direct it to be presented to her.

My whole-length picture in the Vandyke taste, that used to hang in my own parlour, as I was permitted to call it, I bequeath to my aunt Hervey, except my mother shall think fit to keep it herself.

I bequeath to the worthy Charles Hickman, Esq., the locket, with the miniature picture of the lady he best loves, which I have constantly worn, and shall continue to wear near my heart till the approach of my last hour. It must be the most acceptable present that can be made him, next to the hand of the dear original. And, O my dear Miss Howe, let it not be long before you permit his claim to the latter—for indeed you know not the value of a virtuous mind in that sex; and how preferable such a mind is to one distinguished by the more dazzling flights of unruly wit; although the latter were to be joined by that specious outward appearance which too—too often attracts the hasty eye, and susceptible heart.

(Permit me, my dear friends, this solemn apostrophe, in

this last solemn act, to a young lady so deservedly dear to me !)

I make it my earnest request to my dear Miss Howe, that she will not put herself into mourning for me. But I desire her acceptance of a ring with my hair ; and that Mr. Hickman will also accept of the like ; each of the value of twenty-five guineas.

I bequeath to Lady Betty Lawrence, and to her sister Lady Sarah Sadleir, and to the right honourable Lord M. and to their worthy nieces Miss Charlotte and Miss Martha Montague, each an enamelled ring, with a cypher Cl. H. with my hair in crystal, and round the inside of each, the day, month, and year of my death : each ring, with brilliants, to cost twenty guineas. And this as a small token of the grateful sense I have of the honour of their good opinions and kind wishes in my favour ; and of their truly noble offer to me of a very considerable annual provision, when they apprehended me to be entirely destitute of any.

To my late maid-servant Hannah Burton, an honest, faithful creature, who loved me, revered my mother, and respected my sister, and never sought to do anything unbecoming of her character, I bequeath the sum of fifty pounds, to be paid within one month after my decease, she labouring under ill health : and if that ill health continue, I commend her for farther assistance to my good Mrs. Norton, to be put upon my poor's fund, hereafter to be mentioned.

To my sister's maid Betty Barnes, I bequeath ten pounds, to show that I resent not former disobligations ; which I believe were owing more to the insolence of office, and to natural pertness, than to personal ill-will.

All my wearing-apparel, of whatever sort, that I have not been obliged to part with, or which is not already bequeathed (my linen excepted) I desire Mrs. Norton will accept of.

The trunks and boxes in which my clothes are sealed up, I desire may not be opened, but in presence of Mrs. Norton (or of some one deputed by her) and of Mrs. Lovick.

To the worthy Mrs. Lovick above-mentioned, from whom I have received great civilities, and even maternal kindnesses ; and to Mrs. Smith (with whom I lodge) from whom also I have received great kindnesses ; I bequeath all my linen, and all my unsold laces ; to be divided equally between them, as they shall agree ; or, in case of disagreement, the same to be sold, and the money arising to be equally shared by them.

And I bequeath to the same two good women, as a further token of my thankful acknowledgments of their kind love and compassionate concern for me, the sum of twenty guineas each.

I do hereby make, constitute, and ordain, John Belford, of Edgware in the county of Middlesex, Esq., the sole executor of this my last will and testament ; having previously obtained his leave so to do. I have given the reasons which induced me to ask this gentleman to take upon him this trouble, to Miss Howe. I therefore refer to her on this subject.

But I do most earnestly beg of him the said Mr. Belford, that, in the execution of this trust, he will (as he has repeatedly promised) studiously endeavour to promote peace with, and suppress resentments in, every one ; so as that all farther mischiefs may be prevented, as well from as to his friend. And in order to this, I beseech him to cultivate the friendship of my worthy cousin Morden ; who, as I presume to hope (when he understands it to be my dying request), will give him his advice and assistance in every article where it may be necessary ; and who will perhaps be so good as to interpose with my relations, if any difficulty should arise about carrying any of the articles of this my last will into execution, and to soften

them into the wished-for condescension :—for it is my earnest request to Mr. Belford, that he will not seek by law, or by any sort of violence, either by word or deed, to extort the performance from them. If there be any articles of a merely domestic nature, that my relations shall think unfit to be carried into execution ; such articles I leave entirely to my said cousin Morden and Mr. Belford to vary, or totally dispense with, as they shall agree upon the matter ; or, if they two differ in opinion, they will be pleased to be determined by a third person, to be chosen by them both.

Having been pressed by Miss Howe and her mother, to collect the particulars of my sad story, and given expectation that I would, in order to do my character justice with all my friends and companions ; but not having time before me for the painful task ; it has been a pleasure to me to find, by extracts kindly communicated to me by my said executor, that I may safely trust my fame to the justice done me by Mr. Lovelace, in his letters to him my said executor. And as Mr. Belford has engaged to contribute what is in his power towards a compilement to be made of all that relates to my story, and knows my whole mind in this respect ; it is my desire, that he will cause two copies to be made of this collection ; one to remain with Miss Howe, the other with himself ; and that he will show or lend his copy, if required, to my aunt Hervey, for the satisfaction of any of my family ; but under such restrictions as the said Mr. Belford shall think fit to impose ; that neither any other person's safety may be endangered, nor his own honour suffer, by the communication.

I bequeath to my said executor, the sum of one hundred guineas, as a grateful, though insufficient acknowledgment of the trouble he will be at in the execution of the trust he has so kindly undertaken. I desire him likewise to accept of twenty guineas for a ring : and that

he will reimburse himself for all the charges and expenses which he shall be at in the execution of this trust.

In the worthy Dr. H. I have found a physician, a father, and a friend. I beg of him, as a testimony of my gratitude, to accept of twenty guineas for a ring.

I have the same obligations to the kind and skilful Mr. Goddard, who attended me as my apothecary. His very moderate bill I have discharged down to yesterday. I have always thought it incumbent upon testators to shorten all they can the trouble of their executors. I know I underrate the value of Mr. Goddard's attendances, when over and above what may accrue from yesterday, to the hour that will finish all, I desire fifteen guineas for a ring may be presented to him.

In the beginning of this tedious writing, I referred to the latter part of it, the naming of the subject of the discourse which I wished might be delivered at my funeral, if permitted to be interred with my ancestors. I think the following will be suitable to my case. I hope the alteration of the words *her* and *she*, for *him* and *he*, may be allowable.

Let not her that is deceived, trust in vanity; for vanity shall be her recompense. She shall be accomplished before her time; and her branch shall not be green. She shall shake off her unripe grape as the vine, and shall cast off her flower as the olive.

But if I am to be interred in town, let only the usual burial service be read over my corpse.

If my body be permitted to be carried down, I bequeath ten pounds to be given to the poor of the parish, at the discretion of the churchwardens, within a fortnight after my interment.

If any necessary matter be omitted in this my will; or if anything appear doubtful or contradictory, as possibly may be the case; since, besides my inexperience in these matters, I am now, at this time, very weak and ill; having put off the finishing hand a little too long, in

hopes of obtaining the last forgiveness of my honoured friends; in which case I should have acknowledged the favour with a suitable warmth of duty, and filled up some blanks which I left to the very last, in a more agreeable manner to myself, than now I have been enabled to do—in case of such omissions and imperfections, I desire that my cousin Morden will be so good as to join with Mr. Belford in considering them, and in comparing them with what I have more explicitly written; and if, after that, any doubt remain, that they will be pleased to apply to Miss Howe, who knows my whole heart: and I desire that the construction of these three may be established: and I hereby establish it, provided it be unanimous, and direct it to be put in force, as if I had so written and determined myself.

And now, O my blessed Redeemer, do I, with a lively faith, humbly lay hold of thy meritorious death and sufferings; hoping to be washed clean in thy precious blood from all my sins: in the bare hope of the happy consequences of which, how light do those sufferings seem (grievous as they were at the time) which, I confidently trust, will be a means, by thy grace, to work out for me a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared, the day and year above-written, by the said Clarissa Harlowe, as her last will and testament; contained in seven sheets of paper, all written with her own hand, and every sheet signed and sealed by herself, in the presence of us,

JOHN WILLIAMS,

ARTHUR BEDALL.

ELIZABETH SWANTON.

COLONEL MORDEN TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Saturday, September 16.



HAVE been employed in a most melancholy task.

In reading the will of the dear deceased.

The unhappy mother and Mrs. Norton chose to be absent on the affecting occasion. But Mrs. Harlowe made it her earnest request, that every article of it should be fulfilled.

They were all extremely touched with the preamble.

The first words of the will—"I Clarissa Harlowe, now by strange melancholy accidents, lodging," &c., drew tears from some, sighs from all.

The directions for her funeral, in case she were or were not permitted to be carried down; the mention of her orders having been given for the manner of her being laid out, and the presence of mind so visible throughout the whole, obtained their admiration, expressed by hands and eyes lifted up, and by falling tears.

When I read the direction, that her body was not to be viewed, except any of her relations should vouchsafe for the last time to look upon her; they turned away, and turned to me, three or four times alternately. Mrs. Hervey and Miss Arabella sobbed; the uncles wiped their eyes; the brother looked down; the father wrung his hands.

I was obliged to stop at the words, that she was nobody's.

When the article was read which bequeathed to the father the grandfather's estate, and the reason assigned for it (so generous and so dutiful) the father could sit no longer; but withdrew, wiping his eyes, and lifting up his spread hands at Mr. James Harlowe; who arose to attend him to the door, as Arabella likewise did—all he could

say—O son! son!—O girl! girl!—as if he reproached them for the parts they had acted, and put him upon acting.

But yet, on some occasions, this brother and sister showed themselves to be true will-disputants.

Let tongue and eyes express what they will, Mr. Belford, the first reading of a will, where a person dies worth anything considerable, generally affords a true test of the relations' love to the deceased.

The clothes, the thirty guineas for mourning to Mrs. Norton, with the recommendation of the good woman for housekeeper at The Grove, were thought sufficient, had the article of 600*l.*, which was called monstrous, been omitted. Some other passages in the will were called slights, and such whimsies as distinguish people of imagination from those of judgment.

My cousin Dolly Hervey was grudged the library. Miss Harlowe said, that as she and her sister never bought the same books, she would take that to herself, and would make it up to her cousin Dolly one way or other.

I intend, Mr. Belford, to save you the trouble of interposing—the library shall be my cousin Dolly's.

Mr. John and Mr. Antony Harlowe were so much affected with the articles in their favour (bequeathed to them without a word or hint of reproach or recrimination) that they broke out into self-accusations; and lamented that their sweet niece, as they called her, was now got above all grateful acknowledgment and returns.

Indeed, the mutual upbraidings and grief of all present, upon those articles in which every one was remembered for good, so often interrupted me, that the reading took up above six hours. But curses upon the accursed man were a refuge to which they often resorted, to exonerate themselves.

The 600*l.* bequeathed to Mrs. Norton, the library to

Miss Hervey, and the remembrances to Miss Howe, were not the only articles grudged. Yet to what purpose did they regret the pecuniary bequests, when the poor's fund, and not themselves, would have had the benefit, had not those legacies been bequeathed?

But enough passed to convince me, that my cousin was absolutely right in her choice of an executor out of the family. Had she chosen one in it, I dare say, that her will would have been no more regarded than if it had been the will of a dead king; than that of Louis XIV. in particular; so flagrantly broken through by his nephew the Duke of Orleans before he was cold. The only will of that monarch, perhaps, which was ever disputed.

But little does Mr. James Harlowe think, that while he is grasping at hundreds, he will, most probably, lose thousands, if he be my survivor. A man of a spirit so selfish and narrow shall not be my heir.

Silent reproach seized every one of them, when I came to the passage where she mentions, that she deferred filling up some blanks, in hopes of receiving their last blessing and forgiveness.

I will only add, that they could not bear to hear read the concluding part, so solemnly addressed to her Redeemer. They all arose from their seats, and crowded out of the apartment we were in: and then, as I afterwards found, separated, in order to seek that consolation in solitary retirement, which, though they could not hope for from their own reflections, yet, at the time, they had less reason to expect in each other's company. I am, sir,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

WM. MORDEN.

MR. BELFORD TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD M.

London, September 14.

MY LORD,—I am very apprehensive, that the affair between Mr. Lovelace and the late excellent Miss Clarissa Harlowe will be attended with farther bad consequences, notwithstanding her dying injunctions to the contrary. I would therefore humbly propose, that your lordship and his other relations will forward the purpose your kinsman lately had to go abroad; where I hope he will stay till all is blown over. But as he will not stir, if he know the true motives of your wishes, the avowed inducement, as I hinted once to Mr. Mowbray, may be such as respects his own health both of person and mind. To Mr. Mowbray and Mr. Tourville all countries are alike; and they perhaps will accompany him.

I am glad to hear that he is in a way of recovery: but this the rather induces me to press the matter. And I think no time should be lost.

Your lordship has heard, that I have the honour to be the executor of this admirable lady's last will. I transcribe from it the following paragraph.

He then transcribes the article which so gratefully mentions this nobleman, and the ladies of his family, in relation to the rings she bequeaths them, about which he desires their commands.

MISS MONTAGUE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

M. Hall, Friday, September 15.

SIR,—My lord having the gout in his right hand, his lordship, and Lady Sarah, and Lady Betty, have commanded me to inform you, that before your letter came, Mr. Lovelace was preparing for a foreign

tour. We shall endeavour to hasten him away on the motives you suggest.

We are all extremely affected with the dear lady's death. Lady Betty and Lady Sarah have been indisposed ever since they heard of it. They had pleased themselves, as had my sister and self, with the hopes of cultivating her acquaintance and friendship after he was gone abroad, upon her own terms. Her kind remembrance of each of us has renewed, though it could not heighten, our regrets for so irreparable a loss. We shall order Mr. Finch, our goldsmith, to wait on you. He has our directions about the rings. They will be long, long worn in memory of the dear testatrix.

Everybody is assured, that you will do all in your power to prevent further ill consequences from this melancholy affair. My lord desires his compliments to you. I am, sir,

Your humble servant,

CH. MONTAGUE.

This collection having run into a much greater length than was wished, it is thought proper to omit several letters that passed between Colonel Morden, Miss Howe, Mr. Belford, and Mr. Hickman, in relation to the execution of the lady's will, &c.

It is however necessary to observe on this subject, that the unhappy mother, being supported by the two uncles, influenced the afflicted father to overrule all his son's objections, and to direct a literal observation of the will; and at the same time to give up all the sums which he was empowered by it to reimburse himself; as also to take upon himself to defray the funeral expenses.

Mr. Belford so much obliged Miss Howe by his steadiness, equity, and dispatch, and by his readiness to contribute to the directed collection, that she voluntarily

entered into a correspondence with him, as the representative of her beloved friend. In the course of which, he communicated to her (in confidence) the letters which passed between him and Mr. Lovelace, and, by Colonel Morden's consent, those which passed between that gentleman and himself.

Miss Howe, acknowledging the receipt of the letters, and papers, and legacies, sent with Mr. Belford's letter to Mr. Hickman, assures him, That no use shall be made of his communications, but what he shall approve of.

He had mentioned with compassion the distresses of the Harlowe family—Persons of a pitiful nature, says she, may pity them. I am not one of those. You, I think, pity the infernal man likewise; while I from my heart grudge him his frenzy, because it deprives him of that remorse, which, I hope, on his recovery, will never leave him. At times, sir, let me tell you, that I hate your whole sex for his sake; even men of unblameable characters; whom at those times I cannot but look upon as persons I have not yet found out.

If my dear creature's personal jewels be sent up to you for sale, I desire that I may be the purchaser of them, at the highest price—of the necklace and solitaire particularly.

O what tears did the perusal of my beloved's will cost me!—but I must not touch upon the heart-piercing subject. I can neither take it up, nor quit it, but with execration of the man whom all the world must execrate.

Mr. Belford, in his answer, promises, that she shall be the purchaser of the jewels, if they come into his hands.

Mr. Belford sends with this letter to Miss Howe the lady's memorandum-book; and promises to send her copies

of the several posthumous letters. He tells her, that Mr. Lovelace being upon the recovery, he had enclosed the posthumous letter directed for him to Lord M. that his lordship might give it to him, or not, as he should find he could bear it. The following is a copy of that letter.

TO MR. LOVELACE.

Thursday, August 24.



TOLD you, in the letter I wrote to you on Tuesday last, that you should have another sent you when I had got to my father's house.

I presume to say, that I am now, at your receiving of this, arrived there; and I invite you to follow me, as soon as you can be prepared for so great a journey.

Not to allegorize further—my fate is now, at your perusal of this, accomplished. My doom is unalterably fixed: and I am either a miserable or a happy being to all eternity. If happy, I owe it solely to the divine mercy: if miserable, to your undeserved cruelty.—And consider now, for your own sake, gay, cruel, fluttering, unhappy man! consider, whether the barbarous and perfidious treatment I have met with from you, was worthy of the hazard of your immortal soul; since your wicked views were not to be effected but by the wilful breach of the most solemn vows that ever were made by man; and those aided by a violence and baseness unworthy of a human creature.

In time then, once more, I wish you to consider your ways. Your golden dream cannot long last. Your present course can yield you pleasure no longer than you can keep off thought or reflection. A hardened insensibility is the only foundation on which your inward tranquillity is built. When once a dangerous sickness seizes you; when once effectual remorse breaks in upon you; how dreadful will be your condition! How poor a triumph will you then find it, to have been able, by a series of black perjuries,

and studied baseness, under the name of gallantry or intrigue, to betray poor inexperienced young creatures, who perhaps knew nothing but their duty till they knew you! —Not one good action in the hour of languishing to recollect, not one worthy intention to revolve, it will be all reproach and horror; and you will wish to have it in your power to compound for annihilation.

To say I once respected you with a preference, is what I ought to blush to own, since at the very time, I was far from thinking you even a moral man; though I little thought that you, or indeed that any man breathing, could be—what you have proved yourself to be. But, indeed, sir, I have long been greatly above you: for from my heart I have despised you, and all your ways, ever since I saw what manner of man you were.

Nor is it to be wondered, that I should be able so to do, when that preference was not grounded on ignoble motives. For I was weak enough, and presumptuous enough, to hope to be a means in the hand of Providence to reclaim a man, whom I thought worthy of the attempt.

Nor have I yet, as you will see by the pains I take, on this solemn occasion, to awaken you out of your sensual dream, given over all hopes of this nature.

Hear me therefore, O Lovelace! as one speaking from the dead—lose no time—set about your repentance instantly—be no longer the instrument of Satan, to draw poor souls into those subtle snares, which at last shall entangle your own feet. Seek not to multiply your offences, till they become beyond the power, as I may say, of the divine mercy to forgive; since justice, no less than mercy, is an attribute of the Almighty.

Whenever you shall be inclined to consult the sacred oracles, you will find doctrines and texts which a truly penitent and contrite heart may lay hold of for its consolation.

May yours, Mr. Lovelace, become such! And may you

be enabled to escape the fate denounced against the abandoned man, and be entitled to the mercies of a long-suffering and gracious God, is the sincere prayer of

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

M. Hall, Thursday, September 14.

FVER since the fatal seventh of this month, I have been lost to myself, and to all the joys of life. I might have gone farther back than that fatal seventh; which, for the future, I will never see anniversary revolve but in sables; only till that cursed day I had some gleams of hope now and then darting in upon me.

They tell me of an odd letter I wrote to you. I remember I did write. But very little of the contents of what I wrote, do I remember.

I have been in a cursed way. Methinks something has been working strangely retributive. I never was such a fool as to disbelieve a Providence: yet am I not for resolving into judgments everything that seems to wear an avenging face. Yet if we must be punished either here or hereafter for our misdeeds, better here, say I, than hereafter. Have I not then an interest to think my punishment already not only begun, but completed; since what I have suffered, and do suffer, passes all description?

To give but one instance of the retributive—Here I, who was the barbarous cause of the loss of senses for a week together to the most inimitable of women, have been punished with the loss of my own—preparative to—who knows what?—When, O when, shall I know a joyful hour?

I am kept excessively low; and excessively low I am. This sweet creature's posthumous letter sticks close to me. All her excellences rise up hourly to my remembrance.

Yet dare I not indulge in these melancholy reflections. I find my head strangely working again.—Pen, begone!

Saturday, Sunday, nothing done. Incapable of anything.

Monday, September 18.

Heavy, damnably heavy, and sick at soul, by Jupiter! I must come into their expedient. I must see what change of climate will do.

You tell these fellows, and you tell me, of repenting and reforming: but I can do neither. He who can, must not have the extinction of a Clarissa Harlowe to answer for.—Harlowe!—Curse upon the name!—And curse upon myself for not changing it, as I might have done!—Yet have I no need of urging a curse upon myself—I have it effectually.

“To say I once respected you with a preference”—in what stiff language does maidenly modesty on these nice occasions express itself!—To say I once loved you, is the English; and there is truth and ease in the expression.—“To say I once loved you,” then let it be; “is what I ought to blush to own.”

And dost thou own it!—Excellent creature! and dost thou then own it!—What music in these words from such an angel!—What would I give that my Clarissa were in being, and could and would own that she loved me?

“But, indeed, sir, I have long been greatly above you.”

Long, my blessed charmer!—Long indeed—for you have been ever greatly above me, and above your sex, and above all the world.

“That preference was not grounded on ignoble motives.”

What a wretch was I, to be so distinguished by her, and yet to be so unworthy of her hope to reclaim me!

Then, how generous her motives! Not for her own sake merely, not altogether for mine, did she hope to reclaim

me ; but equally for the sake of innocents who might otherwise be ruined by me.

“Your golden dream cannot long last.”—Divine prophetess ! my golden dream is already over. “Thought and reflection are no longer to be kept off.”—No longer continues that “hardened insensibility” thou chargest upon me.—“Remorse has broken in upon me.—Dreadful is my condition !—It is all reproach and horror with me !”—A thousand vultures in turn are preying upon my heart !

But no more of these fruitless reflections—since I am incapable of writing anything else ; since my pen will slide into this gloomy subject, whether I will or not ; I will once more quit it ; nor will I again resume it, till I can be more its master, and my own.

All I took pen to write for, is however unwritten. It was, in few words, to wish you to proceed with your communications, as usual. And why should you not ?—Since, in her ever-to-be-lamented death, I know everything shocking and grievous—acquaint me, then, with all thou knowest, which I do not know : how her relations, her cruel relations, take it ; and whether, now, the barbed dart of after-reflection sticks not in their hearts, as in mine, up to the very feathers.

I will soon quit this kingdom. For now my *Clarissa* is no more, what is there in it (in the world indeed) worth living for ?—But should I not first, by some masterly mischief, avenge her and myself upon her cursed family ?

At present I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep. Yet are my disorders nothing to what they were : for, Jack, my brain was on fire day and night : and had it not been of the asbestos kind, it had all been consumed.

I had no distinct ideas, but of dark and confused misery : it was all remorse and horror indeed ! Thoughts of hanging, drowning, shooting ; then rage, violence, mischief, and despair, took their turns with me. My lucid intervals still

worse, giving me to reflect upon what I was the hour before, and what I was likely to be the next, and perhaps for life—the sport of enemies! the laughter of fools! and the hanging-sleeved, go-carted property of hired slaves; who were perhaps to find their account in manacling, and (abhorred thought!) in personally abusing me by blows and stripes!

Who can bear such reflections as these? To be made to fear only, to such a one as me, and to fear such wretches too!—What a thing was this, but remotely to apprehend! And yet, for a man to be in such a state as to render it necessary for his dearest friends to suffer this to be done for his own sake, and in order to prevent further mischief!—There is no thinking of these things!

I will not think of them, therefore: but will either get a train of cheerful ideas, or hang myself, by to-morrow morning.

—To be a dog, and dead,
Were paradise, to such a life as mine.

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Wednesday, September 20.



WRITE to demand back again my last letter. I own it was my mind at the different times I wrote it; and, whatever ailed me, I could not help writing it. Such a gloomy impulse came upon me, and increased as I wrote, that, for my soul, I could not forbear running into the miserable.

It is strange, very strange, that a man's conscience should be able to force his fingers to write whether he will or not; and to run him into a subject he more than once, at the very time, resolved not to think of.

Nor is it less strange, that (no new reason occurring) he should, in a day or two more, so totally change his mind; have his mind, I should rather say, so wholly illuminated

by gay hopes, and rising prospects, as to be ashamed of what he had written.

For, on re-perusal of a copy of my letter, which fell into my hands by accident, in the handwriting of my cousin Charlotte, who, unknown to me, had transcribed it, I find it to be such a letter as an enemy would rejoice to see.

This I know, that were I to have continued but one week more in the way I was in when I wrote the latter part of it, I should have been confined, and in straw, the next: for I now recollect, that all my distemper was returning upon me with irresistible violence—and that in spite of water-gruel and soupe-maigre.

For, Belford (it is a folly to deny it) I have been, to use an old word, quite bestraught.

Why, why, did my mother bring me up to bear no control? Why was I so educated, as that to my very tutors it was a request, that I should not know what contradiction or disappointment was?—Ought she not to have known what cruelty there was in her kindness?

What a punishment, to have my first very great disappointment touch my intellect!—And intellects once touched—but that I cannot bear to think of—only thus far; the very repentance and amendment wished me so heartily by my kind and cross dear, have been invalidated and postponed, who knows for how long? the amendment at least:—Can a madman be capable of either?

How my heart sickens at looking back upon what I was! Denied the sun, and all comfort: all my visitors, low-born, tiptoe attendants: even those tiptoe slaves never approaching me but periodically, armed with gallipots, boluses, and cephalic draughts; delivering their orders to me in hated whispers; and answering other curtain-holding impertinents, inquiring how I was, and how I took their execrable potions, whisperingly too! What a cursed still life was this!—Nothing active in me, or about me, but the worm that never dies.

Again I hasten from the recollection of scenes, which will, at times, obtrude themselves upon me.

Adieu, Belford !

But return me my last letter—and build nothing upon its contents. I must, I will, I have already, overcome these fruitless gloominesses. Every hour my constitution rises stronger and stronger to befriend me ; and, except a tributary sigh now and then to the memory of my heart's beloved, it gives me hope, that I shall quickly be what I was—life, spirit, gaiety, and once more the plague of a sex, that has been my plague, and will be every man's plague, at one time or other of his life.

I repeat my desire, however, that you will write to me as usual. I hope you have good store of particulars by you to communicate, when I can better bear to hear of the dispositions that were made for all that was mortal of my beloved Clarissa.

But it will be the joy of my heart to be told, that her implacable friends are plagued with remorse. Such things as those you may now send me : for company in misery is some relief ; especially when a man can think those he hates as miserable as himself.

Once more adieu, Jack !

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.



I AM preparing to leave this kingdom. Mowbray and Tourville promise to give me their company in a month or two.

I'll give thee my route.

I shall first to Paris ; and, for amusement and diversion sake, try to renew some of my old friendships : thence to some of the German courts : thence, perhaps, to Vienna : thence descend through Bavaria and the Tyrol to Venice, where I shall keep the carnival : thence to Florence and Turin : thence again over Mount Cenis to France : and, when I return again to Paris, shall expect to see my friend

Belford, who by that time, I doubt not, will be all crusted and bearded over with penitence, self-denial, and mortification ; a very anchoret, only an itinerant one, journeying over in hope to cover a multitude of his own sins, by proselyting his old companion.

But let me tell thee, Jack, if stock rises on, as it has done since I wrote my last letter, I am afraid thou wilt find a difficult task in succeeding, should such be thy purpose.

Thou hast made good resolutions. If thou keepest them not, thou wilt never be able to keep any. But, nevertheless, the devil and thy time of life are against thee : and six to one thou failest. Were it only that thou hast resolved, six to one thou failest. And if thou dost, thou wilt become the scoff of men, and the triumph of devils. —Then how will I laugh at thee ! For this warning is not from principle. Perhaps I wish it were : but I never lied to man, and hardly ever said truth to woman. The first is what all free livers cannot say : the second, what every one can.

I am mad again, by Jupiter !—But, thank my stars, not gloomily so !—Farewell, farewell, farewell, for the third or fourth time, concludes

THY LOVELACE.

I believe Charlotte and you are in private league together. Letters, I find, have passed between her, and you, and Lord M. I have been kept strangely in the dark of late ; but will soon break upon you all, as the sun upon a midnight thief.

Remember, that you never sent me the copy of my beloved's will.

MR. BELFORD TO COLONEL MORDEN.

Thursday, September 21.



GIVE me leave, dear sir, to address myself to you in a very serious and solemn manner on a subject that I must not, cannot, dispense with ; as I promised the divine lady, that I would do everything in

my power to prevent that further mischief of which she was so very apprehensive.

I will not content myself with distant hints. It is with very great concern that I have just now heard of a declaration which you are said to have made to your relations at Harlowe Place, that you will not rest till you have avenged your cousin's wrongs upon Mr. Lovelace.

Far be it from me to offer to defend the unhappy man, or even unduly to extenuate his crime! But yet I must say, that the family, by their persecutions of the dear lady at first, and by their implacableness afterwards, ought, at least, to share the blame with him. There is even great reason to believe, that a lady of such a religious turn, her virtue neither to be surprised nor corrupted, her will inviolate, would have got over a mere personal injury; especially as he would have done all that was in his power to repair it; and as, from the application of all his family in his favour, and other circumstances attending his sincere and voluntary offer, the lady might have condescended, with greater glory to herself, than if he had never offended.

When I have the pleasure of seeing you next, I will acquaint you, sir, with all the circumstances of this melancholy story; from which you will see, that Mr. Lovelace was extremely ill treated at first, by the whole family, this admirable lady excepted. This exception, I know, heightens his crime: but as his principal intention was but to try her virtue; and that he became so earnest a suppliant to her for marriage; and as he has suffered so deplorably in the loss of his reason, for not having it in his power to repair her wrongs; I presume to hope, that much is to be pleaded against such a resolution as you are said to have made.

I will read to you at the same time some passages from letters of his; two of which (one but this moment received) will convince you, that the unhappy man, who is but now

recovering his intellects, needs no greater punishment than what he has from his own reflections.

Let me also (though I presume to hope there is no need, when you coolly consider everything) remind you of your own promise to your departing cousin ; relying upon which, her last moments were the easier.

Reflect, my dear Colonel Morden, that the highest injury was to her : her family all have a share in the cause : she forgives it : why should we not endeavour to imitate what we admire ?

Excuse me, sir, for the sake of my executorial duty and promise, keeping in eye the dear lady's personal injunctions, as well as written will, enforced by letters posthumous. Every article of which (solicitous as we both are to see it duly performed) she would have dispensed with, rather than farther mischief should happen on her account. I am, dear sir,

Your affectionate and faithful servant,

J. BELFORD.

The following is the posthumous letter to Col. Morden, referred to in the above.

[Superscribed, to my beloved cousin, William Morden, Esq.
To be delivered after my death.]

MY DEAREST COUSIN, — As it is uncertain, from my present weak state, whether, if living, I may be in a condition to receive as I ought the favour you intend me of a visit, when you come to London, I take this opportunity to return you, while able, the humble acknowledgments of a grateful heart, for all your goodness to me from childhood till now : and more particularly for your present kind interposition in my favour—God Almighty for ever bless you, dear sir, for the kindness you endeavoured to procure for me !

One principal end of my writing to you in this solemn

manner, is, to beg of you, which I do with the utmost earnestness, that when you come to hear the particulars of my story, you will not suffer active resentment to take place in your generous breast on my account.

Remember, my dear cousin, that vengeance is God's province, and he has undertaken to repay it; nor will you, I hope, invade that province:—especially as there is no necessity for you to attempt to vindicate my fame; since the offender himself (before he is called upon) has stood forth, and offered to do me all the justice that you could have extorted from him, had I lived: and when your own person may be endangered by running an equal risk with a guilty man.

Seek not then, I beseech you, sir, to aggravate my fault, by a pursuit of blood, which must necessarily be deemed a consequence of that fault. Give not the unhappy man the merit (were you assuredly to be the victor) of falling by your hand. At present he is the perfidious, the ungrateful deceiver; but will not the forfeiture of his life and the probable loss of his soul, be a dreadful expiation for having made me miserable for a few months only, and through that misery, by the Divine favour, happy to all eternity?

In such a case, my cousin, where shall the evil stop? And who shall avenge on you?—And who on your avenger?

Let the poor man's conscience, then, dear sir, avenge me. He will one day find punishment more than enough from that. Leave him to the chance of repentance. If the Almighty will give him time for it, why should you deny it him?—Let him still be the guilty aggressor; and let no one say, *Clarissa Harlowe* is now amply revenged in his fall; or, in the case of yours (which heaven avert!) that her fault, instead of being buried in her grave, is perpetuated, and aggravated, by a loss far greater than that of herself.

Be a comforter, dear sir, to my honoured parents, as you have been to me : and may we through the Divine goodness to us both, meet in that blessed eternity, into which, as I humbly trust, I shall have entered when you read this.

So prays, and to her latest hour will pray, my dear cousin Morden, my friend, my guardian, but not my avenger—(dear sir ! remember that !—)

Your ever affectionate and obliged

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

COLONEL MORDEN TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Saturday, September 23.

DEAR SIR,—I am very sorry that anything you have heard I have said should give you uneasiness.

I am obliged to you for the letters you have communicated to me ; and still further for your promise to favour me with others occasionally.

All that relates to my dear cousin I shall be glad to see, be it from whom it will.

I leave to your own discretion, what may or may not be proper for Miss Howe to see from a pen so free as mine.

I admire her spirit. Were she a man, do you think, sir, she, at this time, would have your advice to take upon such a subject as that upon which you write ?

Fear not, however, that your communications shall put me upon any measures that otherwise I should not have taken. The wickedness, sir, is of such a nature, as admits not of aggravation.

Yet I do assure you, that I have not made any resolutions that will be a tie upon me.

I have indeed expressed myself with vehemence upon the occasion. Who could forbear to do so ? But it is not my way to resolve in matters of moment, till opportunity brings the execution of my purposes within my

reach. We shall see by what manner of spirit this young man will be acted, on his recovery. If he continue to brave and defy a family, which he has so irreparably injured—if—but resolutions depending upon future contingencies are best left to future determination, as I just now hinted.

Mr. Belford, in his answer to this letter, farther enforces the lady's dying injunctions; and rejoices that the Colonel has made no vindictive resolutions; and hopes everything from his prudence and consideration, and from his promise given to the dying lady. He desires the Colonel will give him a day's notice of his coming to town, lest otherwise he may be absent at the time.

This he does, though he tells him not the reason, with a view to prevent a meeting between him and Mr. Lovelace; who might be in town (as he apprehends) about the same time, in his way to go abroad.

MR. BELFORD TO MISS HOWE.

Thursday, September 28.

MADAM,—I do myself the honour to send you with this, according to my promise, copies of the posthumous letters written by your exalted friend.

These will be accompanied with other letters, particularly a copy of one from Mr. Lovelace, begun to be written on the 14th, and continued down to the 18th. You will see by it, madam, the dreadful anguish that his spirits labour with, and his deep remorse.

Mr. Lovelace sent for this letter back. I complied; but I first took a copy of it. As I have not told him that I have done so, you will be pleased to forbear communicating of it to anybody but Mr. Hickman. That gentleman's perusal of it will be the same as if nobody but yourself saw it.

I will not presume to make remarks on the letters I send you ; nor upon the informations I have to give you of the dreadful end of two unhappy wretches, who were the greatest criminals in the affair of your adorable friend. These are the infamous Sinclair, and a person whom you have read of, no doubt, in the letters of the charming innocent, by the name of Captain Tomlinson.

The wretched woman died in the extremest tortures and despondency : the man from wounds got in defending himself in carrying on a contraband trade : both accusing themselves, in their last hours, for the parts they had acted against the most excellent of women, as of the crime that gave them the deepest remorse.

I am, madam, with the greatest respect and gratitude,
Your most obliged and faithful humble servant,
J. BELFORD.

MISS HOWE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Saturday, September 30.

SIR,—I little thought I ever could have owed so much obligation to any man, as you have laid me under. And yet what you have sent me has almost broken my heart, and ruined my eyes.

I am surprised, though agreeably, that you have so soon, and so well, got over that part of the trust you have engaged in, which relates to the family.

It may be presumed, from the exits you mention of two of the infernal man's accomplices, that the thunderbolt will not stop short of the principal. Indeed I have some pleasure to think it seems rolling along towards the devoted head that has plotted all the mischief. But let me, however, say, that although I think Mr. Morden not altogether in the wrong in his reasons for resentment, as he is the dear creature's kinsman and trustee ; yet I think you very much in the right in endeavouring to

dissuade him from it, as you are her executor, and act in pursuance of her earnest request.

But what a letter is that of the infernal man ! I cannot observe upon it. Neither can I, for very different reasons, upon my dear creature's posthumous letters ; particularly on that to him. Oh ! Mr. Belford ! what numberless perfections died, when my Clarissa drew her last breath !

This letter of the abandoned wretch I have not shewn to anybody ; not even to Mr. Hickman : for, sir, I must tell you, I do not as yet think it the same thing as only seeing it myself.

Mr. Hickman, like the rest of his sex, would grow upon indulgence. One distinction from me would make him pay two to himself. Insolent creepers, or encroachers, all of you ! to show any of you a favour to-day, you would expect it as a right to-morrow.

I cannot but highly applaud Colonel Morden for his generosity to Miss Dolly Hervey.

O that he had arrived time enough to save my inimitable friend from the machinations of the vilest of men, and from the envy and malice of the most selfish and implacable of brothers and sisters !

ANNA HOWE.

LORD M. TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

M. Hall, Friday, September 29.

DEAR SIR,—My kinsman Lovelace is now setting out for London ; proposing to see you, and then to go to Dover, and so embark. God send him well out of the kingdom !

On Monday he will be with you, I believe. Pray let me be favoured with an account of all your conversations ; for Mr. Mowbray and Mr. Tourville are to be there too ; and whether you think he is grown quite his own man again. What I mostly write for is, to wish you to keep Colonel Morden and him asunder ; and so I give you

notice of his going to town. I should be very loth there should be any mischief between them, as you gave me notice that the Colonel threatened my nephew. But my kinsman would not bear that ; so nobody let him know that he did. But I hope there is no fear : for the Colonel does not, as I hear, threaten now. For his own sake, I am glad of that ; for there is not such a man in the world as my kinsman is said to be, at all the weapons—as well he was not ; he would not be so daring.

We shall all here miss the wild fellow. To be sure, there is no man better company when he pleases.

Pray, do you never travel thirty or forty mile ? I should be glad to see you here at M. Hall. It will be charity, when my kinsman is gone ; for we suppose you will be his chief correspondent : although he has promised to write to my nieces often. But he is very apt to forget his promises ; to us his relations particularly. God preserve us all ; amen ! prays

Your very humble servant,
M.

MR. BELFORD TO LORD M.

October 3.

MY LORD,—I obey your lordship's commands with great pleasure.

Yesterday in the afternoon Mr. Lovelace made me a visit at my lodgings. As I was in expectation of one from Colonel Morden about the same time, I thought proper to carry him to a tavern which neither of us frequented (on pretence of an half appointment) ; ordering notice to be sent me thither, if the Colonel came : and Mr. Lovelace sent to Mowbray, and Tourville, and Mr. Doleman of Uxbridge (who came to town to take leave of him) to let them know where to find us.

Mr. Lovelace is too well recovered, I was going to say.

I never saw him more gay, lively, and handsome. We had a good deal of bluster about some parts of the trust I have engaged in ; and upon freedoms I had treated him with ; in which, he would have it, that I had exceeded our agreed-on limits : but on the arrival of our three old companions, and a nephew of Mr. Doleman's (who had a good while been desirous to pass an hour with Mr. Lovelace) it blew off for the present.

Mr. Doleman and his nephew took leave of us by twelve. Mowbray and Tourville grew very noisy by one ; and were carried off by two. Wine never moves Mr. Lovelace, notwithstanding a vivacity which generally helps on over-gay spirits. As to myself, the little part I had taken in their gaiety kept me unconcerned.

The clock struck three before I could get him into any serious or attentive way—so natural to him is gaiety of heart ; and such strong hold had the liveliness of the evening taken of him. His conversation you know, my lord, when his heart is free, runs off to the bottom without any dregs.

But after that hour, and when we thought of parting, he became a little more serious : and then he told me his designs, and gave me a plan of his intended tour ; wishing heartily, that I could have accompanied him.

We parted about four ; he not a little dissatisfied with me ; for we had some talk about subjects, which, he said, he loved not to think of ; to wit, Miss Harlowe's will ; my executorship ; papers I had in confidence communicated to that admirable lady (with no unfriendly design, I assure your lordship) ; and he insisting upon, and I refusing, the return of the letters he had written to me, from the time that he had made his first addresses to her.

He would see me once again, he said ; and it would be upon very ill terms if I complied not with his request. Which I bid him not expect. But, that I might not deny him everything, I told him, that I would give him a copy

of the will; though I was sure, I said, when he read it, he would wish he had never seen it.

I had a message from him about eleven this morning, desiring me to name a place at which to dine with him, and Mowbray, and Tourville, for the last time: and soon after another from Colonel Morden, inviting me to pass the evening with him at the Bedford Head in Covent Garden. And, that I might keep them at distance from one another, I appointed Mr. Lovelace at the Eagle in Suffolk Street.

There I met him, and the two others. We began where we left off at our last parting; and were very high with each other. But, at last, all was made up, and he offered to forget and forgive everything, on condition that I would correspond with him while abroad, and continue the series which had been broken through by his illness; and particularly give him, as I had offered, a copy of the lady's will.

In our conversation at dinner, he was balancing whether he should set out the next morning, or the morning after. But finding he had nothing to do, and Colonel Morden being in town (which, however, I told him not of) I turned the scale; and he agreed upon setting out to-morrow morning; they to see him embark; and I promised to accompany them for a morning's ride (as they proposed their horses); but said, that I must return in the afternoon.

With much reluctance they let me go to my evening's appointment: they little thought with whom: for Mr. Lovelace had put it as a case of honour to all of us, whether, as he had been told that Mr. Morden and Mr. James Harlowe had thrown out menaces against him, he ought to leave the kingdom till he had thrown himself in their way.

Mowbray gave his opinion, that he ought to leave it like a man of honour, as he was; and if he did not take those gentlemen to task for their opprobrious speeches, that at least he should be seen by them in public before

he went away ; else they might give themselves airs, as if he had left the kingdom in fear of them.

To this he himself so much inclined, that it was with difficulty I persuaded him, that, as they had neither of them proceeded to a direct and formal challenge ; as they knew he had not made himself difficult of access ; and as he had already done the family injury enough ; and it was Miss Harlowe's earnest desire, that he would be content with that ; he had no reason, from any point of honour, to delay his journey ; especially as he had so just a motive for his going, as the establishing of his health ; and as he might return the sooner, if he saw occasion for it.

I found the Colonel in a very solemn way. We had a good deal of discourse upon the subject of certain letters which had passed between us in relation to Miss Harlowe's will, and to her family.

He has some accounts to settle with his banker ; which, he says, will be adjusted to-morrow ; and on Thursday he proposes to go down again, to take leave of his friends ; and then intends to set out directly for Italy.

I wish Mr. Lovelace could have been prevailed upon to take any other tour, than that of France and Italy. I did propose Madrid to him ; but he laughed at me, and told me, that the proposal was in character from a mule ; and from one who was become as grave as a Spaniard of the old cut, at ninety.

I expressed to the Colonel my apprehensions, that his cousin's dying injunctions would not have the force upon him, that were to be wished.

They have great force upon me, Mr. Belford, said he, or one world would not have held Mr. Lovelace and me thus long. But my intention is to go to Florence ; not to lay my bones there, as upon my cousin's death I told you I thought to do ; but to settle all my affairs in those parts, and then to come over, and reside upon a little paternal estate in Kent, which is strangely gone to ruin in my

absence. Indeed, were I to meet Mr. Lovelace, either here or abroad, I might not be answerable for the consequence.

He would have engaged me for to-morrow. But having promised to attend Mr. Lovelace on his journey, as I have mentioned, I said I was obliged to go out of town, and was uncertain as to the time of my return in the evening. And so I am to see him on Thursday morning at my own lodgings.

Wednesday Night, October 4.

I am just returned from attending Mr. Lovelace as far as Gad's Hill, near Rochester. He was exceeding gay all the way. Mowbray and Tourville are gone on with him. They will see him embark, and under sail; and promise to follow him in a month or two; for they say, there is no living without him, now he is once more himself.

He and I parted with great and even solemn tokens of affection; but yet not without gay intermixtures, as I will acquaint your lordship.

Taking me aside, and clasping his arms about me, Adieu, dear Belford! said he: may you proceed in the course you have entered upon!—Whatever airs I give myself, this charming creature has fast hold of me here—(clapping his hand upon his heart); and I must either appear what you see me, or be what I so lately was.—O the divine creature! lifting up his eyes—

But if I live to come to England, and you remain fixed in your present way, and can give me encouragement, I hope rather to follow your example, than to ridicule you for it. This will (for I had given him a copy of it) I will make the companion of my solitary hours. You have told me part of its melancholy contents; and that, and her posthumous letter, shall be my study; and they will prepare me for being your disciple, if you hold on.

You, Jack, may marry, continued he; and I have a

wife in my eye for you.—Only thou'rt such an awkward mortal, (he saw me affected, and thought to make me smile) : but we don't make ourselves, except it be worse, by our dress. Thou art in mourning now, as well as I : but if ever thy ridiculous turn lead thee again to be Beau Brocade, I will bedizen thee, as the girls say, on my return, to my own fancy, and according to thy own natural appearance—thou shalt doctor my soul, and I will doctor thy body : thou shalt see what a clever fellow I will make of thee.

As for me, I never will, I never can, marry—that I will not take a few liberties, and that I will not try to start some of my former game, I won't promise—habits are not easily shaken off—but they shall be by way of weaning. So return and reform shall go together.

And now, thou sorrowful monkey, what aileth thee ? —I do love him, my lord.

Adieu !—and once more adieu !—embracing me. And when thou thinkest thou hast made thyself an interest out yonder (looking up) then put in a word for thy Lovelace.

Joining company, he recommended to me, to write often ; and promised to let me quickly hear from him ; and that he would write to your lordship, and to all his family round ; for he said, that you had all been more kind to him, than he had deserved.

And so we parted.

I hope, my lord, for all your noble family's sake, that we shall see him soon return, and reform, as he promises.

I return your lordship my humble thanks for the honour of your invitation to M. Hall. The first letter I receive from Mr. Lovelace shall give me the opportunity of embracing it.

I am, my lord,
Your most faithful and obedient servant,
J. BELFORD.

MR. LOVELACE TO WILLIAM MORDEN, ESQ.

Munich, November 10—21.

SIR,—I have heard, with a great deal of surprise, that you have thought fit to throw out some menacing expressions against me.

Now, sir, if what I have heard be owing only to warmth of temper, or to sudden passion, while the loss of all other losses the most deplorable to me was recent, I not only excuse, but commend you for it. But if you are really determined to meet me on any other account (which, I own to you, is not however what I wish) it would be very blamable, and very unworthy of the character I desire to maintain as well with you as with every other gentleman, to give you a difficulty in doing it.

Being uncertain when this letter may meet you, I shall set out to-morrow for Vienna; where any letter directed to the post-house in that city, or to Baron Windisgratz's (at the Favorita) to whom I have commendations, will come to hand.

Meantime, believing you to be a man too generous to make a wrong construction of what I am going to declare, and knowing the value which the dearest of all creatures had for you, and your relation to her, I will not scruple to assure you, that the most acceptable return will be, that Colonel Morden chooses to be upon an amicable, rather than upon any other footing, with

His sincere admirer, and humble servant,

R. LOVELACE.

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Lintz, { *November 28.*
 { *December 9.*

I AM now on my way to Trent, in order to meet Colonel Morden, in pursuance of his answer to my letter. I had been at Presburgh, and had intended to visit some other cities of Hungary: but having obliged myself to return first to Vienna, I there met with his letter: which follows.

Munich, { *November 21.*
 { *December 2.*

SIR,—Your letter was at Florence four days before I arrived there.

That I might not appear unworthy of your favour, I set out for this city the very next morning. I knew not but that the politeness of this court might have engaged, beyond his intention, a gentleman who has only his pleasures to pursue.

I own, sir, that I have, on all occasions, spoken of your treatment of my ever-dear cousin as it deserved. It would have been very surprising if I had not. And it behoves me (now you have given me so noble an opportunity of explaining myself) to convince you, that no words fell from my lips, of you, merely because you were absent. I acquaint you, therefore, that I will attend your appointment; and would, were it to the farthest part of the globe.

I shall stay some days at this court; and if you please to direct for me at M. Klienfurt's in this city, whether I remain here or not, your commands will come safely and speedily to the hands of, sir,

Your most humble servant,

WILLIAM MORDEN.

So you see, Belford, that the Colonel, by his ready, his

even eagerly-expressed acceptance of the offered interview, was determined. And is it not much better to bring such a point as this to an issue, than to give pain to friends for my safety, or continue in suspense myself; as I must do, if I imagined that another had aught against me?

This was my reply :

Vienna, { November 25.
 { December 6.

SIR,—I have this moment the favour of yours. I will suspend a tour I was going to take into Hungary, and instantly set out for Munich : and, if I find you not there, will proceed to Trent. This city, being on the confines of Italy, will be most convenient, as I presume, to you, in your return to Tuscany; and I shall hope to meet you in it on the 3rd (14th) of December.

I shall bring with me only a French valet and an English footman. Other particulars may be adjusted when I have the honour to see you. Till when,

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

R. LOVELACE.

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Trent, December 3-14.

TO-MORROW is to be the day, that will, in all probability, send either one or two ghosts to attend the manes of my Clarissa.

I arrived here yesterday; and inquiring for an English gentleman of the name of Morden, soon found out the Colonel's lodgings. He had been in town two days; and left his name at every probable place.

He was gone to ride out; and I left my name, and where to be found: and in the evening he made me a visit.

He was plaguy gloomy. That was not I. But yet he told me, that I had acted like a man of true spirit in

my first letter ; and with honour, in giving him so readily this meeting. He wished I had in other respects ; and then we might have seen each other upon better terms than now we did.

I said, there was no recalling what was passed ; and that I wished some things had not been done, as well as he.

To recriminate now, he said, would be as exasperating as unavailable. And as I had so cheerfully given him this opportunity, words should give place to business.—Your choice, Mr. Lovelace, of time, of place, of weapon, shall be my choice.

The two latter be yours, Mr. Morden. The time to-morrow, or next day, as you please.

Next day, then, Mr. Lovelace ; and we'll ride out to-morrow, to fix the place.

Agreed, sir.

Well ; now, Mr. Lovelace, do you choose the weapon.

I said, I believed we might be upon an equal foot with the single rapier ; but, if he thought otherwise, I had no objection to a pistol.

I will only say, replied he, that the chances may be more equal by the sword, because we can neither of us be to seek in that : and you would stand, says he, a worse chance, as I apprehend, with a pistol : and yet I have brought two ; that you may take your choice of either : for, added he, I never missed a mark at pistol-distance, since I knew how to hold a pistol.

I told him, that he spoke like himself : that I was expert enough that way, to embrace it, if he chose it ; though not so sure of my mark as he pretended to be. Yet the devil's in't, Colonel, if I, who have slit a bullet in two upon a knife's edge, hit not my man. So I have no objection to a pistol, if it be your choice. No man, I'll venture to say, has a steadier hand or eye than I have.

They may both be of use to you, sir, at the sword, as well as at the pistol: the sword therefore be the thing, if you please.

With all my heart.

We parted with a solemn sort of ceremonious civility: and this day I called upon him; and we rode out together to fix upon the place: and both being of one mind, and hating to put off for the morrow what could be done to-day, would have decided it then: but De la Tour, and the Colonel's valet, who attended us, being unavoidably let into the secret, joined to beg we would have with us a surgeon from Brixen, whom La Tour had fallen in with there, and who had told him he was to ride next morning to bleed a person in a fever, at a lone cottage, which, by the surgeon's description, was not far from the place where we then were, if it were not that very cottage within sight of us.

They undertook so to manage it, that the surgeon should know nothing of the matter till his assistance was called in. And La Tour being, as I assured the Colonel, a ready contriving fellow (whom I ordered to obey him as myself, were the chance to be in his favour) we both agreed to defer the decision till to-morrow, and to leave the whole about the surgeon to the management of our two valets; enjoining them absolute secrecy: and so rode back again by different ways.

We fixed upon a little lone valley for the spot—ten to-morrow morning the time—and single rapier the word. Yet I repeatedly told him, that I value myself so much upon my skill in that weapon, that I would wish him to choose any other.

He said, it was a gentleman's weapon; and he who understood it not, wanted a qualification that he ought to suffer for not having: but that, as to him, one weapon was as good as another throughout all the instruments of offence.

So, Jack, you see I take no advantage of him : but my devil must deceive me, if he take not his life or his death at my hands before eleven to-morrow morning.

His valet and mine are to be present ; but both strictly enjoined to be impartial and inactive : and, in return for my civility of the like nature, he commanded his to be assisting to me, if he fell.

We are to ride thither, and to dismount when at the place ; and his footman and mine are to wait at an appointed distance, with a chaise to carry off to the borders of the Venetian territories the survivor, if one drop ; or to assist either or both, as occasion may demand.

And thus, Belford, is the matter settled.

A shower of rain has left me nothing else to do : and therefore I write this letter ; though I might as well have deferred it till to-morrow twelve o'clock, when I doubt not to be able to write again, to assure you how much I am

Yours,

LOVELACE.

[*Translation of a letter from F. J. DE LA TOUR.*]

To JOHN BELFORD, ESQ., *near Soho Square, London.*

Trent, December 18, N.S.

SIR,—I have melancholy news to inform you of, by order of the Chevalier Lovelace. He showed me his letter to you before he sealed it ; signifying, that he was to meet the Chevalier Morden on the 15th. Wherefore, as the occasion of the meeting is so well known to you, I shall say nothing of it here.

I had taken care to have ready, within a little distance, a surgeon and his assistant, to whom, under an oath of secrecy, I had revealed the matter (though I did not own

it to the two gentlemen); so that they were prepared with bandages, and all things proper. For well was I acquainted with the bravery and skill of my chevalier; and had heard the character of the other; and knew the animosity of both. A post-chaise was ready, with each of their footmen, at a little distance.

The two chevaliers came exactly at their time: they were attended by Monsieur Margate (the Colonel's gentleman) and myself. They had given orders over night, and now repeated them in each other's presence, that we should observe a strict impartiality between them: and that, if one fell, each of us should look upon himself, as to any needful help or retreat, as the servant of the survivor, and take his commands accordingly.

After a few compliments, both the gentlemen, with the greatest presence of mind that I ever beheld in men, stript to their shirts, and drew.

They parried with equal judgment several passes. My chevalier drew the first blood, making a desperate push, which, by a sudden turn of his antagonist, missed going clear through him, and wounded him on the fleshy part of the ribs of his right side; which part the sword tore out, being on the extremity of the body: but, before my chevalier could recover himself, the Colonel, in return, pushed him into the inside of the left arm, near the shoulder: and the sword (raking his breast as it passed) being followed by a great effusion of blood, the Colonel said, sir, I believe you have enough.

My chevalier swore by G—d, he was not hurt: 'twas a pin's point: and so made another pass at his antagonist; which he, with a surprising dexterity, received under his arm, and run my dear chevalier into the body: who immediately fell; saying, The luck is yours, sir—O my beloved Clarissa!—now art thou——. Inwardly he spoke three or four words more. His sword dropped from his hand. Mr. Morden threw his down, and ran to him, saying in

French—Ah monsieur, you are a dead man!—call to God for mercy!

We gave the signal agreed upon to the footmen; and they to the surgeons; who instantly came up.

Colonel Morden, I found, was too well used to the bloody work; for he was as cool as if nothing so extraordinary had happened, assisting the surgeons, though his own wound bled much. But my dear chevalier fainted away two or three times running, and vomited blood besides.

However, they stopped the bleeding for the present; and we helped him into the voiture; and then the Colonel suffered his own wound to be dressed; and appeared concerned that my chevalier was between whiles (when he could speak, and struggle) extremely outrageous.—Poor gentleman! he had made quite sure of victory!

The Colonel, against the surgeons' advice, would mount on horseback to pass into the Venetian territories; and generously gave me a purse of gold to pay the surgeons; desiring me to make a present to the footman; and to accept of the remainder, as a mark of his satisfaction in my conduct; and in my care and tenderness of my master.

The surgeons told him, that my chevalier could not live over the day.

When the Colonel took leave of him, Mr. Lovelace said, You have well revenged the dear creature.

I have, sir, said Mr. Morden: and perhaps shall be sorry that you called upon me to this work, while I was balancing whether to obey, or disobey, the dear angel.

There is a fate in it! replied my chevalier—a cursed fate!—or this could not have been!—But be ye all witnesses, that I have provoked my destiny, and acknowledge, that I fall by a man of honour.

Sir, said the Colonel, with the piety of a confessor,

(wringing Mr. Lovelace's hand) snatch these few fleeting moments, and commend yourself to God.

And so he rode off.

The voiture proceeded slowly with my chevalier; yet the motion set both his wounds bleeding afresh; and it was with difficulty they again stopped the blood.

We brought him alive to the nearest cottage; and he gave orders to me to dispatch to you the packet I herewith send sealed up; and bid me write to you the particulars of this most unhappy affair; and give you thanks, in his name, for all your favours and friendship to him.

Contrary to all expectation, he lived over the night: but suffered much, as well from his impatience and disappointment, as from his wounds; for he seemed very unwilling to die.

He was delirious, at times, in the two last hours; and then several times cried out, as if he had seen some frightful spectre, Take her away! take her away! but named nobody. And sometimes praised some lady (that Clarissa, I suppose, whom he had invoked when he received his death's wound) calling her, Sweet excellence! divine creature! fair sufferer!—and once he said, Look down, blessed spirit, look down!—and there stopped;—his lips however moving.

At nine in the morning, he was seized with convulsions, and fainted away; and it was a quarter of an hour before he came out of them.

His few last words I must not omit, as they show an ultimate composure; which may administer some consolation to his honourable friends.

Blessed—said he, addressing himself no doubt to Heaven; for his dying eyes were lifted up—a strong convulsion prevented him for a few moments saying more—but recovering, he again with great fervour (lifting

up his eyes, and his spread hands) pronounced the word Blessed:—then, in a seeming ejaculation, he spoke inwardly so as not to be understood: at last, he distinctly pronounced these three words,

LET THIS EXPIATE!

and then, his head sinking on his pillow, he expired; at about half an hour after ten.

He little thought, poor gentleman! his end so near: so had given no direction about his body. I have caused it to be embowelled, and deposited in a vault, till I have orders from England.

This is a favour that was procured with difficulty; and would have been refused, had he not been an Englishman of rank: a nation with reason respected in every Austrian government—for he had refused ghostly attendance, and the sacraments in the Catholic way. May his soul be happy, I pray God!

Waiting at this place your commands,

I am, sir,

Your most faithful and obedient servant,

F. J. DE LA TOUR.

THE END.



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